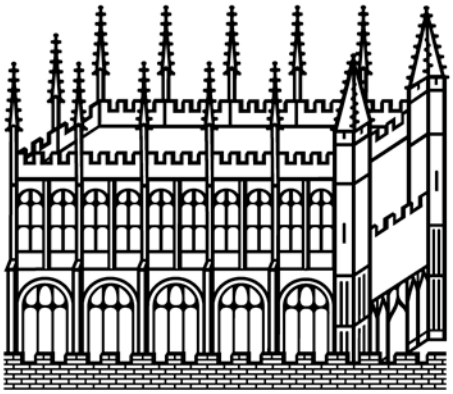

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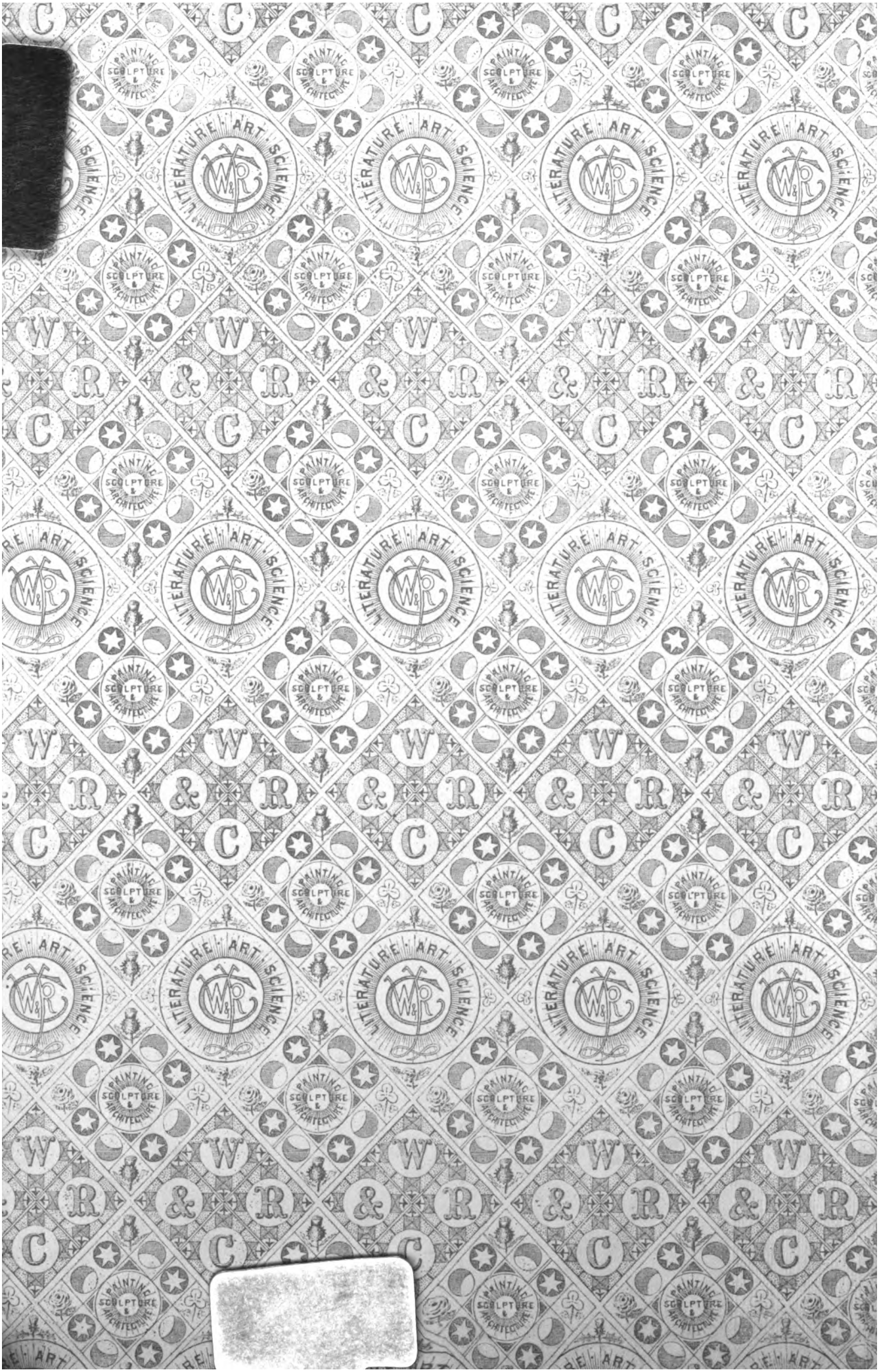
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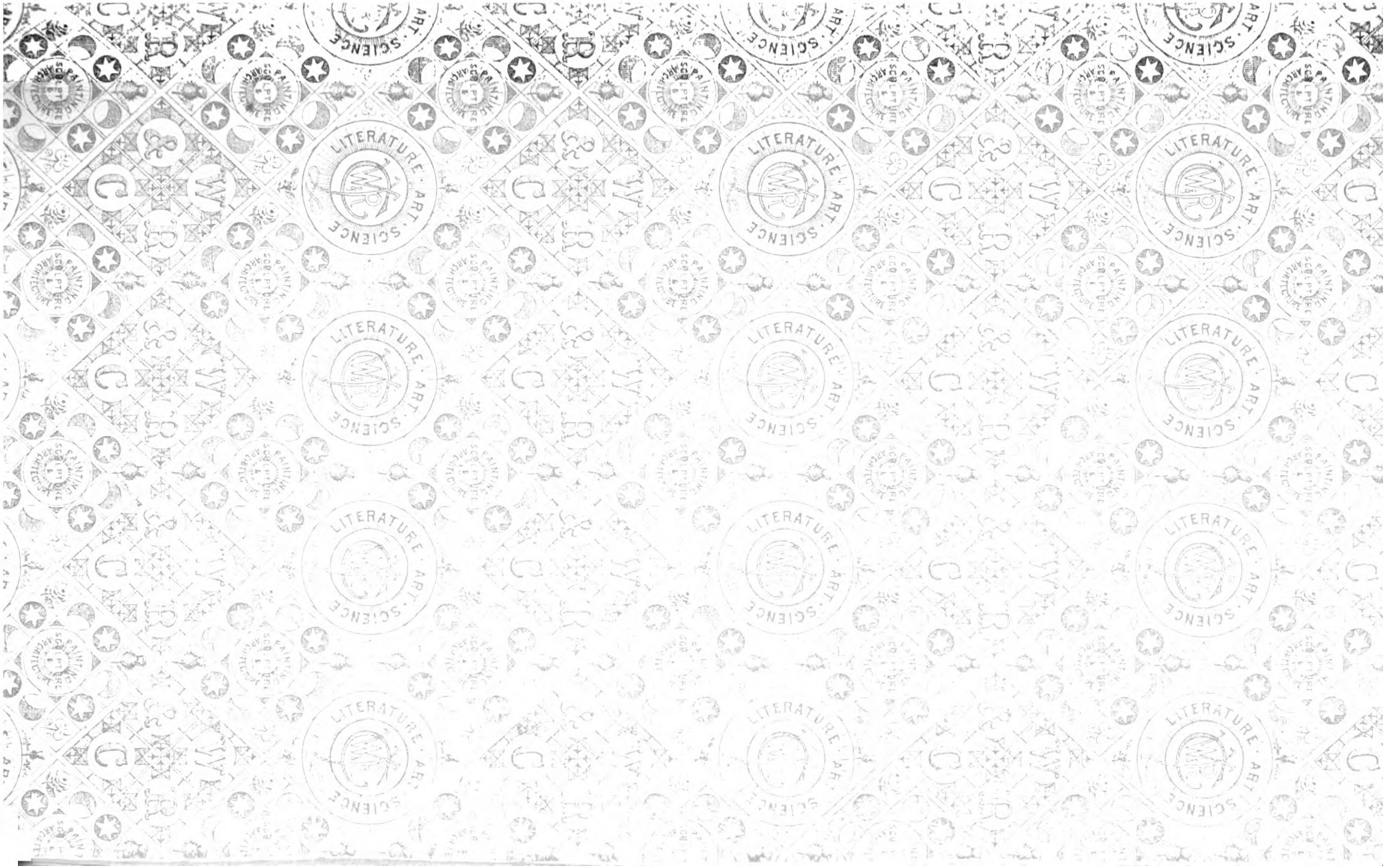
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A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER I.

The day was warm, and there was no shade; out of the olive woods which they had left behind, and where all was soft coolness and freshness, they had emerged into a piece of road widened and perfected by recent improvements till it was as shelterless as a broad street. High walls on one side clothed with the green clinging trails of the mesembryanthemum, with palm-trees towering above, but throwing no shadow below; on the other a low house or two, and more garden walls, leading in a broad curve to the little old walled town, its campanile rising up over the clustered roofs, in which was their home. They had fifteen minutes or more of dazzling sunshine before them ere they could reach any point of shelter.

Ten minutes, or even five, would have been enough for Frances. She could have run along, had she been alone, as like a bird as any human creature could be, being so light and swift and young. But it was very different with her father. He walked but slowly at the best of times; and in the face of the sun at noon, what was to be expected of him? It was part of the strange contrariety of fate, which was against him in whatever he attempted, small or great, that it should be just here, in this broad, open, unavoidable path, that he encountered one of those parties which always made him wroth, and which usually he managed to keep clear of with such dexterity—an English family from one of the hotels.

Tourists from the hotels are always objectionable to residents in a place. Even when the residents are themselves strangers, perhaps, indeed, all the more from that fact, the chance visitors who come to stare and gape at those scenes which the others have appropriated and taken possession of, are insufferable. Mr Waring had lived in the old town of Bordighera for a great number of years. He had seen the Marina and the line of hotels on the beach created, and he had watched the travellers arriving to take possession of them—the sick people, and the people who were not sick. He had denounced the invasion unceasingly, and with vehemence; he had never consented to it. The Italians about might be complacent, thinking of the enrichment of the neighbourhood, and of what was good for trade, as these prosaic people do; but the English colonist on the Punto could not put up with it. And to be met here, on his return from his walk, by an unblushing band about whom there could be no mistake, was very hard to bear. He had to walk along exposed to the fire of all their unabashed and curious glances, to walk slowly, to miss none, from that of the stout mother to that of the slim governess. In the rear of the party came the papa, a portly Saxon, of the class which, if comparisons could be thought of in so broad and general a sentiment, Mr Waring disliked worst of all—a big man, a rosy man, a fat man, in large easy morning clothes, with a big white umbrella over his head. This last member of the family came at some distance behind the rest. He did not like the sun, though he had been persuaded to leave England in search of it. He was very warm, moist, and in a state of general relaxation, his tidy necktie coming loose, his gloves only half on, his waistcoat partially unbuttoned. It was March, when no doubt a good genuine east wind was blowing at home. At that moment, this traveller almost regretted the east wind.

The Warings were going up-hill towards their abode; the slope was gentle enough, yet it added to the slowness of Mr Waring's pace. All the English party had stared at him, as is the habit of English parties; and indeed he and his daughter

were not unworthy of a stare. But all these gazes came with a cumulation of curiosity to widen the stare of the last comer, who had besides twenty or thirty yards of vacancy in which the indignant resident was fully exposed to his view. Little Frances, who was English enough to stare too, though in a gentlewomanly way, saw a change gradually come, as he gazed, on the face of the stranger. His eyebrows rose up bushy and arched with surprise; his eyelids puckered with the intentness of his stare; his lips dropped apart. Then he came suddenly to a stand-still, and gasped forth the word 'WARING!' in tones of surprise to which capital letters can give but faint expression.

Mr Waring, struck by this exclamation as by a bullet, paused too, as with something of that inclination to turn round which is said to be produced by a sudden hit. He put up his hand momentarily, as if to pull down his broad-brimmed hat over his brows. But in the end he did neither. He stood and faced the stranger with angry energy. 'Well?' he said.

'Dear me, who could have thought of seeing you here. Let me call my wife. She will be delighted.—Mary!—Why, I thought you had gone to the East. I thought you had disappeared altogether. And so did everybody. And what a long time it is, to be sure. You look as if you had forgotten me.'

'I have,' said the other with a supercilious gaze, perusing the large figure from top to toe.

'O come, Waring! Why—Mannering; you can't have forgotten Mannering, a fellow that stuck by you all through. Dear, how it brings up everything, seeing you again! Why, it must be a dozen years ago.—And what have you been doing all this time? Wandering over the face of the earth, I suppose, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, since nobody has ever fallen in with you before.'

'I am something of an invalid,' said Waring. 'I fear I cannot stand in the sun to answer so many questions. And my movements are of no importance to any one but myself.'

'Don't be so misanthropical,' said the stranger in his large round voice. 'You always had a turn that way. And I don't wonder if you are soured—any fellow would be soured.—Won't you say a word to Mary? She's looking back, wondering with all her might what new acquaintance I've found out here, never thinking it's an old friend.—Hillo, Mary!—What's the matter? Don't you want to see her? Why, man alive, don't be so bitter. She and I have always stuck up for you; through thick and thin, we've stuck up for you.—Eh! can't stand any longer? Well, it is hot, isn't it? There's no variety in this confounded climate. Come to the hotel, then—the *Victoria*, down there.'

Waring had passed his interrogator, and was already at some distance, while the other, breathless, called after him. He ended, affronted, by another discharge of musketry, which hit the fugitive in the rear. 'I suppose,' the indiscreet inquirer demanded breathlessly, 'that's the little girl?'

Frances had followed with great but silent curiosity this strange conversation. She had not interposed in any way, but she had stood close by her father's side, drinking in every word with keen ears and eyes. She had heard and seen many strange things, but never an encounter like this; and her eagerness to know what it meant was great; but she dared not linger a moment after her father's rapid movement of the hand, and the longer stride than usual, which was all the increase of speed he was capable of. As she had stood still by his side without a question, she now went on, very much as if she had been a delicate little piece of machinery of which he had touched the spring. That was not at all the character of Frances Waring; but to judge by her movements while at her father's side, an outside observer might have thought so. She had never offered any resistance to any impulse from him in her whole life; indeed, it would have seemed to her an impossibility to do so. But these impulses concerned the outside of her life only. She went along by his side with the movement of a swift creature restrained to the pace of a very slow one, but making neither protest nor remark. And neither did she ask any explanation, though she cast many a stolen glance at him as they pursued their way. And for his part he said nothing. The heat of the sun, the annoyance of being thus interrupted, were enough to account for that.

Before they could reach the shelter of their home, there was this broad bit of sunny road, made by one of those too progressive municipalities, thirsting for English visitors and tourists in general, who fill with hatred and horror the old residents in Italy; and then a succession of stony stairs more congenial to the locality, by which, under old archways and through narrow alleys, you got at last to the wider centre of the town, a broad stony piazza, under the shadow of the Bell Tower, the characteristic campanile which was the landmark of the place. Except on one side of the piazza, all here was in grateful shade. Waring's stern face softened a little when he came into these cool and almost deserted streets. Here and there a woman at a doorway; an old man in the deep shadow of an open shop, or booth, unguarded by any window; two or three girls filling their pitchers at the well, but no intrusive tourists or passengers of any kind to break the noonday stillness. The pair went slowly through the little town, and emerged through another old gateway on the further side, where the blue Mediterranean, with all its wonderful shades of colour, and line after line of headland cutting

down into those ethereal tints, stretched out before them; ending in the haze of the Ligurian Mountains. The scene was enough to take away the breath of one unaccustomed to that blaze of wonderful light, and all the delightful accidents of those purple hills. But this pair were too familiarly acquainted with every line to make any pause. They turned round the sunny height from the gateway, and entered by a deep small door sunk in the wall, which stood high like a great rampart rising from the Punto. This was the outer wall of the palace of the lord of the town, still called *the* Palazzo at Bordighera. Every large house is a palace in Italy; but the pretensions of this were well founded. The little door by which they entered had been an opening of modern and peaceful times, the state entrance being through a great doorway and court on the inner side. The deep outer wall was pierced by windows only at the height of the second story, on the sea-side, so that the great marble stair up which Waring toiled slowly was very long and fatiguing, as if it led to a mountain top. He reached his rooms breathless, and going in through antechamber and corridor, threw himself into the depths of a large but upright chair. There were no signs of luxury about. It was not one of those hermitages of culture and ease which English recluses make for themselves in the most unlikely places. It was more like a real hermitage; or, to speak more simply, it was like, what it really was, an apartment in an old Italian house, in a rustic castle, furnished and provided as such a place, in the possession of its natural inhabitants, would be.

The Palazzo was subdivided into a number of habitations, of which the apartment of the Englishman was the most important. It was composed of a suite of rooms facing to the sea, and commanding the entire circuit of the sun; for the windows on one side were to the east, and at the other the apartment ended in a large loggia, commanding the west and all the glorious sunsets accomplished there. We northerners, who have but a limited enjoyment of the sun, show often a strange indifference to him in the sites and situations of our houses; but in Italy it is well known that where the sun does not go the doctor goes, and much more regard is shown to the aspect of the house.

The Warings at the worst of that genial climate had little occasion for fire; they had but to follow the centre of light when he glided out of one room to fling himself more abundantly into another. The Punto is always full in the cheerful rays. It commands everything—air and sea, and the mountains and all their thousand effects of light and shade; and the Palazzo stands boldly out upon this the most prominent point in the landscape, with the houses of the little town withdrawing on a dozen different levels behind. In the warlike days when no point of vantage which a pirate could seize upon was left undefended or assailable, it is probable that there was no loggia from which to watch the western illuminations. But peace has been so long on the Riviera that the loggia too was antique, the parapet crumbling and gray. It opened from a large room, very lofty, and with much faded decoration on the upper walls and roof, which was the *salone* or drawing-room, beyond which was an anteroom, then a sort of library, a dining-room, a succession of bedchambers; much space, little furniture, sunshine and air unlimited, and a view from every window which it was worth living to be able to look out upon night and day. This, however, at the moment of which we write was shut out all along the line, the green *persiani* being closed, and nothing open but the loggia, which was still cool and in the shade. The rooms lay in a soft green twilight, cool and fresh; the doors were open from one to another, affording a long vista of picturesque glimpses.

From where Waring had thrown himself down to rest, he looked straight through over the faded formality of the anteroom with its large old chairs, which were never moved from their place, across his own library, in which there was a glimmer of vellum binding and old gilding, to the table with its white tablecloth, laid out for breakfast in the eating-room. The quiet soothed him after a while, and perhaps the evident preparations for his meal, the large and rotund flask of Chianti which Domenico was placing on the table, the vision of another figure behind Domenico with a delicate dish of mayonnaise in her hands. He could distinguish that it was a mayonnaise, and his angry spirit calmed down. Noon began to chime from the campanile, and Frances came in without her hat and with the eagerness subdued in her eyes. 'Breakfast is ready, papa,' she said. She had that look of knowing nothing and guessing nothing beyond what lies on the surface, which so many women have.

She was scarcely to be called a woman, not only because of being so young, but of being so small, so slim, so light, with such a tiny figure, that a stronger breeze than usual would, one could not help thinking, blow her away. Her father was very tall, which made her tiny size the more remarkable. She was not beautiful—few people are to the positive degree; but she had the prettiness of youth, of round soft contour and peach-like skin, and clear eyes. Her hair was light brown, her eyes dark brown, neither very remarkable; her features small and clearly cut, as was her figure, no slovenliness or want of finish about any line. All this pleasing exterior was very simple and easily comprehended; and had but little to do with her, the real Frances, who was not so easy to understand. She had two faces, although there was in her no guile. She had the countenance she now wore, as it were for daily use—a countenance without expression, like a sunny cheerful morning in which there is neither care nor fear—the countenance of a girl calling papa to breakfast, very punctual, knowing that nobody could reproach her as being half of a minute late, or having a hair or a ribbon a hair's-breadth out of place. That such a girl should have ever suspected anything, feared anything—except perhaps gently that the mayonnaise was not to papa's taste—was beyond the range of possibilities; or that she was acquainted with anything in life beyond the simple routine of regular hours and habits, the sweet and gentle bond of the ordinary, which is the best rule of young lives.

Frances Waring had sometimes another face. That profile of hers was not so clearly cut for nothing; nor were her eyes so lucid only to perceive the outside of existence. In her room, during the few minutes she spent there, she had looked at herself in her old-fashioned dim glass, and seen a different creature. But what that was, or how it was, must show itself further on. She led the way into the dining-room, the trimmest composed little figure, all England embodied—though she scarcely remembered England—in the self-restrained and modest toilet of a little girl accustomed to be cared for by women well instructed in the niceties of feminine costume; and yet she had never had any one to take counsel with except an Italian maid-of-all-work, who loved the brightest primitive colours, as became her race. Frances knew so few English people that she had not even the admiration of surprise at her success. Those she did know took it for granted that she got her pretty sober suits, her simple unelaborate dresses, from some very excellent dressmaker at 'home,' not knowing that she did not know what home was.

Her father followed her, as different a figure as imagination could suggest. He was very tall, very thin, with long legs and stooping shoulders, his hair in limp locks, his shirt-collar open, a velvet coat—looking as entirely adapted to the locality, the conventional right man in the right place, as she was the woman. A gloomy look, which was habitual to him, a fretful longitudinal pucker in his forehead, the hollow lines of ill-health in his cheeks, disguised the fact that he was, or had been, a handsome man; just as his extreme spareness and thinness made it difficult to believe that he had also been a very powerful one. Nor was he at all old, save in the very young eyes of his daughter, to whom forty-five was venerable. He might have been an artist or a poet of a misanthropical turn of mind; though, when a man has chronic asthma, misanthropy is unnecessary to explain his look of pain and fatigue and disgust with the outside world. He walked languidly, his shoulders up to his ears, and followed Frances to the table, and sat down with that air of dissatisfaction which takes the comfort out of everything. Frances either was inaccessible to this kind of discomfort, or so accustomed to it that she did not feel it. She sat serenely opposite to him, and talked of indifferent things.

'Don't take the mayonnaise, if you don't like it, papa; there is something else coming that will perhaps be better. Mariuccia does not at all pride herself upon her mayonnaise.'

'Mariuccia knows very little about it; she has not even the sense to know what she can do best.' He took a little more of the dish, partly out of contradiction, which was the result which Frances hoped.

'The lettuce is so crisp and young, that makes it a little better,' she said with the air of a connoisseur.

'A little better is not the word; it is very good,' he said fretfully; then added with a slight sigh: 'Everything is better for being young.'

'Except people, I know. Why does young mean good with vegetables and everything else, and silly only when it is applied to people?—though it can't be helped, I know.'

'That is one of your metaphysical questions,' he said with a slight softening of his tone. 'Perhaps because of human jealousy. We all like to discredit what we haven't got, and most people you see, are no longer young.'

'Oh, do you think so, papa? I think there are more young people than old people.'

'I suppose you are right, Fan; but they don't count for so much, in the way of opinion at least.—What has called forth these sage remarks?'

'Only the lettuce,' she said with a laugh. Then, after a pause: 'For instance, there were six or seven children in the party we met to-day, and only two parents.'

'There are seldom more than two parents, my dear.'

She had not looked up when she made this careless little speech, and yet there was a purpose in it, and a good deal of keen observation through her drooped eyelashes. She received his reply with a little laugh. 'I did not mean that, papa; but that six or seven are a great deal more than two, which of course you will laugh at me for saying. I suppose they were all English?'

'I suppose so. The father—if he was the father—certainly was English.'

'And you knew him, papa?'

'He knew me, which is a different thing.'

Then there was a little pause. The conversation between the father and daughter was apt to run in broken periods. He very seldom originated anything. When she found a subject upon which she could interest him, he would reply, to a certain limit; and then the talk would drop. He was himself a very silent man, requiring no outlet of conversation; and when he refused to be interested, it was a task too hard for Frances to lead him into speech. She on her side was full of a thousand unsatisfied curiosities, which for the most part were buried in her own bosom. In the meantime, Domenico made the circle of the table with the new dish, and his step and a question or two from his master were all the remarks that accompanied the meal. Mr Waring was something of a *gourmet*, but at the same time he was very temperate, a conjunction which is favourable to fine eating. His table was delicately furnished with dishes almost infinitesimal in quantity, but superlative in quality; and he ate his dainty light repast with gravity and slowly, as a man performs what he feels to be one of the most important functions of his life.

'Tell Mariuccia that a few drops from a fresh lemon would have improved this *ragoût*—but a very fresh lemon.'

'Yes, Excellency, *freschissimo*,' said Domenico with solemnity.

In the household, generally nothing was so important as the second breakfast, except, indeed, the dinner, which was the climax of the day. The gravity of all concerned, the little solemn movement round the white-covered table in the still soft shade of the atmosphere, with those green *persianis* shutting out all the sunshine without, and the brown old walls, bare of any decorations throwing up the group, made a curious picture. The walls were quite bare, the floor brown and polished, with only a square of carpet round the table; but the roof and cornices were gilt and painted with tarnished gilding and half-obliterated pictures. Opposite to Frances was

a blurred figure of a cherub with a finger on his lip. She looked up at this faint image as she had done a hundred times, and was silent. He seemed to command the group, hovering over it like a little tutelary god.

PRISON LITERATURE.

THE prison, which was intended for the lawless, has been the birthplace of ennobling as well as striking literature, whose claim to be brought into prominence is all the greater because it has usually been produced under circumstances the least favourable to it, and not rarely by men of whom the world was not worthy.

The Consolation of Philosophy, the work of a Latin philosopher of the fifth century, may well stand first on the list. Charles Kingsley calls it 'a noble work;' and Gibbon, 'a golden volume not unworthy the leisure of Plato or Tully.' Until the fourteenth century, it ranked with the best classics; and at times, even amongst scholars, it was placed next only to the Bible. Granted that the period during which it obtained this exalted reputation was marked by literary poverty, it is surely not a little remarkable that such a book came into existence in a prison. Its author, Anicius Manlius Severinus Boëthius, was throughout the greater part of this time claimed by the Church as saint and martyr, the friend of St Benedict, the instrument of a miracle, and the author of several theological treatises. Appointed 'Master of the Offices' in the court of Theodoric, king of the Goths, who had made Rome the seat of his government, his purse, as of old, was open to the poor, his eloquence was employed on behalf of the oppressed, and his influence was exercised with Theodoric on behalf of his country, in a manner which cannot but have saved it from much misery. His fearless and uncompromising love of justice compelled him to speak out against the unscrupulous misgovernment of the barbarians around him. This aroused their wrath, and their opportunity came. Albinus, a senator, having been charged with treason, Boëthius chivalrously became his defender; the reward of which was to find himself, along with his father-in-law, Symmachus, placed under the same accusation. The evidence produced against him was letters, which he declares to have been forged. But Theodoric's mind had been poisoned, and so the philosopher was doomed to die—a sentence which was cruelly carried out.

The Reformation in England produced many men of literary capacity and learning, but few of them could have produced such work in prison as did John Fryth. Suspected of the Lutheran heresy soon after he was brought from Cambridge to Oxford by Wolsey, he was allowed to escape to Germany. There he associated himself with Tyndale, and sent forth a reply to Sir Thomas More's *Supplication of Souls* and to two works in defence of purgatory by Bishop Fisher and Mr Rastall. Returning to England soon afterwards, he had the best proof of the power of the pen he had thus wielded, for Sir Thomas More, who was the Chancellor, found a place for him in the Tower. Here he wrote a treatise on the Eucharist, which was destined to be replied to by the fagots of the executioner. It was extracted from him by one Holt, a tailor, who professed great anxiety for his instructions, but who probably had much greater anxiety to serve More, for the treatise soon found its way to the Chancellor, who sent forth a brief reply to it. Fryth's rejoinder, considering that it was written without books and in prison, must always be regarded as a remarkable effort, including in its arguments, as it does, the testimony of the Fathers. The bishops handed him over to the civil authority for death by fire. It is satisfactory to know that the action of the bishops, and the martyrdom by which it was followed, were not indorsed by the country. Parliament almost immediately passed an Act which made it illegal for bishops to proceed *ex officio* against heretics.

As the long struggle waged by William of Orange against the power of Spain drew to its close, the silent Prince lost one of his bravest soldiers in the capture of De la Noue, who was made a prisoner in an action near Ingelmunster. His personal worth was attested by Parma, who, when offered Count Egmont and De Selles in exchange for him, said that he could not give a lion for two sheep. Yet, this lion-hearted warrior was consigned to the donjon keep of the castle of Limburg, where an aperture in the roof admitted a little light and much rain, snow, and wind, whilst the floor was the home of rats, toads, and other obnoxious vermin. Here he was immured for five years, and here he composed his political and military discourses, and made annotations upon Plutarch and other works.

The prisons of the French Revolution could not be crowded with their doomed thousands, representative of every section of the community, without producing a literature quite distinctly its own. But that such a work as Madame Roland's *Mémoires* was begun and ended in one of these houses of arrest is one of the extraordinary phenomenal facts of literature, and proves its author to have been a most remarkable woman. Face to face with death, she reproduces her life from the days of childhood, with a precision and fullness that are equally surprising. The horrors endured by her country at times almost overwhelm her, but fear of personal peril or danger is unknown to her. She remains to the last an angel of light, pure, sweet, generous, and pitiful. Without books and under the surveillance of jailers, her resources are exhaustless. 'I must despatch this book,' she says, 'to be free to go on with another.' But the material so crowds upon her that she can scarcely get away from it. 'To follow things thus step by step, I should have to write a long work, for which I have not the time left to live.' When they took her to the scaffold, they also took Lamarche. His dejection made her his

consoler, and then she asked to die first, to show him how peacefully this could be done. Before the guillotine could do its work, she asked for a pen 'to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her.' They refused her this last request, and the world is so much the poorer; but let it at least be thankful for the woman and for her prison *Mémoires*.

When, in 1716, Voltaire was thrown into the Bastille on suspicion of having libelled the government, they were afraid to allow him either pen or paper; but he there planned and in part composed the *Henriade*, one of the greatest of the very few great epics of the world. Robert Southwell, the Jesuit priest, who was three times imprisoned, ten times racked, and at last executed, wrote his two longest poems in prison, namely, *St Peter's Complaint* and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*. In his Autobiography, Leigh Hunt, referring to his imprisonment of 1813–15, says, 'I read verses without end, and wrote almost as many.' Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *History of the World* in the Tower of London; and it was whilst a captive in the prison-fortress of Ham that Napoleon III. put together his *Napoleonic Ideas*. Rossel, who resigned the post of chief of the corps of engineers at Nevers to join the Commune during the last struggle of France with Germany, because it did 'not number among its adherents the generals guilty of capitulation,' and was arrested by the party he joined, and finally shot when Versailles became triumphant, occupied his prison hours in committing to paper his thoughts, theories, and experiences. Some of his descriptions throw a lurid light on the revolutionary leaders, and make it quite easy for one to understand how rapid was his disenchantment with the men from whom he had hoped so much.

The literature of the prison is in other respects exceedingly varied and suggestive. It was whilst immured in the Tower of London that Penn composed *No Cross, No Crown*. During his imprisonment, Savonarola wrote Commentaries on the thirty-first and fifty-first Psalms, as also his *Rule for a good Christian Life*. This last work was written at the request of his jailer, who, observant of his sanctity, had asked for a help to attain to it himself. Very beautiful, too, was the life of Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, who, whilst acting as a missionary in India, was thrown into prison by the governor of Tranquebar. Not only were books refused him wherewith to continue his translation of the New Testament, but even pen and ink were forbidden, and a guard set over him to prevent any communication with the outer world. When, therefore, he one morning found writing materials on his table, he concluded that some angel had supplied his want; hence he declared on the title-page of *The Christian Life* and *The Christian Teacher*, which he proceeded to compose, that they were written under the immediate direction of God. In the very year in which Ziegenbalg had been born (1683), the Hon. Algernon Sidney was beheaded for alleged complicity in the Ryehouse plot. Whilst in prison, he wrote a *résumé* of his life and trial, which production is a strong testimony both to his patriotism and honour.

If we have said nothing yet of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by far the most remarkable book which can be classed under prison literature, it is because it is so well known and so universally accessible, while the circumstances under which it was written are familiar to all.

MY EXTRAORDINARY FRIEND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I WAS only an assistant-master in a private school in the south of England, but my position was a very comfortable one. My salary was small, but so were my expenses. I had sufficient leisure time. The boys were as a body of a very good class, and best, perhaps, of all, I agreed thoroughly with the head-master, who treated me rather as a companion and an equal, than in the manner usually associated with the profession of usher. I believe I was popular with the boys because I entered with zest into their sports and pursuits; and having been educated at a large public school myself, I understood them, and possessed that tact in treatment and management which so few of the many men who groan at the slavery of 'cub-taming' seem to possess. Naturally, I did not intend to devote the remainder of my life to cub-taming; but I was a stern believer in the old axiom, that 'All things come to him who waits,' probably because I had a very tangible something to wait for in the shape of a little fortune compiled by an old Indian relative, who, humanly speaking, could not possibly live very many years longer.

I was popular amongst the boys, yet I think the only real friend I had amongst them was a young Russian named Ivan Dolomski. I believe I took a fancy to him simply because no one else did. He was a very extraordinary being; a very intellectual giant with the frame of a boy of sixteen. Why he was shunned by his schoolfellows I could never satisfactorily make out, unless it was because his ways were mysterious; because he took no part in the active healthful sports of the others; did not know the difference between square-leg and cover-point, or between a drop-kick and a punt; and perhaps because he was reputed to be 'awfully' clever—the word 'awfully' in his case being taken in its literal, and not its colloquial sense.

The few boys who had been able to get a peep into the desk, which he kept, as a rule, rigidly locked up, declared that it was a regular engine-room inside. Whilst his mates were reading or skylarking during the hours of indoor leisure, he would be absorbed in the gloom of this desk, hammering, tinkering, sawing, nailing; now and then creating a terrible smell, and more than once causing a small explosion. He spent all his pocket-money—and he had plenty—in odd bits of iron, tubes, models of engines, mysterious substances wrapped in paper. In fact, he was as unlike the average English schoolboy of his own age as could be imagined, and was regarded much in the same way as a wise-man or necromancer of the middle ages was regarded by the ignorant populace, saving in one respect—no one dared to interfere with him. Quiet and harmless when left alone, forbearing even when chaffed and taunted, if he was roused by a more than ordinarily bold

move on the part of his schoolfellows, such as a grab at his keys, or the sudden plunging of a head into his desk, his black eyes would flash, his brow would contract into an almost diabolical frown, and, no matter what weapon was within reach, or who was present, he would use it with the frenzy of a madman. Hence, he was an object of awe and suspicion, as well as of ridicule, to the school.

But to me he was different. I don't think there was much in common between us, for I had no taste for mechanics; but I used to speak to him, and try to take an interest in his pursuits. I used to take his part against the young 'bull-dogs' who were everlastingly yapping and snapping about him; and he would refer to me upon scientific questions in a manner which only served to bring out the astonishing ignorance of one who was supposed to be his teacher, but which bound him closely to me. In the school, he was sullen, silent, morose. At my desk, at my side in the playground, in my private room, he was bright, enthusiastic, and cheerful.

But there was another bond of unity between us. Ivan evidently came of wealthy and patrician parents. Every other Saturday afternoon, a magnificently appointed carriage drove up to the playground from the neighbouring watering-place of Hythe, and the word was passed that 'young Bear's' friends had come for him. In the carriage there were usually an elderly lady and a girl of eighteen. As I was invariably on playground duty during Saturday afternoons, I became in some sort acquainted with Madame Dolomski and her daughter Olga, especially as I had generally to be employed as an agent between them and Ivan; for if the latter happened to be engaged upon some interesting experiment or new problem, the most endearing of maternal messages could not drag him away; and even I, with all my influence, had sometimes to return to the carriage without him.

My conversation was chiefly with the elder lady; but my regards, I must say, were entirely for the younger. She was, as I have said, about eighteen, the possessor of one of those open, smiling faces which make us resent all that cynics and satirists have said against woman, a face set in an aureole of clustering curls; of a figure which some might say was too square and full developed to be within the category of feminine delicacy and grace, but which I rightly estimated to be the outcome of cold water and fresh air; of faultless hands and feet; and, perhaps best of all, of the sweetest and most musical of voices. I don't suppose she would have been looked at in a Belgravian drawing-room; but to me, a poor schoolmaster, shut up during nine months of the twelve within the school-boundary walls, who seldom saw a fairer face than that of Betty Housemaid, she seemed an angel. And although I was a dreamy young enthusiast of four-and-twenty, I knew more than to believe that any but a kind, good heart could be enshrined within so attractive a frame.

Once smitten, I began to regard these Saturday visits as epochs in my existence, and was always hovering about the gate at about the usual hour of the carriage's arrival; and I do not believe I had ever passed two more wretched ten minutes in my life than once when I happened to be at the other end of the ground stopping a fight, and the French master played my *rôle* to the occupants of the carriage; and another time when Madame arrived alone. I suppose Ivan must have told his mother and sister of his respect and affection for me, for not only were they invariably polite and gracious, but they asked me to dine with them at Hythe one evening; and from their surroundings I could see that they were very great people. I believe the French master could have eaten me when I returned that night.

Of course it was all very absurd, although there might have been something romantic in the love of a humble usher with a hundred a year for the daughter of a Russian colonel with a 'Von' before his name; but there it was. I found Olga so amiable, so intelligent, so interested in all that I told her about English school-life and traditions and pastimes and eccentricities, that I am afraid when the carriage came, I did not pay one half the attention to the good Madame that I paid her daughter.

My joy may be imagined when one Saturday the carriage came with Olga alone in it. I do not know what I said or how I looked during the half-hour I stood beside it; but I remember that I did not hurry to execute the usual errand of fetching Ivan until the expiration of that time. There was not a trace of coquetry about Olga's bearing towards me; but I impressed myself with the notion that she reciprocated my passion, and built for myself castles in the air which in extravagance surpassed the wildest dreams of romancists.

The more I saw of Ivan, the less I understood him. When I watched him amongst his schoolfellows there was a set scowl on his face, and an ugly line on each side of his mouth, which proclaimed that his hand was against every one's, and every one's hand against his. When he saw me, the dark, almost truculent face would light up, the bad lines would fade from his mouth, and a smile would break out, which made him look positively handsome. Yet, strong as was my influence over him, I never could get him to assimilate himself to the surroundings of his life, and when I suggested cricket or football, he would answer: 'Mr Cormell, such sports are for barbarians, not for thinkers.'

I gazed at my young thinker of sixteen, as well I might; but he was unmoved and serious.

One day—a wet day, and the school consequently confined within doors; I was writing at my desk—I rather think it was an ode to my charmer, when I heard above the din of laughing chattering restless boys, a tremendous commotion at the other end of the room, scuffling, cries of 'Young blackguard!' 'Beastly young foreign cad!' 'Coward,' and so forth. I could not see much beyond the agitated waves of boys' heads; but instinct told me that Ivan was there or thereabouts. I cast away the gentle look of the amorous composer, put on my magisterial air, and went to the scene of disturbance. Arrived there, I saw Mr Ivan standing with his back to the door like a wild beast at bay, with an open pocket-knife of large size in his hand; and in the midst of a knot of whitefaced boys sat one whom I knew to be a frequent tormentor of the young Russian—Quayle Major by name, his coat

off, and bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder.

I asked what the matter was. As usual, nobody answered. Probably every one imagined that verbal explanation was unnecessary, seeing that the cause was so patent. However, I insisted upon an answer, so a big boy stepped forward and said: 'Please, sir, Quayle Major wanted to see what young Bear—I mean Dolomski—was up to in his desk. Dolomski wouldn't let him. Quayle made a dash with his arm, and young Bear chopped into it with a knife.'

Fully aware that my young protégé had received far greater provocation than was stated in the words of the ingenuous speaker, and with half an inclination to remark that it served Quayle Major right for interfering with the business of other people, I of course felt that such a state of affairs could not be tolerated in an English school. If Dolomski had caught Quayle a blow with his fist, there would have been a fight then or afterwards, and an end to the whole affair; but when knife-using began, something not far short of murder might be the result.

I sent Quayle off to the matron, and told Dolomski to follow me up to my desk.

'Ivan,' I said, 'don't you know that this sort of thing can't be allowed in an English school?'

'Don't they know that a boy's desk is his private property?' he answered. 'What harm was I doing to them? If any of them were writing a letter home, should I go and look over to see what they were saying? No. Very well. I've served Quayle Major out. I've stood a lot from him, and I wouldn't stand any more; and the next time I'll strike harder, and in another place.'

A murmur of disgust from the boys assembled round my desk followed this declaration. Dolomski smiled at it, and added: 'Just any of you try it on, that's all.

'Come, come,' I said sternly, 'that will do. Don't make matters worse.' And I led him from the room amidst a perfect storm of yells and hoots and hisses.

The story of course reached the head-master's ears; the result being, after a long consultation between us, that the only course open was to have Ivan removed as soon as possible.

On the day of his departure, he came to me, and holding out his hand, said: 'Mr Cormell, you've been the only friend I've had amongst this crew of savages. You think I'm a brute; but I shan't forget your kindness. Perhaps you may want a friend some day; perhaps I shall be your friend some day.'

The carriage came. Madame and Olga were in it. Olga was crying; probably at the disgraceful termination to her brother's school career. Because she would not see me again, I flattered myself. At anyrate, my parting with Madame and her daughter and Ivan was of the most tender description. Madame, who spoke but indifferent English, said: 'Good-bye, Meester Cormell. You have been one good, kind friend to my poor boy here. I feel—Olga here feel dat we are say Good-bye to an old friend. I cannot know if we sall meet again. Perhaps yes; perhaps no. But if you do find you in St Petersburg at any day, do you make a call *chez* Colonel Dolomski, Nevski Prospect, and you sall see how glad we sall be to see you.'

Olga did not say anything, but sobbed bitterly. As for me, I murmured out a few commonplaces about only having done my duty and so forth, and stood fidgeting like a great booby, filled with an insane desire to jump into the carriage and go off with them. Then Ivan shook hands with me, actually with tears in his eyes; the carriage sped away, and I felt that I was alone in the world, separated from all I held most dear in it.

There was a rush to see the interior of Ivan's desk after he had gone. I didn't know what the boys expected to find; but they raised the lid as carefully as if they were opening an infernal machine; and after all, there was nothing but a scrap of newspaper describing the attempt to blow up the steamer *Mosel* in Bremen harbour, a treatise on the Hidden Forces of Nature, a tattered chemical book, and a few bits of iron and steel.

SOME INDIAN HERBS AND POISONS.

No country is better supplied with medicinal as well as poisonous herbs than India. Along waysides and ditches, harmless-looking plants flourish abundantly, yet possessing, some strange, and some the most deadly qualities. It is one of the mysteries of creation how side by side with plants and cereals the most valuable and necessary to life, nature has also scattered abundantly plants so deadly; as if along with an element of good, there must also be one of evil. But it is only during a long residence in the country that the ordinary Anglo-Indian grows into acquaintance with this feature of the vegetable world around him, which previously he has only recognised as rank, troublesome weeds, intruding where not wanted, and having to be cut down and cast away. Many if not all of these become convertible, however, according as they are used, into some medicinal purpose or other; as if, after all, even the most seemingly useless or noxious have their value, if properly treated.

One of the most common plants by ditch-side or cactus-hedge is the *datoora*, with its large white flower, and leaves resembling the hollyhock, and now well known as a valuable medicine for asthma, for which its leaves are used in the shape of cigars or 'tobacco.' The seeds, on the other hand, are a subtle and powerful poison, in small quantities causing temporary insanity, and in large, either permanent injury to the brain or death. By an accident, I became aware of the peculiar properties of the datoora. A robbery occurred in a neighbouring village, and an alarm spread that this had been effected through the agency of datoora-poisoning by an organised gang of robber-poisoners. It seemed the gang had put up at the village the night before in the guise of travellers, and succeeded in getting on friendly terms with one of the wealthiest families there, whom they entertained to a feast of sweetmeats—the only eatable in which different castes may join. As night advanced, the family allowed them to put up in their veranda; and when the village was sunk in sleep, the effects of the poisoned sweetmeats gradually placed the house and all it contained at the mercy of the

robbers. Next morning, when the hue and cry arose in the village, and native inspectors, *thannahdars*, and constables had arrived from far and near to investigate the case—and turn to what profit they could the opportunity—they found the family of eight lying helpless and dangerously ill, semi-idiotic, and unconscious of what had occurred or was going on around them. The house had been ransacked, and money dug out of the ground (the natives' purse) amounting to about thirty thousand rupees; and the suspicion of datoora-poisoning was confirmed. No trace of the gang could be found, in spite of the official raids made by the police, and the levy of blackmail on those who could afford to 'pay' to escape suspicion. The family gradually recovered to find themselves almost penniless, the time they had been under the poison being a blank to them.

A sad case of datoora-poisoning occurred some time after this. My gardener's child, a fine little fellow of two years, whom I had often seen in the garden, had swallowed a few datoora seeds while playing with some children by the roadside. This was first suspected by his parents from some of the seeds being found in his hand; and after being taken home, the fatal result too soon confirmed their fears. From being in perfect health, in a few hours he was a memory of the past; and one of the saddest sights was the distracted grief of the parents for their only son. Sadder if anything was the fact of the body being kept for three days in the hot weather under the shade of a large sacrificial banyan tree close by, covered only with a light cloth and some leaves, waiting till the *thannahdar* of the nearest station could find leisure to come and report on it before burial, while the mother was rushing off at all hours of the night and day to take another look at her dead child.

Though the plant is to be found everywhere, this is the only case I know of accidental poisoning from datoora. The native belief, however, is that it is commonly used by professional robbers instead of the terrible *roomal* (handkerchief-strangling) of the old Thugs.

Another plant, called the *madār*, from two to four feet high, grows in isolated groups along roadsides and in open sunny places. It is soft and branching, with broad, thick, dark-green leaves covered with down, and large white waxen flowers faintly tinged with pink towards the centre. The first time I discovered it to have a curative value was on getting a sprained thumb through an upset out of my dogcart, causing swelling of the whole hand with severe pain. While trying in vain the ordinary home resources, my bearer, Jhoti, who stood a stoical witness of the ejaculations and contortions which the pain and failure of remedies elicited, at length suggested the madār leaf. Glad of any chance, though placing little faith in his nostrum, I agreed readily enough; and he soon appeared with a madār leaf, which he applied hot to the hand and tied firmly round. The relief seemed almost to begin from the moment of application; and in a quarter of an hour the pain had nearly subsided, while the hand felt more elastic with the rapid decrease of the swelling. In an hour or two there was no perception of pain left, and the hand felt much like the other, except for a little stiffness. Keeping on the leaf, by his advice, for twenty-four hours, with one or two fresh changes during that time, there appeared afterwards a minute crop of watery pustules, which itched for a day or two, and then disappeared. No trace of pain or swelling remained. After such an experience, my incredulity in native remedies was somewhat shaken, and the plant, which had hitherto seemed but a useless weed, now rose into new interest. The hurry of the native for his madār leaf, his neem-tree leaf or bark for poultices, his castor-leaf, &c. for sprains and swellings, now savoured less to me of native simplicity, and inspired a desire to test their remedies before condemning them. On other occasions I have used the madār leaf with the same result, often wondering whether its efficacy were known to our medical faculty, or ever tested for employment in a wider and more scientific sense.

But it is the *milk* of the madār which, like the poppy, contains its strangest and most powerful property, and exudes abundantly on the slightest scratch of its succulent leaf or stem. When dried in the sun, the milk becomes hard and brittle. The natives profess to use it for any obstinate sore, especially in the nostril, and it was when used for this ostensible purpose, that I witnessed its effects among my servants, caused either from absorption in the blood or accidental swallowing. Finding the *khansamah* absent one evening from duty at dinner, and the *masalchie* arrayed in his *pugri* officiating for him, I learned that he was in a very bad way, from accidentally swallowing some of the madār milk, which he had applied to a sore in his nostril. With some fear, from the description given, that he might be poisoned, and as he was an old and valued servant, I left dinner and went to see him. He was sitting in front of the cooking-house, with his face buried in his hands in an attitude of the deepest dejection, from which nothing could rouse him or elicit a word of answer to my inquiries. In eight or ten minutes, the first change I noticed was a slight movement of the head to one side and a distinct leer at his fellow-servants who were standing by. This was repeated in a few seconds, and again at lessening intervals, accompanied by sounds of suppressed chuckling, as if the whole affair were a grand joke which he was playing at the expense of those present. Shortly, the leers, which expressed the most intense mirth, developed into bursts of laughter loud and ecstatic, with looks of indescribable enjoyment, and I began to doubt whether, after all, we were not being fooled. The 'blowing-up,' however, which I began to give him received no notice—if anything, it seemed but to increase his merriment; but while I yet stood by, the fits of laughter grew less violent, the merriment decreased, soon ceased altogether, and the fit of dejection supervened. This lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and then the hilarious mood gradually came on as before, but always of less duration than the depressed mood. The paroxysms continued for some hours, till at last the man fell into a deep sleep. Next morning, he was at his work as usual, none the worse, looking fresh as ever, but without any recollection of his exhibition the night before.

As on several occasions I had found one or

other of the servants in the *same state*, I began to wonder whether it *was* 'sores in the nostril,' or whether the drug had not been taken to produce the effect I had witnessed. The inquiries I made brought no confirmation of the suspicion, or showed that the drug was known or used for that purpose. However that may be, the frequent recurrence of the accident with the same individuals, and on so improbable a pretence, forced the inference that the madār was used as an intoxicant. One peculiarity of it was that highly exciting or intoxicating though it seemed, there was no visible reaction of nervous depression, disordered stomach, &c., as in the case of intoxicating liquors. The terrible effect of larger quantities on the brain, on which it seems specially to act, may be imagined.

It is stated by the natives as a familiar fact, that if a probe is formed from a mixture of the madār milk with a pounded ruttee-seed—a recognised weight of the country used by jewellers—dried and hardened in the sun, and if the skin be pricked with this and the point left, death will follow imperceptibly and painlessly in two or three days, leaving no trace of the cause medically or otherwise but the faintest speck like a mosquito bite where the skin was probed.

The wild *ganja* grows profusely wherever it is permitted, and somewhat like the home nettle without the sting, its flower is small and insignificant. Though very different in appearance from the cultivated ganja—the *Canabis Indica* of the pharmacopœia and famous *hashish* of the East—its intoxicating effects are nearly similar, except that the ganja proper is less injurious to the system, and is therefore correspondingly prized. This difference between wild and cultivated plants is seen to a stronger extent even among cereals. The wild rice, or that which has sown itself from a previous crop, if in good ground, looks like the cultivated in every respect, rich and heavy, and is really equally good; but the moment it is touched with the hook, the grains shed themselves into the water in which it has grown, and are lost. A different peculiarity is found in the *kodo*—a small grain like turnip-seed, much grown in dry soil, and with a peculiar pleasant flavour—the self-sown or wild crop of which, though easily gathered, and undistinguishable in appearance from the cultivated, yet causes giddiness when used for food, and is often fraudulently mixed with the cultivated. In noting this difference between wild and cultivated grains, one realises indeed that the bread we live by must be toiled for. The cultivated ganja is somewhat like the caraway plant, but stronger and more leafy; and while the wild ganja has a strong pungent smell, the cultivated is odourless. Being a government monopoly, it is subject to a high duty, is rarely grown, and owing to its expense, the wild ganja is often made to do duty for it. At the same time, the ganja proper can always be bought at the rural bazaars, while a good deal is understood to change hands *sub rosâ*, which accounts for its reaching the poorer classes.

A confirmed ganja-smoker was a Bengali baboo (English bookkeeper) I had, whose weakness came to my knowledge through a quarrel he had with the Persian accountant. The latter mentioned as an instance of the baboo's moral degradation that not only was he a ganja-smoker, but had fallen so low as to use the common ganja of the ditches. True enough, one day I saw a large supply of the dried leaf on a shelf, which he had inadvertently left behind. He was an active writer, however, and must have used the drug abstemiously, as it neither interfered with his work nor showed the usual signs of havoc in the face. Whether the continued use of the ganja incapacitated him from discriminating between his own property and another's, I cannot say, but for this reason I had to part with him, which also accounted for his losing his previous situation.

Another of his class whom I was unfortunate enough to have later in the same post, so yielded to the allurements of the drug, that latterly he rarely appeared except in a semi-muddled, dreamy state; his shrivelled yellow face, blear eyes as of a film drawn over them, and cracked voice, though he was a young man, showing the lengths he was going and the terrible havoc it was making of him. Premature age had already come upon him, the excitement and visions of a few years of the ganja having condensed into them the measure of a lifetime. I had also to part with him from incapacity caused by his habit.

The next of those around me whom I discovered to be a worshipper of the weed was the gardener. He had been with me at the same time as the latter baboo, and had turned a secluded corner of the garden to account to supply both his own and the baboo's needs in the way of ganja, with perhaps a surplus for the bazaar. He was an old, tall, lean man, with shrivelled face, but clear strong eyes, and wiry and strong, with an amount of activity in him which got him over as much work in an hour as took many younger men three. Whether the ganja had anything to do with his long-sustained energy is doubtful, but he used to assert that it was it that gave strength to his old age and enabled him to work as he did.

Once I had occasion to use the ganja medicinally in the shape of some of the extract, sent to me by a bachelor friend, prepared by him—as he said—according to a well-known pharmacopœia. The dose I took was ten drops, just before setting out for a neighbouring bungalow where I was expected to spend the evening. During dinner, I became aware of an increasing risibility at the merest trifles, causing surprise especially to some young ladies present, who I could see put it down to the sparkling lager-beer. This tendency increased as the evening advanced; and though conscious of the figure I was making, I felt powerless to exercise the necessary control. After bidding adieu to my friends, as I mounted my horse in front of the veranda, suddenly the whole place, the familiar bungalow, walks, shrubberies, all seemed changed, and only the voices of my friends remained the same. The transformation was even greater as I rode homewards through the woods and quiet villages asleep in the moonlight. Now I seemed to be in Spain, acting the hero of the *Romance of War;* then I seemed to be shooting over the moors of Scotland; and from one part of the world to another was but the flash of a moment. Now the pale moonlight showed all the vegetation crisp and sparkling with hoar-frost, or covered with snow; while the moon herself appeared a dull yellow speck in the

heavens. The whole way home I found myself for ever diverging from the well-known road into bypaths; and it was only after the *syce*, who trotted beside me, had brought back the horse for the twentieth time, that I saw the necessity of taking his advice and dropping the reins on the horse's neck, to trust to the surer guidance of his instinct. At times, with a strong effort, I endeavoured to recall my whereabouts; but it was only for an instant, and the memory was gone, to be replaced by the unreal. At length, after a period that seemed an age, though only extending over a ride of four miles, I reached my bungalow, the sight of which was the first thing that began to bring back reality. Getting into an easy-chair, with the lamplight swimming dim and yellow before me, I began to reflect with some alarm that I was suffering from an overdose of ganja. Though drowsy, I dreaded to sleep; so, drinking off a strong cup of tea, I resolved to keep awake till the effects wore off. Reading and staring at the lamp in turn was all I remembered, till I awoke next morning quite well, and without the least reaction from the night's experience. Considering the different scenes I was transported to, all of a gorgeous and fairylike nature, and minutely remembered, I could easily understand the prevalent belief that it was the ganja that gave birth to the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

The natives chiefly use ganja spiced for the hookah, or as an infusion for drinking, and much more so than appears on the surface. From long continuance or excess, it is a frequent cause of insanity, which may pass away on discontinuing it, or leave more or less permanent imbecility. Medicinally, it does not seem to be used by the natives, though the wild ganja is used as a medicine for cattle.

Akin to the ganja is the poppy, whose sheets of white flower surrounding every village in the cold season form one of the prettiest features of the landscape; and which, being a government monopoly, supplying a large share of the revenue, is extensively cultivated in India. The richest portions of land—namely, those closest to the houses—are always allotted to it; and though a most laboured crop from beginning to end, in the careful weedings and incisures and gatherings of the opium from each separate bulb—from which the milk or opium exudes—it is, even at the fractional price fixed by government, by far the most paying crop to the native. Like the ganja, it is much more used than is superficially seen, especially in towns and by Moslems (of both sexes) of the upper class, though there prevails among natives generally a sort of dread of it, and stigma attaching to the eaters, as if its dangers were fully known and appreciated. The facility of obtaining it illegally where it is universally cultivated is obviously great. Here and there, a prematurely sharpened and haggard face, unintelligible to others, may owe its cause to this. Opium-eating, however, among the dense population of India is not so great as to mark a national evil, and is not used in the systematic way, or nearly to the stupefying extent, that it is in China. It does not appear to be much employed by them curatively beyond the use of the seed-husks—used also for smoking—externally for sprains or tumours. Unlike the datoora, whose seeds are its poison, the seeds of the poppy are harmless, are used in native confectionery, and their oil in cooking—besides being a well-known article of commerce and adulterative of olive oil; whereas the milk of the poppy is its active principle, a poison, narcotic, or valuable medicine, according as it is used.

Least hurtful of narcotics, the tobacco-plant, largely grown wherever the soil is rich enough, is universally used over India, and though indigenous to the country, is consumed in much milder forms than at home. In the shape of a paste of mixed spices and charcoal—by some Europeans considered fragrant—it is prepared for the hookah, which, like the calumet of the Red Indians, is socially passed round by the natives while discussing their village news and gossip as they sit circled near their doorways in the evening. But it is more constantly used for eating; a bit of the dry leaf being powdered in the hand as required, along with a little moist quicklime the size of a pea, is deftly conveyed to the mouth by a jerk of the wrist, and swallowed. In smoking and eating, it is used in a much milder form than even the lightest home tobacco; the water of the hookah purifies and mellows the smoke; the leaf as eaten is so dry and crisp, that half its strength is gone; while the accompanying quicklime is considered counteractive of any harm from the tobacco.

With regard to the medicinal herbs and cures of the natives, they are endless. Hardly a weed grows but they find some virtue in it for some ailment or other. The large leaf of the castor-oil plant heated and applied externally is used for allaying local inflammation and pain; the leaf and bark of the *neem* tree a well-known and similar valuable appliance; a small weed like clover gathered among the grass is applied to the temples to allay headaches, or otherwise as a counter-irritant, as we use mustard; the *chireita*, also a well-known tonic and fever preventive; the milk of the *chutwan* tree for tooth-stuffing—though little needed in a country where tooth-brushing, like a part of their religion, precedes and follows every meal, and pearly-white teeth are the result, despite the free use of sweetmeats.

During a long residence in the country, I have on many occasions observed and experienced the value of native herbs and medicines. The mention of these to medical men, however, have received but little notice beyond an incredulous smile, or a contemptuous allusion to such 'crude cures.' One out of those coming under my personal notice I may mention. A child of one of my servants that appeared to be dangerously ill of incipient smallpox was given to the old gardener before referred to, to be treated for the disease, a bargain having been struck for a fee payable only on the child's recovery. There was every symptom of a severe attack; the child's breath was fetid, skin parched, lips and nose seamed and bleeding. The gardener commenced by smearing the child's body over with fresh herbs pounded in goats' milk, and then wrapping him up in a blanket, watched him the whole night, now and again reapplying the herbs and carefully guarding him against cold. The result of his treatment was that in twelve hours

all the dangerous symptoms had disappeared, the child had complete ease, and there was no relapse from rapid convalescence. The free rush of spots that came out soon faded and disappeared. I could hardly imagine that nature, unless aided by these herbs, could work so rapid a change. At the same time, it may be added that, had government taken the home precaution of vaccination, the treatment would probably never have been needed.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE IN LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

We wonder if those who have never visited our Lancashire manufacturing towns can possibly, even in imagination, realise the nature of the surroundings amidst which thousands of 'mill-hands'—boys and girls, men and women—are condemned to pass their lives. The bitter cry of outcast London has stirred the nation to its depths; the voiceless groanings of prosperous yet squalid Lancashire, should they ever find an utterance, would have about them the genuine ring of utter despair. In the metropolis, there are at least light, sunshine, and air, which to one from the cotton districts seems deliciously and, for a town, almost impossibly, pure. The parks with their leafy verdure; the river, flowing grandly by the spacious Thames Embankment; the stately piles of architecture which lie around on every side; museums, picture-galleries, cheap river steamboats—all these facilities for seeing much that is beautiful in nature and art, make the life of a well-to-do metropolitan workman something very different from aught which can be attained by his fellows in our northern manufacturing towns.

Imagine street after street, each uglier than its neighbour, lined with tiny houses in hideous unending uniformity; the only variation being caused by some gigantic many-storied mill with its rows upon rows of windows, and the continuous roar of its mighty machinery; to crown all, a chimney towering high into the air, and belching forth volumes of thick black smoke, which, aided by contributions from scores of similar chimneys, covers the whole place with a gloomy pall, through which the sun's rays but dimly penetrate, Sunday being the only day when blue sky can be seen. In such a town as we are thinking of, the Act which provides for and compels the consumption of smoke is to all intents and purposes a dead letter; and any one who has lived in one of these places—there are many such—knows full well that it is rarely if ever put into operation so far as regards the worst offenders. On rare occasions, some one is made a scapegoat of, to the extent of having to pay a modified penalty; but this practically acts as a license to others, who, knowing that appearances have so far been kept up, feel tolerably safe for some time to come. Put a piece of clean white paper out of doors, and in five minutes it will be black with soot. The very river flowing through the town, and which, rising in the breezy hill-country, should be a pure and health-giving stream, is so polluted by the waste from different chemical works built along its banks, that it is a common saying, when any one falls in and is rescued, that he might just as well have been left to drown, for he is quite as certain to die, though not perhaps so swiftly, from swallowing some of the filthy water and noxious gases which have converted what was once a trout-stream into a fetid sewer.

Talk of London fogs! Bad though these be, they are at anyrate not surcharged with impurities to the same extent as in these manufacturing towns, where a fog has almost the feeling of solidity, and from whose effects eyes and throat smart unbearably, as though syringed with a weak solution of vitriol. Then, too, these fogs are by no means confined to the winter months. We retain vivid recollections of having to light the gas by half-past five on some June evenings; days which in the country would be radiant with sunshine, but whose brightness was hidden from us by the heavy, impenetrable veil of smoke. How, with so much to contend against, any man or woman manages to keep even a semblance of decency either in house or person, has sometimes struck us as being little short of miraculous. And yet some of them do this to a really wonderful extent, so that you may see the factory lasses going to their work by six o'clock in the morning, looking clean and fresh in their white aprons, with bright-coloured shawls worn over the head and pinned closely about the chest. This, the universal work-a-day headgear in these districts, though to a southerner it has at first a poverty-stricken appearance, is in reality much more sensible than either a bonnet or hat would be, and forms a perfect protection from the biting winds which sweep from across the moors, and are apt to be felt as unpleasantly searching by those who come fresh from the over-heated atmosphere inside a cotton mill.

Then as to health—that, in our sense of the term, is simply unrealisable. Amidst such surroundings, can it be otherwise? The filthy atmosphere too often begets a hopeless despair as regards cleanliness, and paralyses the very springs of effort. Comfortless and untidy homes present a dark contrast to the warmth and brightness offered by the public-house, and literally drive men to the latter; a further craving for drink is induced by imperfect nutrition, the result not so much of poverty, as ignorance of cooking and domestic management on the part of wives and mothers—lack of time also, for most of them work in the mills. The drink demon finds a further ally in the hot and thirst-producing atmosphere of mills and workshops. Thus the chain of causation goes round in never-ending sequence. Its effects are visible in the rickety children with distorted limbs who meet the gaze on every side; women, pallid-faced, and young in years it may be, but who have never known what girlhood means; men, grown old before their time, with bleeding lungs, and puny, stunted frames. This premature ageing is one of the most marked and sadly significant features of the factory population. Returning once to hospital after a brief absence, I made some inquiry respecting a fresh patient, describing her as 'the elderly woman in bed number seventy-nine.' Perceiving that the nurse looked somewhat amused, I inquired the reason, and found that she whom on the first glance I had mistaken

for an elderly woman, was in reality not yet twenty-five years of age! Early marriage—sixteen being not at all an unusual age—hard work at the mills, especially at those times when, of all others, the woman needs rest and care; an entire absence of sanitary surroundings both in and out of doors—all these tell their bitter tale, and produce this premature look of age, so that a woman of thirty is old; and by forty, when she ought to be in the plenitude of her powers, has become a withered old woman.

True, there are in London deeper depths than any to be found in the manufacturing districts, where men and women but seldom have to work at starvation prices, and where, except in times of 'strike,' or during the ever memorable 'cotton famine,' there is usually a sufficiency of well-paid employment for all. Indeed, those with the largest families are the best off pecuniarily, for immediately the children get old enough, they are sent to the mill as half-timers, and henceforth regularly contribute their quota to the family income. A London workman and his family, gaining an equal amount in wages, would, however, have far different and very much greater possibilities of health and of rational enjoyment. With an atmosphere which offers no inducement for outdoor recreation, and makes gaslight more cheery than daylight, the dwellers in our smoke-laden factory towns are heavily weighted in the race for health; and the pressure of their outward surroundings—those which result from no act of their own, and, so far as regards any power which they may have, are fixed and unchangeable, constitutes a burden beneath whose constant presence all but the very robust in spirit must sink into hopeless apathy, losing even the wish for, or the ambition of ever attaining to, better things.

Thus, with much of material prosperity, the dark side of the shield more often than not comes into view. We remember talking to a mill-owner about a man in his employ who had been brought into hospital with his hand badly injured as the direct result of carelessness produced by intoxication. The man was tipsy when admitted. It turned out that he and his family took home something like six pounds as their weekly earnings, and could do this regularly; and yet, when a daughter died, their employer had to advance the sum necessary for funeral expenses. Time after time he had tried to induce the man to save; but no! a certain amount would be got together, and then the whole of it drawn out and spent on some 'spree.' 'And really,' this mill-owner continued, with a frankness somewhat unusual, 'I hardly see how we can expect things to be otherwise; the gloomy monotony of our workmen's lives is so intense, that an occasional outbreak must be looked for. In fact, it seems to act as a safety-valve, without which the pressure of forces would be so great as to result in an explosion and terrible social disruption. I myself,' he went on to say, 'could not endure life in such a place even with all the ameliorations which wealth can supply, were it not for a run into the country now and then, or a month abroad, either of which alternatives is a splendid way of letting off the steam.'

The speaker himself was a much younger man than is usually to be found amongst the race of mill-owners. We could not help wondering whether he, with the rest, would in time get so inured to his surroundings as to accept them with passive acquiescence.

Any stranger walking through the streets at a time when the mills 'loosed,' might well be excused for fancying himself amongst a rude people, their very speech being as an unknown language to him. And yet the horse-play, if a little rough, really means nothing more than does the frolicsomeness of a lot of schoolboys just released from their tasks. We should, however, recommend a very thin-skinned person, or one who stood much upon his dignity, to keep out of the streets at such an hour. You will be certain to hear, unasked, the whole truth about your personal appearance. The cut of your clothes, your every gesture and feature, will be commented upon; the amusing part being that all this is done without the slightest idea or intention of giving offence. To one who will take these people as they are, such frankness is positively refreshing, and a splendid cure for latent conceit, which has small chance of developing amidst so outspoken a people.

The lady superintendent of a hospital in one of our Lancashire towns where the distinctive characteristics of the people come out even more broadly than usual, told us that at first she hardly knew what to make of such a state of things, and was almost afraid to venture out of doors, for she could neither understand the speech of the people nor make herself understood by them. Being a gentlewoman in every sense of the word, and possessed of much tact, with a strong reserve of common-sense, she soon became a great favourite with the rough men and women by whom she was surrounded, but could never get over the sense of amusement at being now and then stopped in the streets by a knot of mill-girls—all perfect strangers to her, and she to them—and told that she had on a very pretty gown and they would like to know where it was made. 'In London,' she usually had to answer; and would further good-naturedly gratify their curiosity by telling them to take a good look at it, so that they might not forget the way in which it was made. To have felt, or at anyrate shown, annoyance would have been the height of absurdity, as these girls really intended to be complimentary.

There was a story told of two ladies—one an American—who, when walking along one day, heard the comments which were freely passed upon their appearance and attire; some bright buttons which the American lady had on her coat being as a very focus of attraction, and particularly taking the mill-girls' fancy. Foolishly enough, the lady turned round and soundly rated them, with the very unpleasant consequence that she and her companion were followed and hooted at by an ever-increasing crowd of men, women, and children, so that they had at length to take refuge in the police station, which by good fortune chanced to be close at hand. In this case, too, no rudeness had been intended: the girls themselves would have felt pleased for any one to remark upon their clothes, and they could not imagine that for them to do so would be disagreeable to others.

Rough as is their outward appearance, and free

though their manners may be, these girls often show an amount of tact and innate good-breeding which would not disgrace a high-born dame. Their real good-heartedness and utter absence of all self-seeking are as conspicuous as those more obtrusive and less desirable mannerisms which cause a stranger to shrink from them with something like dismay. Nor is it only to their own people that this thoughtful kindness comes out. We remember hearing of a newly-made widow who obtained a situation in Lancashire, and came down from London to enter upon it. Her previous experiences having been entirely confined to south-country life, she had not the least idea of the sort of people amongst whom she would be thrown. Feeling very sad in her utter loneliness, and quite tired with the journey—a longer one in those days as measured by time—she was somewhat alarmed when the carriage-door was opened and a whole bevy of factory girls got in. Their uncouth appearance, boisterous manners, and unintelligible form of speech amazed her. Suddenly one girl turned to her and said: 'Art starved?' To this abrupt question, totally misapprehending its import, she managed to stammer out: 'O no, thank you; I have plenty to eat.' 'Who thinks tha means clemmed?' put in another girl. Whereupon the first, in order to render her meaning quite clear, and to show that she did not ask from merely empty curiosity, took off her own shawl—it was a bitterly cold, frosty day—and wrapped it round the stranger. It was a trifling act, perhaps, but showed such hearty good-will as warmed the heart of this poor widow for many a long day.

We wonder what a southerner would make of the following dialogue. A number of ladies and gentlemen walking home from a friend's house one evening, separated into groups, one lady and gentleman being a little in advance of the others. On waiting for their friends at a point where some of the party would have to diverge, these two—who were, as it happened, perfect strangers until that evening—were surprised to see the rest almost convulsed with laughter, but could get no clue to its meaning. The friend with whom the stranger-lady was staying afterwards told her their amusement was caused by some mill-girls, who, not knowing that the different groups were members of one party, freely commented on the first lot in the hearing of the others. Alluding to the lady and her escort, one girl said—it happened that they were all in the gentleman's employ, but he had not noticed them—'Yon's th' measter.'—'Ay; but who's her?' from another girl. Then the first, in a voice expressive of intense scorn, mingled with contemptuous pity for her companion's scant perceptive powers: 'Dunnot tha see he's gotten?' A third hereupon chimed in: 'Ah, I tellt thee he'd getten.' We venture to think that never was more meaning compressed into fewer words; the interpretation thereof being, that 'th' measter,' who was a widower, had taken to himself another wife!

As a rule, hospital life in these manufacturing towns brings us chiefly into contact with the darker phases of humanity. Even here, there are occasional gleams of brightness; but for the most part, one sees the rougher side of life, in its results at least. Hurts received in drunken brawls constitute a very common form of injury; and on Saturday nights more especially—a dread time this, when the house-surgeon is sure to be roused once or twice before daybreak—a most ordinary and, as to its frequency, very puzzling kind of accident is a broken limb or fractured skull, caused by falling down-stairs when in a state of intoxication. When we learn that in the majority of these poorer houses the stairs are without handrail or any other protection, the mystery is one no longer. Then, too, as might be expected, terrible machinery accidents are fully represented amongst the cases in hospital, so that in one year a doctor sees more out-of-the-way surgical practice than he might do during a lifetime spent in a London hospital. Deeply, nay, entrancingly interesting as these cases are, when regarded from a purely scientific standpoint, they are yet unutterably saddening, as being in too many instances the more or less direct result of drinking habits, which beget a recklessness too often leading to terrible results.

VICTUALS IN SCOTLAND IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

In these days, when we read and hear so much about free trade and fair trade, it may not be uninteresting to take a look back to the olden times and see how things were managed then. Our 'rude forefathers' were not always a semi-savage or barbarous race, for as early as the times of David I.—more than seven hundred years ago—they had a considerable commerce with other nations, and the trade among themselves was regulated by a carefully drawn-up code of laws. Nor was their food always of a humble kind. They had not only the necessaries of life, but they also enjoyed many of its luxuries. The burghs had special privileges granted to them by royal charter. The magistrates were bound to see that the traders acted according to the laws, and those failing to do so were fined by the chamberlain at his *ayre*. Traders were not allowed to interfere with one another's liberties; and the chamberlain had to make a strict examination of all weights and measures. Sellers were to sell to all comers, and were not to keep more than fourpence-worth for their own use during the night.

The prices of the various commodities were fixed by the good men of the town. Besides gray or brown bread, there was the wheat 'white and well bolted.' Bakers who did not show their bread in their windows or in the market were fined, and their bread dealt out to the poor folk. Those who had a proper oven could have no more than four servants in their bake-house—namely, the 'master, twa servandis, and a knave' (that is, apprentice). The lord of the oven received each time for his oven, one halfpenny; the master, one halfpenny; the two servants, one penny; and the 'knave,' one farthing. It was also ordained that bakers and other tradesmen were to sell on credit. Fleshers were to keep good flesh—beef, mutton, or pork,

and to expose it at their windows, so as to be seen of all men. They were to give their services to the burgesses at killing-time—when the latter were in the habit of salting their meat for prolonged use—during which time they were to board with the servants of the burgesses. A butcher was not allowed to be a pastrycook; and among other matters that the lord chamberlain had to inquire into was whether the cooks prepared their food in a state fit for human use. The sale of fish was subject to the same stringent laws. As to ale, it was ordained that any woman who would brew ale for sale was required to have a sign put up in front of her house; she was to brew it all the year through according to the custom of the town; the ale had to be of good quality; and if she made 'evil' ale and be 'convykkyt,' she had to pay a fine of eight shillings,* or 'thole the laugh of the toune,' and the ale given to the poor folk and to the brethren of the hospital. No magistrate was allowed to brew ale for sale during his term of office. By a tenure under the monks of Kelso, the brewer was bound to furnish the abbot with beer at a halfpenny a gallon, being half the price charged to other people.

The great monasteries throughout the country possessed large tracts of land, either under cultivation or used for pastoral purposes, and by them were reared cereal and fruit crops of much value, besides numerous flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The barons paid less attention to agriculture than did their ecclesiastical brethren; but they lived in splendid style in their baronial halls, and entertained visitors in the most sumptuous manner. In short, Scotland was at that time in a prosperous condition, and continued to be so until the unfortunate death of Alexander III., when the country was plunged into the disastrous war of Independence, and 'Oure gold wes changyd into lede.' The blot upon the prosperity of those times was, that the greater portion of the agricultural workers were not free men or women, but slaves. They were bought and sold, sometimes as families, sometimes as individuals, but most frequently they passed from owner to owner with the estates to which they belonged. After the war of Independence, slavery had greatly decreased in rural Scotland.

In olden times, as now, supply and demand had a good deal to do in fixing the prices of the various commodities for sale; but the legislature paid much attention to the subject. Knowing the aptness of human nature to make the best of any special occasion, the legislature enacted in 1424 that victuals were not to be sold at higher prices during the king's stay at any place than they had been sold at for ten days previously.

Victuals were 'richt scaunt' in 1478; importation was encouraged, and importers were to be 'honourably receivit.' Another season of great distress afterwards came; there was great want of victuals and other merchandise, arising partly from the circumstance that a large amount of counterfeit money was in circulation, and that it was impossible to know the good from the bad. In 1496 barons, magistrates, and 'hostellers' were appointed to fix the prices of victuals, ale, and other necessaries, and workmen who took exorbitant prices were to be punished. Notwithstanding this, we find that some years afterwards prices of craftsmen's work had doubled and trebled in consequence of the neglect of magistrates to control the deacons of crafts who raised the prices. Reasonable prices were now to be fixed, and hostellers were to charge a reasonable price for dinner and supper. But during this and the following century there were seasons of dearth, and persons buying and holding victuals until there was a dearth were to be punished. A prohibition was made against storing corn until harvest, and old stacks were not to be kept longer than Christmas. Later still, all corn was to be thrashed out before the end of May; no victual was to be held in the 'girnel' more than was necessary for the support of the owner's household until Michaelmas, the rest to be sold at the market; all extra had to be sold within nine days, and searchers were appointed. No oxen or sheep were to be sold out of the realm.

In the sixteenth century it was ordained that, to prevent dearth, no white fish were to be 'packed or peeled' until the country was supplied; and later on, the exportation of fish was prohibited. Prelates, barons, and gentlemen were to be served in the sale of wine and salt before others. But while some had difficulty in procuring the food necessary for their proper sustenance, there were others who, like the rich man, seem to have fared sumptuously every day. Hence the legislature, considering that the superfluous cheer partaken of both by small and great men was hurtful not only to their own bodies, but also to the commonwealth, enacted that an archbishop, bishop, or earl was to have at his 'mess' but eight dishes of meat; an abbot, a prior or dean, six dishes; a baron or freeholder, four; and a burgess or other 'substantious' man, either spiritual or temporal, three; and but one kind of meat in each dish. This Act, however, was not to strike at Yule, Pasch, patron-days, nor banquets to foreigners; such banquets to be given only by archbishops, bishops, earls, abbots, deans, barons, and provosts and magistrates of burghs. No lambs were to be killed for three years, except in nobles' and great barons' houses; and none were to kill young rabbits or partridges except gentlemen and nobles with hawks. The dearth increased, and another law was passed regarding the killing of lambs, but on this occasion there was no exception as to the nobles or gentlemen. Keepers of taverns were not to mix old and new wine, nor mix water with their wine; and ale-tasters were sworn to do their duty. Justices were ordered to see that good wholesome beer and ale were brewed; no salt was to be used in the brewery nor in washing of brewers' vessels. There was still an increase of the dearth of victuals, and flesh and tallow were not to be exported; but bread, ale, and aqua vitæ might be exported to the isles for barter. No one was to keep stacks after the 10th day of July, under pain of confiscation. Flesh was to be eaten four days in the week only; but the magistrates had the power to grant it to the sick who could not eat fish.

In 1574 the circulation of bad money again

* The sums mentioned in the above article are in Scots monies, the old Scots money being one-twelfth the value of money sterling.

caused a dearth, in consequence of which victuals were withheld. Five years afterwards, victuals were again 'skant;' and as great quantities of malt were consumed in making aqua vitæ, it was ordered that none be made from the first day of December till the first day of October following, except earls, barons, or gentlemen of sic degree to make it from their own malt within their own house for themselves and friends. It was found that one cause of the dearth was the keeping of horses at hard meat (corn) all the year through by persons of mean estate. This was prohibited; and only earls, prelates, lords, great barons, members of privy-council, lords of Session, or landed gentry that might spend of their own one thousand marks of yearly rent, all charges deducted, were excepted.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century there was an enactment by the Scottish Privy-Council to check 'the grit wastrie of wyne drukin in tavernis be a number of common artisans and rascall multitude;' and the price of wine in Edinburgh was fixed at six shillings per pint. About this time the common table in the College of Glasgow had two dietaries, one for the 'upper table at which the principal and the four regents were served,' the other for the 'lower table' of the eight bursars. At the upper table there were for breakfast 'ane quhyte breid of ane pund wecht in a sowpe, with the remains of a piece of beif or mutton resting of the former day, with thair pynt of aill amanges them;' and for dinner, white bread 'with ane dische of brose and ane uther of skink or kaill,' boiled beef or mutton, a roast of veal or mutton, with a fowl or rabbit, pigeons or chickens as a second roast, and five choppins of better ale than that commonly sold in the town. The supper was 'siclyke' as the dinner. The bursars had less variety, but a liberal supply, and were allowed a quart of ale among four both at dinner and supper.

In 1644, victuals having become so very scarce that they could not be had except at extra-ordinary prices, Sir Andrew Hepburn, treasurer of the army, brought the matter before the Estates, and asked for some persons to advise with him as to how victuals were to be procured for the forces. This request was granted. Three years after, the price of victuals had become so much reduced that exportation was permitted; but two years more and a sad change took place. There was a supplication by the Commissioners of the General Assembly as to the condition of the mean and poor people; and in consideration of this, exportation was again prohibited. For several years there was a great scarcity, and in 1698 a national fast was ordered. The harvest of that year became altogether disastrous; there were great winds, rains, and snowstorms, and a great part of the corn could not be cut down, so that in consequence of the want of food people died in the streets and highways, and in some parishes more than half of the inhabitants perished.

Such were some of the experiences of the people in the 'good old times;' and although, within comparatively recent years, there have been periods of depression and scarcity, there can be no doubt that we enjoy in respect to the necessaries and luxuries of life many blessings which our fathers never enjoyed.

THE CITY WAIF.

WEARY and pale, a little child
Stole softly through the dreary street,
And evermore he faintly smiled,
As some child-fancy, quaint and sweet,
Thrilled his young heart with wondrous bliss,
Holy and calm as angel's kiss.

More eagerly his little feet
Sped o'er rough stones and reeking flags,
As wind and rain in fury beat
On naked limbs and scanty rags,
While shone a ray of heavenly grace
Round prayer-clasped hands and wistful face.

'Tis true the world had been unkind,
That hunger, cold, and cruel blows
Had been his lot—he did not mind
The brimming cup of earthly woes,
Since he had heard the 'Preacher' tell
Of that bright land where angels dwell.

'Neath ragged cap, weird locks of brown
Strayed o'er wan cheek and mournful brow.
He sighed: 'O for an angel's crown,
To clasp these throbbing temples now!'
Then sought with dim appealing eyes
Some token in the frowning skies.

A pitying hand was kindly laid
Upon his head. With cheek aglow,
He trembling shrank, as if afraid
Of brutal curse or sudden blow;
For pitying glance or kindly tone
His wretched life had seldom known.

'Nay; do not turn away, poor child!
But tell me where thy home may be?
The hour is late, the night is wild,
Some anxious mother waits for thee.
From her fond care no longer roam.'
'Nay, sir,' he cried: 'Heaven is my home!

'I see its fields of shining light,
As 'neath some dripping arch I creep;
And in that land so calm and bright,
The little children never weep;
But evermore they sweetly rest
Close to their heavenly Father's breast!

'They never hear fierce curses there
(O sir, the "Preacher" told us so);
And each a lovely robe may wear,
Who love "Our Father" here below.
It must be true, for I have seen
In happy dreams their silvery sheen!'

. . . . . .

Tears trembled in the strong man's eyes;
He sighed: 'Earth's dearest gifts are mine!
Thy treasure lives beyond the skies:
O for such simple faith as thine!'
More faintly rose that childish prayer,
'Heaven is my home; oh, take me there!'

'Heaven is my home!'—Saint Paul's old bell
Tolled from afar the midnight hour;
A quivering ray of moonlight fell
On prayer-clasped hands, while Pomp and Power
Slept calmly on. Why should *they* hear
The songs of angels hovering near?

A pitying God alone could see
That upward glance of rapt delight—
The spirit struggling to be free,
And then that spirit's heavenward flight!
But in the 'Morning News' they read—
'A little city waif found dead.' FANNY FORRESTER.

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FINISH.

In the execution of any work of art or creative design, it is generally the beginning and the ending of the task which respectively present the gravest difficulties to the worker, be he craftsman, author, or artist. When the preliminary matter of commencement has been satisfactorily disposed of, the equally important questions, how and when to conclude, have yet to be considered. 'Well begun: half-done,' is the proverb. But even with this moiety granted as accomplished, the remaining half—that which includes the ending—has still to be faced, and may present difficulties as great as those which beset the inception. We may begin to build, and yet be unable to finish, either from lack of resources, or, still more probably, from a superabundance of material, coupled with inability on our part to dispose of it to advantage. Yet it is the end which unquestionably 'crowns the work,' if the beginning lays the broad foundations.

In the sense we have in view, however, the 'finish' of any work, mechanical, artistic, or purely intellectual, is something above and beyond the actual conclusion of the effort producing it. It is the top-stone of the edifice; but it is more, and includes, possibly, much of the modelling throughout, and of the working plan itself, from the commencement. It is the style and manner of the entire volume, and not merely the author's latest emendations, or the words preceding the 'Finis' on the last page. It is the arrival at perfection of anything upon which labour has been bestowed, be it statue, painting, treatise, or poem, independent of the period at which that ideal stage has been reached. And each part of the completed whole may be viewed as contributing to this attained perfection, which we call 'finish.'

Thus, when we describe any piece of, say, literary work, as in this sense lacking the quality of finish, we do not mean that it concludes abruptly, and that the fitting ending is awanting, but that, from a certain crudeness of execution characterising it, or from the want of taste shown in the details, it is, to a greater or less extent, faulty and, as a whole, below par. The conception of it may be passably good; it may even be striking and original; but the development is defectively managed, and the whole, when placed before us, does not satisfy our ideal of the harmonious and the beautiful. The finish is wanting. However complete it may appear to the author, it is yet unfinished. Something remains to be imparted, in order to perfect the work, and this desideratum may or may not be within the scope of the author's powers.

In order to show that this quality of finish is independent of mere conclusion or finality, so far as execution is concerned, it is only necessary to consider that the fault of what we may call over-finish also exists. It is quite possible that a work of real genius, the production of a gifted author or artist, may be effectually marred by too much elaboration. The zealous care to avoid every possible error, which criticism might discover, being overdone, and too painfully evident upon the surface, artistic completeness is thereby lost. The anxiety of the worker to attain excellence has been such as to defeat its own purpose. The details are too daintily rechiselled to have been executed by the unfailing touch of genius. Over-carefulness has degenerated into stiffness, and destroyed the spontaneity of the creation.

Between these two extremes of excess and defect, lies true finish, as the golden mean. Avoiding immaturity of execution on the one hand, and the error of too much retouching on the other, it contributes unity and completeness to the perfect work of art. It is not a superficial coat of varnish laid on at the last moment, to hide deficiencies; least of all is it the hurried conclusion, the 'raw haste,' which is content to scamp details if only the ending of the task be arrived at.

It is scarcely necessary to state in this connection that the classic polish which adorns so many of the treasures of English literature is variable in quantity and quality, according to the method of the author and the requirements

of his subject. There are exceptional themes, of which a rugged and impetuous style is the fitting vehicle, and in connection with which a highly polished and ornate diction would be out of place. Finish is not necessarily polish alone; it is only such polish as the subject fitly demands.

If we go beyond the limits of actual work-results, and inquire whether our definition of 'finish' obtains in other spheres, we shall find the same generalisations holding true in the matters of education, character, and conduct. Nothing, accordingly, can be more fallacious than the idea of imparting a finish to an originally defective education by a superficial addition, in the shape of a smattering of the higher branches. These are only rightly desirable when their study is based and built upon humbler elementary acquirements, honestly gained—when the foundation is in accord with the superstructure. True finish, in the case of hitherto imperfect training, would consist in a careful revisal of studies originally engaged in, but defectively mastered, and in the perfecting of acquaintance with them ere any further advance be essayed. The student who is impatient of difficulties in the preliminaries of any branch of learning, and who endeavours to lessen his labour by 'skipping' the orderly routine of groundwork, is not likely to attain to excellence. Sooner or later, he will find that the rudiments of his knowledge being defective, the advanced stages are beyond his reach.

There is a peculiarly attractive charm in the easy grace and quiet certainty of touch of a supreme work of genius. It is the characteristic of all masterpieces in art and literature, whether it be the *chef-d'œuvre* of a Raphael or a Guido, the lyric of a Shelley or the sonnet of a Wordsworth, to convey the impression of an unstudied ease in workmanship. This has its danger, in the way of example, if not rightly understood. The art in these instances lies in the concealment of the art employed; and the tyro who imagines that every random inspiration of his own, will necessarily suffice to produce effects as perfect, deceives himself, alike in regard to the measure of his own abilities and as to the painfully acquired excellence of finished work. Even with the highest development of the spontaneous lyrical faculty—perhaps the least laboured of all—the direct and happy improvisation of true genius is largely indebted to the finish of the intellect which gives it birth. Much, however, of mediocre ability really loses itself by lack of care in execution. Paradoxical as it may seem, the weakness of defective finish lurks in the very beginnings of effort, or even in advance of actual setting to work. The absence of plan and method in commencing a course of study frequently ruins the best intentioned endeavour. Without a clear idea formed beforehand, and without the necessary lines laid down in advance, the task is grappled with in haphazard fashion, only to prove in the end a failure. A little methodical foresight and ordered calculation at the outset, including in composition the essential thought-process in advance of using pen and paper, would have made all the difference. The purpose being 'infirm,' has lacked finish to begin with, and the execution will never possess it in the result.

To glance at another aspect of our subject—that of manners. How different the courteous demeanour, finished throughout, from the thin veneer of an acquired polish which reveals itself by its superficiality! To mistake, as young persons are sometimes apt to do, a polite address alone—possibly acquired from doubtful models—for the real finish with which genuine refinement and natural grace of manner, even without adventitious aids, are permeated throughout, is but to confuse the surface quality with that which is far deeper. Such superfine elegance, on the exterior alone, is sure in the end to betray itself. It runs the risk of being overdone, and of being detected by that test. It is a varnish merely, and the material underneath is generally of sorry grain. True finish is the enemy of all shows and make-believes in conduct, as in work-results.

The application of our subject might be much more prolonged. We might extend it to the whole of the lifework of the individual, including in it singleness of aim and endeavour—which we might term concentrated finish—a lofty purpose inspiring a career; everything noble in disinterested philanthropy, everything exemplary in self-denying perseverance toward worthy aims. All these have their peculiar finish, inasmuch as they are instances of the best being done in each particular sphere of duty.

Finally, this element of finish being complete, and not one-sided in its requirements, excludes such excessive devotion to any particular pursuit as may impair the symmetry of the lifework, and also anything which tends to disturb the equipoise which ought to subsist between the mental and physical energies. The truest finish, alike in the conduct and the results of the life-task, is attained by the harmonious development and interaction of our several powers, each to its end.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER II.

THE Warings had been settled at Bordighera almost as long as Frances could remember. She had known no other way of living than that which could be carried on under the painted roofs in the Palazzo, nor any other domestic management than that of Domenico and Mariuccia. She herself had been brought up by the latter, who had taught her to knit stockings and to make lace of a coarse kind, and also how to spare and save, and watch every detail of the *spese*, the weekly or daily accounts, with an anxious eye. Beyond this, Frances had received very little education; her father had taught her fitfully to read and write after a sort; and he had taught her to draw, for which she had a little faculty: that is to say she had made little sketches of all the points of view round about, which, if they were not very great in art, amused her, and made her feel that there was something she could do. Indeed, so far as doing went, she had a good deal of knowledge. She could mend very neatly, so neatly, that her darn or her patch was almost an ornament. She was indeed neat in everything, by instinct, without being taught. The consequence was that her life was very full of occupation, and her time never hung heavy on

her hands. At eighteen, indeed, it may be doubted whether time ever does hang heavy on a girl's hands. It is when ten years or so of additional life have passed over her head, bringing her no more important occupations than those which are pleasant and appropriate to early youth, that she begins to feel her disabilities; but fortunately, that is a period of existence with which at the present moment we have nothing to do.

Her father, who was not fifty yet, had been a young man when he came to this strange seclusion. Why he should have chosen Bordighera, no one had taken the trouble to inquire. He came when it was a little town on the spur of the hill, without either hotels or tourists, or at least very few of these articles; like many other little towns which are perched on little platforms among the olive woods all over that lovely country. The place had commended itself to him because it was so completely out of the way. And then it was very cheap, simple, and primitive. He was not, however, by any means a primitive-minded man; and when he took Domenico and Mariuccia into his service, it was for a year or two an interest in his life to train them to everything that was the reverse of their own natural primitive ways. Mariuccia had a little native instinct for cookery such as is not unusual among the Latin races, and which her master trained into all the sophistications of a *cordon bleu*. And Domenico had that lively desire to serve his padrone 'hand and foot,' as English servants say, and do everything for him, which comes natural to an amiable Italian eager to please. Both of them had been encouraged and trained to carry out their inclinations. Mr Waring was difficult to please. He wanted attendance continually. He would not tolerate a speck of dust anywhere, or any carelessness of service; but otherwise he was not a bad master. He left them many independencies, which suited them, and never objected to that appropriation to themselves of his house as theirs, and assertion of themselves as an important part of the family, which is the natural result of a long service. Frances grew up accordingly in franker intimacy with the honest couple than is usual in English households. There was nothing they would not have done for the Signorina, starve for her, scrape and pinch for her, die for her if need had been; and in the meantime, while there was no need for service more heroic, correct her and improve her mind, and set her faults before her with simplicity. Her faults were small, it is true, but zealous Love did not omit to find many out.

Mr Waring painted a little, and was disposed to call himself an artist; and he read a great deal, or was supposed to do so, in the library, which formed one of the set of rooms, among the old books in vellum, which took a great deal of reading. A little old public library existing in another little town farther up among the hills, gave him an excuse, if it was not anything more, for a great deal of what he called work. There were some manuscripts and a number of old editions laid up in this curious little hermitage of learning, from which the few people who knew him believed he was going some day to compile or collate something of importance. The people who knew him were very few. An old clergyman, who had been a colonial chaplain all his life, and now 'took the service' in the bare little room which served as an English church, was the chief of his acquaintances. This gentleman had an old wife and a middle-aged daughter, who furnished something like society for Frances. Another associate was an old Indian officer, much battered by wounds, liver, and disappointment, who, systematically neglected by the authorities (as he thought), and finding himself a nobody in the home to which he had looked forward for so many years, had retired in disgust, and built himself a little house, surrounded with palms, which reminded him of India, and full in the rays of the sun, which kept off his neuralgia. He, too, had a wife, whose constant correspondence with her numerous children occupied her mind and thoughts, and who liked Frances because she never tired of hearing stories of those absent sons and daughters. They saw a good deal of each other, these three resident families, and reminded each other from time to time that there was such a thing as society.

In summer, they disappeared, sometimes to places higher up among the hills; sometimes to Switzerland or the Tyrol; sometimes 'home.' They all said home, though neither the Durants nor the Gaunts knew much of England, and though they could never say enough in disparagement of its gray skies and cold winds. But the Warings never went 'home.' Frances, who was entirely without knowledge or associations with her native country, used the word from time to time because she heard Tasie Durant or Mrs Gaunt do so; but her father never spoke of England, nor of any possible return, nor of any district in England as that to which he belonged. It escaped him at times that he had seen something of society a dozen or fifteen years before this date; but otherwise, nothing was known about his past life. It was not a thing that was much discussed, for the intercourse in which he lived with his neighbours was not intimate, nor was there any particular reason why he should enter upon his own history; but yet now and then it would be remarked by one or another that nobody knew anything of his antecedents. 'What's your county, Waring?' General Gaunt had once asked, and the other had answered with a languid smile: 'I have no county,' without the least attempt to explain. The old general, in spite of himself, had apologised, he did not know why; but still no information was given. And Waring did not look like a man who had no county. His thin long figure had an aristocratic air. He knew about horses and dogs and country-gentleman sort of subjects. It was impossible that he should turn out to be a shopkeeper's son, or a *bourgeois* of any kind. However, as has been said, the English residents did not give themselves much trouble about the matter. There was not enough of them to get up a little parochial society, like that which flourishes in so many English colonies, gossiping with the best, and forging anew for themselves those chains of a small community which everybody pretends to hate.

In the afternoon of the day on which the encounter recorded in the previous chapter had taken place, Frances sat in the loggia alone

at her work. She was busy with her drawing —a very elaborate study of palm-trees, which she was making from a cluster of those trees which were visible from where she sat. A loggia is something more than a balcony; it is like a room with the outer wall or walls taken away. This one was as large as the big *salone* out of which it opened, and had therefore room for changes of position as the sun changed. Though it faced the west, there was always a shady corner at one end or the other. It was the favourite place in which Frances carried on all her occupations—where her father came to watch the sunset, where she had tea, with that instinct of English habit and tradition which she possessed without knowing how. Mr Waring did not much care for her tea, except now and then in a fitful way; and Mariuccia thought it medicine. But it pleased Frances to have the little table set out with two or three old china cups which did not match, and a small silver teapot, which was one of the very few articles of value in the house. Very rarely, not once in a month, had she any occasion for these cups; but yet, such an occasion did occur at long intervals; and in the meantime, with a pleasure not much less infantine, but much more wistful than that with which she had played at having a tea-party seven or eight years before, she set out her little table now.

She was seated with her drawing materials on one table and the tea on another, in the stillness of the afternoon, looking out upon the mountains and the sea. No; she was doing nothing of the sort. She was looking with all her might at the clump of palm-trees within the garden of the villa, which lay low down at her feet between her and the sunset. She was not indifferent to the sunset. She had an admiration which even the humblest art-training quickens, for the long range of coast, with its innumerable ridges running down from the sky to the sea, in every variety of gnarled edge and gentle slope and precipice: and for the amazing blue of the water, with its ribbon-edge of paler colours, and the deep royal purple of the broad surface, and the white sails thrown up against it, and the white foam that turned up the edges of every little wave. But in the meantime she was not thinking of them, nor of the infinitely varied lines of the mountains, or the specks of towns, each with its campanile shining in the sun, which gave character to all; but of the palms on which her attention was fixed, and which, however beautiful they sound, or even look, are apt to get very spiky in a drawing, and so often will not 'come' at all. She was full of fervour in her work, which had got to such a pitch of impossibility, that her lips were dry and wide apart from the strain of excitement with which she struggled with her subject, when the bell tinkled where it hung outside upon the stairs, sending a little jar through all the Palazzo, where bells were very uncommon; and presently Tasie Durant, pushing open the door of the *salone*, with a breathless little 'Permessa?' came out upon the loggia in her usual state of haste, and with half-a-dozen small books tumbling out of her hand.

'Never mind, dear; they are only books for the Sunday school. Don't you know we had twelve last Sunday? Twelve! think! when I have thought it quite large and extensive to have five. I never was more pleased. I am getting up a little library for them like they have at home. It is so nice to have everything like they have at home.'

'Like what?' said Frances, though she had no education.

'Like they have—well, if you are so particular, the same as they have at home. There were three of one family—think! Not little nobodies, but ladies and gentlemen. It is so nice of people not just poor people, people of education, to send their children to the Sunday school.'

'New people?' said Frances.

'Yes; tourists, I suppose. You all scoff at the tourists; but I think it is very good for the place, and so pleasant for us to see a new face from time to time. Why should they all go to Mentone? Mentone is so towny, quite a big place. And papa says that in his time Nice was everything, and that nobody had ever heard of Mentone.'

'Who are the new people, Tasie?' Frances asked.

'They are a large family—that is all I know; not likely to settle, more's the pity—O no. Quite well people, not even a delicate child,' said Miss Durant regretfully; 'and such a nice domestic family, always walking about together. Father and mother and governess and six children. They must be very well off, too, or they could not travel like that, such a lot of them, and nurses—and I think I heard, a courier too.' This, Miss Durant said in a tone of some emotion; for the place, as has been said, was just beginning to be known, and the people who came as yet were but pioneers.

'I have seen them. I wonder who they are. My father'—— said Frances; and then stopped and held her head on one side, to contemplate the effect of the last touches on her drawing; but this was in reality because it suddenly occurred to her that to publish her father's acquaintance with the stranger might be unwise.

'Your father?' said Tasie. 'Did he take any notice of them? I thought he never took any notice of tourists.—Haven't you done those palms yet? What a long time you are taking over them. Do you think you have got the colour quite right on those stems? Nothing is so difficult to do as palms, though they look so easy: except olives: olives are impossible.—But what were you going to say about your father? Papa says he has not seen Mr Waring for ages. When will you come up to see us?'

'It was only last Saturday, Tasie.'

'——Week,' said Tasie. 'O yes; I assure you; for I put it down in my diary: Saturday week. You can't quite tell how time goes, when you don't come to church. Without Sunday, all the days are alike. I wondered that you were not at church last Sunday, Frances, and so did mamma.'

'Why was it? I forget. I had a headache, I think. I never like to stay away. But I went to church here in the village instead.'

'O Frances! I wonder your papa lets you do that. It is much better when you have a headache to stay at home. I am sure I don't want to be intolerant, but what good can it do you going there? You can't understand a word.'

'Yes, indeed I do, many words. Mariuccia has shown me all the places; and it is good to see the people all saying their prayers. They are a great deal more in earnest than the people down at the Marina, where it would be just as natural to dance as to pray.'

'Ah, dance!' said Tasie, with a little sigh. 'You know there is never anything of that kind here. I suppose you never was at a dance in your life—unless it is in summer, when you go away?'

'I have never been at a dance in my life. I have seen a ballet, that is all.'

'O Frances, please don't talk of anything so wicked. A ballet! that is very different from nice people dancing—from dancing one's ownself with a nice partner. However, as we never do dance here, I can't see why you should say that about our church. It is a pity, to be sure, that we have no right church; but it is a lovely room, and quite suitable. If you would only practise the harmonium a little, so as to take the music when I am away. I never can afford to have a headache on Sunday,' Miss Durant added in an injured tone.

'But Tasie, how could I take the harmonium, when I don't even know how to play?'

'I have offered to teach you, till I am tired, Frances. I wonder what your papa thinks, if he calls it reasonable to leave you without any accomplishments? You can draw a little, it is true; but you can't bring out your sketches in the drawing-room of an evening, to amuse people; and you can always play'——

'When you *can* play.'

'Yes, of course that is what I mean; when you can play. It has quite vexed me often to think how little trouble is taken about you; for you can't always be young, so young as you are now. And suppose some time you should have to go home—to your friends, you know?'

Frances raised her head from her drawing and looked her companion in the face. 'I don't think we have any—friends,' she said.

'O my dear, that must be nonsense,' cried Tasie. 'I confess I have never heard your papa talk of any. He never says "my brother," or "my sister," or "my brother-in-law," as other people do; but then he is such a very quiet man; and you must have somebody—cousins at least; you must have cousins; nobody is without somebody,' Miss Durant said.

'Well, I suppose we must have cousins,' said Frances. 'I had not thought of it. But I don't see that it matters much; for if my cousins are surprised that I can't play, it will not hurt them; they can't be considered responsible for me, you know.'

Tasie looked at her with the look of one who would say much if she could—wistfully and kindly, yet with something of the air of mingled importance and reluctance with which the bearer of ill news hesitates before opening his budget. She had indeed no actual ill news to tell, only the burden of that fact of which everybody felt Frances should be warned—that her father was looking more delicate than ever, and that his 'friends' ought to know. She would have liked to speak, and yet she had not courage to do so. The girl's calm consent that probably she must have cousins was too much for any one's patience. She never seemed to think that one day she might have to be dependent on these cousins; she never seemed to think—— But after all, it was Mr Waring's fault. It was not poor Frances that was to blame.

'You know how often I have said to you that you ought to play, you ought to be able to play. Supposing you have not any gift for it, still you might be able to do a little. You could so easily get an old piano, and I should like to teach you. It would not be a task at all. I should like it. I do so wish you would begin. Drawing and languages depend a great deal upon your own taste and upon your opportunities; but every lady ought to play.'

Tasie (or Anastasia; but that name was too long for anybody's patience) was a great deal older than Frances; so much older as to justify the hyperbole that she might be her mother; but of this fact she herself was not aware. It may seem absurd to say so, but yet it was true. She knew, of course, how old she was, and how young Frances was; but her faculties were of the kind which do not perceive differences. Tasie herself was just as she had been at Frances' age—the girl at home, the young lady of the house. She had the same sort of occupations—to arrange the flowers; to play the harmonium in the little colonial chapel; to look after the little exotic Sunday school; to take care of papa's surplice; to play a little in the evenings when they 'had people with them;' to do fancy-work, and look out for such amusements as were going. It would be cruel to say how long this condition of young-ladyhood had lasted, especially as Tasie was a very good girl, kind and friendly and simple-hearted, and thinking no evil.

Some women chafe at the condition which keeps them still girls when they are no longer girls; but Miss Durant had never taken it into her consideration. She had a little more of the housekeeping to do, since mamma had become so delicate; and she had a great deal to fill up her time, and no leisure to think or inquire into her own position. It was her position, and therefore the best position which any girl could have. She had the satisfaction of being of the greatest use to her parents, which is the thing of all others which a good child would naturally desire. She talked to Frances without any notion of an immeasurable distance between them, from the same level, though with a feeling that the girl, by reason of having had no mother, poor thing, was lamentably backward in many ways, and sadly blind, though that was natural to the hazard of her own position. What would become of her if Mr Waring died? Tasie would sometimes grow quite anxious about this, declaring that she could not sleep for thinking of it. If there were relations—as of course there must be—she felt that they would think Frances sadly deficient. To teach her to play was the only practical way in which she could show her desire to benefit the girl, who, she thought, might accept the suggestion from a girl like herself, when she might not have done so from a more authoritative voice.

Frances on her part accepted the suggestion with placidity, and replied that she would think of it, and ask her father; and perhaps if she had time—— But she did not really at all

intend to learn music of Tasie. She had no desire to know just as much as Tasie did, whose accomplishments, as well as her age and her condition altogether, were quite evident and clear to the young creature, whose eyes possessed the unbiased and distinct vision of youth. She appraised Miss Durant exactly at her real value, as the young so constantly do, even when they are quite submissive to the little conventional fables of life, and never think of asserting their superior knowledge; but the conversation was suggestive, and beguiled her mind into many new channels of thought. The cousins unknown, should she ever be brought into intercourse with them, and enter perhaps a kind of other world through their means; would they think it strange that she knew so little, and could not play the piano? Who were they? These thoughts circled vaguely in her mind through all Tasie's talk, and kept flitting out and in of her brain, even when she removed to the tea-table and poured out some tea. Tasie always admired the cups. She cried: 'This is a new one, Frances. Oh, how lucky you are! What pretty bits you have picked up'—with all the ardour of a collector. And then she began to talk of the old Savona pots, which were to be had so cheap, quite cheap, but which she heard at home were so much thought of.

Frances did not pay much attention to the discourse about the Savona pots; she went on with her thoughts about the cousins, and when Miss Durant went away, gave herself up entirely to those speculations. What sort of people would they be? Where would they live? And then there recurred to her mind the meeting of the morning, and what the stranger said who knew her father. It was almost the first time she had ever seen him meet any one whom he knew, except the acquaintances of recent times, with whom she had made acquaintance, as he did. But the stranger of the morning evidently knew about him in a period unknown to Frances. She had made a slight and cautious attempt to find out something about him at breakfast, but it had not been successful. She wondered whether she would have courage to ask her father now in so many words who he was and what he meant.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FIFTH ARTICLE.*

THE administration of food and medicine is amongst the most important of a nurse's duties, and much of her success will depend upon the amount of careful attention she devotes to this branch of her work. As to the giving of medicines, a nurse's duty is very simple; all she has to do is to carry out the doctor's orders to the very letter. We have already pointed out that a nurse's part is to yield implicit obedience to higher authority, and that it is never her place to turn critic; to this we add, that no nurse has a right to give, or withhold, even one dose on her own responsibility; nor to make the slightest alteration in treatment, unless she has received express permission to exercise her own discretion. Truism as this may sound, experience teaches that the caution is anything but superfluous, especially where the nurse's ignorance makes her fancy herself capable of forming an independent judgment on matters of which she knows virtually nothing. As illustration, take a case where a sleeping-draught having been ordered to a patient worn out with pain and want of rest, the nurse remarked to a friend who expressed a hope of speedy relief: 'Oh, I daresay he will soon be better. The doctor is coming early to see the effect of his medicine; but I don't believe in such things, so I shall not let John have any.'

Poor, unfortunate John paid the penalty; and I believe the doctor was fairly puzzled over the failure of a remedy he had reckoned upon as certain. Indeed, I have often thought that if doctors knew half that goes on in sick-rooms, they would find the clue to many a puzzle. At the same time, of course, a doctor's time is valuable; and in dealing with a nurse of average intelligence, he has a right to expect that his orders are being faithfully carried out, without the pressure of constant questioning.

But with the best will in the world, the inexperienced nurse is apt to undervalue precision in the administration of medicine, and one occasionally hears, when a dose has been forgotten, some such remark as: 'Oh, well, I can give double next time.' Yet, the double dose, instead of doing good, may cause positive injury, especially when very powerful drugs are being used. So necessary, indeed, is exactitude, that I would urge every nurse to make a rule of reading the directions on the medicine bottle *each* time a dose is poured out, and never, under any circumstances, to deviate from the prescribed quantity. This plan has the additional advantage of lessening the probability of mistaking external for internal remedies. But it will not do to rely upon this only; all preparations for external use, even if not marked 'Poison,' must be kept in a separate place, and should be put into bottles of a different colour from those containing medicines for internal use. It is also desirable to have them fluted, so as to be recognised by touch as well as by sight; and on no account should they be left about after being used. Every bottle, too, that has held either medicine or lotion should be thoroughly washed out, and the label removed before it is used again for any other purpose. Minute, even fidgety, as these directions sound, they are not at all too particular, in view of those terrible results of carelessness which are to be found in the records of even hospital work. If the trained nurse needs to be on her guard against such mistakes as giving a fatal dose of carbolic acid, it surely follows that the inexperienced can hardly be too scrupulously particular in taking every possible precaution against misadventure.

In all cases where the quantity of medicine ordered is not a divisional part of the bottle, each dose should be poured into a graduated medicine glass or spoon. If the former is used, it should be held in such a position as to bring the indicating marks just on a level with the nurse's eye; and in using divisionally marked bottles, the bottle should always be held up to the light. In both cases the object is to make sure that the fluid just reaches the desired point, and this

* The first four articles were issued during 1884.

cannot be accurately ascertained if the bottle or glass is held below the nurse's eye. In no case is it safe to trust to ordinary spoons for measuring medicines, as they differ so much in size. Thus, the tablespoon in some households will be hardly larger than the dessert-spoon in others; and consequently the dose given to a patient would vary according to the family plate. The medical teaspoon means one drachm, and contains sixty drops; the dessert-spoon holds two drachms; and an ounce is equivalent to the familiar 'two tablespoonfuls.'

When drop-doses are ordered, they should invariably be measured in a minim-glass, for a drop will vary considerably in size, according to the consistency of the fluid and the shape and thickness of the bottle used. In cases of emergency, when no minim-glass is at hand, wetting the edge of the bottle will help to regulate dropping, and it will also be found easier if the hand rests upon something steady.

It is well to make a rule of shaking the bottle each time a dose is poured out, and of immediately replacing the cork. The medicine-glass must also be thoroughly washed out after each time of using; a good many home-nurses seem to consider that, with only one patient, it is quite enough if the glass is washed out once a day; but, apart from graver considerations, a dirty, smeary glass will by no means sweeten either the medicine or the patient's temper. When oily or very strong-smelling liquids are being used, a separate glass should be kept for their benefit. It is really astonishing how long the flavour of oil will cling to a glass or spoon. I well remember thinking a cod-liver oil glass had been made thoroughly clean and free from smell, and then being undeceived by the next victim, who anything but appreciated his oiled tonic.

But not only must medicine be given in proper quantities; it is equally important that it should be given at the right times. Unless special directions are given, the usual hours for 'three times a day' are eleven, three, and seven. 'Bedtime,' to a bed-ridden patient, means from ten to eleven, according to previous habits. Before or after food means within twenty minutes of a meal. When ordered 'every three or four hours,' medicine is to be continued through the night; and it is always well, in such cases, to ask whether the patient is to be roused out of sleep when a dose is due. It is also important to know whether, if medicine ordered after food has been forgotten at the proper time, it may be given when remembered. Should the doctor's wishes not be known, it is better to wait till the next meal, and not to risk giving a dose that might be injurious.

When the patient is too weak to sit up, it is a good plan to give the medicine in a small 'feeder,' to be obtained at any chemist's; or when small doses only are being given, a china spoon made for the purpose, and covered all but a little bit at the thin end, will be found convenient. Never tease a patient by such remarks as 'It's nearly medicine-time;' he is probably quite aware of the fact, and if not, is hardly likely to be cheered by a reminder. Of course, there is a vast difference in the way in which patients take medicine, but, as a rule, it is a trial, especially where there is great weakness; and a nurse should spare no pains to make this necessary penalty of illness as light as possible.

To some persons, the taking of pills is a regular *pons asinorum*, and not a few people will gravely declare that they 'cannot' take a pill; yet they are in the habit of taking food many times the bulk of the innocent little article which they make such ridiculous and exaggerated efforts to swallow. It is just these efforts that create the difficulty, and if taken simply and quietly, there is really no medicine easier to manage. If the pill is tasteless, let it be taken lightly between the lips, and a drink of water will carry it down with no trouble. If disagreeable to the taste, it is better to place the pill as far back as possible on the tongue, and then take a good draught of water or any light beverage. Let the most inveterate of pill-haters give this simplest of methods a fair trial, and he will be quite an exception if he does not own his difficulties gone. Should he, however, remain obdurate, another plan may be tried: envelop the pill in a small piece of rice or wafer paper; place this in a tablespoon; fill up with water; put the spoon as far back in the throat as possible, and the whole mass will be swallowed with ease.

And here, let me remind my readers that pills are apt to become dry and useless if kept for any length of time; and this accounts for the wonder often expressed over the failure of such a remedy, which 'always used to do me good,' and which probably would again if the pills were freshly made up.

Powders are frequently ordered, and to some people, form the easiest way of taking medicine; whilst, speaking from personal experience, I should say there is nothing more objectionable, unless carefully managed. If small, a powder may be taken dry by putting it far back on the tongue; or it may be mixed in a little milk or water, and swallowed quickly, dregs and all. A better way is to mix with a very little water into a stiff paste, and gradually add about a wine-glassful more water, stirring all the time, till the powder is thoroughly dissolved. To those who take pills easily, the best way of administering a powder is to place it in just enough moistened rice-paper to fold round it, and swallow whole with a draught of water. I have known a patient able to take a dessert-spoonful of powder at a time, in this way, who shuddered at the idea of half a teaspoonful in water.

In dealing with children, if the old-fashioned spoonful of jam, honey, or treacle is used, be sure the powder is carefully placed in the middle and well covered over; otherwise, the only effect will be to turn the patient against both powder and sweetener. I speak with feeling on the subject, having never lost the impression produced by badly managed efforts to 'take her in.' Powders are sometimes ordered to patients in a semi-conscious state, and unable to bear raising in bed; in such cases, the best way is to place the powder on the end of an ordinary paper or fruit knife; pass this as far back in the mouth as possible,

and invert; and the act of swallowing thus set up, will complete itself with no further trouble.

Saline purgative medicine should be given with plenty of warm water, and on an empty stomach. The saline waters, such as Hunyadi, Janos, &c., should also be given warm, and this can easily be done by pouring the dose into a cup, placed in boiling water. Doctors often omit to mention such details, of which many intelligent patients are quite ignorant.

Sleeping-draughts should not be given till all preparations for the night are completed; and after the dose has been administered, the patient should be told to try and compose himself for sleep. On no account must talking be allowed, and the room should be darkened and kept perfectly quiet. Only under such conditions does the medicine get a fair chance; and it is useless to follow a sleeping-draught with bustling, setting to-rights, and ceaseless chatter, a practice only too common in home-nursing.

Castor oil is another test of a nurse's skill; and in large doses it is undoubtedly a difficult thing to give to a patient in bed, especially when there is a rooted aversion to oil in any shape. There are many vehicles in use for its administration, such as brandy, milk, soup, or coffee. The last-named is perhaps the best, and may be taken as typical, the method of giving being the same, whatever medium is chosen. Take some strong coffee, without sugar or milk; thoroughly wash out the medicine-glass with it, leaving a couple of table-spoonfuls at the bottom; on to this gradually pour the oil, being very careful that none shall touch the sides; give the patient a little coffee to drink, and then the oil in one draught, followed quickly by some more coffee. Taken thus, there will be scarcely any perceptible taste; but if lemon is liked, a still better plan is to suck a slice before and after the oil. Much of the difficulty of retaining castor oil is due to the disgust produced by its mal-administration; but if the same difficulty arises in spite of care, it is better to leave the question of perseverance for the doctor's decision.

Cod-liver oil is another troublesome remedy, at least with adults, and yet it is so valuable in many cases, that a nurse may well devote her best energies to making it agree with her patient. It may be given in the same way as castor oil; but a good many people prefer the lighter wines, as ginger, raisin, or orange, to other mediums. As a rule, it should be taken after meals; but some patients can manage better by beginning with a dose just before going to bed.

In commencing a course of oil, the amount ordered is frequently a teaspoonful; but if the patient cannot retain even this, try him with less and less, till you find how much or how little he can really manage; continue with this for a few days, and then very gradually increase to the full dose. In this way, many patients who declared they never could take oil, have been brought round to managing it easily. Should, however, bilious symptoms appear, the oil had better be discontinued for two or three days, and begun again with a lesser dose. I have known patients persevere in spite of warnings, and pay the penalty in such a severe bilious attack as to set them for ever against a remedy that, properly managed, would have been invaluable. Indeed, without waiting for warning, it is always well, in a long cod-liver oil course, to drop taking it every now and then for a few days; and it is a good plan, on re-commencing, to adopt a fresh medium.

All nauseous medicine should be taken in one draught, with the mouth well open, and in many cases compressing the nostrils will entirely do away with disagreeable flavours. I have insisted upon the fact that it is not a nurse's place to interfere with the patient's treatment; but should she happen to know of any particular idiosyncrasy, it will do no harm to mention the fact. Some people are easily affected by medicine in general, and some by special drugs, and a doctor will be glad to know of any peculiarity, provided the information is properly given.

MY EXTRAORDINARY FRIEND.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

My life at the school ceased to be what it had been, after the departure of Ivan. The Saturdays seemed long and dreary. I had no pleasant fourteenth day to look forward to during thirteen. I presumed that the Dolomskis had returned to Russia, as I neither saw nor heard anything of them.

Two years passed thus, during which time I kept my eyes about me for a berth, for the old relative still clung to life, and I had no other friends to help me. I had almost made up my mind to try my luck in Iowa or Manitoba, or at the Cape diamond fields, when one morning a letter was handed to me bearing the official seal of the Russian Embassy in London. I opened it with trembling fingers and a bounding heart, and read:

Sir—A very old friend of mine, Madame von Dolomski, has mentioned you to me as being in every way qualified for the position of tutor in a private family, and states that a friend of hers, Colonel Koltorf, Inspector of Criminal Police in St Petersburg, is desirous of engaging a young Englishman to instruct his two sons in the English language, literature, and history. If you should deem this opportunity worthy of notice, I should be obliged if you would communicate with her or call to see me at your earliest convenience.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant, A. von Robeleff, *Secretary.*

'If I should deem this opportunity worthy of notice!' I almost scornfully repeated to myself. 'If! The only "if" in the matter is, that if I'm not tutor in Colonel Thingammy's family in less than a month, my name isn't Richard Cormell.'

I had no ties; I longed to see the world, for I believed in another old axiom to the effect that 'home-keeping youth have ever homely wit;' and, of course, I should come across a certain damsel with golden hair and kind blue eyes, and—— In fact, I worked myself into such a state of ecstasy that I was utterly unfitted during the rest of the day for anything in the shape of teaching or keeping order, and my young friends the boys had a 'high old time of it' both in class and out.

In a week's time I had arranged matters with

my employer, who expressed genuine concern at the prospect of losing me. In a fortnight's time I had received a most flattering testimonial from the boys, and had been sent off to the station with three ringing cheers. In three weeks' time I was ready. In a month I was at my new home; and in six weeks' time, I found that I had great reason to congratulate myself on my good fortune.

Colonel Koltorf lived in one of those huge stone palaces which line both sides of the Nevski Prospect; and I soon discovered that not only did his family occupy a high social position, but that in them were to be found all those refined and fascinating arts and graces which make the society of St Petersburg perhaps the most charming in Europe. Moreover, I was treated as a gentleman, and not as a superior kind of upper servant. My hours of work were light. I was received as one of the family circle. I attended the banquets and entertainments which the colonel, as a high official, was expected to give with sufficient frequency; and it was almost pardonable, therefore, that in my intoxication at such sudden elevation, I should sometimes wonder how I had ever managed to exist for five years as usher in a school, much less have been contented and happy.

I had not been long in St Petersburg when I learned with the deepest regret that, for some reason not known, the Dolomskis had moved to Paris during the past year. The colonel's family, however, knew them well, with the exception of Ivan; about him there was a mystery, for he had taken a commission in the Guard, had suddenly resigned it, and had since almost disappeared from social life. I was curious to see him, for I had often wondered what sort of a mark the 'young Bear' of old days would make in the world, being well assured that a mark of some sort he *would* make. But of course I was longing to see Olga, who, I learned to my supreme happiness, was still Mademoiselle von Dolomski.

Everybody knows—or perhaps does not know—that for seven weeks preceding Easter the Russian capital mortifies itself by a rigid fast, during which not only fish and flesh are forbidden, but also dairy produce. However, the good people fortify themselves for this period of gloom by the merriest, jolliest carnival in the world. During the month of February, St Petersburg is one vast fair; business sinks into a matter of secondary importance; people who can but just make ends meet at other times of the year, contrive to find a lot of spare cash for feasting and frivolity; balls, dinners, entertainments of all kinds follow each other in constant succession. This was a period of genuine hard work for me, inasmuch as my past life had been one of very unusual monotony and sedateness; for three nights of the week the colonel gave a dinner or a ball, at all of which I was present, when I would much rather have been enjoying a quiet read in my room, or a game of billiards at the English Club. On the last night but one before the fast, the colonel gave a grand ball. I had half resolved to plead a headache, but Madame Koltorf said to me: 'Some old friends of yours are coming—the Dolomskis.'

I do not know if she noticed how my colour rose; I think she must have, the impression these few words made on me was so deep. At anyrate, it may be imagined that from the very first I stationed myself where I could observe the arrivals, and that half-a-dozen times in a minute my heart leaped when I fancied that amongst the glittering parties constantly being set down at the door I recognised Olga. At length my patience was rewarded. I saw her, and to my intense delight, I noticed that as she recognised me a light of genuine pleasure broke upon her face. Our greeting of course was cordial in the extreme—so cordial, in fact, that for a minute or so I entirely omitted to take any notice of Olga's father and mother who were waiting until it should please their daughter to accompany them into the reception-room.

That was a delightful evening. Olga, although she was incessantly sought after by swaggering young officers of the Guard and *attachés* of the various Embassies, was more with me than with any one else. We had so much to say to one another, and the rooms were so crowded, that we preferred sitting in sheltered alcoves to mingling with the glittering, struggling throng of dancers.

I asked after Ivan.

'I can tell you very little about him,' replied Olga, 'and that little makes me wish that he had never left England. He is an extraordinary young man.'

'He was an extraordinary boy,' I said, laughing, 'so that I am not surprised.'

'He is so mysterious,' she continued. 'Papa tries to find out what he does and where he goes; but he cannot. He had to leave the army, you know, because of certain opinions he expressed concerning the government. He keeps strange company; is often away from home for days together; mixes in none of our society; and is barely civil to any one with a title or in a government position. I can't tell you where he is at this moment; but nothing would induce him to come here with us, because, if there is one man in the world he hates more than another, it is Colonel Koltorf.'

'Then he has changed for the worse.'

Olga assented with a mournful shake of the head.

'I used to have some influence over him,' I said; 'but I suppose, as he thinks himself a man now, he would laugh at any efforts on my part to keep him straight. I should like to see him, however, for, somehow or other, I have great fears about him.'

'I wish you could see him and talk to him,' said Olga. 'He makes poor papa's life quite unhappy. We never know what may happen in Russia, when a man gets under the eye of the government.'

And so, with lounging and talking and sipping tea, the night sped too rapidly away.

Colonel Dolomski's carriage arrived, and I had to say good-night to Olga; but I said it with a lighter heart than when last I had bid her good-bye, for I could see her now whenever I pleased. I attended her to the carriage, and was turning back into the house, when I felt a hand on my arm. Turning, I saw in the uncertain light of the door-lamp, Ivan! He was closely clad from head to foot in furs, and his dark eyes gleaming

from under his shaggy cap gave him the appearance of some wild animal.

'Mr Cormell,' he said, 'I'm glad and I'm sorry to see you. I'm glad to see a man who has never been anything but a friend to me. I'm sorry to see him under this roof. How is it you are here to-night?'

'Why, my dear Ivan,' I replied, 'I live here; I'm tutor here. Didn't you know it? Didn't Olga or your mother tell you?'

'Olga! my mother!' he exclaimed almost in a tone of disgust. 'I haven't seen them for days. I didn't know they came here, of all places in the city.'

'Then how is it you are here?' I asked.

'I—I have business here,' he said shortly. Then he walked up and down, as if in deep thought. Suddenly he turned to me again. 'Look here, Mr Cormell,' he said; 'I want to see you, to have a talk with you about the old school, and Quayle Major, and a lot of things.'

'Very well,' I said; 'I'll see you when I call at your house, or I'll make an appointment to see you there.'

'No; that won't do,' he said abstractedly. 'Look here. Suppose you come and breakfast with me to-morrow. There's going to be a meeting of the heads of the police here to-morrow. Your precious colonel, your lord and master, Mr Cormell, is going to preside. Madame and your pupils will be out; you won't be wanted. Suppose, I say, you meet me at the *Warsaw Restaurant*, near the Nevski Monastery, close by the canal, you know, at mid-day to-morrow. Eh?'

'But why at such an out-of-the-way place?' I asked.

'Because there is nowhere else,' he replied; 'at least, nowhere suitable for me.'

'All right,' I said; 'to-morrow at twelve.'

He nodded his head and disappeared in the darkness.

'Well,' I said to myself, 'he is more extraordinary than I imagined he could have been. He was before his age at school; but now, at nineteen, he looks and speaks like a man of forty.'

I turned into the house and to bed; but even the sweet vision of the girl I loved was driven out by this strange, mysterious, old-young man. Then I recalled his former peculiarities—his mechanical genius, the strange relics found in his schoolboy desk. I put two and two together. His general hatred to the government; his particular hatred to my patron as chief of police; his acquaintance with the arrangements and movements of the house; his anxiety to get me away on the morrow. The result of the consideration was summed up in two words—Nihilists, Dynamite.

I started from my bed, dressed myself, and knocked at the colonel's door. He appeared armed with a revolver, but laughed heartily when he saw me. 'Why, Mr Cormell,' he said in French, 'what is it?'

'Colonel,' I said, 'there is to be a meeting of police officers here to-morrow, is there not?'

The colonel looked astonished. 'Why,' he exclaimed, 'how did you know that? Not a soul out of the police bureau knows it.'

'Anyhow, I know it,' I said. 'Please, be warned. Hold the meeting elsewhere.'

'Ha!' said the colonel, looking at me in a strange manner. 'Many thanks. I will take care. Good-night.'

CHAPTER III.

The next day I was at the appointed place at the appointed time. Ivan was a few minutes later.

'Strange place,' he said; 'but we are safe here; and that's more than can be said of many houses in this city.'

When I surveyed his face in full daylight, I was struck by the change which less than three short years had worked on it. He had left me a boy, a sullen, morose, pensive boy, but still a boy; now he was a haggard, careworn man; three years had written the marks of twenty on every line of his face; he had jumped from sixteen to forty.

When the man handed us the bill of fare, Ivan looked at him searchingly. 'You are a new servant,' he said. 'Where is Alexis?'

'Alexis died last week,' replied the man; 'I replace him.'

Then we talked of old times and old places and old acquaintances; and of course I spoke of Olga.

'Poor Olga,' sighed Ivan; 'she is a good girl, a loving girl, a fine girl; but a fool, a fool!'

'Olga a fool!' I exclaimed, rather warmly, although I was speaking to her brother. 'I never thought that of her.'

'Ay, but she is, for all that,' said Ivan. 'Why, she would lay down her life for Alexander II.'

'Well, and so would any good Russian, I should suppose,' I said.

'No—no good Russian would,' replied Ivan sharply.

Up to this moment he had been pretty calm; but when we had finished our breakfast and lighted our cigars, and the monastery bell had tolled the note of one, he became uneasy, restless, abstracted, and excited alternately; answered my questions in a hurried and off-handed way; seemed to be waiting or listening for something. Suddenly there was a dull boom as of a distant gun. Ivan sprang up, with a strange fierce light in his eyes. 'Where are you going to sleep to-night?' he asked suddenly; and then, as if he had said something he had not intended, added: 'I mean, hadn't you better sleep at our house to-night?'

'What do you mean, Ivan?' I asked in astonishment. 'Of course I shall sleep at the colonel's; I have my duties to perform.'

He smiled a smile I shall never forget—a smile in which pity, irony, contempt, and satisfaction were all blended, and said: 'Yes, if you find a room to sleep in.'

At that moment the new servant edged in. Ivan noticed the movement; threw down a piece of gold, and, without a word of farewell to me, hurried off.

I arose, wondering, and, full of all sorts of strange fears and doubts, took my way towards the Nevski Prospect. Long before I arrived there, I became aware that something unusual had happened; people were hurrying in the same direction as myself; a regiment of infantry passed me at the double; mounted orderlies were galloping

hither and thither; and when I reached the Prospect I saw a large crowd, kept in by a cordon of soldiers, in front of the colonel's house.

In reply to my question, a bystander said: 'There has been a serious explosion at the house of the chief of police.'

'Any one hurt?' I asked eagerly.

'No,' replied the man. 'The chief was at a meeting elsewhere.'

I edged my way to the line of military and told the officer in charge that I belonged to the household. He allowed me to pass; and I then saw what a narrow escape my patron had had, for one entire side of the house was in tottering ruins.

The colonel himself was, in company with a number of officers, standing amidst the shattered remnants of his dining-room. When he saw me, he came forward, seized me by the hand, and said to the officers in French: 'Gentlemen, we may say that we owe our lives to this Englishman here, for, assuredly, had he not warned me in time, not one of us would have escaped.'

At that moment a soldier approached and whispered in the colonel's ear. The colonel looked strangely at me, I thought, and replied to the man. The latter went away, and presently reappeared, bringing with him the waiter at the *Warsaw Restaurant* whom Ivan had questioned. A long conversation in Russian took place between them. I did not understand it, but I could see sufficiently that I was a topic.

The colonel was evidently very much agitated, although he was chief of police in as cold-blooded and unsympathetic a capital as there is in Europe. He strode up and down with his arms folded, his gaze fixed on the ground, except when now and then he raised it to cast a keen, wistful glance at me. At last he stopped short and said: 'Mr Cormell, you must consider yourself a prisoner.'

I was astounded. Then the ideas flashed across me one after the other: that I was held to be a Nihilist accomplice; that the fact that I had received information about what was to be done, added to the fact that this spy-waiter had seen me in the company of one of the most notorious Irreconcilables, were sufficient proofs of complicity; that I was supposed to have entered the service of the colonel on purpose to give information to the plotters of all police movements.

In vain I asked to be heard. I was seized respectfully but firmly by the arms and escorted to my room, which was in the untouched part of the house. Alone here, I came to the conclusion that my position was serious. Ivan had virtually saved my life by getting me away from the house at the hour when the explosion was arranged to take place. I owed him a debt of gratitude. The only way by which I could exculpate myself would be by inculpating him.

Late in the evening, after I had had my meal passed in to me by a sentry, the colonel, attended by a couple of Cossacks, entered my room and interrogated me in French. He asked me if I knew Peter Ivanovitch. I declared that I had never heard the name before. Would I swear that the man with whom I had breakfasted was *not Peter Ivanovitch*? Yes, I would. Who was *he, then*? I hesitated. If I gave Ivan's real *name*, he and his family were doomed. He had saved my life. With Olga I was passionately in love. I was silent.

The colonel apparently was perplexed. But for my warning, he and the chief police officers of the capital might have been destroyed. Still, I was evidently in league with that political body in the dispersal and annihilation of which he was principally engaged. I watched his face, and I saw the victory of duty over sentiment. I dared not make an appeal, declaring who I was, and how I became acquainted with Ivan, for his family and that of the colonel were intimate. He had probably heard of Ivan's eccentricities, of his resignation of his commission, although he had perhaps never dreamed that a youth of nineteen, son of a colonel in the imperial service, could be one and the same as the dreaded Peter Ivanovitch, upon whose head a price had been set, and who was known to be constantly engaged in scheming and plotting. He left the room without another word.

In a few minutes a soldier entered and ordered me to follow him. I did so, and was conducted to a *drojki*, waiting outside. I got in. The soldier—who held a revolver in his hand—placed himself by my side, and we drove off rapidly. I had some idea that the colonel, taking into consideration the facts of my being an Englishman, and my having warned him of his danger, might intend merely to deport me; but all hopes vanished when, after half an hour's drive in the keen night-air, the vehicle drew up opposite the entrance to a building which in the weird moonlight seemed to me a tomb. I was hurried in through a double line of soldiers, who had turned out at the sound of the *drojki* bells, and in spite of my serious situation, could not repress a smile to think that all this careful watching and guarding was being bestowed on one who a few months before had been an obscure schoolmaster in a distant land.

I could not complain of my treatment as a prisoner, for the cell into which I was introduced was spacious and airy. There was a bed in it, a washing-stand; and in a few minutes a man brought me a steaming bowl of the national cabbage-soup; but I was a prisoner awaiting examination, and unless something unlooked for should turn up, I saw nothing between me and Siberia. I remained here two days, unable to communicate with any one, even with my nation's representative; indeed, unable to make any one understand that I wished to make a communication, for my guards were all Cossacks of the Don.

On the third day my door was opened, and an officer appeared. 'Now's my time,' I thought, 'to save myself and betray Ivan, or to let him go and get Siberia for myself.'

But I noticed that the officer was polite. I followed him through a labyrinth of icy-cold stone-walled passages, until we came to a little room, which I remembered to have noticed upon entering the prison, and here, to my amazement and joy, I saw Olga.

For the first time in our acquaintance, we embraced, and our lips met. I could not express my thanks; my heart was too full.

'This lady has brought a liberation permit from the chief of police,' said the officer; 'you are at liberty, monsieur.'

Amazed and overjoyed as I was at seeing Olga, who, I supposed, had merely come to visit me, it may be imagined how my feelings were intensified when I learned that I was free. I don't think I saluted the officer, or thanked him, or took notice of anybody; I simply walked out into the clear cold spring air, with the lady on my arm, like a man in a dream. Then I began to thank her; but she stopped me.

'No,' she said; 'you must thank Ivan. He brought me the news, and gave me a letter stating where you were, and the assumed name under which he himself was known to the police; and applying for your release. He told me to remind you of what he had said when he left the school, that he would show himself grateful for your kindness to him. So he is now known to be Ivan Dolomski, instead of Peter Ivanovitch. It was terrible news to me. I have often heard of Ivanovitch, but never dreamed that he was my own brother!'

'Then Ivan has gone off?' I said.

'Yes,' replied Olga. 'He only saw me for a few minutes. He was in great haste, and disguised.'

I shook my head sadly. 'I fear he is desperate,' I said; 'yet he is a noble fellow.'

'He has only done his duty,' said Olga. 'He got you into this trouble, and it was fair he should get you out of it.'

'Yes, that's right enough, Olga,' I said. 'But how many men would have acted as he has done, under similar circumstances? Besides, I don't think I should have been in prison long. You or your father or the ambassador would have heard that I, an innocent man, was confined.'

'Ah, Richard,' exclaimed Olga—this was the first time she had called me by my Christian name—'you don't know what it is to put your head into the mouth of the Russian Bear.'

The colonel received me of course with the most profuse apologies. He urged as his sole excuse the fact that circumstances were so entirely against me, and whispered confidentially: 'Not that I believe you would have been kept prisoner for long.' Then he expressed his utmost surprise that the notorious Peter Ivanovitch should be none other than his old friend Colonel Dolomski's son; admitted that but for this accident his identity would probably never have been established; and complained that in his position as chief of police it was hard to be so continually wounding the hearts of friends and acquaintances.

And so I settled down to my usual life. Olga and I were constantly together, and before long it was no secret that we were betrothed. Of Ivan I heard and saw nothing, and his parents knew not even whether he was in Russia or not.

A year passed, during which time my relative died, and I found myself comfortably off, if not rich. I went to England for the funeral and to attend to the winding up of his affairs; but my heart was in Russia, and I determined to return thither as soon as I could. This was in 1881, the year of the assassination of Alexander II., when, after that terrible tragedy had been enacted, the bloodhounds of the government were let loose upon all suspected persons with a keenness and ferocity hitherto unexampled. I returned to St Petersburg at a moment that was both unlucky and lucky. Olga, to whom I had telegraphed, met me at the station with swollen eyes and a tear-stained face. Ivan had not been at home for months; he had appeared suddenly a few nights previously, and had been arrested the next day, as being implicated in the plots against the late Czar.

'Perhaps you can save him, Richard,' said the girl; 'and I believe it will change him, if you could but take him away from those terrible men, in whose hands he is too pliant a tool. I think your influence over him is sufficient to alter him for the better.' This was all she said; but the sorrowful earnestness with which she spoke went to my heart.

I went to the colonel's directly. After our first greetings, I said to him: 'Colonel, I hear very bad news of young Dolomski.'

The old soldier shook his head confirmingly.

I continued: 'I want you to do me an extraordinary favour' ——

'If it is to release him, it is impossible,' interrupted the colonel.

'But remember,' I went on, 'if he had not told me about that attempt on your house, I could not have warned you. If you had not thus been given time to go elsewhere, nothing could have saved you and the other officers.'

'That is true,' said the officer; 'but it was not out of affection for me that he did it, remember.'

While we were conversing, a servant brought in a message. The colonel read it and changed colour. He translated it aloud thus: 'From the Governor of the Citadel to Colonel Koltorf, chief officer of police.—The prisoner Dolomski has been attacked by a fellow-prisoner, and is dying.'

The colonel and I hastened to the Citadel, that huge fortress built by Peter the Great as a protection for the city, now used as a state prison, and were shown into the cell wherein Ivan lay.

He was deadly pale, and his head was bound with bloody rags; in his eye still burned that energetic fire which had led to his destruction. He said with difficulty: 'I have just asked for you, colonel, so that I may leave you and every one else with a better impression of me than you can have had hitherto. Three years ago, I bound myself by the most terrible oaths—oaths which cannot be broken—to serve and stand by the people's cause. I was a red-hot enthusiast. I hated the government, and would have risked any danger to subvert it. Then, when it was too late to repent, I cooled down. It was my lot to place that machine against your house. The machine was of my own invention. I tried to evade the terrible duty, but could not. I was able, however, by the accident of meeting and warning my old friend, Mr Cormell, to minimise the chance of awful results as much as possible. The Brotherhood suspected me, when it was known that you and the other officers had escaped; and by way of further testing me, they deputed me to cast the bomb at the Czar. I escaped. The government and the Brotherhood were equally in pursuit of me, and I was captured by the government emissaries. In the Brotherhood, there is but one punishment for the renegade—that is, Death! A man recognised me as I was being conveyed

hither to-day; he got himself arrested, and attempted my life. He has succeeded!' His voice was faint now, but he gathered his strength with an effort and said: 'Do you forgive me? Tell Olga'—— Then his head sank back, and he was dead.

I had to break the news to Olga; and a heart-rending scene ensued. However, I did my best to mitigate her grief, and to enable her to bear more bravely the loss of a brother whom she loved in spite of all his mad ways, by reminding her, firstly, that he had been wicked latterly from terror rather than from evil design; and secondly, that in me, whom she had blest with her love, she would possess more than a brother.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

THE supervision which is now exercised over the inscriptions upon tombstones has caused a great change from the epitaphs of a hundred or more years ago. In 1799 an essayist wrote: 'Too frequently do we see reason and truth set at open defiance in the very monuments which, in respect to art, are indeed elegant, but are neither consonant to the faith of the Christian spectator, nor to his recollections of the character of the person to whom it is dedicated.' Certainly when an inscription is sixty lines in length, as in the case of an epitaph upon Sir Thomas Dennison, from the pen of the Earl of Mansfield, there is no lack of room for adulation. The old essayist goes on to wish for the very supervision which is now exercised. He says: 'I wish that the minister of every parish would exert himself to prevent such epitaphs as we generally see from appearing upon tombs;' and in justification of his wish, he quotes several in which orthography, metre, sense, or decency, is violated. Among them are the first four.

In Wear-Gifford churchyard, Devon:

God left us not to mourn
one for the other,
We was laid here
Both in one day together,
Were we must sleep
untill our heavenly King
Doth call us up
his praises for to sing.

In the same:

In learning was my study most,
Of it I did not brag nor boast:
Arithmetic do that I could
And keeping of an English school.

After this vain and absurd effusion, comes the lament of an intended bride over her lover. In Bideford churchyard, Devon:

The wedding-day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided;
Before the nuptial day, alas!
He sicken'd and he die did.

In strong contrast to the foregoing were the nuptial experiences of William Rich:

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies WILLIAM RICH of Lydeard Close:
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five;
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grandchildren five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, yet Fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

Southwell churchyard, Nottinghamshire, is said to contain the following:

WILLIAM CLAY,
died 4th Oct. 1775, aged 53 years.

Here lies a sportsman, jolly, kind, and free
From the cares and troubles of this world was he;
When living, his principal and general pride
Was to have a fowling-bag slung at his side,
And in the fields and woods to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game with Pero, Cobb and gun;
But now, poor mortal! he from hence is gone,
In hopes to find a joyful resurrection.

Thomas Tipper appears to have been popular. Perhaps he was an innkeeper; if not, it is difficult to say what he was, his knowledge appears so extensive, if we are to believe his epitaph in the churchyard of Newhaven, Sussex:

He departed this life May 14th, 1785, aged 53 years.

Reader! with kind regard this grave survey,
Nor heedless pass where TIPPER'S ashes lay.
Honest he was, ingenuous, blunt and kind,
And dar'd to do what few dare—speak his mind;
Philosophy and Hist'ry well he knew,
Was versed in Physic and in Surg'ry too;
The best old Stingo he both brewed and sold,
Nor did one knavish act to get his gold;
He play'd thro' life a varied comic part,
And knew immortal *Hudibras* by heart.
Reader! in real truth such was the man;
Be better—wiser—laugh more if you can.

In the Old Churchyard, Plymouth, is the following:

Grieve not for me, my parents dear;
Grieve not for me, I pray;
For the thing which proved to be my death
I received upon the Quay.

John Bidwell's epitaph at Datchet, near Windsor, reads almost like the rollicking chorus of a song:

Here lies the body of JOHN BIDWELL,
Who when in life wish'd his neighbour no evil:
In hopes up to jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph over Death and the Devil.

The following punning eulogium graces an actor's grave in the churchyard of Gimingham, Norfolk. Jackson belonged to the Norwich Company of comedians, and in 1777 was engaged by Colman at the Haymarket:

Sacred to the Memory of THOMAS JACKSON, Comedian, who was engaged, December 21, 1741, to play a comic cast of characters in this great Theatre, The World; for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on the 17th of March, 1798, in the full assurance of being called once more to Rehearsal; where he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his cast of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt for the Love he bore to performers in general.

Very few men or women have the privilege of reading their own epitaph, but this was enjoyed by a famous huntsman named Amos Street, at Bristol, near Leeds. The stone was bought and the epitaph inscribed on it while he was yet living, and placed over his grave when he died, which event occurred in 1777.

This is to the memory of old AMOS,
Who was, when alive, for hunting famous;
But now his chases are all o'er,
And here he 's earth'd, of years fourscore.

Upon this stone he 's often sat,
And oft perused his epitaph;
And thou who dost so at this moment,
Shall ere long somewhere be dormant.

The following punning verse is on a tombstone in a Sheffield churchyard, erected above the grave of John Knott, a scissors-grinder:

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.
Knott christened,
Knott begot,
And here he lies,
And yet was Knott.

The epitaphs in which—we presume, for the sake of rhyme, or to give vent to a spiteful feeling—the character of the deceased is defamed, are legion. A Scottish churchyard furnishes the following specimen of this kind of epitaph:

Here lyes MESS ANDREW GRAY,
Of whom nae muckle good can I say.
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was nae Papist, for he had nae merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine.
For forty years he preached and lee'd,
For which God doom'd him when he dee'd.

On a tombstone in St Nicholas' churchyard at Brighton is the following story, which speaks for itself:

PHŒBE HESSELL, who was born at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a private soldier in the Fifth Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe, and in the year 1745 fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet-wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to that of King George the IV., by whose munificence she received support and comfort in her latter days. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821, aged 108.

A Cornwall churchyard is enriched with the following dainty verses:

Here lies entombed one ROGER MORTON,
Whose sudden death was early brought on;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.

The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

A Welsh husband thus sings above the grave of his better-half:

This spot is the sweetest I 've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

And in Eldon churchyard another greatly-relieved individual says:

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she 's still;
She had, but now I have *my* will.

In Worcester churchyard is the following affecting double kind of compliment:

Martha and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first, and I followed after—
The cow before the calf.

An Irishman wrote the following oft-quoted lines for his epitaph:

Here I lays,
PADDY O'BLASE,
My body quite at its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

A tailor has the following epitaph:

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know;
And Fate cut his, though he so well could sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravell'd when our course is run.

In a French cemetery there are the following concise inscriptions on one tombstone. The epitaph is on husband and wife:

I am anxiously expecting you.—A.D. 1827.
Here I am!—A.D. 1867.

At Eling, near Southampton, is the following circumstantial statement:

Pray, reader, stop, and read my fate,
What caused my life to terminate;
For thieves one night, when in my bed,
Broke in my house and shot me dead.

The following, which is rather hard upon the deceased lady, is said to adorn some churchyard in Manchester:

Here rests in silent clay
Miss ARABELLA YOUNG,
Who on the 21st May
Began to hold her tongue.

This other one is slightly invidious:

Here lies MARGARET SEXTON,
Who never did aught to vex one;
Not like the woman under the next stone.

At Ockham, Surrey, a wood-cutter thus describes his final exit:

The Lord saw good; I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

A photographer has this rather pat inscription over him:

Here I lie, taken from life.

In St Peter's churchyard, Isle of Thanet, is an epitaph written by some elegiac rhymster who was very careful not to stand committed to the facts:

Against his will,
Here lies GEORGE HILL,
Who from a cliff
Fell down quite stiff.
When it happened is not known,
Therefore not mentioned on this stone.

The following refers to an individual who, though placed in a menial situation, was celebrated in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange for his arithmetical knowledge and accurate information respecting the funds, lotteries, finance, &c.:

In Memory of a faithful servant of a kind and benevolent master. Placed in a humble station, he *Added* the strictest Sobriety to inflexible Honesty, allowing no *Subtraction* from his Vigilance and Care, but *Dividing* with his master all his anxious thoughts, although he thereby *Multiplied* his own. He always made his own *Sum* a *Stock* of Intelligence, a fund of Information to others. He *Consolidated* his mind by

Fortitude, and *Reduced* every Calamity by Patience. Whether *things were better or worse*, he constantly *looked upwards;* and with that serenity which marked him truly wise, he was not to be *raised* by *a Fraction*, nor *depressed* with *a Shade*. As it was his master's *Interest*, so he made it his *Account* to *satisfy* all, and to render to every one his *due*. Though surrounded by the advocates of *Chance*, he never denied the dispensations of Providence. Valuing the *hits* of *fortune* as unexpected *prizes*, no *blank* would he ever suffer in his mind; but was ever full of gladdening hope, and cheerful expectation that he should, on the great *Settling Day*, either *first* or *last*, be *drawn* from the grave, to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant.

The following on Robert Gray is of an entirely different stamp:

Taunton bare him; London bred him;
Piety trained him; virtue led him;
Earth enriched him; heaven possessed him;
Taunton blessed him; London pressed him.
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and pity.
What he gave, and how he gave it,
Ask the poor, and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, may heaven strike
Thy tender heart to do the like;
And now thy eyes have read this story,
Give *him* the praise, and *God* the glory.

The last six lines of this epitaph are exceptionally good, and it would be well if gravestones always exhibited similar sentiments, instead of so dubious an expression as occurs on a massive tomb in an ancient churchyard in the south of Ireland:

In Memory of JULIA MOORE, who departed this life on the 16th day of July 1793, aged 49 years.—This stone was erected by her loving husband, James Moore. We have both found peace at last.

The next example differs from those preceding it in one important particular—that is, it was written by the person to whom it referred, and was evidently after the pattern of that on Robert Gray above quoted. He was one of the vicars of Kendal in Westmoreland, and the epitaph was inscribed on his tomb by his friends:

London bred me; Westminster fed me;
Study taught me; living sought me;
Learning brought me; Kendal caught me;
Labour pressed me; sickness distressed me;
Death oppressed me; the grave possessed me.
God first gave me; Christ did save me;
Earth did crave me, and heaven would have me.

The following, which has been frequently quoted, may be seen in Crayford churchyard, Kent:

Here lieth the body of PETER ISNELL (thirty years Clerk of this Parish). He lived respected as a pious and a mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March 1811, aged seventy years. The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this clerk was just 3 score and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
In his youth he was married like other young men;
But his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took—she departed—what then?
He married and buried a third with—Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were Treble; but then
His voice was deep Bass as he sung out Amen.
On the Horn he could blow as well as most men,
So his Horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
But he lost all his wind after 3 score and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

In the churchyard of the Old Parish of Church-of-Braddan, Isle of Man, fastened to the wall near the eastern door, may be seen a tombstone with the following inscription on it: 'Here underlyeth ye Body of ye Reverend Mr PATRICK THOMPSON, Minister of God's word forty years; at present, Vicar of Kirk-Braddan. Aged 67, Anno 1678. Deceased ye 24th of April 1689.' So that the vicar apparently had his tombstone erected eleven years before his death!

At Kirk-Santon churchyard, the following epitaph is placed on the gravestone of a man named Daniel Teare:

Here, friend, is little Daniel's tomb.
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom,
While labour kept poor Dan alive.
How strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her *tears*.

DANIEL TEARE, December 9th, 1707, aged 110 years.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER FROM WOOD.

MOST visitors to the late Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition must have noticed the series of exhibits from Norway, Sweden, Germany, and other countries relating to a comparatively novel industry—the manufacture of paper-pulp from wood. There were shown sections of decorticated pinewood side by side with rolls of paper made exclusively from this material; specimens of various kinds of wood-pulp used by the British paper-maker to blend with esparto, straw, or rag; and bottles containing curious pulpy solutions illustrative of the stages which a pine-log has to pass through to become a sheet of paper. As few persons are aware of the extent to which wood is now used for paper-making, a brief account of this industry may be of interest to our readers.

It has long been known that any vegetable fibre which can be freed from its incrusting materials—gums and resins—is fit for paper-making. The only question which had to be solved in the case of wood was, how this could be done at a cost to enable it to compete with waste products such as rags and esparto grass. In a measure, this difficulty was overcome when the system of grinding the wood in contact with water by pressure against revolving grindstones was introduced in Germany about the year 1846. The product thus obtained was, and is, cheap enough; and at the present day, about fifty thousand tons annually are imported into Great Britain from the producing countries, which are those where pinewood is most abundant. Its value is six pounds per dry ton, or thereabouts, and even this low price may be surpassed, as new mills are constantly springing up in Norway, Sweden, and elsewhere to utilise the valuable water-powers which are running to waste in proximity to the pine-forests. But although mechanically prepared wood-pulp must now be admitted to rank as a paper-making material—it was at first considered an adulterant—it is by no means the best that can be made from wood. The fibres being forcibly broken away, are not fine enough to possess that felting property which is essential for good paper. Examined under the microscope, they present the

appearance, not of ultimate fibres at all, but of bundles of fibre; of a certain length, it is true, but of too large diameter to yield a tough, well-woven sheet of paper. Another point is, that they still contain the incrusting material of the wood, which renders them practically unbleachable. Notwithstanding these defects, however, mechanical pulp of sufficiently good quality and whiteness is now produced to serve as an important adjunct for cheap news and printing papers; and there are few daily journals that can afford to use better material and dispense with wood altogether.

We may now say a few words about the newer, more expensive, and almost perfect fibre for paper-making known as chemical wood-pulp, or cellulose. Wood is perhaps the most refractory of vegetable materials from which cellular tissue is extracted. For a long time it resisted the efforts of chemists and practical men to find a satisfactory method of dealing with it. Until recently, the only system generally known was that of boiling with caustic soda solutions of great strength at a pressure of six to twelve atmospheres. Under this treatment the wood becomes soft; and at the end of the cooking, the gums and resins are found to be separated from the fibrous part of the wood, and transferred to the caustic solution, which thus acquires a black colour. The black liquor is drawn off, and the pulp turned out of the boiler and washed. It is then found to consist of fine fibres of almost pure cellulose, which may be bleached with chlorine, and made into printing, writing, or even tissue and bank-note papers. At the present time, this process is the one in general use; but it may ultimately have to yield to another known as the acid process, in which sulphurous acid is the reducing agent employed. The advocates of the latter claim that it is more economical in cost of chemicals, can be worked with lower pressure, and gives a greater yield of fibre. These statements have still to be practically demonstrated; but we must not omit to mention that the patentee of one of the acid processes—for there are several—obtained the award given by the jurors of the Forestry Exhibition for 'the best paper-making material derived from wood.'

When we consider the ubiquity and abundance of wood suitable for pulp-making, it becomes evident that this industry is one which is sure to be yet further extended and developed in the near future. Out of about five million tons of wood imported annually into Great Britain, only one per cent. comes as pulp. It seems unlikely, therefore, that any sensible impression can be made on the price, by the demand which may arise for pulp-making. Already many mills have been erected abroad for making paper and pasteboards from wood alone, and these articles are being imported to the detriment of the British manufacturer. The number of mills making wood-pulp either in connection with paper-mills, or for sale as a raw material, is approximately as follows: Germany, 488; Austria-Hungary, 154; Sweden, 53; Norway, 34; Switzerland, 11. During the last few years, the trade has also developed wonderfully in the United States and in Canada, but not to such an extent as to enable those countries to compete in the markets of Europe.

The consumption of paper per head of the population forms a pretty faithful measure of a people's intelligence and enlightenment, and happily, what with Board Schools and the cheap press, it is increasing in this country at a rapid rate. We cannot better conclude this brief sketch than with the advice of the old Laird of Dumbiedykes to his son, and adopted as the motto of the Forestry Exhibition: 'Be aye stickin' in a tree; it 'll be growin' when ye 're sleepin'.'

AT THE FIRESIDE.

I.

Around the hearth when raving storms and bitter winds do blow,
When all the wintry wolds are wrapped in shroud of whitest snow,
When closer to him doth his rags the shivering outcast draw,
Who dreams not of a single meal, and prays but for a thaw.

II.

Pile on more logs; the brighter that our cheery hearth doth glow,
The more our hearts shall warm to those who no such blessings know
As hearth and home, and kith and kin, and love of humankind,
Poor wanderers, who on this earth no jot of joy can find.

III.

Poor we may be, yet not so poor but that a penny fee
We have for such; and know, O Lord, we lend it unto Thee;
Who aideth not his brother when he knocketh at the door,
Is none of Thine: for Thou, O Lord, wast gracious to the poor.

IV.

Pile on more logs; draw closer in, O grandsire, gray and old;
Climb, toddling darling, to his knee, and lay thy locks of gold
Upon his breast, and listen whilst the fairy tale he tells
Of the Elfin Queen who holds her court amid the flower-bells.

V.

Now youths and maidens, one and all in sweet home-tasks engage,
Smiled on approvingly by those who own a riper age:
No harm can injure those who safe at the home-anchor ride;
No worldly pleasures yield to peace that gilds the home-fireside.

VI.

Our own fireside, our bright fireside, there 's music in the sound,
Heart-sunshine in each well-loved face our table grouped around:
Bless Thou, O God, that fireside dear, that it may happy be,
Since every blessing we enjoy we owe that boon to Thee.

A. H. B.

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OUTSIDE LONDON.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

There was something dark on the grass under an elm in the field by the barn. It rose and fell; and we saw that it was a wing—a single black wing, striking the ground instead of the air; indeed, it seemed to come out of the earth itself, the body of the bird being hidden by the grass. This black wing flapped and flapped, but could not lift itself—a single wing of course could not fly. A rook had dropped out of the elm and was lying helpless at the foot of the tree—it is a favourite tree with rooks; they build in it, and at that moment there were twenty or more perched aloft, cawing and conversing comfortably, without the least thought of their dying comrade. Not one of all the number descended to see what was the matter, nor even fluttered half-way down. This elm is their clubhouse, where they meet every afternoon as the sun gets low to discuss the scandals of the day, before retiring to roost in the avenues and tree-groups of the park adjacent. While we looked, a peacock came round the corner of the barn; he had caught sight of the flapping wing, and approached with long deliberate steps and outstretched neck. 'What's this? What's this?' he inquired in bird-language. 'My friends, see here!' Gravely, and step by step, he came nearer and nearer, slowly, and not without some fear, till curiosity had brought him within a yard. In a moment or two a peahen followed and also stretched out her neck—the two long necks pointing at the black flapping wing. A second peacock and peahen approached, and the four great birds stretched out their necks towards the dying rook—a 'crowner's quest' upon the unfortunate creature.

If any one had been at hand to sketch it, the scene would have been very grotesque, and not without a ludicrous sadness. There was the tall elm tinted with yellow, the black rooks high above flying in and out, yellow leaves twirling down, the blue peacocks with their crests, the red barn behind, the golden sun afar shining low through the trees of the park, the brown autumn sward, a gray horse, orange maple bushes. There was the quiet tone of the coming evening—the early evening of October—such an evening as the rook had seen many a time from the tops of the trees. A man dies, and the crowd goes on passing under the window along the street without a thought. The rook died, and his friends, who had that day been with him in the oaks feasting on acorns, who had been with him in the fresh-turned furrows, born perhaps in the same nest, utterly forgot him before he was dead. With a great common caw—a common shout—they suddenly left the tree in a bevy and flew towards the park. The peacocks having brought in their verdict, departed, and the dead bird was left alone.

In falling out of the elm, the rook had alighted partly on his side and partly on his back, so that he could only flutter one wing, the other being held down by his own weight. He had probably died from picking up poisoned grain somewhere, or from a parasite. The weather had been open, and he could not have been starved. At a distance, the rook's plumage appears black; but close at hand it will be found a fine blue-black, glossy, and handsome.

These peacocks are the best 'rain-makers' in the place; whenever they cry much, it is sure to rain; and if they persist day after day, the rain is equally continuous. From the wall by the barn, or the elm-branch above them, 'Pa-*ong*, pa-*ong*' resounds like the wail of a gigantic cat, and is audible half a mile or more. In the summer, I found one of them, a peacock in the full brilliance of his colours, on a rail in the hedge under a spreading maple bush. His rich-hued neck, the bright light and shadow, the tall green meadow grass, brought together the finest colours. It is curious that a bird so distinctly foreign, plumed for the Asiatic sun, should fit so well with English meads. His

splendid neck immediately pleases, pleases the first time it is seen, and on the fiftieth occasion. I see these every day, and always stop to look at them; the colour excites the sense of beauty in the eye, and the shape satisfies the idea of form. The undulating curve of the neck is at once approved by the intuitive judgment of the mind, and it is a pleasure to the mind to reiterate that judgment frequently. It needs no teaching to see its beauty—the feeling comes of itself.

How different with the turkey-cock which struts round the same barn! A fine big bird he is, no doubt; but there is no intrinsic beauty about him; on the contrary, there is something fantastic in his style and plumage. He has a way of drooping his wings as if they were armour-plates to shield him from a shot. The ornaments upon his head and beak are in the most awkward position. He was put together in a dream, of uneven and odd pieces that live and move, but do not fit. Ponderously gawky, he steps as if the world was his, like a 'motley' crowned in sport. He is good eating, but he is not beautiful. After the eye has been accustomed to him for some time—after you have fed him every day and come to take an interest in him—after you have seen a hundred turkey-cocks, then he may become passable, or, if you have the fancier's taste, exquisite. Education is requisite first; you do not fall in love at first sight. The same applies to fancy-pigeons, and indeed many pet animals, as pugs, which come in time to be animated with a soul in some people's eyes. Compare a pug with a greyhound straining at the leash. Instantly he is slipped, he is gone as a wave let loose. His flexible back bends and undulates, arches and unarches, rises and falls as a wave rises and rolls on. His pliant ribs open; his whole frame 'gives' and stretches, and closing again in a curve, springs forward. Movement is as easy to him as to the wave, which melting, is re-moulded, and sways onward. The curve of the greyhound is not only the line of beauty, but a line which suggests motion; and it is the idea of motion, I think, which so strongly appeals to the mind.

We are often scornfully treated as a nation by people who write about art, because they say we have no taste; we cannot make art jugs for the mantelpiece, crockery for the bracket, screens for the fire; we cannot even decorate the wall of a room as it should be done. If these are the standards by which a sense of art is to be tried, their scorn is to a certain degree just. But suppose we try another standard. Let us put aside the altogether false opinion that art consists alone in something actually made, or painted, or decorated, in carvings, colourings, touches of brush or chisel. Let us look at our lives. I mean to say that there is no nation so thoroughly and earnestly artistic as the English in their lives, their joys, their thoughts, their hopes. Who loves nature like an Englishman? Do Italians care for their pale skies? I never heard so. We go all over the world in search of beauty—to the keen north, to the cape whence the midnight sun is visible, to the extreme south, to the interior of Africa, gazing on the vast expanse of Tanganyika or the marvellous falls of the Zambesi. We admire the temples and tombs and palaces of India; we speak of the Alhambra of Spain almost in whispers, so deep is our reverent admiration; we visit the Parthenon. There is not a picture nor a statue in Europe we have not sought. We climb the mountains for their views and the sense of grandeur they inspire; we roam over the wide ocean to the coral islands of the far Pacific; we go deep into the woods of the West; and we stand dreamily under the Pyramids of the East. What part is there of the English year which has not been sung by the poets? all of whom are full of its loveliness; and our greatest of all, Shakspeare, carries, as it were, armfuls of violets, and scatters roses and golden wheat across his pages, which are simply fields written with human life.

This is art indeed—art in the mind and soul, infinitely deeper, surely, than the construction of crockery, jugs for the mantelpiece, dados, or even of paintings. The lover of nature has the highest art in his soul. So, I think, the bluff English farmer who takes such pride and delight in his dogs and horses, is a much greater man of art than any Frenchman preparing with cynical dexterity of hand some coloured presentment of flashy beauty for the *salon*. The English girl who loves her horse—and English girls *do* love their horses most intensely—is infinitely more artistic in that fact than the cleverest painter on enamel. They who love nature are the real artists; the 'artists' are copyists. St John the naturalist, when exploring the recesses of the Highlands, relates how he frequently came in contact with men living in the rude Highland way—forty years since, no education then—whom at first you would suppose to be morose, unobservant, almost stupid. But when they found out that their visitor would stay for hours gazing in admiration at their glens and mountains, their demeanour changed. Then the truth appeared: they were fonder than he was himself of the beauties of their hills and lakes; they could see the art *there*, though perhaps they had never seen a picture in their lives, certainly not any blue and white crockery. The Frenchman flings his fingers dexterously over the canvas, but he has never had that in his heart which the rude Highlander had.

The path across the arable field was covered with a design of birds' feet. The reversed broad arrow of the fore-claws, and the straight line of the hinder claw, trailed all over it in curving lines. In the dry dust, their feet were marked as clearly as a seal on wax—their trails wound this way and that, and crossed as their quick eyes had led them to turn to find something. For fifty or sixty yards the path was worked with an inextricable design; it was a pity to step on it and blot out the traces of those little feet. Their hearts so happy, their eyes so observant, the earth so bountiful to them with its supply of food, and the late warmth of the autumn sun lighting up their life. They know and feel the different loveliness of the seasons as much as we do. Every one must have noticed their joyousness in spring; they are quiet, but so very, very busy in the height of summer; as autumn comes on they obviously delight in the occasional hours of warmth. The marks of their little feet are

almost sacred—a joyous life has been there—do not obliterate it. It is so delightful to know that something is happy.

The hawthorn hedge that glints down the slope is more coloured than the hedges in the sheltered plain. Yonder, a low bush on the brow is a deep crimson; the hedge as it descends varies from brown to yellow, dotted with red haws, and by the gateway has another spot of crimson. The lime-trees turn yellow from top to bottom, all the leaves together; the elms by one or two branches at a time. A lime-tree thus entirely coloured stands side by side with an elm, their boughs intermingling; the elm is green except a line at the outer extremity of its branches. A red light as of fire plays in the beeches, so deep is their orange tint in which the sunlight is caught. An oak is dotted with buff, while yet the main body of the foliage is untouched. With these tints and sunlight, nature gives us so much more than the tree gives. A tree is nothing but a tree in itself; but with light and shadow, green leaves moving, a bird singing, another moving to and fro—in autumn with colour—the boughs are filled with imagination. There then seems so much more than the mere tree; the timber of the trunk, the mere sticks of the branches, the wooden framework is animated with a life. High above, a lark sings, not for so long as in spring—the October song is shorter—but still he sings. If you love colour, plant maple; maple bushes colour a whole hedge. Upon the bank of a pond, the brown oak-leaves which have fallen are reflected in the still deep water.

It is from the hedges that taste must be learned. A garden abuts on these fields, and being on slightly rising ground, the maple bushes, the brown and yellow and crimson hawthorn, the limes and elms, are all visible from it; yet it is surrounded by stiff straight iron railings, unconcealed even by the grasses, which are carefully cut down with the docks and nettles, that do their best, three or four times in the summer, to hide the blank iron. Within these iron railings stands a row of *arbor vitæ*, upright, and stiff likewise, and among them a few other evergreens; and that is all the shelter the lawn and flower-beds have from the east wind, blowing for miles over open country; or from the glowing sun of August. This garden belongs to a gentleman who would certainly spare no moderate expense to improve it, and yet there it remains, the blankest, barest, most miserable-looking square of ground the eye can find; the only piece of ground from which the eye turns away; for even the potato-field close by, the common potato-field, had its colour in bright poppies, and there were partridges in it, and at the edges, fine growths of mallow and its mauve flowers. Wild parsley, still green in the shelter of the hazel stoles, is there now on the bank, a thousand times sweeter to the eye than bare iron and cold evergreens. Along that hedge, the white bryony wound itself in the most beautiful manner, completely covering the upper part of the thick brambles, a robe thrown over the bushes; its deep cut leaves, its countless tendrils, its flowers, and presently the berries, giving pleasure every time one passed it. Indeed, you could not pass without stopping to look at it, and wondering if any one ever so skilful, even those sure-handed Florentines Mr Ruskin thinks so much of, could ever draw that intertangled mass of lines. Nor could you easily draw the leaves and head of the great parsley—commonest of hedge-plants—the deep indented leaves, and the shadow by which to express them. There was work enough in that short piece of hedge by the potato-field for a good pencil every day the whole summer. And when done, you would not have been satisfied with it, but only have learned how complex and how thoughtful and far-reaching, Nature is in the simplest of things. But with a straight-edge or ruler, any one could draw the iron railings in half an hour, and a surveyor's pupil could make them look as well as Millais himself. Stupidity to stupidity, genius to genius; any hard fist can manage iron railings; a hedge is a task for the greatest.

Those, therefore, who really wish their gardens or grounds, or any place, beautiful, must get that greatest of geniuses, Nature, to help them, and give their artist freedom to paint to fancy, for it is Nature's imagination which delights us—as I tried to explain about the tree, the imagination, and not the fact of the timber and sticks. For these white bryony leaves and slender spirals and exquisitely defined flowers, are full of imagination, products of a sunny dream, and tinted so tastefully, that although they are green, and all about them is green too, yet the plant is quite distinct, and in no degree confused or lost in the mass of leaves under and by it. It stands out, and yet without violent contrast. All these beauties of form and colour surround the place, and try, as it were, to march in and take possession, but are shut out by straight iron railings. Wonderful it is that education should make folk tasteless! Such, certainly, seems to be the case in a great measure, and not in our own country only, for those who know Italy tell us that the fine old gardens there, dating back to the days of the Medici, are being despoiled of ilex and made formal and straight. Is all the world to be Versaillised?

Scarcely two hundred yards from these cold iron railings, which even nettles and docks would hide if they could, and thistles strive to conceal, but are not permitted, there is an old cottage by the roadside. The roof is of old tile, once red, now dull from weather; the walls some tone of yellow; the folk are poor. Against it there grows a vigorous plant of jessamine, a still finer rose, a vine covers the lean-to at one end, and tea-plant the corner of the wall; besides these, there is a yellow-flowering plant, the name of which I forget at the moment, also trained to the walls; and ivy. Altogether, six plants grow up the walls of the cottage; and over the wicket-gate there is a rude arch—a framework of tall sticks—from which droop thick bunches of hops. It is a very commonplace sort of cottage; nothing artistically picturesque about it, no effect of gable or timber-work; it stands by the roadside in the most commonplace way, and yet it pleases. They have called in Nature, that great genius, and let the artist have his own way. In Italy, the art-country, they cut down the ilex trees, and get the surveyor's pupil with straight-edge and ruler to put it right and square for them. Our over-educated and well-to-do people set iron railings round about their blank pleasure-grounds, which

the potato-field laughs at in bright poppies; and actually one who has some fine park-grounds has lifted up on high a mast and weather-vane! a thing useful on the sea-board at coastguard stations for signalling, but oh! how repellent and straight and stupid among clumps of graceful elms!

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER III.

As it turned out, Frances had not the courage. Mr Waring strolled into the loggia shortly after Miss Durant had left her. He smiled when he heard of her visit, and asked what news she had brought. Tasie was the recognised channel for news, and seldom appeared without leaving some little story behind her.

'I don't think she had any news to-day; except that there had been a great many at the Sunday school last Sunday. Fancy, papa, twelve children! She is quite excited about it.'

'That is a triumph,' said Mr Waring with a laugh. He stretched out his long limbs from the low basket-chair in which he had placed himself. He had relaxed a little altogether from the tension of the morning, feeling himself secure and at his ease in his own house, where no one could intrude upon him or call up ghosts of the past. The air was beyond expression sweet and tranquillising, the sun going down in a mist of glory behind the endless peaks and ridges that stretched away towards the west, the sea lapping the shore with a soft cadence that was more imagined than heard on the heights of the Punto, but yet added another harmony to the scene. Near at hand, a faint wind rustled the long leaves of the palm-trees, and the pale olive woods lent a softness to the landscape, tempering its brightness. Such a scene fills up the weary mind, and has the blessed quality of arresting thought. It was good for the breathing too—or at least so this invalid thought—and he was more amiable than usual, with no harshness in voice or temper to introduce a discord. 'I am glad she was pleased,' he said. 'Tasie is a good girl, though not perhaps so much of a girl as she thinks. Why she goes in for a Sunday school where none is wanted, I can't tell; but anyhow I am glad she is pleased. Where did they come from, the twelve children? Poor little beggars! how sick of it they must have been.'

'A number of them belonged to that English family, papa'——

'I suppose they must all belong to English families,' he said calmly; 'the natives are not such fools.'

'But, papa, I mean—the people we met—the people you knew.'

He made no reply for a few minutes, and then he said calmly: 'What an ass the man must be, not only to travel with children, but to send them to poor Tasie's Sunday school! You must do me the justice, Fan, to acknowledge that I never attempted to treat you in that way.'

'No; but, papa—perhaps the gentleman is a very religious man.'

'And you don't think I am? Well, perhaps I laid myself open to such a retort.'

'O papa!' Frances cried, with tears starting to her eyes, 'you know I could not mean that.'

'If you take religion as meaning a life by rule, which is its true meaning, you were right enough, my dear. That is what I never could do. It might have been better for me if I had. It is always better for one to put one's self in harmony with received notions and the prejudices of society. Tasie would not have her Sunday school but for that. It is the right thing. I think you have a leaning towards the right thing, my little girl, yourself.'

'I don't like to be particular, papa, if that is what you mean.'

'Always keep to that,' her father said with a smile. And then he opened the book which he had been holding all this time in his hand. Such a thing had happened, when Frances was in high spirits and very courageous, as that she had pursued him even into his book; but it was a very rare exercise of valour, and to-day she shrank from it. If she only had the courage; but she had not the courage. She had given up her drawing, for the sun no longer shone on the group of palms. She had no book, and indeed at any time was not much given to reading, except when a happy chance threw a novel into her hands. She watched the sun go down by imperceptible degrees, yet not slowly, behind the mountains. When he had quite disappeared, the landscape changed too; the air, as the Italians say, grew brown; a little momentary chill breathed out of the sky. It is always depressing to a solitary watcher when this change takes place.

Frances was not apt to be depressed, but for the moment she felt lonely and dull, and a great sense of monotony took hold upon her. It was like this every night; it would be like this, so far as she knew, every night to come, until perhaps she grew old, like Tasie, without becoming aware that she had ceased to be a girl. It was not a cheering prospect. And when there is any darkness or mystery surrounding one's life, these are just the circumstances to quicken curiosity, and turn it into something graver, into an anxious desire to know. Frances did not know positively that there was a mystery. She had no reason to think there was, she said to herself. Her father preferred to live easily on the Riviera, instead of living in a way that would trouble him at home. Perhaps the gentleman they had met was a bore, and that was why Mr Waring avoided all mention of him. He frequently thought people were bores, with whom Frances was very well satisfied. Why should she think any more of it? Oh, how she wished she had the courage to ask plainly and boldly: Who are we? Where do we come from? Have we any friends? But she had not the courage. She looked towards him, and trembled, imagining within herself what would be the consequence if she interrupted his reading, plucked him out of the quietude of the hour and of his book, and demanded an explanation—when very likely there was no explanation! when, in all probability, everything was quite simple, if she only knew.

The evening passed as evenings generally did pass in the Palazzo. Mr Waring talked a little at dinner quite pleasantly, and smoked a cigarette in the loggia afterwards in great good-humour,

telling Frances various little stories of people he had known. This was a sign of high satisfaction on his part, and very agreeable to her, and no doubt he was entirely unaware of the perplexity in her mind and the questions she was so desirous of asking. The air was peculiarly soft that evening, and he sat in the loggia till the young moon set, with an overcoat on his shoulders and a rug on his knees, sometimes talking, sometimes silent—in either way a very agreeable companion. Frances had never been cooped up in streets, or exposed to the chill of an English spring; so she had not that keen sense of contrast which doubles the enjoyment of a heavenly evening in such a heavenly locality. It was all quite natural, common, and everyday to her; but no one could be indifferent to the sheen of the young moon, to the soft circling of the darkness, and the reflections on the sea. It was all very lovely, and yet there was something wanting. What was wanting? She thought it was knowledge, acquaintance with her own position, and relief from this strange bewildering sensation of being cut off from the race altogether, which had risen within her mind so quickly and with so little cause.

But many beside Frances have felt the wistful call for happiness more complete, which comes in the soft darkening of a summer night; and probably it was not explanation, but something else, more common to human nature, that she wanted. The voices of the peaceful people outside, the old men and women who came out to sit on the benches upon the Punto, or on the stone seat under the wall of the Palazzo, and compare their experiences, and enjoy the cool of the evening, sounded pleasantly from below. There was a softened din of children playing, and now and then a sudden rush of voices, when the young men who were strolling about got excited in conversation, and stopped short in their walk for the delivery of some sentence more emphatic than the rest; and the mothers chattered over their babies, cooing and laughing. The babies should have been in bed, Frances said to herself, half laughing half crying, in a sort of tender anger with them all for being so familiar and so much at home. They were entirely at home where they were; they knew everybody, and were known from father to son, and from mother to daughter, all about them. They did not call a distant and unknown country by that sweet name, nor was there one among them who had any doubt as to where he or she was born. This thought made Frances sigh, and then made her smile. After all, if that was all! And then she saw that Domenico had brought the lamp into the *salone*, and that it was time to go indoors.

Next morning, she went out between the early coffee and the mid-day breakfast, to do some little household business, on which, in consideration that she was English, and not bound by the laws that are so hard and fast with Italian girls, Mariuccia consented to let her go alone. It was very seldom that Mr Waring went out, or indeed was visible at that hour, the expedition of the former day being very exceptional. Frances went down to the shops to do her little commissions for Mariuccia. She even investigated the Savona pots of which Tasie had spoken. In her circumstances, it was scarcely possible not to be more or less of a collector. There is nobody in these regions who does not go about with eyes open to anything there may be to 'pick up.' And after this she walked back through the olive woods, by those distracting little terraces which lead the stranger so constantly out of his way, but are quite simple to those who are to the manner born—until she reached once more the broad piece of unshadowed road which leads up to the old town. At the spot at which she and her father had met the English family yesterday, she made a momentary pause, recalling all the circumstances of the meeting, and what the stranger had said: 'A fellow that stuck by you all through.' All through what? she asked herself. As she paused to make this little question, to which there was no response, she heard a sound of voices coming from the upper side of the wood, where the slopes rose high into more and more olive gardens. 'Don't hurry along so; I'm coming,' some one said. Frances looked up, and her heart jumped into her mouth as she perceived that it was once more the English family whom she was about to meet on the same spot.

The father was in advance this time, and he was hurrying down, she thought, with the intention of addressing her. What should she do? She knew very well what her father would have wished her to do; but probably for that very reason a contradictory impulse arose in her. Without doubt, she wanted to know what this man knew and could tell her. Not that she would ask him anything, she was too proud for that. To betray that she was not acquainted with her father's affairs, that she had to go to a stranger for information, was a thing of which she was incapable. But if he wished to speak to her—to send, perhaps, some message to her father? Frances quieted her conscience in this way. She was very anxious, excited by the sense that there was something to find out; and if it was anything her father would not approve, why, then, she could shut it up in her own breast and never let him know it to trouble him. And it was right at her age that she should know. All these sophistries hurried through her mind more rapidly than lightning during the moment in which she paused hesitating, and gave the large Englishman, overwhelmed with the heat, and hurrying down the steep path with his white umbrella over his head, time to make up to her. He was rather out of breath, for though he had been coming down hill, and not going up, the way was steep.

'Miss Waring, Miss Waring,' he cried as he approached, 'how is your father? I want to ask for your father,' taking off his straw hat and exposing his flushed countenance under the shadow of the green-lined umbrella, which enhanced all its ruddy tints; then, as he came within reach of her, he added hastily: 'I am so glad I have met you. How is he? for he did not give me any address.'

'Papa is quite well, thank you,' said Frances with the habitual response of a child.

'Quite well? Oh, that is a great deal more than I expected to hear. He was not quite well yesterday, I am sure. He is dreadfully changed. It was a sort of guesswork my recognising him

at all. He used to be such a powerful-made man. Is it pulmonary? I suspect it must be something of the kind, he has so wasted away.'

'Pulmonary? Indeed, I don't know. He has a little asthma sometimes. And of course he is very thin,' said Frances; 'but that does not mean anything; he is quite well.'

The stranger shook his head. He had taken the opportunity to wipe it with a large white handkerchief, and had made his bald forehead look redder than ever. 'I shouldn't like to alarm you,' he said—'I wouldn't, for all the world: but I hope you have trustworthy advice? These Italian doctors, they are not much to be trusted. You should get a real good English doctor to come and have a look at him.'

'O indeed, it is only asthma; he is well enough, quite well, not anything the matter with him,' Frances protested. The large stranger stood and smiled compassionately upon her, still shaking his head.

'Mary,' he said; 'here, my dear!—This is Miss Waring. She says her father is quite well, poor thing. I am telling her I am so very glad we have met her, for Waring did not leave me any address.'

'How do you do, my dear?' said the stout lady—not much less red than her husband—who had also hurried down the steep path to meet Frances. 'And your father is quite well? I am so glad. We thought him looking rather—thin: not so strong as he used to look.'

'But then,' added her husband, 'it is such a long time since we have seen him, and he never was very stout. I hope, if you will pardon me for asking, that things have been smoothed down between him and the rest of the family? When I say "smoothed down," I mean set on a better footing—more friendly, more harmonious. I am very glad I have seen you, to inquire privately—for one never knows how far to go with a man of his—well—peculiar temper.'

'Don't say that, George.—You must not think, my dear, that Mr Mannering means anything that is not quite nice and amiable and respectful to your papa. It is only out of kindness that he asks. Your poor papa has been much tried. I am sure he has always had my sympathy, and my husband's too. Mr Mannering only means that he hopes things are more comfortable between your father and—— Which is so much to be desired for everybody's sake.'

The poor girl stood and stared at them with large, round, widely opening eyes, with the wondering stare of a child. There had been a little half-mischievous, half-anxious longing in her mind to find out what these strangers knew; but now she came to herself suddenly, and felt as a traveller feels who all at once pulls himself up on the edge of a precipice. What was this pitfall which she had nearly stumbled into, this rent from the past, which was so great and so complete that she had never heard of it, never guessed it? Fright seized upon her, and dismay, and, what probably stood her in more stead for the moment, a stinging sensation of wounded pride, which brought the colour burning to her cheeks. Must she let these people find out that she knew nothing, at her age—that her father had never confided in her at all—that she could not even form an idea what they were talking about? She had pleased herself with the possibility of some little easy discovery, of finding out, perhaps, something about the cousins, whom it seemed certain, according to Tasie, every one must possess, whether they were aware of it or not—some little revelation of origin and connections such as could do nobody any harm. But when she woke up suddenly to find herself as it were upon the edge of a chasm which had split her father's life in two, the young creature trembled. She was frightened beyond measure by this unexpected contingency; she dared not listen to another word.

'Oh!' she said with a quiver in her voice, 'I am afraid I have no time to stop and talk. Papa will be waiting for his breakfast. I will tell him you—asked for him.'

'Give him our love,' said the lady.—'Indeed, George, she is quite right; we must hurry too, or we shall be too late for the *table-d'hôte*.'

'But I have not got the address,' said the husband. Frances made a little courtesy, as she had been taught, and waved her hand as she hurried away. He thought that she had not understood him. 'Where do you live?' he called after her as she hastened along. She pointed towards the height of the little town, and alarmed for she knew not what, lest he should follow her—lest he should call something after her which she ought not to hear, fled along towards the steep ascent. She could hear the voices behind her slightly elevated talking to each other, and then the sound of the children rattling down the stony course of the higher road, and the quick question and answer as they rejoined their parents. Then gradually everything relapsed into silence as the party disappeared. When she heard the voices no longer, Frances began to regret that she had been so hasty. She paused for a moment, and looked back; but already the family were almost out of sight, the solid figures which led the procession indistinguishable from the little ones who struggled behind. Whether it might have been well or ill to take advantage of the chance, it was now over. She arrived at the Palazzo out of breath, and found Domenico at the door, looking out anxiously for her. 'The Signorina is late,' he said very gravely; 'the padrone has almost had to wait for his breakfast.' Domenico was quite original, and did not know that such a terrible possibility had threatened any illustrious personage before.

THE BURIED CITIES.

A HALO of romance surrounds the very names of Pompeii and Herculaneum, as we read the strange story of their melancholy fate; but when we visit those silent streets and stand in those empty theatres, the romance is translated into such vivid reality, that we seem to live in the life of that distant past, every detail of which is preserved, and brought visibly and tangibly before us. Nature smiles, unfaded and unchanged, in all her Southern loveliness; the purple waters of the Bay of Naples still kiss the vine-wreathed shore; still the burning mountain shoots its fire and smoke into the blue vault of heaven, as an awful reminder of the unseen forces smouldering

beneath it, ever ready to overwhelm the surrounding plain, and to repeat the story written on Pompeii and Herculaneum with a finger of fire.

The principal excavations have been made at Pompeii, which, being buried in ashes, was more easily disinterred than Herculaneum, upon which the full force of the crimson lava-stream flowed in its burning course, hardening rapidly to the consistency of marble, which had to be quarried before the city could be reached. Owing to the difficulty of the work, only a small part of the necessary excavation is completed, and great care has to be exercised, from the fact of another town having sprung up on the surface of the lava, and the consequent danger of undermining it. We walk through narrow passages tunnelled in the lava to the large theatre. The orchestra with its marble seats is perfect; the stage, too, is excavated; but the remaining parts are not yet quarried out of the enormous mass of lava, many yards in depth, under which they were buried. We pass through more lava-tunnels to an excavated square, containing houses and shops. The frescos of the so-called 'House of Argus' still retain their bright colouring; many of the marble pillars are calcined to lime. On the marble counter of a wineshop the green impressions of bronze coins found there still remain. At the side are a number of the earthen *amphoræ* used to contain the wine; but, as at Pompeii, most of the articles discovered in the houses have been necessarily removed to the Museum of Naples. The whole district surrounding Herculaneum is a mass of cooled lava, a black desolate region, whence lava is quarried for paving and building purposes. The very air is sulphurous, and tainted with Vesuvian smoke.

Very different is the beautiful scene from Pompeii, with the blue sea on one side and luxuriant vegetation on the other; in the distance, the shadowy violet cliffs of Capri and Ischia rising from the waves. We descend a sloping path to the silent city, which stands between two enormous embankments of ashes, like a very deep railway cutting, and enter by the great gateway, with arches and pillars in perfect preservation. Through a small arch at the side, intended for foot-passengers, we pass into the deserted streets; from the high narrow footway, we see the track of wheels on the paved street below; and the great stepping-stones are still there, as in days of old, when the Pompeian ladies and their attendant slaves stepped lightly from one to another, on their way to the baths, the theatres, or other diversions of that gay life, whose every detail lies crystallised for the benefit of succeeding ages. Everywhere stand the remains of sculptured fountains—at the street corners, in every house, in every square. The whole city must have been musical with the ripple of falling waters, in those long-past summer noontides and moonlit nights when Pompeii was in its zenith of pomp and pride.

A number of converging streets lead into the forum—the centre of the city's life. Here are the perfect remains of beautiful temples, with their marble columns and sculptured altars, on which inscriptions to Juno, Venus, &c. may still be read. On some are delicate carvings representing sacrifice, in high relief, every detail of leaf, flower, and figure clear and sharp as when first chiselled. On the inner walls are nymphs and goddesses, classical fables and legends in fresco. We go through the street of the soap-makers and visit the large soapworks, where the huge iron caldrons are still left, their intrinsic value not being sufficient to warrant removal. Another street is full of wineshops, with the large red jars still inserted in the marble counters. Then we pass the city bakehouses, whose ovens were found full of charred bread, now in the Naples Museum, the baker's name stamped upon each loaf. Close by are the splendid public baths, with every appliance for hot, cold, and vapour baths, the pipes and cisterns still remaining. We walk into the frigidarium, tepidarium, and other chambers, the floors of black and white marble, with raised marble seats round each room, walls and ceilings covered with appropriate sculpture and painting: Diana bathing in a forest stream; a group of water-nymphs disporting themselves by moonlight in a calm lake; the Sirens combing their golden hair on the neighbouring rocks, which still bear their name. How wonderfully the luxurious Pompeian life is brought to mind, as we stand here lost in the dreams which the baths inspire, of the youth, fashion, and beauty of two thousand years ago.

One quarter of the city contains only the private houses of the rich; the bust of the owner in each atrium or entrance hall, with the name carved below, informs us to whom every house belonged. All are built in the same style, with the atrium, impluvium, and triclinium, after the usual Roman fashion; slender marble pillars, which once supported the roofs, now vanished, or remaining only in the shape of crumbled fragments, fallen in upon the marble floors below. The remains of a fountain are generally found in the central basin of the impluvium, that cool retreat from the fierce Italian sun, once green with leafy plants and musical with murmuring waters, where the gay Pompeians took their siesta in the shade, or lounged through the hot noonday hours. The sleeping-rooms surround the three large divisions of the houses, all being built on the ground-floor, with no upper story. On every threshold is 'Ave' or 'Cave canem' (Beware the dog) in black mosaic on the white marble. The inner walls are painted with wreaths of flowers and fruit, or dancing-girls in transparent draperies strewing roses. All the frescos show the soft and pleasure-loving Pompeian temperament. Artistic grace and beauty are everywhere present; but neither force nor fervour can be seen; life seems to have been regarded as a long game of play, or one continuous flower-wreathed festival.

We search for the houses of Sallust and Cloacus, and that of the Tragic Poet, so called from the frescos on the wall representing scenes from the Greek tragedies, and giving a clue to the life of the owner; but the number of houses makes a detailed examination of each one an impossibility. At the corner of a street leading into the forum stands the exchange. On the walls, the names of certain magistrates and a request to vote for them, implies that the city at the time of its destruction was on the eve of a general election. On another wall beyond, some more red letters tell us that on the kalends of May

some lions will fight in the amphitheatre with a certain gladiator of great renown. These little touches here and there from the distant past enable us more than anything else to realise the actual life of Pompeii.

We ascend a flight of marble steps to the Tragic Theatre; stage, orchestra, auditorium, and even ticket-offices are in perfect preservation—all open to the sky, after the ancient fashion. We think of the tragedies represented on this very stage, of the hushed and eager faces rising tier above tier to the blue sky, of the jewelled dames and rose-crowned maidens whose tears did homage to the tragedian's art; the strains of music from the long-silent orchestra; and then, all in a moment, we see the ashen cloud descending upon the crowd, who rush wildly from the scene, some few to escape in safety, others to rush into the blue sea in their madness, and upon the rest, the pall of darkness falling, not to be lifted for two thousand years. Close at hand is the smaller Comic Theatre, where jest and epigram played their part in holding up the follies of the day to ridicule; where wit sparkled merrily, and satire scathed all that it touched; where the mirth and laughter of the gay spectators were suddenly checked into eternal silence by that advancing cloud of doom. The place seems thronged with ghosts and memories; nowhere else does the melancholy silence of Pompeii strike us so forcibly as in this theatre, once built to foster fun and merriment.

Hence we go to the Street of Tombs, on rising ground, which commands exquisite views of the blue waters and the verdant shore. The inscriptions on the monuments are clear enough to be easily read. On one stately white marble tomb, the words (in Latin), 'To Mamia, a priestess, by order of the Triumvirs,' look almost new, so clearly are they chiselled on the tablet. A marble seat stands here, once placed for the accommodation of those who used to visit the tomb. We rest for a moment, and think of that long-dead Mamia, with white vestal robes and dark flowing hair, and, perchance, the rapt face which Raphael has given to his Cumean sibyl, and wonder what manner of woman she was, to win such honour from the chief magistrates of Pompeii. Did she 'prophesy smooth things,' and so gain the approval of the votaries of pleasure? Or did her personal austerities try to atone for those other lives, so soft and luxurious, and thus win from them in death some tribute of pity and remorse, of which this stately tomb was the outward expression?

Just opposite is a large building, supposed to have been the principal inn of Pompeii; the stables, with remains of the stalls, are pointed out, though, strange to say, the skeletons of only two horses have yet been found. It is thought that the atmospheric disturbances were felt by animal instinct sooner than by human senses, and that this instinct led the horses to escape from the city before the full force of the catastrophe made itself felt. The villa of Diomed stands near. His skeleton, the golden brooch still fastening the charred toga, was found on the threshold, a leathern purse of gold coins tightly clutched in one hand.

The ineffaceable records of Pompeii are enough to provide an inexhaustible fund of story and song; every tomb is rich in suggestions, every house is a compendium of the history of that past age, and the interest of the place increases with each fresh excavation. A third part of the city still remains to be discovered, including the Street of the Goldsmiths, where rich treasures of ancient art are supposed to be hidden. The perfect preservation in which most of the articles are found is due not only to the immense *weight* of ashes rendering the city air-tight, but also to the chemical properties of the sulphureous and mineral-charged cloud which rained down in tons upon the houses and streets.

Near the entrance gate is a small Museum, containing the skeletons found in the city—a mother and daughter clasped in each other's arms; a sentinel found at his post; a man evidently knocked down by the cloud of ashes; and several others. Some of them have been injured in the process of excavation, in spite of the unparalleled care with which the digging and sifting are always done. When a skeleton is found, hot plaster of Paris is immediately poured on to it, so that, while preserving the skeleton intact, it gives us also, by filling up the impression or mould of the body that had lain there, the form and features of the living man, thus adding to the interest and reality of what we see. All lie in the same position in which they were found; the rings still on the fingers.

The only regret we feel about this excavation of Pompeii is that it was impossible to leave there the countless articles of furniture, dress, and luxury which were found; and therefore, to preserve them from pillage and destruction, as well as from exposure to the air, they were taken to the Naples Museum, which forms the needful sequel to a visit to Pompeii. There we see room after room full of furniture from Pompeian houses—beds, baths, chairs, and tables all of carved bronze; bronze couches, with the charred leathern cushions on which the indolent Pompeians once lounged at their costly feasts; every imaginable kitchen utensil, knives, forks, the handles formed of a tiny human figure in bronze; exquisitely finished bottles of curious iridescent glass; figures of the Lares and Penates; vases, beakers, jugs, cups, and dishes of every size and shape; the rare artistic skill displaying the superiority of work done by hand to the products of modern machinery. A large collection of surgical instruments greatly interested a celebrated physician who was one of our party, and who expressed unbounded surprise at the very slight difference between these relics of the infancy of medical science and the instruments in use at the present day. Some large cases of dentists' tools caught our eye also; nor did we need to be told what they were, being only too well acquainted with similar instruments of torture. A great number of paint-boxes are displayed, which still contain the same bright soft colours which we see on the walls of Pompeii; and case after case of jewels, some found in the houses, others evidently dropped in hurried flight from the burning city, or fallen from the necks and arms of the skeletons. Rings, bracelets, chains, tiaras, necklaces without end, of finely chased gold, set with gems, some of the jewels uninjured, and sparkling as brightly after the lapse of ages, as they did on the snowy neck of a Pompeian beauty two

thousand years ago; others dropped from the setting, where the heat has melted the gold out of shape. Exquisite cameo rings and clasps, representing classical or mythological subjects. Often a winged Mercury, or a Psyche with the butterfly poised above her head, serves to remind us how art lives, though the artist dies.

On a lady's bronze toilet-table stand a glass jar half full of rouge, some pomade pots, and a litter of carved combs, bronze hairpins, curling-irons and tongs, surrounding the polished metal mirror which once reflected the face whose beauty the fair owner tried to heighten. Those combs and hairpins once fastened perfumed tresses; white fingers once dallied with the unguents and essences which stand on the table, or dipped the puff into the rouge which glows still with its pristine colour, though the cheek which it tinted is dissolved in death. A silk hair-net looking fresh and new hangs on a bronze hook; and a charred shawl, with the long woollen fringe left upon it, lies close beside it, perhaps hastily caught up and wrapped over the festal robes, in preparation for the hurried flight, for universal testimony agrees that the city was destroyed at the time when some great festival was being held.

These personal details of dress and ornament move us strangely, and bind us by strong links of sympathy and pity with the sufferers in a calamity which, to most of us, is too far off to supply that touch of nature 'which makes the whole world kin.' Here are the sandals which once bound the light feet of Pompeian girls as they moved in the dance, or fled from the fiery rain which turned their joy into mourning, their life into death. Here are the skull and arm of a girl found buried in a side-stream of lava, upon which the impression of her rounded, youthful figure still remains, though that graceful form has long been numbered with the dead. Perhaps she was on her way to the theatre, with one of those quaintly devised tickets in her hand which attract our attention in a neighbouring room—tiny ivory violins to designate the orchestra, ivory pigeons with outspread wings for the gallery, little tablets with red numerical figures for the reserved seats of the patricians. How suggestive they are of that past life of pleasure, with its amusements, its follies, and its sins, so similar to those of later times—a fact brought before us by the number of dice, many of them loaded, which were found in the houses, showing that the chicaneries of the gambler were well known in Pompeii.

In the room which contains the charred bread from the public ovens already mentioned, are some bronze dishes of fruit set out exactly in the order in which they were found—dates, figs, walnuts, nuts, and plums, burned perfectly black, but retaining their shape unmistakably. It looks as though the guests had fled from the table on which the dessert was set out. The contents of a pantry stand near—a jar half full of oil; a bottle of flour, partly used; a string-net hanging up, full of eggs, looking like lumps of chalk or lime; a piece of roasted meat, fallen from an oven. These things make a bridge over the gulf of Time which separates us from Pompeian life, no doubt vividly described in the thousands of charred and undecipherable parchments, supposed to represent the state documents, literature and poetry, of the city—probably the contents of the public library, to which are added numerous papyrus rolls, found in the houses of the rich. Here, too, are large bales of drapery and clothing, all burned to a uniform blackness, and scarcely distinguishable as to colour and texture, though gold threads glittering here and there suggest robes of state or festive garments laid aside in chest and coffer, but reached by the devouring heat, if not by actual fire.

Pliny the Elder, who at the time of the destruction of the two cities was in command of the fleet at Misenum, on the opposite side of the Bay of Naples, watched the gradual darkening of the thick cloud over Vesuvius, and tells us that the smoke spread outward and upward until it resembled a gigantic pine-tree stretching across the heavens, while loud subterranean thunders were heard, and a fountain of fire dashed up into the sky. Then the great crimson lava-flood burst forth and rushed down the mountain side in a river of liquid fire, to bury Herculaneum; and the clouds of ashes, cinders, and sparks poured down by tons on Pompeii, the waters of the bay leaping up to meet the hissing fire which fell into the waves, ingulfing many of the boats which were bearing fugitives away from the terrible scene. Pliny himself lost his life, from venturing in a boat too near to the flaming town. Earth, air, and water each had its share in this awful convulsion of the elements; the thunder of the mountain mocked the thunder of the waves upon the shore. One moment the fiery stream lighted up the crimson lava-flood and the pale, terrified faces of those who fled shrieking from their doom; another moment, and all was ingulfed in pitchy darkness. Then the rain of fire and the choking ashes buried palace, and temple, and tomb, turning each and all into a living grave. When silence fell upon the scene, Pompeii with its revels and roses lay fathoms deep in a shroud of ashes, to sleep the sleep of death through the silent centuries, until eighteen hundred years were told, when the spell of mystery was broken, and as by an enchanter's wand, the secret of its past was laid bare, and the veil lifted upon the old life thus so suddenly arrested.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

I.

SOMEWHAT less than half-a-dozen miles from Carlisle lies a pretty but sleepy little village, which we shall call Linthwaite. Far removed from the march of progress, it reposes in a peaceful slumber, unbroken by the rattle and din of locomotives, and unmolested by the 'kettle o' steäm'-driven inventions, so dear to agriculturists of the modern style. Save that in summer and autumn, the whir of the new-fangled reaping-machine is heard in the meadows and cornfields, as it sweeps down broad swaths of hay and yellow corn—usurping the place of the sturdy scant-clad husbandman, wielding his keen-edged scythe, and the bands of Irishmen, each armed

with his trusty sickle, who formerly invaded the land at harvest-time—no sound is ever heard there that might not have broken the silence fifty years ago. Certainly, now and again, at times when there is going to be rain, as the old folks say in their weather wisdom, the distant sound of a railway engine's whistle may be heard borne on the wind, faint and weird as the plaintive piping of the plover overhead in his autumn flight; but then it is so intangible as to seem but a 'wandering voice' from a far-off country, with which the good folks of Linthwaite can have nothing in common.

The young people have most of them, to be sure, at one time or another ventured their necks and limbs in a railway train; but there are those among its older inhabitants who have never yet known, and probably never will enjoy, that dangerous luxury. The farmers, with their wives or daughters, betake themselves to Carlisle every Saturday to dispose of their farm produce and make their marketing; and at less frequent intervals the villagers make fitful visits to the same place with the latter object, and this constitutes their main personal intercourse with the outer world. For the rest, the weekly newspaper supplies them with all the information they require touching markets and crops, politics for the men, and fashions and gossip for the women; and so they live their uneventful lives.

A stone's-throw from the road that skirts the village green stands Knowecroft, an old-fashioned farmhouse, which has been the patrimony of one generation of Martindales after another, time out of mind. At the period of our story it is occupied by a widow, her son, and daughter. Her husband has been dead some years; but his place as head of the household is filled by his son, Joe Martindale, who has now reached the age of twenty-five; his sister Ruth being some seven years younger.

It was on a bright September morning that Mrs Martindale, still a buxom and active dame, trotted down the orchard and called to her son, who was superintending harvesting operations in an adjoining field: 'Joe, Joe!'

'Ay, ay, mother. What is it?'

'Come here; I want the'.'

Obedient to her call, Joe made his appearance, ruddy and sunburnt, and mopping his brow as he came.

'Here's a letter fra' Ruth,' continued his mother. 'She says she's comin' back to-night, an' thoo has to meet her at Carel by the seven o'clock train. I divvent know what lasses are meade on nooadays! Dis she think we've nowt to do wid the horses than to gan' rakin' off to the toon wid them at this teyme, an' half the fields to cut yit?'

'Well, mother,' rejoined Joe, laughing, 'she must come back some time, and I don't know that she could come at a better. And we won't hinder work either, for I'll take old Blossom. He's good enough for that yet, and I'll give him his time.'

'Wey, I daresay thoo'll be able to mannish wid him,' replied Mrs Martindale; 'and I'll be reet glad to git the lass back again, onyway.'

To explain which, we may mention that Miss Ruth had been away from home for a whole week, to officiate as bridesmaid at the wedding of a cousin in Westmorland; and her mother had so missed her winsome face, that, notwithstanding her apparent reluctance, she would have been glad to get her daughter back again at the price of a day's work of every horse about the place.

So in good time Joe, having harnessed Blossom to the dogcart, drove leisurely off to Carlisle. Joe, as we said, is five-and-twenty years old, and stands rather over five feet ten in his stockings; is straight as a poplar and lithe as a willow; slim in build, but wiry and muscular, as a Cumberland yeoman should be. In the saddle he rides like a fox-hunter; on foot, his gait approaches the martial, as, with square shoulders well thrown back and head erect, he 'looks the whole world in the face.' His head is covered with curly brown hair, cropped short; his face, untouched by razor, is adorned by whiskers and beard of a darker shade. The general expression of his face is suggestive of good-nature and merriment; but something in the set of his lips betokens firmness, and even doggedness of purpose.

A good farmer for his years, and fairly accomplished in all the sports and pastimes of the country-side, he is also possessed of a taste for literature, and has read more than most of his class. For this latter tendency he is probably indebted to the fact that his education was completed under the eye of his father's cousin, who was vicar of a parish in Westmorland, and eked out his scanty stipend there by taking Joe and one or two other lads to educate along with his own sons.

II.

After an easy drive, Joe reached the station at Carlisle a few minutes before seven, and in due course the train arrived; but, to his disappointment, no Ruth came with it. On making inquiry, he found that this train did not stop at Tebay—a fact which his sister must have overlooked when making arrangements for his meeting her—and that she could not now reach Carlisle before half-past ten. So he drove back to the *Lion*, which was their usual quarters, and putting Blossom in charge of the hostler, he strolled out into the town. Walking up Lowther Street, he noticed that most of the people there were moving in the opposite direction, so he turned and joined them. He then found that they were bound for the theatre; and as he had nearly three hours to wait before his sister's train was due, he determined to drop in there and see

what was to be seen. The play was one of the usual melodramatic type, with a 'good murder' to begin with, a virtuous young man on whom suspicion falls, complications innumerable brought about by the machinations of a wicked uncle, heart-rending scenes between the hero and his devoted sweetheart, another murder, and a detective officer of superhuman sagacity, who clears everything up just at the right moment, bringing the whole to an orthodox conclusion, with 'virtue triumphant and villainy vanquished.'

Joe watched the whole of the first act with phlegmatic indifference, but not so the second. The scene of this was laid in a dairy, and the change in Joe's feelings was brought about by the entrance of the dairymaid Phœbe. Was there ever such a charming manipulator of butter seen outside of fairyland? She had not many words to speak, for she was only there as a foil to set off the heroine, resplendent in silks and lace, who had come to the dairy on the sly to meet the hero, the farmer's son.

But Phœbe, in her neat pink dress, with sleeves rolled up, displaying the plumpest of arms and the dimpliest of elbows, deftly patting the butter, and trotting about her work as though she had been brought up inside a dairy all her life, had all Joe's eyes, and he saw nothing of the thrilling love-scene that was being enacted by the resplendent lady and her suitor in the foreground.

The dairymaid was not tall, by any means; if Joe had had his arm round her waist, and she had been looking up into Joe's face, her chin might have been about the level of Joe's heart, and Joe was five feet ten, so you may guess her height from that. The chin in question was round, and had a most bewitching dimple; her lips were red and pouting. Her nose was just the least little bit 'tip-tilted;' but her eyes—oh! we can't describe her eyes, for they were large and brown and liquid; and they could be cold and repelling, or languishing and attractive, or merry and sparkling, just as fitted the mood in which the fair Phœbe might be when she looked at you. Furthermore, she was plump, but jimp in the waist withal—not of the jimpness engendered by corsets and such-like devices, but of nature; and the pink gown in which she was dressed was not too long to hide a pair of the smallest of feet and most delicately turned ankles that ever supported a daughter of Eve. And to crown all, she walked about her stage-dairy modestly as a nun, and apparently utterly unconscious of the lookers-on.

When she left the stage, Joe found time to examine his playbill to ascertain the name of this charming creature, whom he found to be therein described as—

'Phœbe, a dairymaid—Miss Phyllis May.'

All Joe's interest in the drama was now centred in the entrances and exits of Miss Phyllis May. He began to call her by that name to himself, dismissing 'Phœbe, a dairymaid,' as being a myth; and now and again he felt sure she was looking straight at him, when he blushed, and suddenly became very much interested in the doings of the other actors, until he gathered courage to steal another glance at the charming Phœbe.

Now, as Joe was not by nature a particularly bashful fellow, it may be fairly inferred from all this that he had fallen in love with the pretty actress. At anyrate, when the curtain fell, he had a very faint idea of what the play had all been about, and he had imprinted on his mental retina the picture of a bewitching sylph in a pink gown, which miniature, if not warranted to be indelible, promised to take some time to efface. On consulting his watch, he found that he had just time, by running all the way to the *Lion*, to get Blossom harnessed and reach the station soon enough to meet his sister's train. He could scarcely have done this, had it been up to time, but fortunately for him it was a few minutes late, and he was waiting on the platform when it arrived. Ruth was looking out for him; and he soon had her seated in the dogcart, well wrapped up in the shawls which her mother had provided to protect her from the night-air, and was driving homeward a good deal faster than he had come; for Blossom needed no reminder from the whip that there was a feed of corn and a cosy stable waiting for him at his journey's end.

After the first mutual inquiries about friends, Ruth had all the talk to herself, for Joe seemed too preoccupied to originate conversation; and as she was doing her best to open the way for telling him a most important secret, closely touching herself, she found his silence rather tantalising. She lapsed into silence herself for a short while, but that made things no better; so at last she drew a long breath and went straight to the point.

'Dick is coming on Saturday, Joe,' she began. 'He would have come to-day, only they are so busy; and it is so rough travelling on Saturdays, that aunt thought I had better not wait till then.'

'Oh!' ejaculated Joe, only half following what she said; and thereupon followed another interval of silence.

'Joe!' whispered Ruth at last, nestling closer to her brother and laying her head against his arm—'Joe! Dick wants me to marry him; and—and—I love him very much; and that is what is bringing him on Saturday, to talk to mother and you about it. You like him, Joe! I know you do!'

This roused Joe from his reverie, and slipping his arm round his sister's waist, he kissed her, and said: 'Do you want to leave us, Ruthie? We can't part with you yet a bit, lassie. What would we do without you?'

'O Joe, no! I don't want to leave you,' replied his sister; 'but—but—I love Dick so much, and—and'——

'Well, well, Ruthie,' rejoined Joe, 'we can't keep you always; and a better fellow than Dick I couldn't wish you for a husband. So I suppose it will have to be "Yes." But what will the mother say about parting with you, Ruthie?'

'Well, but I've something else to tell you, Joe,' said Ruth. 'You know their lease is up at Candlemas, and Dalehead is not big enough for both Dick and Tom, so Tom is going to take it on again by himself, and Dick is going to try to get Riggfield. So, if he does, it won't be like going away at all, hardly; *will* it, Joe?'

As Riggfield was only about a quarter of a mile from Knowecroft, Joe had to acknowledge that there was a saving clause in this arrangement; and as he was on intimate terms with its proprietor, he thought there were good hopes of Dick's being able to secure it.

By this time Blossom had brought them close to their own gate, where Mrs Martindale, who had heard the sound of wheels, was waiting to receive them, having been in a fidget for hours at their non-arrival. And before they went to bed, the matter of Ruth's engagement was broached to her mother, and sufficiently advanced to leave little doubt that when Dick came on Saturday, his answer would not be 'No.'

III.

All next day, while Joe was going about his work in the harvest-field, the vision of a plump and pretty dairymaid, attired in pink, haunted his brain, and pertinaciously refused to be driven away. Then he found himself repeating her name—'Phyllis, Phyllis—Phyllis May; nice name, Phyllis; just seems to suit her too.' And thereupon he began humming to himself the ditty, *Phyllis is my only joy!* which from thenceforward Joe declared to be the sweetest song in the English language.

'Heigh-ho!' thought he; 'I shall likely never see her again; and even if I did—— Come, Joe, lad! this will never do; a pretty farmer's wife an actress would make; and what *would* the mother say!' Which was all very well in its way; but when the vision of a pretty woman takes possession of a young fellow's heart at five-and-twenty, it is not to be exorcised in that fashion.

Saturday came, and with it arrived Dick, a burly, good-natured young farmer; intelligent enough too, but one who found the 'Stock-book' a great deal more to his taste than either Milton or Shakspeare. But to little Ruth he was as a demi-god; for had he not been enshrined in her heart for two long years, ever since she paid a long visit to his sisters on her leaving school? And as both Mrs Martindale and Joe looked with favourable eyes on his suit, Master Dick had a very pleasant time of it that week-end, you may depend upon it. It was a short stay, though, after all; for he had to go back home again on the Monday evening; but before then he had seen the owner of Riggfield and made arrangements to enter upon that, under the circumstances, 'most desirable' farm, at Candlemas, on a fourteen years' lease.

'Why, Dick,' said Ruth, when he returned to report progress, 'by the time the lease is up, I'll be quite an old woman!'

'Nay, Ruthie, lass,' rejoined Dick; 'it will be time to talk like that when three such leases are up.'

Joe drove Dick to Carlisle, and prayed that Blossom might fall lame or take some temporary ailment that would afford him an excuse to stay later in the town, and so give him another opportunity of seeing his fair enslaver; but no such good-luck fell to his lot, and he had to take his way homeward long before the hour at which the theatre opened. And as this was 'positively the last week' of their performance in Carlisle, he quite made up his mind that he should never look upon her again. But on the Friday, an event happened at Linthwaite which roused that drowsy hamlet from its normal torpor, and it came about in this wise. About four o'clock in the afternoon, while Joe was overlooking the harvesters in one of his fields that lay a short distance from Knowecroft, in an angle where two roads met, he heard the clatter down the main road of a runaway horse and cart. He made a rush for the corner of the field, in the hope of being able to stop the runaway, and leaping the gate, was just in time to see the horse turn into the byroad at full speed. His heart gave a sudden bound, for between him and the excited animal stood, in the middle of the road, and apparently paralysed with fear, a young lady in a pink dress. Now, in Joe's mind for the past week, the conjunction of a young lady and a pink dress had been suggestive of one thought only—of the adorable Phyllis; and now he felt assured that it was she who was going to be killed before his very eyes. The bare idea of this gave him the speed of an athlete and the strength of a madman, and he tore down the road like one possessed. But he was too late to save her, for before he could grasp the bridle, she had been struck down senseless; and he was just in time, by exerting all his force, to twist the animal round and prevent the wheel of the cart from passing over her helpless form.

The men from the harvest-field were by this time running with all speed to the scene of the accident, and to one of them Joe turned over the care of the frightened horse, while he stooped over its victim, to see how much she had suffered from the blow. And it *was* Miss Phyllis May! Her eyes were closed, and her cheeks were pallid as death; but Joe could detect the flicker of a pulse in her slender wrist, and lifting her in his arms, he carried her into the house. It was only a couple of minutes' walk, but what minutes they were to Joe—alike blissful and terrible. Her dainty head lay on his shoulder, and the light autumn breeze blew stray tresses of her bright brown hair against his cheek. To clasp her thus was ecstasy; but the fear lest those pale eyelids, white as twin snowdrops, should never more unclose in life, was agonising.

Mrs Martindale attended poor Phyllis with motherly anxiety; and as soon as Joe had borne the injured girl up to Ruth's bedroom, he left her to the care of his mother and sister, and saddling his best horse, rode off at full speed for the country-side doctor, who lived some three miles away. Fortunately, he found that gentleman at home, with his sturdy cob standing at the door, ready to carry him on a distant visit; so they were enabled to reach Knowecroft without delay. Meanwhile, the patient had been placed in bed, where, notwithstanding all Mrs Martindale's rustic appliances, she still lay unconscious. But as the doctor entered the room a feeble moan was heard, and the injured girl began to move about, as though in pain. The kind-hearted old doctor, after carefully examining her condition, gave instructions as to her treatment—above all things enjoining perfect quiet—and assured them that there was no cause for alarm; for although she was suffering from concussion of the brain, it was only slight. He, however,

said that he would call again in a few hours, on his way back from visiting some patients at a distance, and then took his departure.

Long before this time, the party in whose company Miss May had come to Linthwaite had arrived at Knowecroft in a state of great alarm, having heard of her accident. It appeared that Mr Nelson, the principal of the dramatic company to which she was attached, had taken his wife and Miss May for a drive from Carlisle round by Linthwaite; and shortly before reaching that place, their horse had cast a shoe, and they had stopped at the village smithy to have it fastened on. Mrs Nelson had remained seated in the conveyance; but Miss May had taken advantage of the halt to saunter on ahead, and it thus happened that she was alone when the accident occurred. As may be imagined, her friends awaited the result of her examination by the doctor in great trepidation, and it was with a feeling of relief that they heard his report as above mentioned. Having to be in Carlisle for that evening's performance, and as a substitute for 'Phœbe' would have to be got even at the eleventh hour, they could not prolong their stay at Knowecroft; but Mr Nelson promised to drive back as soon as his duties at the theatre were over for the night, to ascertain how Miss May was progressing, and if necessary, to procure additional professional assistance. Dr Graham, however, assured him that this would not be required, and that, although the recovery of his fair patient might be slow, he had every confidence that she was not in a dangerous condition.

Joe was overjoyed at this declaration, and was almost wicked enough to feel that this accident, which might have been fraught with such serious consequences to one who had been in all his thoughts for a whole week, was a most happy one for him. He would allow no one but himself to go to Dr Graham's for some drugs which that gentleman wished to have in readiness in case they should be required; and all the way going and returning he was drawing in his mind roseate pictures of what might be the result of this fortunate meeting with the maiden of his dreams.

The doctor came back according to promise, and found all going on quite satisfactorily. Mr Nelson also returned about midnight, and before taking his leave, said that his professional engagements necessitated his going to Edinburgh on the following day, and would keep him there for at least a week; but he instructed Joe that no expense was to be spared in hastening the recovery of Miss May, who was, he said, much more to him than a mere member of his company, for she was the daughter of a very dear friend, long since dead.

To which Joe replied: 'Mr Nelson, Miss May is my guest, and no one but myself shall spend one shilling on her behalf while she is in my house. And I shall see that nothing is wanting that will be for her good.'

'Mr Martindale,' rejoined the other, 'you are a good fellow. God bless you for it! I leave my friend in your care with the utmost confidence; and whatever you may do for her, I am sure you will never regret. She is not like one of our set. But I must be off, for my wife will be worrying herself to death till I get back with news how Phyllis is going on.' And shaking hands heartily with Joe, the worthy manager set out once more for Carlisle.

TO THE POINT.

'CAN you fight?' shouted the charity boy through the keyhole. 'No, sir,' replied Oliver Twist meekly, from the other side of the door. 'Then I'll whop you,' was Mr Noah Claypole's prompt rejoinder. This was to the point with a vengeance, and there are many rejoinders worth chronicling equally prompt, if not so bellicose.

A man took a seat in a barber's chair. He asked the barber if he had the same razor he had used the day before. Being answered in the affirmative, the patient man said: 'Then give me chloroform.' That was one to the customer, just as the next is one to the barber. An English gentleman, somewhat bald, entered a hairdresser's in Paris to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. 'Ten francs!' he exclaimed, 'for cutting my hair!'—'O no, monsieur; not for cutting your hair, but for finding the hair to cut.'

There is a story of a gentleman when advocating the utility of public schools saying: 'Byron was a Harrow boy.'—'What of that?' said an opponent; 'Burns was a ploughboy.' Equally neat and ready was the woman's answer to an inquirer, who, seeing 'This cottage for sail' painted on a board, politely asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage was to sail. 'Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind,' was her quick reply.

A shabbily dressed woman called upon a gentleman for aid, claiming that she was in a starving condition. He looked upon her plethoric form, estimating the avoirdupois of the superfluous fat, and answered: 'You don't look like a starving woman.'—'I know it,' she whiningly answered; 'I'm bloated with grief.'

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. 'Well,' responded the engineer, 'perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much.'

'I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little,' said a tall man, as the train stopped at a station. 'Oh, don't!' said a passenger who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion—'don't do that! They are too long already!' A fast youth asked at a city restaurant: 'What have you got?' 'Almost everything, sir,' was the reply.—'Well, give me a plate of that.' 'Yes 'ir.—Hash!' shouted the waiter down the speaking-tube.

More good-natured and quite as much to the point is the following. A man was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley, and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad; while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: 'My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon;

if you ran into me, don't mention it;' and he tore away at redoubled speed.

Well matched in politeness and readiness was a gentleman whose button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl. 'I'm attached to you,' said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. 'The attachment is mutual,' was the good-natured reply.

Woman's wit was not badly illustrated when an idle fop said to a lady: 'My dear Miss Smith, why did you not take advantage of leap-year to get married?'—'Because I am not able to earn enough to support a husband,' was the unexpected answer. Equally ready was a young miss to whom her sweetheart said: 'You are such a strange girl, that really I don't know what to make of you.'—'Well, then, I'll tell you, Charlie,' she replied—'make a wife of me.' It is satisfactory to add that he did so at the earliest opportunity.

Two young married French ladies were talking about their husbands. Said one of them: 'Do you really think your Jules went shooting yesterday?' 'Well, I don't think he tried to deceive me yesterday; I'm inclined to think he went.'—'But he didn't bring back any game?' 'That's what makes me feel sure he did go!' was the wife's reply.

As ready, but more spiteful, was the answer to a crusty old fellow, who once asked: 'What is the reason that griffins, dragons, and demons are ladies' favourite subjects for embroidery designs?'—'Oh, because they are continually thinking of their husbands,' was the lady's quick retort.

More pointed than polite is the following strange receipt for conjugal harmony. Concerning a couple well known for their outward and visible mutual affection, it was asked by a neighbour: 'Why is she so fond of her husband?' 'Because he is perfectly unintelligible.'—'And why does he adore her?' 'Because she is almost a little idiot.'

A lady once remarked to a clever actor who had a broken nose: 'I like your acting, sir; but, to be frank with you, I can't get over your nose.'—'No wonder, madam,' replied he; 'the bridge is gone.' Equally ready was another actor whose benefit resulted in a very thin house. The actress in the scene with him speaking very low in her communications with her lover, he exclaimed with woful humour: 'My dear, you may speak out; there is nobody to hear us.' It is related that at the opera in Dublin, a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

The natural readiness of the Irish is well shown in an argument between a Saxon and a Celt respecting the nationality of various great men who had lived and died. The Irishman had successively claimed each one mentioned as a countryman of his own, till at length the Englishman, somewhat nettled, inquired: 'How about Shakspeare—was he an Irishman?' to which he received the reply: 'Well, I can't say exactly, but at all events he had the abilities of one.' A German paper tells a story of a certain general whose servant was in the habit of getting intoxicated. 'Jacques,' at last said his master to him, 'I shall have to send you about your business; I hear dreadful tales of your goings-on.'—'Ah, general,' replied Jacques, quite unabashed, 'if I believed all the bad things people say about you, I should have gone away myself long ago.'

For calm presence of mind in the way of answer, the following deserves a foremost place. 'Do you drink?' said a temperance reformer to a beggar who had implored alms of him. 'Yes, thank you, sir,' returned the candid pauper; 'where shall we go?'

'What are you going to do when you grow up, if you don't know how to read, write, and cipher?' asked a school-teacher of a lazy, stupid boy, who replied: 'I'm going to be a schoolmaster, an' make the boys do all the readin', writin', and cipherin'.' A small boy who is one of a family of ten children was taken out for a drive with his mother. As they drove past a small cottage of two rooms, Johnnie called his mother's attention to it, who remarked that it was a very small house. 'Yes,' replied Johnnie meditatively; 'it's small; but it would be plenty big enough for our family if it wasn't for you and the children.'

This was matched in readiness by a lad who applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope and said: 'If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends of the rope.'—'I can do it,' he readily replied. 'Here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third,' and he threw it overboard.

'Don't you find it hurts your lawn to let your children play upon it?' asked a friend of a suburban the other day. 'Yes,' answered the gentleman addressed; 'but it doesn't hurt the children.'

'Are you lost, my little fellow?' asked a gentleman of a four-year old one day. 'No,' he sobbed in reply; 'but my mother is.'—'And how does Charlie like going to school?' kindly inquired a good man of a juvenile who was waiting with a tin can in his hand the advent of a companion. 'I like goin' well enough,' he replied; 'but I don't like staying after I get there.'

Quite as ingenious as ingenuous was the answer of a boy who was kept after school for bad orthography, and excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.—'What shall I talk to you about?' said a clergyman to some school-children. 'About ten minutes,' exclaimed a young girl.

'Here's your money, dolt!' cried an angry debtor. 'Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum?' 'I am sure I can't tell, sir,' said the shopboy; 'but I think it was because seventeen letters didn't fetch it.'

'Don't you know it is very wrong to smoke, my boy?' said an old lady to a youngster who persisted in puffing a cheap cigar. 'Oh, I smoke for my health,' answered the boy saucily.—'But you never heard of a cure by smoking,' she continued presently. 'O yes, I did,' persisted the boy, blowing a big cloud; 'that's the way they cure pigs.'—'Smoke on, then,' quickly replied the old lady; 'there's some hope for you yet.'

An American strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder, and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said: 'Dogs are not admitted.'—'That's not my dog,' replied the visitor. 'But he follows you.'—'Well, so do you.' The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence.

'That sermon did me good,' said one friend to another, after hearing an eloquent preacher. 'We shall see,' was the reply.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all were affected except one man, who was asked why he did not weep with the rest. 'Oh,' said he, 'I belong to another parish.'

Student reciting: 'And—er—then he—er—went—er—and—er'—— The class laugh. Professor: 'Don't laugh, gentlemen; to err is human.'

'Is it a sin,' asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, 'for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am handsome?' 'It is, my daughter,' he replied gravely; 'we should never delight in falsehood.'—'Doctor,' said a gentleman to his clergyman, 'how can I best train my boy in the way he should go?' 'By going that way yourself,' was the unexpected reply.

Being asked how he liked the performance of a certain Dramatic Club, an auditor replied that he should 'hardly call it a club, but rather a collection of sticks.'

The foregoing are severe enough, but for concentrated spite must yield the palm to the one with which we conclude. An impecunious fortune-hunter had been accepted by an heiress. At the wedding, when that portion of the ceremony was reached where the bridegroom says, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' a spiteful relative of the bride exclaimed: 'There goes his valise!'

CANINE AFFECTION IN CEYLON.

A YOUNG Englishman, while acting as superintendent of an extensive tea-plantation in the interior of Ceylon, possessed a varied collection of dogs, native and foreign; amongst his chief favourites and most constant companions being numbered a large female specimen, somewhat resembling in appearance the English bulldog. One of the puppies reared by her had been given away to a coolie, living on a remote division of the estate, locally known as 'the Coolie Lines,' situated at a distance of two or three miles.

For some little time afterwards nothing in particular was remarked with regard to its bereaved parent's conduct, beyond natural grief at such a separation. Subsequently, a daily habit of unaccountably absenting herself from home for consecutive hours gradually attracted her owner's notice, more especially as these mysterious disappearances seemed always to occur at precisely the same portion of each morning and evening. Diligent search was therefore made about the immediate neighbourhood of her master's bungalow, yet without any satisfactory result being attained, the absentee continuing to vanish as before. Towards noon, and again on the approach of night, the animal, still, invariably returned, having evidently during the interim endured no trifling degree of fatigue in some active pursuit. Under these circumstances, a trustworthy servant was set to watch her movements more closely, with strict orders to follow—unobserved as far as practicable—whithersoever the wanderer's footsteps might lead. A striking instance of more than ordinary maternal devotion was brought to light, combined with reflective powers of intellect much beyond what can be expressed, merely, by the conventual term 'instinct.'

Shortly after the usual breakfast of rice had been supplied to the dogs collectively, on the ensuing morning, a start was made by the Singalese servant and his charge for the new home of the puppy. The messenger then ascertained from the resident coolies that not only did their popular visitor arrive regularly every morning and evening to enjoy a fleeting interview with the young dog, where it was chained, but, in addition, as much rice as could possibly be conveyed in her mouth was brought there on each occasion to be laid down before the gratified puppy! An offering clearly reserved from her own allowance of breakfast and supper, for that truly laudable purpose. This slight repast, supplied at the cost of so much exertion and solicitude, being concluded, to the visible contentment of both parties concerned, and, after allowing herself only such a brief period of reward or repose, the loving creature set out on her homeward journey. Surely she carried therein a cheering consciousness of having, to the utmost verge of a limited ability, done her duty in that state of life unto which she had been called.

The above simple story is no oriental romance, but a plain fact, resting on unquestionable authority. It will, indeed, only appear incredible to those persons who, through being unfamiliar with our dumb fellow-pilgrims, are unable even to comprehend, still less to appreciate, their capabilities of reason and affection.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

THE consignment to Egypt of a quantity of blasting-gelatine, to aid in the removal of rocks and boulders which obstructed the passage of the Nile expedition, calls attention to a new material, at once the most recent and the most powerful explosive yet introduced.

In outline, the manufacture and composition of this new explosive will be readily understood. Nitro-cotton, finely divided, is added to nitro-glycerine, heated in a copper vessel; the mixture—which consists of seven parts of the former material to ninety-three of the latter—is then well stirred, and ultimately acquires a viscid consistency, which on cooling, stiffens, and becomes semi-transparent. Notwithstanding the fact that blasting-gelatine is a safer explosive than either nitro-glycerine or dynamite, the process is both difficult and dangerous, and requires special precautions; for should the nitro-glycerine which enters into its composition be raised to too high a temperature, an explosion will in all probability ensue. Blasting-gelatine, like its principal ingredient, nitro-glycerine, readily freezes, but, unlike that substance, appears to become more explosive when congealed.

Turning now to the properties of the new material under consideration: it may be noted that the employment of dynamite is decreasing in favour of blasting-gelatine, whose suitability for mining and other kindred purposes is amply demonstrated by the successful manner in which it scatters the mass surrounding the boreholes in which it is placed. Insoluble in water, and uninjured by months of submersion, this new rival to dynamite—a material notoriously unsuited for such work—possesses a property essentially valuable, and which cannot fail to secure its adoption on an extended scale in all places where it becomes necessary to resort to subaqueous blasting. It will be no matter of surprise that attempts have recently been made to utilise so powerful and effective an explosive in shells; but these experiments, owing to the extreme sensibility of the gelatine, have not as yet realised the expectations formed of them.

Some interesting experiments, having for their object the determination of the relative blasting power of various explosives, give the following results: If the blasting power of gunpowder be represented by 1, that of gun-cotton will be represented by $1\frac{3}{4}$; dynamite by 2 to $3\frac{1}{2}$, according to composition; nitro-glycerine by $4\frac{3}{4}$; and blasting-gelatine by $5\frac{1}{4}$. The present cost of blasting-gelatine exceeds that of dynamite, a fact, however, more than counterbalanced by the increased safety and handiness of the former, in addition to its valuable suitability for subaqueous work.

There can be but little doubt that as dynamite superseded nitro-glycerine, so dynamite in its turn must largely give place to blasting-gelatine, and that this new compound is destined to figure largely in the future history of the explosives of commerce.

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

You smile, and half in jest you ask
A song from me. A simple task,
If he who sings had all the youth
And freshness of thy maiden truth,
To give to words the glow and light,
Without which who can sing aright?
But other years than those which make
Thy brow a splendour for thy sake,
Are mine, and at their touch I feel
A certain sadness upward steal,
That whispers, only heard by me:
'He must be young who sings to thee.'

You answer: 'It is said or sung
That poets must be always young—
That unto them the years pass by,
And leave no shade on brow or eye—
That youth still keeps its summer day,
And age is ever far away.'
Alas! a sage* has said, who dwelt
Where beauty like a sun is felt,
That poets start this life in gladness,
But in the end there cometh madness.
Sad truth; for when we journey on,
The golden mists of fancy gone,
Which, fools of our own dreams, we threw
O'er all that came within our view,
We catch, with sadness in our eye,
Dull hills beneath a duller sky,
And miss the light that came and went
Like music o'er an instrument.
Enough! No threnody from me;
No sorrow when I sing to thee.

But what to say or sing? In sooth,
My muse must be thy blooming youth,
And that fair face and cheeks, whereon
Love has his sweetest roses thrown,
And touched with dainty finger-tips
The dewy crimson of thy lips,
And set in light, with half a sigh,
His own sweet language in thine eye—
This must my inspiration be,
Or how else could I sing to thee?

I dream, and dreaming, place thy feet
In woodland paths when spring is sweet,
Where in the silence scarcely stirred,
The bursting of the leaves is heard,
And like a murmur through the air
The new life throbs, and all is fair.
Or better, on an afternoon
In some rich English lane in June,
With all the hedge on either side
Aglow with roses in their pride;
The winds of summer in thy hair,
As loth to wander otherwhere;
And overhead a sky serene,
Where not a single cloud is seen;
And humming as you trip along
Stray snatches of an English song,
Of lovers talking as they pass
Through meadows thick with springing grass,
Or plighting love-troth at the stile,
And I to see thee all the while,
Deeming thy voice—ah, who would not?—
The fairy echo of the spot.

This, this, were sweeter for your prime,
An English lane in summer-time,
Than this cold city, where the dust
Of streets corrodes and eats like rust;
Where life roars on, and pulses beat
With throbbing blood at fever-heat,
And all the weary waves we see
Of this strange, sad humanity,
Flow and re-flow without a pause,
Like tidal-breaths that ocean draws,
Till weary of such yearning quest,
They moan at midnight into rest.

Ah, wherefore ask a song from me,
As if it could be aught to thee?
For sweeter far than verse, is all
Thy young heart's happy madrigal,
Which, sung to thee when all is still
And fancy wanders at her will,
Wafts thee, as light as clouds are blown,
To that fair realm where dreams alone
May enter, and where, low and clear,
Love with his lips against thine ear
Whispers those words, that said or sung,
Remould this world, and make it young,
Till fields and woods, and seas and skies
Draw back the light of Paradise,
And in its sunshine thou dost stand,
Full maiden in a maiden's land,
And on thy brow, as horoscope,
The golden aureole of hope.

Ah! wherefore ask a song from me?
He must be young who sings to thee.

* Wordsworth.

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THE STORY OF THE CHANCERY FUNDS.

There are probably few matters which are more shrouded in mystery, so far as the public are concerned, than the Chancery Funds. The old prejudice which, not without reason, attached to the Court of Chancery still clings to it, in spite of the drastic changes which it has undergone in recent years, and many, if not most, people are as sceptical as ever as to the reality or at least the 'realisability' of 'money in Court' or 'an estate in Chancery.' Yet, as a matter of fact, the records of the Chancery Pay Office would furnish materials for many a golden romance. They could tell many a tale of fabulous riches as securely buried as if they had been hermetically sealed-up in the Great Pyramid; and they could also reveal many a pitiful story about the widow's dole and the orphan's pittance, which neither was ever destined to receive.

The extraordinary powers possessed by the Court of Chancery were not, as may be supposed, acquired at a bound, but are the result of the slow growth and constant accretion of centuries. As far back as the twelfth century, the state minister who held the high dignity of Chancellor, and who in those days was generally an ecclesiastic, wielded a kind of independent legal jurisdiction. About that time, also, the powers of jurisdiction previously possessed by the ecclesiastical courts were abrogated, and these courts restrained from any further meddling with such questions as breach of faith or trust arising between laymen in regard to civil matters. Many of these questions were thenceforth left to be dealt with by the Chancellor in his court, hence called of Chancery; and the funds in dispute between litigants as to wills, trust estates, trade contracts, and the like, being as a rule ordered, until the decision of the bench had been given, to be paid into Court, the basis was laid for that great accumulation of money now known as Chancery Funds. The machinery which produced and guarded these vast accumulations has long been so cumbrous, that any dealing with funds in Court has always involved great trouble and expense. In the case of those who were entitled to small sums, it was often practically impossible to obtain payment of the same, except after an outlay which absorbed the whole fund. Further, the system was such, that those who were not prepared with proofs of their claim, could only obtain information as to the moneys in question by securing the services of agents or solicitors, with the certainty of incurring a heavy bill of costs, while it was extremely problematical whether they could make good their claims. The consequences were inevitable. In the course of time, a large fund, formed to a great extent of small sums to which no claimants were forthcoming, accumulated, and this eventually became known as the Dormant Funds in Chancery. At intervals of fifteen years, it is true, a list of titles of accounts has in latter times been published, but in such a way as to have had very little publicity, since the list was merely posted on the doors of the Chancery Pay Office.

As a matter of fact, indeed, a great many people —and poor people too—were, and still are, interested in the Chancery Funds without knowing anything about it; for it is according to the traditions of the Court of Chancery to be more ready to take charge of the keeping and division of money than to publish information, or afford access to information, except at inordinate expense. It will, then, we imagine, be agreeable news to these, if not to the public generally, to learn that under the Supreme Court Funds Rules, 1884, which are now in full operation, there should, once and for all, be an end to all mystery as to the Chancery Funds. These may, in fact, be regarded as a new departure in red-tapeism, which can hardly fail to be blessed with definite results. The Chancery Funds, in common with all those vested in the Supreme Court of Judicature, have been placed 'under entirely new management.' But the most

practical and tangible alteration effected by the new rules is, that by their instrumentality folks who are entitled to funds in Court will in many cases be able to obtain payment without having to go shares with an avaricious agent or a professional man who places a value on his services too frequently limited only by the means of his client. The new powers which have been granted to the Paymaster-general, who, as a main part of the machinery of reform enacted by the Chancery Funds Act of 1872, superseded the old Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery, are, too, of great importance, since they will greatly facilitate dealing with these funds, and do away with many wearisome and expensive technicalities of procedure.

But in order to understand the changes which have been inaugurated by these new rules, it is necessary to glance briefly back at the story of the Chancery Funds. Roughly speaking, this is the generic name for all funds with which the old Court of Chancery has ever been concerned, whether trust funds, moneys deposited during the dependence of cases, or sums payable by way of fees and official charges. These now amount to the enormous total of nearly seventy-three millions of money! We must, however, hasten to add that there is but little probability of more than a small part of this sum being divided. As to much of it, the Supreme Court of Judicature is only in the same position as a banker. And a very fine banking business, too, is conducted by this office with its turnover of nearly twelve millions a year. Of course, there are very considerable returns, and these have accumulated into a nice little fortune, upon which no one seems to have any claims, except the Crown at intervals, when dividends not likely to be claimed are carried over to the 'Suitors' Unclaimed Dividend Account;' that is, in effect to the Consolidated Fund. It will be surmised that many an estate in Chancery bears a curious analogy to the talent which the unprofitable servant buried in the ground, at least so far as the owner is concerned. This huge reservoir of wealth has been filled by a number of streamlets, as well as a few steadily flowing rivers, in the course of upwards of a hundred and fifty years.

Until early in the last century, the Masters and Ushers of the Court of Chancery had the no small privilege and profit of taking care of the property and money of suitors. But since many of them proved unable to resist the temptation of speculating with these funds during the South Sea Bubble craze, and about one hundred thousand pounds of the suitors' moneys lost, though it was afterwards made good by increasing the suitors' fees—other arrangements were made, and each Master was required to deposit in the Bank of England, as the regulation ran, 'a chest with one lock and hasps for two padlocks.' One of the keys was kept by the Master, and the other two by one of the six Chancery clerks and by the Governor of the Bank of England respectively. These chests, in which all the property and money of the suitors was supposed to be deposited, were kept in a vault, which could only be opened in the presence of two directors of the Bank; and we can well understand how irksome, though secure, must have been a system which required the attendance of a Master, a clerk in Chancery, and the Governor and two Directors of the Bank of England, before some family plate, for instance, could be handed over to a successful claimant. It is, then, not wholly surprising to learn that in 1725 a general order was made under the Great Seal, then in Commission, which placed all moneys in the safe custody of the Bank of England. This was the beginning of the Suitors' Fund, which was the first account of the Chancery Funds. But instead of more than seventy millions in about thirty thousand accounts, as at the present day, the books of the first Accountant-general showed a total of only seven hundred and forty-one thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds in four hundred and fifteen accounts. Little further change in the management of the funds was introduced until the year 1739, when the system of investing these moneys was inaugurated by laying out thirty-five thousand pounds in Exchequer tallies. These were exchanged for consols in 1752. This plan has since been greatly extended, as the interest of these funds has long been applied in payment of working expenses; but, of course, a large surplus accumulated, and, by various statutes, this has been devoted to various special purposes. This, however, can only be regarded as public property upon the understanding that it is the profit which the Court makes as banker, or which the Crown succeeds to from those who have died without heirs.

The surplus funds have steadily increased, and from time to time have been applied for building purposes or for purchasing ground for the use of the nation. Thus it was out of this fund that the Royal Courts of Justice were mainly paid for, and its importance may be instanced by the illustration that in 1881 Mr Gladstone borrowed from this source forty million pounds for National Debt purposes. Here we must mention another fund—the Suitors' Fee Fund—which owed its creation to Lord Brougham, and which was originally formed out of the fees which Masters, Registrars, Examiners, &c., formerly retained as perquisites, but were by statute ordered to pay into Court. This fund is also augmented by sundry other sources of income, such as the brokerage charges of the Chancery broker, who is a salaried official. The Suitors' Fee Fund, it should be added, is entirely an income account, which now bears all charges such as salaries, &c. Any surplus that may remain is invested in consols, and the dividends only are added year by year to the Suitors' Fee Fund.

But perhaps of all the Chancery Funds none has attracted more attention than those which are classed as 'dormant.' It is easy to understand how these have come into existence. It is, for instance, scarcely surprising that during the progress of a 'Chancery suit' many of the interested parties should die and their representatives might easily be ignorant of their claims, or they might have no relatives. Again, many doubtless abandoned in despair the hope of making good their claim, and wiped off the account, especially in cases when it was small in amount, as a bad debt. And here it may be remarked, that a good many litigants, both present and future, would be the richer if they were to follow their example. But

whatever the cause, the existence of these funds is a real fact. Meagre as is the information which has from time to time been forthcoming as to these funds, it goes to show that they form a very considerable aggregate amount, and that their management has long justly been the cause of great dissatisfaction.

For a considerable time, no investigation was really made into these accounts. But in 1829, a Return was presented to parliament which showed that the sums of stock with dividends and sums of cash to the amount of nearly four hundred and fifty thousand pounds had been lying 'dormant;' or in other words, had not been claimed or otherwise dealt with for periods varying from five to twenty years. It was, however, not till 1855 that a list of five hundred and sixty-six accounts, amounting to two hundred and fifty-seven thousand one hundred and seventy-six pounds in value, which had been dormant for fifteen years, was issued, with the natural result, that claimants to about one half appeared, and got their money. Similar lists have since then been published at intervals of fifteen years. From one of these, it appeared that as to twelve hundred accounts, three hundred and fifty-one were less than one pound, and eight hundred and thirty-one less than five pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that it would not pay to get these out of Court.

As examples of the age and nature of many of the items in the Chancery accounts, the following may be given, though the sums themselves are not mentioned:

Heyden *v.* Owen.—The account of the seamen of H.M. ships *Decade* and *Argonaut* (year 1813).

Blaney *v.* Arnold.—The legatees' account (year 1774).

Bruce *v.* Kinloch.—The creditors' account (year 1814).

Chadwick *v.* Chadwick (year 1738).

Coppock *v.* Coppock.—Moneys to answer James Colbourn's claim for ten thousand pounds and interest when proved.

Court *v.* Jeffrey.—The account of unpaid and lapsed legacies.

Derelict property brought into the port of Nassau, in New Providence, and sold for the benefit of the rightful owner when appearing (year 1824).

Drever *v.* Mawdesley.—The hundred years' account.

The account of John Hames (a convict) and his children.

The account of John Hardman, convicted of felony.

The account of the unclaimed legacy of Sebastian Nash de Brissac.

Unknown persons interested in certain freeholds in Bill Alley and White's Alley, in the city of London.

Unknown persons interested in certain freeholds in Great Swan Alley, city of London.

The account of the creditors of Charles, Duke of Bolton (year 1781).

Winter *v.* Kent.—Fund to answer unclaimed legacies given by the will of James Underhill (year 1784).

One of the enacted reforms of the Act of 1872 was to require these lists to be published triennially and in alphabetical order; but this has not been complied with, and it remains to be seen whether the re-enactment of this regulation by the new rules, which require these lists to be published every third year on or before the 1st of March, will have any definite result. If the story of many of these buried fortunes is ever made fully public, we shall once more be reminded that truth is stranger than fiction. In the meantime, those in search of sensational facts would do well to search the back lists and the archives of the Bank of England, where boxes of diamonds, trinkets, plate, 'chipped money,' securities, the Princess Banatinsky's box of jewels, George Colman's will, and other articles curious or valuable, have been waiting for their owners from long beyond human memory.

But we have said enough to indicate the nature of the Chancery Funds; and it will probably be admitted that it is hopeless to expect such intricate financial machinery to work in a manner which shall be wholly satisfactory to the public, the suitors, and officials concerned. Still, the system is a vast improvement on the old. It is, for instance, a wholly novel regulation which empowers any one claiming to be interested in funds in Court to obtain a transcript of the account, and such other information as may be required, upon application to the Paymaster-general, a privilege that should certainly greatly facilitate the establishment of claims without incurring those expenses which have hitherto been exacted. Again, amongst other innovations, is one whereby 'any person residing in the United Kingdom and entitled under an order to any dividend, annuity, or other periodical payment, or any other payment, not exceeding five hundred pounds, may obtain a remittance of the same by post.' To those who are acquainted with the traditions of the now defunct Chancery Pay Office, this will indeed seem an earnest of a great reformation.

Possibilities of still more satisfactory facilities are, too, foreshadowed by the fact, that the order of the Paymaster-general is in certain cases to be taken as equivalent to an order of Court. If this power be exercised, claimants may be saved immense sums of money. But the scope of the new rules is most comprehensive. The whole system of dealing with these funds is remodelled. It will in future be easier than ever to lodge money in Court; and the exchange, or conversion, of securities and the transactions with the National Debt Commissioners have also been greatly facilitated.

The Court of Session in Scotland, which is a court of equity as well as law, has always within its territory practically discharged the functions of the English Court of Chancery, though it has never, like that court, put forth its long arm to administer estates in foreign countries. For example, it has never done for any Englishman's estate what the Court of Chancery is now doing for Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell's Scotch estate of half a million, and recently attempted to do for Mr Orr Ewing's estate in a style and with results sufficiently notorious. But the Scotch court does sometimes, with a view to the protection of drawers of money, order payment of money, not exactly into court, but into some chartered bank, subject to

the orders of court. The money is paid into the bank specified in the order. A deposit receipt is taken from the bank, specifying the cause or person for whom it is held, and that receipt and all such receipts are held by the Accountant of Court, who discharges in so far as required the functions of the Chancery Paymaster-general. Indorsations on the back of the receipt record all changes in the fund. When money thus consigned is not claimed by its owner, it simply remains in the bank, and may, after the course of forty years has cut off, by prescription, the right to claim it, fall to be the property of the bank, as has been the fate of the contents of countless deposit receipts which have been burned or lost, or whose owners have died without making a claim, or leaving information to enable their heirs to make a claim. Where there are no heirs, the Queen's Remembrancer makes and establishes a claim for the Crown. With money paid into court there is no difficulty, owing to the ready information of the Accountant's office; but vast sums of what would be 'dormant funds' in Chancery, if the English system prevailed in Scotland, are unclaimed deposits in bank, of which the public know nothing, and, in the present state of the law, can never learn anything. It is a matter of no inconsiderable interest whether the Scotch banks ought not to be obliged to publish lists of their 'unclaimed deposits,' such lists as public opinion has wrung from the Court of Chancery. If this were done, it would appear that the romance of treasure held as if by enchantment was not entirely confined to London and the Bank of England.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

It was natural that this occurrence should take a great hold of the girl's mind. It was not the first time that she had speculated concerning their life. A life which one has always lived, indeed, the conditions of which have been familiar and inevitable since childhood, is not a matter which awakens questions in the mind. However extraordinary its conditions may be, they are natural; they are life to the young soul which has had no choice in the matter. Still, there are curiosities which will arise. General Gaunt foamed at the mouth when he talked of the way in which he had been treated by the people 'at home;' but still he went 'home' in the summer as a matter of course; and as for the Durants, it was a subject of the fondest consideration with them when they could afford themselves that greatest of delights. They all talked about the cold, the fogs, the pleasure of getting back to the sunshine when they returned; but this made no difference in the fact that to go home was their thought all the year, and the most salient point in their lives. 'Why do we never go home?' Frances had often asked herself. And both these families, and all the people to whom she had ever talked, the strangers who went and came, and those whom they met in the rambles which the Warings, too, were forced to take in the hot weather, when the mistral was blowing, talked continually of their country, of their parish, of their village, of where they lived, and where they had been born. But on these points Mr Waring never said a word. And whereas Mrs Gaunt could talk of nothing but her family, who were scattered all over the world, and the Durants met people they knew at every turn, the Warings knew nobody, had no relations, no house at home, and apparently had been born nowhere in particular, as Frances sometimes said to herself with more annoyance than humour. Sometimes she wondered whether she had ever had a mother.

These thoughts, indeed, occurred but fitfully now and then, when some incident brought more forcibly than usual under her notice the difference between herself and others. She did not brood over them, her life being quite pleasant and comfortable to herself, and no necessity laid upon her to elucidate its dimnesses. But yet they came across her mind from time to time. She had not been brought face to face with any old friend of her father's, that she could remember, until now. She had never heard any question raised about his past life. And yet no doubt he had a past life, like every other man, and there was something in it, something, she could not guess what, which had made him unlike other men.

Frances had a great deal of self-command. She did not betray her agitation to her father; she did not ask him any questions; she told him about the greengrocer and the fisherman, these two important agents in the life of the Riviera, and of what she had seen in the Marina, even the Savona pots; but she did not disturb his meal and his digestion by any reference to the English strangers. She postponed until she had time to think of it, all reference to this second meeting. She had by instinct made no reply to the question about where she lived; but she knew that there would be no difficulty in discovering that, and that her father might be subject at any moment to invasion by this old acquaintance, whom he had evidently no desire to see. What should she do? The whole matter wanted thought—whether she should ask him what to do; whether she should take it upon herself; whether she should disclose to him her newborn curiosity and anxiety, or conceal that in her own bosom; whether she should tell him frankly what she felt—that she was worthy to be trusted, and that it was the right of his only child to be prepared for all emergencies, and to be acquainted with her family and her antecedents, if not with his—all these were things to be thought over. Surely she had a right, if any one had a right. But she would not stand upon that.

She sat by herself all day and thought, putting forward all the arguments on either side. If there was, as there might be, something wrong in that past—something guilty, which might make her look on her father with different eyes, he had a right to be silent; and she no right, none whatever, to insist upon such a revelation. And what end would it serve? If she had relations or a family from whom she had been separated, would not the revelation fill her with eager desire to know them, and open a fountain of dissatisfaction and discontent in her life, if she were not permitted to do so? Would

she not chafe at the banishment, if she found out that somewhere there was a home; that she had 'belongings' like all the rest of the world? These were little feeble barriers which she set up against the strong tide of consciousness in her that she was to be trusted, that she ought to know. Whatever it was, and however she might bear it, was it not true that she ought to know? She was not a fool, or a child. Frances knew that her eighteen years had brought more experience, more sense to her than Tasie's forty; that she was capable of understanding, capable of keeping a secret—and was it not her own secret, the explanation of the enigma of her life as well as of his?

This course of reflection went on in her mind until the evening, and it was somewhat quickened by a little conversation which she had in the afternoon with the servants. Domenico was going out. It was early in the afternoon, the moment of leisure, when one meal with all its responsibilities was over, and the second great event of the day, the dinner, not yet imminent. It was the hour when Mariuccia sat in the anteroom and did her sewing, her mending, her knitting—whatever was wanted. This was a large and lofty room, not very light, with a great window, looking out only into the court of the Palazzo—in which stood a great table and a few tall chairs. The smaller anteroom, from which the long suite of rooms opened on either side, communicated with this, as did also the corridor, which ran all the length of the house, and the kitchen and its appendages on the other side. There is always abundance of space of this kind in every old Italian house. Here Mariuccia established herself whenever she was free to leave her cooking and her kitchen-work. She was a comely middle-aged woman, with a dark gown, a white apron, a little shawl on her shoulders, large earrings, and a gold cross at her neck, which was a little more visible than is common with Englishwomen of her class. Her hair was crisp and curly, and never had been covered with anything, save, when she went to church, a shawl or veil—and Mariuccia's olive complexion and ruddy tint feared no encounter of the sun. Domenico was tall and spare and brown, a grave man with little jest in him; but his wife was always ready to laugh. He came out hat in hand while Frances stood by the table inspecting Mariuccia's work. 'I am going out,' he said; 'and this is the hour when the English gentlefolks pay visits. See that thou remember what the padrone said.'

'What did the padrone say?' cried Frances, pricking up her ears.

'Signorina, it was to my wife I was speaking,' said Domenico.

'That I understand; but I wish to know as well. Was papa expecting a visit? What did he say?'

'The padrone himself will tell the Signorina,' said Domenico, 'all that is intended for her. Some things are for the servants, some for the family; Mariuccia knows what I mean.'

'You are an ass, 'Menico,' said his wife calmly. 'Why shouldn't the dear child know?—It is nothing to be concerned about, my soul—only that the padrone does not receive, and again that he does not receive, and that he never receives. I must repeat this till the Ave Maria, if necessary, till the strangers accept it and go away.'

'Are these special orders,' said Frances, 'or has it always been so? I don't think that it has always been so.'

Domenico had gone out while his wife was speaking, with a half-threatening and wholly disapproving look, as if he would not involve himself in the responsibility which Mariuccia had taken upon her.

'*Carina*, don't trouble yourself about it. It has always been so in the spirit, if not in the letter,' said Mariuccia. 'Figure to yourself Domenico or me letting in any one, any one that chose to come, to disturb the Signor padrone! That would be impossible. It appears, however, that there is some one down there in the hotels to whom the padrone has a great objection, greater than to the others. It is no secret, nothing to trouble you. But 'Menico, though he is a good man, is not very wise. *Che!* you know that as well as I.'

'And what will you do if this gentleman will not pay any attention—if he comes in all the same? The English don't understand what it means when you say you do not receive. You must say he is not in; he has gone out; he is not at home.'

'*Che! che! che!*' cried Mariuccia; 'little deceiver! But that would be a lie.'

Frances shook her head. 'Yes; I suppose so,' she said with a troubled look; 'but if you don't say it, the Englishman will come in all the same.'

'He will come in, then, over my body,' cried Mariuccia with a cheerful laugh, standing square and solid against the door.

This gave the last impulse to Frances' thoughts. She could not go on with her study of the palms. She sat with her pencil in her hand, and the colour growing dry, thinking all the afternoon through. It was very certain, then, that her father would not expose himself to another meeting with the strangers who called themselves his friends; innocent people who would not harm any one, Frances was sure. They were tourists—that was evident; and they might be vulgar—that was possible. But she was sure that there was no harm in them. It could only be that her father was resolute to shut out his past, and let no one know what had been. This gave her an additional impulse, instead of discouragement. If it was so serious, and he so determined, then surely there must be something that it was certain she, his only child, ought to know. She waited till the evening with a gradually growing excitement; but not until after dinner, after the soothing cigarette, which he puffed so slowly and luxuriously in the loggia, did she venture to speak. Then the day was over. It could not put him out, nor spoil his appetite, nor risk his digestion. To be sure, it might interfere with his sleep; but after consideration, Frances did not think that a very serious matter, probably because she had never known what it was to pass a wakeful night. She began, however, with the greatest caution and care.

'Papa,' she said, 'I want to consult you about something Tasie was saying.'

'Ah! that must be something very serious, no doubt.'

'Not serious, perhaps; but—— She wants to teach me to play.'

'To play!—What? Croquet? or whist, perhaps? I have always heard she was excellent at both.'

'These are games, papa,' said Frances with a touch of severity. 'She means the piano, which is very different.'

'Ah!' said Mr Waring, taking the cigarette from his lips and sending a larger puff of smoke into the dim air; 'very different indeed, Frances. It is anything but a game to hear Miss Tasie play.'

'She says,' continued Frances, with a certain constriction in her throat, 'that every lady is expected to play—to play a little at least, even if she has not much taste for it. She thinks, when we go home—that all our relations will be so surprised'——

She stopped, having no breath to go further, and watched as well as she could, through the dimness and through the mist of agitation in her own eyes, her father's face. He made no sign; he did not disturb even the easy balance of his foot, stretched out along the pavement. After another pause, he said in the same indifferent tone: 'As we are not going home, and as you have no relations in particular, I don't think your friend's argument is very strong. Do you?'

'O papa, I don't want indeed to be inquisitive or trouble you, but I should like to know!'

'What?' he said with the same composure. 'If I think that a lady, whether she has any musical taste or not, ought to play? Well, that is a very simple question. I don't, whatever Miss Tasie may say.'

'It is not that,' Frances said, regaining a little control of herself. 'I said I did not know of any relations we had. But Tasie said there must be cousins; we must have cousins, everybody has cousins. That is true, is it not?'

'In most cases, certainly,' Mr Waring said; 'and a great nuisance too.'

'I don't think it would be a nuisance to have people about one's own age, belonging to one—not strangers—people who were interested in you, to whom you could say anything. Brothers and sisters, that would be the best; but cousins—I think, papa, cousins would be very nice.'

'I will tell you, if you like, of one cousin you have,' her father said.

The heart of Frances swelled as if it would leap out of her breast. She put her hands together, turning full round upon him in an attitude of supplication and delight. 'O papa!' she cried with enthusiasm, breathless for his next word.

'Certainly, if you wish it, Frances. He is in reality your first-cousin. He is fifty. He is a great sufferer from gout. He has lived so well in the early part of his life, that he is condemned to slops now, and spends most of his time in an easy-chair. He has the temper of a demon, and swears at everybody that comes near him. He is very red in the face, very bleared about the eyes, very'——

'O papa!' she cried in a very different tone. She was so much disappointed, that the sudden downfall had almost a physical effect upon her, as if she had fallen from a height. Her father laughed softly while she gathered all her strength together to regain command of herself, and the laugh had a jarring effect upon her nerves, of which she had never been conscious till now.

'I don't suppose that he would care much whether you played the piano or not; or that you would care much, my dear, what he thought.'

'For all that, papa,' said Frances, recovering herself, 'it is a little interesting to know there is somebody, even if he is not at all what one thought. Where does he live, and what is his name? That will give me one little landmark in England, where there is none now.'

'Not a very reasonable satisfaction,' said her father lazily, but without any other reply. 'In my life, I have always found relations a nuisance. Happy are they who have none; and next best is to cast them off and do without them. As a matter of fact, it is every one for himself in this world.'

Frances was silenced, though not convinced. She looked with some anxiety at the outline of her father's spare and lengthy figure laid out in the basket-chair, one foot moving slightly, which was a habit he had, the whole extended in perfect rest and calm. He was not angry; he was not disturbed. The questions which she had put with so much mental perturbation had not affected him at all. She felt that she might dare further without fear.

'When I was out to-day,' she said, faltering a little, 'I met—that gentleman again.'

'Ah!' said Mr Waring—no more; but he ceased to shake his foot, and turned towards her the merest hair's-breadth, so little, that it was impossible to say he had moved, and yet there was a change.

'And the lady,' said Frances, breathless. 'I am sure they wanted to be kind. They asked me a great many questions.'

He gave a faint laugh, but it was not without a little quiver in it. 'What a good thing that you could not answer them,' he said.

'Do you think so, papa? I was rather unhappy. It looked as if you could not trust me. I should have been ashamed to say I did not know; which is the truth—for I know nothing, not so much as where I was born!' cried the girl. 'It is very humiliating, when you are asked about your own father, to say you don't know. So I said it was time for breakfast, and you would be waiting; and ran away.'

'The best thing you could have done, my dear. Discretion in a woman, or a girl, is always the better part of valour. I think you got out of that very cleverly,' Mr Waring said.

And that was all. He did not seem to think another word was needed. He did not even rise and go away, as Frances had known him to do when the conversation was not to his mind. She could not see his face, but his attitude was unchanged. He had recovered his calm, if there had ever been any disturbance of it. But as for Frances, her heart was thumping against her breast, her pulses beating in her ears, her lips parched and dry. 'I wish,' she cried, 'oh, I wish you would tell me something, papa! Do you think I would talk of things you don't want talked about? I am not a child any longer; and I am not silly, as perhaps you think.'

'On the contrary, my dear,' said Mr Waring, 'I think you are often very sensible.'

'Papa! oh, how can you say that, how can you say such things—and then leave me as if I were a baby, knowing nothing!'

'My dear,' he said (with the sound of a smile in his voice, she thought to herself), 'you are very hard to please. Must not I say that you are sensible? I think it is the highest compliment I can pay you.'

'O papa!' Disappointment and mortification, and the keen sense of being fooled, which is so miserable to the young, took her very breath away. The exasperation with which we discover that not only is no explanation, no confidence to be given us, but the very occasion for it ignored, and our anxiety baffled by a smile—a mortification to which women are so often subject—flooded her being. She had hard ado not to burst into angry tears, not to betray the sense of cruelty and injustice which overwhelmed her; but who could have seen any injustice or cruelty in the gentleness of his tone, his soft reply? Frances subdued herself as best she could in her dark corner of the loggia, glad at least that he could not see the spasm that passed over her, the acute misery and irritation of her spirit. It would be strange if he did not divine something of what was going on within her, but he took no notice. He began in the same tone, as if one theme was quite as important as the other, to remark upon the unusual heaviness of the clouds which hid the moon. 'If we were in England, I should say there was a storm brewing,' he said. 'Even here, I think we shall have some rain. Don't you feel that little *creep* in the air, something sinister, as if there was a bad angel about? And Domenico, I see, has brought the lamp. I vote we go in.'

'Are there any bad angels?' she cried, to give her impatience vent.

He had risen up, and stood swaying indolently from one foot to the other. 'Bad angels? O yes,' he said; 'abundance; very different from devils, who are honest—like the fiends in the pictures, unmistakable. The others, you know, deceive. Don't you remember?

> How there looked him in the face
> An angel beautiful and bright,
> And how he knew it was a fiend,
> That miserable knight.'

He turned and went into the *salone*, repeating these words in an undertone to himself. But there was in his face none of the bitterness or horror with which they must have been said by one who had ever in his own person made that discovery. He was quite calm, meditative, marking with a slight intonation and movement of his head the cadence of the poetry.

Frances stayed behind in the darkness. She had not the practice which we acquire in later life; she could not hide the excitement which was still coursing through her veins. She went to the corner of the loggia which was nearest the sea, and caught in her face the rush of the rising breeze, which flung at her the first drops of the coming rain. A storm on that soft coast is a welcome break in the monotony of the clear skies and unchanging colour. After a while her father called to her that the rain was coming in, that the windows must be shut; and she hurried in, brushing by Domenico, who had come to close everything up, and who looked at her reproachfully as she rushed past him. She came behind her father's chair and leaned over to kiss him. 'I have got a little wet, and I think I had better go to bed,' she said.

'Yes, surely, if you wish it, my dear,' said Mr Waring. Something moist had touched his forehead, which was too warm to be rain. He waited politely till she had gone before he wiped it off. It was the edge of a tear, hot, miserable, full of anger as well as pain, which had made that mark upon his high white forehead. It made him pause for a minute or two in his reading. 'Poor little girl!' he said with a sigh. Perhaps he was not so insensible as he seemed.

CLOUD AND SUNSHINE IN LANCASHIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Amongst the women-patients, again, one meets with frightful injuries, which, upon inquiry, are found to have been caused by him who should have been the protector of her whom he has sworn to love and cherish. 'He punced me,' was the very usual answer, when asked how these hurts were caused. 'He' invariably meant the husband, and 'punced' appears to be a Lancashire equivalent for various forms of kicking and bruising.

Amidst much that is pathetic and infinitely saddening, ludicrous touches now and then crop up. Seeing a great crowd round the hospital doors, when returning from a walk one day, while pushing a way into the Accident Room, I asked what was the matter. 'Och, thin, if ye plase, a lady has split open his head wid a bason!' This came, of course, from a native of the Emerald Isle; but it was very amusing to find that the Lancashire folk themselves spoke of each other as that gentleman or the lady in the opposite bed, while they used the plain words man and woman when meaning doctors, lady superintendents, or others in a higher social position than themselves.

'Eh, mon,' said a rough but very genuine diamond once to the writer, 'yon woman'—pointing to the head-nurse of his ward—'has been more than a mother to me.' The tears were in the poor fellow's eyes, and there was no idea of anything but the utmost respect and courtesy. 'I say, Stephens, come here and look at me—it's my turn first,' some new-comer, who had not quite slipped into hospital ways, would yell at the top of his voice to one of the visiting surgeons. '*Doctor* Stephens, you should say,' remonstrated the horrified nurse. 'Eh, what dun yo mean?' would be the vacant reply. As tame elephants are set to decoy wild ones, so will patients of some standing help to teach others the outward tokens of respect and decorum. When brought under such entirely new conditions as the routine of hospital life, many of these men are very like children, and it is astonishing what a long way a little consideration for their comfort goes, and with how much gratitude even a very slight act of kindness is received. Outspoken, these people most certainly are, and very touchy when they think their independence menaced; and on this ground young doctors who come

fresh from the amenities of what they would consider more civilised—and which certainly is a more polished—life, not unfrequently make grievous mistakes when judging of or dealing with such very rough diamonds. This friction is of course chiefly noticeable in intercourse with the out-patients; and most assuredly to listen to a long string of marvellous symptoms, recounted in a jargon many words of which are absolutely unintelligible to the hearer, would try the patience of a Job.

Then, too, it is strange to find how long it is before an hospital is looked upon with any feeling save a vague sense of distrust by those whom it is primarily intended to benefit. This is in great measure due to the marvellous—and equally, though not of necessity intentionally, false—tales spread about by those who are admitted to see their friends amongst the patients on visiting days. A woman will go, say, to see her husband, who is, as she finds, kindly treated and in every respect well cared for; much better, as she is bound to admit, than could possibly be the case in his own home. When asked by sympathising friends and neighbours how she has found him, she will tell them that 'who 's gettin' along reet weel; th' nurse says he 'll happen be out soon; but'—this in a fearsome whisper—'I seed a chap in th' verra next bed, and th' doctors had done summat to him, gied him some stuff as sent him out o' hissel, asleep-like, and when th' nurses browt him back, he 'd swelled this high! Yo never seed sich a sight in yore life—I were fair skeert.' This 'swelling,' as the poor woman termed it, being neither more nor less than the 'cradle' which is put over a broken or amputated limb, to preserve it from all risk of accidental injury. Most effectually, however, does it serve the purpose of a 'bogey,' by inspiring terror where there should be confidence.

In one town, where there existed what might be termed almost a model hospital, so far as its sanitary and other arrangements were concerned, a very effectual plan was hit upon for securing public confidence, and a consequent influx of subscriptions. Every Saturday afternoon, parties of workmen who bore a note of authorisation from the honorary secretary of the hospital, the medical officer of Health for the borough, their employer, or some other responsible person, were admitted and shown over every part of the institution. They were encouraged to talk freely to the patients; and for that purpose, the lady superintendent who usually showed them round took care to go right away quite beyond all possibility of hearing. One of these visits had rather an amusing result. A lady who was temporarily in charge, being informed that a deputation from one of the large workshops wished to see through the hospital, took them over every part, a two-hours' task, so minute was the inspection made. Even into the kitchens and wash-houses these men solemnly followed; not the smallest detail escaped their notice. The exquisite cleanliness and perfection of all the kitchen arrangements, presided over by a particularly good-looking and in every way attractive cook, who was herself a model of neatness, impelled one elderly man to whisper in an aside to the lady who was conducting the party: 'This would be a good place for a man to choose a wife from.' 'Yes,' she laughingly replied; 'I think any man who did so would show his good sense.' 'Many a true word is spoken in jest,' says the proverb; and so it proved this time; for when next a deputation from the same workshop visited the hospital, this man got his *son* put on it, who, to make a long story short, in a very brief period caused the hospital to lament over the loss of an exceptionally good cook, while he himself gained an equally good wife!

From some of the workshops, as they are called—machine-works these, mostly—really large sums were contributed to the hospital, fifty pounds annually being no unusual amount to receive from the men employed by only one firm. But the good done by letting those who were really most interested in the matter see for themselves how things were managed, was incalculable, and not to be measured by a pecuniary standard merely. Frequently, the men in a deputation have become most enthusiastic after being shown round. 'Why, yon chap tells me he gets as many as five meals a day,' was said once in the hearing of the writer, in tones expressive of the utmost pleased astonishment, the popular notion being that hospital patients were well-nigh 'clemmed' to death.

In this particular hospital, a wise and liberal rule was at that time exercised, so that the five meals a day was a literal statement of absolute fact, though two out of the said five consisted of nothing more substantial than dry bread and good new milk. In no provincial hospital have we ever seen patients better cared for. Improved appliances of every kind were forthcoming whenever needed; and no narrow-minded parsimony on the part of governors thwarted the medical staff in their endeavours to keep the hospital well up to the mark in every respect. The management had its reward in the more speedy and complete recovery of patients; for, though terrible machinery accidents were brought in, and nearly all the wards were devoted to surgical cases, it was very seldom indeed that erysipelas or any form of pyœmia supervened. And this we take to be a matter for triumphant rejoicing, especially when it is remembered that by inherited constitution and total neglect of sanitary regulations, these patients were of the very sort most likely to do badly. For this, Listerism, carried out in all its minutiæ, had largely to be thanked; and many a workman now rejoices in a leg upon which he can walk, or a hand which is of service to him, who in the pre-antiseptic days would assuredly have lost it entirely.

Those who have not actually worked amongst the poor, either as medical officers in crowded towns, or as hospital surgeons or nurses, can have no conception of the filthy personal conditions under which so many of our fellow-creatures live. We remember a story told by a doctor, who, upon remonstrating with a patient in comparatively easy circumstances for not paying more attention to such matters, as certain small living creatures were unpleasantly obtrusive, was met by the indignant reply that she was 'as clean as ever a woman in M——, and had never more than five or six' of the said entomological specimens upon her 'at once!' 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise;' so we are told. Certainly

this woman appeared perfectly happy to be ignorant. We retain to the present hour a vivid recollection of seeing a probationer-nurse take away a heap of clothes with a pair of tongs. She was rather new to the work, and the disgust depicted on her countenance was something quite too intense to be expressed in words.

After such experiences, we could believe in the truth of the following anecdote, which had always before seemed to us a somewhat overdrawn and decidedly unkindly satire on the habits and ways of certain Lancashire folk. In this county, Whitsuntide is the great annual carnival, for with nothing else can its utter devotion to holiday-making be compared. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in this week are given up entirely to 'pleasuring;' mills, workshops, and warehouses all being closed during that period. Sunday-schools organise tea-parties, processions, and excursions for their scholars; and cheap trips are the order of the day. It is like a London bank holiday quadrupled in duration and intensity. Most of the Lancashire towns have their 'going-away clubs,' organised and managed by the workmen, into which each man puts weekly what he can spare. As this goes on through a great part of the year, a very tidy sum is gathered together. We remember seeing in a local paper the amount drawn out on the eve of one particular Whitsuntide. The sum named seemed almost incredibly large, amounting to several thousand pounds. Looked at from one point of view, it seems a matter for regret that so much should be spent on a few days' pleasure-taking, when it might go to make the house bright or be stored up for old age. On the other hand, none but those who have actually lived amidst the continuous din of machinery, the smoke-laden atmosphere, the dismal ugliness of a town given up wholly to the cotton manufacture, can understand the intensity of longing to get away from it all, and, if only for a day, to breathe the purer air of some country place, or inhale the salt spray as it dashes on the strand charged with life-giving freshness. And if these benefits might be obtained at a cheaper rate, were thrift brought into play, we at least would not too harshly judge those who can only on these rare occasions spend freely without a conscience-sting, reminding them that Johnnie must go unshod, or Janie lack a frock, perchance the whole family suffer, because of the father's self-indulgence. In judging, the force of the temptation must be taken into account, for, as Burns puts it—

> What 's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what 's resisted.

Perhaps the children's ward is at once the brightest and the most sad part of hospital life. Sad, because so much of the suffering and disease is preventable, and results purely from the sins of the parents. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Bright, from the sweet patience of the little sufferers, and the many cases in which some alleviation is possible, and the poor, helpless child restored to comparative—occasionally permanent—health and strength. This happy result is of special frequency when—as with so many in the cotton districts—the hospital has the right of filling one or more beds in a seaside children's sanatorium, so that the cure commenced in the ward may be perfected by the fresh pure air and hygienic surroundings of the seaside Home.

Little Janie, we remember well—a poor, stunted child, suffering from apparently incurable hip-disease. When first admitted, she could not raise herself in bed. After many weary months, extending in fact to years, she slowly improved; but it still seemed that she must be discharged as incurable, to make way for other and more urgent cases. She was a gentle, sweet child, and her influence over the others really helpful, for she could—being somewhat older—lead them in singing, and in many ways, from her bigger bed in the corner, be a sort of little mother to them. Did a wee bit of a child suddenly begin to cry—not from pain, but probably because of some dim home recollection—the kindly nurse would place him on Janie's bed, to talk to her for a bit, when very speedily the tears would cease, and bright sunshine succeed the transient storm. Once, a little boy, Charlie by name, was allowed to bring a pet kitten into the hospital with him, and that tiny animal was the most wonderful nurse of all. His irresistibly droll antics amused the children mightily; and Janie's bed was always a place of refuge for him too, when Kit was tired, but the children were not.

During her stay in hospital, Janie made many friends amongst ladies and others who came to look through the wards; and it was their kindness in subscribing and obtaining 'recommends' that enabled the authorities to keep her for so long a time. At last she seemed well enough to be removed, and was sent to the seaside sanatorium, where, by means of the same kindness, she remained for some months. On her return home, there was no longer any question of re-admission to the hospital; in the tall, healthy-looking girl, almost young woman, few could have recognised the pale, sickly cripple. Only an occasional and very slight limp remained to indicate how great a sufferer she had been.

Then there was little Michael, a most lovable child. His father was a widower, and while at work had to leave the boy to hired care or—as it proved to be—neglect. Hip-disease again; and what that small mite suffered is almost unrealisable. In his case, too, nourishing food and good nursing resulted in very real, though slow improvement. When fit, he also went to the sanatorium, with equally happy results as regarded his physical well-being. Alack, that we should have to record the change from angelic sweetness to fractious ill-temper!

But perhaps the most touching case of all was poor little Frankie. The greater part of his short life was spent in hospital. On him, too, the fell scourge, hip-disease, had laid its scathing hand. Having even greater hereditary ills to contend against than the others, his case seemed hopeless from the very first; yet every expedient was tried. At one time it seemed as if amputation might save his life; a doubtful boon to one in his position, for what could a poor 'lameter' do? And yet it seemed only right to let him have the chance. On recovering somewhat from the shock consequent on this operation, he really did seem better, and after a time rallied sufficiently to be sent to the sanatorium; and it is

pleasant to reflect that this change was the means of infusing much brightness into his sombre-tinted life. The drives by the seashore in the little donkey-drawn wagonette were an endless source of delight to him. He liked to see the waves rolling up, and to watch other more favoured children digging in the sands and erecting all sorts of sand-castles and wondrous fortifications, meant to repel the advances of the tide; and when the water did at last surround them, he would clap his tiny hands with glee, and laugh to see how pleased the little builders were, even though their work had all been destroyed. Not one envious thought seemed to have place in his mind.

The apparent improvement wrought by change of air and scene turned out to be only temporary, and the inherited corruption ran its full course, so that the poor little chap literally rotted away when not quite eight years of age. His unfailing patience and sweetness were something to be wondered at. A little brother, still younger, had died in the same hospital shortly before, and Frankie always looked forward to joining him. For this dear boy, death had no terrors, and the tiny crucifix—brought to him by the Romanist Sisters, and which always hung round his neck—seemed as a veritable anchor of hope, and he would clasp it between his hands when in the worst paroxysms of agony.

During little Frankie's illness, a grand event took place in the children's ward, being neither more nor less than a tea-party of their very own, over which the presiding genius was a flaxen-haired damsel of some seven summers. A lady had given her a complete children's tea-service; and the lady superintendent not only arranged for her to have real tea and sugar and milk, but also provided a mild kind of feast in the shape of cakes and jam. Some of the cakes were made in the form of animals, plants, and buildings. Fanny was still confined to bed; but this was no hindrance, as she was able to sit up and pour out the tea, all the paraphernalia being placed on the sliding-board which goes across the children's cribs and serves the purpose of a table to hold toys or food. And very important Miss Fanny looked when she was thus installed in office. Just then, a happy thought struck the lady superintendent. Little Frankie must have some tea sent to him. He was at that time in one of the men's wards, having been placed there for the sake of greater quietness, as his leg had been amputated, and he was too weak to bear the noise of his child companions. He had at first appeared to get well over the shock, and to a certain extent make some progress; but there he stopped, and his condition was such as to cause great anxiety, for there seemed no possibility of rousing him out of the semi-lethargic state in which he had for days been lying. The men were all very kind, and made him quite into a pet, those who were up devoting themselves to his amusement, but all to no purpose; it seemed as if the springs of life were loosened, and that he must die from sheer want of motive-power to keep the vital machinery at work. This tea-party, happily, had the effect of rousing him. The novelty of the performance was amusing; and doubtless he felt himself to be very important when cup after cup of tea was brought, in such wee cups that even his poor wasted hands could hold them. What mattered it that the tea was nearly all milk, with the faintest suspicion of the cheering herb! To him it was as real as the little Marchioness's 'make-believe' lemonade! Then, too, those wonderful cakes, in all sorts of curious shapes—they were surely quite different from anything he had seen before. The kindly men around took care to keep up his newly aroused interest by little jokes as to his eating a whole church or a big lion; while as for tea, they could only drink one cup apiece, and Frankie had taken eleven!

Yes; that tea-party was a great success, and radiant with many-tinted hues reflected from the magic kaleidoscope of youth.

But it is time to end these reminiscences. In the bracing moral atmosphere of working-class Lancashire life, there are many lessons well worth the learning; much, too, serving to explain what is, after all, not quite an idle boast: 'What Lancashire thinks to-day, England thinks to-morrow.' These hard-headed north-country people have somehow a knack of getting at the very heart of things; and with this is conjoined a habit of dogged perseverance, which helps to consolidate their theories into firmly established facts.

THE QUANDONG'S SECRET.

'STEWARD,' exclaimed the chief-officer of the American barque *Decatur*, lying just then in Table Bay, into which she had put on her long voyage to Australia, for the purpose of obtaining water and fresh provisions—'the skipper's sent word off that there's two passengers coming on board for Melbourne; so look spry and get those after-berths ready, or I guess the "old man"'ll straighten you up when he does come along.'

Soon afterwards, the 'old man' and his passengers put in an appearance in the barque's cutter; the anchor, short since sunrise, was hove up to the cat-heads, topsails sheeted home, and, dipping the 'stars and bars' to the surrounding shipping, the *Decatur* again, after her brief rest, set forth on her ocean travel.

John Leslie and Francis Drury had been perfect strangers to each other all their lives long till within the last few hours; and now, with the frank confidence begotten of youth and health, each knew more of the other, his failures and successes, than perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, he would have learned in a twelvemonth. Both were comparatively young men; Drury, Australian born, a native of Victoria, and one of those roving spirits one meets with sometimes, who seem to have, and care to have, no permanent place on earth's surface, the *wandergeist* having entered into their very souls, and taken full possession thereof. The kind of man whom we are not surprised at hearing of, to-day, upon the banks of the Fly River; in a few months more in the interior of Tibet; again on the track of Stanley, or with Gordon in Khartoum.

So it had been with Francis Drury, ever seeking after fortune in the wild places of the world;

in quest, so often in vain, of a phantasmal Eldorado—lured on, ever on, by visions of what the unknown contained. Ghauts wild and rocky had re-echoed the report of his rifle; his footsteps had fallen lightly on the pavements of the ruined cities of Montezuma, sombre and stately as the primeval forest which hid them; and his skiff had cleft the bright Southern rivers that Waterton loved so well to explore, but gone farther than ever the naturalist, adventurous and daring as he too was, had ever been. At length, as he laughingly told his friend, fortune had, on the diamond fields of Klipdrift, smiled upon him, with a measured smile, 'twas true, but still a smile; and now, after an absence of some years, he had taken the opportune chance of a passage in the *Decatur*, and was off home to see his mother and sister, from whom he had not heard for nearly two years.

Leslie was rather a contrast to the other, being as quiet and thoughtful as Drury was full of life and spirits, and had been trying his hand at sheep-farming in Cape Colony, but with rather scanty results; in fact, having sunk most of his original capital, he was now taking with him to Australia very little but his African experience.

A strong friendship between these two was the result of but a few days' intimacy, during which time, however, as they were the only passengers, they naturally saw a great deal of each other; so it came to pass that Leslie heard all about his friend's sister, golden-haired Margaret Drury; and often, as in the middle watches he paced the deck alone, he conjured up visions to himself, smiling the while, of what this girl, of whom her brother spoke so lovingly and proudly, and in whom he had such steadfast faith as a woman amongst women, could be like.

The *Decatur* was now, with a strong westerly wind behind her, fast approaching the latitude of that miserable mid-oceanic rock known as the Island of St Paul, when suddenly a serious mishap occurred. The ship was 'running heavy' under her fore and main topsails and a fore topmast staysail, the breeze having increased to a stiff gale, which had brought up a very heavy sea; when somehow—for these things, even at a Board of Trade inquiry, seldom do get clearly explained—one of the two men at the wheel, or both of them perhaps, let the vessel 'broach-to,' paying the penalty of their carelessness by taking their departure from her for ever, in company with binnacle, skylights, hencoops, &c., and a huge wave which swept the *Decatur* fore and aft, from her taffrail to the heel of her bowsprit, washing at the same time poor Francis Drury, who happened to be standing under the break of the poop, up and down amongst loose spars, underneath the iron-bound windlass, dashing him pitilessly against wood and iron, here, there, and everywhere, like a broken reed; till when at last, dragged by Leslie out of the rolling, seething water on the maindeck, the roving, eager spirit seemed at last to have found rest; and his friend, as he smoothed the long fair hair from off the blood-stained forehead, mourned for him as for a younger brother.

The unfortunate man was speedily ascertained to be nothing but a mass of fractures and terrible bruises, such as no human frame under any circumstances could have survived; and well the sufferer knew it; for in a brief interval of consciousness, in a moment's respite from awful agony, he managed to draw something from around his neck, which handing to his friend in the semi-darkness of the little cabin, whilst above them the gale roared and shrieked, officers and men shouted and swore, and the timbers of the old *Decatur* groaned and creaked like sentient things—he whispered, so low that the other had to bend down close to the poor disfigured face to hear it, 'For Mother and Maggie; I was going to tell you about—it, and—Good-bye!' and then with one convulsive shudder, and with the dark-blue eyes still gazing imploringly up into those of his friend, his spirit took its flight.

The gale has abated, the courses are clewed up, topsails thrown aback, and the starry flag flies half-mast high, as they 'commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption; looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead.' A sudden, shooting plunge into the sparkling water, and Francis Drury's place on earth will know him no more. Gone is the gallant spirit, stilled the eager heart for ever, and Leslie's tears fall thick and heavy—no one there deeming them shame to his manhood—as the bellying canvas urges the ship swiftly onward on her course.

Only a Quandong stone, of rather unusual size, covered with little silver knobs or studs, and to one end of which was attached a stout silver chain. Leslie, as he turned it over and over in his hand, thinking sadly enough of its late owner, wondered much what he had been about to communicate when Death so relentlessly stepped in. The value of the thing as an ornament was but a trifle, and, try as he might, Leslie could find no indication that there was aught but met the eye: a simple Australian wild-peach stone converted into a trifle, rather ugly than otherwise, as is the case with so many so-called *curios*. Still, as his friend's last thought and charge, it was sacred in his sight; and putting it carefully away, he determined on landing at Melbourne, now so near, to make it his first care to find out Drury's mother and his sister.

'Drury, Drury! Let me see! Yes; of course. Mother and daughter, brother too sometimes; rather a wild young fellow; always "on the go" somewhere or other, you know. Yes; they used to live here; but they've been gone this long time; and where to, is more than I can tell you; or I think anybody else about here either.'

So spake the present tenant of 'Acacia Cottage, St Kilda,' in response to Leslie's inquiries at the address, to obtain which he had overhauled the effects of the dead man, finding it at the commencement of a two-year-old letter from his mother, directed to 'Algoa Bay;' finding, besides, some receipts of diamonds sold at Cape Town, and a letter of credit on a Melbourne bank for five hundred pounds; probably, so Leslie thought to himself, that 'measured smile' of which the poor fellow had laughingly spoken to him in the earlier days of their brief companionship.

The above was the sum-total of the information he could ever—after many persistent efforts, including a fruitless trip to Hobart—obtain of the family or their whereabouts; so, depositing the five hundred pounds at one of the principal banking institutions, and inserting an advertisement in the *Age* and *Argus*, Leslie having but little spare cash, and his own fortune lying still in deepest shadow, reluctantly, for a time at least, as he promised himself, abandoned the quest.

Kaloola was one of the prettiest pastoral homesteads in the north-western district of Victoria; and its owner, as one evening he sat in the broad veranda, and saw on every side, far as the eye could reach, land and stock all calling him master, felt that the years that had passed since the old *Decatur* dropped her anchor in Port Phillip had not passed away altogether in vain; and although ominous wrinkles began to appear about the corners of John Leslie's eyes, and gray hairs about his temples, the man's heart was fresh and unseared as when, on a certain day twelve long years ago, he had shed bitter tears over the ocean grave of his friend. Vainly throughout these latter years had he endeavoured to find some traces of the Drurys. The deposit in the Bank of Australasia had remained untouched, and had by now swollen to a very respectable sum indeed. Advertisements in nearly every metropolitan and provincial newspaper were equally without result; even 'private inquiry' agents, employed at no small cost, confessed themselves at fault. Many a hard fight with fortune had John Leslie encountered before he achieved success; but through it all, good times and bad, he had never forgotten the dying bequest left to him on that dark and stormy morning in the Southern Ocean; and now, as rising and going to his desk he took out the Quandong stone, and turning it over and over, as though trying once again to finish those last dying words left unfinished so many years ago, his thoughts fled back along memory's unforgotten vale, and a strong presentiment seemed to impel him not to leave the trinket behind, for the successful squatter was on the eve of a trip to 'the Old Country,' and this was his last day at Kaloola; so, detaching the stone from its chain, he screwed it securely to his watchguard, and in a few hours more had bidden adieu to Kaloola for some time to come.

It was evening on the Marine Parade at Brighton, and a crowd of fashionably dressed people were walking up and down, or sitting listening to the music of the band. Amongst these latter was our old friend John Leslie, who had been in England some three or four months, and who now seemed absorbed in the sweet strains of Urich's *Good-night, my Love*, with which the musicians were closing their evening's selection; but in reality his thoughts were far away across the ocean, in the land of his adoption; and few dreamed that the sun-browned, long-bearded, middle-aged gentleman, clothed more in accordance with ideas of comfort than of fashion, and who sat there so quietly every evening, could, had it so pleased him, have bought up half the gay loungers who passed and repassed him with many a quizzical glance at the loose attire, in such striking contrast to the British fashion of the day.

Truth to tell, Leslie was beginning to long for the far-spreading plains of his Australian home once more; his was a quiet thoughtful nature, unfitted for the gay scenes in which he had lately found himself a passive actor, and he was—save for one sister, married years ago, and now with her husband in Bermuda—alone in the world; and he thinks rather sadly, perhaps, as he walks slowly back through the crowd of fashionables to the *Imperial*, where he is staying: 'And alone most likely to the end.'

He had not been in his room many minutes before there came a knock at the door; and, scarcely waiting for answer, in darted a very red-faced, very stout, and apparently very flurried old gentleman, who, setting his gold eye-glasses firmly on his nose, at once began: 'Er—ah, Mr Leslie, I believe? Got your number from the porter, you see—great rascal, by the way, that porter; always looks as if he wanted something, you know—then the visitors' book, and so. Yes; it's all right so far. There's the thing now!'—glancing at the old Quandong stone which still hung at Leslie's watch-chain. 'I'—he went on—'that is, my name is Raby, Colonel Raby, and—— Dear me, yes; must apologise, ought to have done that at first, for intrusion, and all that kind of thing; but really, you see'—— And here the old gentleman paused, fairly for want of breath, his purple cheeks expanding and contracting, whilst, instead of words, he emitted a series of little puffs; and John, whilst asking him to take a seat, entertained rather strong doubts of his visitor's sanity.

'Now,' said he at length, when he perceived signs that the colonel was about to recommence, 'kindly let me know in what way I can be of use to you.'

'Bother take the women!' ejaculated the visitor, as he recovered his breath again. 'But you see, Mr Leslie, it was all through my niece. She caught sight of that thing—funny-looking thing, too—on your chain whilst we were on the Parade this evening, and nearly fainted away—she did, sir, I do assure you, in Mrs Raby's arms, too, sir; and if I had not got a cup of water from the drinking fountain, and poured it over her head, there would most likely have been a bit of a scene, sir, and then—— We are staying in this house, you know. We saw you come in just behind us; and so—of course it's all nonsense, but the fact is'——

'Excuse me,' interrupted Leslie, who was growing impatient; 'but may I ask the name of the lady—your niece, I mean?'

'My niece, sir,' replied the colonel, rather ruffled at being cut short, 'is known as Miss Margaret Drury; and if you will only have the kindness to convince her as to the utter absurdity of an idea which she somehow entertains that that affair, charm, trinket, or whatever you may call it, once belonged to a brother of hers, I shall be extremely obliged to you, for really'—relapsing again—'when the women once get hold of a fad of the kind, a man's peace is clean gone, sir, I do assure you.'

'I am not quite sure,' remarked Leslie, smiling,

'that in this case at least it will turn out to be a "fad." How I became possessed of this stone, which I have every reason to believe once belonged to her brother, and which, through long years, I have held in trust for her and her mother, is quite capable of explanation, sad though the story may be. So, sir, I shall be very pleased to wait on Miss Drury as soon as may be convenient to her.'

A tall, dark-robed figure, beyond the first bloom of maidenhood, but still passing fair to look upon, rose on Leslie's entrance; and he recognised at a glance the long golden hair, and calm eyes of deepest blue, of poor Drury's oft-repeated description.

Many a sob escaped his auditor as he feelingly related his sad story.

'Poor Francie,' she said at last—'poor, dear Francie! And this is the old Quandong locket I gave him as a parting gift, when he left for those terrible diamond fields! A lock of my hair was in it. But how strange it seems that through all these years you have never discovered the secret of opening it. See!' and with a push on one of the stud-heads and a twist on another, a short, stout silver pin drew out, and one half of the nut slipped off, disclosing to the astonished gaze of the pair, nestling in a thick lock of golden threads finer than the finest silk, a beautiful diamond, uncut, but still, even to the unpractised eyes of Leslie, of great value.

This, then, was the secret of the Quandong stone, kept so faithfully for so long a time. This was what that dying friend and brother had tried, but tried in vain, with his last breath to disclose.

It was little wonder that Leslie's inquiries and advertisements had been ineffectual, for about the time Drury had received his last letter from home, the bank in which was the widow's modest capital failed, and mother and daughter were suddenly plunged into poverty dire and complete. In this strait they wrote to Colonel Raby, Mrs Drury's brother, who, to do him justice, behaved nobly, bringing them from Australia to England, and accepting them as part and parcel of his home without the slightest delay. Mrs Drury had now been dead some years; and though letter after letter had been addressed to Francis Drury at the Cape, they had invariably returned with the discouraging indorsement, 'Not to be found.' The Rabys, it seemed, save for a brief interval yearly, lived a very retired kind of life on the Yorkshire wolds; still, Margaret Drury had caused many and persistent inquiries to be made as to the fate of her brother, but, till that eventful evening on the Marine Parade, without being able to obtain the slightest clue.

As perhaps the reader has already divined, John Leslie was, after all, not fated to go through life's pilgrimage alone. In fair Margaret Drury he found a loving companion and devoted wife; and as, through the years of good and evil hap,

> The red light fell about their knees,
> On heads that rose by slow degrees,
> Like buds upon the lily spire,

so did John Leslie more nearly realise what a rare prize he had won.

At beautiful Kaloola, Mr and Mrs Leslie still live happily, and the old Quandong stone, with its occupant still undisturbed, is treasured amongst their most precious relics.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

IV.

THE recovery of Miss May from the effects of her accident was slow, but satisfactory. For some days she lay in a state of semi-stupor; and afterwards, when full consciousness returned, her feelings were more like those of one in a dream, than in waking life. She was aware of the gentle, mother-like assiduity for her comfort of an elderly lady, who seemed to be always at hand to attend to her wants; and in that visionary stage of convalescence in which at times the patient can scarcely distinguish between dreams and realities, she was fain to believe it but a dream that she had been an orphan from infancy, for here was her own dear mother tending her again with watchful care. The other figure, that glided round her bed with noiseless footsteps, she could not make out at all. With dreamy eyes she could see it was that of a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl, of her own age, or younger. She had an intuition, too, that her name was Ruth; and she liked to hear her speak, for her voice was low and musical, and so full of sympathy for her. But further thought cost too much effort, so she was fain to lie in a state of dreamy comfort.

Strength of mind and body came back, however, gradually but surely; and at last the doctor granted permission, one afternoon, that she might leave her room and join the family at tea in the parlour. By this time Mrs Martindale, Ruth, and she were great friends; and she had learnt from them the circumstances under which she came to be in her present condition. Her recollection was a blank from the time that she was struck down by the runaway horse. She had indeed a dim remembrance of seeing some one apparently spring out of the ground and seize the horse's bridle simultaneously with the blow she received; but further than this she could recollect nothing. So it was as a perfect stranger that Joe appeared to her that afternoon in the cosy parlour, redolent of rose-leaves and lavender, and in which the first fire of autumn had been lighted for her comfort. How grateful she felt for all this kindness, bestowed upon her, an utter stranger—a playactress too, one of a class whom country folks look upon still as a species of social pariah. And how prettily, and with what emotion, she expressed that gratitude, two precious little tears gemming her eyes as she thanked Joe for the life he had preserved to her.

Joe would have considered it sacrilege to call that afternoon and evening by such a commonplace term as pleasant. It was heavenly! And who but he knew how to place Miss May's easy-chair just at the very angle where she could enjoy all the comfort of the fire without being inconvenienced by its glare? And who but he could arrange the cushions in the easiest position to support her dainty head? Why, nobody; and Ruth made the discovery that

Joe had missed his vocation in life, which should have been that of a nurse. Then after tea, when Joe and his mother had retired for a while, Ruth thought that her new friend was now sufficiently strong to become the recipient of her confidences touching her engagement to Dick; and this seemed to cement their friendship still more; so that with one thing and another, before bedtime they were like a little family party, instead of the strangers they had been only a few weeks before.

Days went by, and Phyllis—she was Phyllis now—was able to go about the house, and began to talk of the time drawing near when she must no longer trespass on their kind hospitality. But Mrs Martindale would not hear of this, and declared she should not leave Knowecroft until she was perfectly strong; for where could she have such a chance of speedy recovery as in the clear bracing air and restful atmosphere of Linthwaite? The truth was, the winsome ways of the young girl had so twined her round the good old lady's heart, that she was loth to think of the time when they must part with her. Many a time did she bewail to herself that the lot of such a sweet bit lassie should be cast among 'them playactors!' She had gathered from Phyllis that she was an orphan; and had often wished that she had been sent to them sooner, to be trained up in good, solid, sensible country ways, instead of the nonsense of playacting.

After a while, Phyllis was sufficiently strong to go into the dairy and watch Ruth making up the butter, which she always did with her own hands; and one day she surprised that young person by saying to her: 'Let me help you, Ruthie; I think I can do it your way now, after seeing you.'

'Why, Phyllis,' replied Ruth, 'what can *you* know about making butter? Those little hands of yours were never made for such work as this.'

'Oh, weren't they, though?' rejoined Phyllis, laughing. 'But they were! Why, you dear delicious little Ruthie, they have put up pounds and pounds and pounds of butter many a time! See!' she continued, turning up her sleeves, and setting to work in orthodox fashion, seizing a handful of butter, and rolling it and patting it and moulding it as deftly as the astonished Ruth could have done it herself. 'Does that look as if I were doing this work for the first time?'

'Where did you learn?' asked Ruth in amazement. 'Why, Phyllis, you could beat me hollow!'

'Have I never told you?' replied Phyllis. 'My dear old uncle and aunt, with whom I have lived nearly all my life, had a farm in Shropshire, and I always used to help with the dairywork. You know my father was an actor; my mother died when I was only three years old, and my father before I was five; so, as uncle and aunt had no children of their own, they adopted me. Poor uncle died twelve months ago last Christmas; and when everything was settled, it was found that there was little or no money left, so I had to set to work to make my own living. Aunt did not live long after him; and now I have no relations left. Well, I tried a situation as governess first; but it was miserable, Ruthie, dear! So I was glad when Mr Nelson, who was my father's dearest friend, looked me up, and proposed that I should try how I would like to be an actress. I made my first appearance in Carlisle only the week before I came here, so you see I am a long way off the top of the tree yet.'

But Ruth could not wait to hear more. She was off like a bird to find her mother and tell her the news. She found that good lady pouring out Joe's tea; and rushing in, she broke into a merry laugh, and cried: 'Mother! Phyllis is a ready-made farmer's wife, and not a bit of an actress after all!'

Whatever other effect this declaration had, it quite took away Joe's appetite; a state of things which under other circumstances would have aroused maternal anxiety; but now his mother was too much interested in this wonderful intelligence to notice it. And before they could question Ruth further, she was off again, and in another minute had Phyllis among them, to tell her story for herself.

Candour compels us to admit that this discovery of their charming guest being a possible candidate for matrimony in their domestic circle gave the good mother a slight twinge of jealousy on Joe's behalf. For what mother can look in the face for the first time the possibility that even a part of her only son's affection towards herself may be diverted into another channel? But she was too sensible a woman to brood over such thoughts; for after all, if Joe did get such an idea into his head, where would he find a sweeter and better little wife than Phyllis? Her heart melted towards the desolate girl, who had never known a mother's love and care; and she kissed the young face, where the roses were again blooming, with such tenderness as called up the tears once more into the orphan's eyes. But they did not remain there long, for she had to satisfy Mrs Martindale's curiosity concerning the art and mystery of butter-making as practised in Salop; and Ruth was too full of rejoicing at her discovery to leave room for any but merry hearts in her company. And here was such a glorious chance for doing a bit of that match-making which all women, and particularly women who are newly matched themselves, so dearly love. So Ruth firmly made up her mind that she would have Phyllis for her sister; and Joe on his part determined that it should not be his fault if she had not.

And Phyllis? Well, Phyllis had not been asked for her opinion on that delicate subject as yet, and so it would hardly be fair in us to divulge her feelings. Mrs Martindale in *her* mind fully resolved that there should be no more playacting for Miss Phyllis May. Ruth was going to leave her, and she should take Ruth's place in the household. If Joe took it into his head to marry her, well and good; but if not, there would soon be plenty of eligible suitors for her hand, and anything was better than to let her go back among 'them playactor folk.'

V.

It must not be supposed that Phyllis had been deserted by her actor-friends all this time. On the contrary, Mr Nelson had managed to pay

one or two hurried visits to Knowecroft during the first weeks of her illness, and on one occasion he brought his wife, to give the latter an opportunity of seeing for herself that Phyllis was really comfortable and happy. Possibly, Mrs Nelson was shrewd enough to surmise what was likely to be the outcome of the charming stranger's stay at Knowecroft; at anyrate, neither she nor her husband showed any signs of any wish to shorten her stay there, although Phyllis was not left without every assurance that the worthy couple were looking forward with pleasure to her return.

As day by day went past, each one bringing nearer the time when she must leave Knowecroft and all the kind friends there, Phyllis's heart had grown very heavy. It had been such a peaceful, happy time—even while she was an invalid, she had felt it so—after buffeting with the world for nearly two years alone, meeting with harsh words from some, indifference from many, and kindness from few; and as a last resource, having to adopt for a livelihood a calling for which she had little liking—that Knowecroft had seemed to her a perfect haven of rest. It was not as a stranger that the little household there seemed to look upon her; nay, it was more as a daughter and a sister, and her heart yearned so towards all this love, which she must leave behind her. It appeared so much harder to face the world now, than it did before she came; but she knew that it must be done, and she felt that the sooner her departure was taken now, the better it would be, both for herself and her hospitable friends. She could not be blind to the fact that Joe's regard for her was of a warmer nature than even that of a brother; and without daring to analyse her own feelings towards him, she dreaded a declaration on his part, as being sure to cause unhappiness to his mother, for whose goodness she was so deeply grateful that she shrank from causing her a moment's pain. And that it must be a matter for pain to her, that her son should wish to marry a penniless stranger, Phyllis felt sure; all the more so that that stranger had been, even for so short a time, a 'playactor.' So she came to the resolution to write to Mr Nelson at once, telling him that she was at last well enough to resume her histrionic duties, and then to intimate to Mrs Martindale that she must now really leave them.

But when she came to talk to her about it, she found that good lady had very different views on the subject. 'Gän to leave us?' said she. 'Nay, Phyllis, my dear lass, thoo mustn't talk that way. Ruth's gän, an' I'm to be left by mysel', an' I've been thinkin' hoo neyce it wad be if thoo wad nobbut bide wid us awthegither. I ken thoo might mak' mair money wid them playactors, but bless the', bairn! thoo wad be far better wid us. Thy oan mother wadn't be kinder till the' than I'll be, if thoo'll only stop.'

'Oh! Mrs Martindale'—— began Phyllis.

'Nay; divvent co' me Mrs Martindale; co' me *mother*, that's a good bairn,' interpolated the kindly dame. 'I's sure I fin' like a mother to the', an' I always will, whether thoo gäns or stops; but thoo's gän nin.'

'Well, mother, dear mother,' continued Phyllis, 'if I stayed, I should only be a trouble to you, and that would make me miserable as well as you. It is very, very hard to leave you; but as I have my livelihood to make, I must; it is best that I should.'

'There's nea "best" aboot it, that I can see,' rejoined Mrs Martindale. 'Ruth's gän to leave me, an' I's gittin' oald an' feckless, an' there'll hev' to be somebody to tak' her pleace, an' thoo could mannish 't famously. Thoo maybe thinks that Joe wad object; but here he is comin', an' we'll see what he says.' And Joe, whose face had been lengthening daily at the prospect of Phyllis withdrawing the light of her presence from Knowecroft, walked into the room. 'Joe,' said his mother, 'here's Phyllis talkin' aboot leavin' us; an' I want her to bide an' tak' Ruth's pleace, an' I believe she's feeart thoo wad object. Wad te, Joe?'

Would *he* object! The idea was ridiculous. So he replied: 'Miss May' (*he* had not advanced to the 'Phyllis' stage yet), 'if any persuasions of mine could prevail upon you to remain with us, I would use them all. Could you not be happy with us?'

'Oh, so happy!' replied Phyllis, half sobbing. 'You have all been so good and so kind to me; but'——

'We want nea *buts*,' interrupted Mrs Martindale. 'If thoo's gän to be happy, an' I's gän to be happy, an' Joe's gän to be happy, thoo stops; an' we're aw gän to be miserable if thoo gäns, thoo'll stop, an' that's aw aboot it. Sea, it's settled!'

With the ground cut from beneath her whichever way she turned, what could poor Phyllis do? So it was arranged then and there that she should resume the *rôle* of Phœbe, but in earnest this time; and Ruth undertook, before leaving Knowecroft, to make her such an adept in poultry-rearing and Cumberland dairywork as would leave nothing for her mother to teach her.

ODDITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

FROM A MONTANA CORRESPONDENT.

THE exigencies of climate naturally form the habits of animals, birds, and fishes, when in a purely wild condition; but how can one explain the curious fact of the gopher or ground-squirrel 'holing-up,' as the miners call it, on or about the 20th of August each year? The weather at that time is usually warm and pleasant, and generally continues so into October, yet Mr Gopher about the 1st of August may be seen skipping along with a small tuft of grass in his mouth, which, as he disappears down his hole with a twinkle of his tail, he carries with him for his winter's bed. These curious little fellows may be seen by hundreds on, say, the 15th of August; on the 21st, but few can be seen; and by the 25th, you may ride miles and not see one. Is this what some people call 'inherited instinct?'

The gophers are sharp in their generation, easily tamed to come from their holes at a signal; and standing motionless and erect on their hind-feet, they await the little delicacy you are expected to give them. I know one fat fellow, by the men christened 'Dick,' who on being tamed, at

once drove all the others to a respectful distance, while he remained in the cabin, erect and keen-eyed, waiting for his supper. Dick found that the men sometimes closed the cabin-door when at meals, thus keeping him out. Next day, though the door was shut, Dick appeared as usual. Examination showed that he had dug a hole from the outside under the floor, coming up exactly where two boards had failed to meet in one corner; thus finding the only possible opening by which he could get through the floor. How was this planned? The gopher appears to freeze perfectly solid in our severe winters. Miners drifting through gravel in winter have several times, to my knowledge, dug them out curled like a ball, but solid and cold as though dead. It is impossible to open them out when in this condition; they are like a block of wood. But place one near a hot log-fire and soon he will straighten himself; and first one hind-leg and then the other will kick a little, and Mr G. sits up and looks around with a bewildered air.

Our fish act in a similar manner in winter. In fishing through the ice—sometimes the latter four feet thick—the temperature is usually low, say from twenty to forty-five degrees below zero—the fish, whether trout, grayling, or whitefish, when released from the hook and thrown on the ice, almost immediately stiffen and cease jumping about. Many of them stiffen or freeze in a curved form, as though stricken with the intense cold as they struggled on the ice. Take these same fish home to a warm kitchen, and they will, when thawed, kick and flop about as though newly caught. I have seen this occur five hours after being out of water, and have been told they will live for twenty-four hours, if kept frozen for that time.

Our bears—the grizzly, cinnamon, and black—go into winter-quarters when it suits them. They are influenced wholly by season, it would seem. Sometimes, if one or two bright warm days follow each other in winter, Bruin will come out for a short promenade; but he quickly returns homeward on the least change of temperature. The she-bear is supposed here to bring forth her cubs when in winter-quarters. No matter how early you may see the female bear in spring, she always has her cubs with her.

I will mention a fact, that has, I understand, been disputed by some professors in the East, and that is the presence of wood-ticks in the swallows' nests here. I refer to the eave-building swallow. I have seen nests which fairly swarmed inside with these abominable crawlers. This fact is so well known here, that miners, cowboys, &c. will knock down the partly built nests, and thus discourage the birds from building at that particular spot, because letting the nests remain means having your cabin infested after a time with these very efficient substitutes for bed-bugs. Whether these ticks are parasites brought from the South or not, I do not know, but I do know that the nests here have them.

The snow-shoe rabbit is a curious little fellow; the loose skin of the feet is enlarged so as to expand on pressure, and Bunny can skim along deep soft snow where no living animal can follow him. The mountain goat has a similar protection given it by nature; the thick wiry hair on its legs above the hoofs spreads outwards when walking over snow, and enables this unsocial party to wander at sweet will over deep and deadly drifts unmolested by his enemies. The spreading wiry hair prevents him from sinking over a few inches in the snow. He never descends to the low country, unless in unusually severe weather. In summer, he ranges on the summits almost of the highest hills, close up to the perpetual snow-line, feeding on the lichens, mosses, and stunted grasses he finds there. In winter, reluctantly descending part way down the hill-sides, only so far as he is compelled, he wanders over the storm-cleared rocks, nibbling here and there, and picking up his living in a way marvellous to behold. Silent, wary, keen eyed and eared, with a wonderful scent for danger, he views with supreme contempt the lower world beneath him. One forgets almost to breathe, watching a herd of these fellows when alarmed. Rocks, boulders, chasms, cliffs, are as level ground to them; madly hopping, skipping, and jumping, sideway, frontway, any way, on they go like a drifting cloud, and in a moment almost, have vanished.

'SHALL I?'

SHALL I do this, sir, and shall I do that, sir?
Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out?
Shall it be bonnet, or shall it be hat, sir?
State your opinion; I'm sadly in doubt.
Shall I go riding, or shall I go walking?
Shall I accept it, or shall I refuse?
Shall I be silent, or shall I keep talking?
Give your advice, pray; I cannot well choose.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her?
Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold?
Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter?
Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold?
What will be said if I stay from the dinner?
What will be said if I'm seen at the ball?
Will they proclaim me a saint, or a sinner?
If not the former, I go not at all.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,
Doing the thing that is lawful and right?
Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,
Shunning the darkness, and courting the light.
Surely, if conscience forbear to upbraid us,
Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools;
God is our guide—for His service He made us—
Not to be ruled by the makers of rules.
Pander no longer to others' opinions;
Wear not the garb of Society's slaves;
Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions;
Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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SOME STAGE-TRADES.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

While Mrs Kendal's recent utterances at the Social Science Congress, and the continued efforts of dramatic scribes, have helped not a little to bring the 'art' side of the theatrical profession into a deserved prominence, it occurs to the writer that but little, comparatively speaking, is known about what may be termed the workman's share in stage-plays. Though one hears a great deal about what actors think, what actresses think, and what managers think, one is never allowed to hear the workman's opinion; nor, except on rare occasions, is one permitted even to know if such a being as a stage-workman exists. People have some idea, certainly, that there are such functionaries as scene-painters, stage-carpenters, and the like; but to the public eye they are mysterious beings who have really no business to exist at all. To think of them is alone sufficient to spoil the effect of the prettiest stage-picture; and the apparition of a scene-painter bowing his thanks in the middle of the transformation scene of a pantomime, has before now robbed this most picturesque illusion of its greatest charm—apparent reality. The public, as a rule, do not like to be reminded of a Spitalfields loom when they see a heroic pantomime 'prince' in all the glory of glittering fringe. The very suspicion of such an origin gives the shining rain of fairyland an incongruous, matter-of-fact look which ill becomes it.

Perhaps the most difficult task, in a paper like the present, is the choice not only of particular employments and manufactures, but of the most salient features of the callings or of the trade products which, without the introduction of technical particulars, will enable the reader to form some conception of the magnitude and number of stage occupations. Of the number of these occupations, the uninitiated can have but little idea. Wig-making, mask-making, picture-printing, hose-making, costume-making, fringe-making, spangle-making, cabinet-making, the manufacture of foil-paper, stage-jewellery, lime-light, and a host of other avocations are called into requisition to satisfy that greedy monster, 'popular taste.' Few who look at a pantomime, for instance, have the faintest idea of the working hosts employed, and of the days, weeks, and even months consumed in bringing *Jack the Giant-killer* or *Cinderella* to that proper pitch of perfection which is nowadays expected from everything theatrical. In pantomimes or spectacular performances, this is especially the case; but even in less elaborate—so far as stage requirements go—and more sensible productions, the amount and the character of skilled labour can only be appreciated by those who actually come in contact with it. Such a play, for instance, as *The World* makes an extensive call on the resources of the theatrical tradesman, even though historical costume is of necessity absent; while a production like that of *Much Ado About Nothing*, as staged and dressed at the London Lyceum, means no end of labour to the artisan as well as the artist. At a dramatic representation this fact seldom presents itself. We see the attractive *tout ensemble;* the stage-pictures please the eye; the costumes are attractive, the plot interesting, and the acting realistic. We are entertained, possibly instructed, and ask nothing further. The why and the wherefore of this or that does not trouble us in the least, and the consequence is that while we are unlimited in our laudations of author and actor, the theatrical tradesman, who possibly has contributed not a little to the desired result, seldom, if ever, gets a 'Thank you' from anybody.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important of stage-trades is that of wig-making. 'There is room,' said a contemporary recently, 'for as much tragedy in a hair-dresser's wig as ever Hamlet found in the grave-digger's skulls.' Leaving the tragic element out of the question, there is many a wig that, could it tell its story, would furnish abundant food for reflection. As I write, there lies in my

immediate vicinity a dirty, greasy, old 'scratch' wig. Its springs are broken, its net foundation in tatters, and altogether exhibiting signs of a near dissolution. Yet years ago, long before its then owner dreamed of American tours or royal patronage, that wig was worn by Henry Irving in the 'Queen Victoria's Own Theayter' for the part of Bill Sikes in *Oliver Twist*. At first sight, the importance of the particular industry of wig-making may appear of but little account, yet when I mention that before the Lyceum company started on their first American tour, no less than eleven hundred wigs were manufactured for them by a leading London perruquier, the importance of artificial hair in theatrical disguises will be recognised at once. Without a wig, for instance, how terribly commonplace would a Doricourt become; how wanting in unctuousness a flaxen-haired Mr Dawson, B.A.; how lacking in romance a close-cropped Romeo! Actors are well aware that without the assistance of their perruquier their best efforts would lose half their charm, and the result is that wig-making has now become one of the leading trades—'arts,' indeed, would be a more befitting term—in connection with the theatrical profession. The names of some of the varieties in these artificial coverings for the head would, I doubt not, puzzle many non-theatrical readers. Country Boys', Black Straight, Quakers', Red Indians', Black Bald, Scratch, Court, Dress, Midas, Chinese, Flowing, Brown, Fair, Red, and Gray Tie, Brown, Gray, White, and Black Dress, Monks', Comic Old Women's, Japanese, Watteau, Barristers', Pages', Clowns', and I know not how many more; while particular parts, such as Bill Sikes, Middlewick, Mr Dawson, B.A., Dundreary, Paul Pry, &c., have particular wigs, which are known simply by the character they are used for.

A great deal of nonsense is sometimes talked as to the sources from which perruquiers obtain the material for their wigs. Stories of children being waylaid in dark alleys; of fair-haired mothers sacrificing their beauteous tresses to fill the mouths of their hungry offspring; of the dark shadow of the perruquier's emissary lending additional horrors to the scaffold; and of 'resurrected' corpses being laid under tribute to supply the wig-maker's demands, had all better be received with the proverbial grain of salt. The majority of the hair used by the trade comes from the continent; the light hair, as might be expected, being obtained from the peasantry of northern latitudes, while the south of Europe supplies darker shades. Travellers, I was once informed by a leading London perruquier, go round the different villages collecting the material. The hair once obtained, it has to undergo cleansing and other operations ere it is ready to be made up into a wig. These finished, it is twisted into what is technically termed 'weft;' and then a wig-block having been covered with a net or gauze foundation, the weft is sewn on in rows running from ear to ear. The wig is then cut and trimmed and taken off the wig-block ready for use.

Moustaches are manufactured much in the same way. A block is covered with gauze, the pattern of the moustache cut out in paper and pasted on the gauze, and the 'weft' knotted in as before. Girls, for the most part, are employed at this branch of the business, the work being, in fact, of such delicacy that only the deft fingers of a woman could accomplish it.

Besides wig-making, the majority of perruquiers also include in their business the necessaries employed for what is termed 'make-up;' and in the case of amateur representations, where those taking part are unable, through inexperience, to use the 'hare's-foot,' &c. with effect, the perruquier's assistant is generally told off to superintend the operation. The ordinary run of professionals, however, seldom go in for the luxury of an assistant in the face-painting process; with a 'make-up box,' small mirror, and long practice, an assistant would be an expensive superfluity. The various requisites for this preliminary step in dramatic representation almost defy enumeration. Rouge in its different shades, blue to represent unshaven faces, burnt cork for negro minstrels, carmine, chrome for sallow complexions, *émail noir* to stop-out teeth when representing old men, joining-paste for affixing bald wigs to the forehead, mongolian for Indians, &c., pencils for the veins, grenadine for the lips, pencils for the eyebrows and eyelids, grease-paints in thirty different colours, hair-powder, hare's-feet, skin-moustache masks, and a dozen other articles, form but a portion of the stock-in-trade of the supplier of make-up requisites. It is quite possible, too, that a visit to his establishment might unearth fanciful masks, dominoes, noses, and many other pantomime necessaries.

Costumes—including costumes proper, hats, hose, boots and shoes—fulfil such important functions in stage-plays that an apology might be almost tendered for making their consideration second to that of wigs and make-up. On the other hand, so little could be added—regarding the manufacture of costumes generally—to the information of any one having access to the interior of a tailor's shop, that to give costume manufacture preference to the less understood art of wig-making, would be to place the latter in a position it does not deserve. I have said that but little could be written regarding costumes generally. Were I to write, for instance, that a harlequin's dress—in which he dances so nimbly, exposed to the overpowering heat of 'floats,' 'battens,' 'wing-lights,' and sometimes 'ground-rows'—was as heavy, or heavier than an ordinary suit of clothes; that it is made up of hundreds of various-coloured pieces of cloth; and that on each separate piece numerous spangles are stitched by hand, I might perhaps whet curiosity, while I would sacrifice instruction. Were I to dilate on the oddity of costumiers always retaining in stock a quantity of rags, without which such old favourites as the 'Artful Dodger,' &c. would lose half their charm; or dwell on the interesting fact that Fechter's attire in *Ruy Blas* is still in existence in a costumier's establishment in London, I would only be raking up out-of-the-way but unprofitable information, which, in all probability, would be forgotten as soon as read.

Let me, therefore, rather draw the attention of readers to less known items regarding particular details of costume, not the least interesting among which I might instance stage-hosiery. This

manufacture is but little practised in London. As a general rule, the looms of the Midlands meet all the demands of the metropolitan and provincial stage. Still, there are one or two establishments within a stone's-throw of Drury Lane which keep a few machines working in order that hurried orders may be more rapidly met than they could possibly be if the supply had to be brought from its provincial birthplace. One of these establishments I had the opportunity of visiting some twelve months ago, and from the results of the visit—which were published at the time in a theatrical journal—I cull the following description of the manufacture of what in stage parlance are termed 'tights.' 'The machines were situated in a small low-ceilinged room, and the constant whir ensuing, as row after row of thread was added, set one's teeth on edge in anything but a pleasant manner. The machine had not the click-clack of an ordinary loom; it was whir, whir, whir, as if a tuning-fork was being drawn across some comb-like substance; while the shivery feeling the noise produced was icily suggestive of cold water trickling down one's back. There was no shuttle; no warp *versus* weft. The operator's fingers, taking the place of the shuttle, draws the thread across the row of horizontal J-shaped needles; by another movement, the loop of each little elongated J presses the thread down, when a knot is formed by a further thread being passed over the loop; and so, after the manner of ordinary hand-knitting, the process of manufacture goes on. Both feet and hands are brought into requisition in the work, which is, to all appearance, both monotonous and tedious. About the most interesting feature of the machine is the fact that the garment woven literally "hangs by a thread," and does the operator fail but once to draw the thread across the needles, the article falls off the machine entirely. In fact, to use a homely phrase, he "drops his stitches," and is obliged to pick them up. The measurement of the garment must, of course, be accurate; and at intervals a rule is employed, so that the tall and well-formed hero may not have to wear diminutive dress, nor the romantic Rosalind assume the less imposing "casings" of the Irish colleen.'

There is so little interesting literary matter deducible from the manufacture of theatrical boots and shoes, that I am almost tempted to leave this item unnoticed. Yet there can be no doubt that adolescent curiosity will always find a glamour of romance about, say, the foot of a *première danseuse*. Even respectable story-tellers do not hesitate to work up the interest in their novel or novelette by here and there introducing the stereotyped pretty speeches about 'the poetry of motion' exhibited in pantomime or opera-bouffe. Still, the stage-dancer's shoe is a very everyday affair after all. Just step into this bootmaker's shop with me, and you'll see the whole manufacture in a trice. The dancer has just had her pretty foot measured for shoes for one of the current pantomimes, and is boring the shoemaker with no end of instructions about the make and shape of the required article. 'Now, remember, Mr So-and-so, they're to have white satin outsides; and be sure and have the toes well stiffened; and don't forget to make the soles as white as possible;' and so on, and so on, while the much-enduring bootmaker listens in polite silence, and obsequiously bows the great-little lady out. Then he proceeds to business; first making a last to the measurement he has taken of the foot; then cutting out the material, he fits it on to the last, and in a short time the dainty article is ready for its daintier wearer. Of course, ordinary ballet shoes—those intended for the third or fourth row of dancers—do not require anything like the attention bestowed on the foot-covering of the *première danseuse*. Such second-rate shoes are generally covered with canvas; the wearer afterwards refining their exterior with silk or satin, as she pleases; and can be had for a shilling or two a pair. The reader, however, must not run away with the idea that this represents anything like the average cost of footware used in stage displays. I have seen a pantomime 'prince' wear a pair of thirty-buttoned sky-blue satin 'turreted' boots, the cost of which would nearly keep me in boots for a year.

'Glittering rain' often forms a picturesque feature of the final tableau of a transformation scene. Most readers probably will recollect that just as the transformation is fully effected, and immediately before the hideous red fire makes everything and everybody look ghastly in the extreme, there may sometimes be observed descending from the clouds—or, more correctly, flies—a glistening imitation of fairyland rain. They may also recollect that in many cases the dresses of the lady artists in a pantomime are made particularly striking by the golden fringe suspended to them. As the 'glittering rain' of the transformation and the 'golden fringe' of the ladies are of much the same material, let me tell you a little of what I know of the latter. It goes without saying that the term 'golden' slightly exaggerates the quality of the article. Except in the case of principals, or of moneyed amateurs who can afford 'bullion fringe,' the rank and file of the profession commonly patronise what is technically known as 'silver-plate' and 'water' fringe.

I once had an opportunity of seeing this ordinary fringe being woven. The locality in which the work was carried on was not a pretty one. There were no beautiful ladies, heroic lovers, woodland glades, or benevolent fairies. King Poverty, indeed, was the only gentleman who had been cast for a part. In one of the lowest 'walks' in Bethnal Green, I found the artisan, without whose aid pantomime and opera-bouffe costumes could boast but little of the picturesque. Away up in a lonely garret, where furniture was conspicuous by its absence, sat the fringe-weaver, untiringly plying his shuttle. His loom was a poor one, and evidently had seen years and years of service. Its construction was not peculiar to those who have ever witnessed handloom weaving of any description. The treadles were worked by the feet; and the warp, of which there were only a couple of twisted cords, represented the edging of the fringe. On the bobbin in the shuttle is wound the fringe proper, and this the weaver thrusts to and fro with his hand, the treadles alternately raising and lowering the warp, thus binding the weft together, and bringing it into a condition to allow of its being stitched on to the

dress of its intended wearer. I confess, as I sat there watching the old artisan plying his trade far into the night, his bare lonely room but dimly lighted by two of the cheapest of candles, thoughts came crowding on me, which to this day spoil much of the pleasure derivable from pantomimes. I pictured to myself the easy-going hilarity of a Boxing-night audience. I heard them laugh and cheer and make the sunlights quiver with their loudly expressed approbation of a catching song or cleverly executed dance. Above all, I saw the glittering fringe worn by the artists appearing and disappearing in the brilliantly illuminated geni's palace, or basking under the moonbeams which shimmer through the trees of some fairy forest—and then I turn my eyes to the worn and wearied workman with his glistening weft, and come to the conclusion, as thousands before me have done, that 'one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.'

I had intended to say something about a few other theatrical trades which occur to me at the present moment, such as the manufacture of foil-paper, without which 'demon caves' would lose half their weirdness, and which, by the way, is said to be made by only one man in London, who alone possesses the secret; the birthplaces and manufacture of stage-jewellery; the making of masks; the curiosities connected with picture-printing, and the technicalities of the gas-bag carried by the lime-light man; but these may be reserved for a future paper. It is to be hoped, however, that I have said enough to induce those who heretofore gave credit to artists and scene-painters for all the enjoyment obtained from a stage-play or spectacle, to bestow in future some little appreciation on the workman, whose share in theatrical successes I have endeavoured briefly to describe.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER V.

It is a common impression that happiness and unhappiness are permanent states of mind, and that for long tracts of our lives we are under the continuous sway of one or other of these conditions. But this is almost always a mistake, save in the case of grief, which is perhaps the only emotion which is beyond the reach of the momentary lightenings and alleviations and perpetual vicissitudes of life. Death, and the pangs of separation from those we love, are permanent, at least for their time; but in everything else there is an ebb and flow which keeps the heart alive. When Frances Waring told the story of this period of her life, she represented herself unconsciously as having been oppressed by the mystery that overshadowed her, and as having lost all the ease of her young life prematurely in a sudden encounter with shadows unsuspected before. But as a matter of fact, this was not the case. She had a bad night—that is, she cried herself asleep; but once over the boundary which divides our waking thoughts from the visions of the night, she knew no more till the sun came in and woke her to a very cheerful morning. It is true that care made several partially successful assaults upon her that day and for several days after. But as everything went on quite calmly and peacefully, the impression wore off. The English family found out, as was inevitable, where Mr Waring lived, without any difficulty; and first the father came, then the mother, and finally the pair together, to call. Frances, to whom a breach of decorum or civility was pain unspeakable, sat trembling and ashamed in the deepest corner of the loggia, while these kind strangers encountered Mariuccia at the door. The scene, as a matter of fact, was rather comic than tragic, for neither the visitors nor the guardian of the house possessed any language but their own; and Mr and Mrs Mannering had as little understanding of the statement that Mr Waring did not 'receive' as Frances had expected.

'But he is in—*è in casa*—è IN?' said the worthy Englishman. 'Then, my dear, of course it is only a mistake. When he knows who we are—when he has our names'——

'*Non riceve oggi*,' said Mariuccia, setting her sturdy breadth in the doorway; '*oggi non riceve il Signore*' (The master does not receive to-day).

'But he is in?' repeated the bewildered good people. They could have understood 'Not at home,' which to Mariuccia would have been simply a lie—with which, indeed, had need been, or could it have done the Padrone any good, she would have burdened her conscience as lightly as any one. But why, when it was not in the least necessary?

Thus they played their little game at cross-purposes, while Frances sat, hot and red with shame in her corner, sensible to the bottom of her heart of the discourtesy, the unkindness of turning them from the door. They were her father's friends; they claimed to have 'stuck by him through thick and thin;' they were people who knew about him and whom he belonged to, and the conditions of his former life; and yet they were turned from his door!

She did not venture to go out again for some days, except in the evening, when she knew that all the strangers were at the inevitable *table-d'hôte;* and it was with a sigh of relief, yet disappointment, that she heard they had gone away. Yes, at last they did go away, angry, no doubt, thinking her father a churl, and she herself an ignorant rustic, who knew nothing about good manners. Of course this was what they must think. Frances heard those words, '*Non riceve oggi*,' even in her dreams. She saw in imagination the astonished faces of the visitors. 'But he will receive us, if you will only take in our names;' and then Mariuccia's steady voice repeating the well-known phrase. What must they have thought? That it was an insult: that their old friend scorned and defied them. What else could they suppose?

At last, however, they did go away, and Frances got over it. Everything went on as before; her father was just as usual—a sphinx indeed, more and more hopelessly wrapped up in silence and mystery; but so natural and easy and kind in his uncommunicativeness, with so little appearance of repression or concealment about him, that it was almost impossible to retain any feeling of injury or displeasure. Love is cheated every day in this way by offenders much more serious,

who can make their dependents happy even while they are ruining them, and beguile the bitterest anxiety into forgetfulness and smiles. It was easy to make Frances forget the sudden access of wonderment and wounded feeling which had seized her, even without any special exertion; time alone and the calm succession of the days was enough for that. She resumed her little picture of the palms, and was very successful—more than usually so. Mr Waring, who had hitherto praised her little works as he might have praised the sampler of a child, was silenced by this, and took it away with him into his room, and when he brought it back, looked at her with more attention than he had been used to show. 'I think,' he said, 'little Fan, that you must be growing up,' laying his hand upon her head with a smile.

'I am grown up, papa; I am eighteen,' she said.

At which he laughed softly. 'I don't think much of your eighteen; but this shows. I should not wonder, with time and work, if—you mightn't be good enough to exhibit at Mentone—after a while.'

Frances had been looking at him with an expression of almost rapturous expectation. The poor little countenance fell at this, and a quick sting of mortification brought tears to her eyes. The exhibition at Mentone was an exhibition of amateurs. Tasie was in it, and even Mrs Gaunt, and all the people about who ever spoilt a piece of harmless paper. 'O papa!' she said. Since the failure of her late appeal to him, this was the only formula of reproach which she used.

'Well,' he said, 'are you more ambitious than that, you little thing? Perhaps, by-and-by you may be fit even for better things.'

'It is beautiful,' said Mariuccia. 'You see where the light goes, and where it is in the shade. But, carina, if you were to copy the face of Domenico, or even mine, that would be more interesting. The palms we can see if we look out of the window; but imagine to yourself that 'Menico might go away, or even might die; and we should not miss him so much if we had his face hung up upon the wall.'

'It is easier to do the trees than to do Domenico,' said Frances; 'they stand still.'

'And so would 'Menico stand still, if it was to please the Signorina. He is not very well educated, but he knows enough for that; or even myself, though you will think, perhaps, I am too old to make a pretty picture. But if I had my veil on, and my best earrings, and the coral my mother left me'——

'You look very nice, Mariuccia; I like you as you are; but I am not clever enough to make a portrait.'

Mariuccia cried out with scorn. 'You are clever enough to do whatever you wish to do,' she said. 'The padrone thinks so too, though he will not say it. Not clever enough! Magari! too clever is what you mean.'

Frances set up her palms on a little stand of carved wood, and was very well pleased with herself; but that sentiment palls perhaps sooner than any other. It was very agreeable to be praised, and also it was pleasant to feel that she had finished her work successfully. But after a short time, it began to be a great subject of regret that the work was done. She did not know what to do next. To make a portrait of Domenico was above her powers. She idled about for the day, and found it uncomfortable. That is the moment in which it is most desirable to have a friend on whom to bestow one's tediousness. She bethought herself that she had not seen Tasie for a week. It was now more than a fortnight since the events detailed in the beginning of this history. Her father, when asked if he would not like a walk, declined. It was too warm, or too cold, or perhaps too dusty, which was very true, and accordingly she set out alone.

Walking down through the Marina, the little tourist town which was rising upon the shore, she saw some parties of travellers arriving, which always had been a little pleasure to her. It was mingled now with a certain excitement. Perhaps some of them, like those who had just gone away, might know all about her, more than she knew herself. What a strange thought it was. Some of those unknown people in their travelling cloaks, which looked so much too warm—people whom she had never seen before, who had not a notion that she was Frances Waring! One of the parties was composed of ladies, surrounded and enveloped, so to speak, by a venerable courier, who swept them and their possessions before him into the hotel. Another was led by a father and mother, not at all unlike the pair who had 'stuck by' Mr Waring. How strange to imagine that they might not be strangers at all, but people who knew all about her.

In the first group was a girl, who hung back a little from the rest, and looked curiously up at all the houses, as if looking for some one—a tall, fair-haired girl, with a blue veil tied over her hat. She looked tired, but eager, with more interest in her face than any of the others showed. Frances smiled to herself with the half-superiority which a resident is apt to feel: a girl must be very simple indeed, if she thought the houses on the Marina worth looking at, Frances thought. But she did not pause in her quick walk. The Durants lived at the other end of the Marina, in a little villa built upon a terrace over an olive garden—a low house with no particular beauty, but possessing also a loggia turned to the west, the luxury of building on the Riviera. Here the whole family was seated, the old clergyman with a large English newspaper, which he was reading deliberately from end to end; his wife with a work-basket full of articles to mend; and Tasie at the little tea-table, pouring out the tea. Frances was received with a little clamour of satisfaction, for she was a favourite.

'Sit here, my dear.'—'Come this way, close to me, for you know I am getting a little hard of hearing.'

They had always been kind to her, but never, she thought, had she been received with so much cordiality as now.

'Have you come by yourself, Frances? and along the Marina? I think you should make Domenico or his wife walk with you, when you go through the Marina, my dear.'

'Why, Mrs Durant? I have always done it.

Even Mariuccia says it does not matter, as I am an English girl.'

'Ah, that may be true; but English girls are not like American girls. I assure you they are taken a great deal more care of. If you ever go home'——

'And how is your poor father to-day, Frances?' said Mr Durant.

'Oh, papa is very well. He is not such a poor father. There is nothing the matter with him. At least, there is nothing *new* the matter with him,' said Frances with a little impatience.

'No,' said the clergyman, looking up over the top of his spectacles and shaking his head. 'Nothing *new* the matter with him. I believe that.'

'——If you ever go home,' resumed Mrs Durant, 'and of course some time you will go home'——

'I think very likely I never shall,' said the girl. 'Papa never talks of going home. He says home is here.'

'That is all very well for the present moment, my dear; but I feel sure, for my part, that one time or other it will happen as I say; and then you must not let them suppose you have been a little savage, going about as you liked here.'

'I don't think any one would care much, Mrs Durant; and I am not going; so you need not be afraid.'

'Your poor father,' Mr Durant went on in his turn, 'has a great deal of self-command, Frances; he has a great deal of self-control. In some ways, that is an excellent quality, but it may be carried too far. I wish very much he would allow me to come and have a talk with him—not as a clergyman, but just in a friendly way.'

'I am quite sure you may come and talk with him as much as you like,' said Frances, astonished; 'or if you want very much to see him, he will come to you.'

'Oh, I should not take it upon me to ask that—in the meantime,' Mr Durant said.

The girl stared a little, but asked no further question. There was something among them which she did not understand—a look of curiosity, an air of meaning more than their words said. The Durants were always a little apt to be didactic, as became a clergyman's family; but Tasie was generally a safe refuge. She turned to her with a little sigh of perplexity, hoping to escape further question. 'Was the Sunday school as large last Sunday, Tasie?' she said.

'Oh, Frances, no! Such a disappointment! There were only four! Isn't it a pity? But you see the little Mannerings have all gone away. Such sweet children; and the little one of all has such a voice. They are perhaps coming back for Easter, if they don't stay at Rome; and if so, I think we must put little Herbert in a white surplice—he will look like an angel—and have a real anthem with a soprano solo, for once.'

'I doubt if they will all come back,' said Mr Durant. 'Mr Mannering himself, indeed, I don't doubt, *on business;* but as for the family, you must not flatter yourself, Tasie.'

'*She* liked the place,' said his wife; 'and very likely she would think it her duty, if anything is to come of it, you know.'

'Be careful,' said the clergyman, with a glance aside, which Frances would have been dull indeed not to have perceived was directed at herself. 'Don't say anything that may be premature.'

Frances was brave in her way. She felt, with a little rising excitement, that her friends were bursting with some piece of knowledge which they were longing to communicate. It roused in her an impatience and reluctance mingled with keen curiosity. She would not hear it, and yet was breathless with impatience to know what it was.

'Mr Mannering?' she said deliberately—'that was the gentleman that knew papa.'

'You saw him, then?' cried Mrs Durant. There was something like a faint disappointment in her tone.

'He was one of papa's early friends,' said Frances with a little emphasis. 'I saw him twice. He and his wife both—they seemed kind people.'

Mr Durant and his wife looked at each other, and even Tasie stared over her teacups. 'Oh, very kind people, my dear; I don't think you could do better than have full confidence in them,' Mrs Durant said.

'And your poor father could not have a truer friend,' said the old clergyman. 'You must tell him I am coming to have a talk with him about it. It was a great revelation, but I hope that everything will turn out for the best.'

Frances grew redder and redder as she sat a mark for all their arrows. What was it that was a 'revelation'? But she would not ask. She began to be angry, and to say to herself that she would put her hands to her ears, that she would listen to nothing.

'Henry!' said Mrs Durant, 'who is it that is premature now?'

'I am afraid I can't stay,' said Frances, rising quickly from her chair. 'I have something to do for Mariuccia. I only came in because—because I was passing.—Never mind, Tasie; I know my way so well; and Mr Durant wants some more tea.'

'Oh, but Frances, my dear, you really must let me send some one with you. You must not move about in that independent way.'

'And we had a great many things to say to you,' said the old clergyman, keeping her hand in his. 'Are you really in such a hurry? It will be better for yourself to wait a little, and hear something that will be for your good.'

'It cannot be any worse for me to run about to-day than any other day,' said Frances, almost sternly; 'and whatever there is to hear, won't to-morrow do just as well? I think it is a little funny of you all to speak to me so; but now I must go.'

She was so rapid in her movements that she was gone before Tasie could extricate herself from the somewhat crazy little table. And then they all three looked at each other and shook their heads. 'Do you think she can know?'—'Can she have known it all the time?'—'Has Waring told her, or was it Mannering?' they said to each other.

Frances could not hear their mutual questions; but something very like the purport of them got into her agitated brain. She felt sure they were

wondering whether she knew—what? this revelation, this something which they had found out. Nothing would make her submit to hear it from them, she said to herself. But the moment was come when she could not be put off any longer. She would go to her father, and she would not rest until she was informed what it was.

She hastened along, avoiding the Marina, which had amused her on her way, hurrying from terrace to terrace of the olive groves. Her heart was beating fast, and her rapid pace made it faster. But as she thought of her father's unperturbed looks, the calm with which he had received her eager questions, and the very small likelihood that anything she would say about the hints of the Durants would move him, her pace and her excitement both decreased. She went more slowly, less hopefully back to the Palazzo. It was all very well to say that she must know. But what if he would not tell her? What if he received her questions as he had received them before? The circumstances were not changed, nor was he changed because the Durants knew something, she did not know what. Oh, what a poor piece of friendship was that, that betrayed a friend's secret to his neighbours! She did not know; she could not so much as form a guess what the secret was. But little or great, his friend should have kept it. She said this to herself bitterly, when the chill probabilities of the case began to make themselves felt. It was harder to think that the Durants knew, than to be kept in darkness herself.

She went in at last very soberly, with the intention of telling her father all that had passed, if perhaps that of itself might be an inducement to him to have confidence in her. It was not a pleasant mission. Her steps had become very sober as she went up the long marble stair. Mariuccia met her with a little cry. Had she not met the padrone? He had gone out down through the olive woods to meet her and fetch her home. It was a brief reprieve. In the evening after dinner was the time when he was most accessible. Frances, with a thrill of mingled relief and disappointment, retired to her room to make her little toilet. She had an hour or two at least before her ere it would be necessary to speak.

(*To be continued.*)

MY IRISH CORRESPONDENTS.

BY AN AGENT.

It is a very true saying that there are 'bad and good' people in the world; it may equally be applied to the Irish tenants in the present days of 'Land-leagueism.' I am an agent, and, with the few exceptions proving the rule, I have never met with incivility. My correspondence is very large, and some of the letters I have received from tenants are so amusing, that from time to time I have laid a choice one by. Indeed, so amusing are they, that I have decided on sending a few to the press, just to show that there still remain a few genuine, honest Irishmen in the world, though for obvious reasons I have suppressed the real names of the writers or people referred to in them. The following letter I received in acknowledgment of some eye ointment I sent to a poor tenant who was suffering from a sore eye:

January 1882.

My worthy gentel Man its time to Retourne you thanks For your Comppilements ixtuse Me I Addres this to you My worthy gentel Man For I Cante Retourne you thanks for your kindness and the ilement Dun me the greatest sarvice and My ies is all Right now and My Friend the Docter is more than thanful to you My worthy gentil Man for your Cindness and i saw a man from your place I inquare About you and he toalt me you Ware ill a long time and i Felt very sad intirely at the news so I must Conclude with my best Respected toars you Captin pleas let me Now how you are and all the famely and aspicely about Miss Cusey For she was the ondel one as i new so pleas my worthy gentil Man sind me a anser by retourne of poste to Michael S. of G——.

The next letter I shall give is from a tenant asking me to vote for a cousin of his, who was anxious to obtain the post of relieving officer for the Union in another county. The way he words his request amused me by its naïveté:

CAPTIN *September* 1879.

SIR I Beg a favour from ye i now ye ar aquanted with Mister —— their is a 2ond Cusin of Mine Proposing as Candadate for Relevin officership for M—— Union i Beg of ye Sir to write Letter an till him to vote for My Cusin John or any other gintelmen you ar enfluenced i now thrust that your Honour will do all in yer power for to Canvas all you can for me as well as if it were meself were goin for it i will give u all the Kredit that the world can aford If you use Half yer enfluence for me your faithful servant Pat ——.

Pleas sind me Sir an anser to say what *you are to do* I recived 2 recepts with thanks.

No more at prisent—Tusday.

The following letter, too, is decidedly characteristic in the request it contains:

CAPTIN

I sint you 28£ no shillins an nine pinse yesterday I inclose poor rate recpt I got the first instalment of the Loan I am very thankfull intirely to you Captin that you may live long an die happey I remain your obdient TIMOTHY B——.

pleas see the other side.

Sir I made a mistak yesterday I inclose Eighten stamps Captin pleas mak a *good job of me* sind me what anser you like Yours agin TIMOTHY B——.

I suppose I must have made a good job of my friend Timothy, for we still correspond in the most affectionate manner; in fact, I heard from him about a week ago.

DEAR CAPTIN

I was decaved by that frind of mione as I towld you of Captin I inclos for you a Bank Draft for £30 one shillin an Six pinse if you dear Captin insist on the rest you muste git it Captin dont forgit me as usual I remain Your fond TIMOTHY B——.

What comment can I make on the following

letter, beyond saying Mary had my deepest sympathy, and Mr Jerry Deneen a reprimand on his dilatoriness?

Writen Thursday 18 hundred an 76.

SIR my husband was very bad an died this tiome Sir I ave ben sodly put aboute by wan Jerry Deneen as behaved shamful to my poor husband Sir this was ow it hapned Tim thats my husband Sir was mioghty il an as near dyin as iver you Cee Tim says i an whoo wud ye lioke to mak yer cofin sure thin Mary says he theirs kno wan as i wud lioke to mak it bether thin Jerry Deneen only he is mioghty behinde hande in his conthracts arrah Tim says I Sir mak yer minde aisey bout that for he is shure an sartin to finis the liokes o that in dacent tiome now Sir my poore husband the lord ave Marcy on his sowl had to waite for an other nites wake for that Jerry Deneen bad cess to him niver finised the dacent mans cofin in tiome now Sir I lave the mater in yer honers handes hopin as you will punis that vilan as want to charg me fiften shillin an he to kep my poor husband watin 2 bleshet nites for his cofin.

Yours to comande MARY C——.

honered an kinde Sir may I thrust u to punis that divil Deneen.

A somewhat similar, and I might add amusing, instance happened not long ago when a tenant's wife died. It was on a Saturday night, I remember, and I did not hear of her death until Sunday. I then sent to my carpenter, and desired him to make a coffin for the remains. Next morning, on looking out of the window I saw her sons carrying the coffin from the workshop. I opened the window and called to them to wait till I satisfied myself that it was a good one. On desiring them to lift off the cover, what was my astonishment to see the coffin filled with turnips! Passing by the turnip-pit, the bearers could not resist taking a few, for—as they explained—'it felt so mioghty empty!'

Can any one wonder if I modestly blushed on perusing the following masterpiece of penmanship:

HOND. SIR

I most respectfully beg to remind you that in a conversation with you you kindly promised to vote for a License for my sister Hoping your Honr. will act with that noble spirit for which you are now so characteristic in obtaining a License for this poor orphan. I remain with due respect Your humble servant WILLIAM S——.

My noble spirit! could not resist so charming a compliment, and I helped to obtain the license for another kind of 'spirit,' thereby making glad the heart of the poor orphan.

Here is another letter in which my friend Dan says 'He'd walk from here to Cork' for me, and a very long walk it would be.

SIR

Ye ought for to concider an alow that my Pashion of Jalousy could not afford me but to spake prisumptious I used all manes I could to pay my rint by givin my bill to Bank and met it Honourable for it was in my Hearth an minde if ye wanted me to walk from here to Cork I wud not refus I have no more news but hopin that £1·5 may be worth £100 an wishin prosperity to ye an yer Famely your faithfull servant DANIEL M——.

Its two empirtnant intirely for me to ixpect a letter from ye Sir kno more at the prisent.

The next and last letter I will give you to read is from a tenant who buys turkeys each year for a friend of mine. The present ones seem to have been damaging the farmer's crops.

SIPTEMBER *Friday* 1884.

I hope this will find you in as gud healt as it laves me at the presint thank God Sind for the turkies at onst they ave the oats that flat I have boght ye 16 couple an a halve Captin at 4 shillins an nine pinse for too i gav wan shillin *arnest** minde that sind me a payhin I dont want a black payhin nor naither a white I wants a spheckled wan sind for them turkies an welcome at wanst shurely i remain Sir Yours thruly TOM McG——.

them turkies ar small an fat an hav grate legs.

I have, I think, given sufficient reason to show that wit and honesty may still be found in dear old Ireland, and trust the perusal of these simple letters will afford amusement—though not in derision—to the reader.

KNOWECROFT.

A CUMBERLAND IDYL.

VI.

WINTER-TIME in the country is not the most cheery of seasons, and the evenings in particular, even although ten o'clock is thought a late hour to be out of bed, are apt to lag rather drearily. But there had never been such a merry winter at Knowecroft as this one. Ruth's piano had not been used much of late; but when it was found that Phyllis could both play and sing, Joe soon had a tuner out from Carlisle, and it was marvellous how swiftly the nights sped by, listening to her. Beethoven and Mendelssohn were perhaps just a little bit too abstruse for her audience—at least for two of them—but Joe would have thought any music celestial, if played by her.

Then to hear her sing plaintive old ballads, with now and again a merry ditty or a reel or jig to enliven matters—why, it was just like having a little concert all to themselves every evening. And to crown all, to Mrs Martindale's intense delight, Phyllis set to work, under Joe and Ruth's tuition, to learn some of the vernacular songs—so dear to the hearts of Cumbrians all the world over—and now she would conclude the evening's performance with a lilt of *Sally Gray*, or *The Reedbreast*, *King Roger*, or *The Impatient Lassie*. To vary the monotony, they would sometimes have a little dance, in which they would be joined by the neighbouring farmers' sons and daughters; and so, with one thing and another, the winter was over almost before they knew it was there.

But before it came to a close, Dick Braithwaite had taken possession of Riggfield, with his sister

* 'Earnest' is money advanced when a bargain is made, to insure there being no disappointment in the fulfilment of it.

Mary as his housekeeper; and they were pretty frequent visitors at Knowecroft in the evenings. Dick and Ruth generally managed to get ensconced in a corner by themselves; and as matrimony seemed to be in the very air, and Mary Braithwaite had been spoken for by a bluff yeoman of Westmorland, Mrs Martindale considered it to be for her good to give her matronly advice whenever occasion offered; so there was only Joe left to give undivided attention to Phyllis—to turn over the leaves of her music for her, and suggest what they should have next. If Joe had not been head-over-ears in love with Phyllis, to begin with, no other conclusion could have come from this state of affairs; and as it was, every day riveted firmer the chain that bound him. But he dared not tell her how dear she was to him; the risk seemed too great. If she had showed any signs of meeting him half-way, he might have ventured on a declaration; or if she had been an inmate of another household, he might have broached the momentous question, and 'put his fortune to the touch.' But he surmised that a premature declaration of his love might drive away from Knowecroft this fairy creature, who had changed it from a matter-of-fact farmhouse to a bower of bliss; and so he waited, with all the patience he could summon to his aid, the arrival of the time when he could, with some certainty of success, ask her to become his wife.

Had he known the secrets of our dear Phyllis's heart, he need not have been so wary; for Phyllis was just as much in love with Joe as Joe was with her. She had taught Joe enough of music to enable him to follow her and know the right time to turn over; but sometimes he was so much taken up watching her nimble fingers as they slid over the keys as to forget to keep his eyes on the music, until brought to a sense of his duty by her pausing to turn the leaf over for herself. On such occasions, when their hands met she would tingle and blush all over; but as he was behind her, he could not see this. And when he returned from ranging the fields or from his other outdoor vocations, and his light springing step was heard in the passage, accompanied by the stately tread of his faithful collie Yarrow, her heart would go pitapat and her rosy cheeks would grow rosier: all which signs told their tale plainly enough to Joe's mother and his wide-awake little sister, but scarcely so to him; although he had his hopes, of course, as well as his fears. What love could live without them?

Then spring returned in all her glory. First, her hardy pioneers the snowdrops, fearlessly advancing into the enemy's country; then in their track appeared an advance-guard of purple and yellow crocuses in irregular order, closely followed by her standard-bearers the daffodils, their golden banners waving in the breeze; after a while, her fluters and fifers the thrushes and blackbirds, were heard in the tall ash-trees; last of all came her fairy court—violets and anemones, wild wood hyacinths, cowslips, and buttercups, with all the myriad wild-flowers; and her full orchestra of feathered songsters filled with melody the hedgerows and brakes—nay, the very sky itself. The swallows came back to their nests in the eaves, and the chaffinch piped his love-song to his mate in the apple-trees in the orchard. With all which 'spring's delights,' Joe had been familiar from his youth up; but such a delicious spring as this had never blessed the earth since Adam ate that unfortunate apple. Joe was sure of that!

VII.

Mary Braithwaite's matrimonial arrangements required that she should be back in Westmorland by midsummer; and as it would never have done for Dick to have been left without a housekeeper, he had prevailed on Ruth to hasten *their* wedding so that it should take place before then. Accordingly, one fine day in May, when Dick and Joe had occasion to go to Carlisle, Ruth and Phyllis seized the opportunity to accompany them, to choose the wedding dress. This agreeable task having been accomplished to their entire satisfaction, and suitable habiliments selected for the bridesmaids, Mary and Phyllis—which latter costumes Ruth insisted on being of a pink hue—they rejoined their escort. Now, as it was still early in the afternoon, and Phyllis had hitherto seen but little of the town, it was proposed that they should walk round it; and as they were passing down Castle Street, Ruth exclaimed: 'Joe, I've never been inside the cathedral in my life, and I *should* like to see it. I wonder if we could get in?'

'I daresay it will be open,' replied Joe; 'we'll go round and see.'

So they sauntered down Paternoster Row and into the abbey, and sure enough the south door was open. They were duly shown over the building; and having sufficiently admired the exquisite tabernacle work of the stalls, the quaint and grotesque carving of the *misereres*, the lofty ceiling gorgeous in blue and gold—and, in fact, all that there was to be seen—above all, the crowning glory of the cathedral, its matchless great east window, with its delicate and symmetric tracery, they prepared to leave. Their guide, however, was ready with a new suggestion. 'Would you not like,' he said, 'to go up to the tower? There's a splendid view from the top.'

This was eagerly agreed to, and at once they began the ascent. A tiresome treadmill business it was, till they reached the clerestory, and looked down from that giddy height upon the choir beneath. Then came a dark passage, demanding slow and careful exploration, after which there was more treadmill work until they arrived at the bell chamber. Here they paused to breathe awhile, and look at the massive bells which had for centuries rung out tidings of joy or woe to the city beneath. Whether Ruth and Dick were more tired with their ascent than their companions, or whether watching the slow and regular swing of the big clock pendulum had mesmerised them, or from whatsoever other cause, they seemed in no hurry to proceed when Joe led the way upward again; and so, when they emerged in the open air on the leads of the tower, Phyllis and he found themselves alone. And what a scene lay beneath them! At their feet was the busy city, the streets full of bustle and commotion, for it was market-day; in the foreground, the venerable castle, with its blackened

keep, wherein pined, in days aforetime, captives rude and gentle, from the redoubtable Kinmont Willie to the hapless and beautiful Mary of Scotland. Beyond, a wide expanse of meadow-land and verdant holms, now yellow with butter-cups, through which Eden winds its sinuous course to the Solway, that glitters in the distant west like a line of silver; to the south, the lovely vale of Caldew, with gently undulating hills and white hamlets glinting among the trees; and far away on every hand ranges of blue fells, Helvellyn, Blencathra and Skiddaw, Crossfell and Criffel.

When Joe and Phyllis had sufficiently feasted their eyes on this glorious sight, without Ruth or Dick making their appearance, Phyllis suggested that they had better descend again. But Joe was not at all impatient. In fact, having by this time begun to feel assured that a certain question would not now scare Phyllis away from Knowecroft, as he had at one time feared it might, he thought this was a glorious opportunity for putting it; so he called Phyllis back, and pointing to a mere speck of a house far down the valley, he said to her: 'Look! do you see that house far away yonder, with two poplars beside it, and the smoke curling up from the chimneys?'

'Yes,' replied Phyllis, and then recognising it, she clapped her hands, and exclaimed: 'Oh, it is dear old Knowecroft!' And she looked up at Joe with her big brown eyes in such a bewitching way, that his heart told him his hour had indeed come.

'Phyllis!' he said, making a prisoner of one of her plump little hands—'Phyllis! you have made Knowecroft another paradise to me since you came to it. Will you make it still dearer?—will you be my own little wife?'

Phyllis looked shyly up into his face, and then down again, but did not reply; only her hand trembled in his, and her cheeks flushed and paled, and flushed again.

'I have loved you, darling,' he went on, 'ever since the first time I saw you. Do you—can you love me a little bit? It would make Ruth, and the mother, and all of them, so happy as well as me! Will you, Phyllis?'

Whether her lips said 'Yes,' or only her eyes, Joe never could tell, but he knew that that was his answer; and when his arm slipped round her waist, and her eyes looked up into his eyes, somehow her dimpled chin seemed to rise from the level of his heart almost to that of his lips, so wonderful a leveller is love! And before they had time to rush to opposite sides of the tower and try to look unconscious, up popped Dick's ruddy face in the doorway, followed by Ruth's demure one. Perhaps Ruth had not caused Dick to dally on their upward way on purpose to give Joe this chance of securing Phyllis; but we have our own suspicions on that point. At anyrate, on seeing them so far apart, she put on a look of great gravity, and exclaimed with mock surprise: 'Gracious! have you two been quarrelling? O Dick, isn't it dreadful!'

Dick grinned, and Joe and Phyllis looked sheepish.

But Ruth was remorseless, and continued: 'What *shall* I say to mother when we get back?'

To which query, Joe, drawing Phyllis's arm within his own, replied: 'You may tell her, Ruthie, that I have found another daughter for her, who is not half so saucy as the one that is leaving her.'

Whereupon Ruth flung her arms round Phyllis's neck and kissed her, saying: 'O Phyllis dear, I am so glad! And mother—oh, we 'll have to go off at once and tell mother! She *will* be delighted. Come along this minute.'

'But Ruthie,' rejoined Phyllis, 'you have not seen this lovely view. Look; isn't it glorious?'

Ruth shrugged her shoulders, and gave a cursory glance round. 'O yes; I've no doubt it's enchanting,' said she. 'But I've no time to look at it just now. Dick and I are too late to enjoy it to-day, so we 'll have to come back again. Come along—I 'm away.' And she darted off down the corkscrew stair, followed more sedately by the rest.

The drive homeward was a delightful one to all parties, albeit Phyllis had some slight flutterings of the heart as she meditated on the reception she would receive at Knowecroft under circumstances so changed since she left in the morning. But when Ruth tripped into the house and told Mrs Martindale that Joe had won Phyllis for his wife, that good lady showed less surprise than pleasure. And when Joe led his blushing sweetheart in, and told his mother that Phyllis was going to become her daughter in truth, she took her in her arms, and looking fondly in her face, said: 'Eh, Phyllis lass, I *am* glad we're gän to get the' to keep awthegither.' And then she kissed her, and added: 'It was a lucky day for aw of us when that horse knocked the' doon; for it gave thee a good husband, an' Joe a good weyfe, an' me a good dowter! Who 'd ha' thowte it? We niver know what 's gän to come o' things!'

What did 'come o' things' was that one bright morning between haytime and harvest, Ruth Martindale became Ruth Braithwaite; and later on, after the harvest was all gathered in, Phyllis and Joe were made one. And now, if you should visit Knowecroft and peep into the dairy, there you may see Mrs Joe Martindale, plumper and prettier than ever, making up the butter; and standing on a milking-stool beside her, a miniature copy of herself, pink gown, snow-white apron, and all, doing her best to help. If, further, you should happen to ask this little elf her name, she will look up at you with eyes just like her mother's and say they call her Phœbe.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT the medical profession is doing what it can to alleviate the sufferings of the humblest members of the animal creation is seen in the constant proposals that are made to render the necessary slaughtering of animals for food as painless as possible. So long ago as the time of Benjamin Franklin, experiments were made demonstrating that small animals could be mercifully killed by the artificial lightning which, by means of a kite, he had drawn from the clouds. In more recent years, and of course with much improved appliances, these experiments have been repeated

from time to time, the result showing that electricity was effectual enough for the purpose in view, but was quite unsafe for any but skilled operators to deal with. Chief among experimenters in this direction stands the well-known name of Dr B. W. Richardson, who, in a recent paper, read before the Society of Arts, has given much interesting information on the subject. The paper in question is published in the Society's Journal. The main purpose of Dr Richardson's lecture was to describe a unique structure, designed by him, which has been used for the painless destruction of animal life at the Dogs' Home, Battersea. Since May last, this has been used in the painless killing of more than seven thousand vagrant dogs. The apparatus consists of a huge box or chamber, into which can be wheeled a cage containing as many as one hundred doomed animals, which are quickly sent to sleep, and from sleep pass into death. Of twenty-two possible anæsthetics, Dr Richardson selected four for his experiments —namely, common coal-gas, chloroform, carbon bisulphide, and carbonic oxide. The first proved to be the simplest and best; but the danger of explosion prevented its adoption. Ultimately, carbonic oxide, produced by burning charcoal in a properly constructed stove in communication with the chamber, was the agent adopted. With regard to the suggested narcotising of animals used for food, and the slaughter of them whilst asleep, Dr Richardson states that the blood keeps fluid and the meat is in no way impaired. We may hope that the time may come when animal-life-dismissal under some such humane—because apparently painless—condition may be made compulsory.

How our worthy forefathers would open their eyes, could they review the various uses to which materials are now put which they threw carelessly away, and regarded as rubbish! 'Slate Debris and its Utilisation' formed the title of an interesting paper read before a recent meeting of the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, by Dr G. Selkirk Jones. From this paper we may learn how much can be gleaned from a waste product by careful treatment in the chemist's laboratory. From waste slate the author has obtained alum, so much used in the art of dyeing and other industries. He has also obtained a new filtering agent for sugar-refining; a compound which will remove grease and dirt from the most delicate fabrics without injuring them; French chalk, pigments and fuller's earth, cement, concrete, bricks, sanitary tiles, and lastly, a substance which can be used with lime for the chemical precipitation of sewage, leaving the effluent water from the thickest sludge pure and inodorous.

We last month noticed a proposal that has been made to revive the fish stews or ponds which in bygone times were so plentiful in this country. According to Dr Irwin, we might learn much in this connection from the thrifty Chinese. During his residence in China, Dr Irwin was struck with the manner in which almost every square yard of water was utilised for fish-culture. Many of the ponds are muddy, and give a well-known characteristic and unpleasant flavour to their inhabitants; but this is corrected by placing the fish in a pool of clear water, and feeding them for some days before they are wanted by the cook. They then become fairly palatable.

Professor Hoffman of Berlin has published some curious and interesting details relative to marine aquaria, from which it would seem that natural sea-water can be so exactly imitated by artificial means that aquaria can be furnished and maintained at places far removed from the sound of the waves. The mixture is of course compounded from a careful analysis of sea-water, and consists of certain proportions of common salt, sulphate and chlorate of magnesia, and sulphate of potash, added to pure hard well-water. The chemicals should be pure, and the water cannot be safely used for tender specimens until a healthy growth of algæ has been secured in the tank. We should imagine that a more certain result might be obtained by evaporating natural sea-water to dryness and adding fresh water to the salt thereby obtained; but whether this method has ever been adopted for the purpose in view, we have no means of knowing.

Mr R. Meldola has given a short and preliminary account of his researches in connection with the earthquake which occurred in our eastern counties in April last, and has announced to the Geologists' Association that a complete and very voluminous Report is almost ready for publication. The disturbance was felt over an area of fifty thousand square miles; but its focus was situated at a point near the villages of Abberton and Peldon, in Essex, where, naturally, the greatest destruction of property was experienced. A noteworthy circumstance was that the tendency of the shock was to make itself especially felt along free margins, such as coast-lines, river-valleys, lines of geological outcrop, &c.

The technical Commission which went out to study on the spot the best means of increasing the efficiency of the Suez Canal have decided that the best course will be not to construct a second and parallel waterway, as has often been suggested, but to widen the existing one so that ships of the largest kind can easily meet and pass one another without danger of collision. The channel is to be widened to about ninety yards at the top, and seventy-five yards at the bottom, of the sloping banks; but where curves are formed this width is to be much increased. It is anticipated that the new works will lead to a great accession to the population of Port Said; and the Canal Company is seeking powers from the Egyptian government to construct a fresh-water canal to that place, which even now is rather badly off for the first necessary of life.

Passing to the other side of the world, we find no fewer than three schemes advocated for crossing or cutting through the Isthmus of Panama. First, we have M. Lesseps' scheme in active progress; next, the ship-railway, a model of which has lately been exhibited in New York, and is said to have been favourably criticised by competent engineers; and lastly, there is the revived proposal to pierce the isthmus at a much higher point with a canal, and to utilise the Lake of Nicaragua and the San Juan River. (This was the route advocated by the late Emperor of the French, who took a great interest in the Panama Canal question.) This last scheme would involve a route of about one hundred and eighty miles, as against forty-six miles

in the channel now being cut between Colon and Panama; but in consequence of making use of the lake and river navigation, the expense would be only about one-fourth. On the other hand, the ready-made depôts formed by the city of Panama, and Colon, and the existing railway between them, are advantages which the Nicaraguan route could not possess.

The founding of a Scottish Geographical Society is an event which must not be allowed to pass unnoticed. It was inaugurated at Edinburgh in December by Mr H. M. Stanley, the well-known African explorer, whose addresses upon the occasion naturally turned upon the question of opening up the Congo district to the commerce of the world.

A new way of employing an old agent in fire-extinction has been invented by M. Mönck of Berlin. Carbonic acid compressed to the liquid state is placed in a receiver of sufficient strength to bear a pressure of two hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. From this receptacle, which is to be a fixture in a house, branch pipes are laid to the different apartments to be protected. If a fire occurs in any one of these rooms, it can at once be filled with carbonic acid gas, in an atmosphere of which, combustion is of course impossible. In Germany, liquid carbonic acid has become a regular article of commerce, so that in that country at least the adoption of the system is easy, and likely to be taken up, more especially as, in a German varnish-factory where it was lately applied, an incipient conflagration was most promptly extinguished by its aid.

A new way of heating railway and tram cars has been adopted in the United States, and is said to be very efficient. The heating arrangement consists of a thick pipe containing crystals of acetate of soda, with a smaller pipe running through its midst. Into this internal pipe is introduced superheated steam at the starting station. When this heat is applied, the crystals liquefy, and remain liquid until the temperature falls to a certain point, when crystals again begin to form, and in doing so, throw out much heat. Acetate of soda has been used for some years for ordinary railway foot-warmers, first of all in France, and later on by some of the English railways. A chemist in Dresden has also contrived a fireless stove on the same principle, which depends upon the circumstance, that a saturated solution of acetate of soda will not boil until it reaches a temperature of two hundred and fifty-six degrees.

Paris has now a total of one hundred and eleven miles of pneumatic tubes, served by steam-pumps of a total of three hundred and fifteen horse-power. These tubes are below ground, and are used for telegraphic purposes in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted in our own metropolis. They measure two and a half inches in internal diameter, and are traversed by little trains of boxes, which hold the despatches. The last box—which might be called the engine of the train—is fitted with a flexible leather collar, which fits closely against the smooth interior surface of the tube. Air is pumped in, or sucked out, as the case may be, and the little train is propelled, like a pea through a pea-shooter, at a rate of three-quarters of a mile per minute. By this means, written documents, which neither telegraph nor telephone can carry, are quickly transmitted from hand to hand.

It appears from the Reports of the public analysts that the prescriptions made up by many chemists are of doubtful quality. We are told that twenty-five per cent. of them—that is, one in four—are not compounded of pure drugs in strict accordance with the pharmacopœia. This is a most serious matter, and might mean in many cases the difference between life and death. So serious is it, that the authorities should be empowered to give certificates to those whose drugs are above suspicion, so that the public, who are necessarily ignorant on the matter, may know whom to employ. It is true that in many cases reported against, the drugs were not actually adulterated, but were inert or weak from long keeping; but still, the high prices generally charged for dispensing should at least guarantee the use of serviceable preparations.

In the year 1886 we are promised in London a Colonial Exhibition, and it has since been proposed to open an American Exhibition in friendly rivalry at the same time. In 1889—rather a long time to look forward to—there is to be a Great Exhibition in Paris. In one of the French technical papers is published a drawing and description of an iron tower one thousand feet in height—that is, about twice and a half the height of St Paul's Cathedral, London—which it is proposed to erect as one of the attractions there. The tower is pyramidal in form, and consists mainly of four great lattice-work standards, spread out like legs at the base, but mingling together at the summit. It is said that such an erection will be highly useful for meteorological and astronomical observations; but perhaps its chief use will be to give visitors to the Exhibition a wonderful bird's-eye view of the French capital, such as many enjoyed at the last French Exhibition from the car of M. Giffard's memorable captive balloon. We presume that visitors will be hoisted to the top by means of a 'lift.'

'The winter of our discontent' in the matter of smoke abatement is now fully set in, and the usual flood of letters upon the subject, which are annually sent to the *Times* and other papers for publication, again appear with their old and new remedies. A suggestion made by Mr Teale of Leeds is especially worthy of notice, for the remedy he proposes is very easy of adoption, and is cheap. He asserts that it saves one-fourth of the coal consumption, gives better fires, reduces both smoke and soot by securing combustion at a higher temperature than usual, abolishes cinders, and has many other advantages. The contrivance is simply a shield of sheet-iron made to fit accurately the space between the lower bar of a grate and the hearth. One caution is necessary. The hearth itself in this arrangement will participate in the greater heat, and therefore there is a danger from fire if it rest on unprotected wooden beams.

The English sparrow, for which many of us feel a sentimental affection, has been convicted, after most mature consideration, of wholesale robbery of our crops. It has been sentenced to death, and the warrant has been countersigned by Miss Ormerod, the entomologist to the Royal

Agricultural Society. Perhaps, however, our town sparrows may be spared?

As we have recently pointed out, the vast continent of America affords its inhabitants facilities for obtaining data upon which weather predictions can be founded, which are denied us in sea-girt Britain. It has just been announced that, throughout the State of Alabama, daily weather-signals, predicting coming changes, will in future be exhibited at more than one hundred telegraph stations. The necessary information will be telegraphed in the morning of each day from the signal office in Washington. In other States, similar arrangements have been made, and the system is likely to be much extended in the future.

Mr Preece, the well-known electrician to the Post-office, has lately been visiting the United States, and has brought before the Society of Arts a succinct account of the present state of electric lighting there. He says that there are, he believes, ninety thousand arc lamps alight there every night. One manufacturer alone was turning out eight hundred thousand carbons per month for use in these lamps. Mr Preece did not see one single instance of street-lighting by glow lamps; and even for indoor lighting he does not think that they are used to the same extent as they are in England. The price charged is the same as would be paid for gas at the rate of seven and sixpence per thousand feet. At present, we must regard electric lighting in this country as a luxury, which must be paid for as such. In the discussion which followed the reading of this paper, the strange statement was volunteered by one of the speakers, that neither Mr Edison nor Mr Brush—who may be said to stand as the sponsors for electric lighting across the Atlantic—used that method of illumination in their own homes.

In the year 1750 a series of water-marks were established all round the coasts of Sweden, in order to determine the disputed point, whether the land was rising or gradually sinking, opinions of scientific men being divided upon the matter. These marks were renewed in 1851, and again more recently. The Swedish Academy of Sciences has lately published the results of this inquiry, from which it seems, that during the period of one hundred and thirty-four years, the northern part of the country is about seven feet higher than its old level, whilst the southern part has remained in its old position.

The Anchor Line steamer *Furnessia*, which sailed from Glasgow for New York in December last, had on board one hundred thousand Loch-leven trout ova for the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Mr Spenser Baird, commissioner, proposes to send the eggs when received to the station in Michigan to be hatched out for introduction into the great lakes. The ova were packed so as to avoid handling as much as possible. They were enumerated by being spread in water over square wooden frames, covered with suitable netting, each mesh of which isolates a single ovum. The frames were then inverted on squares of felted moss, leaving each ovum in its proper position, and perfectly separated from the others. Three layers of moss and eggs were placed in a tray, and six trays in each box. A large ice receptacle covered a double column of trays, the ice in which was occasionally replenished on the voyage, to insure an even temperature throughout. Through the kindness of Messrs Henderson Brothers, ample space in the ice-house was placed, free of freight, at the disposal of Sir A. G. Maitland, the proprietor of the Howietoun Fishery, by whom the eggs have been presented.

In an Occasional Note on p. 767 of last volume of this *Journal*, some account was given of a process for the utilisation of sewage. Shrewsbury was the place named as the headquarters of the works; we are now informed that these are not situated at Shrewsbury, but at Aylesbury.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

THE casting of oil on troubled waters is so ancient a practice that it has become proverbial; for many years, however, it fell into disuse, owing, doubtless, to the expense involved. With the invention of gas-lighting and the discoveries of petroleum, paraffin, &c., oils of all descriptions fell in price; and certain benefactors to the human race have within the last few years been experimenting with oil, to discover to what extent it may be used as a means of saving life at sea. A short time since, the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution ordered their district surveyors to make experiments to test the value of oil in calming troubled waters, with a view, should the experiments be satisfactory, of using oil to quell the terrific seas which lifeboats have to encounter so frequently.

By the majority of persons, the great danger of the sea is considered to be the height to which the waves sometimes rise. But waves are not dangerous from their height, unless they break at the top. On the day after a storm, when the wind has fallen, a tremendous swell will often be seen, the waves rising to a considerable height. No danger need be apprehended from waves of this kind, however unpleasant they may be to non-seafaring passengers. But it is when the winds howl and the white sea-horses are seen raising their snowy crests, that the sailor knows danger to be at hand. Should any one of those green walls of water crowned with white crash on to the deck of his ship, the results would be terrible. The popular idea seems to be, that oil cast on the waves causes them to go down, and a calm spot to be formed among the turmoil. This is not the case; it merely, in certain cases, prevents the waves breaking—in other words, it turns a raging sea into a heavy swell. It will hardly need a knowledge of nautical matters to understand that only in certain cases can ships be brought into the water which has been treated with oil. For instance, if a ship is sailing or steaming with the wind on her beam—say at right angles to the course on which she is steered—by no means yet known can the oil be so distributed as to lie on the water through which she is going. But should the vessel be in great danger from the waves which are breaking around her, the following plan could be pursued: she should be hove to—that is, steered nearly into the wind's eye, and kept as stationary as possible. She will then, of course, drift slowly to leeward—that is, in the same direction as the wind. One or more properly perforated bags of

oil, attached to light lines, should be put overboard to windward. The result will be as follows: the vessel being more exposed to the wind, will drift more rapidly than the bags, which will be left at some distance to windward, and thus intercept and mollify waves which would otherwise come leaping and foaming towards the ship.

Having, we hope, made the effects of oil on a rough sea clear to the non-nautical reader, we will turn to the Report presented in September last to the Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, by Captain Chetwynd, R.N., Chief Inspector of Lifeboats, which shows the results of the experiments carried out by the district inspectors referred to above. One result of these experiments is to show that there is comparatively little difference in the effect produced by the various oils of everyday use, such as colza, linseed, fish or seal oil, &c. In some cases, paraffin was used with much the same results as those given by the other oils. Very small quantities of oil were found sufficient to spread over a considerable expanse of water. The best contrivance for applying the oil appeared to be a canvas bag, either rather loosely sewn together, or pierced with small holes, to allow the oil to escape. As, to be any protection, the oil must be poured or distributed over the sea in a direct line from which the seas are advancing, and at a sufficient distance to give it time to spread and act upon the waves before they reach the vessel to be protected, it follows that, as regards a lifeboat, or indeed any small boat, the oil can only be used when they are in one of two positions—namely, when anchored and lying head to sea and tide; or when running dead before the sea for the shore. In the first of these cases, the waves would of course approach the bows of the boat, over which, therefore, oil should be poured; or, better still, a bag of oil should be floated some yards in front of the boat, attached by a light line to the anchor. Either way, the boat being stationary, the oil would spread all round, and afford some protection. In the second case, when the boat is running with the wind and waves, the danger would be lest a wave should follow on so quickly as to break over the stern of the boat and overwhelm her. As a rule, oil poured from the stern of the boat would to a certain extent quiet these following waves, and prevent any risk of that kind.

Captain Chetwynd comes to the conclusion that oil would be so rarely needed in a lifeboat that he cannot recommend its being supplied to them. Though the oil in the experiments of the district inspectors appeared to stop the breaking of such waves as would endanger the safety of a small open boat; yet in surf of sufficient magnitude to be of importance to a lifeboat, this effect was modified, or sometimes entirely absent. 'On more than one occasion'—to quote the words of the Report—'in a moderate surf which the oil was entirely killing, if a larger breaker than the surrounding ones rose, the oil was powerless to check it, and the sea broke through it, covering boat, gear, &c., with oil.' The liquid poured on the dangerous part of a heavy surf in shoal-water—namely, the break—had little or no effect; nor was the result more satisfactory, of several careful experiments made on breakers caused by a heavy ground-swell, and not by wind, on the coast of Cornwall. With regard to oil being used at the mouth of harbours by mechanical means, such as pipes laid under water from the shore, Captain Chetwynd appears to think that any vessel entering a harbour could distribute the oil with an equally good result. The seas when of any size would be following the ship in, so that oil poured from her stern, or a bag of oil towed a few yards astern, would in most cases prevent the waves breaking over her.

It must be confessed that the experiments carried out by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution do not show that oil is of such great value among the breakers as we might have wished. At the same time, it must be remembered that these experiments were only carried out among the near-shore breakers. From the reports of those who have tested its efficacy at sea, Captain Chetwynd gathers that the results are most marked and beneficial, being more certain and less capricious than in surf or breakers. Referring to such reports, he says: 'In every case, its effect has been so remarkable, it seems incredible that its use is not general and an everyday occurrence, more particularly in small vessels, where it could not but add to their comfort as well as safety. As a protection to an open boat in a heavy sea, means of applying it [the oil] should be as much part of the equipment of every ship's boat as oars or a rudder.'

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Admiralty will continue the good work the Royal National Lifeboat Institution has commenced, and have exhaustive experiments carried out. It is quite right and proper that every means should be taken to save the lives of shipwrecked mariners; but our first care should be that our ships are provided with all possible safeguards which human ingenuity can devise against shipwrecks and accidents at sea.

HERM.

THE recent sale of this island calls attention to one of the lesser members of that rocky archipelago, in possession of the British Crown, linked geographically to France, socially and politically for centuries with this country—the Channel Islands.

Herm—anciently styled Erin, Hermes or Ermes, and signifying in old French, 'land deserted or uncultivated'—lies midway between Guernsey and Sark. The area of Herm is not large, for the island measures only a mile and a half in length by three-quarters of a mile in breadth, and is estimated to contain but some twelve hundred *vergées*—that is, about four hundred and fifty English acres. So scant an acreage, notwithstanding, the island is replete with interest, and amply repays the visitor for his sail thither, be he naturalist, geologist, or botanist; whilst the scenery of her shores, pebbly beaches, white and glistening, on the one hand laved by the sparkling blue ocean, on the other flanked by precipitous granite cliffs, pinnacled and weather-worn, beach, ocean, and cliffs alike bathed in the brightest and balmiest sunshine, and Venetian in its geniality, affords ample theme for the lover of nature, and no scant material for the brush of the artist.

Turning, now, to the flora and fauna of the island, it is interesting to note that the remains of the stag are found in Herm, though the animal has been extinct for more than a century. Game must formerly have abounded, for an old ordinance of the Royal Court of the island of Guernsey restricts the 'chasse' of hares, rabbits, pheasants, and partridges to 'jurats, curates, gentlemen, and officers, and to the principal inhabitants *de bien*,' under certain penalties. Rabbits alone survive, nor does their extinction appear imminent, for the soil favours them, and they multiply rapidly.

From Herm both Guernsey and Sark draw considerable supplies of *vraic*, or seaweed, for agricultural purposes. In the contract letting Herm on a fee-farm rent by the Crown, special clauses guaranteed a continuance of this right to the neighbouring islanders. Vraic is used for fuel also; whilst the proverb, 'Point de vraic, point de hautgard' (No seaweed, no cornyard), emphasises its importance as a fertilising agent.

Copper occurs in the island, but not in sufficient quantities to enable it to be worked successfully. The chief sources of mineral wealth are the granite quarries, which rank equally with those of Guernsey for stone, excelling in density and durability. An export trade was formerly carried on in this material, necessitating the construction of a harbour capable of accommodating vessels of two hundred and fifty tons burden. This branch of industry has now, however, been entirely abandoned, and the large outlay expended in its development lies unproductive.

Nor is this miniature world destitute of vestiges of the past; several Druidical cromlechs and altars will be found in the northern part of the island, in good preservation, in addition to an ancient keep dating, it is believed, from the sixth century.

The population in 1841, according to the census taken in that year, was thirty-eight souls, and has remained stationary since that time.

It is announced that the recent purchasers of Herm are about to convert their new possession into a station for curing and drying the fish caught by their boats in the northern seas. How far such an experiment will prove successful, actual trial alone can decide, though no elements appear to be wanting to render the venture a profitable one; and Herm will doubtless readily adapt herself, with her warm and sunny clime, to the new purpose for which she is designed. It will, in conclusion, interest our readers north of the Tweed to learn that Scotch capital has purchased, and Scotch enterprise will develop, this new industry in this romantic and picturesque possession of the British Crown.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIGHTNING-RODS.

Professor Tyndall, in a recent course of lectures on Electricity, took occasion to refer to the construction of lightning-rods. These articles, he said, 'were frequently made with as many as five points, and extremely eminent authorities advised their construction in this way. For his own part, however, he found from experiments in this branch of electricity that the single point of a needle was as good as half a dozen. In some cases, copper bands were now used as conductors instead of copper wire, and they had the advantage of opening a wider door for the escape of electricity into the earth. He was talking a few days ago to a builder who spoke of certain churches he had "protected" by lightning-conductors. He said that he stuck the conductor a few inches into the ground, and imagined that that was quite sufficient. Some few years ago, when he (Professor Tyndall) had the honour of serving the Board of Trade, a lighthouse on the northern coast of Ireland was struck by lightning. On examination, he found that the lightning-conductor ended in stone, which had been pierced to a depth of about six inches. That was entirely insufficient to carry away electricity, and, indeed, almost invited the lightning to strike the place. The broader the plate carrying the electric fluid into the earth, the wider the door would be open for its escape. There was one agent which would be even better than anything else, if they could only use it on the top of lighthouses, and that was flame, which must totally discharge all electricity.'

A BROKEN HEART.

A correspondent thus writes: 'Nearly twenty years ago, I owned a pair of beautiful canaries—the male being a very fine fellow, with a rich musical note. Having furnished them with the outside rough form of a nest in straw, leaving them to complete its comforts with bits of soft wool, down, and small feathers, they were shortly in the happy possession of four eggs. In due course four young ones presented themselves, to the evident delight of the parents, who fed them from daylight to dark, their favourite food being the yolk of hard-boiled eggs. Time brought round the period when, instead of raw, naked, helpless creatures always "asking for more," four full-fledged young birds frisked about the cage like so many pretty yellow balls of fine soft wool. They grew to be very fine birds; and first one friend and then another coveted them, until all had gone but one little youngling, which remained as the only solace of the parents. This last of the family was the delight of their hearts; they fondled it and played with it as we have seen an affectionate mother do with her child, and seemed to exert themselves to amuse it in every way their fancy prompted.

Probably a happier little family never existed. But, alas! the spoiler came. Another friend coveted the last of the little flock, and it was taken away. And from that moment the joyous song of the male bird gave place to a painfully feeble little chirp. He sat on the perch with a drooping, heart-broken, spiritless aspect; his wings hung down as if all power and vitality had left him; and within twenty-four hours from the time of his bereavement he fell dead from the perch. The affectionate creature had evidently died of grief for the loss of his "one ewe lamb." The cage was given away with the remaining bird; and no inducement could tempt me again to run the risk of perhaps unconsciously being the cause of so much unhappiness and misery.'

WOLVES IN FRANCE.

France is still infested in some parts with wolves, and although these formidable animals do not generally cause much loss of human life, it only requires a really cold winter to render the wolves dangerous and destructive to the poor husbandmen and villagers of the Meuse and the Vosges. Formerly, many French departments were provided with *louvetiers*, gentlemen who, in return for the title and privilege of wearing a gallant and most *piquant* uniform, undertook to keep the district free from louvine incursions. A short time back, however, these honourable and venerable dignities were suppressed, the Minister of Agriculture being content with setting aside annually a sum of money, out of which prizes are awarded for each wolf killed.

The Minister of Agriculture has just issued the official returns of the wolves destroyed during the year 1883. No fewer than thirteen hundred and eighty-eight wolves were killed in one way or another. Of these, thirty-two were with young, and four hundred and ninety-three were cubs; the remainder being full-grown animals. Nine well authenticated cases of persons being attacked by wolves were reported, but it is not said whether any lives were destroyed or not. One hundred and three thousand seven hundred and twenty francs (£4148, 16s. 8d.) were distributed as rewards, which varied according to the importance of the capture. But perhaps the most interesting part of the Report is that which tabulates the number of animals destroyed in each department. The Perigord and eastern counties suffer most from the ravages of these animals. The Dordogne heads the list with 131; the Meuse, 122; Haute-Meuse, 89; Meurthe-et-Moselle, 81; Vosges, 71; Haute-Vienne, 71; Charente, 66; Corrèze, 58; Creuse, 43; Aube, 40; other counties following with lesser totals.

During an exceptionally severe winter, exciting sport may be enjoyed either in the Vosges, the Dordogne, or the Côte-d'Or; local guides and attendants are readily obtained; and the poor peasantry are ready thankfully to render any assistance to the hunters who help to rid them of their treacherous and destructive enemy.

RAT RIDDANCE.

'Allow me,' writes a correspondent, 'to suggest a simple means of getting rid of those pests. In the year 1855 I was in command of the British vessel *Tubal Cain*, lying alongside the wharf at Melbourne, embarking Chinese passengers for Hong-kong. The wharfs were so infested with rats that it was impossible to prevent their getting on board, and my vessel was well stocked with them. After being at sea a few days, I mustered the passengers—with their effects—on deck, to give them an airing, and for the purpose of giving the passenger deck a good cleansing, and sprinkling some chloride of lime mixed with water. I also had a couple of buckets of the same mixture poured down the pumps. This I continued weekly; when, to my surprise, the rats made a raid on the cabin (poop) on deck, and became so troublesome that neither myself nor my officers cared about turning in at night. A happy thought struck me—that the chloride of lime had driven them from below deck; so I had everything cleared out of the cabin and the storerooms, and freely used the mixture. This had the desired effect, the rats taking shelter in every available place outside. This gave us some good sport, especially on a moonlight night, when all hands engaged in hunting rats and driving them overboard, so that by the time we arrived at Hong-kong not one was left on board. On my return to England, I took a house and furnished it. After being in it a short time, I found that it was infested with rats. They would get through every part on the ground-floor. On examination, I discovered that a drain ran under the house, emptying into the harbour. I here again used the chloride of lime freely; and in less than a week every rat had taken its departure. I have recommended this remedy to many shipmasters and friends on shore; and in all cases it has proved a success. I have occupied my present residence for five years, and we have neither rat nor mouse on the premises. I attribute this to the free use of the above mixture, which is also effective as a deodoriser and disinfectant.'

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY! And midst old recollections
That rush to my heart with an echoing joy,
I remember once more the old hopes and dejections,
When you were a girl, dear, and I was a boy:
When I sent you a rose on that February morning,
And with it a passionate, rhyme-halting lay,
And met your reproaches and well-acted scorning
By whispering: 'Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!'

And the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so yellow,
And the soft southern wind blew so shrilly and sweet,
And each tiny bird sang so loud to its fellow,
While the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed at your feet,
Small wonder our hearts broke to tremulous beating,
As we learned in the wonderful, old-fashioned way,
What the earth, and the sky, and the air were repeating
In mystical cadence of Valentine's Day.

And now that the crazy-sweet babble and laughter
Of golden-haired children have rung in our ears,
And brought us the hope of a tender hereafter
To link to the thought of those far-away years—
Once more in the words of the happy boy-lover,
I veil deeper meaning in whimsical way—
A meaning your heart will be quick to discover—
By whispering: 'Sweet, 'tis Saint Valentine's Day!'

M. E. W.

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ROBBING THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

In a previous paper we called attention to curious matters connected with the Bank of England. In the present, we propose to describe some of the most noteworthy attempts to divert the wealth of that great corporation into improper channels.

It is somewhat remarkable, that until 1758—a period of sixty-five years from the foundation of the Bank—no attempt was made to imitate its notes; in other words, bank-note forgery was as yet uninvented. The doubtful honour of having led the way in this particular belongs to one Richard William Vaughan. There is an element of romance about his story. In August 1757, a gentleman named Bliss, residing in London, advertised for a clerk. Among others, Vaughan, then aged twenty-six, offered himself, and was accepted. He was of good address and education, though he had made but an indifferent use of his advantages. He had started as a linen-draper in Stafford, with a branch establishment in Aldersgate Street, London; but had failed, and at the time of his engagement by Mr Bliss, was an uncertificated bankrupt. This, however, his employer was not at first made aware of; and in the meantime, the young adventurer succeeded in winning the affections of a niece of Mr Bliss, a young lady of some expectations. Mr Bliss was induced, after some pressure, to consent to their marriage, conditionally upon Vaughan's first clearing himself from his difficulties and showing that he was in a position to marry. Vaughan expressed himself confident of speedily meeting these requirements; and shortly afterwards announced that his relatives had agreed to lend him a helping hand; that his discharge from bankruptcy would be forthwith granted; and that immediately afterwards he would start afresh in business.

Meanwhile, in support of his assertions, he showed his lady-love, and indeed placed in her keeping, twelve alleged Bank of England notes for twenty pounds each. The wedding-day was fixed for Easter Monday (1758), some three weeks later. In the meantime, however, an engraver, whom Vaughan, under an assumed name, had commissioned to engrave part of the plates for the notes, suspecting something wrong, gave information to the police. Vaughan was arrested, and spent his intended wedding-day in the 'condemned cell,' under sentence of death for forgery. At the trial, it was urged in his defence that the forged notes were not intended to be put in circulation, but merely to be used as a means of deluding Miss Bliss and her family. It was shown, however, that the twelve notes deposited formed only a part of those actually printed, and that Vaughan had endeavoured to induce one John Ballingar to cash some of them. The defence therefore failed, and Vaughan was hanged.

The imitation of the bank-note at that date was a much easier matter than it is at present, the note itself being a very rough affair and only partly engraved; the amount, the name of the payee, and the signature of the cashier being supplied in writing. Vaughan's appears to have been an extremely clumsy imitation, not even an attempt being made to imitate the watermark, which is one of the special signs of a genuine note. Unfortunately, the feasibility of imitation once shown, there were plenty to follow and to improve upon his example. There was, however, no attempt at bank-note forgery on a large scale until the year 1780, when a note was one day presented at the Bank, and was cashed in ordinary course. The paper, the watermark, the engraving, and the signatures, all were in perfect order. Indeed, so complete was the deception, that it was only when the note was about to be posted to the ledger appropriate to returned notes of that particular date, that it was found to be a duplicate of a note already returned, and consequently a forgery.

It may be here explained that all notes of any given date are always of the same denomination, and that each issue consists of one hundred thousand notes, numbered from one (written 000001) upwards. Thus, before us is a five-pound

note bearing date the 30th of June 1884. Any one conversant with the system on which the notes of the Bank of England are issued would know at once that no genuine note of any other denomination (that is, of any amount other than five pounds) can bear that particular date, and that of that date there have been one hundred thousand notes printed, each for five pounds. To keep account of these, a ledger lettered on the back to correspond with the particular series (say, 'Fives, 30 June 1884') is prepared, ruled with horizontal and vertical lines, so as to form on each page two hundred rectangular spaces. These are numbered consecutively throughout the book from one to one hundred thousand. As each note is returned to the Bank, the date of its return is entered in the corresponding space in this ledger. A forger, manufacturing, say, five-pound notes, will take care to use a date when a series of five-pound notes was actually issued; and will further take care that the number shall be one between one and one hundred thousand, or the imitation would be at once detected by any skilled person. Assuming that the note is so well executed as to pass the cashiers, it is sure to be discovered when it reaches the 'Returned Note' department, if the true note bearing the same number has already been presented at the Bank, as it would then be seen that there were duplicate notes of that particular number.

Such was the case with the note in question. The attention of the cashiers once called to the matter, it would have been thought that either the presentation of the forged notes would cease, or that the detection of the forger would be an easy matter. But it was not so. Similar notes continued to be presented; but the identity of the forger remained a mystery. Lotteries were in vogue at that day, and the notes were generally traced to one or other of the lottery offices; but there the clue failed. At last, however, a note being traced to one of these offices, the keepers reported that they had received it from a young man named Samuel, living in a street off the Strand. The police went to the address given, and found the young man, who admitted changing the note at the lottery office as alleged, but declared that he had merely done so by order of his master. He stated that having seen in the *Daily Advertiser* an advertisement for a servant, he applied for the situation, addressing his reply, as directed, to a certain coffee-house; and that, a day or two later, he was called out from his lodgings to see the advertiser, who was waiting in a coach outside. He found in the coach an aged gentleman, with a patch over one eye, and with one foot swathed in bandages, as if from gout. The old gentleman informed him that his name was Brank; that he required a servant for a ward of his, a young nobleman, just then absent from town; and after a few preliminaries, made an appointment for Samuel to call upon him at his lodgings in Great Titchfield Street. He did so; when the *soi-disant* Brank informed him that his ward had an unfortunate mania for speculating in lotteries, and that one of Samuel's chief occupations would be purchasing tickets for this purpose. By way of beginning, Brank handed him a note for twenty pounds, with instructions to purchase an eight-pound chance in the drawing then commencing, and to meet him with the ticket at the door of the Parliament Street Coffee-house. This done, he gave him two more notes, to be used in the same way, telling him to meet him afterwards at the City Coffee-house, Cheapside. On his way thither, he was hailed from a coach by his venerable employer and intrusted with four hundred pounds more, to be expended in like manner at different offices; and at the end of the day, notes to the amount of fourteen hundred pounds had been thus placed in circulation. The next day, notes for twelve hundred pounds were got rid of in like manner; and the day following, five hundred more. In negotiating this last parcel of notes, Samuel was asked to write down his name and address; and this led, as we have seen, to his arrest.

The police being satisfied that Samuel spoke the truth, left him in his lodgings, instructing him to report to them when he next heard from his mysterious employer. A day or two later, he received a letter, requesting him to meet Mr Brank at a certain coffee-house at eleven o'clock the next day. He went to the coffee-house indicated, two officers in disguise closely following him. He was a few minutes late, and was told that a porter had been inquiring for him. He waited at the coffee-house for some time; but in vain. The mysterious Brank had somehow taken the alarm. A raid was made upon the lodgings in Great Titchfield Street; but the supposed Brank had not been there for some days. Rewards were offered for his apprehension, and his description—in the 'patch' disguise—circulated in the public prints; but in vain.

For *five years* paper forged by the same hand continued to be presented, and the Bank authorities were at their wits' end, when, fortunately for them, the ingenious forger hit on a new form of fraud, which led to his capture. A custom at that time prevailed at the Bank of England, that when a person paid in gold to be exchanged for notes, he did not in the first instance receive the notes themselves, but only a ticket showing the amount, which was exchanged at another counter for the notes. 'On the 17th of December' (1785), it is stated in a newspaper of the day, 'ten pounds was paid into the Bank, for which the clerk, as usual, gave a ticket to receive a bank-note of equal value. This ticket ought to have been carried immediately to the cashier; instead of which, the bearer took it home, added a 0 to the original sum, and returning, presented it so altered to the cashier, for which he received a note of one hundred pounds. In the evening, the clerks found a deficiency in the accounts; and on examining the tickets of the day, not only that, but two others were found to have been altered in the same manner. In the one, the figure 1 was altered to 4, and in another to 5, by which the artist

received upon the whole near one thousand pounds.'

The numbers of the notes issued had, in usual course, been taken down, and it may be imagined that their return was watched for with much interest. At last one of them was presented, and was traced to a highly respectable silversmith. He was interrogated, and stated that he received the note from a gentleman who gave frequent entertainments on a grand scale, and was in the habit of hiring plate in large quantities of him for that purpose. A police officer was stationed in the house; and at his next visit the hospitable customer was arrested, and was found to be the forger who had so long baffled all attempts to discover him.

This man, Charles Price, the son of a slopseller in St Giles', had in his time 'played many parts.' He first appears as a runaway apprentice; then as a gentleman's servant, in which capacity he travelled all over Europe, and doubtless picked up much useful information. He then started as a brewer, became bankrupt; then a distiller, and was sent to the King's Bench Prison for defrauding the revenue. He then turned brewer again; then lottery-office keeper; then stockbroker; again became bankrupt; and then opened another lottery office, this, his last public venture, being in King Street, Covent Garden. From this date (1780) he disappears from public life, preferring thenceforth 'to blush unseen,' and to devote his whole energies to his lucrative warfare against the money-bags of the Bank of England. His only assistants were his wife and a Mrs Pounteney, a relative of his wife, in whose house he executed the mechanical part of his forgeries, and who acted as a spy to watch the person employed to utter the notes, that Price might be warned in time of any hitch in the proceedings. When Price was taken, he made a full confession. It appeared that during the five years 1780–1785, he had passed under no less than fifty different names, and nearly as many different disguises. Now, however, the game was up, and Price felt that it was so. Before the date at which he should have been brought to trial, he hanged himself in his cell.

Another eminent forger was John Mathison, originally a watchmaker at Gretna Green. Having acquired, as a recreation, the art of engraving, he developed unusual skill therein. He had also an extraordinary facility for imitating handwriting. These accomplishments he employed in imitating, first, the notes of the Darlington Bank, then those of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh; and finally, coming to London, he began upon the notes of the Bank of England. As a proof of his extraordinary energy, we may mention that within ten days of his arrival in London, he had begun to utter forged notes, having in the meantime bought the copper, engraved the plates, forged the watermark, and printed the notes. He paid frequent visits to the Bank, exchanging gold for notes, or notes of one denomination for another, to serve as models for his fraudulent imitations. On one of these occasions a large sum of money was being paid in by the Excise. A question was raised by the teller as to the goodness of one of the notes. Mathison, standing by, pronounced, without hesitation, that it was a good one, which proved to be the case. So remarkable a display of knowledge on the part of an outsider called attention to the volunteer expert. The clerk remembered Mathison as a frequent changer of notes; and this incident led to his apprehension and subsequent conviction. He offered, if his life were spared, to reveal the secret of his process for imitating the watermark; but the offer was not accepted, and he suffered the usual penalty for his offence.

In the year 1797, in consequence of a scarcity of gold, the Bank of England was for the first time authorised to issue one-pound notes, and this led to an enormous increase in the number of forgeries. During six years prior to this date there had been but one capital conviction for forgery. During the four years next following this issue of the one-pound note there were *eighty-five*. This was doubtless attributable to the increased number of notes in circulation, the freedom with which they passed from hand to hand, the length of time during which they circulated without presentation, and the fact that, unlike the five-pound notes, their circulation was not confined to the well-to-do and educated classes, but was in a great degree among poor and ignorant persons, who were not likely to detect a spurious imitation. In 1808, the police unearthed, at Birmingham, a regular factory of these notes, whence they were issued wholesale at six shillings in the pound on their nominal value. The forgers, thirteen in number, were arrested; and notes to the amount of ten thousand pounds were seized on the premises.

In the meantime, a fraud of even greater magnitude had been perpetrated within the Bank itself by one of its most trusted servants. In 1803, a Mr Bish, a stockbroker, was instructed by Mr Robert Astlett, cashier of the Bank of England, to dispose of some Exchequer bills, which, from certain circumstances, Bish knew to be in the official custody of the Bank. His suspicions being thus aroused, he communicated with the directors; and it was found that Astlett, who had charge of all Exchequer bills brought into the Bank, and should have transferred them, in parcels properly docketed, to the custody of the directors, had succeeded in diverting a large number of them to his own uses, his defalcations amounting to no less than Three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Astlett was tried for his offence, and was sentenced to death; but the sentence was never carried into effect. The prisoner remained in Newgate for many years; but whether he died in prison, we do not find recorded.

Passing over the great Stock Exchange frauds of 1814, as a matter in which the Bank was only indirectly interested, we come to the forgeries of Fauntleroy, which, from their magnitude and the position of the offender, produced an extraordinary sensation. Henry Fauntleroy had succeeded his father as a partner in the banking firm of Marsh, Stracy, & Co. The firm was unfortunate; and Fauntleroy speculated largely on the Stock Exchange in the hope of improving its fortunes, but actually involved himself thereby in still greater difficulties. To meet these, he forged Powers of Attorney enabling him to deal with funded securities belonging to various clients, from time to time replacing one fund by the proceeds of a later forgery. He began in

May 1815 with a power of attorney empowering Messrs Marsh & Co. to sell out a sum of three thousand pounds consols. It is an everyday occurrence for clients to give such powers to their bankers, and the one in question appeared to be in perfect order. It purported to be executed by the fundholder, one Frances Young, of Chichester, and to be attested by two of the clerks of Messrs Marsh & Co. The power was presented at the Bank of England. There was nothing to excite suspicion, and the document was acted on in ordinary course. From this date up to 1824, the presentation of such powers by Messrs Marsh & Co. became a matter of frequent occurrence, and very large sums were thus obtained. At last a crash came. Henry Fauntleroy was joint trustee with some other gentlemen of certain moneys invested in the three per cents. One of the trustees chancing to call at the Bank to make some inquiry respecting the trust fund, found, to his horror, that it had been sold out, under an alleged power of attorney, by Mr Fauntleroy. In consequence of his communication to the Bank authorities, the whole of the powers acted upon by Marsh & Co. were investigated, and a great part of them were found to be forged. On the 9th of September 1824, Fauntleroy was arrested in his own banking-house. He offered the officer who arrested him *ten thousand pounds* if he would connive at his escape; but in vain. On searching his private office, a box was found containing a long list of forgeries, with a memorandum in the following words: 'In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney, and have therefore sold out all these sums, without the knowledge of any of my partners. I have given credit in the accounts for the interest when it became due. (*Signed*) HENRY FAUNTLEROY.' It is said that at the moment of his apprehension he had ready a fresh power of attorney, by means of which he would have been enabled to replace the stock whose absence led to the discovery. The amount of loss to the Bank of England by Fauntleroy's forgeries is said to have been no less than Three hundred and sixty thousand pounds! He was executed at Newgate on November 30, 1824.

For some years after this date, forgery continued to be a capital offence; but there was a growing feeling against the severity of the punishment. In 1832 a Bill was passed abolishing the capital penalty in the case of all forgeries save those of wills and powers of attorney; and in 1837 these also ceased to be capital offences.

In 1844, a very ingenious fraud was perpetrated, with the curious result of restoring to the rightful owner a large sum of money of whose very existence she was not aware. In the year 1815, a Mr Slack died, leaving a Mr Hulme his executor. Mr Hulme, in the course of his duties as such, transferred into the name of Ann Slack, of Smith Street, Chelsea, six thousand six hundred pounds consols, and three thousand five hundred pounds three per cent. reduced annuities. During Mr Hulme's lifetime, he received the dividends on both funds, and Miss Slack drew on him for money as she needed it. Upon his death in 1832, Miss Slack resolved thenceforth to receive her dividends herself, but only did so as regarded the six thousand six hundred pounds consols, not being aware, apparently, that she was also entitled to the three thousand five hundred pounds. This state of things continued from 1832 to 1842, when the three thousand five hundred pounds reduced annuities, with ten years' dividends, were transferred, as unclaimed, to the Commissioners for the reduction of the National Debt. The fact of the transfer being known to a clerk in the Bank, one William Christmas, he communicated it to one Joshua Fletcher, who forthwith concocted a scheme for possessing himself of the amount. With the aid of a solicitor named Barber, he ascertained that Ann Slack was still alive, and managed to obtain a specimen of her signature. He then registered Ann Slack as deceased, first, however, forging a will in her name purporting to bequeath the sum in question to a supposed niece, Emma Slack. This will was duly proved, and the probate lodged at the Bank of England. A woman named Sanders personated the supposed Emma Slack. The three thousand five hundred pounds was sold out, and the proceeds paid to her, together with the unclaimed dividends, amounting to about eleven hundred pounds. The conspirators had carried their plan through very cleverly; but they had overlooked one point. The will only professed to bequeath the reduced annuities, and consequently these only had been dealt with; but as the Bank authorities knew that Ann Slack had also possessed a fund in consols, they, in accordance with their usual practice, placed 'deceased' against her name in the title of that account. When an account is 'dead'—that is, stands in the name of a deceased person—no addition can be made to it. Ann Slack, shortly afterwards, desiring to add more stock to this account, was informed, to her astonishment, that she was dead. To prove that she was not so, she presented herself at the Bank with ample proof of her identity. Fletcher and Barber were tried, and found guilty. The money was gone; but Ann Slack notwithstanding received her full due, the loss being borne by the government.

The last great fraud by which the Bank of England has been a sufferer was that of Austin Bidwell and his accomplices. On the 18th of April 1872, Austin Bidwell called upon a tailor named Green, in Savile Row, and under the assumed name of Warren, gave him a handsome order. On May 4, he paid Mr Green another visit. He was then professedly on his way to Ireland, and having about him a large sum of money, asked Green to take charge of it during his absence. Green hesitated to take the responsibility, but remarked that the branch Bank of England was in Burlington Gardens close by, and offered to introduce Warren there. This was done; and Warren opened an account by a deposit of twelve hundred pounds. He gave his name as 'Frederick Albert Warren,' and his address as *Golden Cross Hotel*. He paid in and drew out moneys to a considerable amount, and shortly began to offer bills for discount. They bore the best of names, and were discounted without hesitation. On the 17th of June 1873, a bill of Rothschild's for four thousand five hundred pounds was offered, and was discounted in due course.

Having thus gained, by transactions in genuine

bills, the confidence of the Bank authorities, the supposed Warren commenced operations of another kind. Bills came in thick and fast for discount, still bearing the same first-class names—Rothschild, Blydenstein, Suse and Sibeth, &c.; but they were now cleverly executed forgeries. The Bank continued to discount without suspicion. Naturally, however, it paid in its own notes, of which the numbers were recorded, and which, when it was discovered that the bills were forged, would be difficult to realise. Bidwell, in order to dispose of these and to diminish the chances of identification, opened an account in another name (Horton) at the Continental Bank. Here he paid in the notes received from the Bank of England, taking French and German money in exchange; Hills—under the name of Noyes—acting as his clerk. Sometimes, by way of variety, Hills changed notes into gold at the Bank of England itself, alleging that the coin was for export; but the gold so obtained was brought back again by Macdonnell, and exchanged for fresh notes, which, thus obtained, would have no obvious connection with the original fraud. George Bidwell undertook what may be called the manufacturing department, namely, the preparation of the plates, and the printing of the bill-forms for the forgeries. By thus dividing their labours, and working each in a distinct department of the fraud, the gang hoped to evade discovery until they had made what they regarded as a sufficient haul, when they would doubtless have retired to foreign climes to enjoy the fruits of their labours. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for they had already offered forged bills to the amount of £102,217, 19s. 7d., when a happy oversight led to their detection. Two bills for one thousand pounds each, professedly accepted by Messrs Blydenstein, and payable three months after 'sight,' were not 'sighted'—that is, the date of acceptance was not inserted. A clerk of the Bank was sent to Messrs Blydenstein's to get the omission rectified, and was met by the startling information that the bills were forgeries. With some little trouble, the whole of the gang were arrested, and after a trial lasting eight days, were convicted, and sentenced to penal servitude.

The cases we have described afford an unusually forcible illustration of the good old-fashioned maxim, that 'Honesty is the Best Policy.' If dishonesty ever were a paying game, it should be in the case of such men as these, with so much ability employed, playing for such heavy stakes, and with schemes so carefully planned. And yet, what must the life of such a schemer be? Fauntleroy, we are told, did for years *the work of three clerks*, in order to conceal his frauds. Fare as sumptuously, entertain as lavishly as he may, the schemer must live with every nerve strained, in constant dread of detection, ever feeling the thief-taker's hand on his collar, the steel of the handcuffs upon his wrists. In most instances, he does not derive even a transient benefit from his crime. Where there is a temporary success, as in the case of Fauntleroy, the proceeds of one forgery are perforce devoted to make good another, or the money gained by fraud is squandered in unprofitable speculations. And sooner or later, the end is sure to come. The most watchful of men cannot be always on his guard. Some day, a little slip is made, perhaps the mere omission of a date, as in Bidwell's case, or an incautious remark, as in that of Mathison, and then—the dock and a violent death, or, even under the present merciful régime, long years spent in the convict's garb, living on convict's fare, and herding with the very dregs of humanity.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VI.

When one has made up one's mind to reopen a painful subject after dinner, the preliminary meal is not usually a very pleasant one; nor, with the trouble of preparation in one's mind, is one likely to make a satisfactory dinner. Frances could not talk about anything. She could not eat; her mind was absorbed in what was coming. It seemed to her that she must speak; and yet how gladly would she have escaped from or postponed the explanation. Explanation! Possibly, he would only smile and baffle her as he had done before; or perhaps be angry, which would be better. Anything would be better than that indifference.

She went out to the loggia when dinner was over, trembling with the sensation of suspense. It was still not dark, and the night was clear with the young moon already shining, so that between the retiring day and the light of the night it was almost as clear as it had been two hours before. Frances sat down, shivering a little, though not with cold. Usually, her father accompanied or immediately followed her; but by some perversity, he did not do so to-night. She seated herself in her usual place, and waited, listening for every sound; that is, for sounds of one kind—his slow step coming along the polished floor, here soft and muffled over a piece of carpet, there loud upon the *parquet*. But for some time, during which she rose into a state of feverish expectation, there was no such sound.

It was nearly half an hour, according to her calculation, probably not half so much by common computation of time, when one or two doors were opened and shut quickly and a sound of voices met her ear—not sounds, however, which had any but a partial interest for her, for they did not indicate his approach. After a while there followed the sound of a footstep; but it was not Mr Waring's; it was not Domenico's subdued tread, nor the measured march of Mariuccia. It was light, quick, and somewhat uncertain. Frances was half disappointed, half relieved. Some one was coming, but not her father. It would be impossible to speak to him to-night. The relief was uppermost; she felt it through her whole being. Not to-night; and no one can ever tell what to-morrow may bring forth. She looked up no longer with anxiety, but curiosity, as the door opened. It opened quickly; some one looked out, as if to see where it led, then, with a slight exclamation of satisfaction, stepped out upon the loggia into the partial light.

Frances rose up quickly, with the curious sensation of acting over something which she had rehearsed before; she did not know where or how. It was the girl whom she had remarked

on the Marina, as having just arrived, who now stood here, looking about her curiously, with her travelling cloak fastened only at the throat, her gauze veil thrown up about her hat. This new-comer came in quickly, not with the timidity of a stranger. She came out into the centre of the loggia, where the light fell fully round her, and showed her tall slight figure, the fair hair clustering in her neck, a certain languid grace of movement, which her energetic entrance curiously belied. Frances waited for some form of apology or self-introduction, prepared to be very civil, and feeling in reality pleased, and almost grateful for the interruption.

But the young lady made no statement. She put her hands up to her throat and loosed her cloak with a little sigh of relief. She undid the veil from her hat. 'Thank heaven, I have got here at last, free of those people!' she said, putting herself *sans façon* into Mr Waring's chair, and laying her hat upon the little table. Then she looked up at the astonished girl, who stood looking on in a state of almost consternation.

'Are you Frances?' she said; but the question was put in an almost indifferent tone.

'Yes; I am Frances. But I don't know'—— Frances was civil to the bottom of her soul, polite, incapable of hurting any one's feelings. She could not say anything disagreeable; she could not demand brutally, Who are you? and what do you want here?

'I thought so,' said the stranger; 'and, oddly enough, I saw you this afternoon, and wondered if it could be you. You are a little like mamma. —I am Constance, of course,' she added, looking up with a half-smile. 'We ought to kiss each other, I suppose, though we can't care much about each other. Can we?—Where is papa?'

Frances had no breath to speak; she could not say a word. She looked at the new-comer with a gasp. Who was she? And who was papa? Was it some strange mistake which had brought her here? But then the question, 'Are you Frances?' showed that it could not be a mistake.

'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I don't understand. This is—Mr Waring's. You are looking for—your father?'

'Yes, yes,' cried the other impatiently. 'I know. You can't imagine I should have come here and taken possession if I had not made sure first! You are well enough known in this little place. There was no trouble about it.—And the house looks nice, and this must be a fine view when there is light to see it by. —But where is papa? They told me he was always to be found at this hour.'

Frances felt the blood ebb to her very finger-points, and then rush back like a great flood to her heart. She scarcely knew where she was standing or what she was saying in her great bewilderment. 'Do you mean—*my* father?' she said.

The other girl answered with a laugh: 'You are very particular. I mean our father, if you prefer it. Your father—my father. What does it matter?—Where is he? Why isn't he here? It seems he must introduce us to each other. I did not think of any such formality. I thought you would have taken me for granted,' she said.

Frances stood thunderstruck, gazing, listening, as if eyes and ears alike fooled her. She did not seem to know the meaning of the words. They could not, she said to herself, mean what they seemed to mean—it was impossible. There must be some wonderful, altogether unspeakable blunder. 'I don't understand,' she said again in a piteous tone. 'It must be some mistake.'

The other girl fixed her eyes upon her in the waning light. She had not paid so much attention to Frances at first as to the new place and scene. She looked at her now with the air of weighing her in some unseen balance and finding her wanting, with impatience and half contempt. 'I thought you would have been glad to see me,' she said; 'but the world seems just the same in one place as another. Because I am in distress at home, you don't want me here.'

Then Frances felt herself goaded, galled into the matter-of-fact question, 'Who are you?' though she felt that she would not believe the answer she received.

'Who am I? Don't you know who I am? Who should I be but Con—Constance Waring, your sister?—Where,' she cried, springing to her feet and stamping one of them upon the ground —'where, *where* is papa?'

The door opened again behind her softly, and Mr Waring with his soft step came out. 'Did I hear some one calling for me?' he said.—'Frances, it is not you, surely, that are quarrelling with your visitor?—I beg the lady's pardon; I cannot see who it is.'

The stranger turned upon him with impatience in her tone. 'It was I who called,' she said. 'I thought you were sure to be here. Father, I have always heard that you were kind—a kind man, they all said; that was why I came, thinking—— I am Constance!' she added after a pause, drawing herself up and facing him with something of his own gesture and attitude. She was tall, not much less than he was; very unlike little Frances. Her slight figure seemed to draw out as she raised her head and looked at him. She was not a suppliant. Her whole air was one of indignation that she should be subjected to a moment's doubt.

'Constance!' said Mr Waring. The daylight was gone outside; the moon had got behind a fleecy white cloud; behind those two figures there was a gleam of light from within, Domenico having brought in the lamp into the drawing-room. He stepped backward, opening the glass door. 'Come in,' he said, 'to the light.'

Frances came last, with a great commotion in her heart, but very still externally. She felt herself to have sunk into quite a subordinate place. The other two, they were the chief figures. She had now no explanation to ask, no questions to put, though she had a thousand; but everything was in the background, everything inferior. The chief interest was with the others now.

Constance stepped in after him with a proud freedom of step, the air of one who was mistress of herself and her fate. She went up to the table on which the tall lamp stood, her face on a level with it, fully lighted up by it. She held her hat in her hand, and played with it with a careless yet half-nervous gesture. Her fair hair was short and clustered in her neck and about

her forehead, almost like a child's, though she was not like a child. Mr Waring looking at her, was more agitated than she. He trembled a little; his eyelids were lifted high over his eyes. Her air was a little defiant; but there was no suspicion, only a little uncertainty in his. He put out his hand to her after a minute's inspection. 'If you are Constance, you are welcome,' he said.

'I don't suppose that you have any doubt I am Constance,' said the girl, flinging her hat on the table and herself into a chair. 'It is a very curious way to receive one, though, after such a long journey—such a tiresome long journey,' she repeated with a voice into which a querulous tone of exhaustion had come.

Mr Waring sat down too in the immediate centre of the light. He had not kissed her nor approached her, save by the momentary touch of their hands. It was a curious way to receive a stranger, a daughter. She lay back in her chair, as if wearied out, and tears came to her eyes. 'I should not have come, if I had known,' she said with her lip quivering. 'I am very tired. I put up with everything on the journey, thinking, when I came here—— And I am more a stranger here than anywhere!' She paused, choking with the half-hysterical fit of crying which she would not allow to overcome her. 'She—knows nothing about me!' she cried with a sharp pain, as if this was the last blow.

Frances in her bewilderment did not know what to do or say. She looked at her father; but his face was dumb, and gave her no suggestion; and then she looked at the new-comer, who lay back with her head against the back of the chair, her eyes closed, tears forcing their way through her eyelashes, her slender white throat convulsively struggling with a sob. The mind of Frances had been shaken by a sudden storm of feelings unaccustomed; a throb of something which she did not understand, which was jealousy, though she neither knew nor intended it, had gone through her being. She seemed to see herself cast forth from her easy supremacy, her sway over her father's house, deposed from her principal place. And she was only human. Already she was conscious of a downfall. Constance had drawn the interest towards herself—it was she to whom every eye would turn. The girl stood apart for a moment, with that inevitable movement which has been in the bosom of so many since the well-behaved brother of the Prodigal put it in words, 'Now that this thy son has come.' Constance, so far as Frances knew, was no prodigal; but she was what was almost worse—a stranger, and yet the honours of the house were to be hers. She stood thus, looking on, until the sight of the suppressed sob, of the closed eyes, of the weary, hopeless attitude, were too much for her. Then it came suddenly into her mind, If she is Constance! Frances had not known half an hour before that there was any Constance who had a right to her sympathy in the world. She gave her father another questioning look, but got no reply from his eyes. Whatever had to be done must be done by herself. She went up to the chair in which her sister lay and touched her on the shoulder. 'If we had known you were coming,' she said, 'it would have been different. It is a little your fault not to let us know. I should have gone to meet you; I should have made your room ready. We have nothing ready, because we did not know.'

Constance sat suddenly up in her chair and shook her head, as if to shake off the emotion that had been too much for her. 'How sensible you are,' she said. 'Is that your character?—She is quite right, isn't she? But I did not think of that. I suppose I am impetuous, as people say. I was unhappy, and I thought you would—receive me with open arms. It is evident *I* am not the sensible one.' She said this with still a quiver in her lip, but also a smile, pushing back her chair, and resuming the unconcerned air which she had worn at first.

'Frances is quite right. You ought to have written and warned us,' said Mr Waring.

'O yes; there are so many things that one ought to do!'

'But we will do the best for you, now you are here. Mariuccia will easily make a room ready. Where is your baggage? Domenico can go to the railway, to the hotel, wherever you have come from.'

'My box is outside the door. I made them bring it. The woman—is that Mariuccia?—would not take it in. But she let me come in. She was not suspicious. She did not say, "If you are Constance."' And here she laughed, with a sound that grated upon Mr Waring's nerves. He jumped up suddenly from his chair.

'I had no proof that you were Constance,' he said, 'though I believed it. But only your mother's daughter could reproduce that laugh.'

'Has Frances got it?' the girl cried, with an instant lighting up of opposition in her eyes; 'for I am like you; but she is the image of mamma.'

He turned round and looked at Frances, who, feeling that an entire circle of new emotions, unknown to her, had come into being at a bound, stood with a passive, frightened look, spectator of everything, not knowing how to adapt herself to the new turn of affairs.

'By Jove!' her father said, with an air of exasperation she had never seen in him before, 'that is true! But I had never noticed it. Even Frances. You've come to set us all by the ears.'

'O no! I'll tell you, if you like, why I came. Mamma—has been more aggravating than usual. I said to myself you would be sure to understand what that meant. And something arose—I will tell you about it after—a complication, something that mamma insisted I should do, though I had made up my mind not to do it.'

'You had better,' said her father, with a smile, 'take care what ideas on that subject you put into your sister's head.'

Constance paused, and looked at Frances with a look which was half-scrutinising, half-contemptuous. 'Oh, she is not like me,' she said. 'Mamma was very aggravating, as you know she can be. She wanted me—— But I'll tell you after.' And then she began: 'I hope, because you live in Italy, papa, you don't think you ought to be a medieval parent; but that sort of thing in Belgravia, you know, is too ridiculous. It was so out of the question, that it was some time before I understood. It was not exactly

a case of being locked up in my room and kept on bread and water; but something of the sort. I was so much astonished at first, I did not know what to do; and then it became intolerable. I had nobody I could appeal to, for everybody agreed with her. Markham is generally a safe person; but even Markham took her side. So I immediately thought of you. I said to myself: One's father is the right person to protect one. And I knew, of course, that if anybody in the world could understand how impossible it is to live with mamma when she has taken a thing in her head, it would be you.'

Waring kept his eye upon Frances while this was being said, with an almost comic embarrassment. It was half laughable; but it was painful, as so many laughable things are; and there was something like alarm, or rather timidity, in the look. The man looked afraid of the little girl—whom all her life he had treated as a child—and her clear sensible eyes.

'One thinks these things, perhaps; but one does not put them into words,' he said.

'Oh! it is no worse to say them than to think them,' said Constance. 'I always say what I mean. And you must know that things went very far—so far, that I couldn't put up with it any longer; so I made up my mind all at once that I would come off to you.'

'And I tell you, you are welcome, my dear. It is so long since I saw you, that I could not have recognised you. That is natural enough. But now that you are here—I cannot decide upon the wisdom of the step till I know all the circumstances'——

'Oh, wisdom! I don't suppose there is any wisdom about it. No one expects wisdom from me. But what could I do? There was nothing else that I could do.'

'At all events,' said Waring, with a little inclination of his head and a smile, as if he were talking to a visitor, Frances said to herself—'Frances and I will forgive any lack of wisdom which has given us—this pleasure.' He laughed at himself as he spoke. 'You must expect for a time to feel like a fine lady paying a visit to her poor relations,' he said.

'Oh, I know you will approve of me when you hear everything. Mamma says I am a Waring all over, your own child.'

The sensations with which Frances stood and listened, it would be impossible to describe. Mamma! who was this, of whom the other girl spoke so lightly, whom she had never heard of before? Was it possible that a mother as well as a sister existed for her, as for others, in the unknown world out of which Constance had come? A hundred questions were on her lips, but she controlled herself, and asked none of them. Reflection, which comes so often slowly, almost painfully, to her came now like the flash of lightning. She would not betray to any one, not even to Constance, that she had never known she had a mother. Papa might be wrong—oh, how wrong he had been!—but she would not betray him. She checked the exclamation on her lips; she subdued her soul altogether, forcing it into silence. This was the secret she had been so anxious to penetrate, which he had kept so closely from her. Why should he have kept it from her? It was evident it had not been kept on the other side. Whatever had happened, had Frances been in trouble, she knew of no one with whom she could have taken refuge; but her sister had known. Her brain was made dizzy by these thoughts. It was open to her now to ask whatever she pleased. The mystery had been made plain; but at the same time her mouth was stopped. She would not confuse her father, nor betray him. It was chiefly from this bewildering sensation, and not, as her father, suddenly grown acute in respect to Frances, thought, from a mortifying consciousness that Constance would speak with more freedom if she were not there, that Frances spoke. 'I think,' she said, 'that I had better go and see about the rooms. Mariuccia will not know what to do till I come; and you will take care of Constance, papa.'

He looked at her, hearing in her tone a wounded feeling, a touch of forlorn pride, which perhaps were there, but not so much as he thought; but it was Constance that replied: 'O yes; we will take care of each other. I have so much to tell him,' with a laugh. Frances was aware that there was relief in it, in the prospect of her own absence; but she did not feel it so strongly as her father did. She gave them both a smile, and went away.

'So that is Frances,' said the new-found sister, looking after her. 'I find her very like mamma. But everybody says I am your child, disposition and all.' She rose, and came up to Waring, who had never lessened the distance between himself and her. She put her hand into his arm and held up her face to him. 'I am like you. I shall be much happier with you. Do you think you will like having me instead of Frances, father?' She clasped his arm against her in a caressing way, and leant her cheek upon the sleeve of his velvet coat. 'Don't you think you would like to have *me*, father, instead of her?' she said.

A whole panorama of the situation, like a landscape, suddenly flashed before Waring's mind. The spell of this caress, and confidence she showed of being loved, which is so great a charm, and the impulse of nature, so much as that is worth, drew him towards the handsome girl, who took possession of him and his affections without a doubt, and pushed away the other from his heart and his side with an impulse which his philosophy said was common to all men—or at least, if that was too sweeping, to all women. But in the same moment came that sense of championship and proprietorship, the one inextricably mingled with the other, which makes us all defend our own, whenever assailed. Frances was his own; she was his creation; he had taught her almost everything. Poor little Frances! Not like this girl, who could speak for herself, who could go everywhere, half-commanding, half-taking with guile every heart that she encountered. Frances would never do that. But she would be true, true as the heavens themselves, and never falter. By a sudden gleam of perception, he saw that though he had never told her anything of this, though it must have been a revelation of wonder to her, yet that she had not burst forth into any outcries of astonishment, or asked any compromising questions, or done anything to betray him.

His heart went forth to Frances with an infinite tenderness. He had not been a doting father to her; he had even—being himself what the world calls a clever man, much above her mental level—felt himself to condescend a little, and almost upbraided heaven for giving him so ordinary a little girl. And Constance, it was easy to see, was a brilliant creature, accustomed to take her place in the world, fit to be any man's companion. But the first result of this revelation was to reveal to him, as he had never seen it before, the modest and true little soul which had developed by his side without much notice from him, whom he had treated with such cruel want of confidence, to whom the shock of this evening's disclosures must have been so great, but who, even in the moment of discovery, shielded him. All this went through his mind with the utmost rapidity. He did not put his new-found child away from him; but there was less enthusiasm than Constance expected in the kiss he gave her. 'I am very glad to have you here, my dear,' he said more coldly than pleased her. 'But why, instead of Frances? You will be happier both of you for being together.'

Constance did not disengage herself with any appearance of disappointment. She perceived, perhaps, that she was not to be so triumphant here as was usually her privilege. She relinquished her father's arm after a minute, not too precipitately, and returned to her chair. 'I shall like it, as long as it is possible,' she said. 'It will be very nice for me having a father and sister, instead of a mother and brother. But you will find that mamma will not let you off. She likes to have a girl in the house. She will have her pound of flesh.' She threw herself back into her chair with a laugh. 'How quaint it is here; and how beautiful the view must be, and the mountains and the sea. I shall be very happy here—the world forgetting, by the world forgot—and with you, papa.'

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

I. *WHAT IS YOUR NAME?*

NAMES were originally assumed for preventing confusion, and for the purpose of enabling individuals to be identified and distinguished from each other; and this is their principal use even now. Generally, the surname inherited from the parents, and the Christian name given by them, are retained during life. But there are many exceptions to the rule. Sometimes an estate is left to a person on condition of his assuming the name of the testator by whom it was devised. In case the arms of the deceased are to be assumed as well as his name, a royal license for the change of name must be obtained, and entered at the College of Arms, otherwise known as Heralds' College. If the arms are not to be quartered by the fortunate devisee, the license may or may not be obtained at his pleasure; the adoption of the name in pursuance of the directions in the will, or the issuing of the royal license, as the case may be, being advertised more or less extensively, according to the position of the recipient and his taste for publicity.

In like manner, names are often assumed in consideration of the accession of property, even though there may be no binding obligation to do so. A comparatively poor man marries the heiress or possessor of extensive estates, who is naturally desirous of keeping up the name which has been associated with power and position in her native county for generations, and accordingly the husband takes the surname of his wife, instead of giving his to her, as is the usual practice. A man inherits an estate through his mother, in default of male descendants of the old family from which she traced her descent; and it is most natural that he should keep up the ancestral name, with a view to maintaining the prestige which had existed for centuries. In this way many of the proudest aristocracy of our land have become the possessors of ancient historic names; the most familiar examples, perhaps, being the transmutation of Sir Hugh Smithson into a Percy upon his marriage with the heiress of the ancient family of that name, and the revival of the Dukedom of Northumberland in the new line; and the continuance of the name of Churchill in the Marlborough Dukedom, after it had descended through a female descendant of the celebrated John Churchill of the time of Queen Anne.

Again, a man may wish to change his name for reasons personal to himself. Thus, the noted Bugg, who assumed the surname of Norfolk Howard, is too well remembered to require more than passing notice. Less ridiculous was the change from Pigg to Theobald, effected by several members of a respectable family, some of whom had found the inconvenience in business of the porcine appellation, and who had some claim upon the assumed name through their mother, who had been born a Theobald. In fact, if the proposed change is not intended to be made for purposes of fraud, there is no legal objection to a man changing his name; though it would be inconvenient if he were to change it repeatedly. There is no obligation for a person to go through life with the appellation by which his father was known; and if he does not get his name changed in his boyhood by being brought up with a family who are not his brothers and sisters, he may on arriving at mature age take upon himself a new surname; although it would be imprudent to take this step without preserving legal evidence of the fact; as otherwise, the change might lead to doubts as to his identity, and thus throw difficulties in the way of his children, if they should become entitled to property as heir-at-law or next of kin of an intestate, after the decease of their parent, who alone could in many cases supply the missing link in the evidence of relationship.

The best evidence of identity in such a case is undoubtedly a Deed-poll under the hand and seal of the person who has assumed a new name; and enrolled in the High Court of Justice. In case of the necessity arising for tracing and proving the pedigree, this would of itself establish the identity of the person under his original and assumed names. The fact of such a document having been executed and enrolled ought to be advertised in one or more of the London daily papers, and also in the local newspapers circulating in the locality where the individual

resides. If he be in business, it is also desirable that the alteration in his name should be advertised in the trade journals of the business carried on by him; though this may be dispensed with if the firm under which he trades will not be affected by the change. But a tradesman carrying on business alone and in his own name should do this, and also send a circular to each of the wholesale houses with which he deals, so that there may be no opportunity of mistake, or pretence for alleging that any concealment has been practised. When there is no reason to look forward to any accessions of property through the death of relatives, it may be sufficient to rely upon advertisements and circulars alone; but we do not advise this course. The cost of an enrolled Deed-poll is not very heavy, and it is often impossible to tell that it may not be required when least expected.

Some persons change their names very frequently; but this is seldom done except for the purpose of facilitating the commission of fraud. In such cases, of course the object aimed at is concealment, not publicity; and as a general rule, when a man takes various names without any intimation of his identity under the several designations, if he be charged with any offence against the laws, his mystification in the matter of names will go against him. Not that the assumption of any number of names is an offence in itself; but when conjoined with other circumstances, it may become evidence of fraudulent intentions.

The case of the use of an old established name when it has been associated with a certain business for generations does not come strictly within the scope of our present subject; but as it is allied thereto, no apology is needed for glancing at it. A business which has long been successfully carried on under a style or firm extensively known in the trade to which it belongs, may still be carried on under the same style by persons whose names are different altogether; and any other persons assuming that name would be restrained by the courts from continuing to do so. The case of Day and Martin the celebrated blacking makers may well be cited to illustrate this point. In that case, the name of the firm had acquired a distinct value; and there being no persons of the original names or either of them left in the firm, a Mr Day and a Mr Martin took premises, commenced business, and advertised as Day and Martin, using labels and wrappers similar to those used by the original firm, their object being to trade upon the reputation which had been acquired without any help from them. The court, however, held that this could not be permitted.

Some merchants and tradesmen are whimsical in respect to names, and without any fraudulent intention, will assume several of such names as they may fancy, trading as A. B. & Co. at one place, and as C. D. & Co., E. F. & Co., G. H. & Co., and various other appellations, elsewhere. This is optional, and so long as the business is carried on properly and honestly, the law will not interfere. But when all these establishments, which are really one concern, are represented as being distinct, and they draw bills upon one another in order to create fictitious capital, even if there be no criminal charge established against the moving spirit, the latter might fare badly if he were to become bankrupt, as often happens.

Generally, if there be no substantial reason for a change of name, it ought not to be changed; and the individual should be content to pass through the world with the names given to him by, and inherited from, his parents. One of the reasons which might justify a change would be the undue prevalence of his name in the place where he lives, and the occurrence of frequent mistakes in consequence thereof. When there are several John Smiths in a small market town, it might be convenient if one of them would assume a more distinguishing appellation. We often wonder how business is carried on in Wales, where Thomas Thomas, John Jones, Evan Evans, and similar names abound to such an extent as to be most bewildering to an Englishman not to the manner born. However, we suppose the natives are accustomed to it, and custom reconciles us to many things.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

A STORY OF MARSEILLES.

I. THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

It was a rough winter's night. A slight sou'-wester had been blowing all day long; but since the sun had gone down and it had grown dark, heavy gusts fled boisterously up and down the narrow old streets of Marseilles, as though they had lost their way. Many of the principal thoroughfares appeared comparatively deserted, as if the storm had driven most people home. Those who yet remained out of doors seemed to be bent upon reaching their domiciles with all possible speed. There was one solitary exception—a tall, powerfully built man; and upon him a gust of wind had little more effect than upon a solid rock. Enveloped in a thick black cloak, with a military cap drawn down tightly over his forehead, he walked along at a slow, measured step. He never once turned his head, even when the wind cast a stinging splash of rain full in his face. He was so erect, and strode forward in such a steady manner, that one would have supposed the weather absent from his thoughts. When he reached the quay, he crossed the road and stepped along the gangway, so close to the edge of the basin that by stretching out his hand he could have touched the rigging of large vessels as he passed. The danger, even in broad daylight, when walking so close to the edge, would have been great; but upon this pitch-dark, windy night, a false step meant certain death in the dock below.

Presently, a small boat, dimly visible by the light from a lantern attached to the bow, came slowly towards a landing-place several yards ahead. When the boat touched the wall of the basin, the man quickened his pace, and on reaching the spot, looked down, and demanded: 'Who goes there?'

'Prosper Cornillon,' replied a voice. The voice appeared to come from a figure in the boat which resembled a black shadow in the darkness.

'Is your boat for hire?'

'Yes, monsieur.'

There was a short pause. Then the stranger, with a *soupçon* of command in his tone, said: 'I shall want you to-night; but not yet.'

The boatman, having meanwhile made fast his boat, took the lantern out of the bow and climbed slowly up the steep wooden steps.

'Does the Café Cornillon, on this quay, belong to you?'

'It is mine and my sister's,' Prosper replied.

'That is lucky,' said the stranger, in a more cheerful voice. 'I will sup at your café before we start.'

Prosper Cornillon led the way, holding the lantern so that the light was thrown directly in their path.

The Café Cornillon stood in the centre of a row of houses facing the quay. The frontage was one large window with small panes of glass, like a conservatory. Through the clean, white muslin curtains a light was shining, which illuminated a limited space of the roadway. Stepping forward, Prosper held open the door of the café for the stranger to enter. It was a snug, unpretending little café; long, narrow, and low-pitched, like a cabin on board ship, with small wooden tables and chairs arranged against the walls. Some half-dozen persons, who looked like fishermen, were seated near the window, drinking coffee and cognac, and playing at dominoes. They glanced up for a moment, and returned the stranger's salute, and then continued their game. At the further end of the café was an open hearth, with a fire burning brightly in the centre; near this hearth, engaged in some culinary operations, stood a young girl. She turned when the door opened; and an expression of surprise, mixed with curiosity, gathered in her face as the stranger advanced and politely raised his cap.

'Nina,' said Prosper Cornillon, looking from the girl towards the customer, 'this gentleman has hired the boat; but he wishes for a little supper before starting.'

The stranger nodded approvingly. 'Before sunrise, I must be on board.'

'The name of the ship, monsieur?' asked Prosper, stroking his dark beard and looking with keen eyes into the stranger's face.

'The *Livadia*.'

The girl looked up with a distant, dreamy expression in her eyes. 'That ship,' said she, as though speaking her thoughts aloud, rather than addressing herself to any one—'that ship is bound for some Greek port.'

'For Syra,' said the stranger promptly, while at the same time he removed his cloak and sat down at a table near the hearth.

Prosper Cornillon turned away and joined the fishermen at the other end of the café. Like a true *cafetier*, he was soon laughing with the customers, taking a hand at dominoes, and calling to his sister Nina to serve him, as though he were a customer too.

Meanwhile, the stranger sat in silence, waiting for his supper, with his back leaning against the wall and his legs stretched out towards the fire. He was dressed in the uniform of a French colonel, though only a man of twenty-eight or thirty at the utmost. He had a handsome expressive face, his eyes frequently brightening with some passing thought. But when he turned his glance upon Nina, his look grew serious and sympathetic.

Few could have resisted studying the face of Nina Cornillon, not merely on account of its beauty, but because some trouble, sustained with brave resolution, was portrayed in every feature. That dreaminess in the eyes, already referred to, which seemed to indicate that her thoughts were wandering far beyond the port of Marseilles, was seldom suppressed except when she was spoken to; and when the conversation ceased, her look appeared to sink away again into the distance, while a smile would break pensively upon her lips, and tears glisten upon her long black lashes.

Scarcely a word passed between the stranger and Nina Cornillon until the supper was cleared away, when 'monsieur' lit his cigar and drew his chair closer towards the hearth. But when the girl had served the customary cup of coffee, and was pouring out the *petit verre*, the gentleman remarked: 'Shall I tell you, mademoiselle, where your thoughts are travelling?'

The girl looked with a puzzled expression into the stranger's face. 'You would indeed be a magician,' said she, 'if you could.'

'Your thoughts,' said he, 'are travelling along the shores of Greece.'

Nina started and changed colour. For a while she seemed too troubled to speak. Seating herself in front of the hearth, she looked thoughtfully into the fire.

'If mademoiselle will trust me,' the stranger presently remarked in a soft tone, 'even though she might wish a message taken to a lover, I will promise to execute any errand faithfully.'

The girl glanced up with a touch of indignation in her face. But suddenly dropping her eyes, she said, with a deep blush on her cheeks: 'I have no lover.'

The stranger looked grave; and as though conscious of having made a blunder, he hastened to change the subject. 'I will not try any further to read your thoughts.—But tell me,' he added, 'why does your brother keep a boat for hire in the harbour, when he has such an excellent little café to attend to? It seems to me that the work is too severe for you all by yourself.'

'Ah, monsieur, you would not say that,' exclaimed Nina, 'if you only knew how anxious we both are to make money!'

The stranger could not conceal a look of surprise. Such sentiments, uttered in such an avaricious tone by a homely girl like Nina, appeared inconsistent. 'You mean, perhaps,' he hinted, 'that you do not find it congenial work to keep a café, and that you will be glad when you can afford to retire from business?'

'O no, monsieur! That is not what I meant. When we have accumulated ten thousand francs, we shall part with the money; and then'——

'Then, mademoiselle?'

'We shall begin again,' continued Nina, 'with light hearts; for if we ever save that sum, we can purchase our father's liberty.'

'What!' cried the stranger, greatly moved. 'Is it possible that'——

'Hush!' Nina whispered, with her finger to her lip, as she glanced round at the table where her brother and his companions were seated over their game. 'Whenever Prosper hears this subject mentioned, he is like a madman. If it interests you, monsieur, this terrible disaster which has befallen us, draw your chair closer, and I

will tell you in a few words how it all happened.'

The stranger came nearer to Nina's side, and leaned forward in a listening attitude. His face assumed an expression of intense concern as she proceeded.

In a low voice, frequently choked by tears, the girl confided to the sympathetic stranger her sad story. 'Always anxious to assist his family,' Nina began, 'it one day occurred to father to buy a vessel, for the purpose of trading along the coast of the Adriatic. So he collected together all that he was worth, made a capital bargain, and set sail in his little ship, confident that his venture would be successful. He had traded in the Adriatic for others for many years, and was well known as a brave and honest captain in these seas. But not many weeks passed before news reached us that all was lost.' Her utterance became thick with sobs. But speedily overcoming her emotion, she continued: 'A letter came from father; it told us only too plainly what misfortune had overtaken him. One morning, when least expecting such a mishap, he was attacked by pirates. He made a desperate resistance, but was eventually overpowered and taken prisoner. They carried him to Tripoli. The sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. In his letter, he adds that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him again.' The girl's eyes were blinded with tears, and for some moments she could not speak; but by a painful effort, she succeeded at last. 'We are striving by every honest means in our power to collect the money. It is a hard fight. This is only a very modest little café, and our profits are very small. Prosper gains a few extra francs every week with his boat in the harbour. But many more years must pass before we can hope to accomplish this trying task.'

'How long,' the stranger asked, 'has your father been a prisoner?'

'Ten years.'

'Is it possible?'

'I was fifteen when he went away. At parting, he kissed me on both cheeks,' continued Nina, smiling thoughtfully. 'Now, I am twenty-five.'

'Poor child!' said the stranger, with great tenderness.

'During these years, we have managed to save nearly three thousand francs. Perhaps, in ten more years, if we are very fortunate, we shall be able to complete the sum; and father will be sitting in the old corner, where you are seated now, as I remember seeing him when I was a child.' While she was still speaking, that dreamy look which the stranger had observed already began to reappear in her dark eyes, and she seemed gradually to lose herself in thought.

The stranger, who felt that his presence at her side was forgotten, rose from his seat with a suppressed sigh, and crossing to where Nina's brother and the fishermen still played at dominoes, he placed his hand upon the boatman's shoulder. 'Monsieur Prosper,' said he, 'it is almost time we started. But before we go, let us drink a glass together.—If,' he added, looking round—'if your friends will join us, so much the better.'

The fishermen expressed themselves agreeable. So Prosper filled glasses all round. Every one rose and 'clinked' with the stranger, at the same time wishing him *bon voyage*.

Then Prosper Cornillon assisted 'monsieur' to envelop himself once more in his cloak; while Nina came timidly forward to take his proffered hand and to bid him adieu. And then out they stepped into the wind and rain, followed by the fishermen, leaving Nina all alone in the café, with her hands clasped, and a wistful look in her eyes.

II. THE OLD SAILOR.

It was still stormy at Marseilles. For some weeks, owing to the gales which had visited the Mediterranean, the port had been crowded with vessels, driven in by stress of weather. In times like these, Prosper Cornillon reaped a harvest; for his boat was in demand from morning till night. It was tiring work; but a generous impulse gave him energy. He was toiling with the direct object of obtaining his father's freedom.

One evening, worn out with his unremitting labours, Prosper had thrown himself down, with his elbows on the table, in a corner of the café near the hearth; and soon his head had sunk upon his arms, and he had fallen asleep. In front of the fire was seated his sister Nina, with a weary look too upon her face; but her great dreamy eyes were wide open; for although late in the evening, it was not yet the hour for closing the Café Cornillon. At any moment, a customer might enter; and some customers, if Nina was not very wakeful and attentive, were apt to grow impatient; indeed, she had scarcely less peace and quietness during the twenty-four hours than her brother Prosper. At the moment when it became so late that Nina was on the point of rising to turn out the lamps and lock up for the night, the door was slowly opened. An old sailor in a rough coat, the collar of which was turned up about his neck, mysteriously entered the café. He touched his slouching hat with his sunburnt, horny hand in a feeble, hesitating manner; then choosing a table near the hearth, opposite to the one upon which Prosper's head was resting, he sat down and began to stroke his long white beard thoughtfully without raising his eyes.

'With what, monsieur, can I serve you?'

The old man answered in a low voice, with his head still bent: 'Café noir.'

Nina hastened to place a cup of coffee before him; and when she had filled a little glass with cognac, she resumed her seat before the hearth. The girl's chair was placed with the back towards the door. On one side of her was the table at which the old man sat sipping his coffee; and on the other side was Prosper, still fast asleep. Looking dreamily into the fire, Nina seemed to have forgotten the presence of both these men, so deeply was she absorbed in her thoughts.

'This is the Café Cornillon—is it not?' asked the old man.

Nina started as though the voice had awakened her. 'Yes, monsieur,' answered the girl, recollecting herself and looking up quickly—'the Café Cornillon.'

'Kept by Prosper Cornillon?'

'Sleeping there,' continued Nina, with a little jerk of her head.

'Ah,' said the old sailor, 'I am the bearer of a message.'

'To him?'

'Yes—to Prosper Cornillon.'

'Shall I rouse him?'

'No. I will deliver the message to you.'

'It is the same thing,' said the girl, with a pretty shrug of her shoulders. 'I am his sister.'

'Nina Cornillon?'

'Yes; that is my name.'

The old man leaned forward, but still without raising his eyes, and said in a hoarse, indistinct voice: 'You may remember, perhaps, a few weeks ago, entertaining a young soldier who passed through this port on his way to Greece. Your brother conveyed him in his boat on board the *Livadia*, a ship bound for Syra.'

'I remember the gentleman well,' said Nina, in a faltering voice. 'He gave Prosper a piece of gold before parting, to sustain us in our efforts to collect the large sum of money which is demanded by a Greek pirate as a ransom for our father's liberty.'

'It is from this young soldier, Colonel Lafont,' continued the old sailor, 'that I bring the message.'

Nina looked round quickly, with sparkling, eager eyes. 'What is the message, monsieur?'

'Well,' answered the old man, speaking slowly, 'his words to you—I mean, to Prosper Cornillon—were words of encouragement. You must never despair! That was how the young colonel expressed it. Because, as he argued, the day might not be far distant when your father would be set free.'

With her eyes bent thoughtfully upon the fire, Nina said: 'A very kind message. How good of him to think of me!'

'The message was to Prosper Cornillon.'

'To think, I should say, of my brother Prosper. But'——

'But,' continued the old man, 'I have not finished yet.'

'What more, monsieur?'

The old sailor, lowering his tone, and speaking as though he had difficulty in not betraying some agitation, continued: 'It was the colonel's hope that neither of you would be despondent—that you would rather indulge the fancy that you had heard that the ransom demanded by this Greek pirate had been paid—that your father had regained his liberty—that he had even started on his voyage home, and was nearing the port of Marseilles'——

Nina clasped her hands, and cried in a trembling voice: 'That is what I dream of, night and day!'

'Imagine, then, even imagine that the ship has reached Marseilles—that it has entered the harbour. Nay! figure to yourself—though it may make your heart beat painfully—figure to yourself a weather-beaten sailor entering your café late one evening—a man with a gray beard and a shaky voice'——

But at this point the old sailor was interrupted. Looking round, Nina uttered a cry of joy, and sprang up with outstretched arms, and with the word '*Father!*' upon her lips.

It was Captain Cornillon who had come thus as a terribly trying surprise. Yet, he was so changed that even Nina had not recognised him. But the recognition was complete now. So, taking his daughter in his embrace, the old sailor kissed her as he had kissed her at their parting ten long years ago.

Not many weeks elapsed before Colonel Lafont again made his appearance at Marseilles. Prosper, who happened to be in the harbour at the moment of his arrival, accompanied him in triumph to the Café Cornillon as soon as he landed.

Nothing could exceed the gratitude which was shown by the captain and his two children towards this young soldier, who, on reaching Greece, had taken active steps to obtain the old sailor's release. Years passed before Nina learned under what difficulties Colonel Lafont formed the resolution of restoring Captain Cornillon to his family. For he was not a rich man; he had gained promotion from the ranks as a reward for bravery; and when he had paid the ransom, he had parted with nearly all the money he possessed in the world. But he loved Nina Cornillon. From the moment when, upon that stormy winter's night, Colonel Lafont entered the café and saw the girl standing by the hearth, he had never ceased to think of the dreamy face, nor of the low passionate voice in which she had told to him the sad episode in her life.

These events happened many years ago; and Nina and her husband Colonel Alphonse Lafont—who became a general before he was forty—should be old people now, if they are still living. But one thing is certain—on the quay at Marseilles there still stands the little café, in appearance unchanged, except that it is called the Café Cornillon no longer.

THE CITY COMPANIES.

SOME ponderous but interesting volumes have recently been issued in the shape of a series of blue-books containing the Report of the Royal Commission which, under the presidency of the Earl of Derby, has been inquiring into the manner in which the estates and funds of the various Guilds and Companies of the city of London are administered. All the world has heard of the great wealth of the city of London, a sight of the shops in which, even so far back as the commencement of the present century, caused a famous Prussian general to exclaim in the midst of his astonishment: 'What a city this would be to plunder!' The revelations made, however, before the Royal Commission are such as will put into the shade all speculative calculations of the wealth of the 'great city.' The capital of the Livery Companies of London is now known to be about twenty millions sterling, bringing in an income of seven hundred thousand pounds per annum! Owing to the increased value of houses and land, a great augmentation in the wealth of the Companies has taken place during the past ten or twelve years, in one case alone (the Drapers' Company) the increase reaching the handsome total of twenty thousand pounds in nine years.

The foundation of this vast fortune originated for the most part in charitable bequests, which

have long since been diverted from the particular purpose which the donors had in view; and although the Companies have of late years given considerable sums for the promotion of technical education and other objects, yet the whole of such grants put together are an insignificant dole compared with the magnificent inheritance of which they are the custodians.

The Mercers' Company is the richest of them all, its income in 1880 being ninety thousand pounds per annum, which shows an increase in nine years (1871–80) of fifteen thousand pounds. In 1874 the Mercers spent in 'court fees' over ten thousand pounds; but in 1880 only about nine thousand. In the management of their estates they spent in 1880 nearly eight thousand pounds, while salaries absorbed about six thousand. In 'entertainments' they spent in 1880 five thousand pounds, as against seven thousand in 1874. Their charities, however, if they may be deemed so, including St Paul's School, Mercers' School, the Whittington almshouses, Trinity Hospital, Greenwich, and the grants they make in support of the Technical Institute and other London charities, amount to fifty thousand pounds per annum.

The Grocers had in 1879 upwards of forty thousand pounds a year, as against thirty thousand in 1870. They spend very little in court fees; and in salaries their expenditure in 1879 was three thousand six hundred and seventy-two pounds. In entertainments, &c., six thousand pounds were absorbed in 1879. They give away about twenty thousand per annum for charitable purposes, and support, amongst other charities, the London Hospital.

The Drapers almost equal the Mercers with an income of about ninety thousand a year, as against seventy thousand in 1879. Of this large sum, 'court fees and dinners' cost in 1879 some five thousand pounds; salaries, four thousand; public entertainments, six thousand; rates and taxes, &c., nearly four thousand; and 'public works in Ireland,' furniture, plate, &c., nearly thirteen thousand, as against fifteen thousand in 1875. They spend about forty thousand pounds per annum on their charitable trusts and other public objects; their chief trusts being Bancroft's Hospital, a middle-class school, Orphanages for girls at Bow and Tottenham, and the Greencoat Hospital at Greenwich. Beside which, they support the Technical Institute and other charities of London.

The Fishmongers have an income of fifty thousand a year. Court fees, salaries, and office expenses are stated to be in the aggregate about seven thousand pounds; while entertainments, &c., come to about nine thousand three hundred. Repairs and improvements in their famous Hall amounted in 1877 to nearly thirty-eight thousand pounds. Amongst the Fishmongers' trusts are St Peter's Hospital, Wandsworth, exhibitions at Oxford and Cambridge universities and the Technical Institute, to which, with donations to the London charities and to the poor-boxes in police courts, they devote from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds yearly.

The Goldsmiths come next with about sixty thousand a year. Their Hall cost them, between 1870 and 1879, about thirty-five thousand. Their court fees are about fifteen hundred pounds; entertainments, seven thousand; and they spend on good objects some thirty thousand pounds a year.

The Clothworkers have between fifty and sixty thousand pounds a year. Their court fees in 1880 were three thousand five hundred; salaries, three thousand; entertainments, nearly four thousand; and repairs and expenses, &c., about seven thousand. They spend on charitable objects, such as the relief of the blind, their schools at Sutton-Valence, the Technical Institute, the Technical College in Yorkshire, and the London charities, about thirty thousand a year.

It may be here explained that the 'court fees' so freely mentioned in the above items of expenditure are payments made to the members of the courts which govern the City Companies every time they attend business meetings. In fact, to use plain English, it is a division of a large part of the income of a Company among the members of the (so-called) executive body.

It will be seen that something like two hundred thousand pounds of their income is disposed of by the Companies in accordance with certain trusts; and the administration of these trusts will doubtless form the subject of another inquiry before thorough legislation can be attempted. Some of these trusts are in the shape of 'doles,' such as gifts of bread and fuel to the poor of certain parishes, loans to young men starting in business, portions to poor maids, &c.; but these objects absorb but a small portion of the immense fund in question, and which, if well and properly administered, would make a grand addition to the educational resources of the whole community.

To join a London Company costs a good deal; but the investment carries with it some wonderful privileges. For instance, it not only secures to the investor a life-long share in the dinners and entertainments of the Company, but in the case of a reverse of fortune, a room in a neat almshouse or a handsome pension. And strange to say, these benefits become hereditary, and are enjoyed by the investor's descendants, provided they choose to perform certain ceremonies. 'Hereditation' is carried out to such an extent that the Companies have their hereditary poor, hereditary diners, clerks, surveyors, chaplains, &c., and even cooks and beadles. Salaries, expenses, and entertainments cost about two hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds a year; and the almspeople and pensioners about eighty or ninety thousand pounds.

The Companies claim that these immense incomes are all their own, and that they have, therefore, a perfect right to do with them as they think proper, even to the extent of dividing the spoil, as a certain legal community did a few years since. The government, however, think otherwise, and hence the appointment of the Commission whose Report and recommendations we have before us.

The chief recommendation of the Commissioners is to apply to the city Companies the law of 'restraint of alienation,' which will place them under the control of the Treasury, and without whose permission they will be unable to convey land, sell out stock, or otherwise dispose of their property. The Commissioners also propose that, in future, the accounts of the

annual expenditure of the Companies shall be published, in the same manner as municipal corporations and joint-stock Companies, and even the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. This measure of reform will certainly be a very necessary one, for until the Report of the Commission was issued, no members of the city Companies, except the chosen few who form the 'courts,' had any idea as to what their respective guilds were worth, where their property was, or how they spent their money.

The fancy 'Livery franchise' is to be abolished, and there is to be a redistribution of the various revenues, and an allocation to objects of public utility of a considerable percentage of the immense sums already described. To carry this out, however, it is proposed to appoint a special Commission, with power to inspect or inquire into the title-deeds, &c., of the various trusts, and to create new trusts in the place of those which have become obsolete. It is also proposed to put a fifty years' limit to the 'hereditary' business, and that compensation should be given to all persons who may be injuriously affected by the carrying out of the Commissioners' proposals.

Thus a great reform is about to be instituted, which will at last enable the people of London to enjoy the benefits arising from a splendid inheritance, which is theirs by right, and which will be productive of great good in the future. When this change has been carried out, and the London Municipal Bill has passed into law, the inhabitants of the great city will be able to congratulate themselves on the fact that at last London has become in reality what it has long been in name only, namely, the finest and best-governed metropolis in the world.

KERRY LEGENDS.

Among the mountains of the south of Ireland, in some of those wild Kerry glens which have not yet been overrun by the hosts of English and American tourists, there still linger memories of events which have long been forgotten in the busy world outside, and strange legends and traditions may still be heard, though the number of those who believe and cherish them lessens year by year. Even now, as you walk the mountains with a countryman, should you propose to sit and rest awhile, he will perhaps look startled, and make some excuse to hurry you on from the spot with redoubled vigour; and when at length he has found a resting-place, he will tell you that you were treading on the 'hungry grass' which makes those that walk on it long to lie down and sleep; but that if any man unwittingly yields to this longing, the sleep that comes upon him knows no waking. It is on this hungry grass that the great yellow horse feeds which is sometimes seen rushing headlong through the mist by wanderers lost on the mountains; but none ever yet saw him and came down alive.

If it happens that your wanderings lead you by the heights on the northern shores of the beautiful Kenmare River, your guide will perhaps point out a lonely lake deep in a hollow of the hills, from which the mountain slopes rise steep and rugged on all sides, save where the stream which feeds it has formed a narrow meadow and a strip of glittering strand. 'That lake,' he will say, 'used once to swarm with salmon; but now, though the white trout come up into it, no salmon may pass the shallow below; for there, in times gone by, the good priest of the parish, riding to visit some sick man in the mountains, tried to cross the stream, but his horse chanced to set his foot on a salmon's back, stumbled, and let his rider down into the water. So his Reverence banned the salmon, and forbade them ever to venture again across that ford; and to this day they may be seen throwing themselves in the pool below or swimming slowly up to the tail of the stream, and then letting themselves drop sadly down again, as though the memory of the happy but unattainable feeding-grounds above had descended to them from their fathers.'

He will tell you, too, how Bran, the mighty worm, lies hidden fathoms deep in the long water-grass at the bottom of the lake. There he must lie sleeping all the day; but at nightfall he wakes, shakes out the long mane on his back, and drags his unwieldy body, huge as that of a bull, out on to the meadow by the stream. He is seldom seen, it is true, for it is not good to wander near his feeding-grounds; and in the dark winter nights, the cottagers in the glen tremble as they hear his deep voice borne on the wind.

Look across the bay and, if the day is clear, you will see, to witness to the truth of the story, such a worm's vast length stretched many a rood along the mountain-side, but cold and lifeless—frozen into stone. Three fair lakes, which lie between the mountain and the sea, were given him to dwell in; but in his pride he could not content himself therewith, but would see the land that lay southward across the mountains. Slowly he dragged himself up the face of the cup-like amphitheatre which closes in the valley, and his head had almost reached the topmost ridge from which he might survey the domains beyond, when his doom came upon him; and he lies there for ever, a warning and example, and gives to the valley the name 'Combe-na-peiste' (the Hollow of the Serpent).

Poor Bran! he and his fellows, the last scions of a mighty line, after many toils and wanderings, have at length found a place of refuge in these lonely mountain lakes, even as many brave and holy men, warriors and anchorites, retreated before the advance of hostile intruders to their fastnesses and cells amid the forests which once clothed the Irish hills. It must surely have been a saint-like feeling of compassion for all their troubles, which moved St Patrick to allow them to remain within his holy island, when he took his stand upon the mountain in the west which bears his name, and drove all evil reptiles into the ocean at his feet; so that, as the chronicler tells us, since then 'no poisoned or venomous thing is bred in that realm, insomuch that the very earth of that country, being brought into other realms, killeth all venomous and poisoned worms.' For is not Bran the last of that great race of dragons who, in times gone by, ravaged these northern lands, and whose conquest was the proudest achievement of many a knight and viking—dragons so dreaded, that their strange and terrible forms, fashioned by cunning hands on the prows of the long Norse war-ships, struck fear into the heart of the enemy, and haunted

the memories of the artists who carved the weird shapes that crawl in stone on our Gothic towers? The Death-song of Ragnar Lodbrog, the great Norse hero whose sons harried the coasts of England in vengeance for his death, tells how he won his name and fame in Gothland by the slaughter of such a dragon; Sir Guy of Warwick, too, and Sir Bevis, and many another worthy, if we may believe the ballads and local traditions, destroyed in fight foul worms or dragons which oppressed the dwellers in Northumberland, both man and beast; while the legends of St George and St Margaret, and a host of minor saints, are full of the stories of these monsters. Alas for poor Bran! His course is well nigh run; for though 'the knights are dust, and their good swords are rust,' yet the National School teacher, with his science primer, deals him a more deadly blow than ever did the spear of saint or champion.

But leave these musings, and turn your eyes again on the bay below, and there, perhaps, you will see a little 'hooker'—as the sturdy cutter-rigged boats which trade and fish on these coasts are called—creeping down the bay before a gentle easterly breeze, bearing pilgrims who are on their way to a 'pattern' which is held to-day at a holy well on the further side. They are many of them sick or weakly children, whose parents and friends hope that the good saint may be pleased to give their dear ones ease. Follow them to their landing-place and up the winding mountain road, and you will meet numbers of men, women, and children, four and five together, all walking steadily in the same direction. The younger men wear the ordinary dress of country labourers; but here and there you may find an old man in the long frieze coat, knee-breeches, and gray-blue stockings of the last generation; and perhaps one or two farmers will pass you mounted on stout ponies, with their wives seated comfortably behind them. The women are for the most part bare-footed, though some carry shoes and stockings in their hands, to be put on, for mere vanity, at the pattern. The girls are wrapped in shawls worn so as to form a kind of hood; while their elders are dressed in long blue cloaks, with white caps or bright handkerchiefs on their heads.

On arriving at the scene of the pattern, the first thing that strikes a stranger is that the old thorn-tree which overhangs the holy well is all covered with little bits of rag fastened to its branches. These are the offerings of the devotees of previous years, to which the present company will soon add its tribute. The pilgrims, as they arrive, crowd to the well, some to wash themselves in its waters; others, to toil painfully round it on their knees time after time, praying all the while and telling their beads; while hard by, those who have already finished their devotions, or who have merely come for pleasure, are gathered together in little groups chatting and laughing, and making remarks to one another in Irish as the stranger passes by. Gradually, these groups grow larger as the pilgrims finish their duties at the well; the poteen is freely handed round, and some wandering piper or fiddler seats himself on a rock and strikes up a tune. Then here and there among the crowd a couple of noted dancers choose a smooth and level spot, or perhaps even borrow the door of a neighbouring cabin, and with solemn and earnest faces begin their dance, amid an admiring circle. Strange to say, the dancers who win most applause from the critical spectators are often not young lads and lasses, but middle-aged men and women; for step-dancing, like many other old Irish customs, both good and bad, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Before long, many of those who live at a distance leave the crowd and set out on their homeward journey; but the dancing and drinking and merry-making are kept up by the neighbours till the sun, just sinking into the Atlantic, sheds over the hills that wonderful pink glow which gives such beauty to a summer evening in Kerry.

The well where this merry gathering takes place is most likely called after some native saint, whose name is hardly to be found in the books which treat of such lore; and there is in all probability some long and circumstantial legend telling how it came to pass that the spell was cast upon the waters. But for all this, it cannot be doubted that the well once bore the name of a heathen deity, for whom the pious missionaries substituted a Christian saint, wisely deeming that it was easier to bend such beliefs to a good purpose, than to break them. All the circumstances connected with these patterns tend to prove that they, like the 'Baal-tinne,' or fires of Baal, which may be seen lighting the hills around on St John's eve, are the last relics of a long-forgotten worship. But year by year the old native language is dying out, and with it the old dress and the old beliefs. The Irish names of places, which call up strange traditions in the minds of the older folk, are not understood by the children, and soon the legends of the Kerry glens will be forgotten by all save the scholar and the antiquary.

A WINTER PICTURE.

THE winter-rime is on the apple-trees;
The mulberries are bare; no longer shows
The graceful pear her wealth of burnished fruit;
Stripped is the slender plum; the orchard wears
A look of barren sadness; garnered in
Are all its purple, red, and golden fruits,
And sterile shall it show till blossom-time.
Thus Nature, after labour, takes her rest,
Gaining fresh vigour for her teeming-time,
By husbanding her strength; and so the fields,
Whereon in autumn glowed the ruddy corn,
Lie fallow for a season. 'Tis the time
Of universal pause from that hard toil
That is the lot of all our husbandmen;
Even the flowers are withered.
And the birds
As silent are as is the scene around
Beneath its snowy shroud; no whistle wakes
The echoes of the glade, no melody
Comes from the woodland spray—a death-like calm,
Serene and still, profound and beautiful,
Lies over Nature, as she tranquil sleeps.

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SOME INTERESTING WORDS.

One of the most interesting results of the study of language is the elucidation which it affords of the history of mankind. In the larger sphere of comparative philology, important discoveries regarding the relations of various races have been made. In some cases a common origin has been proved for the widely dissimilar languages of different nations; in others, the influence of one people upon its less civilised neighbours is clearly shown. If, on the other hand, we confine our inquiries to our own language, the historical associations which it presents are no less interesting. The successive races which predominated in the early days of the history of Great Britain, have each left its impress upon our language, in which Celtic, Latin, Saxon, Danish, and Norman elements are strangely intermingled. Even now, our commercial intercourse with the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe is ever enriching our vocabulary with borrowed terms and phrases. Hence, it is hardly to be wondered that such a composite language affords an ample field for research. We may trace in it the gradual progress of civilisation, and follow the changes of national ideas and feelings, the elevation of some words, the debasement of many others. We may recognise the half-forgotten names of men once famous for their characters and achievements, and of places once renowned for their produce and manufactures. Finally, we may recall states of society which have long since passed away, and find in modern phrases vestiges of the manners and customs of other days.

It is to these records of the minor details of life that we would briefly call attention, as an investigation possessing the double interest of investing with greater reality the history of the past, and of throwing a new light on the bearing of words otherwise inexplicable. This class of words has undoubtedly been increased by startling derivations, due more to the imagination and ingenuity of their inventors, than to any certain foundation in fact. But even those which are universally recognised form a considerable category, from which we may select a few of the more interesting specimens.

We would first remind our readers of the derivations of two words applied to a peculiar form of wealth—the substantive *fee* and the adjective *pecuniary*, which, though so widely different in form, recall to us the same idea through the vehicle of different languages. They are both taken from words—the one Saxon, the other Latin—signifying 'cattle,' and thus take us back to the times when flocks and herds were the chief property of our ancestors, the evidence as well as the source of their wealth. It is curious how, from this first signification, the words came to be considered applicable to wealth of any kind, and have now become almost limited in meaning to property in the form of money. To the same days of primitive simplicity we may also undoubtedly attribute the word *rivals*, when the pastoral dwellers by the same stream (Latin *rivus*) would not unfrequently be brought into unfriendly competition with each other. Some words and expressions are derived from the time when but few persons could boast of what we should consider the most elementary education. The word *signature*, for example, had a more literal application in the days when the art of writing was known but to a few monks and scholars, and when kings and barons, no less than their humbler followers, affixed their cross or *sign* to any document requiring their assent. Again, when we speak of abstruse *calculations*, we make unthinking reference to the primitive method of counting by means of pebbles (*calculi*), resorted to by the Romans.

It is remarkable how many of the terms relating to books and the external materials of literature refer primarily to the simple materials made use of by our ancestors to preserve their thoughts and the records of their lives. In *book* itself, it is generally acknowledged we have a proof of how a primitive race, generally believed to have been the Goths, employed

the durable wood of the *boc* or beech-tree on which to inscribe their records. *Library* and kindred words in our own and other modern languages indicate the use of the *liber* or inner bark of a tree as a writing material; while *code*, from *caudex*, the trunk of a tree, points to the wooden tablets smeared with wax on which the ancients originally wrote. The thin wooden leaves or tablets were not like the *volumina*, rolled within one another, but, like those of our books, lay over one another. The *stilus*, or iron-pointed implement used for writing on these tablets, has its modern form in our *style*, which has come to be applied less to the manner of writing than to the mode of expression. Hence its significance has been extended so as to apply to arts other than that of composition. As advancing civilisation brought to the Western world the art of making a writing material from strips of the inner rind of the Egyptian papyrus glued together transversely, the word *paper* was introduced, to be applied as time went on to textures made of various substances. The Greek name of the same plant (*byblos*) gives us a word used with reference to books in the composite forms of *biblio*grapher, *biblio*mania, and so forth. It is worthy of remark that in England, as well as in France, Germany, and other European countries, the simple form of this Greek word for book, our *Bible*, has come to be restricted to One Book, to the exclusion of all others. From *scheda*, a Latin word for a strip of papyrus rind, has also descended our *schedule*.

The transition from tablets to paper as a writing material has also a monument in *volume*, which, in spite of its significance as a roll of paper, is applied to the neatly folded books which have taken the place of that cumbrous form of literature. More than one instance of a similar retention of a word the actual signification of which is completely obsolete, might easily be adduced. The word *indenture* refers to an ancient precaution against forgery resorted to in the case of important contracts. The duplicate documents, of which each party retained one, were irregularly *indented* in precisely the same manner, so that upon comparison they might exactly tally. A *vignette* portrait has also lost the accompaniment which alone made the name appropriate, namely, the vine-leaves and tendrils which in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries usually formed its ornamental border. The directions in the English Prayer-book, again, are still known as *rubrics* (Latin *ruber*, red), although it is now the exception rather than the rule to see them printed as originally, in *red* letters. Once more, we apply without any sense of incongruity the name of *pen* (from Latin *penna*, a feather) to all those modern appliances which rival, if they have not yet superseded, the quill, to which alone the word is really appropriate.

Several words come down to us derived from customs connected with election to public offices. The word *candidate* (from Latin *candidus*, white) is one of these. It was customary among the Romans for any suitor for office to appear in a peculiar dress denoting his position. His toga was loose, so that he might show the people the scars of the wounds received in the cause of the commonwealth, and artificially *whitened* in token of fidelity and humility. Again, *ambition* —a word of which the significance has been widened to embrace the most overpowering of all the passions of the human heart—refers primarily to the practice of these same candidates of repairing to the forum and other places of public resort, and their 'going round' (Latin *ambientes*) among the people, endeavouring to ingratiate themselves by friendly words and greetings. From the ancient practice of secret voting by means of 'balls,' we have the word *ballot*, which is erroneously applied to all secret voting, even when, as in the case of our parliamentary elections, voting-papers, and not balls, are employed. Nor must we omit another word of similar origin—that is, *ostracism*. This word signified among the Greeks the temporary banishment which might be inflicted by six thousand votes of the Athenian people upon any person suspected of designs against the liberty of the state. The name arose from the votes being recorded upon a bit of burnt clay or an earthenware tile shaped like a shell (Gr. *ostrakon*, a shell). It is closely allied to the Greek *ostreon*, or Latin *ostrea*, an oyster. A somewhat similar practice existed among the Syracusans, where it went by the name of *petalism*, from the leaf (Gr. *petalon*) on which the name of the offender was written. With the caprice of language, this word has entirely passed away, while the Athenian custom gives us a word expressive of social exclusion.

It has been said that there is hardly an institution of ancient times which has not some memorial in our language. The sacrifices of Greeks and Romans are commemorated in the word *immolate*, from the habit of throwing meal (Latin *mola*) upon the head of the victim. The word *contemplate* was probably used originally of the augurs who frequented the temples of the gods, *temple* meaning originally 'a place cut off,' and hence 'reserved.' Our word *funeral* is borrowed from a Latin word of similar signification, which in its turn is connected with *fumus*, smoke, thus giving us an allusion to the ancient habit of burning the bodies of the dead. Another word connected with the rites accorded to the dead—that is, *dirge*—is of Christian origin. It is a contraction of the first word of the antiphon in the office for the dead, taken from the eighth verse of the fifth Psalm: 'Dirige, Dominus meus,' &c. ('Lead or direct me, O Lord,' &c.). From a Roman law-term of Greek origin we have the word *paraphernalia*, signifying strictly those articles of personal property, besides her jointure, which were at the disposal of a woman after the death of her husband.

From a detail of Roman military life we trace the derivation of the word *subsidy*, originally applied only to assistance in arms, but generalised to signify help of any kind, especially pecuniary aid. *Salary* meant originally 'salt-money,' or money given to the soldiers for salt. With the inconsistency frequently found in language, the name survived after money had taken the place of such rations. Strictly speaking, the word *stipend* is liable to the same etymological objection, since the meaning of the word is a certain quantity of small coins estimated by weight.

The derivation of the word *tragedy* has been a fruitful field of controversy. It is undoubtedly the case that this class of drama was originally of anything but a mournful and pathetic character,

and was a remnant of the winter festival in honour of the god Dionysus. The word is coined from the Greek *tragos*, a goat; but various reasons have been assigned for this connection. Some assert that a goat was the prize awarded to the best extempore poem in honour of the god; others, that the first actors were dressed like satyrs, in goat-skins. A more likely explanation is that a goat was sacrificed at the singing of the song.

It is curious to remark how many names applied to persons, in allusion either to their characters or occupations, can be traced to some custom of other days. The very word *person* is an example of this class of derivatives. It was first applied to the masks which it was customary for actors to wear. These covered the whole head, with an opening for the mouth, that the voice might *sound through* (Latin *personare*). The transition was easy from the disguise of the actor to the character which he represented, and the word was ultimately extended beyond the scenic language to denote the human being who has a part to play in the world. *Sycophant* is compounded of two Greek words (*sycon*, *phantēs*), signifying literally a 'fig-shewer,' that is, one who brings figs to light by shaking the tree. It has been conjectured, also, that 'fig-shewer' perhaps referred to one who informed against persons exporting figs from Attica, or plundering sacred fig-trees. Sycophant meant originally a common informer, and hence a slanderer; but it was never used in the modern sense of a flatterer. Another word of somewhat similar meaning, *parasite*, sprung from no such contemptible trade. The original bearers of the name were a class of priests who probably had their meals in common (Latin *parasiteo*, to sit beside). But very early with the Greeks the term came to be applied to one who lives at the expense of the great, gaining this position by adulation and servility. Also of Greek origin is *pedagogue* (*paidagōgos*), signifying, first, rather the slave who conducted the child's *steps* to the place of instruction, than, as now, the master who guides his mind in the way of knowledge. In later times, a *chancellor* gained his name from the place which it was customary for him to occupy near the lattice-work screen (*cancellus*) which fenced off the judgment-seat from the body of the court. The same Latin derivation gives us the *chancel* of a church, from the fact of its being screened off, and what is more remarkable, the verb to *cancel*, that is, to strike out anything which is written by making cross-lines over it.

Several of the names of different trades will at once occur to our readers. Thus, a *stationer* is one who had a 'station' or stand in the market-place for the sale of books, in order to attract the passers-by as customers. An *upholsterer*, originally *upholdster*, was, it would seem, an auctioneer, who 'held up' his wares in order to show them off. The double *-er* in this word is superfluous, as in *poult-er-er*. A *haberdasher* was so called from his selling a stuff called *hapertas* in old French, which is supposed to be from a Scandinavian word meaning pedlars' wares, from the *haversack* in which they were carried.

Two military terms have curious origins. *Sentinel* has been traced through Italian to the Latin *sentina*, the hold of a ship, and is thus equivalent to the Latin *sentinator*, the man who pumps bilge-water out of a ship. It is curious to mark how the name of a naval official of whom constant vigilance was required, has been wholly transferred to a post requiring equal watchfulness in the sister service. The other term to which we would call attention is *hussar*, a Hungarian word signifying 'twentieth.' In explanation of this derivation, it is related that when Matthias Corvinus ascended the Hungarian throne in 1458, the dread of imminent foreign invasion caused him to command an immediate levy of troops. The cavalry he raised by a decree ordering that one man should be enrolled out of 'twenty' in every village, who should provide among themselves for his subsistence and pay.

We may pass now to some words of the same nature of less honourable significance. *Assassin* remains in our language as the dread memorial of the domination of an odious sect in Palestine which flourished in the thirteenth century, the Hashishin (drinkers of *hashish*, an intoxicating drink or decoction of the *Cannabis indica*, a kind of hemp). The 'Old Man of the Mountain' roused his followers' spirits by help of this drink, and sent them to stab his enemies, especially the leading Crusaders. The emissaries of this body waged for two hundred years a treacherous warfare alike against Jew, Christian, and orthodox Mohammedan. Among the distinguished men who fell victims to their murderous daggers were the Marquis of Montferrat in 1192, Louis of Bavaria in 1213, and the Khan of Tartary some forty years later. The *buccaneers*, who at a later date were hardly less dreaded, derived their name from the *boucan* or gridiron on which the original settlers at Hayti were accustomed to broil or smoke for future consumption the flesh of the animals they had killed for their skins. The word is said to be Caribbean, and to mean 'a place where meat is smoke-dried.'

Some of the contemptuous terms in our language have been attributed to remarkable origins. In *scamp*, we have a deserter from the field of battle (Latin *ex*, and *campus*), a parallel word to *de-camp;* and in *scoundrel*, 'a loathsome fellow,' 'one to scunner or be disgusted at.' The old word *scunner*, still used as a term of strong dislike in Lowland Scotch, meant also 'to shrink through fear,' so that *scunner-el* is equivalent to one who shrinks, a coward. *Poltroon* is 'one who lies in bed,' instead of bestirring himself.

Several words have passed from a literal to a figurative sense, and have thus become much wider in signification. Thus, *villain* originally meant merely a farm-servant; *pagan*, a dweller in a village; *knave*, a boy; *idiot*, a private person; *heathen*, a dweller on a heath; *gazette*, a small coin; and *brat*, a rag or clout, especially a child's bib or apron. *Treacle* meant an antidote against the bites of serpents; *intoxicate*, to drug or poison; *coward*, a bob-tailed hare; and *butcher*, a slaughterer merely of he-goats. *Brand* and *stigmatise* still mean to mark with infamy, although the practical significance of the words is now chiefly a matter of history. Under the Romans, a slave who had proved dishonest, or had attempted to run away from his master,

was branded with the three letters FUR, a thief or rascal; while it may not be generally known that in England the custom of branding the cheek of a felon with an *F* was only abolished by statute some sixty years ago.

These examples of a class of words denoting traces of customs of other days, might easily be largely multiplied; but enough has been said to remind our readers of one aspect of the historical value of our language—that is, the impress of the thoughts and practices of past generations stamped upon the words which are used in the familiar intercourse of life.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER VII.

'SHE has come to stay,' Frances said.

'WHAT?' cried Mariuccia, making the small monosyllable sound as if it were the biggest word in her vocabulary.

'She has come to stay. She is my sister; papa's daughter as much as I am. She has come—home.' Frances was a little uncertain about the word, and it was only 'a casa' that she said—'to the house,' which means the same.

Mariuccia threw up her arms in astonishment. 'Then there has been another Signorina all the time!' she cried. 'Figure to yourself that I have been with the padrone a dozen years, and I never heard of her before.'

'Papa does not talk very much about his concerns,' said Frances in her faithfulness. 'And what we have got to do is to make her very comfortable. She is very pretty, don't you think? Such beautiful blond hair—and tall. I never shall be tall, I fear. They say she is like papa; but, as is natural, she is much more beautiful than papa.'

'Beauty is as you find it,' said Mariuccia. 'Carina, no one will ever be so pretty as our own Signorina to Domenico and me.—What is the child doing? She is pulling the things off her own bed.—My angel, you have lost your good sense. You are fluttered and upset by this new arrival. The blue room will be very good for the new young lady. Perhaps she will not stay very long?'

The wish was father to the thought. But Frances took no notice of the suggestion. She said briskly, going on with what she was doing: 'She must have my room, Mariuccia. The blue room is *quite* nice; it will do very well for me; but I should like her to feel at home, not to think our house was bare and cold. The blue room would be rather naked, if we were to put her there to-night. It will not be naked for me; for, of course, I am used to it all, and know everything. But when Constance wakes to-morrow morning and looks round her, and wonders where she is—oh, how strange it all seems!—I wish her to open her eyes upon things that are pretty, and to say to herself: "What a delightful house papa has. What a nice room. I feel as if I had been here all my life."'

'Constanza—is that her name? It is rather a common name—not distinguished, like our Signorina's. But it is very good for her, I have no doubt. And so you will give her your own room, that she may be fond of the house, and stay and supplant you? That is what will happen. The good one, the one of gold, gets pushed out of the way. I would not give her my room to make her love the house.'

'I think you would, Mariuccia.'

'No; I do not think so,' said Mariuccia, squaring herself with one arm akimbo. 'No; I do not deny that I would probably take some new things into the blue room, and put up curtains. But I am older than you are, and I have more sense. I would not do it. If she gets your room, she will get your place; and she will please everybody, and be admired, and my angel will be put out of the way.'

'I am such a horrid little wretch,' said Frances, 'that I thought of that too. It was mean, oh, so mean of me. She is prettier than I am; and taller; and—yes, of course, she must be older too, so you see it is her right.'

'Is she the eldest?' asked Mariuccia.

Frances made a puzzled pause; but she would not let the woman divine that she did not know. 'O yes; she must be the eldest.—Come quick, Mariuccia; take all these things to the blue room; and now for your clean linen and everything that is nice and sweet.'

Mariuccia did what she was told, but with many objections. She carried on a running murmur of protest all the time. 'When there are changes in a family; when it is by the visitation of God, that is another matter. A son or a daughter who is in trouble, who has no other refuge; that is natural; there is nothing to say. But to remain away during a dozen years, and then to come back at a moment's notice—nay, without even a moment's notice—in the evening, when all the beds are made up, and demand everything that is comfortable.—I have always thought that there was a great deal to be said for the poor young Signorino in the Bible, he who had always stayed at home when his brother was amusing himself. Carina, you know what I mean.'

'I have thought of that too,' said Frances. 'But my sister is not a prodigal; and papa has never done anything for her. It is all quite different. When we know each other better, it will be delightful always to have a companion, Mariuccia—think how pleasant it will be always to have a companion. I wonder if she will like my pictures?—Now, don't you think the room looks very pretty? I always thought it was a pretty room. Leave the *persianis* open, that she may see the sea; and in the morning, don't forget to come in and close them, before the sun gets hot.—I think that will do now.'

'Indeed, I hope it will do—after all the trouble you have taken. And I hope the young lady is worthy of it.—But, my angel, what shall I do when I come in to wake her? Does she expect that I can talk her language to her? No, no. And she will know nothing; she will not even be able to say "Good-morning."'

'I hope so. But if not, you must call me first, that is all,' said Frances cheerfully.—'Now, don't go to bed just yet; perhaps she will like something—some tea; or perhaps a little supper; or—— I never asked if she had dined.'

Mariuccia regarded this possibility with equanimity. She was not afraid of a girl's appetite.

But she made a grimace at the mention of the tea. 'It is good when one has a cold; O yes,' she said; 'but to drink it at all times, as you do! If she wants anything, it will be a great deal better to give her a sirop, or a little red wine.'

Frances detained Mariuccia as long as she could, and lingered herself still longer, after all was ready in the room. She did not know how to go back to the drawing-room, where she had left the two together, to say to each other, no doubt, many things that could be better said in her absence. There was no jealousy, only delicacy, in this; and she had given up her pretty room to her sister, and carried her indispensable belongings to the bare one, with the purest pleasure in making Constance comfortable. Constance! whom an hour ago she had never heard of, and who now was one of them, nearer to her than anybody, except her father. But all this being done, she had the strangest difficulty in going back, in thrusting herself, as imagination said, between them, and interrupting their talk. To think that it should be such a tremendous matter to return to that familiar room, in which the greater part of her life had been passed! It felt like another world into which she was about to enter, full of unknown elements and conditions which she did not understand. She had not known what it was to be shy in the very limited society she had ever known; but she was shy now, feeling as if she had not courage to put her hand upon the handle of the door. The familiar creak and jar of it as it opened seemed to her like noisy instruments announcing her approach, which stopped the conversation, as she had divined, and made her father and her sister look up with a little start. Frances could have wished to sink through the floor, to get rid of her own being altogether, as she saw them both give this slight start. Constance was leaning upon the table, the light of the lamp shining full upon her face, with the air of being in the midst of an animated narrative, which she stopped when Frances entered; and Mr Waring had been listening with a smile. He turned half round and held out his hand to the timid girl behind him. 'Come, Frances,' he said; 'you have been a long time making your preparations. Have you been bringing out the fairest robe for your sister?' It was odd how the parable—which had no signification in their circumstances—haunted them all.

'Your room is quite ready whenever you please. And would you like tea or anything? I ought to have asked if you had dined,' Frances said.

'Is she the housekeeper?—How odd!—Do you look after everything?—Dear me! I am afraid, in that case, I shall make a very poor substitute for Frances, papa.'

'It is not necessary to think of that,' he said hastily, giving her a quick glance.

Frances saw it, with another involuntary, quickly suppressed pang. Of course, there would be things that Constance must be warned not to say. And yet it felt as if papa had deserted her and gone over to the other side. She had not the remotest conception what the warning referred to, or what Constance meant.

'I dined at the hotel,' Constance went on, 'with those people whom I travelled with. I suppose you will have to call and be civil. They were quite delighted to think that they would know somebody at Bordighera—some of the inhabitants.—Yes, tea, if you please. And then I think I shall go to bed; for twenty-four hours in the train is very fatiguing, besides the excitement.—Don't you think Frances is very much like mamma? There is a little way she has of setting her chin.—Look there! That is mamma all over. I think they would get on together very well: indeed, I feel sure of it.' And again there was a significant look exchanged, which once more went like a sting to Frances' heart.

'Your sister has been telling me,' said Mr Waring, with a little hesitation, 'of a great many people I used to know. You must be very much surprised, my dear; but I will take an opportunity'—— He was confused before her, as if he had been before a judge. He gave her a look which was half shame and half gratitude, sentiments both entirely out of place between him and Frances. She could not bear that he should look at her so.

'Yes, papa,' she said as easily as she could; 'I know you must have a great deal to talk of. If Constance will give me her keys, I will unpack her things for her.' Both the girls instinctively, oddly, addressed each other through their father, the only link between them, hesitating a little at the familiarity which nature made necessary between them, but which had no other warrant.

'Oh! isn't there a maid who can do it?' Constance cried, opening her eyes.

The evening seemed long to Frances, though it was not long. Constance trifled over the tea—which Mariuccia made with much reluctance—for half an hour. But she talked all the time; and as her talk was of people Frances had never heard of, and was mingled with little allusions to what had passed before: 'I told you about him;' 'You remember, we were talking of them;' with a constant recurrence of names which to Frances meant nothing at all, it seemed long to her.

She sat down at the table, and took her knitting, and listened, and tried to look as if she took an interest. She did indeed take a great interest; no one could have been more eager to enter without *arrière-pensée* into the new life thus unfolded before her; and sometimes she was amused and could laugh at the stories Constance was telling; but her chief feeling was that sense of being entirely 'out of it'—having nothing to do with it, which makes people who do not understand society feel like so many ghosts standing on the margin, knowing nothing. The feeling was strange, and very forlorn. It is an unpleasant experience even for those who are strangers, to whom it is a passing incident; but as the speaker was her sister and the listener her father, Frances could not help feeling forlorn. Generally in the evening conversation flagged between them. He would have his book, and Frances sometimes had a book too, or a drawing upon which she could work, or at least her knitting. She had felt that the silence which reigned in the room was not what ought to be. It was not like the talk which was supposed to go on in all the novels she had ever read

where the people were *nice*. And sometimes she attempted to entertain her father with little incidents in the life of their poor neighbours, or things which Mariuccia had told her; but he listened benevolently, with his finger between the leaves of his book, or even without closing his book, looking up at her over the leaves—only out of kindness to her, not because he was interested; and then silence would fall on them, a silence which was very sweet to Frances, in the midst of which her own little stream of thoughts flowed very continuously, but which now and then she was struck to the heart to think must be very dull for papa.

But to-night it was not dull for him. She listened, and said to herself this was the way to make conversation; and laughed whenever she could, and followed every little gesture of her sister's with admiring eyes. But at the end, Frances, though she would not acknowledge it to herself, felt that she had not been amused. She thought the people in the village were just as interesting. But then she was not so clever as Constance, and could not do them justice in the same way.

'And now I am going to bed,' Constance said. She rose up in an instant with a rapid movement, as if the thought had only just struck her, and she obeyed the impulse at once. There was a freedom about all her movements which troubled and captivated Frances. She had been leaning half over the table, her sleeves, which were a little wide, falling back from her arms, now leaning her chin in the hollow of one hand, now supporting it with both, putting her elbows wherever she pleased. Frances herself had been trained by Mariuccia to very great decorum in respect to attitudes. If she did furtively now and then lean an elbow upon the table, she was aware that it was wrong all the time; and as for legs, she knew it was only men who were permitted to cross them, or to do anything save sit with two feet equal to each other upon the floor. But Constance cared for none of these rules. She rose up abruptly (Mariuccia would have said, as if something had stung her) almost before she had finished what she was saying. 'Show me my room, please,' she said, and yawned. She yawned quite freely, naturally, without any attempt to conceal or to apologise for it as if it had been an accident. Frances could not help being shocked, yet neither could she help laughing with a sort of pleasure in this breach of all rules. But Constance only stared, and did not in the least understand why she should laugh.

'Where have you put your sister?' Mr Waring asked.

'I have put her—in the room next to yours, papa; between your room and mine, you know: for I am in the blue room now. There she will not feel strange; she will have people on each side.'

'That is to say you have given her'——

It was Frances' turn now to give a warning glance. 'The room I thought she would like best,' she said with a soft but decisive tone. She too had a little imperious way of her own. It was so soft, that a stranger would not have found it out; but in the Palazzo they were all acquainted with it, and no one—not even Mariuccia—found it possible to say a word after this small trumpet had sounded. Mr Waring accordingly was silenced, and made no further remark. He went with his daughters to the door, and kissed the cheek which Constance held lightly to him. 'I shall see you again, papa,' Frances said in that same little determined voice.

Mr Waring did not make any reply, but shrank a little aside, to let her pass. He looked like a man who was afraid. She had spared him; she had not betrayed the ignorance in which he had brought her up; but now the moment of reckoning was near, and he was afraid of Frances. He went back into the salone, and walked up and down with a restlessness which was natural enough, considering how all the embers of his life had been raked up by this unexpected event. He had lived in absolute quiet for fourteen long years a strange life: a life which might have been supposed to be impossible for a man still in the heyday of his strength; but yet, as it appeared, a life which suited him, which he preferred to others more natural. To settle down in an Italian village with a little girl of four for his sole companion—when he came to think of it, nothing could be more unnatural, more extraordinary; and yet he had liked it well enough, as well as he could have liked anything at that crisis of his fate. He was the kind of man who, in other circumstances, in another age, would have made himself a monk, and spent his existence very placidly in illuminating manuscripts. He had done something as near this as is possible to an Englishman, not a Roman Catholic, of the nineteenth century. Unfortunately, Waring had no ecclesiastical tendencies, or even in the nineteenth century he might have found out for himself some pseudo-monkery in which he could have been happy. As it was, he had retired with his little girl, and on the whole had been comfortable enough. But now the little girl had grown up, and required to have various things accounted for; and the other individuals who had claims upon him, whom he thought he had shaken off altogether, had turned up again, and had to be dealt with. The monk had an easy time of it in comparison. He who has but himself to think of may manage himself, if he has good luck; but the responsibility of others on your shoulders is a terrible drawback to tranquillity. A little girl! that seemed the simplest of all things. It had never occurred to him that she would form a link by which all his former burdens might be drawn back; or that she, more wonderful still, should ever arise, and demand to know why. But both of these impossible things had happened.

Waring walked about the salone. He opened the glass door and stepped out into the loggia into the tranquil shining of the moon, which lit up all the blues of the sea, and kindled little silver lamps all over the quivering palms. How quiet it was! and yet that tranquil nature lying unmoved, taking whatever came of good or evil, did harm in a far more colossal way than any man could do. The sea, then looking so mild, would suddenly rise up and bring havoc and destruction worse than an army; yet next day smile again, and throw its spray into the faces of the children, and lie like a beautiful thing

under the light. But a man could not do this. A man had to give an account of all that he had done, whether it was good or whether it was evil —if not to God, which on the whole was the easiest—for God knew all about it, how little harm had been intended, how little anything had been intended, how one mistake involved another; if not to God—why, to some one harder to face—perhaps to one's little girl.

He came back from the loggia and the moonlight and nature, which, all of them, were so indifferent to what was happening to him, with a feeling that the imperfect human lamp which so easily got out of gear—as easily as a man—was a more appropriate light for his disturbed soul; and met Frances with her brown eyes waiting for him at the door.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

We now turn to the consideration of those external remedies which it falls within the nurse's sphere to make or apply, and which will be called for in almost all cases of acute illness.

And first comes the poultice, a most powerful agent in skilled hands. It is used for its heat and moisture, to check inflammation, to soothe pain, and to help in the formation of pus. It will therefore be seen that its range of usefulness is very wide, and that it is imperative for a nurse to thoroughly understand the art of poultice-making; and though this is really quite easy, it is astonishing how few amateurs can produce anything that has value as containing moist heat. It must be borne in mind, too, that if a poultice is not useful and agreeable, it will do positive harm, as a source of misery and annoyance.

Various materials may be, and are used for poultices; in this country, the usual are linseed-meal and bread. In making the former, do not begin till you have everything at hand—crushed linseed, boiling water, metal basin—metal retains heat better than earthenware—broad-bladed knife, and piece of rag or brown paper. Be quite sure that the water is boiling; half the bad poultices one meets with come from carelessness on this point, or from the mistaken idea that if water has once boiled, it is enough; whilst it is indispensable that for a light poultice the water shall be on the boil when used. Having made sure of this, scald out the basin, and pour in as much water as you think will be needed for the poultice; then sprinkle the linseed in with one hand, and with the other keep on stirring briskly all the time, and in one direction only; for this purpose a broad-bladed knife is better than a spoon. When the poultice is so stiff that no particles adhere to the sides of the basin, take it out in one lump, and spread evenly on the rag or brown paper, turning the edges back over the sides of the poultice. If the knife sticks, dip it into hot water; but be as quick over this part of your work as is consistent with even spreading, or your poultice will have lost half its value by the time it is ready for use. For those who have not had practice, or who have been satisfied with bad imitations of a poultice, it is worth while to invest in a pound or two of linseed; and by carefully following out the above directions a few times, there will be little difficulty in turning out a poultice as it should be—hot, light, of uniform consistency, and evenly spread.

If the poultice is to be applied to a wound, a teaspoonful of glycerine in the water will prevent its sticking, although in such cases the linseed has to be put next the skin. In medical cases, as a rule, the linseed may be put into a bag of flannel or calico; or, better still, of flannel or mackintosh one side, and of muslin the other. The latter may be bought in different sizes at the chemist's, and is a saving in the matter of weight, for when an ordinary material is being used, it is necessary to cover with a piece of mackintosh before the layer of cotton-wool, which should be put over every poultice. A flannel bandage, to keep it in place, also helps to retain the heat; and as the value of a poultice is gone when it becomes chilly, it is worth while to take pains to keep it warm as long as possible.

When a jacket-poultice is ordered, take a piece of cloth long enough to go completely round the patient's body; fasten three sets of strings to each end; make a poultice the required size; let the patient lie in it, and tie over the chest. If there is much restlessness, extra strings will be needed to tie over each shoulder. This is the ordinary way of making a jacket-poultice; but for the inexperienced it is anything but an easy undertaking, for to make a poultice of such a size properly is a difficult matter, and then the changing is an operation which frequently defeats its own ends by giving the patient cold. I remember hearing of one case where every change was the signal for such a violent fit of coughing, that it was several minutes before the fresh poultice could be applied. With these difficulties in view, I prefer to leave the beaten track, and make a jacket-poultice thus. Get two bags, one of flannel and the other of oiled silk and muslin; they must be large enough to meet under the patient's arms; fasten three sets of strings to each side, and one at each end of what will be the top. Fill the first with a thick poultice; place on a piece of mackintosh in the bed, and let the patient lie on it; fill the second with a rather thin and very light poultice; tie the two bags together under the arms and on the shoulders; cover well with a thick layer of medicated wool; place over the whole a large piece of oiled silk, and lightly tack it to the lower poultice. Thus arranged, the poultices will keep warm for hours; and when the patient lies quietly you will often find the back-poultice will only need changing about every other time a fresh one is put to the chest, which of itself is a great saving of fatigue. Observe that I recommend oiled silk and medicated wool for chest poultices. This is on account of their superior lightness, for added weight to a person whose breathing is affected means, as a rule, added suffering.

Bread poultices are sometimes ordered when only a small surface needs moist heat, and they are often used in affections of the face, especially of the eyes. There are several ways of making them, of which the following are the best.

Crumble into coarse crumbs as much stale bread as you think you are likely to need for your poultice; pour some boiling water into a well-warmed basin; stir in the crumbs; cover with a plate, and let it stand by the fire for about five minutes; press out any superfluous moisture, and put either into a muslin bag or on a piece of linen. If the latter, a few drops of oil or glycerine should be sprinkled over the surface, to keep it from sticking. Another way is to put rather more water than will be needed for the size of poultice into a small saucepan. Before it quite boils crumble into it some stale bread; mix it with a spoon, and continue stirring till the whole is reduced to a soft but firm pulp. If it is to be used for a wound, put glycerine into the water, as for linseed. A bread poultice needs to be very carefully covered with cotton-wool, or it will speedily become a hard, cold cake, equally useless and disagreeable.

Charcoal poultices are sometimes ordered for foul wounds. If the parts are very tender, take half an ounce of charcoal to two ounces of bread-crumbs, and one and a half ounces of linseed; soak the bread for a few minutes in boiling water, letting it stand by the fire; add the meal and half the charcoal; stir till perfectly soft, and sprinkle the remaining charcoal over the surface. When there is no special sensitiveness, the charcoal may be mixed with linseed and the poultice made as usual, or the charcoal may be simply spread over the surface of an ordinary linseed poultice.

Bran poultices are useful because of their lightness, when a large surface needs covering. They are made by half-filling a flannel bag with bran, and pouring boiling water on it. The superfluous wet must be got rid of by wringing or by placing the bag in the oven for a few minutes.

As to the heat of a poultice; when the skin is not broken, it may be applied as hot as the patient will bear it; and for such cases few amateur nurses err on the side of over-heating a poultice. The difficulty generally lies in getting it hot enough to do good. But on the other hand, for wounds, great care is required, and a very good test is whether the nurse's own face will bear the heat. In changing a poultice, get everything ready first; remove the old poultice; cover up well with extra cotton-wool; and make the new one as quickly as possible; but in applying it be careful not to slap it down quickly, or your patient will not allow it to be put on as hot as if you put one edge gently down, and gradually laid the rest in position. This is important, especially in dressing wounds which require gentle handling. I have seen the tears drawn from the eyes of a self-controlled patient by the reckless way in which a steaming poultice has been laid on a sensitive wound; the nurse meanwhile priding herself on the heat she compelled her unfortunate victim to endure.

Another method of applying heat and moisture to large surfaces is by means of fomentations. Properly applied, these often afford great relief; but it is a decided point of weakness in most home-nursing. To manage them properly, you need two large pieces of coarse flannel, plenty of boiling water, a tin pail, and a wringer. The latter is the only difficulty. It should consist of a long piece of strong canvas, with a broad firm hem at either end, through which a piece of wood can be easily passed; but few people have such conveniences at hand, and a very good substitute is the ordinary kitchen roller-towel, which, being made double, allows plenty of room for the wooden handles, which may be extemporised out of brooms or brushes. To make the fomentation, prepare the wringer by placing the pieces of wood in position; lay it over the pail, and on it a double fold of flannel; pour over a good quantity of boiling water. Let two people take hold of the ends, and by twisting in opposite directions, the flannel can with very little effort be wrung quite dry. Carry it in the wringer to the bedside; take it out and give it a shake, and apply as quickly as your patient will allow. Cover up as for a poultice, and put your wringer ready for a fresh fomentation, which must be prepared as soon as the first cools. When fomentations are used for the speedy relief of difficult breathing, two large sponges may with advantage take the place of flannel, on account of the superior lightness of sponge.

Opium fomentations are prepared by sprinkling one fold of flannel prepared as above with the prescribed amount of laudanum.

A material called *spongio-piline* is very handy for small fomentations, being light and waterproof. It is used in the same way as flannel, but soon becomes hard, and is expensive for large fomentations.

When heat alone, without moisture, is needed, a flannel bag or woollen stocking half filled with salt, sand, or bran, and heated through in the oven, will be found convenient. It retains the heat well, and can be moulded to the shape of any affected part.

There is another form of outward application, known as counter-irritant, which we shall consider in our next paper.

TOM SLUG.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

'THIS will never do, Tom,' said Mr Benjamin Slug, as he read his son's school-report for another term. 'You must really rouse up, or you 'll never make a man of yourself.'

Mr Slug had got on in the world by acting on the motto, 'Labour conquers everything,' and thus from an office-boy he had risen to the head of the firm. Justly proud of his own success, and knowing its secret, he was very anxious his son should follow in his steps. To this end he had put him to the best schools, and given him every chance of a good education. But the burden of every report was the same: 'The lad has good natural abilities, and would make a splendid scholar had he application'—a polite way of saying that Tom was lazy.

There was a picture in his bedroom of a field in a wilderness state of briers and thorns. Part of it had been originally inclosed as a vineyard; but it was now covered with nettles, and the vines were overrun with foxes, finding ready entrance

by the ruined wall. In one corner of the vineyard was a lodge, the latticed window showing the drowsy keeper within, murmuring now and again, as he turned from side to side: 'Yet a little sleep and a little slumber, then will I arise and till my field and trim my vines.' In the dim distance, the grim, gaunt, hungry-looking figure of Poverty was seen stealthily approaching. Tom often looked at this picture, but hitherto had not fully learned its lesson.

He was a thoughtful boy in his way, and sometimes philosophised a bit about his lazy tendencies. Indeed, he was a philosopher in petticoats; for he would sometimes argue to himself in this way: 'My name is Slug. Why, it's the name of that slimy, gliding thing on the garden walks! I wonder if the family got its name—as Edward Longshanks got his, from his long legs—from the slowness of some member reminding people of a slug? If so, how can I help being sluggish?—it's in the blood.'

He had yet to learn that men are born into the world like colts, and need breaking-in to be of full use.

The boy was quick with his eyes, however, if slow with his hands and feet. He had picked up a good deal, in this way, about beasts and birds and flies and creeping things. On this memorable afternoon he was fresh from a book about the Termites or 'white ants,' found in Africa, which build nests twelve feet high, some on the ground, shaped like pointed haycocks or huge mushrooms; and some in trees, shaped like sugar-casks, with a covered-way to them, winding round the trunk, from the ground.

There was a seriousness in his father's tone as he begged Tom to free himself from the growing slavery of indolence by one grand effort, which made him feel very miserable and disgusted with himself. In this mood he wandered into the orchard, and threw himself down under a tree. It was a beautiful summer evening. The slanting sunlight barred the grass with long shafts of green and gold. Hard by, a little stream made music as it ran. The air was thronged with insects, dancing away their little day in the sunset hour. Tom could not help feeling the beauty of the scene. And some sense of sweetness would mingle with the bitterness that found vent in his tears. When these had ceased, his eye chanced to fall on a nest of ants, the inmates of which were very busy around him, some repairing the nest, others guarding it, and others carrying stores into it.

As he watched them, the nest began to grow sensibly bigger, until it seemed as if he could walk up and down in it. Tom thought this was a splendid chance of exploring an ant-hill, and making up to the nest, was about to enter, when two of the guards rushed out clashing their jaws so fiercely that he felt quite frightened. He was still more startled, however, when one of them asked him what he wanted. On recovering himself, he made bold to ask if he might be allowed to see over the nest. The guards conversed for a moment, and then one of them went inside, and presently returned with a kindly, motherly-looking ant, who said: 'The Queen has been pleased to grant your request, and appointed me your guide. Please step this way.'

The entrance opened into a kind of hall, which again narrowed into a lobby, having a pillar at the entrance, midway between the walls. Seeing Tom look wonderingly at this pillar, the guide told him it was to make the nest easier of defence when attacked. 'You see,' she said, 'a couple of ants could keep a whole army at bay here.'

Tom thought it a most skilful device.

Passing through this lobby, they came to another hall, much larger than the first, with pillars here and there, to support the roof. 'This is the grand assembly-room,' said the guide.

Then she led him into another lobby, having a row of cells on each side. Thence they mounted a staircase, and passed through a gallery, which also had rows of cells on each side. There was something, or somebody, in every cell.

Now and again, they met a long string of ants bearing burdens. The leader of one of these—a big-jawed ant—seized Tom with his nippers as they were passing, and would have made them meet in his flesh, had not the guide signalled that he was a friend.

Tom might have grown weary with his long tramp, but for some entertaining accounts of other ant-nests by the guide. She described one hollowed out of the branches and twigs of a thorn-tree for the sake of honey hidden there; another purse-shaped, made by gluing leaves together while on the tree; and another, stranger still, made with dried cakes of refuse, arranged like tiles on the branches of a tree, one large cake forming the roof.

As they came to one cell, a joyous company passed out, having among them a large ant of very stately bearing.

'The Queen! the Queen!' cried the guide. 'Isn't she a right noble lady?'

Tom took note how very devoted and attentive the ants were to their Queen. Her bodyguard lifted her gently over all rough places; and when the royal party met a troop of working-ants, the latter divided and saluted the former as it passed along.

Turning into the cell the Queen had just left, they saw the floor covered with the smallest eggs Tom had ever seen. They were scarcely bigger than a pin-point. 'But come this way,' said the guide, 'and I'll show you the nursery.'

This was one of the cosiest cells in the whole nest. Here, ranged against the walls, like classes in a school, were rows upon rows of small, white, legless grubs. They looked like tiny sugar-loaves, and were made up of eleven or twelve rings. Every little creature had its nurse, who was either feeding it or washing it, or just taking it out for an airing, or bringing it in.

'What in the world are these funny little things?' asked Tom.

'Why, they have come out of eggs like those you saw just now; and if spared, will be full-grown ants some day.—Now you must see the spinning-room.' So saying, the guide led Tom across a passage into another cell.

Here a number of fine fat grubs were spinning gauze dresses for themselves, which were to shroud their bodies from top to toe. A few were spinning an additional coat of silk to put over the gauze dress.

'These are their nightgowns,' said the guide.

'And the moment they are covered from head to foot, they will go to sleep for a month or six weeks without waking.'

Tom thought that *would* be nice.

The spinning-room led to the dormitory. Here Tom saw what at first looked like piles of broken twigs and tiny balls of silk; but when he examined the bits of stick more closely, he could trace the face and limbs of an insect through the gauze-covering. They looked, for all the world, like the pictured mummies he had seen in books. The guards in the room looked rather savagely at Tom when he entered; but a glance from the guide made all right.

'You need not walk so softly. A thousand cannon, thundering over them, would not rouse them until they had slept their sleep out. As soon as they show the least sign of waking, however, they will be taken into the next room and unswathed.'

To this room they now proceeded. The sight Tom saw here interested him much more than anything he had yet seen in the ant-world. The floor was strewn with mummy-like forms, and silk balls like those in the room just left; but they were stirring a little, as if alive. Mounted on each one were three or four ants, who carefully assisted the inmates to unwrap themselves; then they took the limbs from their sheaths and smoothed them out; and at last the released prisoner stood up on its six legs, in all the freedom of a full-grown ant. What a change from the little helpless worm!

Tom examined one of these brand-new ants very minutely. He found the mouth had two pairs of jaws, which moved from side to side, and not up and down, like his own. One pair of jaws was like toothed scissors, with a sharp-pointed beak. These, he learned, were to fight with. From the front of the head sprang two long jointed things, like a thresher's flail, but club-shaped at the end. The guide said these were the most useful things an ant had—arms, hands, and nose all in one; and that if she lost them she was the most helpless of creatures. But what wonderful eyes! There were five altogether—three arranged in a triangle on the top of the head, and one on each side. The two last were very large, and seemed made up of hundreds of smaller eyes. Tom tried to count them; but when he had reached a thousand in one socket alone, he gave it up. Tom also discovered that each ant had a bag in its hinder part, filled with poison, which in fighting it could spurt into the bodies of its enemies. The guide told him that one family of ants had stings, as well as poison-bags.

Tom had observed on the backs of some of the ants when unswathed, and just above the breathing-holes, two pair of delicate wings, while the greater number had none. He learned, on inquiry, that the winged insects were kings and queens, and those without wings, common workers.

On reminding his guide that the Queen they saw a little while ago had no wings, she said: 'You are quite right, Master Sharp-eyes. But she once had wings, and I'll tell you how she lost them. The wings of the King and Queen are for the wedding-trip only. The King dies, or is killed off, on his return; while the Queen strips off her wings and sets seriously to her life-work of laying eggs; and that is how she loses her wings.—See! there they go for the wedding-trip!'

Tom turned, and saw two rather elegant-looking ants, with wings half-raised, making towards the door of the nest. He and the guide followed just in time to wish them much happiness, as they flew away through the sunlit air.

Tom, seeing himself at the main door again, and thinking he had trespassed quite long enough on the kindness of his ant-friend, turned to thank her, and to send also a message of thanks to the Queen, when she exclaimed: 'Oh, I have a good deal more to show you. You have not seen our cows yet.'

'Cows, cows! Ants have cows!' cried Tom in astonishment.

'Yes; ants have cows; and if you will step this way, you shall see them.'

Tom obeyed, and they retraced their steps through one of the long corridors. As they went along they met an ant carrying a heavy burden.

'What! busy yet?' said the guide, and they touched hands as they passed.—'That is one of the best workers in the whole hive; she works fifteen hours a day, many a time.' Presently they came upon a little insect with a tuft of hairs on its back, which an ant sucked, and then went away, licking its lips. 'That is a walking honey-pot,' said the guide. 'We keep several in the nest, and when we want a taste, we suck them, as you saw that ant do just now.'

Tom opened his eyes at this. But he opened them wider when he learned that there were ants who were living honey-jars, who stored up honey, and gave it out as required to the other members of the community.

Just then a very small ant leaped on the back of the guide and put its long spider-legs round her neck.

'Stennie, Stennie, my little pet, don't quite choke me with your hugs.—You see we have pets, as well as cows and living honey-pots,' turning to Tom.

They had now reached the cowshed, connected with the main nest by a covered-way. It was built round and over the leaves of a daisy plant which formed the stalls for the cows.

Tom was looking for a large four-legged creature; and when the guide pointed out quite a herd of small green insects, he thought she was surely poking fun at him. But these were the ant-cows. For by-and-by the milkmaids came in, went up to the cows and stroked them very gently until drops of honey fell from them, which they drank. As Tom stood watching them, he remembered to have seen green insects like these on the rose-trees and gooseberry bushes in his father's garden; and the thought struck him that what people call honey-dew was the honey dropped by these little creatures.

The guide told him as they walked away that there were some ants that grew their own rice, and even mushrooms.

'Dear me,' thought Tom, 'ants are as clever as men.'

Coming to a door that led into the grand hall, and looking in, the guide exclaimed: 'Why, the sports are on, and I did not know.'

It was a merry scene. At one end was the

Queen, with all her courtiers round her, watching the games. Here a long double row of ants was playing at thread-needle. There a company was dancing; close by were several pairs wrestling and boxing; while many of the youngsters were playing at hide-and-seek all round the hall. Suddenly, when the merriment was at its height, a cry was heard: 'To the pillar, to the pillar! The foe, the foe! Seal the inner doors!'

The scene was changed in an instant. The Queen had her bodyguard doubled, and was taken off at once to the royal cell, and sealed up. The keepers of the eggs, the grubs, and the mummies hurried away to their respective cells, and filled up the doorways with clay. The cow-keepers did the same with the entrance to the covered-way. All was excitement. When the defences were completed, all waited the onrush of the enemy. But it proved a false alarm. One of the outposts had indeed seen a legion of soldier ants in the distance, tending towards the nest. They were simply rounding a hill, however, and then made for a nest of negro ants, intent on making slaves. This was the explanation of a scout, who had been sent out to see how the thing would turn.

Tom was utterly dumfounded when he heard of ant-slaves.

'Do ants really make and hold slaves?' he asked, in utter astonishment, of his guide.

'Yes, some; but not all. *We* have no slaves, but do all our work ourselves. There is one tribe of ants, the "Amazons," great slaveholders; but they do nothing but fight and lounge. They are very brave in war, however, and never take or kill the up-grown ants of a nest, except these try to hinder them from carrying off their young, which they want to bring up and make into slaves. But they have to pay dearly for their laziness.'—Tom winced.—'They are called the "Workers;" but they are just the opposite, when not fighting. They neither feed nor clean themselves, nor their young ones. All this is done for them by slaves, who actually have to carry them on their backs when they go to a new settlement. In fact they have lost the power of doing anything for themselves, through having everything done for them, and not using the power they had. Their jaws have lost their teeth, and are now simply nippers with which they kill their foes. And all this results from indolence.'—Tom winced again. Was she pointing at him?—'But,' she went on, 'I know another tribe, the Round-jaws, who have become more helpless still in the same way. They are even losing their *nipping* power; and if it were not for their slaves, who carry them to the field and then fight by their side, they would never win a battle. There is one other tribe which sloth has plunged into yet deeper depths of degradation, the Wornouts. They are the mere puppet masters of their slaves, who have become the real masters. Laziness is a terrible curse; it can blight the finest powers.' The speaker's thousand eyes flashed fire as she spoke these words, and made Tom tremble.

He shuddered at the picture of the ants on whom the curse of idleness had fallen. It made him think of the picture in his bedroom. Did he really see what his future might be—and would be, did he not change—in these pictures? And he groaned aloud, in anguish of heart, at the thought.

'Tom, Tom, rouse up, my boy! You will get your death of cold sleeping like that in the grass. Come in and get some warm supper.' This was Tom's father, who had been seeking him, high and low, for some time, and had found him at last, fast asleep in the orchard.

Tom's adventure in an ant-hill was a dream; yet not all a dream, passing away with his waking thoughts, like the morning cloud. The last words of his guide rang through his mind for many a day: 'Laziness is a terrible curse, and can blight the finest powers.' It was the turning-point in his life, which suffered as great a change as that which turned the white legless grub, in his dream, into a light airy insect. It was a new birth. A few months later he went to business, and soon won a character for patient industry, which he kept throughout his life.

DISCOVERY OF ROMAN REMAINS IN LINCOLN.

We have received the following from Dr William O'Neill, M.R.C.P., of Lincoln, with reference to the recent Roman discoveries in that locality:

The Romans penetrated into Lincolnshire, and subdued it about the year 70 of this era; and no sooner were they settled in the land than, with that wonderful energy and skill which characterised them, they began to till the soil, and gradually brought it into a high state of cultivation. They improved the face of the country generally by raising banks, cutting dikes and canals, making roads, and building towns. Most of the Roman towns remain to the present day, also several of their great works; these latter in many instances still answering the same purpose as that for which they were originally made. Of the numerous towns or stations built by the Romans, Lindum (Lincoln) was one of the chief. The number of Roman remains found here and in the immediately surrounding country testify not only to the important position which Lindum held in the palmy days of the occupation of Britain, but also to the high state of civilisation of many Roman families, and the splendour of their villas.

On the 28th of August 1884, the ironstone miners of the Lindum Iron Ore Company, whilst in the process of opening up a new mining shaft in the Greetwell Fields, which lie about half a mile eastward from Lincoln, came upon the remains of a Roman villa, between two and three feet below the surface. From the nature of the diggings and from the rapidity with which they had been carried on, great damage had been done to the remains before the writer had an opportunity of examining them. This much, however, could be clearly made out, that between two walls, running at least thirty-five yards south and north, and about thirty yards apart (the distance at present excavated), several apartments and small courtyards had existed, as indicated by walls, tesselated pavements, and large tile pavements. But it is

more than probable that further excavations eastward will lay open other apartments. The tesseræ of the apartments already excavated were an inch and a half square, were made of red, blue, and black coloured brick and white stone, and were laid in patterns. There were also small white tesseræ, about three-quarters of an inch square, which were made of a fine hard white concrete, and were most probably used either in ornamental work or in the flooring of a highly decorated chamber. A square of large flat tiled pavement of about ten feet in diameter was still intact when the writer first saw the remains. It formed the flooring, or part of the flooring, of a room or rooms to the north of the tesselated rooms. That is, the large flat tiles floored more or less of the basement rooms at the back of the house. The tiles of the square of flooring, which resembled those mentioned by Pliny, measured fifteen inches by ten and a half inches, and were of a red colour, bearing an impressed checkered pattern. The writer has found many fragments of tiles of a superior quality to those mentioned. These superior tiles had a white body, but were painted in colours; and the flutings on them were done with tools, whereas the markings on the red tiles seemed to be done with the fingers. All the tesseræ and tiles were set in concrete of a superior quality; and so adhesive was this concrete, especially in the case of the red large flat tiles, that most of them were broken in the attempts made to lift them.

From the apartments described, three or four stone steps led down to a bath-room, which seemed to have been the front and most advanced room of the villa, and looked southward. From east to west the room measured about fifteen feet; and from south to north, ten feet. From the east end of the north wall of the room, the bath extended seven feet four inches southwards along the east wall, and was between three and four feet in breadth, and about two feet in height. The floor of the bath-room was formed of a beautifully white tesselated pavement, each tessera of which was made of white china clay, and was set in a fine concrete. Tesseræ resembling those of the floor were extended for eight inches up the sides of the walls to form a dado. The writer has been informed that a dado has not been found in any Roman building hitherto discovered in England. In this case it was evidently intended to protect the walls of the room from the action of the bath water. Tesseræ were also extended up the outside of the bath, the inside of the bath being formed of the same material as the tesseræ, but quite smooth. The well-plastered walls of the room were painted white, and the bordering of the walls and other decorations were in fine reds, yellows, greens, blues, and blacks. On one piece of plaster a swallow was well drawn and painted.

Two or three feet north of the bath-room, but in a different apartment, is a very deep well, seven feet in diameter, and in a comparatively good state of preservation. When the water had done its duty in the bath-room, a well-constructed drain-pipe allowed it to escape. On clearing out some of the rubbish from the well, several Roman coins were found, and fragments of beautifully painted wall-plaster. The house must have been the property of a Roman gentleman of taste and opulence. The site was well chosen; but in consequence of the villa having been built on the brow of a hill, the lower rooms were on different planes. The ancient Romans had evidently good ideas of sanitation. This villa, which looked out on the valley of the Witham, had a fine southern aspect, and was built on a mass of three kinds of concrete, to the depth in some places of three feet; and the drainage of the whole premises seemed perfect.

Among the debris thrown up by the miners in their excavations, cartloads of tiles of various kinds are to be seen; pieces of pottery, oyster-shells, shells of periwinkles, and bones of large and small animals. Roman coins are known to have been found, as also the horn of a goat, part of the antler of a deer, and the bone of an ox.

Last June, in the city of Lincoln, another discovery of Roman remains of a most interesting character was made. Lincoln, when inhabited by the Romans, was built in the form of a parallelogram; divided into four equal parts by two streets, which crossed at right angles. Bail-gate still remains as a part of the street running north and south. Here certain interesting relics were found by workmen whilst digging out the foundations of an old house. Digging from above downwards, the first thing that came into view was a crematory furnace. Giving the architect's measurements, this was five feet in length, one foot nine inches wide, and one foot nine inches high. It was fixed lengthwise from north to south. The bottom and the inside were formed of long thin bricks, which crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. The furnace was at the north end, and the flue at the south end, of the crematorium. Near the furnace-door, a quantity of charcoal ready for use was found.

About three feet below the crematorium was a room which might be called a sarcophagus; the inside dimensions of which were five feet ten inches from east to west, and from two feet to a little more than three feet wide; the shape being very much like that of an ordinary coffin. The sides of this sarcophagus or chamber were formed of strong stones, the bottom of concrete, and the top of large rough stone slabs. Under cover of the rough slabs was a layer, fourteen inches in thickness, of fine sand; under this a layer of lime, imbedded in which were ten vases of various shapes and sizes; all, except one, being in an upright position. Eight of the vases are of a dark-red colour, and two of a cream colour. Some of them are ornamented at the bottom with a sort of Vandyck pattern, and at the top near the lips are several rows of circular flutings. Two of these are larger than the rest; one bears the initials I. T., the other the letter H. About half the vases are glazed of a light green colour, the others are unglazed. Nearly all the urns or vases, with one or two exceptions, were more or less injured by the workmen, who also in most cases emptied the vessels of their contents. Fortunately, the contents of one elegantly shaped vase were undisturbed; the ashes, which half-filled the vessel, being apparently kept intact by a dry vegetable mould. The vases were one-handled, with covers more or less injured, and resembled in several cases

an ovoid coffee-pot. The upper part of the handle of each vase, where attached to the neck of the vessel, had depressions, into which the thumb and index finger were intended to enter, so as to get a firmer grip of the vessel. The profusion of glaze on some parts of the vessels reminded the writer of a similar character on some specimens of Bow porcelain.

To the west of the sepulture chamber, and on the same level with it, is another chamber, four feet two inches from east to west, and four feet ten inches from north to south. In this chamber nothing of importance was found. A year or two ago, when the drainage of Lincoln was being carried out, the basement rooms of what must have been a large and very splendid Roman villa were found in Exchequer Gate. As the crematorium lately discovered is only about fifty yards in a direct line in the rear of where this villa stood, it is more than probable that the crematorium was the private property of the inmates of the villa. It would appear that opinion on burial and burning during the Roman occupation of England was divided, much as it is at the present time. Cremation, we see, was practised and performed by the Romans in Lincoln, and so was burial; for Roman stone coffins in great numbers are being constantly turned up in this city, and many of these coffins are lettered and dated much as tombstones are at the present time.

The workmen, a few days after the discovery of the crematorium and sarcophagus, in further extending the digging out of the foundations of the old house, came upon a quaint-looking Roman arch, six or eight feet north-east of the sarcophagus or small chamber in which the ten urns were discovered. This arch or doorway, which had necessarily to be removed, formed a right angle with the sarcophagus, and was about six feet high, and two feet wide. Like the large Roman arch at the upper or northern end of Bailgate, it had no keystone, the formation of all the stones in the arch obviating the necessity for one. Leading from the door of the sarcophagus to the arch was a semicircular path made of concrete. This path, after passing through the arch, dipped down two feet and a half, to make the floor of a small room five feet square and seven feet high. The workmen, whilst in the act of taking down the arch, discovered a large urn; and on clearing away the rubbish out of the room, found three or four more urns of large size. The urns previously discovered in the sarcophagus held from two to three quarts of fluid; those more recently discovered, before they were damaged, would have held as many gallons. They were imbedded in lime, had no lids, and all contained ashes of the dead, the ashes being covered over with charcoal. The small room in which these urns were found smelt most offensively; and on washing a fragment of one of the urns, a very disagreeable odour arising from the fragment was complained of. Putting the pieces of one of the urns together, I could see that it was somewhat globular in shape, with a wide mouth, the rim of the mouth being neatly and elegantly curved out to the extent of nearly two inches. The colour of the urn is black; and it is a good, although a coarse specimen of the old Roman ware called 'Upchurch.' The fragments of this urn presented an appearance which leads me to believe that the vessel was twice 'fired.' It is therefore probable that after the dead had been buried in the ordinary way, the remains were collected, placed in this large urn, and it and its contents were again subjected to the fire of the crematorium.

Over these old Roman buildings a Norman edifice of some kind had been erected. The building of the Romans was excellent, and the workmen with difficulty pulled down the old walls; but that of the Normans was as different as possible. The latter made the 'faces' of the walls even and smooth; but the spaces between the faces they filled up with rubbish of any kind that came to hand; consequently, their work fell to pieces when struck by the workmen's tools.

Although the crematorium may have been owned by successive Roman governors, still it does not appear to have been held sufficiently sacred to be isolated from the busy world about it. Not more than twelve or fourteen yards from it was found, firmly and well puddled in the earth, a nine or ten gallon water-jar for the use of animals to drink from; and a neat drain was also found to convey away the overflow of the jar. Still nearer to the sepulture buildings was a well, in the centre of a large flat stone, four feet square, and evidently worn by the feet of those who went thither to draw water. Scattered about were large square tiles, having one side of the square curved round, as if intended to hold something. A packing-needle of fine brass wire was found with thread wound round it; and also a handsomely made leaden box, resembling very much an old-fashioned poor's-box, with long shaft handle. The handle in this case is wanting, but the tapering socket is there, supported by neat brackets. In still closer proximity to the buildings was the ashbin, among the rubbish of which were found numerous oyster-shells and broken pottery, sufficient to demonstrate that breakages occurred in those days as well as in our own. The writer found the lower part of a flower-pot, of Samian ware, having a hole in the bottom for the escape and admission of water, as in a modern flower-pot. The inverted saucer-like lid for vessels seemed to be very fashionable in those times.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE China House burglary was neither a big nor a sensational one; nevertheless, there were characteristic features about it, that perhaps make its story worth telling.

One morning in November 187–, on entering the station to which I was attached as a plain-clothes man of the —— Division of the Metropolitan Police, I found my superintendent waiting to give me instant orders. 'Look here, George,' he said; 'old Dorrington's house has been broken into some time between midnight and five this morning. He came himself to report it, and he wishes the case to be put into your hands.'

'I don't suppose any one will envy me the job,' I answered. 'I expect I shall have a pretty lively time of it.'

'Yes; I rather fancy you will have a particularly lively time of it,' assented the super-

intendent, 'for the old boy was in a towering passion. It appears the thieves have added insult to injury. Not content with robbing him, they have played off some joke upon him; and it is that, more than the amount of his loss, that has nettled him. They left a saucy letter behind them, I think, for he was in such a rage, I couldn't make out from him exactly what it was they had done. However, I told him to let things remain just as the thieves had left them till you arrived; so you had better get down to his place at once and see what you can make of the matter.'

Thus instructed, I set out for the scene of the burglary. But before asking my readers to accompany me there, it will be necessary that I should give them some idea of the manner of man Mr Dorrington was; otherwise, they would scarcely be able to appreciate the bearing of some of the incidents of the robbery at his residence. To most of us at the station, old Billy Dorrington, as he was familiarly but not disrespectfully called, was, besides being a confirmed bachelor, a 'bit of a character.' He rather cottoned to the Force. His name generally figured pretty high up on any subscription list for a testimonial to a retiring superintendent or inspector, and he was always 'good' for a liberal number of tickets for the entertainments organised for the benefit of our provident institutions. In his way, he was entitled to be ranked among 'men who have risen.' The story of his life was known, in outline at least, to everybody. His parents had been little if at all above the vagrant class, and as is commonly the case with the children of such parents, Billy had been turned out at a very early age to 'scratch for himself.' As a child, he had hawked 'hearthstone' under parental direction and for parental profit. While still in his teens, he had commenced business on his own account as a crockery hawker. At first, a basket held his stock; from that, he got to a hand-barrow; and finally—as regards hawking—to a donkey and 'shallow.' Abandoning the itinerant line, as no longer affording scope for his energy and capital, he took a shop. Prospering in this, his trade career had continued onwards and upwards to a point at which he was admittedly the leading china and glass merchant in the district. By his business and the judicious investment of its profits he had realised the very considerable 'means' upon which he had for some years past lived in the character of an independent gentleman, in the mansion which he had built for himself, and designated, in allusion to his former occupation, China House.

After his retirement from business, he had come out as a public man. He was on the Vestry and the Board of Guardians, and a notably active member of each of those bodies. His speeches at their meetings were reported at greater length than those of any other member, and were generally pretty freely studded with 'laughter,' 'great laughter,' 'renewed laughter,' and the like. Sometimes the laughter was at him, but it was oftener with him. He might speak of the 'wittles' of the paupers or the 'lor' of the land, or emphatically express himself as not caring a 'stror' for the opinion of some 'on'able' members. But on the other hand, he was quick in turning a joke or giving 'a rap over the knuckles,' and altogether was very fully capable of holding his own in Board-room debate. Apart from his defects of education, he was a clever business man in a general way, and was thoroughly conversant with things parochial, more especially where the dodges of professional charity hunters were concerned. By the latter class, he was cordially hated, and not without good cause, for whenever opportunity served, he was 'down upon them like a hammer.' On the same ground, there was no love lost between him and the type of vestrymen, guardians, officials, and tradesmen who regard parish contracts as a legitimate field for jobbery. On the whole, however, Mr Dorrington was a highly popular personage.

In the part of our division in which China House was situated, the burglary season had in 187– set in early and with unusual severity. The burglars had been particularly successful alike in their work and in escaping detection. House after house had been 'done,' while not a single arrest had been made even upon suspicion. Of course, it was reported that the police were in possession of important information, that they had obtained a clue, were prosecuting inquiries, and so forth. The truth was, however, that practically we were 'out of the hunt.' All that we really knew was that the robberies were well planned and cleverly executed, and were apparently the work of a single gang, and that a small and select one. Under these circumstances, we of the Force were naturally abashed and sore, the more especially as the newspapers were down upon us. Some of the leading dailies had made short but significant comments upon the continued impunity with which the robberies were committed; while in the locals our condemnation was writ large. The *Borough Mercury* and the *United Parishes Chronicle*, foes in all things else, joined hands in condemning us. Our failure had also been adverted to by the vestry in public meeting assembled, Mr Dorrington in particular coming out strong upon the point. It was this latter fact, added to my general knowledge of his character, that had led me to say that I expected the old gentleman would give me a pretty lively time of it.

I already knew China House very well by sight. It was a good-sized, squarely-built villa residence, standing in its own grounds. These grounds were laid out in a style that might or might not be picturesque, but was certainly striking. In the centre of the lawn in front of the house was erected a fully rigged mast flagpole, on either side of which was placed a large figure-head of some old wooden ship. The one figure represented Neptune, and the other a British admiral, and both were richly, very richly painted and gilded. Dotted about the garden in the rear of the house were half-a-dozen similar figure-heads, each of which was stationed, sentry-fashion, beside a rockery, into the construction of which shells and coloured glass entered as largely as flints; while each was surmounted with stoneware images of men and beasts.

Arriving at this highly ornamental dwelling, I was admitted by the owner himself. 'Hillo, Grainger—here you are, then!' he exclaimed,

greeting me in a more cheery tone than I had anticipated would have been the case.

'Yes; here I am,' I answered; 'but whether or not I shall be able to do any good in this job, is a very open question.'

'Oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know,' said the old fellow, rather hotly. 'It's no use to be down on your luck beforehand.'

'I'm not down on my luck,' I answered; 'but I don't want to seem to talk large; I don't want to give the papers or the vestry any more pull than need be.'

'That's where the skin's thin, is it?' he said, laughing. 'Why, you shouldn't mind that sort of thing; no one was hitting at *you* in particular. At least, I can answer for it that I wasn't, or I shouldn't have asked to have you here. I believe in you, my boy, if that's any encouragement to you; and this you may depend upon, that anything I can do to help you, I will. I may tell you at once that I mean to offer a hundred pounds reward.'

As he made the last statement, he paused, evidently expecting some expression of warm approval, and was visibly disappointed when I answered: 'Well, there can be no harm in your doing so. It *might* lead to something.'

'Why, you don't mean to say that *you* believe in honour among thieves?' he exclaimed.

'I believe in fear among them,' I answered; 'and if I'm not mistaken, this is just one of the cases where fear would come in. It strikes me that the gang that have been working this neighbourhood are known only to each other. If one informed, the others would know it; and then it would be quite as likely as not to turn out a case of "found dead" with the informer; and life is sweet even to a burglar. However,' I went on, 'I had better get to work.—Have you lost much property?'

'Well, no,' he replied; 'not, considering, that is. I should say that a hundred and fifty pounds would cover the lot, including fifteen pounds in hard cash. It's not so much what they've took as 'as set my back up agen 'em so stiff, as their blessed imperence.'

'The superintendent told me they had left some impudent letter behind them,' I put in.

'Letter!' he exclaimed. 'Well, you can call it a letter if you like; but it seems to me it's a particularly large-hand letter. I only hope as how you'll be able to make something out of it. If the blackguards were only trapped through it, I wouldn't mind a bit.'

'I had better see it, then,' I said.

'O yes; you shall see it. I mean you to see it; I ain't afraid of any one seeing it.—Come along.' As he spoke, he led the way to the drawing-room; and throwing open the door and waving his hand towards the wall, continued: 'Just take stock of that, and tell me what you think of it in the way of wiciousness.'

I did 'take stock,' and as I did so, only with difficulty refrained from laughing aloud. The apartment was papered with a delicate, light, almost white paper, and upon this was scrawled a variety of figures intended to represent old Dorrington, and each accompanied by scrolls of writing of an insulting character. In one drawing labelled 'Old Crockery Billy,' he was represented as harnessed to a hand-barrow, while proceeding from his mouth was the cry of: 'Any old rags or bones!' In a second, styled 'The Fancy Guardian,' he was represented as a very portly personage, sitting on a bench, and exclaiming: 'Give them the 'ouse;' 'Send him to the stone-yard.' The third sketch showed a Bardolphian-looking personage supporting himself against a post, and under this was written: 'Look here, Old Dorry; your wine ain't good. See you get some better before we come again. If you don't, we will hang you up by the heels. We shall do the bedrooms next time; so, look out.' These caricatures had all the appearance of having been done with a broad-pointed pencil such as artisans use for marking out their work. They were anything but works of art, but at the same time they were considerably in advance of the 'This-is-a-cow' style of drawing; and even through their exaggerations there was a certain touch of likeness visible. The handwriting was plain and firm, and the spelling correct.

When I had finished my survey, Mr Dorrington indulged himself in another outburst of indignation, at the conclusion of which I expressed my sympathy, and my full agreement with his conclusion that 'it was enough to rile any man.'

'But that is not all,' he went on. 'You've only seen half of their doings in the way of being wicious. Follow me, and I'll show you the rest.—Look there!' he continued, when he had led me to the dining-room window, which opened on to the garden.

The spectacle to which he directed my attention was that of the gilded figure-heads overthrown and trampled upon, and two of the rockeries knocked to pieces. The destruction wrought here was utterly wanton, had no shade or pretence of rough humour to redeem it, and I felt what I said—that it was too bad.

'It is too bad,' old Dorrington repeated. 'If they had needed to have done it to get into the house, I wouldn't have cared; I'd have taken it as included in the costs, as you may say. But it has been done in sheer "'oggishness," and such brutes ought to be hunted down.'

'They ought,' I assented, by way of making *some* reply, for at that moment a thought occurred to me which made me pause. Both Mr Dorrington and myself had been doing what, up to this point at anyrate, *I* had no right to do. We had assumed throughout that the burglary *must* have been done by the gang who had done the others in the neighbourhood. But looking at the havoc that had been wrought here, it flashed upon me that such could hardly be the case. Their handiwork hitherto had been of a uniform kind, and was altogether unlike what had been shown me here. They had on several occasions included wine and spirits in their booty; but they had never before left any indications of their having been 'drunk on the premises,' and they had certainly never been needlessly destructive. On the contrary, their methods seemed almost designed to reduce damage—as distinct from robbery—to a minimum. The present job, so far, had more the look of having been done by discharged and spiteful servants burgling *en amateur*, than by first-class high-flying professional housebreakers.

Mr Dorrington having pointed out to me all that he considered remarkable, I proceeded to

make an examination of the premises upon my own account. The manner in which the thieves had operated was clear enough. They had got over the boundary-wall inclosing the garden, and then effected an entry through the 'shoot' of the coal cellar. This shoot was guarded by three iron crossbars, over which was a stout wooden shutter, which at night was let down and fastened with a padlock. The ring holding the padlock staple had been forced out, thus freeing the shutter; and a boy—there was not room for a man—put down between the crossbars. Making his way up the cellar steps, this pioneer had opened the scullery door and let in the rest of the party.

The robberies in the neighbourhood having made householders specially careful, Mr Dorrington had for some time past been in the habit of himself locking the drawing-room, dining-room, and wine-cellar doors each night and taking the keys to his bedroom. The locks of the dining and drawing rooms were of the ordinary 'builders' fixtures' make; and as they were undamaged, they had in all probability been opened with skeleton keys. The lock of the wine-cellar was, however, a patent one, and that had been cut clean out of the door. Till I saw this, I had held to my last idea—that the burglary was probably the work of discarded servants, and at anyrate was *not* that of the gang who had been working the district. Now, however, my feeling of assurance upon the latter point was swept away. In the cutting out of this lock the handicraft of the 'regulars' was unmistakable. The hole 'bitted' through for the spring-saw to enter was their exact size. The clean straight sawing, and still more the nicety with which the part to be cut away had been lined out, were virtually trade-marks against them. This was the only piece of real craftsmanship there had been any need to perform; but the method of getting off the plunder also stamped the job as theirs. Wheel-marks and other indications in the narrow road-way upon which the boundary-wall abutted, showed that a light cart had been used, and the signs in all their robberies pointed conclusively to such a vehicle forming part of their professional equipment.

SHORTEST ROUTE TO CHINA.

The great Canadian and Pacific Railway will become the quickest route to China and Japan. From east to west—that is, from the city of Montreal to Vancouver—is a stretch of railway of two thousand nine hundred miles, crossing the Rocky Mountains at a height of five thousand three hundred feet above the sea, passing over mountain and plain, and through the finest wheat-growing and grazing country in the world. The line is not yet complete; and the stations, according to our European and elevated ideas of what a 'station' should be, are of the very rudest and simplest form of construction, as a great part of the country through which the line passes is not yet settled, or even inhabited; and it is usual for the train to run for miles without seeing a habitation or a human creature. Yet the time will come when this will be, without doubt, the regular, as it will certainly be the quickest route to China and Japan.

A WOMAN'S SOLILOQUY BEFORE HER MIRROR.

Ah, wherefore do I seek to twine
This wilful mass of hair
Around this common face of mine
To make it look more fair?
For be it rosy, be it pale,
It matters nought to *him*;
And yet, because my efforts fail,
My foolish eyes grow dim.

Ah, wherefore does the crimson blood
Keep rushing to my brow?
I would not win him if I could—
'Tis pride is whispering now.
Then why, 'midst trifles vain like these,
My precious moments waste?
These simple braids will surely please
His fine artistic taste.

'Tis Love is whispering in mine ear:
Begone, thou wicked sprite!
For when thy pouting lips are near,
I lose my senses quite.
Down with thy bow, thou reckless boy!
Thou dost not understand
The dangers of that glittering toy
Within thy dimpled hand.

This simple robe of quiet shade
Will suit my figure best;
Ah, would I were a fairer maid,
Then might my hopes be blest!
'There are no eyes,' I 've heard him say,
'Like eyes of azure hue;'
Mine, mine, alas! are sombre gray:
Oh, would my eyes were blue!

What care I where his glances rove?
What care I whom he praise?
My heart would scorn to crave his love,
Or thrill beneath his gaze.
I will not mingle in the dance,
For maidens lithe and tall
Must ever claim his kindling glance:
Oh, why am I so small?

Again I feel thy fluttering wings,
Thou elf of mischief dire;
A chord within my spirit sings,
Responsive to thy lyre.
Thou wilful boy, my heart release;
Thy fetters make it sore;
Oh, give it back its olden peace;
Oh, set it free once more!

My dresses lie a crumpled heap
(Ah, such is woman's lot);
I love not *him*, and yet I weep
Because he loves me not.
Tears, tears unto mine eyelids rush;
I cannot choose but sigh;
And love shines forth in every blush,
To show my lips they lie!

. . . . . .

Hark! 'tis his footstep on the stair!
Why do I turn so weak?
His kiss is on my tangled hair—
His breath upon my cheek!
All that his love bestows on me,
With grateful joy I take,
And wish that I could lovely be,
And gifted, for his sake.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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CAMPAIGNING AT HOME.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SCOTTISH ORDNANCE SURVEY.

Stay-at-homes read with wonder the adventures of those that 'go down to the sea in ships,' and of arduous campaigns abroad; while they also sympathise readily with the sufferings, hardships, and dangers reported from distant lands. Has it ever occurred to any considerable number of people, outside those actually concerned therein, that for many years a campaign of no mean difficulty was till recently carried on within the borders of our own 'tight little island?' We refer to the Ordnance Survey of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. This interesting undertaking has now been some few years completed. We do not propose to enter into any account of the origin, methods, or objects of the enterprise, but merely, by a few rapid sketches, to convey to the reader some idea of the mode of life to which the workers had to submit during its progress; in the hope of awakening some share of interest in and respect for the toils cheerfully gone through, and the hardships bravely borne by a small body of our fellow-countrymen in scenes not far from our own doors.

For many reasons, camping-out was decided on as the most suitable way of accommodating the surveyors. In a thinly populated country, lodgings would be difficult to find, and the men of a party would become so scattered that efficient supervision of the whole would be impossible. The tents and camp equipage—bed-stretchers, blankets, cook-house, and cooking utensils—were of a superior kind to those issued to soldiers in the field, consisting, in fact, of those allotted for hospital purposes and officers' quarters. In a word, everything was provided with intelligent consideration for the comfort of the men, so far as that was possible.

From point to point, then, through the picturesque scenes of the North, the parties wandered for nearly twenty years, pitching by running streams or wild tarns in the most sheltered nooks they could find. Each morning brought the usual eight o'clock parade, the men having previously breakfasted; and each surveyor and his chainman was dismissed to his appointed task on the adjacent mountains. One of our number was left behind as a cook and camp-watch, to clear up the tents, make the beds, and provide dinner for the men against their return in the evening. Their lunch they carried with them. After their late dinner, the surveyors had their field-books to make up, diagrams to draw out, and the work to 'reference.' Hardy, light-hearted and sociable, the rest of the long summer or autumn evenings was spent sometimes in quoiting, 'putting' the stone, and other exercises; sometimes in visiting by twos or threes the nearest 'clachans;' and sometimes in getting up an improvised dancing-match to the music of a concertina. Reading and letter-writing were generally left to wet days, when, it may be stated, the men were not required to turn out.

Those wet days! They were now and then wet weeks, and even months, at a stretch. Such incontinent skies are surely nowhere else to be found but in the Western Highlands. The men welcomed a wet day or two now and then in the sincerest way; their tired feet got rested, and they could overtake arrears of correspondence or of 'book'-work; but beyond the second day their miseries began. The ground around and even inside the tents became a mire; the canvas hung dank and dripping; the stove-pipes would draw on no consideration; the meat got 'high,' and the bread mouldy; tempers got soured, and genuine British grumbling set in. The concertina, the song, and the book kept the demon of *ennui* at bay for a time; but a second or third week of the deluge and inactivity combined let him slowly but surely inside the camp. The quiet ones moped, and the more gritty ones growled. We draw the curtain over the remainder of a six or seven weeks' rain-blockade.

In December 1873, the Director-general of the Ordnance Survey—Sir Henry James—stated in

the Blue-book for that year that 'the mainland of Scotland had been completed, and the survey of the islands of Skye and Mull been entered upon.' When this bald announcement was made, those best able to judge of the nature of the work prophesied that the survey of the Hebrides, Orkneys, and Shetlands would cost a number of valuable lives. Happily, the prophecy was not fulfilled, while the work has been done in excellent style. Only one life was lost by drowning, and even that was not strictly due to the hazards of the work. To all concerned, this is simply a marvel; and the fact that there was not a single case of broken limbs, and only one death from natural causes, makes the record more remarkable still.

Nevertheless, the task of surveying the islands was a fresh departure in the way of additional discomforts, dangers, and anxieties. It is therefore from this period that we draw a few sketches at random from the thousand subjects that readily occur to us. The work in the islands was perhaps little harder in itself than much of that already completed on the mainland. The two chief hardships that presented themselves for the first time were, greater isolation and the more frequent and more hazardous boating excursions which the duties involved. The parties were now also almost invariably farther from any base of supply. As a rule, sufficient provisions of a kind and at a price could still be obtained, but there was much uncertainty in their delivery, owing to the weather and the want of punctuality on the part of the caterers. At times, the men had to subsist for weeks together on tea, oatmeal cakes, and eggs. Fresh meat in some instances was not obtainable in any weather or at any price, so that some sections of the workers had to pursue their exceptionally arduous duties for a whole season together on bread and 'groceries.'

The 'sappers,' as they were generically styled, whether Royal Engineers, civil assistants, or labourers, had already had some taste and experience of boating on the ofttimes tempestuous Highland lochs, as well as off the grim coast of Ardnamurchan, where, when the wild north winds blow, the sea-view is one of the most awful that can be witnessed around our shores. But now, among the islands, rowing across ugly creeks or round some headland or other was often a part of their daily task. Although a calm morning was usually selected for starting on such expeditions, the weather, as may be supposed, did not always fulfil its augury. The return voyages were often of the most perilous nature. Frequent hairbreadth escapes thus occurred, the narratives of which would well compare in romantic interest with many boasted tales of the sea.

Hitherto, the hill-work and camp-life had been restricted to the summer and autumn months; but in the winter of 1874-75—the year of the great snow-storm, when a train was entombed for three days on the Highland line—an order was issued that the work in the islands should be henceforth prosecuted without stoppage until its final completion. There was no help for it: the men stuck to their tents as long as the tents stuck to them, working intermittently, as the weather would permit. Imagine, then—merely as an example—a small encampment, at Christmas-time of that year, standing on the north-west shore of solitary Loch Buie, in Mull, coals and provisions short, the nearest village fourteen miles distant. There was no help for it, as we have said; till, on one of the last nights of the year, a more than usually wild tempest swept round the fir-clad hills that tower above the loch, tearing up trees by the roots, hurling masses of rock into the tarn, and lashing the waters into a seething expanse of furious foam. The rain-like sleet was a whirling torrent. After examining the guy-ropes and pickets of the tents with unwonted care, the drenched and wearied surveyors had turned into their cheerless stretchers, but not to sleep. From time to time a gust would strike the canvas with such violence as to threaten the instant destruction of the camp. The miserable task of turning out in that awful night to refasten pickets and slacken guys had to be repeated every few minutes for hours together. A lull came about two in the morning, and the men were just congratulating each other that the worst was over, when, with a crescendo whistle of warning, the storm leapt down the mountain side with redoubled fury, crashing and overthrowing everything on its way. With a succession of loud reports, the canvases split and the tents were overturned. The poor 'sappers' were left in 'storm and night and darkness,' undressed, on their stretchers. Their clothing was scattered far and wide. Their experiences till daylight may be better imagined than described.

The heroes of the above episode, together with other parties, who had fared little better during the winter, had a brief respite from hardship in the spring of 1875 in the beautiful island of Islay, with its large area of cultivated land and succession of low undulating hills. The number of large villages—or small towns—which it contains admitted of the men dispensing with tents and enjoying the luxury of lodgings. Those were red-letter days for them. They entered with zest into the almost forgotten enjoyments of civilised life. Pleasant may their memories be! But even Islay had its adventures. The stormy wreck-strewn shores of Loch an Dahl—an arm of the sea whose terrors are known to all west-coast mariners—very nearly saw the end of several men whose temerity tempted its waters when in angry mood. The poor, brave pilot of Port Charlotte, who frequently gave his solemn warning to the foolhardy, has since found his own grave at the bottom of the treacherous loch, of which he may be said to have been custodian.

Thence to Jura. This, as is well known, is an interesting island in many respects. Two gracefully rounded hills rise like twin sugar-loaves from either shore; while the 'raised beaches,' as geologists term them, which are found in the western district, at an elevation of many hundred feet above the present sea-level, the famous Corryvreckin whirlpool, between its northern shore and the island of Scarba, and its romantic coast-line and surrounding seas, give to Jura an exceptional interest both to the artist and the scientist. But to those who surveyed it for Ordnance purposes, the delights were indeed few and far between. The men so engaged, however, received many kindnesses from the proprietors, which, in their simple hearty way, they delight to recall.

Picture a camp, occupied by some twenty men, perched eyrie-like amongst a high, shapeless mass of rocks on the north-western side of the island; not a house within ken! Provisions and coal could only be obtained by smack from Port Askaig, in Islay, and that only when weather and accidents permitted. The men had a spell of three months in this delectable spot, and the ground they had to survey was probably as bad as any that chain was ever dragged over or theodolite ever stood upon. Fancy, in addition, three weeks of incessant rain under such circumstances! Rare opportunity for Mark Tapleys!

A second party had pitched their tents on a small stretch of fine pasture in a sheltered bight, just at the junction of the Sound of Jura and the Gulf of Corryvreckin, within earshot of the incessant din of the dreaded Corry. Near by, at the top of the grassy slope on which the camp stood, there were four small thatched cottages, one of which was occupied by that prince of boatmen and stoutest of hearts, old Colin Shaw. It was a snug spot, with various splendid sea prospects: the Corry itself, the waters around which seemed, to the naked eye, to prance like a brigade of cavalry with the white plumes nodding on their helmets; the Sound, dotted with steamers and craft of every description; the distant Bay of Crinan, with its breakwater of small, low-lying islands; and the cloud-capt precipices of inhospitable Scarba. So far, so well; and those blessings were appreciated. But bread and groceries had to be brought to them eight miles by cart, and then another eight miles by sea, while fresh meat, or, indeed, meat of any kind, was not to be had on the island. This fact, and three weeks of a deluge, sponged a considerable deal of the rose-hue from the picture. Again, the boating! There had well need be a first-class boatman at Kinachdrach. The run from that point to the only landing-spot on Scarba is probably as ticklish a bit of manœuvring as can well be conceived even by professionals, and that, too, in moderately fine weather; but in a stiff gale, the feat is one scarcely to be undertaken, and is seldom attempted. It had to be done, however, on many occasions, on one of which, a perilously near shave was made in avoiding being swept through the gulf and into the vortex of the whirlpool, not two miles distant. The task of surveying an outlying ridge of rocks near the Corry *was* done; but a little more than coaxing was needed to get the surveyor to undertake it. A calm day was chosen, and the run made at the slack of the tide, under which circumstances a yacht, or even a large sail-boat, can run the gauntlet of the whirlpool itself.

After a few weeks of lenten fare, the men of this party began naturally enough to long for the fleshpots. They were not supplied by the authorities with provisions, but 'found' for themselves in whatever way they could out of their full pay, the portage of the week's supply alone being chargeable in the accounts. Their caterer in the present instance was at 'Small Isles,' and could provide no meat; on the other hand, the hire of a boat to make a separate journey to the mainland in search of that commodity would have to be borne by themselves. After growling at this dilemma for some weeks longer, they resolved to despatch a quest-party, and one wet day engaged Colin Shaw and his large boat for the occasion. Kinachdrach in the island of Jura is distant from Crinan on the mainland about eleven miles. The men had to row the whole distance, the old boatman acting as steersman, with a tide running southerly with great velocity. The boat was a heavy one, and the two oarsmen had therefore their work cut out for them. When they had gone about three parts the distance, Colin began to look anxious and to urge them to pull as hard as they were able. There was a low reef of rocks which he wished to pass on the north side. The men made a spurt; but just as they seemed likely to row well clear of the danger, one of them 'caught a crab,' and fell backwards into the bottom of the boat. Quick as lightning, but with a face pale and set, Colin dropped the tiller, sprang to the bows, seized a rope, and leapt on to the nearest point of the ridge, to which the boat had miraculously escaped coming broad-side on! And there, in mid-channel of the Sound of Jura, against a strong tide, the three men had to haul the boat round and clear of the reef before they could resume their journey, which, however, they finished in safety, and, after a drive of eight miles to Lochgilphead, succeeded in laying in a store of mutton, which they brought triumphantly to camp.

As we have said, we can only indicate by a few glimpses the hard circumstances under which much of the survey of the islands was effected. Pen would fail to describe the terrible discomforts, privations, and miseries that the surveyors endured during their 'shifts' from one island to another. The journeys to Colonsay, Tiree, Coll, Rum, Barra, &c., were each of them small 'expeditions' in themselves, in the sense in which that term has lately come to be applied. Exposure in open boats, oftentimes in wet and boisterous weather; landings, some of them at midnight, on unknown beaches or amongst rocks, with several tons of stores and valuable instruments in charge; and the impossibility of obtaining any but the meagrest fare at any time, gave to the task a grimness and severity which many a campaign in earnest has not possessed—and without the glory. The inhabitants were almost invariably kindly in manner to the strangers; but, in strict truth, gave nothing but their goodwill for nothing; on the contrary, they always drove pretty hard bargains with the 'sappers.' Those of the parties who could speak Gaelic fared best, and were alone able to enjoy such little society as these solitudes afforded.

It is a far cry from Jura to Orkney. The different parties met by appointment in smacks one evening at a given point off the Jura coast, and lay-to all night, waiting for the steamer from Glasgow, which was to pick them up. About midnight of the second day after, they reached Scrabster in the far north, debarked and unloaded, and, after the Sunday's rest, began at midnight to get their stores on board the *Express* steamer, which sailed next morning for Stromness. There, orders awaited them to take up the Orkney stations allotted to them. Stores were once more landed, provisions and coal hurriedly purveyed, a smack for one, and a string of carts for another party hired, and the loading

process was again repeated. The party with the carts went inland; that with the smack sailed for the island of Hoy. On arriving, the smack could not be run up to the pier on account of the tide. The stores were landed by small boats, and transferred to a procession of twenty-five of the small carts used in the island; and then the tired party marched up the desolate valley of Rackwick to their camping-ground. Not a bale was opened nor a fire lit that night. Overcome with fatigue, the entire party bivouacked on the peat-moss, and next morning they began the detail-survey of the Orkneys.

The precipitous island of Hoy was finished in a fortnight, and then a pleasanter time began; for the remainder of the Orkney Islands, mostly flat and under cultivation, presented little but easy work; while the numerous villages, and the warm hospitality of an English-speaking race, afforded a most agreeable change from the uncouth surroundings of the Hebrides. There was, of course, plenty of boating, and plenty of stormy weather to do it in. The north-east winds and the strong tidal currents that sweep between the islands make sailing amongst them exceptionally hazardous to all but the natives. The islanders are, however, aquatic from their birth. The children are as familiar with a boat as an agricultural labourer's children are with a horse. The boats themselves, too, are of the handiest and most seaworthy kind, so that the dangers of the coasting expeditions were minimised. There are adventures of an exciting kind to tell, but these can find no place in our already exhausted space.

The Shetlands presented to the surveyors once more the hard work and hard living they had so long undergone, the scant society and vexatious and perilous coast-work. The kindly natives, however, did all they could to make the stay of their strange visitors as pleasant as possible, and many agreeable memories of the expedition remain.

In concluding a necessarily brief article on a large subject, we trust that the impression has not been conveyed that the hardships described were treated by the men as though they deserved commiseration. This would be far from the fact. A trouble, a difficulty, a danger passed, fell at once into the limbo of history; the humorous, the grotesque side of each adventure alone remained. They are now surveying 'fresh woods and pastures new' in some of England's fairest counties. They 'fight their battles o'er again' with zest, but without complaint, and indeed appear to have a lingering fondness for the recollections associated with their long campaign near home.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER VIII.

'It is not because of this only, papa—I wanted before to speak to you. I was waiting in the loggia for you—when Constance came.'

'What did you want, Frances?—Oh, I quite acknowledge that you have a right to inquire. I hoped, perhaps, I might be spared to-night; I am rather exhausted—to-night.'

Frances dropped the hand which she had laid upon his arm. 'It shall be exactly as you please, papa. I seem to know a great deal—oh, a great deal more than I knew at dinner. I don't think I am the same person; and I thought it might save us all, if you would tell me—as much as you think I ought to know.'

She had sat down in her usual place, in her careful little modest pose, a little stiff, a little prim—the training of Mariuccia. After Constance, there was something in the attitude of Frances which made her father smile, though he was in no mood for smiling; and it was clear that he could not, that he ought not to escape. He would not sit down, however, and meet her eye. He stood by the table for a few minutes, with his eyes upon the books, turning them over, as if he were looking for something. At last he said, but without looking up: 'There is nothing very dreadful to tell; no guilty secret, though you may suppose so. Your mother and I'——

'Then I have really a mother, and she is living?' the girl cried.

He looked at her for a moment. 'I forgot that for a girl of your age that means a great deal—I hadn't thought of it. Perhaps if you knew—— Yes; you have got a mother, and she is living. I suppose that seems a very wonderful piece of news?'

Frances did not say anything. The water came into her eyes. Her heart beat loudly, yet softly, against her young bosom. She had known it, so that she was not surprised. The surprise had been broken by Constance's careless talk, by the wonder, the doubt, the sense of impossibility, which had gradually yielded to a conviction that it must be so. Her feeling was that she would like to go now, without delay, without asking any more questions, to her mother. Her mother! and he hadn't thought before how much that meant to a girl—of her age!

Mr Waring was a little disconcerted by having no answer. Of course it meant a great deal to a girl; but still, not so much as to make her incapable of replying. He felt a little annoyed, disturbed, perhaps jealous, as Frances herself had been. It was with difficulty that he resumed again; but it had to be done.

'Your mother and I,' he said, taking up the books again, opening and shutting them, looking at the title-page now of one, now of another, 'did not get on very well. I don't know who was in fault—probably both. She had been married before. She had a son, whom you hear Constance speak of as Markham. Markham has been at the bottom of all the trouble. He drove me out of my senses when he was a boy. Now he is a man, so far as I can make out it is he that has disturbed our peace again—hunted us up, and sent Constance here.—If you ever meet Markham—and of course now you are sure to meet him—beware of him.' Here he made a pause again, and looked with great seriousness at the book in his hand, turning

the leaf to finish a sentence which was continued on the next page.

'I beg your pardon, papa,' said Frances; 'I am afraid I am very stupid. What relation is Markham to me?'

He looked at her for a moment, then threw down the book with some violence on the table, as if it were the offender. 'He is your step-brother,' he said.

'My—brother? Then I have a brother too?' After a little pause she added: 'It is very wonderful, papa, to come into a new world like this all at once. I want—to draw my breath.'

'It is my fault that it comes upon you all at once. I never thought—— You were a very small child when I brought you away. You forgot them all, as was natural. I did not at first know how entirely a child forgets; and then—then it seemed a pity to disturb your mind, and perhaps set you longing for—what it was impossible for you to obtain.'

It surprised him a little that Frances did not breathe a syllable of reproach. She said nothing. In her imagination she was looking back on these years, wondering how it would have been had she known. Would life ever be the same, now that she did know? The world seemed to open up round her, so much greater, wider, more full than she had thought of. She had not thought much on the subject. Life in Bordighera was more limited even than life in an English village. The fact that she did not belong to the people among whom she had spent all these years, made a difference; and her father's recluse habits, the few people he cared to know, the stagnation of his life, made a greater difference still. Frances had scarcely felt it until that meeting with the Mannerings, which put so many vague ideas into her mind. A child does not naturally inquire into the circumstances which have surrounded it all its life. It was natural to her to live in this retired place, to see nobody, to make amusements and occupations for herself; to know nobody more like herself than Tasie Durant. Had she even possessed any girl-friends living the natural life of youth, that might have inspired a question or two. But she knew no girls—except Tasie, whose girlhood was a sort of fossil, and who might almost have been the mother of Frances. She saw indeed the village girls, but it did not occur to her to compare herself with them. Familiar as she was with all their ways, she was still a *forestiere*, one of the barbarous people, English, a word which explains every difference. Frances did not quite know in what the peculiarity and eccentricity of the English consisted; but she, too, recognised with all simplicity that being English, she was different. Now it came suddenly to her mind that the difference was not anything generic and general, but that it was her own special circumstances, that had been unlike all the rest. There had been a mother all the time; another girl, a sister, like herself. It made her brain whirl.

She sat quite silent, thinking it all over, not perceiving her father's embarrassment, thinking less of him, indeed, than of all the wonderful new things that seemed to crowd about her. She did not blame him. She was not, indeed, thinking enough of him to blame him; besides that her mind was not sufficiently developed for retrospection. As she had taken him all her life without examination, she continued to take him. He was her father; that was enough. It did not occur to her to ask herself whether what he had done was right or wrong. Only, it was all very strange. The old solid earth had gone from under her feet, and the old order of things had been overthrown. She was looking out upon a world not realised—a spectator of something like the throes of creation, seeing the new landscape tremble and roll into place, the heights and hollows all changing; there was a great deal of excitement in it, both pain and pleasure. It occupied her so fully, that he fell back into a secondary place.

But this did not occur to Waring. He had not realised that it could be possible. He felt himself the centre of the system in which his little daughter lived, and did not understand how she could ignore him. He thought her silence, the silence of amazement and excitement and of that curious spectatorship, was the silence of reproach, and that her mind was full of a sense of wrong, which only duty kept in check. He felt himself on his trial before her. Having said all that he had to say, he remained silent, expecting her response. If she had given vent to an indignant exclamation, he would have been relieved; he would have allowed that she had a right to be indignant. But her silence was more than he could bear. He searched through the recesses of his own thoughts; but for the moment he could not find any further excuse for himself. He had done it for the best. Probably she would not see that. Waring was well enough acquainted with the human mind to know that every individual sees such a question from his or her own point of view, and was prepared to find that she would be unable to perceive what was so plain to him. But still he was aware that he had done it for the best. After a while the silence became so irksome to him that he felt compelled to break it and resume his explanation. If she would not say anything, there were a number of things which he might say.

'It is a pity,' he said, 'that it has all broken upon you so suddenly. If I ever could have divined that Constance would have taken such a step—— To tell you the truth, I have never realised Constance at all,' he added with an impulse towards the daughter he knew. 'She was of course a mere child—to see her so independent, and with so distinct a will of her own, is very bewildering. I assure you, Frances, if it is wonderful to you, it is scarcely less wonderful to me.'

There was something in the tone that made her lift her eyes to him; and to see him stand there so embarrassed, so subdued, so much unlike the father, who, though very kind and tender, had always been perhaps a little condescending, patronising, towards the girl, whom he scarcely recognised as an independent entity, went to her heart. She could not tell him not to be frightened; not to look at her with that guilty, apologetic look, which altogether reversed their ordinary relationship; but it added a pang to her bewilderment. She asked hastily, by way of concealing this uncomfortable change, a question which she thought he would have no

difficulty in answering: 'Is Constance much older than I am, papa?'

He gave a sort of furtive smile, as if he had no right to smile in the circumstances. 'I don't wonder at your question. She has seen a great deal more of the world. But if there is a minute or two between you, I don't know which has it. There is no elder or younger in the case. You are twins, though no one would think so.'

This gave Frances a further shock, though why, it would be impossible to say. The blood rushed to her face. 'She must think me—a very poor little thing,' she said in a hurried tone. 'I never knew—I have no friend except Tasie—to show me what girls might be.' The thought mortified her in an extraordinary way; it brought a sudden gush of soft tears, tears quite different from those which had welled to her eyes when he told her of her mother. Constance, who was so different, would despise her—Constance, who knew exactly all about it, and that Frances was as old, perhaps a few minutes older than she. It is always difficult to divine what form pride will take. This was the manner in which it affected Frances. The same age; and yet the one an accomplished woman, judging for herself; and the other not much more than a child.

'You do yourself injustice,' said Mr Waring, somewhat rehabilitated by the mortification of Frances. 'Nobody could think you a poor little thing. You have not the same knowledge of the world. Constance has been very differently brought up. I think my training a great deal better than what she has had,' he added quickly, with a mingled desire to cheer and restore self-confidence to Frances, and to re-assert himself after his humiliation. He felt what he said, and yet, as was natural, he said a little more than he felt. 'I must tell you,' he said in this new impulse, 'that your mother is—a much more important person than I am. She is a great deal richer. The marriage was supposed to be much to my advantage.'

There was a smile on his face, which Frances, looking up suddenly, warned by a certain change of tone, did not like to see. She kept her eyes upon him instinctively, she could not tell why, with a look which had a certain influence upon him, though he did not well understand it either. It meant that the unknown woman of whom he spoke was the girl's mother—her mother—one of whom no unbefitting word was to be said. It checked him in a quite curious unexpected way. When he had spoken of her, which he had done very rarely since they parted, it had been with a sense that he was free to characterise her as he thought she deserved. But here he was stopped short. That very evening he had said things to Constance of her mother which in a moment he felt that he dared not say to Frances. The sensation was a very strange one. He made a distinct pause, and then he said hurriedly: 'You must not for a moment suppose that there was anything wrong; there is no story that you need be afraid of hearing—nothing, neither on her side or mine—nothing to be ashamed of.'

All at once Frances grew very pale; her eyes opened wide; she gazed at him with speechless horror. The idea was altogether new to her artless mind. It flashed through his that Constance would not have been at all surprised; that probably she would have thought it 'nice of him' to exonerate his wife from all moral shortcoming. The holy ignorance of the other brought a sensation of shame to Waring, and at the same time a sensation of pride. Nothing could more clearly have proved the superiority of his training. She would have felt no consternation, only relief at this assurance, if she had been all her life in her mother's hands.

'It is a great deal to say, however, though you are too inexperienced to know. The whole thing was incompatibility—incompatibility of temper, and of ideas, and of tastes, and of fortune even. I could not, you may suppose, accept advantages purchased with my predecessor's money, or take the good of his rank through my wife; and she would not come down in the world to my means and to my name. It was an utter mistake altogether. We should have understood each other beforehand. It was impossible that we could get on. But that was all. There was probably more talk about it than if there had been really more to talk about.'

Frances rose up with a little start. 'I think, perhaps,' she said, 'I don't want you to tell me any more.'

'Well—perhaps you are right.' But he was startled by her quick movement. 'I did not mean to say anything that could shock you. If you were to hear anything at all, the truth is what you must hear. But you must not blame me overmuch, Frances. Your very impatience of what I have been saying will explain to you why I thought that to say nothing—as long as I could help it—was the best.'

Her hand trembled a little as she lighted her candle; but she made no comment. 'Good-night, papa. To-morrow it will all seem different. Everything is strange to-night.'

He put his hands upon her shoulders and looked down into the little serious face, the face that had never been so serious before. 'Don't think any worse of me, Frances, than you can help.'

Her eyes opened wider with astonishment. 'Think of you, worse—— But, papa, I am not thinking of you at all,' she said simply; 'I am thinking of *it*.'

Waring had gone through a number of depressing and humbling experiences during the course of the evening; but this was the unkindest of all—and it was so natural. Frances was no critic. She was not thinking of his conduct, which was the first thing in his mind, but of IT, the revelation which had been made to her. He might have perceived that, or divined it, if he had not been occupied by this idea, which did not occupy her at all—the thought of how he personally had come through the business. He gave a little faltering laugh at himself as he stooped and kissed her. 'That's all right,' he said. 'Good-night; but don't let IT interfere with your sleep. To-morrow everything will look different, as you say.'

Frances turned away with her light in her hand; but before she had reached the door, returned again. 'I think I ought to tell you, papa, that I am sure the Durants know. They said a number of strange things to me yesterday, which I think I understand now. If you don't mind, I would rather let them suppose

that I knew all the time; otherwise, it looks as if you thought you could not trust me.'

'I could trust you'—he said with a little fervour, 'my dear child, my dear little girl, I would trust you with my life.'

Was there a faint smile in the little girl's limpid simple eyes? He thought so, and it disconcerted him strangely. She made no response to that protestation, but with a little nod of her head, went away. Waring sat down at the table again and began to think it all over from the beginning. He was sore and aching, like a man who has fallen from a height. He had fallen from the pedestal on which, to Frances, he had stood all these years. She might not be aware of it even, but he was. And he had fallen from those Elysian fields of peace in which he had been dwelling for so long. They had not, perhaps, seemed very Elysian while he was secure of their possession. They had been monotonous in their stillness, and wearied his soul. But now that he looked back upon them, a new cycle having begun, they seemed to him like the very house of peace. He had not done anything to forfeit this tranquillity, and yet it was over, and he stood once more on the edge of an agitated and disturbed life. He was a man who could bear monotony, who liked his own way, yet liked that bondage of habit which is as hard as iron to some souls. He liked to do the same things at the same time day after day, and to be undisturbed in doing them. But now all his quiet was over. Constance would have a thousand requirements such as Frances had never dreamed of; and her brother no doubt would soon turn up, that step-brother whom Waring had never been able to tolerate even when he was a child. She might even come, Herself—who could tell?

When this thought crossed his mind, he got up hastily and left the salone, leaving the lamp burning, as Domenico found it next morn, to his consternation—a symbol of Chaos come again—burning in the daylight. Mr Waring almost fled to his room and locked his door in the horror of that suggestion. And this was not only because the prospect of such a visit disturbed him beyond measure, but because he had not yet made a clean breast of it. Frances did not yet know all.

Frances for her part went to the blue room, and opened the *persianis*, and sat looking out upon the moonlight for some time before she went to bed. The room was bare; she missed her pictures, which Constance had taken no notice of—the Madonna that had been above her head for so many years, and which had vaguely appeared to her as a symbol of the mother who had never existed in her life. Now there seemed less need for the Madonna. The bare walls had pictures all over them—pictures of a new life. In imagination, no one is shy or nervous or strange. She let the new figures move about her freely, and delighted herself with familiar pictures of them and the changes that must accompany them. She was not like her father, afraid of changes. She thought of the new people, the new combinations, the quickened life, and the thought made her smile. They would come, and she would make the house gay and bright to receive them. Perhaps some time, surrounded by this new family, that belonged to her, she might even be taken 'home.' The thought was delightful, notwithstanding the thrill of excitement in it. But still there was something which Frances did not know.

OUTSIDE LONDON.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

II.

THE dismal pits in a disused brickfield, unsightly square holes in a waste, are full in the shallow places of an aquatic grass, Reed Canary Grass, I think, which at this time of mists stretches forth sharp-pointed tongues over the stagnant water. These sharp-pointed leaf-tongues are all on one side of the stalks, so that the most advanced project across the surface, as if the water were the canvas, and the leaves drawn on it. For water seems always to rise away from you—to slope slightly upwards; even a pool has that appearance, and therefore anything standing in it is drawn on it as you might sketch on this paper. You see the water beyond and above the top of the plant, and the smooth surface gives the leaf and stalk a sharp, clear definition. But the mass of the tall grass crowds together, every leaf painted yellow by the autumn, a thick cover at the pit-side. This tall grass always awakes my fancy, its shape partly, partly its thickness, perhaps; and yet these feelings are not to be analysed. I like to look at it; I like to stand or move among it on the bank of a brook, to feel it touch and rustle against me. A sense of wildness comes with its touch, and I feel a little as I might feel if there was a vast forest round about. As a few strokes from a loving hand will soothe a weary forehead, so the gentle pressure of the wild grass soothes and strokes away the nervous tension born of civilised life.

I could write a whole history of it; the time when the leaves were fresh and green, and the sedge-birds frequented it; the time when the moorhen's young crept after their mother through its recesses; from the singing of the cuckoo by the river, till now the brown and yellow leaves strew the water. They strew, too, the dry brown grass of the land, thick tuffets, and lie even among the rushes, blown hither from the distant trees. The wind works its full will over the exposed waste, and drives through the reed-grass, scattering the stalks aside, and scarce giving them time to spring together again, when the following blast a second time divides them.

A cruder piece of ground, ruder and more dismal in its unsightly holes, could not be found; and yet, because of the reed-grass, it is made as it were full of thought. I wonder the painters, of whom there are so many nowadays, armies of amateurs, do not sometimes take these scraps of earth and render into them the idea which fills a clod with beauty. In one such dismal pit—not here—I remember there grew a great quantity of bulrushes. Another was surrounded with such masses of swamp-foliage that it reminded those who saw it of the creeks in semi-tropical countries. But somehow they do not seem to see these things, but go on the old mill-round of scenery, exhausted many a year since. They do not see them, perhaps,

because most of those who have educated themselves in the technique of painting are city-bred, and can never have the *feeling* of the country, however fond they may be of it.

In those fields of which I was writing the other day, I found an artist at work at his easel; and a pleasant nook he had chosen. His brush did its work with a steady and sure stroke that indicated command of his materials. He could delineate whatever he selected with technical skill at all events. He had pitched his easel where two hedges formed an angle, and one of them was full of oak-trees. The hedge was singularly full of 'bits'—bryony, tangles of grasses, berries, boughs half-tinted and boughs green, hung as it were with pictures like the wall of a room. Standing as near as I could without disturbing him, I found that the subject of his canvas was none of these. It was that old stale and dull device of a rustic bridge spanning a shallow stream crossing a lane. Some figure stood on the bridge—the old, old trick. He was filling up the hedge of the lane with trees from the hedge, and they were cleverly executed. But why drag them into this fusty scheme, which has appeared in every child's sketch-book for fifty years? Why not have simply painted the beautiful hedge at hand, purely and simply, a hedge hung with pictures for any one to copy? The field in which he had pitched his easel is full of fine trees and good 'effects.' But no; we must have the ancient and effete old story. This is not all the artist's fault, because he must in many cases paint what he can sell; and if his public will only buy effete old stories, he cannot help it. Still, I think if a painter *did* paint that hedge in its fullness of beauty, just simply as it stands in the mellow autumn light, it would win approval of the best people, and that ultimately, a succession of such work would pay.

The clover was dying down, and the plough would soon be among it—the earth was visible in patches. Out in one of these bare patches there was a young mouse, so chilled by the past night that his dull senses did not appear conscious of my presence. He had crept out on the bare earth evidently to feel the warmth of the sun, almost the last hour he would enjoy. He looked about for food, but found none; his short span of life was drawing to a close; even when at last he saw me, he could only run a few inches under cover of a dead clover-plant. Thousands upon thousands of mice perish like this as the winter draws on, born too late in the year to grow strong enough or clever enough to prepare a store. Other kinds of mice perish like leaves at the first blast of cold air. Though but a mouse, to me it was very wretched to see the chilled creature, so benumbed as to have almost lost its sense of danger. There is something so ghastly in birth that immediately leads to death; a sentient creature born only to wither. The earth offered it no help, nor the declining sun; all things organised seem to depend so much on circumstances. Nothing but pity can be felt for thousands upon thousands of such organisms. But thus, too, many a miserable human being has perished in the great Metropolis, dying, chilled and benumbed, of starvation, and finding the hearts of fellow-creatures as bare and cold as the earth of the clover-field.

In these fields outside London the flowers are peculiarly rich in colour. The common mallow, whose flower is usually a light mauve, has here a deep, almost purple bloom; the bird's-foot lotus is a deep orange. The figwort, which is generally two or three feet high, stands in one ditch fully eight feet, and the stem is more than half an inch square. A fertile soil has doubtless something to do with this colour and vigour. The red admiral butterflies, too, seemed in the summer more brilliant than usual. One very fine one, whose broad wings stretched out like fans, looked simply splendid floating round and round the willows which marked the margin of a dry pool. His blue markings were really blue—blue velvet—his red, and the white stroke shone as if sunbeams were in his wings. I wish there were more of these butterflies; in summer, dry summer, when the flowers seem gone and the grass is not so dear to us, and the leaves are dull with heat, a little colour is so pleasant. To me, colour is a sort of food; every spot of colour is a drop of wine to the spirit. I used to take my folding-stool on those long heated days, which made the late summer so conspicuous among summers, down to the shadow of a row of elms by a common cabbage-field. Their shadow was nearly as hot as the open sunshine; the dry leaves did not absorb the heat that entered them, and the dry hedge and dry earth poured heat up as the sun poured it down. Dry dead leaves—dead with heat, as with frost—strewed the grass, dry, too, and withered at my feet.

But among the cabbages, which were very small, there grew thousands of poppies, fifty times more poppies than cabbage, so that the pale green of the cabbage leaves was hidden by the scarlet petals falling wide open to the dry air. There was a broad band of scarlet colour all along the side of the field, and it was this which brought me to the shade of those particular elms. The use of the cabbages was in this way: they fetched for me all the white butterflies of the neighbourhood, and they fluttered, hundreds and hundreds of white butterflies, a constant stream and flow of them over the broad band of scarlet. Humble-bees came too; bur-bur-bur; and the buzz, and the flutter of the white wings over those fixed red butterflies the poppies, the flutter and sound and colour pleased me in the dry heat of the day. Sometimes I set my camp-stool by a humble-bee's nest. I like to see and hear them go in and out, so happy, busy, and wild; the humble-bee is a favourite. This warm summer their nests were very plentiful; but although the heat might have seemed so favourable to them, the flies were not at all numerous, I mean out-of-doors. Wasps, on the contrary, flourished to an extraordinary degree. One willow-tree particularly took their fancy; there was a swarm in the tree for weeks, attracted by some secretion; the boughs and leaves were yellow with wasps. But it seemed curious that flies should not be more numerous than usual; they are dying now fast enough, except a few of the large ones, that still find some sugar in the flowers of the ivy. The finest show of ivy flower is among some yew-trees; the dark ivy has filled the dark yew-tree, and brought out its pale yellow-green flowers in the sombre boughs. Last night, a great fly, the last in the house, buzzed into my candle. I detest flies, but I was

sorry for his scorched wings; the fly itself hateful, its wings so beautifully made. I have sometimes picked a feather from the dirt of the road and placed it on the grass. It is contrary to one's feelings to see so beautiful a thing lying in the mud. Towards my window now, as I write, there comes suddenly a shower of yellow leaves, wrested out by main force from the high elms; the blue sky behind them, they droop slowly, borne onward, twirling, fluttering towards me—a cloud of autumn butterflies.

A spring rises on the summit of a green brow that overlooks the meadows for miles. The spot is not really very high, still it is the highest ground in that direction for a long distance, and it seems singular to find water on the top of the hill, a thing common enough, but still sufficiently opposed to general impressions to appear remarkable. In this shallow water, says a faint story—far off, faint, and uncertain, like the murmur of a distant cascade—two ladies and some soldiers lost their lives. The brow is defended by thick bramble-bushes, which bore a fine crop of blackberries this autumn, to the delight of the boys; and these bushes partly conceal the sharpness of the short descent. But once your attention is drawn to it, you see that it has all the appearance of having been artificially sloped, like a rampart, or rather a glacis. The grass is green and the sward soft, being moistened by the spring, except in one spot, where the grass is burnt up under the heat of the summer sun, indicating the existence of foundations beneath.

There is a beautiful view from this spot; but leaving that now, and wandering on among the fields, presently you may find a meadow of peculiar shape, extremely long and narrow, half a mile long, perhaps; and this the folk will tell you was the King's Drive, or ride. Stories there are, too, of subterranean passages. There are always such stories in the neighbourhood of ancient buildings. I remember one, said to be three miles long; it led to an abbey. The lane leads on, bordered with high hawthorn hedges, and occasionally a stout hawthorn tree, hardy and twisted by the strong hands of the passing years; thick now with red haws, and the haunt of the redwings, whose 'chuck-chuck' is heard every minute; but the birds themselves always perch on the outer side of the hedge. They are not far ahead, but they always keep on the safe side, flying on twenty yards or so, but never coming to my side.

The little pond, which in summer was green with weed, is now yellow with the fallen hawthorn leaves; the pond is choked with them. The lane has been slowly descending; and now, on looking through a gateway, an ancient building stands up on the hill, sharply defined against the sky. It is the banqueting hall of a palace of old times, in which kings and princes once sat at their meat after the chase. This is the centre of those dim stories which float like haze over the meadows around. Many a wild red stag has been carried thither after the hunt, and many a wild boar slain in the glades of the forest.

The acorns are dropping now as they dropped five centuries since, in the days when the wild boars fed so greedily upon them; the oaks are broadly touched with brown; the bramble thickets in which the boars hid, green, but strewn with the leaves that have fallen from the lofty trees. Though meadow, arable, and hop fields hold now the place of the forest, a goodly remnant remains, for every hedge is full of oak and elm and ash; maple too, and the lesser bushes. At a little distance, so thick are the trees, the whole country appears a wood, and it is easy to see what a forest it must have been centuries ago.

The Prince leaving the grim walls of the Tower of London by the Water-gate, and dropping but a short way down with the tide, could mount his horse on the opposite bank, and reach his palace here, in the midst of the thickest woods and wildest country, in half an hour. Thence every morning setting forth upon the chase, he could pass the day in joyous labours, and the evening in feasting, still within call—almost within sound of horn—of the Tower, if any weighty matter demanded his presence.

In our time, the great city has widened out, and comes at this day down to within three miles of the hunting-palace. There still intervenes a narrow space between the last house of London and the ancient Forest Hall, a space of corn-field and meadow; the last house, for although not nominally London, there is no break of continuity in the bricks and mortar thence to London Bridge. London is within a stone's-throw, as it were, and yet, to this day the forest lingers, and it is country. The very atmosphere is different. That smoky thickness characteristic of the suburbs ceases as you ascend the gradual rise, and leave the outpost of bricks and mortar behind. The air becomes clear and strong, till on the brow by the spring on a windy day it is almost like sea-air. It comes over the trees, over the hills, and is sweet with the touch of grass and leaf. There is no gas, no sulphurous acid in that. As the Edwards and Henries breathed it centuries since, so it can be inhaled now. The sun that shone on the red deer is as bright now as then; the berries are thick on the bushes; there is colour in the leaf. The forest is gone; but the Spirit of Nature stays, and can be found by those who search for it. Dearly as I love the open air, I cannot regret the medieval days. I do not wish them back again; I would sooner fight in the foremost ranks of Time. Nor do we need them, for the spirit of nature stays, and will always be here, no matter to how high a pinnacle of thought the human mind may attain; still the sweet air, and the hills, and the sea, and the sun, will always be with us.

OUR POULTRY AND EGGS.

It may surprise our readers to be told that the total head of domestic poultry in Great Britain and Ireland is at the present time nearly thirty millions, two-thirds of the number being common domestic fowls, the remainder turkeys, geese, and ducks! This interesting fact has never been authoritatively made known till last year, during which a careful enumeration was taken of the poultry-stock of Great Britain. As regards Ireland, the egg and poultry supply of that country has been statistically known since the year 1876, when the fowls began to be counted once a year. It is wonderfully extensive, and contributes liberally to the national commissariat. Twelve months ago, the poultry-stock of all kinds

in the Emerald Isle was 'figured up' to over thirteen million head, more than half of the number being domestic fowls. Nearly every single head of poultry kept in Ireland is taken into account. It has not yet, however, been found possible to enumerate every fowl kept in England or Scotland; indeed, a very large number must have been omitted in the recent census, as those fed by cottagers were not taken into account; so that, in fact, if another million were to be added to the poultry figures of Great Britain, it would not probably be an exaggeration of the grand total, which is at present slightly over sixteen millions of individual fowls. But in addition to our home-grown supplies, we draw every year from foreign sources a contribution to the national poultry account of close upon six hundred thousand pounds; or including eggs, our imports of these luxuries of the table in the year 1883 amounted in value to more than three millions and a quarter sterling.

Accepting the fact that at a given date—mid-summer—we had thirty millions of all kinds of poultry on hand, it becomes interesting to know that, large as the number of domestic fowls undoubtedly is, it is simply the parent or breeding-stock from which we derive a portion of our daily food. That a fourth of the number of fowls enumerated will prove active in laying and perpetuating their kind, and that a considerable percentage of the number of eggs produced will be hatched, still leaving, however, a vast number for sale, may, we think, be taken for granted. The laying power of our barn-door fowls is being gradually improved; of late years, much attention has been given to the subject by breeders of poultry, and the number of eggs obtained from well-arranged 'crosses' has been much increased—from one hundred and sixty to a little over two hundred per annum having by special care in feeding and housing been procured from individual hens. A notable housewife of our acquaintance set aside two years ago a couple of pens of strong healthy hens—a cross, she told us, of Cochin and Spanish—for the purpose of observing and duly noting their powers of production. The number selected was thirteen, six in one pen, seven in the other. The fowls of each pen were fed with care, and were allowed a daily run of three or four hours over a quarter of an acre of fine turfy ground. Without giving details of the quantity of food consumed, it may be mentioned that the thirteen hens produced in the course of the year two thousand two hundred and seventy-six eggs; and in each coop there was besides a hatching of chickens—twenty-one in all.

Taking the barn-door fowls of the United Kingdom overhead, the average number of eggs per hen, counting contingencies of all kinds, will be greatly less than is indicated by the above figures—namely, one hundred and seventy-five eggs, although there are thousands of individual hens which contribute two hundred per annum to the stock. Houdans, Andalusians, and Leghorns are splendid layers, so also are Hamburgs. But hens everywhere vary very much in their power of laying—some will lay five or six eggs a week for a period of nine months in the year; whilst others yield three, and in some cases only two, every seven days. As regards the Irish hens, the number of eggs obtained from each laying-fowl has been variously estimated as ranging from seventy to a hundred and ten; and if it be set down, therefore, that each hen lays on an average eighty eggs per annum, that will be a very fair figure. The barn-door fowls of Great Britain produce a higher total; but then they are more cared for and better fed than the Irish fowls.

The total number of barn-door poultry in the United Kingdom being twenty millions, it may be taken for granted that one-fourth the number will be laying-hens. This it may be honestly confessed is an estimate, but it is one that has cost the writer some trouble to frame. It has to be borne in mind that the stock is always in a state of transition, and that a large number of the mature fowls are frequently engaged in producing chickens, to take the place of those which are sold. The male birds constitute a large percentage of the whole; indeed, a poultry-merchant recently told the writer that far more male than female birds were hatched in the course of a year; but this is a statement which requires confirmation. It is easy to suppose, however, that fewer hens pass through the hands of the dealers, as they, being the more valuable in virtue of their laying powers, are not sent to market till their services have been well utilised. As to the number of fowls which are consumed per annum in the United Kingdom, we ascertained, two years ago, from a Sussex* 'higgler' that it might be set down as being considerably over one-third, but not quite half of the stock in hand. The authority consulted was pretty certain to be well informed, as it is the business of a higgler or haggler to buy lean poultry from farmers and cottagers, in order to its being fattened for sale by persons who make a business of doing so—'crammers,' they are called. The higgler has a run of ground over which he is constantly travelling, picking up chickens every here and there for his employer, who prepares them for sale. Some of the English cottagers derive as much from their fowls in the year as twenty-two pounds, more than half of which is profit. In the county of Sussex a very large number of fowls are annually bred to be fattened for consumption; the number stated in the agricultural returns as stock is three hundred thousand one hundred and ninety-seven; but in reality it is much greater, as the enumeration was not extended to the smaller cottagers, who, however, are the most industrious breeders, and many of whom rear from twenty to a hundred and fifty chickens every year. Some of the crammers do a large trade. The fowls are now fed by machinery, the feeding process being accomplished with great rapidity; and the extent of trade in Sussex in the way of fowl-fattening may be judged from the fact that one firm has occasionally done business to the extent of close upon twenty-five thousand pounds in a year. Our informant told us that the trade was a growing one, and also that it was remunerative, especially to those fatteners who are clever

* The county of Surrey has also been long famed for its poultry; our present information, however, is based chiefly upon returns from Sussex.

in studying the state of the market. One industrious hand at the business, we were told, usually paid weekly wages to twenty-five persons. The fowls are of course fattened chiefly for the London poultry-vendors, and usually bring an average price of about three shillings and ninepence each. We have only in these notes, derived from our interview with the higgler, taken account of the barn-door fowls. Ducks, however, are also dealt with, likewise turkeys; but Sussex-fed fowls command a ready market.

Founding on the information of our informant, the Sussex chicken-seeker, we set down the home poultry supply as being eight millions of fowls per annum; and that number, calculated as being overhead of the value of two shillings each, represents the handsome sum of eight hundred thousand pounds. In this account we are not including the money derived from the sale of turkeys, ducks, or geese, of which over eight millions are fed in Great Britain and Ireland; and if the same proportions of these as of the barn-door fowls are brought to market, we may add the proceeds of four millions of these animals to our account at, say, the average figure of five shillings a head, which gives us a million pounds sterling. Turkey poults and ducklings realise a high price in their season in the London markets, so that the average taken is a moderate one. The flesh of the turkey at some periods of the year commands in the shops of the London poultry-men two shillings a poundweight.

As every householder knows to his cost, the consumption of eggs is enormous, whether at the breakfast-table, or in the preparation of other foods. 'What are a dozen eggs here?' said recently to us the mistress of a well-to-do middle-class family of nine persons including two servants. 'They are but a sight. Six or seven are required at breakfast; one has to be beaten up to make meat for baby; whilst probably two or three will be needed twice a week for puddings. I have seen, indeed, when we have had a little company in the house, that a hundred eggs have been bought in the course of a week; and at the present high prices, I grudge the payment very much. But eggs are so handy, one cannot very well want them.'

'How many eggs do you go through here?' we asked the intelligent manager of a large railway hotel in the course of our inquiry into this subject.

'We need about two thousand a week in the summer season, and about a hundred and twenty a day at other times,' was the reply; and in a house which makes up three hundred beds, and on some days supplies as many breakfasts, the number given as being consumed could readily enough be credited.

Assuming the egg-eating population of the United Kingdom to number twenty million persons—leaving out of the calculation the very young and the very poor—and that each individual only consumed one egg per week, the number required would be ten hundred and forty millions! It is impossible, however, to calculate exactly the number of eggs we consume; but we know for certain that there were imported into this country, in the year 1883, eggs to the value of two million seven hundred and thirty-two thousand and fifty-five pounds; the exact number received for that sum being nine hundred and forty million four hundred and thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty individual eggs. In 1884 the number imported was in all likelihood much larger, as up to the end of August six hundred and eighty-one million six hundred and eighty-three thousand and forty had been received, the greater proportion from France; Germany and Belgium being also large contributors.

We come now to consider the question of our home supplies of eggs. As has been already stated, we possess twenty million head of poultry of the barn-door kind, and we do not propose to take note at present of the consumption of any other eggs than those of the common hen. Ducks' eggs and the eggs of the turkey are certainly offered for sale, but not to any remarkable extent. The number of productive fowls contributing to the egg-supply may be computed as being five millions, or a fourth of the entire stock represented as being in the country on a given day. The average number of eggs laid by each hen, exclusive of those engaged in breeding, we shall take at one hundred, which is a fair average as between those fowls which lay seventy per annum and others that lay three times that number. Assuming the foreign egg-supply of the year 1884 to have been one thousand millions, our own hens, it can be calculated—taking the five million layers overhead as each contributing a hundred marketable eggs—will give us five hundred millions, and the two sets of figures added together represent the consumption of eggs in the United Kingdom at the present time. The value of the lot, counted at one penny each, gives us a sum equal to six million and a quarter sterling!

The poultry and egg supply of the United Kingdom is derived from ten thousand different sources, each contributing so much to the total. There are not any poultry or egg producing farms on a large scale in the United Kingdom, nor, so far as we know, in any other country; the bringing to market of these luxuries of the commissariat affords remunerative employment to a large number of persons; and there is not a cottager in the kingdom but who could, if he does not already do so, add to his income by keeping a few laying-hens or other fowls. As has been shown, the sum of the national enrichment by the sale of poultry and eggs is a matter of millions sterling; and were we to add to the account the sums derived from the sale of game and wild-birds of various kinds, the total figures might be considerably augmented.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

FOR some time past it had been an accepted theory that the particular but unknown artists in burglary who had been troubling our division were 'foreigners,' who drove into business after nightfall; but I was now led to believe that this was a mistake. It seemed to me now much more probable that they were inhabitants of the division, having general knowledge of local men and things, and in particular having some ground for enmity to Mr Dorrington. The last point was a moral certainty, a thing that went without

saying, and in it I was hopeful I had at last got a *real* clue to the discovery of the band who had been so long and so pressingly wanted by our men.

I questioned Mr Dorrington on this head eagerly, but with sadly disappointing results. He had never had but the one man-servant, he explained—the old fellow who was still with him, and who doubled the parts of groom and gardener, and he was satisfied that he had nothing to do with the robbery. I knew the old man in question, and quite agreed with his master as to his innocence. The present maid-servants, Mr Dorrington went on, had been with him for a considerable period; and their predecessors in the household had left in a friendly way, to be married to respectable working-men who were for the most part known to himself. As to loafers, whom, as a guardian, he had dismissed when they had been attempting to quarter themselves or their families upon the rates—as to 'that sort,' they were to be numbered by scores. Some of them might of course be burglars or associates of burglars; but he had no knowledge or remembrance of anything pointing to any one man having been more likely than the others to have gone wrong that way.

Driven back in this direction, I resumed the routine line of inquiry by questioning the servants. As the cook, while anything but fair, was fat and more than forty, I could readily credit her emphatically expressed assurance that she had no followers. For other reasons, I could as easily believe a similar assurance upon the part of the kitchen-maid. With the housemaid, it was different. She was a pretty girl, with a rather determined expression of countenance. As I spoke to her, it struck me that her manner was at once nervous and guarded; nevertheless, she answered unhesitatingly. 'Yes,' she said, 'she had a sweetheart—name, Charley Wilson; occupation, a carpenter; worked for Parks and Crawford the builders; lodged in —— Street, at the greengrocer's shop at the corner. Had known him pretty near two years, had walked out with him "off and on" for twelve months, and regularly for about six; had last seen him on Sunday, and was to meet him again next Sunday.'

'Was he allowed to visit her at the house?'

'Well, he had been till about two months ago.'

'And why not for the last two months?'

'Because master had objected to it. She didn't exactly know why. She supposed some one had been speaking against Charley to him. He had wanted to turn her against him; but she wasn't a girl of that sort. Charley had always behaved handsome to her, and never more handsome than lately. She knew, of course, that master meant well by her; but for all that, he was mistaken. And now, was there anything else I would like to know?'

'There was not,' I replied; and having added an apologetical remark to the effect that in these affairs one was bound to ask each member of the household a question or two, I left her.

Joining Mr Dorrington again, I told him what the girl had said, and asked him what were his reasons for forbidding the visits of her sweetheart.

'I'll tell you,' he answered. 'A member of the firm that he works for is a friend of mine, and I learned from him that this Wilson was a fast, flashy sort of fellow. He is given to billiards and betting, and loses time at his work. Such a customer is not likely to make a good husband to a decent girl; and as my servant is a decent girl, I wished to break off the courtship, for her sake.—But mind you, though I say he's a bad lot for a girl to take up with, I don't suppose for a moment he had anything to do with this robbery, if that's what you're driving at.'

'I hardly know that I am driving at it yet,' I said. 'So far, there is nothing like evidence; while at the same time it seems the only point worth following up. I don't think the housemaid knows anything; but though she answered straightforwardly, she had a look of having to pull herself together to do so; and unless I'm mistaken, she rather hopes than feels certain that it is impossible her lover could have had any hand in a job of this kind. Anyhow, a flashy, betting working-man is quite as likely as not to get into bad company. Again, this fellow is a carpenter; and you may take my word for it that it was no novice in the handling of carpenters' tools that cut out that wine-cellar lock; while you can see for yourself that those skits on the drawing-room walls have been done with a carpenter's pencil.'

'Leave you fellows alone to make things fit into any ideas you've got 'old of, or 'ave let get 'old of you,' was Mr Dorrington's uncomplimentary comment on this. 'However,' he concluded, 'I suppose you'll act on your own judgment, and it's no use to arguefy.'

I bowed assent to the last proposition, and was passing out, when, as we came to the drawing-room, he threw open its door, and once more waving his hand towards the drawings on the wall-paper, asked: 'Do you make anything out of them yet?'

'Out of them,' I answered, taking a last good look at them, 'and out of the rough work in the garden, I of course make out that some or all on the job knew you, and didn't like you. And that, too, you see, would apply to this Charley Wilson, who, you may depend upon it, doesn't love you for trying to separate the girl and him.'

Leaving China House, I made my way to the greengrocery establishment at which I had been informed the lover of old Dorrington's housemaid lived. When I reached the premises, the proprietor had just returned from his rounds, and stood on the pavement removing the baskets, scales, and so forth, from his van, a decidedly smart one of its kind; and in that respect in keeping with its owner, who was a particularly smart-looking fellow. He answered my questions readily enough, and without evincing any special curiosity as to why they were asked.

'A Charley Wilson did lodge there,' he said, 'and did sleep there last night.'

'What time did he come home?'

'Well, they had been together to the *Greyhound* till half-past eleven, so that it would be a quarter to twelve when they got home; and Charley had gone straight to bed, leaving him to lock up.'

'But he might have gone out again after you were in bed.'

'Why, yes, he might; but as it happened, he didn't. He couldn't a done it without me knowing. Our door-fastenings go hard, and the door itself can only be shut—from the outside—with a bang. No one could go out without making a row that would wake a heavy sleeper, which I ain't. Besides, our young un was queer, and kept both the wife and me awake pretty well all through the night.'

This was conclusive so far; and it was not from any doubt of the greengrocer's truthfulness, but with an eye to giving something of roundness to my report, that I called at the *Greyhound*, and at the workshops in which Wilson was employed—only to find that my suspect had been at the public-house till the time named, and had duly turned up at work at six in the morning.

I was thus left without even a theory to suggest, and my official report was a very blank affair indeed—so far, that is, as the important point of detection was concerned.

The non-success of the police was duly recorded in the papers, and once more the locals came down heavily upon the Force. The bills announcing old Dorrington's offer of a hundred pounds reward were liberally displayed. For a week or two they were objects of interest to local students of wall literature; then they were rapidly covered by other and newer advertisements; and the China House burglary having fulfilled its nine days as a wonder, was speedily forgotten, the more especially as, within that period, another house in the neighbourhood was broken into, apparently by the same gang of burglars.

Other business coming in the way, I, too, ceased to have any special remembrance of the China House job, and seeing how unsatisfactory my connection with it had been, I was not sorry to forget it. As the event proved, however, this forgetfulness—for the time being, a blissful forgetfulness—was not destined to be permanent. Five months later—that is to say, in the April of the following year—I had occasion one day to make a visit to a notorious street in a low quarter of the division. A few of the inhabitants of the street, whose poverty, and not their will, consented to their living in such a place, were of the poor but honest class; but the bulk of the residents belonged to the no-visible-means-of-support, or habitual criminal classes. Though the street was a picture of poverty and squalor, a certain tavern flourished in it; and as I turned into it on the day in question, there was a disturbance outside the public-house. A plain-clothes man who has been any length of time in a division is as well known by sight to the shady characters of the district as any of them are to him. As I approached the scene of the skirmish, an under-sized, over-dressed, horsy-looking youth, apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, stepped out from the crowd, and addressing me in what was intended to be an authoritative tone, said: 'Mr Grainger, I give that man into custody.' 'That man' was the landlord of the public-house, who was standing in his own doorway.

'What do you charge him with?' I asked.

'Assault,' was the answer.

'Whom has he assaulted?'

'Me.'

'Yer lie, you varmint!' broke in the landlord, who had come up while we were speaking. 'I haven't assaulted you yet; but if you try your monkey tricks on with me again, I will, and properly too. I'll shake the sawdust out of you, you image!'

'I suppose you have been doing something to provoke an assault,' I remarked, addressing myself to the youth, who was standing his ground with a particularly self-satisfied air.

'O no; I haven't,' he retorted impudently. 'If you chaff a fellow a bit, and he ain't clever enough to pay you back in your own coin, that's not to say he's to come the rough-and-tumble line on you. This fellow had no right to take the law into his own hands. If he didn't like what I've done, he had his remedy; he knows where I live, and could have summoned me for proceedings calculated to lead to a breach of the peace.'

'You know all about it, then,' I said, without attempting to disguise a sneer.

'Yes; I do,' he rejoined. 'I know my rights, and I mean to stand on them; so, you do your duty, and take that man into custody.'

'Certainly not,' I replied. 'I have witnessed no violence, and can see no evidence of your having been assaulted. Since you are so knowing, you must be aware that you have *your* remedy. If you don't like what he has done, you can summon him—if you can persuade a magistrate to grant a summons.—And now, you had better go.'

'Or else you'll move me on, eh? You'd like a chance to run me in, wouldn't you? But you won't get it; I don't give openings; so, ta-ta;' and uttering this parting bit of bounce, he thrust his hands into his pockets and swaggered off, whistling a popular music-hall tune. He was playing to the gallery, and he had his reward. By a derisive guffaw directed at me, the onlookers expressed their admiration of his spirit, their satisfaction at hearing a detective 'bounced;' and having thus relieved their feelings, they departed.

'What is it all about?' I asked the landlord, when we were left alone.

'Why, he's been trying to take my character away,' was the answer.

'Oh!' I said, lengthening and accentuating the exclamation in a manner intended to make it convey more than met the ear. As a matter of fact, the character of mine host of the *Lion and Lamb* was of a kind that most people would have regarded as a reproach which they would have been more than willing to have had taken away. That he had never actually been in trouble was held—by the police at anyrate—to be due rather to his good fortune than his deserts. He was an open associate of habitual criminals; his house was used by well-known thieves; and he was an organiser and chairman of 'friendly leads' got up for the benefit of members of the local 'school' of law-breakers, for whom a defence fund was being raised; or who, having been 'put away' and done their time, found themselves in low water upon their return to the outer world.

Moreover, he was strongly suspected of fencing—that is, purchasing stolen property.

'What has he been saying about you?' I asked.

'He ain't exactly been a-sayin' anythin'; it's what he's been a-doin' of,' was the somewhat oracular response.

'And what might that be?'

'I'll show you, if you'll wait a minute,' he said; and as he spoke, he stepped briskly into the house, coming out again presently, having in his hand a sheet of paper about a foot square. 'That's what he's been a-doin'!' he exclaimed with angry emphasis, as he held the paper up to view. Fortunately, he was too excited himself to observe the effect produced upon me. At sight of the paper, my 'heart was in my mouth,' for the thing that had aroused the ire of the landlord was a drawing which at a glance struck me as having been done by the same hand that had drawn the caricatures upon the wall-paper of China House. Of so much I felt certain even before I realised the details of the picture. Here at last, and thus accidentally, I said to myself, I had really 'got a clue' to the China House job; though how it would work out, I had not for the moment the slightest idea. Commanding my manner as well as I could, I examined the drawing with real interest, but assumed indifference. It showed a man—intended to represent the landlord, and actually bearing some resemblance to him—standing over a crucible. From the mouth of the figure proceeded a scroll, on which was written: 'Try our patent safety-pot, boys. Good prices given, and no questions asked.' Under the drawing, by way of descriptive title, was inscribed: 'The worthy chairman in "melting moments."'

'Wants to make you out a fence and melter?' I remarked.

'Yes; and that's a kind of thing I wouldn't stand, even if there had ever been anythin' of the sort agen me, which you know there ain't.'

'Why should he have done it?' I asked.

'Well, partly, I expect, because I was going to chuck him out the other night for being imperent to the young woman as plays the piano at the Harmonic Meetings in my house; and partly just because he fancies himself good at this sort of thing. He sets up for being first-rate all round, and in particular reckons himself one of the touch-me-nots in the pen and pencil line.'

'If he is the too-clever-by-half sort of customer you seem to think him, he may find pen and pencil are edged tools,' I observed, by way of keeping up the conversation in such a manner as should not suggest to my man that he was being drawn.

'I'm sure he will,' agreed the landlord emphasising his assent by an expletive. 'There's not much doubt about his turning out a case of too bright to last. He's a bad bred un; he'll take to forgery, or something else in the eddicated swindling line.'

'A bad bred un,' I repeated. 'Who is he, then?'

'Why, Curley Bond's son. I thought you knew him.'

'O indeed,' I said; and again I had to do all I could to speak in a tone of seeming indifference.

The mention of Curley Bond in this relation was to my mind confirmation strong of my belief that I had come upon the track of the China House burglars.

THE PROSPECTS OF NEW GUINEA.

Now that New Guinea seems destined either to be formally annexed or put under the protection of the British empire, a few notes in reference to the probable future development of the country and its internal resources may not be uninteresting. To begin with: there is no brilliant prospect in the immediate future, and it is only by dint of great energy and perseverance that anything will be made out of it in the future. Although there is splendid land for sugar, rice, tea, and coffee, nothing can be grown until the natives are induced to assist in their cultivation, and that alone will be a matter of long persuasion. Sago, on the other hand, is abundantly grown, and seems destined to become a considerable export; pepper and spices are already cultivated, and can be still further developed; whilst ginger, turmeric, and nutmegs can at the present time be had for the asking. Cocoa-nuts are also in fair abundance, and form a great source of trade amongst the natives themselves everywhere, for, besides being exchanged with the hill tribes for other articles of food, they form a substantial proportion of the dietary on the spot. The cocoa-nut trees are plentiful along the coast; but so far as knowledge at present goes, they are not to be found in great numbers inland. The manufacture of copra is not thought to have much chance of success, since it takes eight thousand nuts to make a ton of copra. Valuable timbers are known to exist in the country, but not at present in districts where it would be safe to work them. Various scented woods are to be had, and these may prove of value in the future; ebony is also abundant; and in many places, the natives have paddles, spoons, &c. made from the wood. So much for the vegetable produce from a commercial point of view. The flora of the country is at the same time very strange and interesting, and has many choice varieties and novelties to reveal to the enterprising botanist.

To the sportsman, New Guinea offers several attractions, as there is plenty of variety, though no large game. The plumage of the birds is magnificent, and so long as there is a demand for their feathers, will amply repay the trouble of procuring them. Bêche-de-mer fishing has also great charms for white men, and there is a good field for it. The artist, traveller, and ethnologist will again each find a wide field of study. The scenery is of the grandest description, comprising huge forests, giant waterfalls, mountains, and plains; and the habits and customs of the people, together with their primitive weapons and implements, afford interesting subjects for speculation and research. The climate, in some places, is, however, a serious drawback to many enterprises which travellers and explorers of all kinds may in the future undertake. This is especially the case with regard to the explorations for gold produce. There seems no doubt that gold is in

the country, and to a considerable extent. Sir Roderick Murchison was of opinion that it existed in such quantities as ultimately to revolutionise its value in the world. So far, in a few places where it has been sought, only the colour has been obtained. The most likely locality for it is now said to be the Owen Stanley range, which is the watershed for the Fly, the Williams, and many other large rivers having outlets on the south-east coast. Almost insurmountable difficulties, however, exist in the way of reaching it. There are only two known approaches to the range from the coast, and they are more than hazardous. A succession of mountain ranges intervene, and across these no horse can travel; neither can native carriers be obtained. Rain falls daily in the ranges; and this fact, together with the rivers which would have to be swum, renders the enterprise of great physical risk as regards fevers and chills.

Another drawback would be in the probable collision of some or all of the party with the inhabitants of the various settlements which would have to be passed, and from which carriers would have to be obtained. So long as the white man behaves himself, it is true he has nothing to fear from the natives, and is generally welcomed. He may stay as long as he wishes in any of the villages along the coast, with the natives helping him in his work as he requires, provided they get what they want in return. This is generally tobacco, and the idea of a white man in a good many places resolves itself into a harmless foreigner who has unlimited supplies of tobacco, and who, for some insane reason, wishes to see the Papuans' territory. They are for the most part a harmless, lotus-eating, friendly people themselves; and they humour the white man in his desires so long as he does not interfere with theirs. There are, however, places where it would be dangerous to rely too much on this friendliness, as, for instance, from Aroma to Cloudy Bay, and in the adjacent islands. Many white men and Chinese have fallen victims; and the heads of Captain Webb's crew, with a few others, making altogether about seventeen skulls, form a trophy which is preserved with great pride. In some cases, Englishmen have received a friendly warning in time to quit a dangerous locality where the natives, in spite of good treatment and large presents, have shown a disposition for a little blood-letting; but this is principally in the inland districts. At South Cape and to the extreme east, again, where mission-teachers are established, the natives are very friendly, though it is now feared the 'labour operations' recently tried there may prejudice the natives against the white man for a long while to come.

The idea that seems so prevalent in our own country and in some parts of the colonies, that the country is open to any one who can take possession of it, is somewhat an erroneous one. As a matter of fact, there is not an acre of land without an owner, the lands being hunting-grounds and gardens for various tribes. It has been said that 'one of the first laws in the primitive community mainly existing on the product of the chase, is to protect the rights of individual hunters, and thus we find that among the most savage tribes there are certain hunting-grounds, which, although apparently a wilderness, are nevertheless held by the right of acknowledged proprietors;' and this is exactly the state of affairs with regard to land tenure in New Guinea at the present day.

The country abounds in extensive well-watered grazing-grounds; but until the land question is settled, the country will not offer any great facilities for pastoral pursuits. The settlement of these questions is certainly no easy one. A gentleman who was in partnership with another Englishman in what is known as the Kabadi 'land-grabbing' venture, has been in treaty with various tribes for some time past for a stretch of country for cattle-breeding purposes. The land is at the rear of the Verimana range, and reaches from Mann-Mann to Bootless Inlet, an area of about thirty miles by ten. For six months, he has been negotiating, and during that time he has obtained innumerable signatures to his form of agreement, and has thus acquired the lease of the land, according to our ideas, as well as distributed a fair amount of trade. However, as it is estimated that there are about five thousand individual owners whose rights have to be considered when the cattle arrive, it is probable troubles will begin.

One or two feasible suggestions seem already to have been made with regard to the land question. It is suggested on one side that the example of indigo and tea growers in India should be followed, and advances of seed and implements made to small growers on condition that the crops—for which an additional bonus would be granted—be given to the advancer. This has some doubtful aspects, however; and a more favourable settlement of the question seems to lie in an adaptation of the Javanese system of leasing lands through the government—that is, all transactions in land to take place through it, and it alone. Those who have spent any time in the country seem agreed that it is useless for any private individual or syndicate to attempt to take the matter in hand.

The great future difficulty would seem to be in inducing the natives to work. So far, their life is a very pleasant one; they hunt, fish, dance, fight now and again; but beyond eating, sleeping, and enjoying themselves, they have no thoughts. They have no cares for the future, no thoughts of the past, and it seems almost a pity to disturb a life so pleasant and primitive. They have a fine country, and they work just enough to provide themselves with their food; besides which, so much as they have seen of civilisation, they do not seem inclined to imitate. The greatest good of the greatest number is nevertheless the moving factor of modern life, and before that, the Papuans, we suppose, must bend. That they do not want either annexation or protection, has been pretty well shown; but in spite of that, we may hope that English interference, which arose primarily in a dread of the occupation of New Guinea by another power, which might prove troublesome to the colonists close at hand, may in the end be for the best. In time, no doubt, there will be much to repay enterprising colonists for their efforts to extract the riches of the country in all their varied forms; but until the country is more settled and the white man is better understood, trade will not develop very rapidly;

and the uncertainties in connection with transactions with the natives, and the risks of various kinds, not only from the people but the climate, will for a time at least outweigh any destined advantages.

ENSILAGE AND DAIRY CATTLE.

In a letter to the *Scotsman*, Mr E. T. Blunt, of Blaby Hill, Leicester, writes: 'I have several times been asked the question whether I considered ensilage a substitute for hay or roots. Will you allow me to give you the following figures? which, I think, conclusively prove that it is not only a substitute, but superior as a food for dairy cows to either one or the other, or even to both combined.

Five acres of clover, producing ten tons of hay, will produce forty tons of ensilage. The cost of making it into hay, stacking, and thatching will be fifteen shillings per acre; therefore, if the value of the hay is four pounds per ton, the value of the crop for that purpose is £36, 5s. I find the cost of making ensilage to be 4s. 6d. per ton, including a fair charge for use and depreciation of silo and press; therefore, add nine pounds to the £36, 5s. and you have £45, 5s. as the value of the forty tons of ensilage, comparing it with hay at four pounds per ton. For several weeks I have fed five cows entirely upon ensilage, and find they consume three hundred and forty pounds per day, or 1 ton 1 cwt. 1 qr. per week, equal to 39 tons 6 cwt. 1 qr.—say forty tons—for thirty-seven weeks; the cost of which, ascertained as above, is £45, 5s. Thus, each cow will cost rather less than five shillings per week. The same number of cows, fed upon hay and roots, will consume four hundred pounds of roots and eighty pounds of hay per day; or for thirty-seven weeks, 46 tons 5 cwt. of roots and 9 tons 5 cwt. of hay. The roots, at fifteen shillings per ton, will amount to £34, 13s. 9d.; and the hay, at four pounds per ton, to thirty-seven pounds—a total cost of £71, 13s. 9d., or 7s. 9d. per cow per week. For five cows for thirty-seven weeks we have, therefore, a balance in favour of ensilage of £25, 8s. 9d., or 2s. 9d. per cow per week. Each system produces about the same quantity of milk; but the ensilage-fed cows are decidedly in the best condition; whilst their milk yields four or five per cent. more cream, and is as sweet and good as that from cows fed on grass in summer.

With such facts as these before me, I was rather surprised to see the notice issued by the manager of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company that he would not use milk from ensilage-fed cows. I at once requested Dr Emmerson, the public analyst for the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Rutland, to analyse the milk from those cows which I had fed entirely upon ensilage for several weeks. The following is his Report: "The sample is of specific gravity 1034, and consists of the following percentages—Total solids, 13·120; fat, 3·300; solids not fat, 9·820; ash, ·83; water, 86·880. These results represent a milk of first-rate quality; and prove that the food was nutritious, and that the cows had been in good health, so as to enable the mammary glands to secrete a milk so rich in albumen, fat, &c. The microscopic examination showed the usual abundant small oil globules, and absence of pus cells or any foreign matter."

In a letter accompanying his report, Dr Emmerson says: "The only possible objection to silos can be when they are imperfectly constructed, so as to allow more air to reach the inclosed vegetable matter than admits of oxygenation beyond a certain amount, and decomposition begins; then, of course, the food would be unwholesome."

With reference to this, permit me to say that attention to two simple rules will insure good ensilage. The crop should be quite green and full of moisture when placed in the silo; then, after ten days or a fortnight, it should be subjected to a continuous pressure of not less than one hundred and fifty pounds to the square foot. I obtain this pressure by means of levers, which are easily adjusted and require little attention, and can be managed by an ordinary farm-labourer. The cost of the silo, hitherto a difficulty, need deter no one. I find that wooden silos make the best ensilage, and cost little.

With such facts as these before us, and also when we take into consideration that two crops for ensilage may be obtained in one year, that in making it we are quite independent of the weather, and that many crops may be grown on land now growing corn at a ruinous loss, which will give a much greater return per acre for ensilage than clover, I think we may look for still better results than the above, and may confidently rely upon our arable land thus becoming a source of profit, instead of loss, to us.'

A MEMORY.

An old-world country garden, where the hours
Like wingèd sunbeams flash in glory by,
And where the scent of strange old-fashioned flowers
Brings back a tender bygone memory.
The walks are straight, and patterned with white stone,
And pacing there with reverential tread,
I dream once more I hold within my own
The soft warm fingers of the child who 's dead—
The child whose dainty footsteps vied with mine,
As we two chased the golden butterflies—
The child who revelled in the bright sunshine,
And shrined her gladness in her laughing eyes!
We used to linger in the long soft grass,
And when a sun-ray kissed her dimpled hand,
We told each other 'twas a fairy pass
To read the secrets of our Fairyland;
And, holding safely in her radiant face
That happy sparkle, we would run to peep
If dewdrops trembled in the self-same place,
Or last night's bud had blossomed in its sleep.
I throned her in my arms when tired of play,
And whispered love-names in the baby ears:
She made the glory of the summer's day,
My wee liege lady of but five short years!
And now? Small wonder that the roses lie
In petalled fragrance by the daisies' side,
For sunshine vanished with her last soft sigh,
And skies are grayer since our darling died.

M. E. W.

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AGRICULTURE NEAR LONDON.

A HINT TO FARMERS.

There is probably no contrast more marked than that between the eager and vigorous life which pervades work and play in London, and the listlessness and want of energy which are generally so conspicuous in most of the agriculturists of the home counties. Flying from town to town by rail, the traveller does not grasp these and other salient agricultural features of the country. Only the pedestrian or rider, as he wanders at his will through lanes and along bridle-roads, is able thoroughly to become acquainted with the actual appearance of the farms which he passes. The contrast between the busy metropolis, which is so near, and the ill-cultivated country outside, continually serves to provide matter for profitable, if not always pleasant reflection. There is no better route for any one who wishes thus to combine exercise and reflection than that to the north of London —say, by way of Harrow, Pinner, and Rickmansworth to Amersham. He will then pass through very picturesque portions of the counties of Middlesex, Herts, and Bucks, and he will certainly see much which will give abundant food for thought. From London to Rickmansworth, a distance of seventeen miles, and between Uxbridge on the west and Watford on the east, the country is almost entirely devoted to grazing or haymaking. Field after field of grass is passed. There are few more charming pieces of rural scenery than the richly wooded fields as seen from the heights of Moor Park, or the view of Middlesex from the road between Uxbridge and Ickenham, which passes along the summits of the hills which border the southern side of the valley of the Colne.

But to the north of this valley in Herts and Bucks, the system of agriculture entirely changes. There is very little grass-land except in the valleys watered by the Chess and the Misbourne stream. There is indeed a superficial difference between the agriculture of these two counties, for the Bucks farmer is not quite so fond of the enormous hedgerows which seem sometimes to make Herts quite oppressive. Perhaps, too, there are a few more sheep; but otherwise the main features are the same—fields of grain and turnips, and dense woods of oak or beech. The Colne, in fact, divides a pastoral from an arable country. But any one who is accustomed to a country-life can see that the farming is generally of a very wretched kind. The hedges, picturesque enough indeed, with their great masses of foliage, and wealth of honeysuckle and clematis, take up an enormous amount of ground, and the fields are too often disgracefully dirty. It would be easy to count many stubbles overgrown from end to end with groundsel and thistles, and turnip-fields full of poppies and other weeds. Such slovenliness of cultivation is of course kept in countenance by gaps in hedges and by half-broken gates, more picturesque to the sketcher than pleasing to the eye of a Scotch farmer. It is obvious, in fact, that agriculture in a great part of Bucks and Herts is in a thoroughly backward condition: the labourer, earning thirteen shillings a week, stupefies himself in one of the endless public-houses; and the farmer continues to grow wheat and complain at agricultural dinners of the badness of the times. Yet, within seventeen, twenty, and twenty-five miles of him is a vast population demanding food.

Let any one stand on the borders of the three counties which have been named, and the question will at once arise in his mind, Why, if the farmers in one part of Middlesex can profitably supply London with milk, butter, and hay, cannot the farmers of the adjacent districts do the same? The curious differences which prevail within a few miles may be shown by the fact that as you go through the village of Harefield, on the south of the Colne, you will, about four or five o'clock in the afternoon, see the milkman going round, and women waiting at their doors for the evening's supply. If you cross to the north side of

the Colne, you may have to go to three or four farms before you will find a place where it is possible to find any milk. The cottagers, except on rare occasions, do without it altogether; and labourers will tell you that it would pay a gentleman to keep a cow and sell the milk, when he did not require it, to the poor people. But it goes without saying that where there is milk, there may be also butter; and if it pays the farmers of Dorset to make butter and send it up to London, obviously it would be more profitable to the farmers who are nearer London to do the same. The great herds of milch cows which fill all the rich pastures from Axminster to Yeovil do not produce milk and butter for the people of those parts, as any one will discover who cares to ramble among the pleasant farmsteads of Dorset and Somerset.

It is almost certain that the farmers in the districts near London who continue to grow wheat—and the agricultural statistics have clearly shown that it is in the counties which are already characterised as grazing ones that the increase of permanent pasture has in the last few years taken place—have chiefly themselves to thank for the unprofitable nature of their business. At a recent meeting of the Middlesex Agricultural Society one speaker admitted that on his farm of five hundred acres he spent twenty-one pounds per week on labour; whilst, if it were grass-land, five pounds would be his weekly expenditure. Yet this worthy person seemed to have no intention of abandoning his present system, ostensibly from a good-natured wish not to throw labourers out of employment. That the question of the agricultural labourers must certainly become one worthy of serious consideration, there can be no doubt, for every acre which becomes permanent pasture lessens the demand for manual labour. Farmers, too, near London might well combine for the purpose of selling their own milk. A few amateurs have already done so with good results; but it is the professional farmers who should set such schemes on foot.

The most thriving kind of cultivation near London in the districts we have mentioned is certainly that of the cherry and the watercress. The latter is not a mere casual growth in streams and ponds; it is carefully planted every autumn, and thinned; the water is kept at a uniform depth, and the bottom is always bright and clean. If the watercress growers could but diffuse something of their care into the farmers, things might look brighter for them. As to the cherry orchards, they are a perfect treasure to many farmers in Bucks and Herts, who get a round sum of money without cost of cultivation.

To some extent, perhaps, the low condition of agriculture so near London is caused—paradoxical as it may seem to say so—by this very proximity of the metropolis. It is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the most intelligent of the people leave their homes and settle in London. If a farmer has a clever son, he puts him to business in London. If the son of the carter gets on well at school, and is an intelligent and active youth, he very soon finds that more money can be made and more pleasure obtained in London, than in tilling wheat for thirteen shillings a week, and spending it on bad beer at the *Three Bells;* consequently, the agricultural population of Berks and Herts is 'the residuum.' That this circumstance must seriously affect the nature of the farming cannot be doubted. In these districts, farmers, so far from bracing themselves up to meet the altered conditions of the times, have as yet scarcely appreciated the fact that there has been a change. They are still on the lookout for a profitable market for their wheat, with much the same feeling that it will be sent in due season, as they daily expected rain when their tubs—for, in nine cases out of ten, a farmer does not possess a rain-water tank below ground—were dry, and the springs were beginning to get alarmingly low, in the hot summer of 1884.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER IX.

'WHAT is this I hear about Waring?' said General Gaunt, walking out upon the loggia, where the Durants were sitting, on the same memorable afternoon on which all that has been above related occurred. The general was dressed in loosely fitting light-coloured clothes. It was one of the recommendations of the Riviera to him that he could wear out there all his old Indian clothes, which would have been useless to him at home. He was a very tall old man, very yellow, nay, almost greenish in the complexion, extremely spare, with a fine old white moustache, which had an immense effect upon his brown face. The well-worn epigram might be adapted in his case to say that nobody ever was so fierce as the general looked; and yet he was at bottom rather a mild old man, and had never hurt anybody, except the sepoys in the Mutiny, all his life. His head was covered with a broad light felt hat, which, soft as it was, took an aggressive cock when he put it on. He held his gloves dangling from his hand with the air of having been in too much haste to put them to their proper use. And his step, as he stepped off the carpet upon the marble of the loggia, sounded like that of an alert officer who has just heard that the enemy has made a reconnaissance in force two miles off, and that there is no time to lose. 'What is this I hear about Waring?' he said.

'Yes, indeed!' cried Mrs Durant.

'It is a most remarkable story,' said his Reverence, shaking his head.

'But what is it?' asked the general. 'I found Mrs Gaunt almost crying when I went in. What she said was: "Charles, we have been nourishing a viper in our bosoms." I am not addicted to metaphor, and I insisted upon plain English; and then it all came out. She told me Waring was an impostor, and had been taking us all in; that some old friend of his had been here, and had told you.—Is that true?'

'My dear!' said Mr Durant in a tone of remonstrance.

'Well, Henry! you never said it was to be kept a secret. It could not possibly be kept a secret—so few of us here, and all so intimate.'

'Then he is an impostor?' said General Gaunt.

'Oh, my dear general, that's too strong a word.—Henry, you had better tell the general your own way.'

The old clergyman had been shaking his head all the time. He was dying to tell all that he knew; but he could not but improve the occasion. 'Oh, ladies, ladies!' he said, 'when there is anything to be told, the best of women is not to be trusted.—But, general, our poor friend is no impostor. He never said he was a widower.'

'It's fortunate we've none of us girls'—— the general began; then with a start: 'I forgot Miss Tasie; but she's a girl—a girl in ten thousand,' he added with a happy inspiration. Tasie, who was still seated behind the teacups, gave him a smile in reply.

'Poor dear Mr Waring,' she said, 'whether he is a widower or has a wife, it does not matter much. Nobody can call Mr Waring a flirt. He might be any one's grandfather from his manner. I cannot see that it matters a bit.'

'Not so far as we are concerned, thank heaven,' said her mother with the air of one whose dear child has escaped a danger. 'But I don't think it is quite respectable for one of our small community to have a wife alive and never to let any one know.'

'I understand, a most excellent woman; besides being a person of rank,' said Mr Durant. 'It has disturbed me very much, though, happily, as my wife says, from no private motive.' Here the good man paused, and gave vent to a sigh of thankfulness, establishing the impression that his ingenuous Tasie had escaped as by a miracle from Waring's wiles; and then he continued: 'I think some one should speak to him on the subject. He ought to understand that now it is known, public opinion requires—— Some one should tell him'——

'There is no one so fit as a clergyman,' the general said.

'That is true, perhaps, in the abstract; but with our poor friend—— There are some men who will not take advice from a clergyman.'

'O Henry! do him justice. He has never shown anything but respect to you.'

'I should say that a man of the world, like the general'——

'Oh, not I,' cried the general, getting up hurriedly. 'No, thank you; I never interfere with any man's affairs.—That's your business, Padre. Besides I have no daughter—whether he is married or not is nothing to me.'

'Nor to us, heaven be praised!' said Mrs Durant; and then she added: 'It is not for ourselves; it is for poor little Frances, a girl that has never known a mother's care! How much better for her to be with her mother, and properly introduced into society, than living in that huggermugger way without education, without companions. If it were not for Tasie, the child would never see a creature near her own age.'

'And I am much older than Frances,' said Tasie, rather to heighten the hardship of the situation than from any sense that this was true.

'Decidedly the Padre ought to talk to him,' said the Anglo-Indian. 'He ought to be made to feel that everybody at the station—— Wife all right, do you know? Bless me! If the wife is all right, what does the man mean? Why can't they quarrel peaceably, and keep up appearances, as we all do?'

'O no; not all; *we* never quarrel.'

'Not for a long time, my love.'

'Henry, you may trust to my memory. Not for about thirty years. We had a little disagreement then about where we were to go for the summer. Oh, I remember it well—the agony it cost me!—Don't say "as we *all* do," general, for it would not be true.'

'You are a pair of old turtle-doves,' quoth the general.—'All the more reason why you should talk to him, Padre. Tell him he's come among us on false pretences, not knowing the damage he might have done. I always thought he was a queer hand to have the education of a little girl.'

'He taught her Latin; and that woman of theirs, Mariuccia, taught her to knit. That's all she knows. And her mother all the time in such a fine position, able to do anything for her. Oh, it is of Frances I think most.'

'It is quite evident,' said the general, 'that Mr Durant must interfere.'

'I think it very likely I shall do no good. A man of the world, a man like that'——

'There is no such great harm about the man.'

'And he is very good to Frances,' said Tasie, almost under her breath.

'I daresay he meant no harm,' said the general, 'if that is all. Only, he should be warned; and if anything can be done for Frances—— It is a pity she should see nobody, and never have a chance of establishing herself in life.'

'She ought to be introduced into society,' said Mrs Durant.—'As for establishing herself in life, that is in the hands of providence, general. It is not to be supposed that such an idea ever enters into a girl's mind—unless it is put there, which is so often the case.'

'The general means,' said Tasie, 'that seeing people would make her more fit to be a companion for her papa. Frances is a dear girl; but it is quite true; she is wanting in conversation. They often sit a whole evening together and scarcely speak.'

'She is a nice little thing,' said the general energetically; 'I always thought so; and never was at a dance, I suppose, or a junketing of any description in her life. To be sure, we are all old duffers in this place. The Padre should interfere.'

'If I could see it was my duty,' said Mr Durant.

'I know what you mean,' said General Gaunt. 'I'm not too fond of interference myself. But when a man has concealed his antecedents, and they have been found out. And then the little girl'——

'It is Frances I am thinking of,' explained Mr Durant.

It was at last settled among them that it was

clearly the clergyman's business to interfere. He had been tolerably certain to begin with; but he liked the moral support of what he called a consensus of opinion. Mr Durant was not so reluctant to interfere as he professed to be. He had not much scope for those social duties which, he was of opinion, were not the least important of a clergyman's functions; and though there was a little excitement in the uncertainty from Sunday to Sunday how many people would be at church, what the collection would be, and other varying circumstances, yet the life of the clergyman at Bordighera was monotonous, and a little variety was welcome. In other chaplaincies which Mr Durant had held, he had come in contact with various romances of real life. These were still the days of gaming, when every German bath had its *tapis vert* and its little group of tragedies. But the Riviera was very tranquil, and Bordighera had just been found out by the invalid and the pleasure-seeker. It was monotonous: there had been few deaths, even among the visitors, which are always varieties in their way for the clergyman, and often are the means of making acquaintances both useful and agreeable to himself and his family. But as yet there had not even been many deaths. This gave great additional excitement to what is always exciting for a small community, the cropping up under their very noses, in their own immediate circle, of a mystery, of a discovery which afforded boundless opportunity for talk. The first thing naturally that had affected Mr and Mrs Durant was the miraculous escape of Tasie, to whom Mr Waring *might* have made himself agreeable, and who *might* have lost her peace of mind, for anything that could be said to the contrary. They said to each other that it was a hairbreadth escape; although it had not occurred previously to any one that any sort of mutual attraction between Mr Waring and Tasie was possible.

And then the other aspects of the case became apparent. Mr Durant felt now that to pass it over, to say nothing about the matter, to allow Waring to suppose that everything was as it had always been, was impossible. He and his wife had decided this without the intervention of General Gaunt; but when the general appeared—the only other permanent pillar of society in Bordighera—then there arose that consensus which made further steps inevitable. Mrs Gaunt looked in later, after dinner, in the darkening; and she, too, was of opinion that something must be done. She was affected to tears by the thought of that mystery in their very midst, and of what the poor (unknown) lady must have suffered, deserted by her husband, and bereft of her child. 'He might at least have left her her child,' she said with a sob; and she was fully of opinion that he should be spoken to without delay, and that they should not rest till Frances had been restored to her mother. She thought it was 'a duty' on the part of Mr Durant to interfere. The consensus was thus unanimous; there was not a dissentient voice in the entire community. 'We will sleep upon it,' Mr Durant said. But the morning brought no further light. They were all agreed more strongly than ever that Waring ought to be spoken to, and that it was undeniably a duty for the clergyman to interfere.

Mr Durant accordingly set out before it was too late, before the mid-day breakfast, which is the coolest and calmest moment of the day, the time for business, before social intercourse is supposed to begin. He was very carefully brushed from his hat to his shoes, and was indeed a very agreeable example of a neat old clerical gentleman. Ecclesiastical costume was much more easy in those days. It was before the era of long coats and soft hats, when a white tie was the one incontrovertible sign of the clergyman who did not think of calling himself a priest. He was indeed, having been for a number of years located in Catholic countries, very particular not to call himself a priest, or to condescend to any garb which could recall the *soutane* and three-cornered hat of the indigenous clergy. His black clothes were spotless, but of the ordinary cut, perhaps a trifle old-fashioned. But yet neither *soutane* nor *berretta* could have made it more evident that Mr Durant, setting out with an ebony stick and black gloves, was an English clergyman going mildly, but firmly, to interfere. Had he been met with in the wilds of Africa, even there, mistake would have been impossible. In his serious eye, in the aspect of the corners of his mouth, in a certain air of gentle determination diffused over his whole person, this was apparent. It made a great impression upon Domenico when he opened the door. After what had happened yesterday, Domenico felt that anything might happen. 'Lo, this man's brow, like to a title leaf, foretells the nature of the tragic volume,' he said to Mariuccia—at least if he did not use these words, his meaning was the same. He ushered the English pastor into the room which Mr Waring occupied as a library, with bated breath. 'Master is going to catch it,' was what, perhaps, a light-minded Cockney might have said. But Domenico was a serious man, and did not trifle.

Waring's library was, like all the rooms of his suite, an oblong room, with three windows and as many doors, opening into the dining-room on one hand, and the anteroom on the other. It had the usual indecipherable fresco on the roof, and the walls on one side were half clothed with bookcases. Not a very large collection of books, and yet enough to make a pretty show, with their old gilding, and the dull white of the vellum in which so many were bound. It was a room in which he spent the most of his time, and it had been made comfortable according to the notions of comfort prevailing in these regions. There was a square of carpet under his writing-table. His chair was a large old *fauteuil*, covered with very faded damask; and curtains, also faded, were festooned over all the windows and doors. The *persianis* were shut, to keep out the sun, and the cool atmosphere had a greenish tint. Waring, however, did not look so peaceful as his room. He sat with his chair pushed away from the table, reading what seemed to be a novel. He had the air of a man who had taken refuge there from some embarrassment or annoyance; not the tranquil look of a man occupied in so-called studies needing leisure, with his notebooks at hand, and pen and ink within reach. Such a man is usually very glad to be interrupted in the midst of his self-imposed labours; and Waring's first movement was one of satisfaction. He threw down the book, with

an apology for having ever taken it up in the half-ashamed, half-violent way in which he got rid of it. Don't suppose I care for such rubbish, his gesture seemed to say. But the aspect of Mr Durant changed his look of welcome. He rose hurriedly, and gave his visitor a chair. 'You are early out,' he said.

'Yes; the morning, I find, is the best time. Even after the sun is down, it is never so fresh in the evening. Especially for business, I find it the best time.'

'That means, I suppose,' said Waring, 'that your visit this morning means business, and not mere friendship, as I had supposed?'

'Friendship always, I hope,' said the tidy old clergyman, smoothing his hat with his hand; 'but I don't deny it is something more serious—a—a—question I want to ask you, if you don't mind'——

Just at this moment, in the next room there rose a little momentary and pleasant clamour of voices and youthful laughter; two voices certainly—Frances and another. This made Mr Durant prick up his ears. 'You have—visitors?' he said.

'Yes.—I will answer to the best of my ability,' said Waring with a smile.

Now was the time when Mr Durant realised the difficult nature of his mission. At home in his own house, especially in the midst of the consensus of opinions, with everybody encouraging him and pressing upon him the fact that it was 'a duty,' the matter seemed easy enough. But when he found himself in Waring's house, looking a man in the face with whose concerns he had really no right to interfere, and who had not at all the air of a man ready to be brought to the confessional, Mr Durant's confidence failed him. He faltered a little; he looked at his very unlikely penitent, and then he looked at the hat which he was turning round in his hands, but which gave him no courage. Then he cleared his throat. 'The question is—quite a simple one,' he said. 'There can be no doubt of your ability—to answer. I am sure you will forgive me if I say, to begin with'——

'One moment. Is this question—which seems to trouble you—about my affairs or yours?'

Mr Durant's clear complexion betrayed something like a flush. 'That is just what I want to explain. You will acknowledge, my dear Waring, that you have been received here—well, there is not very much in our power—but with every friendly feeling, every desire to make you one of us.'

'All this preface shows me that it is I who have been found wanting. You are quite right; you have been most hospitable and kind. To myself, almost too much so; to my daughter, you have given all the society she has ever known.'

'I am glad, truly glad, that you think we have done our part. My dear friend, was it right, then, when we opened our arms to you so unsuspectingly, to come among us in a false character—under false colours?'

'Stop!' said Waring, growing pale. 'This is going a little too far. I suppose I understand what you mean. Mannering, who calls himself my old friend, has been here; and as he could not hold his tongue if his life depended upon it, he has told you—— But why you should accuse me of holding a false position, of coming under false colours—which was what you said'——

'Waring!' said the clergyman in a voice of mild thunder, 'did you never think, when you came here, comparatively a young, and—well, still a good-looking man—did you never think that there might be some susceptible heart—some woman's heart'——

'Good heavens!' cried Waring, starting to his feet, 'I never supposed for a moment'——

'——Some young creature,' Mr Durant continued solemnly, 'whom it might be my duty and your duty to guard from deception; but who, naturally, taking you for a widower'——

Waring's countenance of horror was unspeakable. He stood up before his table like a little boy who was about to be caned. Exclamations of dismay fell unconsciously from his lips. 'Sir! I never thought'——

Mr Durant paused, to contemplate with pleasure the panic he had caused. He put down his hat and rubbed together his little fat white hands. 'By the blessing of providence,' he said, drawing a long breath, 'that danger has been averted. I say it with thankfulness. We have been preserved from any such terrible result. But had things been differently ordered—think, only think! and be grateful to providence.'

The answer which Waring made to this speech was to burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. He seemed incapable of recovering his gravity. As soon as he paused, exhausted, to draw breath, he was off again. The suggestion, when it ceased to be horrible, became ludicrous beyond description. He quavered forth: 'I beg your pardon' between the fits, which Mr Durant did not at all like. He sat looking on at the hilarity very gravely without a smile.

'I did not expect so much levity,' he said.

'I beg your pardon,' cried the culprit with tears running down his cheeks. 'Forgive me. If you will recollect that the character of a gay Lothario is the last one in the world'——

'It is not necessary to be a gay Lothario,' returned the clergyman.—'Really, if this is to continue, it will be better that I should withdraw. Laughter was the last thing I intended to produce.'

'It is not a bad thing, and it is not an indulgence I am given to. But, I think, considering what a very terrible alternative you set before me, we may be very glad it has ended in laughter. Mr Durant,' continued Waring, 'you have only anticipated an explanation I intended to make.—Mannering is an ass.'

'I am sure he is a most respectable member of society,' said Mr Durant with much gravity.

'So are many asses.—I have some one else to present to you, who is very unlike Mannering, but who betrays me still more distinctly.—Constance, I want you here.'

The old clergyman gazed, not believing his eyes, as there suddenly appeared in the doorway the tall figure of a girl who had never been seen as yet in Bordighera, a girl who was very simply dressed, yet who had an air which the old gentleman, acquainted, as he flattered himself, with the air of fine people, could not ignore. She stood with a careless grace, returning slightly,

not without a little of that impertinence of a fine lady which is so impressive to the crowd, his salutation. 'Did you want me, papa?' she quietly asked.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FORCES BENEATH US.

THE intensity of the subterranean forces over any given area of the earth's surface is in a constant state of ebb and flow, now rising to a flood of great power, now ebbing into a long period of quiescence, and then again gathering force for a new and awful manifestation of energy. It would seem that the volcanic forces of Southern Europe are again approaching a period of maximum intensity. But so recently as the summer of 1883, the beautiful little island of Ischia was convulsed by earthquake shocks. It was the season of the year when all was at its gayest and brightest, the little capital being filled by the many Neapolitans and Romans who find it so delightful a retreat in summer. On a bright July evening, when all were sitting out in the clear, calm air, under a cloudless sky, there came a sudden earth-throe, and in a few seconds the charming town of Casamicciola was a shapeless heap of ruins; whilst the other small towns which dot the little island shared in a less degree the same fate. Only two years before, another shock had been experienced over the same area; but the earthquake of 1883 was of much greater intensity than that which preceded it.

It is but a few months, too, since the subterranean forces seemed to threaten an outbreak in our own country, manifesting their gathering energy by a slight earth-tremor in Suffolk; and now Spain has been the scene of their awful activity. On Christmas night last, the inhabitants of Madrid were thrown into a state of alarm by two slight vibrations. On the same evening, more violent earthquakes occurred in the provinces of Andalusia, Malaga, and Granada. In the town of the latter name, the whole population, we are told, fearing a repetition of the shocks, camped out in squares and other open places. On the morning of the 26th, three severe shocks were felt at Granada; whilst at Torrox, in the same province, several yet more violent shocks were experienced later in the same day. The greater part of the Alhama has been overthrown; more than half the inhabitants of Albunuelas killed; and the cathedrals of Seville and Granada seriously damaged. Each day the provinces of Granada and Malaga were shaken by fresh earth-throes, and the loss of life has been very great. The subterranean forces augmented in intensity daily, reaching a maximum on December 31, when a more severe shock than any experienced previously was felt at Granada, that being the tenth which up to that date had occurred there. The inhabitants were panic-stricken; thousands fled from their homes; those who remained paced the streets in religious processions, headed by their priests, imploring the Divine clemency. From this date the shocks were less violent in character, although a severe one shook Alhama on January 12, and they have now happily altogether ceased. About the same time, an earthquake seems to have been experienced at sea, the captain of a Cadiz barque reporting a shock, accompanied by a loud roaring noise, on December 18, when he was not long out of Cadiz; seven days, however, before the first shocks were experienced in the Spanish provinces.

Often in the world's history must Spain have been the field of volcanic activity, as her crumbling caves remain to attest, and it was in this corner of Europe that the greatest manifestation of subterranean energy in modern times occurred. The story of the earthquake which one hundred and thirty years ago destroyed Lisbon, is a familiar one. Then, as in the case of the present earthquake, the inhabitants do not appear to have had any warning of the coming danger; but suddenly a noise like the rolling of thunder was heard underground, this being followed immediately by a tremendous shock, which threw down the greater part of the city, and in the course of a few minutes sixty thousand persons perished. The sea first retired, and then rose to a height of fifty feet above its ordinary level; and the new quay just completed, on which the people had collected for safety, sank with all its human freight; and where it had stood, there was afterwards found to be one hundred fathoms of water, if, indeed, as some accounts say, the sea was not there unfathomable. The effects of this earthquake were felt over so large a region, that it has been calculated a portion of the earth's surface equal to four times the area of Europe was included within its range. From the West Indies and the great inland lakes of Canada, it extended its range to our own country, to Sweden, and to North Germany. The shock then, too, was also felt at sea, producing an effect similar to that which follows when a vessel strikes a sunken rock or runs aground.

But whilst earthquakes may thus seem to happen without the slightest warning, there can be little doubt that their apparent suddenness is due either to want of observation, or to a wilful disregard of the signs which indicate the advent of subterranean outbursts. Their approach is usually heralded in many ways—underground noises, gaseous emanations from the soil, the drying up of wells, a change in the temperature of thermal springs, haziness in the air, being the more general forerunners of these phenomena. At such periods, too, a sense of dizziness is often experienced by dwellers in the threatened locality, whilst microcosmical instruments, if there be any in the district, will register slight variations of subterranean activity. During the continuance of the earthquake, the ground often heaves like the sea, producing feelings akin to the familiar pangs of sea-sickness; rivers seek fresh channels; large fissures open in the earth; and permanent changes take place in the geographical features of the country. Thus the series of earthquakes which in 1826 and 1827 visited New Zealand, caused so distinct a change that the former features

of the coast could be no longer recognised. The earthquakes of the present century in Chili have produced a permanent elevation of the coast there; and recent subterranean outbursts in Java have considerably modified the geography of that region.

Concerning the origin of these phenomena, so far-reaching in their effects, it must be admitted that the true theory has never yet been framed. Early speculations were much tinged with the superstitions of the time; and even so late as the beginning of the present century, we find a lingering remnant of this superstitious regard of physical phenomena in the naming, by the inhabitants of Sindree, of a mound thrown up during the Indus earthquake, 'Ullah Bund,' or the Mound of God.

It is obvious that the study of these interesting phenomena is beset with many difficulties. Observations can often only be made at imminent personal risk. Yet, spite of this, beginning with the few observers and the almost mythical records of the days of Pliny, the fascinating subject has continued to attract an ever increasing circle of students, who have ever more earnestly endeavoured to pierce the veil of mystery which surrounds it. Each fresh manifestation of subterranean energy is now watched with increased interest. Whenever possible, the sequence of events is noted with extreme detail, old theories become weakened, fresh ideas confirmed, and new avenues of thought open themselves to the earnest investigator at every step.

With the phenomena of earthquakes, those of volcanoes are closely linked, volcanic outbursts being frequently heralded and accompanied by earthquake shocks; and there can be little doubt that the two are most intimately bound up, if, indeed, they are not two effects arising from a single cause. This being so, the facts which surround the one class of phenomena may be drawn upon in attempting to frame an explanation whence and how either originates. That some portions of the earth's interior are in an immensely heated condition, the nature of the materials ejected from volcanic vents renders evident; and observation has also clearly demonstrated the fact, that the temperature increases from the surface of the earth downwards, the average increase being one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet of descent. Now, from considerations connected with the figure of the earth and the other members of the system to which it belongs, it has, with much probability, been inferred that the solar system has evolved from one of those glowing gaseous aggregations termed nebulæ, that 'this world was once a fluid haze of light;' and that when it first existed as an independent body, it was in a state of the most fervent heat, a residue of which now gives rise to volcanic phenomena.

What happened, then, as our earth radiated its primitive heat into space? The question is a vexed one. So many men, so many minds. One class of theorists, not giving sufficient weight to the fact that the increase of pressure towards the earth's centre would tend to keep matter solid there under the influence of high temperatures, suppose that the process of radiation by the earth into space has, throughout the lapse of ages, resulted in the formation of a solid external crust covering a still fluid nucleus. But this class of theorists is like the volcanoes of Britain, practically extinct, or is at least as subdued and unpretending as the Suffolk earthquake. Other geologists, giving more weight to the fact of increase of pressure towards the earth's centre, consider that its condition is that of a body with a solid nucleus and a solid external crust, between which there still remains a residue of liquid matter.

In objection to both these views it has been shown that for the earth to maintain its rigidity under the moon's attraction, such a crust must be of enormous thickness, of so great a thickness, indeed, that Sir William Thomson, who investigated the matter, prefers to consider the earth as a solid globe cooling by contraction. On this view of the earth's condition, volcanic phenomena are explained as the result of the conversion into heat of the mechanical force of contraction; while earthquakes may themselves be regarded as proceeding from the crushing and bending of the rocks by the stress of contraction itself. Again, there are those who regard the earth as a globe mainly solid throughout, but with lakes of liquid matter in various parts near the surface, remnants of its former heat, and believe that it is from these lakes, as the earth continues to contract, that matter is forced into volcanic vents to feed their intermittent fires; whilst, looking at the fact that earthquakes so frequently precede an eruption, these earth-tremors may from this point be regarded as ineffectual efforts by the pent-up subterranean forces to establish a volcanic outburst; and since the observations of Mr Mallet in earthquake localities have demonstrated the fact that shocks emanate from centres near the earth's surface, being sometimes nearer, and sometimes further, as the shocks are mainly horizontal or mainly vertical in character, there would seem to be some probability in this latter view of the origin of the subterranean forces; but there are many arguments which militate against its acceptance.

There are those also who, while they regard the matter of the earth as being in a really solid condition, yet conceive that some portions of it may be in a state of potential liquidity; that is to say, ready to assume the liquid form on a release of pressure; and when it is remembered that a barometric fall of two inches—a by no means remarkable circumstance—means the removal of millions of pounds of air-pressure from off the surface of the earth, it seems as though there might be some truth in this view also; but it loses probability when we reflect, that for this release of pressure to be effectual in producing liquidity, it is necessary that the solid matter of the earth should be just on that borderland between the solid and liquid states, which it is so difficult to imagine can often be the case; and it must be finally admitted that science has yet to frame a perfectly satisfactory explanation of these interesting phenomena.*

Human nature is too apt to dwell upon the awful results of these evident and striking mani-

* For a fuller discussion of the question as to the interior condition of the globe, see article in *Chambers's Journal* for Jan. 21, 1882, 'Is the Interior of the Earth Molten or Solid?'

festations of nature, and to pass over her more regular and noiseless, yet far more potent activity. It must not, therefore, be forgotten that these subterranean outbursts we have been considering, are but the more violent and pronounced examples of a slow and gradual process of upheaval and depression which is going on at all portions of the earth's surface. And these movements of the earth's crust, whether they be the slow upheaval and depression to which reference has just been made, or the cataclysmal efforts of an earthquake or volcanic outburst, are in the main most beneficial to man, and have an important influence on his progress and well-being. It is the short-sighted philosophy of imperfect knowledge which regards only the evil which such catastrophes produce. The heated regions of the earth's crust where the volcanic forces are in energy are the laboratories of nature, where her most valued gems and minerals are produced; whilst the earth-throes which devastate a country, and seem to be fraught only with evil to mankind, bring the rocks containing them to the surface; and we may strangely reflect, that but for these eruptive efforts, iron, and many other minerals which have contributed to the comfort and progress of man, might for ever have remained unknown to him. One of 'the fairy tales of science and the long result of time' is the gradual change in the relative positions of continent and sea which these oscillations of the earth's crust have brought about. Our own island has now been submerged until the sea washed its mountain tops, now elevated until it ceased to be an island, and Father Thames flowed across a great stretch of land, which filled up the North Sea, to join the great Rhine, the two streams pouring their united waters almost within the arctic circle. So, over all the earth; continents have grown out of the sea, and great lands have given place to vast oceans. 'The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of time.' Everywhere, flux and change—growth and decay; only fixed and unalterable the immutable and eternal laws which govern it.

THE CHINA HOUSE BURGLARY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

Curley Bond was well known in the district as a loafer and 'corner-man.' He had been through the hands of our people on a charge of deserting his wife and child and leaving them chargeable to the parish. The desertion was attributed at the time—and doubtless rightly attributed—to the fact that the wife's health having broken up, she was no longer able to maintain an idle husband by her labour. She died in the workhouse infirmary a few weeks after Curley had gone; but the child—the caricaturist of the present narrative—had been supported and educated in the union school of the district for the period of five years over which the desertion extended. At the end of that period, Curley, for some reason best known to himself, had ventured back to the neighbourhood—on the quiet. He was, however, speedily detected. Within a week, an anonymous letter conveyed information of his return to the relieving officer. That official obtained a warrant, upon which Curley was arrested, being taken out of his bed in a common lodging-house in the small-hours of a Sunday morning. Seeking to make a virtue of necessity, he offered to relieve the guardians of the charge of the boy, and as a body they were disposed to accept his proposal and drop the prosecution. It was argued that he was a man of straw, so far as recovering the cost of past maintenance was concerned, and that, if he was imprisoned, the boy would only have to be kept at the ratepayers' expense for a longer period. To this view, however, old Dorrington was strongly opposed. He reasoned that such a fellow ought to be prosecuted, and that to prosecute him would be the truest economy in the long-run, since any punishment awarded to him would be calculated to act as a caution to others of his inclining. In the end, old Dorrington had his way. The prosecution was carried on; and though the specific charge of desertion failed on some technical point, Curley was convicted, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, on the general count of being a rogue and vagabond. It came out in court that the proceedings were chiefly due to the action of Mr Dorrington, so that Curley was quite aware to whom he was indebted in the matter.

All this flashed through my mind in an instant, and in my opinion stamped Curley as being as certainly the inspirer, as his son had been the draughtsman of the wall cartoons that had figured as a prominent circumstance in the China House burglary. I remembered at this point that of late I had missed Curley from his accustomed corners, and my next question to the landlord—put in the same tone of affected indifference—was: 'What is Curley's little game nowadays?'

'Well, if you'd a asked me a few months back, I should a said that whatever his game might be, it was something on the cross. Talk about insinivating as I'm a fence! If I had a been, I could a done plenty of business with him. He was always a-hinting at having stuff to get rid of, or knowing others as had, which came to the same thing.'

This latter piece of information still further strengthened my impression that I was on the right trail; but merely making a mental note of the statement for the present, I continued the pumping process by asking: 'But what is he doing now?'

'A-doin' now!' echoed the landlord, laughing aloud as he spoke. 'Why, he's set up as a betting-man, if you please—a feller as could hardly tell a racehorse from a towel-rail; as don't know a big B from a barn-door; and as couldn't reckon up anything beyond the run of his ten fingers, if he could do that.—A betting-man!' he went on with a snort of contempt: 'a "ramper," more like. Fact, that's just what he is—ramper and bully to a couple of outside betting-men. Wilson, Harding, & Co., they call themselves, and he sticks himself up as the Co.'

Here was more light with a vengeance. It was only by the strongest effort of self-repression that at this stage I was able to refrain from

showing my surprise and satisfaction. I had really been on the right line at first, then, I said to myself, though—and this thought was *not* satisfactory—I had allowed myself to be thrown off the scent almost at the first step. Wilson, it will be remembered, was the name of the carpenter I had suspected in the first instance; and Harding, as I now instantly recollected, was the name of the greengrocer with whom he lodged. As yet, I had of course no proof that these were the Wilson and Harding of the betting firm of which Curley Bond claimed to be the Co.; but in the assured frame of mind in which I now found myself, it never occurred to me to doubt that such was the case. I only wondered, and that with a painful sense of humiliation, that I had not at the time detected Harding's answers concerning his lodger as being much too pat and much too trippingly spoken.

I renewed the conversation, but could elicit no further useful information from the virtuously indignant publican. I had, however, I believed, learned enough, and I left him in high spirits. That I was now on the track of the performers in the China House job, I was firmly persuaded, and I could not but admire the constitution of the gang. An apparently respectable tradesman having a round in the neighbourhood in which the burglary had been committed, and owning a horse and cart, with which he could be out in the small-hours without exciting suspicion, on the plea that he was going to market—such a man as this was beyond price as a putter-up of and assistant in burglaries. And when with such a one was joined a man who legitimately possessed and was skilled in the use of the tools best suited to burglarious operations; a burly ruffian for heavy work, and a smart boy to be put through small openings or set to keep watch—when such a champion lot as this were banded together, it was easy to understand that they would be difficult to detect. All the greater, therefore, was the slice of luck that had enabled me to approach their identity.

That I had identified them, I now assumed as a moral certainty; but in criminal law, as I was of course aware, moral certainties alone go for nothing. That I had hit upon the men was something; but to land them, to be able to arrest them, not to speak of being sure of convicting them, it would be necessary to obtain material and legal evidence. To that end I at once set to work, and this time in a really confident spirit. And my self-confidence was abundantly justified. On the principle that it never rains but it pours, the good fortune that had at length befallen me in connection with the China House business continued to accompany me, for the case almost 'made itself.' I followed Wilson, Harding, & Co. to a metropolitan race meeting, and pointing them out to the police inspector in charge of the course, inquired if he knew anything of them.

'I don't myself,' he answered; 'but here's a man that I daresay does;' and turning to a sharp-featured bookmaker who was standing close by, he said: 'I say, Croft, do you know anything of Wilson and Harding?'

'No; I should like to,' he replied: 'they're a bit of a mystery.'

'How so?' I put in.

'Well, in this way. If I'm any judge on the point—and I reckon if I ain't, I ought to be—they do fairly well in the way of business; yet after almost every meeting, they seem somehow or other to get out of gear. At anyrate, they have to pawn their belongings to get home; but when you see them at the very next meeting, they are in full fig again. And mind you, it ain't with gambling after the races are over. As a matter of curiosity, I've watched 'em for that. Wilson billiards a bit certainly; but as far as that goes, he does more in the way of skinning than being skinned.'

It occurred to me that I could have very easily explained the mystery, but I merely asked: 'Where have they pawned?'

'I should think they've done it at most meetings they've attended; but I know for certain they did it at Lincoln and Liverpool, for I bought a ticket from them at each of those places.'

'Would you mind showing me the tickets?' I asked.

'Not at all,' he answered. 'I paid a fair price for them; and if there's any screw loose about the business, I'm innocent of any knowledge of it.' As he spoke, he produced the tickets from a pocket-book. They related the one to a field-glass, and the other to a dressing-case.

These articles and some others pledged in the establishments named on the tickets turned out—as I fully expected they would—to be parts of the proceeds of burglaries in our division. Using the record of past racing fixtures as a guide, I was enabled to trace more of the stolen property—including some of that taken from China House—in the same way.

From Dorrington's housemaid, too, I now obtained a valuable piece of information. After taking to the turf, Wilson had thrown her over; and as a consequence, her feelings towards him had undergone a change. She did not come forward voluntarily; but on being questioned a second time, she stated that about the time the burglaries were committed in the neighbourhood Wilson had made her presents of jewelry, which friends had told her were worth a heap of money. On questioning Charley as to how he had come by the things, he had given her putting-off answers, and that had made her fidgety. When I had spoken to her the first time, she had instantly bethought her of these presents, and it had occurred to her that possibly Charley had got innocently mixed up with some bad lot. But he was her sweetheart then, and of course it was not for her to bring him under suspicion. Now, however, things were different. He had shown her that she was nothing to him, and though she wished him no harm for that, it was not for her to risk her character for one who was nothing to her. That was the truth, and there was the jewelry—which latter proved to be part of the plunder of several burglaries.

All this was evidence. Upon the strength of it, warrants were issued; and while one party of our men followed Wilson, Harding, and Co. to a racecourse, in order to be able to take the gang at one swoop, another party of us entered and searched their respective homes. In that of the greengrocer we found stolen property to a large

amount; and in a coke-shed at the rear of the house we discovered a furnace and melting-pot that had evidently been much used.

I had independent evidence enough and to spare to secure a conviction; but directly the arrests were made, young Curley 'rounded;' and after due consideration, it was determined by the law officers in charge of the prosecution to allow him to turn Queen's evidence. Naturally, his was the chief evidence. In giving it, he tried, but unavailingly, to make things light for 'poor father.' There was no need to 'elicit' information from him. In reply to a few leading questions, he gave ample details as to how Harding, who knew the ways of the families and the runs of the houses, had manœuvred the jobs; and Wilson acted as leading hand in effecting entrance into the dwellings. He told what quantities of plunder had been taken, and how it had been divided and disposed of, and he joined freely in the 'hearty laughter' which greeted his assertion, that on more than one occasion, the gang, when driving back—in Harding's van—from a successful burglary, had given good morning to the policeman on the beat. As he stood in the witness-box glibly uttering his incriminating statements, Messrs Wilson and Harding regarded him with glances that were scarcely calculated to promote pleasant dreams for him. For a considerable period, however, he was relieved from any danger of reprisals upon their part, as the jury unhesitatingly brought in a verdict of guilty, and each of the prisoners was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

Though I am, I hope, a fairly modest man, I think I may regard the China House burglary as being in its way a feather in my cap. At anyrate I had every reason to feel satisfied with my part in the business. As a member of the police force, I could not take the reward that Mr Dorrington offered. But later, I was presented with a purse of sovereigns, in recognition, as the subscribers were pleased to put it, of the ability I had displayed in bringing to justice the gang of burglars who had so long infested the neighbourhood. In addition to this 'presentation,' I also received praise that was not altogether empty, seeing that it was instrumental in bringing me the professional promotion that subsequently fell to my lot.

WALKING IN CIRCLES.

In the winter months, we not unfrequently hear of travellers in this country losing their lives in attempting to cross snow-covered moors while the light is imperfect. Even though the distance be only a few hundred yards, yet in the absence of a definite track or distinctive landmark, the traveller toils on through weary hours, until physical exhaustion overcomes him, and he falls into that lethargic sleep which is the terror of the traveller in cold regions. When the track of such a one is examined, it is found to be more or less of a circular nature, tending, no doubt, to irregularities, but such only as we should expect of an exhausted and despairing man. This tendency to walk in a circle when the individual is unaided by the eye, may be said to be almost universal; and it is in virtue of this tendency that explorers journey only by aid of the compass. Some of our readers may recollect that in their school-days, walking blindfolded was a favourite pastime, some individuals diverging to one side, some to another, and but few walking in a straight line. These facts are so commonly known as to be beyond dispute; but we believe that the cause is not so generally understood, and is not perhaps even yet definitely ascertained.

Recently, the subject has been discussed in *Nature*, and the opinions of the scientists who have taken part in the discussion have brought out, that though the individual is unconscious of the tendency to walk in a circle, yet it is probably due to a physical inequality on the part of the individual. Let it be considered that if, in walking, the strides are unequal in length, they will tend to carry the individual in the direction of the shorter stride, so that in a certain time and space the walking track will assume the form of a circle. That the strides of an individual generally are unequal, we have proof in reminiscences of some experiments by Mr G. H. Darwin, who, with his eyes shut, started to walk in a grass field, and found that he had described a circle of about fifty yards' diameter, the divergence being towards the right; and in repeated experiments, he was unable to impose a sufficiently strong conscious bias in one direction to overcome the unconscious bias in the other. Further experimenting with eight schoolboys, six of whom were strongly right-handed and two feebly left-handed, he found that the six had a longer stride from left to right, one of the others from right to left, and the remaining one had equal strides. When these boys were caused to hop, the six used the left limb; the next one, the right; and the other hopped on the right on the first trial, then on the left on the second. Offering a prize to the one who should walk straightest, the boy who had equal strides and hopped equally well on either limb walked straight to the goal; the six left-legged boys diverged to the right; and the right-legged one to the left. These results tend to show that inequality of strides is due to physical inequality of the limbs; and one correspondent having suggested that the lower limbs differ in length, and hence cause variation in strides, an authority—Dr J. G. Garson, Royal College of Surgeons, London—adduces proof that this is so. In seventy skeletons, he found by measurement that seven—or ten per cent.—only had the lower limbs equal in length; twenty-five—35·8 per cent.—had the right limb longer than the left; and in thirty-eight instances—or 54·5 per cent.—the left limb was the longer. When these facts are considered, it becomes apparent that if the limbs are unequal in length, the individual cannot possibly walk straight unless when guided by the eye, so that the circular track of the lost traveller is just what we should expect in the circumstances.

We have not yet received any satisfactory explanation of the cause of the inequality of the length of the limbs. Of course, more rapid growth of one limb than of the other may take place; but why this should be so, or whether it takes place in childhood or youth, is not known, and, as Dr Garson says, 'will always be more or less a matter of theory.' 'Asymmetry,' he states, 'is almost invariably found throughout the whole skeleton. For example, it is extremely rare to find a skull the two sides of which are absolutely symmetrical.' Right and left handedness are, we know, due to greater preference or use of an individual arm, infants or children being equally dexterous with both, though usually acquiring a preferential use for the right hand. Greater dexterity is coincident with greater length of the dexterous arm, longer right arms predominating. This contrasts strangely with Dr Garson's observation that left-leggedness predominates; and a comparison of his measurements of the lower and upper limbs shows that in the majority of cases the right arm and the left leg are the longer in the individual. Thus he found that in fifty skeletons the right arm and the left leg were longer in twenty-three cases; the left arm and the right leg in six; the limbs on the right side longer than those on the left in thirteen cases; those on the left side were the longer in four cases; and in the remaining skeletons, the inequality of the limbs was somewhat varied. We cannot, therefore, assume that sleeping on a particular side, or any other habit which would tend to retard or promote growth of both limbs of one side, is the cause of the physical inequality. The evidence, however, is sufficient to show that inequality does exist; and this inequality explains why two persons walking together in a fog may unknowingly become separated, one of them may be left-legged, and diverge to the right; and the other, if right-legged, will diverge to the left.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Indian section of the Society of Arts had lately the opportunity of listening to an exhaustive paper upon 'the Agricultural Resources of India,' by Mr Buck, the head of the new department of Revenue and Agriculture. This paper is not only interesting, but is most encouraging, particularly at this time, when rumours of Russian aggression upon our Indian frontier, and possible union with a disaffected race, are far from being rare. It shows most plainly that our rule in India has in various ways been beneficial for that vast country. The gradual development of the railway system and the establishment of irrigation works have robbed the famines, which in times past used to decimate the people, of half their terrors. Now, the further extension of railways is mainly required in the interests of trade. Mr Buck tells us that there is room for improvement in the native methods of agriculture and in the old-fashioned implements used in field-work, and he also points out that the soil may be made to yield double what it does at present, when sufficient irrigation works have been erected. The rainfall is abundant, but irregular; therefore, it is necessary that it should be stored in wet seasons for use in periods of drought.

The beet sugar-factory at Lavenham (Suffolk) has now commenced operations, with the best wishes of all interested in this new departure in British agriculture for its success. The process adopted takes advantage of all the improvements which have been introduced in continental factories during recent years, and it may be briefly described as follows: The roots, after being cleaned, are sliced into small pieces and shot into several receptacles, where water at varying temperatures exhausts them of most of their sugar, salts, and impurities. The spent beet is then, under pressure, made to yield still more; the residue being a valuable food for cattle, and worth six shillings per ton. The beet solution is now boiled with lime, which, when it has done its purifying work, is precipitated by means of carbonic acid gas blown through the liquid. It is afterwards treated with strontia, which separates the crystallisable sugar from the other constituents of the liquor; and the sugar is eventually concentrated in vacuum pans in the usual manner. The Lavenham works owe their existence to the enterprise of Messrs Bolton & Company; and if they prove successful, it is intended to extend the system to many other suitable districts of England.

The innocent little superstitions respecting the weather which our forefathers indulged in, are often, in these days of scientific forecasting, found at fault. An instance of this has been afforded by the recent Christmas. Berries were so superabundant that old folks shook their heads and uttered warnings of a hard winter. But instead of frost, we have had moist, dull, uncomfortable days of the most opposite character.

Mr H. H. Johnston recently published an interesting account of his expedition to the Kilima-njaro district of Eastern Africa, which will be found on the map slightly north of Zanzibar. The climate is that of a Devonshire summer. The traveller established a little village on a splendid site eleven thousand feet above the sea-level, from which Eastern Africa seemed spread out below him like a veritable map. From this point, Mr Johnston constantly ascended to greater heights; but his excursions were limited by reason of the natives refusing, on account of the cold, to ascend into the still higher mountain regions. The natives who inhabit the mountain of Kilima-njaro are tractable, and have a great notion of trade. They speak dialects belonging to the great Bantu group of languages. Warm springs occur at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Birds are abundant below, but rare above ten thousand feet. The Hyrax—the cony of Scripture—is common; while buffaloes, and even elephants, ascend the mountain to a great height. Mr Johnston has made a valuable collection, which he hopes will indicate the true relationships and character of the fauna and flora of this interesting region, which, according to his eloquent description, is a terrestrial paradise.

The alarming earthquake shocks in Southern Spain have once more called attention to this most terrible of all the phenomena of nature, and again raised the question as to whether buildings cannot be protected against the effects of such

shocks. According to the best authorities, the loss of life usually experienced could be almost wholly stopped if houses were built to resist earthquake shocks. One writer points out that such houses should be built with timbers firmly bolted together on the principle of a ship. 'If this were attended to,' he writes, 'there need never be the least danger; for at the worst, it is not to be supposed that the motion of the earth can amount in degree to that of the waves of the sea.' At San Francisco, where earthquakes are common, the builders of the Palace Hotel have adopted a patent embodying this principle, the walls being tied together by strong iron rods in every direction.

Miss Ormerod's valuable Report upon the injurious insects of 1884, and the means which have been found successful in suppressing them, has been presented to the Royal Agricultural Society. It is full of interest both for the agriculturist and the entomologist. The Report is so wide in its range that it would be quite impossible to do justice to it in the limited space at our command; but there are one or two observations which must not be passed over without remark, with regard to the dreaded hop aphis. There seems now no reason to doubt that the hop is attacked in the early spring by wingless females, which deposit upon the tender shoots living lice. Miss Ormerod is of the opinion, too, that the winged aphides which attack the plant later on, and which come from the sloe and damson as well as from the hops, represent slight varieties of one and the same species. For experimental purposes, an acre of hop-land was set apart with a view to determining the best way of dealing with the intruders, and various agents were employed as insecticides. Of these, mineral oil (paraffin) mixed with dry earth or similar material gave the best results. With reference to the caterpillars of the winter moth, which are so destructive to the foliage of fruit-trees, it is recommended that the best plan for their discomfiture is to smear the trees in December with a band of sticky fluid—known as Davidson's Composition—about twelve inches in width. The female moths, whose wings seem to be merely ornamental, are thus arrested by hundreds as they creep up the tree.

The lull in the recent excitement concerning electricity as a rival illuminant to gas may be traced to two main causes. One of these is the circumstance that many undeserving inventions were pushed to the front by unscrupulous or ignorant speculators. Companies were formed, only to come to grief after a brief period of existence. In this way, capital was soon frightened away from electric-lighting schemes, however promising they might be. The other cause of depression was due to the stringent rules adopted by the Board of Trade to prevent the recurrence of a monopoly such as is presented by the gas and water Companies. These rules have now been reconsidered by a Committee, with Lord Bury as chairman, and this Committee has given in its Report. Several modifications are recommended by which the Electric Lighting Act of 1882 may be made workable; but it is doubtful whether the gas Companies have any need to fear a rival until some much improved method of producing and popularising the light is discovered.

At Bellegarde (France), the inhabitants have the advantage of a natural fall of water of about one hundred and sixty feet. Its strength has been intensified by throwing a dam across the stream where it occurs, with the result that a power of two thousand horses is obtained. This power is made to turn a large turbine, which actuates a couple of powerful Gramme machines. From this source, part of the town is lighted by electricity.

Dr Bond, of Gloucester, has contrived a Lactoscope, which will be found extremely useful where milk is suspected of having been mixed with water. It consists of a little glass dish with some black lines ruled across its interior, and a *pipette*, from which fluid can be dropped. The dish is filled when required for use with a measured quantity of water. The *pipette* is then filled with the milk to be tested, which, drop by drop, is added to the water until the black lines are obscured, the number of drops required before this end is attained being counted. A table is supplied by which the amount of butter-fat contained in the milk to give this result can be ascertained. This is not the first milk-tester which has been contrived which owes its efficiency to the relative opacity of pure milk and milk and water; but it is a very ingenious application of the principle.

In this connection, the following notes relative to the profits derived from milk-adulteration may be instructive. The Local Government Board, in a Report lately issued, say: 'Milk continues to be the chief subject of analysis, and the proportion of samples reported against is about one-fifth of the whole number examined. In the metropolis, however, the proportion is still larger, amounting to about twenty-six per cent. On a former occasion, we gave the grounds for a calculation that Londoners are paying between seventy and eighty thousand pounds a year for water sold under the name of milk, and we are inclined to think that the estimate was by no means excessive. We find that the public analyst for Plumstead calculates that in that single district the milkmen receive between seven and eight thousand pounds for water, while the fines for adulteration amount to about one hundred pounds annually.'

Now that the camel is being utilised as part of the equipment of the British army in the desert, attention is naturally turned to his capabilities and general behaviour. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, the endurance of the animal is very great. If required, it will go for a week without water, travelling every day, and will cover great distances at a good speed in a short time. But, according to Colonel Colborne, the animal has no right whatever to be termed patient. 'As far as my experience goes,' he writes, 'the camel is about the most impatient brute in the whole animal creation. He grumbles and swears when required to start, and grumbles and swears when he is required to stop; roars at you when you get on, roars at you when you get off, as he does when he is laden, and when he is unladen. His patience is usually the result of senility. He is usually vicious, and is often addicted to bolting. Neither is his intelligence sufficiently strong to allow him to distinguish noxious plants, and he is at all times a subject of anxiety to his driver on this account.'

Mr T. S. Wilson, the British vice-consul at

Lofoten (Norway), gives some interesting data concerning the application of surplus fish as a manure to land. In his district, he tells us, there are several manufactories where the fish is dried and reduced to powder, one factory alone having used thirty thousand barrels of herrings and more than ten thousand tons of fish of all kinds during the past year. The whole of this product comes to Great Britain, and is used for dressing the land. Those good people who will perhaps exclaim at this apparent waste of food-material, must remember that the fish if not used thus would be wasted, for it represents the surplus, which, for various reasons, cannot be exported or preserved for food. Used as a manure, it does permanent good to the soil, and produces valuable crops.

A simple but valuable invention has been brought before the Society of Architects by Mr George Wright, of 3 Westminster Chambers, London. It consists of a fixing-block made of fireproof material, which can be inserted into a wall like an ordinary brick, and into which nails can be driven with great ease. We need hardly point out that in every building there are many places where woodwork has to be attached to brickwork and masonry. The usual plan is to insert blocks of wood, which commonly shrink, require to be wedged up, and are certainly dangerous, from risk of fire, in the neighbourhood of stoves and chimneys. Indeed, many destructive fires have been traced to the presence of woodwork in unsuspected places. Mr Wright's fixing-blocks at once do away with this difficulty, and they are further of great use in bellhangers' and gasfitters' work.

An important experiment in water-purification has recently been carried out at Philadelphia, under the superintendence of the chief engineer to the water-supply department of that city. It has been known for some time that the purifying action of air upon water is much increased if the two be mingled under pressure, but the fact existed simply as the result of a laboratory experiment. To try the practicability of the principle on a big scale, a large turbine was converted into an air-pump, and was made to deliver a measured volume of air to a water-main. On analysis of the water before and after the experiment, it was found that the quantity of free oxygen in the water had increased by seventeen per cent. The amount of oxygen indicated represents the excess of what was required to purify the organic matter contained in the water previous to its aëration. The result of the experiment is considered highly satisfactory.

It is most satisfactory to find that the past year is distinguished by the fewest number of fatal accidents in our coal-mines of any year since official returns have been published, while at the same time the output of coal has amounted to the extraordinary total of one hundred and seventy million tons. In the half-century which covers the reign of Queen Victoria we find a rapid increase of the amount of coal annually raised, from thirty million tons to the amount just quoted. These figures naturally remind us of the old scare with regard to the ultimate exhaustion of our coal-fields, anent which we quote the words of Sir F. Bramwell at the meeting of the British Association four years ago, who said that 'unless some wholly unexpected improvement were made in the steam-engine, those who lived to see the centenary of the Association in 1931 would find the steam-engine had become a curiosity, and was relegated to museums; for he could not believe steam (generated by coal) would continue to be the vehicle for transmitting heat into work.' These words the speaker indorsed the other day at the Institution of Civil Engineers.

There is no doubt that the reduction of fatal accidents in our mines is due to the various improvements which have been introduced, and to the attention which has been bestowed by competent men upon the causes which lead to explosions. Improved safety-lamps have, too, supplanted the old 'Davy,' which had no pretension to be called a safety-lamp, after modern plans of ventilation of mines were adopted. In still air, it was safe; but when the air in the workings attained a certain velocity, as it must do to secure good ventilation, it was worse than useless. In 'fiery' mines, it is now illegal to use gunpowder for blasting, and here we have another wise provision, which has doubtless saved many lives. There is reason to believe that with still further improvements in the methods of coal-getting, that industry will be as free from risk to the workers as other occupations which are carried on above ground.

Once more an outcry has arisen concerning mysterious illnesses which have eventually been traced to arsenical wall-papers. There is an erroneous idea that brilliant green is the only colour that is dangerous in this respect; but as a matter of fact, arsenic may be present in colours of many other hues. In the sanitary and unsanitary houses exhibited at the Health Exhibition, the latter was purposely hung with arsenical papers, and green was conspicuous by its absence; while in the sanitary house, green was present in abundance, but without any help from arsenic. Householders can easily protect themselves in this matter by observing two rules —the one is, to require a warranty from the paper-hanger that the paper supplied is free from the poison; and the other is, to have every shred of old paper stripped from the walls before the new paper is put on. We shall have some further remarks to offer on this subject, by-and-by.

We understand that an Exhibition of Photographs by Amateurs is shortly to be opened in London, under the auspices of the Stereoscopic Company, who offer valuable prizes for the best pictures in different classes. Gentlemen who are well known in the art world will act as judges. Photography is now so fashionable an amusement, that this Exhibition is likely to prove one of the successes of the London season.

Mr Henry Ffennell has published some interesting notes which he has collected with reference to the largest salmon taken, both with net and rod, from the principal rivers in the kingdom during the past year. The Tay, as might be expected, heads the list with a noble sixty-pounder; the Shannon gave up the next largest fish, weighing fifty-seven pounds; then follow the Tyne, fifty-one pounds; the Eden, forty-two pounds; the Derwent, forty-one pounds; the Tweed, thirty-nine pounds; and the Clyde, thirty-eight pounds. As a curiosity of fishing, it is

recorded that during the last week of the season at North Shields a fish of forty pounds kindly jumped into a boat lying at the fish-quay! Mr Ffennell remarks that the largest salmon which he ever saw, and which weighed seventy pounds, was that taken in the Tay in the year 1870, and of which a cast was made for the Fish Museum at South Kensington by the late Frank Buckland, who named it 'The King of Scots.'

Mr Guy, secretary of the Howietoun Fishery, has received a letter from Mr Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, conveying the following information: 'I have much pleasure in acknowledging the arrival, in excellent condition, of the trout eggs sent by you per *Furnessia*. Some of these were transferred to Mr Mather's station at Cold Spring Harbour, N. Y., and the remainder to the White Fish station of the Commission, in charge of Mr Frank N. Clark, at Northville, Michigan. Both gentlemen greatly admire the method in which the eggs were packed, and the perfect condition in which they came to hand.'

In an article on 'Curiosities of the Electric Light,' which appeared in this *Journal* for March 1, last year, the following passage occurred: 'Fog has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the [electric] arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange colour. A single gas jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-light. This is because the gas jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed.' With regard to this, an Australian correspondent writes us: 'The above passage brought to my mind what I was told years ago, that when driving at night in a fog, and the carriage or buggy lamps will not show the road, the light can be made to penetrate the fog by simply spreading a common red silk pocket-handkerchief over the glass of the lamps. This hint, even if of no use to electricians, may benefit some one compelled to drive home in the "small-hours."'

CROOKED ANSWERS.

THE knowledge attributed to the proverbial 'schoolboy' must always have amazed any person of only ordinary intelligence. Recent school examinations have, however, revealed a depth and variety of information possessed by juveniles, which bids fair to make the coming schoolboy throw his predecessors quite into the shade. Amongst many startling items of information may be instanced that 'a fort is a place to put men in,' and a fortress 'a place to put women in.' 'A famine in the land,' it appears, is what made the Tower of Pisa lean; and "cos the moon is so changin',' is the reason why it is of a different gender from the sun. The surface of the earth consists of land and water, said a bright youngster; but when asked, 'What, then, do land and water make?' he instantly replied, 'Mud.'

In many cases, it is evident that the pupils do not understand what the questions mean. When inquiring, 'What comes next to man in the scale of being?' it is rather surprising to be told it is 'his shirt.' It surely must have been the same boy who replied that the chief end of man was, 'The end what's got his head on.' The first man that went round the world was, in a little girl's opinion, 'The man in the moon.' A consonant is a 'portion of land surrounded by water.' It was 'Daniel in the lion's den' who said, 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and 'why the Israelites made a golden calf' was, 'Because they hadn't enough silver to make a cow.'

Reports of School-board examinations will form quite a comic library. 'What would have happened if Henry IV. of France had not been murdered?' The reply was: 'He would probably have died a natural death.' 'Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?' 'In the fire,' replied a little fellow, looking very grave and wise. An equally unexpected reply was elicited from a pupil when asked, 'What did the Israelites do when they came out of the Red Sea?' 'They dried themselves.'—'What is the feminine of friar?' First bright boy: 'Hasn't any.'—'Next.' Second bright boy: 'Nun.'—'That's right.' First boy, indignantly: 'That's just what I said!'

The following is still more ludicrous. A teacher asked a juvenile class some questions regarding their knowledge of electricity, and inquired which of them had ever seen a magnet. One sharp boy immediately said he had seen lots of them. 'Where?' inquired his instructor, astonished at his proficiency. 'In cheese,' was the ready reply.

But the good things are not all monopolised by the boys. Some little girls were studying the history of David, the passage for the day being that which describes the shepherd boy's victory over Goliath. The teacher asked the question, 'Now, can any of you little girls tell me who killed the giant?' Quick as thought, one of the smallest responded, 'Jack.'

An examination of girls in Board schools for prizes offered by the National Health Society revealed some curious items of information. One reply to, 'Mention any occupations considered injurious to health,' was: 'Occupations which are injurious to health are carbolic acid gas, which is impure blood.' Another pupil said: 'A stone-mason's work is injurious, because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips, and then they are taken into the lungs.' A third says: 'A bootmaker's trade is very injurious, because the bootmakers press the boots against the thorax; and therefore it presses the thorax in, and it touches the heart; and if they do not die, they are cripples for life.' With a beautiful decisiveness, one girl declares that 'all mechanical work is injurious to health.' A reply to a question about digestion runs: 'We should never eat fat, because the food does not digest.' Another states that 'when food is swallowed, it passes through the windpipe;' and that 'the chyle flows up the middle of the backbone, and reaches the heart, where it meets the oxygen, and is purified.' Another says: 'The work of

the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.' One little physiologist replies: 'We have an upper and a lower skin; the lower skin moves at its will, and the upper skin moves when we do.' Another child says: 'The heart is a *comical* shaped bag.' A third, that 'the upper skin is called *eppederby*, and the lower skin is called *derby*;' while a fourth enumerates the organs of digestion as 'stomach, *utensils*, liver, and spleen.'

Another school furnishes us with some choice specimens of general information, geography, history, and grammar. With reference to the first, we are told that 'the first day in Lent is called Matrimony,' moreover, that 'Matrimony is necessary to salvation;' and that 'our neighbour' is 'the person next door.' In geography, for instance, 'a volcano is a large mountain with a hole at the top and a fireplace at the bottom, and sometimes the fire comes out at the top and destroys the cities at the bottom, if there are any.' A watershed is a mountain like a cave, by which the river flows. A steppe is a mountain in France; and last, not least, we learn that 'we can go from London to Liverpool by the Brighton and South Coast line.' Equally ingenious and curious are the answers in grammar. One boy discovered there are three kinds of '*g*s'—the hard '*g*,' the soft '*g*,' and the 'refugee.' Beau has for the feminine, 'arrow;' peacock, 'peacockess;' and German, 'Gerwoman;' the feminine of bachelor is 'old maid, widow;' of gosling, 'ganderess;' and of fox, 'hare.' The plural of colloquy is 'colleagues, colloquise;' and the chief parts of teach, 'teacher, taught.'

In English history, more surprises await us. 'King Stephen was the first English martyr who was martyred in England; he was burned alive in St Albans in Holborn.' 'Magna Charta was a great man, and he was called Magna Charta because he used to go about preaching.' The Heptarchy was called the United States, it appears, at one time; and it also may not be generally known that 'Saint Thomas à Becket was a tax-gatherer; and one day he quarrelled with the Black Prince, and wanted to kill him.' One sapient historian observed that the 'Treaty of Utrecht was fought between the Zulus and the English.' Some remarkable and original information was given, too, regarding Chaucer, Spenser, and Swift. The first-named person, it seems, wrote *Æsop's Fables;* the second wrote the *Wealth of Nations;* while the third, who lived in John's reign, was a 'great astronomer and joker.'

But it is in sacred history that many bright pupils surpass themselves in leaving the region of facts, and boldly plunging into a sea of speculation. In the opinion of one, 'the Pharisees were bad people who used to wash.' Pontius 'Pilot,' another affirmed, was one of the Arabian Nights; and a third genius discovered that 'the Greek translation of the Old Testament was called Latin.' To the question, 'Who wrote the Catechism?' one said, 'St Paul;' another, 'Moses;' and a third, 'One of the prophets.'—'To whom did St Philip preach?' was one of the questions put. 'To the unicorn,' was the answer.

Here is the pith of a talented youngster's paper on the 'Good Samaritan.' 'A certing man went down from jerslam to jeriker, and he fell among thieves and the thorns sprang up and choaked him—whereupon he gave tuppins to the host, and praid take care on him and put him hon his hone hass. And he past by on the other side.' This and the following are not, as might be supposed, American exaggerations, but authenticated instances of examiners' experiences.

The last specimen is in answer to the question, 'Who was Moses?'—'He lived in a hark maid of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf and worshipt braizen snakes, and he het nothin but qwhales and manner for forty years. He was kart by the air while riding under a bow of a tree and he was killed by his son Abslon as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

With reference to the present distribution of this almost extinct animal, an American paper states as follows: 'The division of the buffalo herds by the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific railroads left two great bands of them—one on the north, and the other on the south side of the tracks. Those on the south side—in Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona—have long since disappeared from the ranges, their places being taken by the herds of domestic cattle and numerous flocks of sheep. The disappearance of the buffalo from the north-west dates from the conquest of Sitting Bull. When the military drove that great Indian warrior from the hunting-grounds of his tribe, the buffalo went with the red men. In the country were thousands upon thousands of buffaloes that fell beneath the bullets of the soldiers when there were no Indians to shoot at. It was grand sport for the soldiers, but it was death to the buffaloes. Upon the prairies of Dakota and Montana, where they once wandered in thousands, not a single one is now to be found. The only remnants of these mighty herds that once thronged the north-west are a few hundred animals scattered in the vicinity of Woody Mountain, across the line in British Manitoba. Last year a herd of about seventy-five thousand were corraled in the forks of the Little Missouri, on the south side of the Yellowstone River; but they were rounded up by the Gros Ventres and Crows, who attempted to drive them on their reservations before the white hunters could get a shot at them. In this they were unsuccessful, for the white hunters did get wind of the affair, and by the time both reds and whites got through with them, not five thousand of that mighty herd were left to cross the Yellowstone. The remnant, which did not get over in safety, continued their journey into the north, and at last found a refuge near Woody Mountain, in the British territory.'

WASTE SAND.

In all glass factories, the waste sand accumulates generally in very large quantities, so that it is difficult at times to know what to do with it. We learn, however, from a French publication (*Le Bulletin Technologique*) that a remedy has been found for this, by which the waste sand will not only be used up, but will be of great service in the production of articles of a kind

of earthenware resembling white bricks. First of all, the sand is subjected to enormous hydraulic pressure, and is then baked in furnaces at a very great heat, so that blocks of various sizes are produced of a white colour, being, in fact, a pure silex. These will resist the action of sulphuric and other powerful acids, as well as sharp frost, the heat of the sun, and wind and rain. They are very light, their specific gravity being only 1·5. They will be invaluable for decorative and architectural purposes, when combined with coloured bricks or stones.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF ENSILAGE.

At a recent meeting of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Edinburgh, Mr Colin Mackenzie stated that the test experiments which he had been conducting with ensilage at Portmore, Peeblesshire, were concluded in August last, when all the animals that had been fed on silage and turnips were sold. On February 14, when the experiments began, the six cattle that were fed on turnips and straw weighed on an average 7 cwt. 1 qr. 10⅔ lbs., and the five animals fed on silage averaged 7 cwt. 1 qr. 18⅖ lbs. When turned out to grass, on May 12, they averaged respectively 8 cwt. 1 qr. 2½ lbs. for the turnip-fed animals, and 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 12 lbs. for those getting silage. On June 17, the turnip-fed beasts averaged 8 cwt. 2 qrs. 8 lbs., while those fed on silage averaged 8 cwt. 3 qrs. 6 lbs. After being slaughtered, the dressed carcases were weighed, when the animals getting turnips averaged thirty-nine stone seven and one-sixth pounds, and those fed on silage gave an average of forty-two stone four and two-fifth pounds. Thus the silage-fed animals, which started with an advantage of eight pounds of live weight, finished with an advantage of two stone eleven pounds of dead weight. An experiment undertaken with the view of testing the suitability of silage for ewes in winter showed that from birth till the date of sale the lambs produced by the ewes could not be distinguished either in size or condition from the lambs of ewes fed on turnips. Mr Mackenzie proceeded to say that the whole of the cattle in his possession were now being foddered on silage only, and he could not desire to see them in a more healthy and thriving condition. His silos now numbered five, and the whole had been filled with the produce of lea-fields, 'hained' for cutting, and a certain amount of plantation grass, and the whole of the silage was in excellent condition. In conclusion, he moved that the committee to whom the task was intrusted of making the experiment be discharged, and that the Society proceed to gather and publish details of a practical nature regarding the use of silage.—The motion was unanimously agreed to.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

Mr C. S. Jeaffreson, F.R.C.S.E., writes as follows: 'Repeated paragraphs have lately appeared in many of the daily papers concerning a new drug—muriate of cocaine—which is declared to have the power, when applied to the surface of the eye, of producing complete anæsthesia, or insensibility to touch and painful impressions. By its agency the surgeon can, it is said, perform operations which are confined to the globe of the eye with perfect freedom from pain. I am so frequently being asked questions upon this subject, and the matter is of such vast importance to the general public, that I make no apology for stating my experience of this new drug in the public press. I have no hesitation in saying that since the introduction of chloroform into surgical practice, there is no discovery which equals in importance the effects which are found to follow the use of this new preparation. I obtained a four per cent. solution of muriate of cocaine through the agency of Mr Bolam, chemist, and having first experimented upon Dr Houseman—my assistant at the Eye Infirmary—and found that its effects upon the eye were such as to produce complete anæsthesia, I used it in various operations with complete and unqualified success. I have no doubt that its introduction will mark a new era in ophthalmic practice; and a knowledge of the great benefits which, by its agency, are likely—I may say certain—to accrue to suffering humanity cannot be too prominently brought before the public.'

SNOW ON THE MOORS.

FEBRUARY.

O'ER the wide waste of barren, bloomless moors,
Whereon not yet the purple heather-bells
Yield honey-spoil unto the roving bee,
Falls thick and white and fast the winter-snow.
Long, long ago, the pale blue harebells died;
The golden broom her petals one by one
Dropped 'mid the sere brown fern; and all the wealth
Of sweet wild-flowers that make bright and fair
The fells in autumn, withered lie and dead
Beneath the wintry blast.
The shepherd seeks,
Hardy and weather-seasoned though he be,
The shelter of his cot; his bonnet blue
Scarce keeps from off his scanty silver hairs
The pelting snow-storm; crouch the shivering ewes
With their new-yeaned and pretty bleating lambs,
'Neath the furze-covered shed.
Keen, keen, and cold,
The north wind whistles o'er the bleak hillside,
As, chill and gray, the gloaming closes in;
And ceaseless flutter from the leaden sky
The feathering flakes, till not a single bush,
Or tuft or hillock, through its covering shows,
But still and white and silent all around,
The landscape lies beneath a shroud of snow.

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IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

Among the facts that every schoolboy knows are many which most men and women have forgotten. Even those familiar on our tongues, few of us fully realise. That the last century has been pre-eminently the age of inventions which have changed the face of the world is the tritest of commonplaces. But the extent and variety of the mechanical, and still more of the industrial and social reorganisation effected by two or three great inventions, we seldom bear in mind, and our children seem likely to forget. The order of the civilised world has undergone a greater revolution in that period than perhaps in any preceding millennium. We all know that the land has been intersected with a network of canals, railways, and telegraphs; that seas have been joined, underlaid with telegraphic cables, and covered with fleets moving independent of wind and wave. But it is difficult for a strong imagination fully to realise the yet greater social and industrial revolution that steam has caused.

We know, but hardly remember, that the greatest single manufacture in the world is scarcely a hundred years old. Steam has obtained an absolute monopoly of textile manufactures, gathering multitudes of men, women, and children in gigantic establishments to work under conditions and perform functions scarcely less mechanical than those of the countless spindles, the endless rows of mules and looms they no longer direct, but watch and serve. The economical gain is enormous, and felt by every family within reach of European commerce. The social and moral consequences are more questionable; although the grosser evils originally attending the sudden and enormous growth of the system have been almost entirely corrected.

Marvellous as have been the inventions of the recent past, stupendous as are the changes they have effected, inventions in actual progress or 'within measurable distance' of attainment promise even greater results. Metallurgists are in active pursuit of cheap aluminium; and cheap aluminium might prove a scarcely less valuable possession, a scarcely less revolutionary industrial agent, than iron itself. Incorrodible as gold, beautiful as silver, threefold lighter, strength for strength, than iron, even more useful to the electrician than copper, aluminium promises to be the most serviceable, as it is one of the most abundant of metals. Hitherto, however, the difficulty of separating it from its ores has rendered it at least one-half as costly as silver. It has been obtained, we believe, only from the chloride, and only through the action of sodium, another abundant but comparatively irreducible metal. But no chemist doubts that it may, most expect that it will, soon be obtainable by some comparatively cheap and simple process from common ores like its silicate, which forms the basis of clay. Were it as cheap as iron, it might supersede iron for almost all purposes. Aluminium ships would need no copper sheathing, would be as strong as steel, and but one-third of the weight. Aluminium furniture would be lighter and far more elegant than either wood or iron; aluminium machinery would be clean and light, would not soil the hands of the workers with rust or oil. Aluminium utensils would be far handier than iron, safe as tin, and even less corrodible than copper. Aluminium spoons and forks would certainly supersede electro-plate and every other substitute for silver. Railway engines and carriages made of aluminium would reduce probably by one-half the dead-weight of the train. Infrangible glass is another by no means impossible or incredible achievement of the future; and infrangible glass, especially with the aid of cheap aluminium, might improve almost indefinitely our inconvenient, absurd, and uncomfortable domestic architecture.

But the paramount invention, the master-agent of the future, is electricity. The delay of electric lighting, which has greatly disappointed public expectation, is due less to unforeseen and by no means insuperable difficulties—less to cost, which would be speedily and steadily reduced—than to

injudicious legislation; which, too eager to protect the public interest, has placed the holders of electric patents under apparently unfair and certainly unacceptable conditions. But the electric light is an accomplished fact, accomplished in forms severally suitable for street, theatrical, factory, and domestic use. For rooms large or small, the little 'Swan' lamp, single or by twos and threes, realises the ideal perfection of artificial light. It has neither glare nor heat nor smoke; it is bright, soft, and steady, and as it can be placed close to the ceiling, need affect the eyes no more than diffused sunshine. Electricity will supersede gas as certainly as gas superseded oil and wax and tallow. Thus cheapened, gas will probably supersede coal as the fuel of electric engines and of domestic use. Conservatories and hothouses lighted with electricity will allow the florist and fruit-grower to try new experiments in forcing, acclimatising; creating artificial seasons at his pleasure. Heretofore, he could obtain summer heat, but not the prolonged light which is equally essential. The alleged danger from the wires is far less than that from gas, which we regard with so much indifference. There is no peril of leaking or bursting pipes, accidents and explosions without the interference and beyond the control of the household. For one man who, recklessly laying hold of communicating wires, may be painlessly killed, a score are now burnt or blown up, blinded or maimed, by gas accidents utterly beyond their own control. The children of the next generation will bless the invention which allows the parent to leave them a light brighter than gas, and beyond the reach of careless or mischievous fingers. The perfection of the telephone is no extravagant dream of sanguine credulity. Our children may, and probably will, live to communicate by word of mouth between Liverpool and London, Leeds and Glasgow, if not between London and Paris, or even between Liverpool and New York. Very probably they may see the telephone a common article of domestic convenience. Married daughters and sisters may be able to hold daily converse with their distant homes; men of business, as it is, give orders and instructions verbally, by a method which admits of question, explanation, and correction at the moment.

But the peculiar interest and incalculable potential importance of electricity lies in its character as a motive-power, or rather, perhaps, as a vehicle of motive-force. It differs from all others hitherto employed in several vital particulars. It is capable of easy and infinite subdivision, of storage and of employment at an indefinite distance. These characteristics may have consequences as yet undreamed of, or dreamed of not by men of science, but by observant and somewhat Utopian speculative thinkers. The first and most obvious consequence relates to the sources of power. At present, nearly all the motive-power employed in wholesale locomotion by land and sea, in manufactures, and in every form of industry—the only motive-force except that of human and animal muscle at man's command, save in a few favoured localities—is derived from coal. Water and wind power might be had gratis; but as compared with the steam-power supplied by coal, even water-power is worth having only where it is supplied under specially advantageous conditions, and where coal is distant and costly. But coal, the stored and petrified forests of former ages, is absolutely limited in quantity; though the as yet undeveloped coal-fields of America and India, not to mention others, promise to supply the consumption of mankind for an indefinite period. Our English coal-fields with the present and prospective output, cannot be expected to last for ever. It may be very long before the whole coal will be used up; but that which is accessible at moderate depths without enormous increase in the cost of production will not last two or three centuries at the present constantly increasing rate of consumption. We want so much coal to supply heat for chemical and domestic purposes, that we cannot long afford to make it our sole source of motive-power. This may seem a needless or exaggerated alarm; but at all events, could we find a cheap means of rendering available the force supplied gratis by nature, the use of artificial motive-power, by which the progress of material civilisation may be roughly measured, would proceed far more rapidly, evenly, and cheaply than while we depend on coal alone.

Now, electricity promises to furnish just what we want—a means of converting the waste forces of nature into an available form. How vast those forces are, only scientific men are at all aware. The heat of the sun, the wind, the water-power of the world's innumerable rivers—above all, that supplied by the motion of the world itself, the force of the tides—afford, each and every one of them, a supply of force incomparably greater than all the possible coal-fields of the earth can practically furnish. Sanguine electricians tell us that each and all of these can be rendered available as sources of electric motive-power. One eminent inventor already lights his house with electricity derived from the water-power of a small stream some furlongs distant. It would be just as easy to apply that power to work sewing-machines, lifts, sawpits, or a local railway. The smallest waterfall, the force of an utterly neglected stream, could furnish half-a-dozen households with motive-power sufficient for all domestic purposes to which machinery could be applied. The Thames could light London, and have force yet to spare for all the machinery of every factory on its banks. True that the waste, both in conversion and application, will be great; that is to say, we shall obtain half, perhaps not a quarter, possibly not more than a tithe of the force which sun and wind, stream and tide, can supply. But we need not calculate or grudge the waste of force that costs nothing, and which as yet is absolutely wasted.

Another important point in the promise if not the performance of electricity is the power of storage. We cannot store up steam or wind or sun-heat in their native form; but each of them may be made the source of electricity that can be stored. Boxes of electric force originally supplied by coal or water-power, or it might be by the tide or by the sails of a windmill, can furnish light to a household, motive-power to a tricycle or a sewing-machine. As yet, the power of storage is inconveniently limited; that is, the boxes are inconveniently large and heavy. But electricians expect to find means of storing a very much larger power in very much smaller

bulk. When this is done, a locomotive, a boat, a carriage, or a tricycle can be supplied at starting with a portable motive-power of an amount capable of driving it for so many hours at an ascertained speed. The importance of this peculiar capacity of electric force is obvious. Windmills were abandoned, in spite of the cheapness of their motive-power, simply because it could not be stored; because they could work only when the wind happened to blow, and blow briskly. In a word, the sources of electric force are absolutely unlimited; and those that work most unevenly are scarcely the less available, since the power they supply can be laid up in reserve.

But among all the characteristics of the new force, probably the most important, especially in the social and industrial aspect, are its divisibility and conductibility. Niagara, they say, could supply all the factories of the States with water-power; but that power could heretofore be turned to account only on the spot, and therefore only an infinitesimal part of the limitless supply could have been available. As matter of fact, the whole of this vast reservoir of power has been left unused. So little of it could have been utilised, that it was not worth while to disfigure the magnificent natural scenery of that unrivalled gorge. But, converted into electric force, the water-power of Niagara might be conveyed to an indefinite distance, and distributed in amounts large or small to suit the needs of factories or of families. This is of course an extreme illustration rather than a practical example. The potentialities of electricity are not accomplished facts, but neither are they mere speculations. The conversion, the storage, the conveyance, and the distribution have all been achieved upon a small scale and in an imperfect form; that the scale can be enlarged and the methods improved almost indefinitely, those least doubt who have most deeply studied the subject.

The cheapness of conveyance, the distribution of force, may well apply a powerful check to the most formidable and most unpleasant tendency of modern civilisation, the aggregation of human beings in vast, unmanageable, unwholesome dreary cities; for nothing can make vast masses of stone and brick and mortar, endless lines of street, otherwise than dreary, unpleasant, unwholesome, in comparison with the fresh air and natural beauty of the open country. When motive-power can be distributed indefinitely, the city will have no necessary, indispensable, irresistible economic advantage over the village. Aggregation and division of labour must always be more or less economical; but the spinner and weaver may well be content to earn ten or fifteen per cent. less for the sake of independence. Fathers and husbands may well choose that wives and daughters should earn twenty shillings at home, rather than twenty-five or thirty shillings under the rigid discipline and in the promiscuous society of the great factory. Should this prove possible, women will be able to earn their bread without neglecting their homes, to work eight, nine, or ten hours a day, but not continuously; with less fatigue, with perfect freedom, with liberty to rest, or to interrupt their handicraft in order to mind their children, to cook the meal, and keep the house clean and comfortable.

All the artistic handicrafts, all those in which individual skill, taste, and feeling are important, will tend to segregation, when the indispensable aid of machinery can be supplied almost as easily to the single artisan as to the thousand hands of a great establishment. The tendency at present is to compulsory concentration, as more and more is done by machinery, and less and less by independent human skill and strength. But when independent human skill and strength can have the aid of machinery and motive-power without foregoing independence and individual liberty, half the evils of the system, and all the heartburning that it at present excites, will gradually and naturally pass away. Thus, electricity promises not indeed to reverse, but to check the social action of steam. Congregated labour will still occupy a large part, probably far the greater part of the industrial field. But electricity promises to preserve to individual independent industry all that it still retains, and to restore much that it has lost. When men can find separate and independent employment—when women and children can earn a living without quitting the domestic sphere—when the factories, therefore, depend on volunteers, no longer confined to Hobson's choice, the reforms which it now seems difficult and almost impossible to introduce, will enforce themselves.

To predict that electricity *will* achieve such results, even to affirm confidently that such will be its tendency, would be rash and unreasonable. But this at least is clear, that electricity admits of application, and almost indefinite application to isolated handicrafts and domestic convenience. The application of artificial motive-power in the smallest workshops to aid the individual labourer may not be economical, but it will be possible. The domestic use of machinery, which has hitherto been a more or less Utopian dream, will be brought within the sphere of practical effort. All men of mechanical tastes and knowledge are aware how much steam might do to lighten the labours, to add to the comfort of domestic life, were it practically possible to make the steam-engine a common domestic convenience. What cannot be done with steam can be done with electricity. The rougher mechanical labour of all but the smallest establishments—pumping water, cleaning knives, turning the mangle and the sewing-wheel, may be done ten, fifteen, or thirty years hence, if not without human care, at least without muscular effort. Electric vehicles alone would add enormously to the comfort of daily life, as to the convenience of business. Of all domestic luxuries, a carriage is perhaps the most universally and reasonably coveted, the first, though the most reluctantly, abandoned. How much it contributes to health as well as to enjoyment—how the privation is felt by overtasked or weakly women accustomed to, but compelled to resign it, those only know who have tried. Electricity may in a few years furnish an available substitute, a cheap and convenient means of conveyance; bring fresh air and change of scene, the refreshment and delight of a frequent country drive, within the reach of all who have leisure to enjoy them, of tired men and feeble women, of invalids and children.

The dull conservatism, the slow improvement of domestic economy, contrast signally and strangely with the rapid progress of industrial organisation. Men of business tolerate in their homes an expense, a neglect of well-known and simple improvements, an adhesion to obsolete, extravagant, inconvenient methods, a waste of labour which would be impossible in the severe competition of business. At a moderate estimate, one-third of our domestic labour runs to waste for lack of two or three familiar and obvious contrivances. Factories, clubs, and hotels have long since adopted as necessary economies improvements which are still wanting alike in the most luxurious and the most economical families. The carriage of water, for example, is a scandalous and needless tax on servants' strength, a wanton waste of highly-paid labour. A comparatively slight expenditure would furnish our houses with the far simpler, cleanlier, and more convenient arrangement of our clubs. Coal-fires, open fireplaces, ill-constructed chimneys, double the cost of fuel, and, together with the incompleteness of water-service, probably take up the time of one servant in four. The root of the mischief is, of course, that houses are built by speculators and rented for short terms. No man of sense, building for himself on land of his own, would dream of adopting the almost invariable construction of town and suburban houses—the rotten foundations, the thin walls, the insanitary arrangements, the absence of all mechanical appliances to secure comfort and save labour; and the same wretched system will doubtless delay the adoption of the yet greater facilities proffered by electricity. But the senseless, comfortless, wasteful system of the present cannot last for ever, deeply as the division of interests from which it arises is unhappily rooted in our economic system. The ground landlord, secure of his rent, cares for nothing else. The builders, as a body, with their forty, sixty, or eighty years' leases, and a monopoly of ground within reach of business centres, will spend nothing to attract tenants, who, go where they will within the limits imposed on them, can find nothing better. The tenant cannot spend money on the improvement of a stranger's property. Not one house in ten, therefore, is furnished with a sensible kitchen range, not one in fifty has a decent or economic water-service, not one in a thousand a single arrangement for saving labour or fuel, or securing health or comfort.

Happily, a reaction is here and there discernible. The very costliness of ground has led to the construction of buildings whose size renders solidity indispensable. English families detest flats; flats, therefore, must be made attractive by conveniences not found in independent houses. The absence of stairs—in itself an enormous saving of labour—is not sufficient; the economies and comforts familiar to clubs and hotels must be introduced. The flats may be expected to raise gradually but surely the absurdly low and worse than antiquated standard of independent dwellings; and when flats are lighted by electricity and furnished with motive-power, the contrast of comfort and convenience will be too glaring; will provoke a strong, persistent, irresistible demand for common-sense, decency, and rational arrangement in the construction of houses intended for the same class of tenants, and now brought for the first time into competition with honestly built and sensibly constructed dwellings. And if, as seems probable, electricity should gradually increase the facility of locomotion, and extend the permissible distance between men's dwellings and their work, a greater range of choice may enforce a competition not merely of cheapness, but of honest, sensible, economic construction.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.

THE revelation which thus burst upon Mr Durant was known throughout the length and breadth of Bordighera, as that good man said, before the day was out. The expression was not so inappropriate as might be at first supposed, considering the limited society to which the fact that Mr Waring had a second daughter was of any particular interest; for the good chaplain's own residence was almost at the extremity of the Marina, and General Gaunt's on the highest point of elevation among the olive gardens; while the only other English inhabitants were in the hotels near the beach, and consisted of a landlady, a housekeeper, and the highly respectable person who had charge of the stables at the Bellevue. This little inferior world was respectfully interested but not excited by the new arrival.

But to Mrs Durant and Tasie it was an event of the first importance; and Mrs Gaunt was at first disposed to believe that it was a revelation of further wickedness, and that there was no telling where these discoveries might end. 'We shall be hearing that he has a son next,' she said. They had a meeting in the afternoon to talk it over; and it really did appear at first that the new disclosure enhanced the enormity of the first; for, naturally, the difference between a widower and a married man is aggravated by the discovery that the deceiver pretending to have only one child has really 'a family.' At the first glance, the ladies were all impressed by this; though afterwards, when they began to think of it, they were obliged to admit that the conclusion perhaps was not very well founded. And when it turned out that Frances and the new-comer were twins, that altogether altered the question, and left them, though they were by no means satisfied, without anything further to say.

While all this went on outside the Palazzo, there was much going on within it that was calculated to produce difficulty and embarrassment. Mr Waring, with a consciousness that he was acting a somewhat cowardly part, ran away from it altogether, and shut himself up in his library, and left his daughters to make acquaintance with each other as they best could. He was, as has been said, by no means sufficiently at his ease to return to what he called his studies, the ordinary occupations of his life. He had run away, and he knew it. He went so far as to turn the key in one door, so that, whatever happened, he could only be invaded from one side, and sat down uneasily in the full conviction that from moment to moment

he might be called upon to act as interpreter or peacemaker, or to explain away difficulties. He did not understand women, but only his wife, from whom he had taken various prejudices on the subject; neither did he understand girls, but only Frances, whom, indeed, he ought to have known better than to suppose either that she was likely to squabble with her sister, or call him in to mediate or explain. Frances was not at all likely to do either of these things; and he knew that; yet lived in a vague dread, and did not even sit comfortably on his chair, and tried to distract his mind with a novel—which was the condition in which he was found by Mr Durant. The clergyman's visit did him a little good, giving him at once a grievance and an object of ridicule. During the rest of the day, he was so far distracted from his real difficulties as to fall from time to time into fits of secret laughter over the idea of having been in all unconsciousness a source of danger for Tasie. He had never been a gay Lothario, as he said; but to have run the risk of destroying Tasie's peace of mind was beyond his wildest imagination. He longed to confide it to somebody; but there was no one with whom he could share the fun. Constance perhaps might have understood; but Frances! He relapsed into gravity when he thought of Frances. It was not the kind of ludicrous suggestion which would amuse her.

Meanwhile, the girls, who were such strangers to each other, yet so closely bound by nature, were endeavouring to come to a knowledge of each other by means which were much more subtle than any explanation their father could have supplied; so that he might, if he had understood them better, have been entirely at his ease on this point. As a matter of fact, though Constance was the cleverer of the two, it was Frances who advanced most quickly in her investigations, for the excellent reason, that it was Constance who talked, while Frances, for the most part having nothing at all interesting to say of herself, held her peace. Frances had been awakened at an unusually late hour in the morning, for the agitation of the night had abridged her sleep at the other end—by the sounds of mirth which accompanied the first dialogue between her new sister and Mariuccia. The Italian which Constance knew was not very much, and it was of a finer quality than any with which Mariuccia was acquainted; but still they came to some sort of understanding, and both repudiated the efforts of Frances to explain. And from that moment Constance had kept the conversation in her hands. She did not chatter, nor was there any appearance of loquacity in her; but Frances had lived much alone, and had been taught not to disturb her father when she was with him, so that it was more her habit to be talked to than to talk. She did not even ask many questions; they were scarcely necessary; for Constance, as was natural, was full of herself and of her motives for the step she had taken. These revelations gave Frances new lights almost at every word.

'You always knew, then, about us?' Frances said. She had intended to say 'about me,' but refrained, with mingled modesty and pride.

'Oh, certainly. Mamma always writes, you know, at Christmas, if not oftener. We did not know you were here. It was Markham who found out that. Markham is the most active-minded fellow in the world. Papa does not much like him. I daresay you have never heard anything very favourable of him; but that is a mistake. We knew pretty well about you. Mamma used to ask that you should write, since there was no reason why, at your age, you should not speak for yourself; but you never did. I suppose he thought it better not.'

'I suppose so.'

'But I should not myself have been restrained by that,' said Constance. 'I think very well on the whole of papa; but obedience of that sort at our age is too much; I should not have obeyed him. I should have told him, that in such a matter I must judge for myself. However, if one learns anything as one grows up,' said this young philosopher, 'it is that no two people are alike. I suppose that was not how the subject presented itself to you?'

Frances made no reply. She wondered what she would have said had she been told to write to an unknown mother. Ought she to do so now? The idea was a very strange one to her mind, and yet what could be more natural? It was with a sense of precipitate avoidance of a subject which must be contemplated fully at an after-period, that she said hurriedly: 'I have never written letters. It did not come into my head.'

'Ah!' said Constance, looking at her with a sort of impartial scrutiny. Then she added with a sequence of thoughts which it was not difficult to follow: 'Don't you think it is very odd that you and I should be the same age?'

Frances felt herself grow red, and the water came to her eyes. She looked wistfully at the other, who was so much more advanced than she felt herself to be. 'I suppose—we ought to have been like each other,' she said.

'We are not, however, a bit. You are like mamma. I don't know whether you are like her in mind; but on the outside. And I am like *him*. It is very funny. It shows that one has these peculiarities from one's birth; it couldn't be habit or association, as people say, for I have never been with him—neither have you with mamma. I suppose he is very independent-minded, and does what he likes without thinking? So do I. And you consider what other people will say, and how it will look, and a thousand things.'

It did not seem to Frances that this was the case; but she was not at all in the habit of studying herself, and made no protest. Did she consider very much what other people would say? Perhaps it was true. She had been obliged, she reflected, to consider what Mariuccia would say; so that probably Constance was right.

'It was Markham that discovered you, after all, as I told you. He is invaluable; he never forgets; and if you want to find anything out, he will take any amount of trouble. I may as well tell you why I left home. If we are going to live together as sisters, we ought to make confidants of each other; and if you have to go, you can take my part.—Well, then! You must know there is a man in it. They say you should always ask, "Who is She?" when there is a row between men; and I am sure it is just as natural

to ask, "Who is He?" when a girl gets into a scrape.'

The language, the tone, the meaning, were all new to Frances. She did not know anything about it. When there is a row between men; when a girl gets into a scrape: the one and the other were equally far from her experience. She felt herself blush, though she scarcely knew why. She shook her head when Constance added, though rather as a remark than as a question: 'Don't you know?—Oh, well; I did not mean, have you any personal experience, but as a general principle? The man in this case was well enough. Papa said, when I told him, that it was quite right; that I had better have made up my mind without making a fuss; that he would have advised me so, if he had known. But I will never allow that this is a point upon which any one can judge for you. Mamma pressed me more than a mother has any right to do—to a person of my age.'

'But, Constance, eighteen is not so very old.'

'Eighteen is the age of reason,' said the girl somewhat imperiously; then she paused and added—'in most cases, when one has been much in the world, like me. Besides, it is like the middle ages when your mother thinks she can make you do what she pleases and marry as she likes. That must be one's own affair. I must say that I thought papa would take my part more strongly, for they have always been so much opposed. But after all, though he is not in harmony with her, still the parents' side is his side.'

'Did you not like—the gentleman?' said Frances. Nothing could be more modest than this question, and yet it brought the blood to her face. She had never heard the ordinary badinage on this subject, or thought of love with anything but awe and reverence, as a mystery altogether beyond her and out of discussion. She did not look at her sister as she put the question. Constance lay back in the long wicker-work chair, well lined with cushions, which was her father's favourite seat, with her hands clasped behind her head, in one of those attitudes of complete *abandon* which Frances had been trained to think impossible to a girl.

'Did I like—the gentleman? I did not think that question could ever again be put to me in an original way. I see now what is the good of a sister. Mamma and Markham and all my people had such a different way of looking at it. You must know that *that* is not the first question, whether you like the man. As for that, I liked him—well enough. There was nothing to—dislike in him.'

Frances turned her eyes to her sister's face with something like reproach. 'I may not have used the right word. I have never spoken on such subjects before.'

'I have always been told that men are dreadful prudes,' said Constance. 'I suppose papa has brought you up to think that such things must never be spoken of. I'll tell you what is original about it. I have been asked if he was not rich enough, if he was not handsome enough, if he had not a good enough title, and I have been asked if I loved him, which was nonsense; I have not known him long enough. I could answer all that; but you I can't answer. Don't I like him? I was not going to be persecuted about him. It was Markham who put it into my head. "Why don't you go to your father," he said, "if you won't hear reason? He is just the sort of person to understand you, if we don't." So, then, I took them at their word. I came off—to papa.'

'Does Markham dislike papa? I mean, doesn't he think'——

'I know what you mean. They don't think that papa has good sense. They think him romantic, and all that. I have always been accustomed to think so too. But the curious thing is that he isn't,' said Constance with an injured air. 'I suppose, however foolish one's father may be for himself, he still feels that he must stand on the parents' side.'

'You speak,' said Frances, with a little indignation, 'as if papa was likely to be against—his children: as if he were an enemy.'

'Taking sides is not exactly being enemies, said Constance. 'We are each of our own faction, you know. It is like Whigs and Tories. The fathers and mothers side with each other, even though they may be quite different, and not get on together. There is a kind of reason in it. Only, I have always heard so much of papa as unreasonable and unlike other people, that I never thought of him in that light. He would be, though, except that for the present I am such a stranger, and he feels bound to be civil to me. If it were not for his politeness, he is capable of being medieval too.'

'I don't know what medieval means,' said Frances, with much heat, indignant to hear her father thus spoken of as a subject for criticism. Perhaps she had criticised him in her time, as children use; but silently, not putting it into words, which makes a great difference. And besides, what one does one's self in this way is quite another matter. As she looked at this girl, who was a stranger, though in some extraordinary way not a stranger, a momentary pang and impotent sudden rage against the web of strange circumstances in which she felt herself caught and bewildered, flamed up in her mild eyes and mind, unaccustomed to complications. Constance took no notice of this sudden passion.

'It means bread and water,' she said with a laugh, 'and shutting up in one's own room, and cutting off of all communication from without. Mamma, if she were driven to it, is quite capable of that. They all are—rather than give in; but as these are not the middle ages, they have to give in at last. Perhaps, if I had thought that what you may call his official character would be too strong for papa, I should have fought it out at home. But I thought he at least would be himself, and not a conventional parent. I am sure he has been a very queer sort of parent hitherto; but the moment a fight comes, he puts himself on his own side.'

She gave forth these opinions very calmly, lying back in the long chair, with her hands clasped behind her head, and her eyes following abstractedly the lines of the French coast. The voice which uttered sentiments so strange to Frances was of the most refined and harmonious tones, low, soft, and clear. And the lines of her slim elastic figure, and of her perfectly

appropriate dress, which combined simplicity and costliness, carelessness and consummate care, as only high art can, added to the effect of a beauty which was not beauty in any demonstrative sense, but rather harmony, ease, grace, fine health, fine training, and what, for want of a better word, we call blood. Not that the bluest blood in the world inevitably carries with it this perfection of tone; but Constance had the effect which a thoroughbred horse has upon the connoisseur. It would have detracted from the impression she made, had there been any special point upon which the attention lingered—had her eyes, or her complexion, her hands, or her hair, or any individual trait called for particular notice. But hers was not beauty of that description.

Her sister, who was, so to speak, only a little rustic, sat and gazed at her in a kind of rapture. Her heart did not, as yet at least, go out towards this intruder into her life; her affections were as yet untouched; and her temper was a little excited, disturbed by the critical tone which her sister assumed, and the calm frankness with which she spoke. But though all these dissatisfied, almost hostile sentiments were in Frances' mind, her eyes and attention were fascinated. She could not resist the influence which this external perfection of being produced upon her. It was only perhaps now in the full morning light, in the *abandon* of this confidence and candour, which had none of the usual tenderness of confidential revelations, but rather a certain half-disdainful self-discovery which necessity demanded, that Frances fully perceived her sister's gifts. Her own impatience, her little impulses of irritation and contradiction, died away in the wondering admiration with which she gazed. Constance showed no sign even of remarking the effect she produced. She said meditatively, dropping the words into the calm air without any apparent conception of novelty or wonder in them: 'I wonder how you will like it when you have to go.'

DOMESTIC SCHOOLS IN GERMANY.

In England, indeed throughout the United Kingdom, schools of cookery—as described in this *Journal* for 6th December 1884—are gradually becoming a recognised national institution. Admirably conducted they are too; there is nothing of the 'young-ladyism' principle about them, for the teaching combines the kitchen-maid's with the cook's duties. The students must learn not only how to arrange the contents of a pan, but also how to clean it afterwards; how to prepare the fire, cleanse the flue, blacklead and polish the range; even to scrub the floor. If their position is above the need of making these as daily duties, the knowledge fits them for directing others, and thus preventing those domestic troubles, in the form of wastefulness of time and means, that too often mar the home-peace of young housekeepers. In some of these schools, efforts are made to add lessons in dressmaking and getting up fine linen. As yet, however, this is only tentative. Still, it shows that the spirit of educational energy is rousing the middle classes to raise even 'household cares' to the dignity of an art.

But with us, domestic instruction is confined to lectures and class-lessons given in courses for specified charges. We have no organised system of domestic education, such as exists in Germany. Even there, domestic schools are the comparatively recent introduction of private enterprise. They are increasing in number and influence, and may ultimately, as most things do there, meet with the paternal attentions of the government, and be expanded into public institutions. So far, they are on a simple, even homely scale. One at Freiburg, in Baden, is conducted by a lady who started it on her own resources of spirited energy. Suddenly deprived by adverse fortune of a leading social position, she resolved to utilise those talents which hitherto had been exercised only in the way of general household superintendence. Her reputation as a *Hausfrau* and for having the deftest fingers for needlework, had made her lady-friends regard her as a domestic authority. Acting on this, she decided on organising a school, modelled on one then acquiring repute in Berlin. Her only shortcoming was dressmaking, as taught on scientific principles of cutting out and blackboard drawing. With patient courage, she went to a large city, and there placed herself for some months under the necessary tuition; so that when her undertaking was fairly started, she was competent to fulfil all its responsibilities.

On one point, domestic schools differ from all other educational establishments—they are intended only for grown-up young ladies. Madame Kuenzer, at Freiburg, receives no pupil under fifteen to sixteen years of age, when school-books are closed, and a knowledge of home practical duties is required. Where it is desired to pursue accomplishments, arrangements are made for lessons in music, drawing, languages, &c. But these lie outside of the school scheme, which aims only at the prosaic utilities of domestic life; which, in fact, for the moment shuts out the drawing-room, and embraces the regions of the kitchen, the laundry, the workroom, and general household departments.

Germany's reputation for *Hausfraus* has hitherto been too easily gained, on the strength of the custom for its young girls, especially on the eve of marriage, to put themselves for a few weeks under the *chef* at an hotel, or one holding sway in the kitchen of some great house. At Freiburg, for instance, the *chef* at the bishop's palace is often called on to direct young ladies' white hands in the making of pastry or stirring of sauces. At the domestic schools, however, such mere fancy-lessons are distinctly refused. Against them, Madame Kuenzer at once set her face, accepting only those pupils who wish to be thoroughly initiated in the whole course of domestic training, for which she considers twelve months not too long an apprenticeship. To secure this, her pupils must board and lodge with her, in a simple, homely, family-life sort of way. English fastidiousness might consider this way as primitively rough and ready, unless insular notions have been blunted by much brushing up against continental habits. To preserve the home character, Madame Kuenzer limits her school to ten or twelve pupils; a lady assists her to superintend the arrangements; servants are there as solid aids; the house is pleasantly situated; its young

inmates are busy as bees under their active directress, whose gracious manners and vivacity betray the partly French origin of her characteristics.

In the early mornings, at the quaint Market Place, one may meet Madame Kuenzer and two or three of her young pupils. They are busy pricing and buying the day's needs; the girls learning how to choose provisions, to modify extortionate market charges, and to keep a wary eye on just scale-weights. The girls left at home are occupied with room-cleaning, tidying, dusting, bed-making, &c. Some are told off to trim the lamps—a necessary duty in a foreign gasless house—or restore table and pantry order after the breakfast debris, for the preparations of which meal several had previously assisted. On the return of the 'marketers,' those whose turn it is flock into the kitchen. This is large and light; in the centre is the cooking-stove, open all round, and admitting four young cooks at a time—a veritable *multum in parvo* of hot and cold water arrangements, and utensil and implement compartments. Here the cooking lesson is given—getting ready the soup, a process in Germany of the most complicated nature; preparing the meat; washing, cleaning, cutting the vegetables; measuring and mixing spices and condiments; making and rolling the pastry; seeing after and stirring the sauces—for every dish at every course has a sauce, and that a different one—attending to the progress of the various pans on the fires in their boiling or simmering duties—the laborious operation of preparing a German dinner ending in results much appreciated by those who practically test it.

German cooking does not terminate with a meal. There are endless adjuncts that have to be prepared and kept ready. An English cook considers herself rather exemplary if she takes care of 'stock;' she often, too, seeks to enforce her general reputation by filling the house with nauseous odours from the 'rendering of fat.' With a German cook, the first is just a part of her daily routine; while in the latter respect she far surpasses her British sister by doing it on a more magnificent scale. For instance, she procures five or six pounds of raw mutton fat; after carefully paring, trimming, and cutting it into about half-pound pieces, she puts it into a pan on a slow fire. In another pan she puts the same number of pounds of pork fat similarly prepared. After some hours' simmering, the contents of the pans become perfectly liquid, and are then mixed together. Five or six pounds of butter, previously heated into positive oil, are stirred into them. The whole is then clarified, poured into a stone jar, left to cool, and serves for some months as cooking-butter. Then, also, a good *Hausfrau* has the coffee roasted at home. If in the cooking-butter operation, open windows have to be resorted to, in the coffee-roasting, open outdoors have to be added. Even then, one longs for 'all the perfumes of Arabia' to relieve olfactory sufferings!

Some of the cooking stock-in-trade, however, is of a more acceptable nature. There are the odd cuttings of bread, which are carefully kept until well hardened; they are then buttered over, and left a long time in a pan in the oven; then pestled and mortared into dust, and kept in reserve for frying fish, cutlets, &c. Sour cream, too, is carefully stored, as, mixed with yolk of eggs, it plays a large part in soups, &c. Then there are the pickling and preserving, which are the very coat of arms of German storeroom dignity; and all sorts of other preparations that must be kept ready for need.

Besides all these extraneous duties, there is the keeping in order of the numerous cooking utensils. The Germans have certainly a wonderfully inventive faculty for kitchen vessels and implements, the use of which, until the recent introduction by the schools of cookery of many of them, would have bewildered English housekeepers, but which in Germany are as invaluable as they are ingenious. To keep them in spotless condition is one of the lessons Madame Kuenzer's young pupils have to learn, as also to understand the methodical system of the cleaning, polishing, &c. of the kitchen and all its fixtures.

A more important lesson still is impressed on them—never to waste a fragment that can be utilised for present or after purposes. It is this kitchen economy in foreign households which marks so great a contrast with English wastefulness. It is to be hoped that our schools of cookery will reform all that.

While Madame Kuenzer's kitchen is full of bustle, the workroom, though quieter, is not less a scene of industry. A large room with four windows; a centre table where 'cutting-out' is practised; a blackboard whereon part of a dress is sketched for a pupil to copy by mathematical measurement, before venturing to mismanage material. The young girls are scattered about the room, at the windows or elsewhere, some at dressmaking; some at plain-sewing; some learning to mend stockings with the knitting-stitch, which, when well done, shakes credibility as to a previous hole. There is no need to teach actual knitting, for, as Spartan babies used to get spears as playthings, German baby-girls get knitting-needles as toys, and have their stockings ready by the time they can walk. At least, so jesters say, a still more incorrigible one declaring that, at the last trumpet-call, German women will arise placidly, stocking-knitting all the time! Madame Kuenzer's pupils, however, do not limit themselves to stockings. Endless are the knitted articles they turn out, both of a useful and an ornamental nature. Then there is a frame, curiously nail-tacked out in design, at which one of the girls is sitting, and really fabricates a shawl. Another is occupied making beaded lace. A third is busy re-fashioning an old dress, and re-piecing parts in a way to defy the cavils of the microscopic eye. New bonnets are being trimmed, or old ones modernised; or there is an umbrella getting re-covered; or fancy-shoes being renovated; or personal or household linen being darned in a way—if of damask material, the design is perfectly preserved—to defy the most critical scrutiny. In short, it would be difficult to give a comprehensive view of the varieties of needlework practised in that busy room.

On laundry-days, there is a great activity. For the washing of the heavy things, special laundresses are engaged. Still, the young girls look on and learn, while giving a helping hand. When ironing and clear-starching time arrives, the girls stand to the fore and receive regular working instructions. With the ordinary teaching

of 'getting up' linen, laces, muslins, &c., there is combined the secret of 'cleaning' stuff or silk dresses, carpets, coloured curtains and tablecloths, so as to restore to them a pristine freshness.

Wishing to prove to her friends that she had not mistaken her vocation, Madame Kuenzer arranged a sort of Exhibition of the varied labours of her pupils, and invited Freiburg 'Society' to come to it. The result was a chorus of wonder and praise, of which the girls received their due meed, while the largest share was given to the brave-hearted woman who had so boldly entered a new field, and now proved her success was deserved.

Madame Kuenzer, believing that all work and no play dulls girls as well as boys, provides various means of relaxation. She has her box at the theatre, to which those of her pupils who choose may join in the subscription, so as to take it in turn to accompany her. As this only amounts to eighteenpence per performance, there is no tendency to extravagance; and as the theatre opens at six o'clock and closes at nine, there is not much fear of encouraging dissipation. Neither is there toilet outlay, for a pair of gloves added to the home dress, with a shawl for the shoulders and a hood for the head as protection while quietly walking to and fro, are all that a lady deems necessary for the enjoyment of the always excellent performances at the theatre.

In snowy winters, when King Frost makes it hard and glistening, Madame Kuenzer takes her pupils on a sleigh picnic into the wonderful Black Forest, that almost incloses Freiburg in its mystical grandeur. In the summer-time, many are the delightful excursions that relax the labours of her busy young bees, who are thus led to think that a thorough training in the practical duties of life is worthy of acquisition in itself, and rendered none the less beneficial when brightened by such judicious recreations.

Is a domestic school so conducted possible in this country? As a boarding-school, it would be scarcely possible. But might not the present cookery schools be expanded into further branches of practical life? If the teaching were put within the means of 'small tradesmen's' daughters—from which class Madame Kuenzer mostly recruits her pupils—the undertaking could not but be a success.

THE FEN FLOOD.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'DID father say he would come home to-morrow, George?' asked Ruth Godfrey.

'Yes, Ruth; but he may be detained another day. I never knew so many cases at assizes before; and I reckon Harry Knott's case won't come on this side to-morrow anyway.' The speaker was a young man about twenty-five years of age, who had just entered the roomy kitchen of Greendykes farmhouse, travel-stained and tired. The shaggy dreadnought which he doffed was dripping wet.

'Well, well,' said Ruth, in a light tone, as she assisted the servant in setting out the supper-table, 'dad won't mind, I daresay. It ain't often he has a holiday; and he will have all the more time in Cambridge to buy our Christmas presents. I *do* hope he will bring me something handsome.'

'Ah, Ruth!' said George with a sigh, but with a good-humoured smile on his rather unintellectual face.

'Ah, Master George!' retorted the girl, with a dexterous imitation of his voice and manner, 'what harm is there in wishing that, I wonder?'

'Your head is always running on gewgaws and fairs and dancing, or something.'

'La! there now. And what should a young woman think about, sure? And if it comes to that, the "thinking" about them is the biggest part of them that falls to our share in the Fen. Dancing! Why, I haven't had a dance since last May-day, when Will Elliot'——

'Ruth! How can ye go on so! Can't ye see Master George is too tired to be plagued with your nonsense, wench?—Draw in your chair, George, and have a bit of supper, lad.'

The young man answered this invitation with alacrity. Ruth followed his example, with a colour slightly heightened, and with an unmistakable pout upon her lips. The last speaker was her mother. And now that the trio are enjoying their evening meal, we shall take the opportunity of introducing them to the reader.

Jabez Godfrey was tenant of Greendykes farm, in Stetton Fen, easy in his circumstances for one of his class, and simple in his manners and style of living, according to the primitive ways of the Fen farmers in those days—some ninety years ago—to which our true story relates. There was therefore nothing incongruous whatever in the fact that his wife and daughter should receive and entertain chance visitors in the roomy and comfortable kitchen, instead of in one of the two equally spacious sitting-rooms. The glories of the latter, with their chintz-covered chairs and couches, the old-fashioned spinet, the walls decorated with showy prints, and the floors of squares of red bricks, covered in the centre with Kidderminster, and the sides with untanned sheepskins, were indeed seldom revealed except on Sundays, on occasions of more formal hospitality, or when a visit was paid by the landlord or his agent.

Mrs Godfrey was seated in a cosy, leather-lined, and well-cushioned armchair, set on one side of the wide, hospitable-looking fireplace, now piled high with crackling logs. This position she invariably occupied from the time she was carried down-stairs in the morning until she was similarly assisted to her bedroom at night; for the old lady had some years ago partially lost the power of her limbs by paralysis. To look at her, a stranger would never have suspected her infirmity. She was plump and hearty; and her round, bright, kindly face showed no trace of suffering. Her laugh was genial and frequent; nor would she accept any condolence, however well meant, upon her condition, holding firmly to the conviction that she would one day recover from her affliction. Her armchair was her throne, from which she issued the necessary

mandates for the regulation of the household, and from which she could at the same time superintend their execution. She was a confirmed though harmless gossip, and was never so well pleased as when, in the long evenings, the kitchen was filled with the young and old of both sexes from amongst the scanty and scattered population of the Fen.

On the night to which our story refers, the weather was so boisterous and inclement as to have deterred every member of her usual coterie from venturing so far as Greendykes. The unexpected visit of George Thorpe was, therefore, more than usually gratifying, and the old dame pressed her hospitality upon him with exceptional effusion. She had the additional pleasure of getting news of her husband, who had been summoned to Cambridge as a witness in a poaching affray. But apart from these considerations, young Thorpe, a favourite of hers, was confident at all times of a sincere and hearty welcome. He was a good-looking young fellow, like most of the Fen men, high-featured, ruddy-cheeked, and blue-eyed. His figure was tall, somewhat spare, but well knit. He was dressed in velveteen coat and vest—the *ne plus ultra* of dandyism among the young farmers at that period, white cord knee-breeches and gaiters, the latter concealed by a pair of bespattered riding-boots, which told plainly the condition of the roads over which he had passed. He was owner of a well-stocked freehold farm called Long Drove; considered a skilful agriculturist, and held in much respect by his neighbours. He was both good-natured and good-tempered, and, if not a brilliant, was at least a sensible and cheerful companion, and a staunch friend.

He had paid his attentions to Ruth Godfrey ever since that madcap had attained to womanhood—undividedly, though not unintermittently. The fact was, that whenever George had made up his mind to declare his passion and ask her to become his wife, she had invariably contrived to damp his flame and undo his resolution by some ill-timed escapade, or by a reception more frivolous and hoydenish than ordinary. He had been often told that he might choose a wife when and where he liked; and with pardonable conceit, had sometimes thought the same thing to himself, when wearied out by the airy humours and light-hearted coquetry of Ruth. He had also argued with himself, during his temporary fits of jealousy and offended self-love, that so fickle and volatile a girl could never make a good wife, and least of all a good farmer's wife. She was too fond of dress and amusement to settle down to the busy and laborious life of a farmer's helpmate; so that, under the influence of such reasoning, Thorpe had several times vowed to cease his attentions and even to forego her society. On one occasion, indeed, his resolve held good for an entire month, at the end of which, he met Ruth as she was leaving church; she smiled and shook hands; and, in short, he saw her home—a more infatuated man than ever.

Ruth Godfrey was a decidedly fine-looking young woman, of about twenty-three years of age, tall and full in figure, with a slightly aquiline profile, large, roguish, liquid brown eyes, wide but shapely mouth, and a superb set of teeth. The entire physique denoted an unusual degree of vitality and strength, the sources no doubt of that exuberant animal spirits, which, combined with a quick intelligence and a warm heart, had earned for her all the hard names which her baffled lover sometimes secretly applied to her. How could a girl with her redundant health and vivacity be other than a madcap? And how, withal, could such a one, possessed at the same time of good looks, and more than a fair share of the freedom of her own will—how could such a one help acting now and then the character of an irreclaimable flirt? But appearances did Ruth's real disposition a good deal of injustice. Wayward she was, and tomboy, too, at times, as her mother said; but she was not only a clever housewife and an excellent dairy-manager, but also a shrewd business woman. Moreover, there were few more attentive and affectionate daughters than Ruth; and if she was sometimes wilful, she was at least never undutiful.

The fact is, neither George nor Ruth understood each other—no uncommon predicament with young folks. He considered Ruth far too mercurial—or, as he would have termed it, 'flighty'—to make a safe yoke-fellow; while she on her part thought George too soft and solemn—or, as she said, 'too wooden'—to make a mate that she could be proud of. Thus, although he was madly in love with the girl, and the girl was far from indifferent towards him, they still continued to live, in a sense, apart.

Supper ended, the young farmer made his excuses for the shortness of his visit, and rose to depart.

'Dearie, dearie, what an awful night, to be sure!' sighed Dame Godfrey, as she listened to the howling of the wind and the swishing of the rain upon the window. 'Had ye not better stay all night, George? They won't expect ye at hum, and ye can ride over as soon as it is daylight.'

George looked at Ruth as he struggled into his shaggy dreadnought, but Ruth looked steadily into the fire.

'Nay, mother. Thanks all the same. Maybe there'll be such-like weather to-morrow that I mightn't be able to ride,' he answered, looking serious.

Ruth and her mother both gave a quick, startled look; and the old lady, pushing her spectacles up to her cap, said sharply and nervously: 'What do ye mean, lad?'

'Nay; I mustn't frighten you. But the roads are hardly fit to travel, as it is; the sudden thaw and the melting of the snow have cut them up so. And then this rain! We had just such another night before the last "drown'd." If it holds on for twenty-four hours, the fen will get a soaking, I warrant.'

'Dear, dear, don't say so! I do wish Jabez was at hum;' and the brightness faded from the old lady's face.

'Oh! never mind George, mother,' said Ruth with some energy. 'He's a silly goose, and will be able to swim even if there is a "drown'd," as he calls it.' She cast a monitory glance at Thorpe, which he appeared to understand.

'Ah, well,' he said in a more cheery tone, 'I don't suppose it will be so bad as that neither. Anyhow, I will come over in the

morning and see things put straight, should it not clear up by then.'

'Do,' said Ruth, with an intelligent glance.—'And, George, do you know what Jennie has just been whispering to me?'

Here Jennie Swan, maid-of-all-work, who had been a perfectly silent listener, held up her hands in amazement.

'She has just been saying, or thinking at anyrate,' continued Ruth with a merry laugh, 'that you might bring that young fellow Tom Ashling along with you.'

'Oh, my! miss, how can you say so!' screamed Jennie, as she fled giggling to the shelter of the back kitchen.

George, assisted by another intelligent glance of the large brown eyes, contrived to comprehend the hint implied.

This by-play answered the purpose of distracting Mrs Godfrey's attention from the subject which young Thorpe had started by treating so seriously. The young farmer then inquired of a lanky, shock-headed lad who appeared at the door whether his nag was ready.

'All right, sir; nag's at the door,' answered the youth, holding up a lantern.

Thorpe then bade the old lady a cheerful good-night, and, followed by Ruth and Jennie, left the kitchen. Dobbin, as the gray roadster was named, stood pawing up to the fetlocks in water, and champing its bit with impatience. The night was black; the rain fell in torrents; and the wind whistled among the leafless tops of the gaunt poplars that skirted the road.

'Is the gate open, Bob?' asked Ruth; and receiving an affirmative from the lanky youth, she slipped on her pattens, took the lantern, and telling Jennie to follow her, preceded Thorpe, who had already mounted, across the yard. When the nag had reached the roadway, now a mere track of liquid mud, Ruth handed up the lantern to its rider, observing to him that it might be of use at a pinch. As she did so, the young farmer noticed that her face was pale and anxious-looking.

'Why, Ruth, lass, get ye indoors; you will catch cold,' he said.

'No fear, George, thank you. But I almost wish you could have stayed all night. The road must be dangerous.' Was it the cold or agitation that caused the voice to tremble a little?

'Oh, I shall be all right, lass,' answered Thorpe. 'I shall darken the lantern, and let Dobbin take his own way; and if he gets lost, I can then show him the road.—Get ye indoors, do. Good-night!' And as he pressed the soft, shapely hand held up to him, he thought he felt it tremble in his.

'Good-night, George—God bless you!' But the last words were borne away on the wind, without reaching the ears for which they were intended. As Ruth lingered a minute or two before closing the gate, she could hear at intervals the splashing of the horse's feet going at walking pace, and now and then the voice of the young farmer cheering the animal's efforts. Jennie and she waded back across the yard, the water reaching over both pattens and shoes, and entered the house. Doffing her pattens, Ruth went into the kitchen with a brisk and firm step and a cheery smile on her face, threw a fresh log on the fire, and proceeded to mix a strong glass of mulled home-made wine for her mother, who regarded that pleasant drink both as a necessary night-cap and an admirable specific against ague. After this, Jennie and Ruth carried her up-stairs, undressed her, and put her to bed.

'I *do* wish yer father was at hum,' sighed the old lady, when Ruth had tucked her in and kissed her.

'He'll be home to-morrow, never fear, and will bring his old dear a new cap, I'll be bound. Good-night, dear mother.'

When she re-entered the kitchen, this girl, with her odd mixture of frivolousness and strength, directed Bob, who sat by the fire whistling, to take another lantern and visit the barn, the cow-shed, and the stables, to see that all was right. The floors of these buildings, she knew, were raised several feet above the level of the farm-yard, and were therefore safe against all except an extraordinary flood; but she wished to know that everything was secure. After conversing with Jennie for some time in a low voice, the two girls proceeded to the sitting-rooms, removed the carpets and rugs and all the lighter and more perishable articles one by one up-stairs, some to a large lumber-room, and others to the attics. This done, they did the same with the furniture of the kitchen, the contents of the pantry and dairy, and all articles which were likely to be of use, or which water could spoil. It was midnight before they had finished their task. Bob had reported that the horses and cattle were 'all right, but restless loike;' and that he had thrown several bundles of straw into the 'croos,' which were already flooded and the pigs almost afloat. After giving orders to Bob and Jennie to be up by five o'clock, they all retired to bed.

Alone with her own thoughts, these were too full of varied anxieties to admit of Ruth finding easily that happy oblivion which at other times came so readily to her pillow. The violence of the wind, which moaned in the chimneys and shrieked among the branches of the great chestnut tree outside her bedroom window, and the ceaseless pelt of the rain against the casement, spoke loud-tongued of the sure approach of the dangers she dreaded. She thought with a shudder of a similar catastrophe that had overtaken the Fen some ten years before. The consequences of a flood to the Fen farmer were always serious, sometimes ruinous; cattle, sheep, and horses often being drowned, stacks washed away, and garnered corn destroyed; besides many minor forms of misfortune. Ruth reflected that, in her father's absence, the whole responsibility devolved upon her mother and herself; nay, more, that her mother was an additional responsibility on her own shoulders, from her helpless condition, and the effect which any untoward event might have upon her health. Thoughts regarding her father's safety mingled with unavailing regrets at his absence. She was certain that if he had finished the business which took him to Cambridge, he would make every effort to reach home, and all the more strenuously because of the character of the weather. The roads in those days were wretched in the extreme, even in good weather, owing to the silty nature of the soil and the very imperfect drainage; while

in wet weather, or after the breaking up of frost, they were almost impassable even to light vehicles. In seasons of extraordinary rain, they assumed the appearance of a morass, and were dangerous even to travellers on horseback. When a downright flooding set in, such as young Thorpe anticipated, the roads, standing as they did only slightly above the surrounding lands, were entirely obliterated, and their whereabouts traceable only by trees or high hedgerows. Ruth's fears for her father's safety were, therefore, far from being so illusory as might be imagined, even should the storm abate towards morning.

Anon, the young girl's mind recurred to the incidents of the evening. Her reflections on the subject of George's visit were of a checkered nature. She smiled at his simplicity, was annoyed that he took her to task, but had a grateful respect for his unvarying kindness. Habit had made his visits an essential part of her daily life and thoughts. In short, Ruth cared more for the strapping young farmer than she had ever admitted to herself. But strange as it may appear, she had never thought seriously of marriage in connection with Thorpe or any other of the youths who had come a-wooing. She took an eager interest in all the love-affairs and match-makings from one end of Stetton Fen to the other, but herself remained if not 'fancy' at least promise 'free.' She was an only child, had a good home, and no anxieties for the future, and so perhaps saw no reason for seeking hurriedly a 'settlement in life,' as it is called. To do her justice, also, the wings of any inclination she might have had to fly the parent roof were clipped by her devotion to her mother, whose helplessness called for much care. She was at once a leal-hearted woman in the highest sense of the word, and a madcap as giddy as ever tantalised an infatuated follower. She teased and trifled with Thorpe unmercifully, and she knew it. There was only one redeeming point in her conduct towards him—she made no artful advances the one day, to retire coldly the next, but simply kept him at her apron-string, without permitting him to get an inch nearer his purpose of asking her to be his wife. She often appeared, as her mother told her, to exaggerate her own foibles, purposely to annoy him, and to act more of the tomboy than was natural even to her hoydenish spirit, as if bent on driving him off.

Some consciousness of this came over her as she turned uneasily on her pillow. Her mind was in that mood when self-chastisement becomes natural. She thought of him as he sat by the fire wincing under her thoughtless speeches; she thought of him as he stooped from his horse to take the lantern from her hand; and she thought long and shudderingly of the dangers of his journey home through 'storm and night and darkness.' She sighed, and tried to turn her musings to pleasanter themes, but with only partial success, until at last she fell into a troubled sleep, during which she dreamed that her father and George and herself were drifting about on a lake in a boat without oars or rudder, at the mercy of the wind and waves. There were many other boats within sight, all oarless and rudderless, and all drifting helplessly like their own. At last one of these, in which she observed her mother, was swamped, and loud cries were raised for help. She awoke in a cold perspiration, trembling and frightened.

'Hillo, there! Bob! get up and help! Get up, ye hog-headed critter. Get up! We're drownded.' And she heard a loud drumming noise, evidently on the back-door of the house.

CONCERNING THE ANIMALS OF NATAL.

NATAL has become such a popular colony of late years, particularly for those who have money and time for a few months' trip, that it may interest those proposing to visit it to hear something about some of the wild animals in that colony. It is often difficult for people to get rid of the feeling that there will be wild beasts all about, when they go to a country which they have been accustomed to associate with the idea of them. For my part, on first going to Africa I should not have been surprised to see a lion awaiting my arrival on the seashore. Nearly all persons have a difficulty in overcoming their dread of snakes. It was some months before I became convinced that they were not the ordinary inhabitants of every house, like flies, spiders, and other unavoidable society, which need not be particularised. Now, if I had known beforehand what I really had to expect in the shape of wild animals, I should not have wasted so much unnecessary anxiety about the snakes, or have been nearly frightened out of my senses one evening, when riding near Maritzburg, by something that I thought was a tiger going to spring upon me, when the truth is that this animal is unknown in Natal. Therefore, that others may be saved from similar mistakes, I will tell what I know, after some years' residence in the country, of such animals as really exist there, or rather what I can recollect of those that are likely to come under notice, for of course there are many which would only interest a naturalist and be sought out by him.

There are no tigers in Africa. This is a fact which is not generally known, for one constantly hears of 'tiger'-hunts at the Cape—a mistake that is caused by the native habit of calling any creature belonging to the cat or tiger family, a 'tiger.' Colonists also fall into the same mistake. Panthers and leopards are indiscriminately 'tigers' to the Kaffir, and the wild-cats are all 'tiger-cats;' and even these so-called 'tigers,' which are in reality a small kind of leopard, have become so rare in the civilised parts, that a 'tiger'-hunt there is now a rare diversion.

Leopards are exceedingly shy creatures. As the farms and villages have increased, they have retreated further inland, so that the report of one being seen about a village or farm creates quite a sensation, and he is soon hunted and killed, or driven back to his proper domain. The increasing scarcity of this particular kind of 'game,' though a matter of lament to sportsmen, is fortunate for the farmer, as these animals are terrible robbers. The depredations which even one will commit in a herd or flock are ruinous, because they not only kill what they

eat at the time, but they like to have a well-filled larder, and when they get a chance, lay up provisions in some secret place for a future day, a leopard not being, I imagine, over-particular as to the state of preservation his dinner may be in when he requires it. This is such a difficult animal to get at, that a Kaffir who manages to kill one is regarded as a kind of hero, and receives an ovation from his brother-Kaffirs, who at the same time are not a little envious of him who has earned such a distinction. A leopard is a great prize to a Kaffir. Its teeth and claws he strings together for a necklace, and very well they look glistening against his dark skin; the hide he makes into a *carross* or rug; and the tail is dangled by a string from his waist. If he happens to have several of these ornaments hung round him, he is looked upon as a great swell, quite in full dress indeed. Kaffirs seem to think that there is something royal about a leopard's skin, and their chiefs' thrones are often composed of one thrown over a mound of earth.

Though the leopard is so scarce in Natal that persons need have little fear of coming face to face with one, yet there is a smaller edition of the same tribe which is more to be dreaded, on account of its frequent and daring depredations in the poultry-yard. This is the 'tiger-cat,' or, properly speaking, bush-cat. Wherever there are fowls to be had, these creatures will haunt the place, and take every one, unless the fowls are securely shut up. They break through the Kaffir-built huts, which people often unwisely keep their fowls in, as a neighbour of ours found to his cost, for one morning all his fowls were strewn about dead in the fowlhouse, killed by the tiger-cat. These creatures are much larger than the common cat, and very fierce and strong, though capable of being tamed.

Another kind of cat also does a deal of harm in Natal, namely, the common cat run wild. Cats get driven away from home, or left behind when people leave their farms; these colonise, and become great pests. When we left our house, there was a brood of kittens on the roof which we could not get near; they were perfectly wild. I have heard people say that these cats become fiercer and do more harm than even the bush-cats.

There are some other enemies to poultry of all kinds, which should be carefully kept at a distance. One of these is the jackal, the black-backed one being the most common in Natal. This animal is gifted with a rapacious appetite, to which nothing comes amiss. He will walk off with any small, weak creatures that come in his way. Fowls, young pigs, lambs, and even small puppies are never safe from him; and he has been known to enter houses and take even the *cooked* meat. Luckily, they, too, are getting scarcer in Natal, though there are still a number left about Cape Town. The Kaffirs make splendid *carrosses* of their skins, particularly of the rarer silver jackal, a very handsome animal, which skins they sew together with perfectly even stitches. The most skilled workwoman could not do them better, though the process must require a deal of patience, from the peculiar manner in which they sew. They punch holes with a strong thorn in the edges of the things they want to fasten together, and then pass a long piece of sinew as fine as a thread backwards and forwards through the holes.

Another South African animal much sought after for the sake of its pretty fur must also be refused admittance to the fowlhouse. It is one of the smallest of foes, and can therefore creep through a very small hole. It is called the asse or caama. It does not kill fowls. Its speciality is eggs of all kinds. Even the egg of the ostrich is not safe from it. As its teeth are too small to break through the shell, it rolls the eggs about until they smash against the other eggs, or something hard. They are excessively greedy. I have had a nestful of eggs taken off in no time, no doubt by one of these creatures. They have no objection to an egg having been sat upon; addled ones and all kinds are acceptable.

The iguana—a species of lizard—is another dainty animal that prefers poultry to coarser fare. It prowls about at night, on the lookout for any unlucky hen which may be sitting—as is often the case in the 'bush'—near the house, and quickly captures it. I believe it will even go up the trees after its favourite food, fowls in Natal not unfrequently roosting out of doors, for want of a proper fowlhouse. The Kaffirs say that the iguanas themselves taste like a chicken, and are very good; but an epicure would scarcely trust to a Kaffir's opinion as to what is or is not fit for the table. I should not like to eat a bit of anything that looks so like a diminutive crocodile, a good-sized one being about two feet long. They are shy by nature, and will glide away quickly into any cover at hand, when they can; but they are fierce when brought to bay.

Lions no longer exist in Natal. A lion would be considered almost as great a curiosity there, and create almost as much commotion, as if it appeared at large in England.

Elephants and buffaloes have also retreated in later years to wilder and lonelier regions, though some of the older colonists can remember them about the Berea, a wooded hill near Durban. They are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Both are in great request—buffaloes for their hides, which are made into trextoes, rheimes, and straps, and such things as require great strength without flexibility; and elephants, on account of both skin and flesh. A portion of the latter the Kaffirs eat fresh, and the rest they make into *bil-tongue*, or jerked meat. The fat they keep for rubbing themselves with, for a Kaffir never thinks his toilet complete unless he is well greased all over. One of their methods of cooking elephant is rather curious. They light a big fire, let it burn slowly down, then dig a hole where the fire has been, put the meat into the hot earth, and leave it until done. I am afraid it must be rather underdone as a rule, but Kaffirs do not mind that; they eat their meat all but raw.

Wild pigs still frequent some parts of Natal, the Berea bush being a favourite haunt of theirs. They live on all kinds of roots, and are particularly fond of a hard-shelled kind of orange filled with seeds, which grows near the Natal forests. The Kaffirs are rather afraid of these pigs; they say that the wounds they give are very difficult to heal. Still, they do kill them, when they

get a chance, without running much risk; and though a Kaffir would not touch a bit of tame pig, for fear of eating his grandmother—whose soul, after death, he believes may have found a porcine abode—he makes a feast off its wild relation very contentedly. These animals do a great deal of harm in robbing gardens, and it is generally during these marauding expeditions that they meet their fate from the assegais of the Kaffirs who are lying in wait for them.

The rhinoceros is not found nearer than the Limpopo River. He is hunted by the natives for his horn, which they make into *knobkerries*, whips, and other things. The hippopotamus is also scarce in the civilised parts of South Africa. I heard a report of one being seen in the Ungeni near Howick, twelve miles from Maritzburg; but it took itself off when it discovered that it had attracted notice. In regions where they abound they do a deal of harm amongst the Kaffirs' *mealie* crops, eating up some, and trampling the rest under their great feet.

Altogether, what with the larger animals taking flight, and the more inoffensive becoming yearly reduced by the natives, sport is certainly at a low ebb in Natal, and those who go there for that purpose find that they have to seek it further afield. There is some semblance of it kept up, but not enough to satisfy an ardent sportsman. There was at one time a pack of hounds at Maritzburg; and there are still a limited number of antelopes left to hunt, and otters of a large fierce kind are pretty plentiful. There are four kinds of antelopes commonly to be met with in the territory, the duyker being the most common. This is a very small animal, so sly in its ways, that if it thinks any one is coming, it will creep under or behind a bush, and wait until he has passed. The orebi go in large herds in the plains; and the rietbok and bushbuck live chiefly in or near the 'bush.' These are hunted by Englishmen almost entirely for sport, as, excepting the flesh of the eland, all South African venison is dry and tasteless, and would require much better cooking than it generally gets, to make it pleasant. Further, away in Basutoland, Griqualand, beyond the Vaal River and in the Free State, the graceful springbok may be seen in countless herds, the most nervous of nervous animals, which will never venture, if it can avoid it, where the foot of man has pressed. It will endeavour to jump over a road or track, rather than step on it. Sportsmen say it is the most difficult of all animals to shoot. Its name was given to it by the Dutch from its habit of leaping into the air, apparently all about nothing.

In the same regions live also the blesbok, hartebeste, koodoo, and quagga, the last much sought after by the natives on account of its skin, and also for eating. Hunting in Natal is confined entirely to that of the antelope and the otter, unless, as I said before, a strange leopard happens to put in an appearance, and the shooting is very disappointing work.

There are partridges very like ours, but larger. The male bird is without the brownish feathers in the shape of a horse-shoe on its breast, and their call is longer and louder than that of our birds. Pheasants and snipe are there also, and differ a good deal from those at home. To use a sporting phrase, pheasants *tree* more, and their call is different from that of ours. They are larger, differently marked, and, strange to say, tamer and more easily approached. As there is no attempt at preserving game, it becomes the property of any creature able to prey upon it, and is in consequence not very plentiful. Hares, smaller than English ones, and with whiter flesh, abound; they may be bought from the natives for a shilling, and are very good eating. There is also the *klipdas* or rock-rabbit, to be found in great numbers about Table Mountain. This animal is much sought after and eaten by the natives. Though called a rabbit, he appears to be more like a diminutive hippopotamus in many of his characteristics.

The plover, the guinea-fowl, and a large kind of wood-pigeon, all fall to the gun of the sportsman, and give him plenty of trouble, they are so wary. The pow—larger than a turkey—is somewhat tasteless, but where wild-fowl are not so plentiful as could be wished, it passes muster very well. As to the birds that would interest those who are making a collection, their name is legion.

There are wild-dogs still about Cape Town. A few years ago, they were so numerous that they used to make raids in large packs into the town; but, like other wild animals, they have been taught better manners now. The woods in Natal are full of monkeys, principally the small kind that go about at home with barrel-organ men. They are very shy, and keep themselves to themselves, the only harm they do being an occasional robbery from an apple or peach orchard. They are incessantly chattering and screaming, which makes it advisable not to live near 'bush.' There are baboons also in some parts of Natal, savage, disagreeable creatures, and generally dangerous when full grown. People who get them for pets usually have to destroy them after a time.

A pretty pet is the little meer-cat, a gentle, timid thing, easily tamed. It will sit on the hearth, follow people it knows, and come at call. It is like the ichneumon; but in spite of its great resemblance, naturalists will not allow that it belongs to the same family, because it has one toe less on the hind-foot, and the number of teeth is not the same.

Some persons make a pet of a chameleon, and he is easily tamed so far as losing all fear of those about him; but he is not of an affectionate disposition, and will, if it pleases him so to do, take himself off from the house where he has been made much of. He is generally allowed to stray about as he likes; and though he cannot be called ornamental, with his little crocodile-like body, large head, and ugly swivel eyes, he is useful in destroying flies, mosquitoes, and other insects which abound in Natal houses, and which he catches in a dexterous manner with his enormously long tongue. It is now pretty well known that the chameleon does not change colour so continually, as was once popularly supposed; though I have seen a faintish red tint come over it when put upon scarlet, and it varies from a greenish gray to a brown tint.

The prettiest African pet is the *Maholi Galago*, a beautiful little animal. I had one which became perfectly tame; but it would take too much space

to enumerate its lovable qualities. It had a bad one too—a very snappish temper; and I was made to feel its sharp little teeth before it would let me handle it. It is difficult to get, and has to be taken when a baby, before it leaves the nest. It is very fond of spiders, particularly the horrid fat spotty ones which infest the verandas.

The hyena still slinks about in some parts of Natal. He is the best of scavengers; nothing comes amiss to him, even the hardest bones being craunched up by his strong jaws. He prefers dead to live prey; and in a country where the domestic animals die off so, he is not often at a loss for a dead cow. He sometimes becomes a pest to villages, owing to the native custom in some parts of putting out their dead on the *veldt* instead of burying them, which is apt to give the hyena, as well as other animals, including vultures, a taste for human flesh.

The African chetah is not tamed for hunting, like the Indian one; but he could be, I should think. They are very tamable, and purr when taken notice of.

The ant-bear is like a small pig, with a long snout; he is a night-animal, and has a most unpleasant habit of making holes in the *veldt*. Ferns and long grass conceal these, and dire is the consequence often to rider and horse. There are few who have ridden much out there who have not some time or other got a disagreeable shock and roll-over, if nothing worse, from the ant-bears' burrowings. The coast-mole is almost worse. He makes his underground roads close to the surface, which looks solid, but breaks in as soon as trodden upon. Porcupines are difficult to kill. The Kaffirs light fires in their burrows to force them out, and then hit them on the nose. The Kaffirs prize their flesh as well as the quills.

Though some kinds of creatures are plentiful in Natal, they are mostly of a kind that need not be dreaded. The only one to be really feared is the snake. In country places, a person must be cautious, the puff-adder being particularly dangerous on account of its sleepy habits, which make one apt to tread on it. I knew of one recovery from its bite, but it was a rare case.

A REMARKABLE METEOR.

FROM AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

WHO is there who at some time or other has not been delighted, perhaps astounded, as the depths of a dark sky have been suddenly illumined by the blaze of a passing meteor? In all ages these mysterious visitants have been objects of marked interest, often of superstitious regard; and their sudden appearance, their gorgeous hues, their swift flight, and then their rapid quenching in the darkness whence they issued, combine in maintaining the interest with which their erratic movements are still watched. Still greater interest is attached to those meteoric wanderers which, few and far between, coming within the attraction of gravitation, have been precipitated on our earth, giving rise to much disputation as to their nature and origin.

If the flight of a solitary meteor excites admiration and awe, we can understand the sensations of those who have been privileged to witness those marvellous meteoric showers some of which have become historical. It is not one, two, ten, a dozen, or twenty meteors which flash across the entranced gaze of the fortunate and delighted spectator, but meteors in hundreds. Who could witness unmoved a sight like this, thus described by Major Strickland?—'I think it was on the 14th November 1833, that I witnessed one of the most splendid spectacles in the world. My wife awoke me between two and three o'clock to tell me that it lightened incessantly. I immediately arose and looked out of the window, when I was perfectly dazzled by a brilliant display of falling stars. As this extraordinary phenomenon did not disappear, we dressed ourselves and went to the door, where we continued to watch the beautiful showers of fire till after daylight. These luminous bodies became visible in the zenith, taking the north-east in their descent. Few of them appeared to be of lesser size than a star of the first magnitude; very many of them seemed larger than Venus; two of them seemed half as large as the moon. I should think, without exaggeration, that several hundreds of these beautiful stars were visible at the same time, all falling in the same direction, and leaving in their wake a long stream of fire. This appearance continued without intermission from the time I got up till after sunrise. No description of mine can give an adequate idea of the magnificence of this scene, which I would not willingly have missed. This remarkable phenomenon occurred on a clear and frosty night, when the ground was covered with an inch of snow.'

Every one fond of watching the night-sky can refer with pleasure to one or more meteoric apparitions, and can dwell on some observed facts new to his experience; thus I was enabled on two occasions to establish undoubtedly the fact that the train of the meteor is not merely the impression left on the retina by the rapidly falling body. In April 1871, while quartered at Morar (India), I suddenly noticed a blaze in the south-eastern sky; and rushing out eastwards to ascertain the cause, I was too late to see the meteor, which had passed westwards over the roof of the barrack; but I distinctly saw its brilliant train. In the same station and in the same month, but in this year (1884), I saw a brilliant white meteor drop from the zenith and explode. Its tail retained a distinct existence and movement of its own for several minutes, and seemed gradually to be blown away into space, changing form as it disappeared. On another occasion I witnessed the double explosion of a meteor falling from the zenith; that is, it fell and exploded, then fell again and exploded a second time. Of course, the second flight and explosion must have been that of a huge fragment moving in the same line, for there seemed no diminution in the size of the falling body.

Further, I have seen one of these bodies take an erratic flight, presenting the appearance of a flash of lightning. Lastly, in 1874, I witnessed the flight of a small meteor which I could almost have touched. I was driving eastwards along the South Road in Lucknow, when a minute red-hot body like a cricket-ball passed in front of and apparently just above me, from north to south; and

I fancied I could have touched it with my whip.*

With these introductory remarks, let me offer my short story. We had left Aden, and were steaming rapidly Bombay-wards, over a placid sea, under a magnificent star-lit sky; I was occupying my favourite resort, the platform of the gangway ladder, of the good ship *Deccan*, and Colonel P—— shared it with me. Our conversation turned on the magnificence of our surroundings. Above us was the heavenly host, each unit shining with the splendour peculiar to tropical skies; beneath us, great masses of phosphorescence rolling in the depths, seemed to emulate the stars above; and behind us, Venus cast a long brilliant reflection on the deep. While watching her effulgence, Colonel P—— suddenly drew my attention with: 'By Jove, H——, she is coming at us!' And true enough it seemed so for a moment; but immediately we both recognised the fact that a great meteor was approaching; and no sooner was this fact apparent, than it had passed ahead and disappeared under the following astonishing circumstances. At first, of a dazzling white, it rivalled Venus in brilliancy, and seemed to emerge from her; then the white rapidly passed into red, then dull red, almost black, and in this condition it flew over our heads, passing over the *Deccan*, and falling into the sea with a splash, apparently a mile ahead of her, and slightly on her starboard bow. Involuntarily, we both rushed forward to *see* the fall, but were too late; but every one on deck heard it; and we all saw and heard the outsplashed water falling back into the sea. As the steamer sped on, we passed over, at an interval, I should say, of five hundred yards, three gigantic bubbles of hot air gurgling up from the depths, and marking the slanting course of the meteor to the bottom of the sea.

This adventure formed a topic of conversation during the remainder of our voyage to Bombay.

PRESERVATION OF MONUMENTS.

A Society has been formed called 'The National Society for preserving the Memorials of the Dead in the Churches and Churchyards of Great Britain,' for preventing the neglect and wanton destruction which so often overtake not only tombs and monuments of the dead, but curious, interesting, and even sacred relics. It is a well-known fact that in altering churches or re-arranging churchyards, the most reckless indifference has often been exhibited in the manner in which memorials of the dead and church fittings or property have been handled. A few years ago it was a common thing to find in some of the Kentish churches the old fonts disposed of either to mend roads or for building purposes; and the old font of Harrow Church, on being offered for sale for that purpose many years ago, was purchased by a lady and placed in a nook in her garden, to rescue it from such degradation. The writer remembers, when a youth, seeing at a large and wealthy farmer's in the west of England, the beautifully carved oaken altar from the neighbouring parish church used as the kitchen table! And the employment of tombstones and other memorials of the dead for road repairs was at one period only too common. It is to prevent such unnecessary destruction that the above Society has been formed; and let us hope that, as education and intelligence advance, its endeavours will be well supported by all classes in so good a work.

* This may have possibly been an electric fireball. —Ed.

TO A BROTHER POET.

Once more the treasured lyre I raise,
That breathes too oft of vain regret,
To thank thee for thy kindly praise,
Dear friend, whom I have never met;
For oh, it is so sweet to know,
Whene'er in loneliness we sigh,
Though silent tears in secret flow,
There are true kindred spirits nigh.

We love to tell in plaintive song
Our longing for the streams and flowers—
To feel, amid life's busy throng,
Some kindred heart responds to ours.
So pausing in the noisy crowd
To listen to thy friendly strain,
No wonder that I feel so proud
To know I have not sung in vain.

Thou, humble bard, such praise as thine
My lyre's most grateful songs inspire;
But oh, such feeble powers are mine,
That when I touch that trembling lyre,
It flutters like some captive bird,
Nor tells one half my heart would say;
For ere its timid voice is heard,
In very shame it dies away.

We singers of the human race,
Joined in one great poetic band,
Can feel amid the realms of space
Soul answering soul, hand grasping hand.
Around the sacred shrine we kneel
Of Poesy, and nought can stir
The golden chains from those who feel
United in their love for her.

Not mine the wish for high renown,
For earthly honours fade and die;
And, oh, how oft the laurel crown
On tresses blanched with grief doth lie!
I only ask in years to come—
Nay, smile not at this hope of mine—
When this poor quivering lyre is dumb,
A memory in such hearts as thine;

That when the pure and lowly meet
At evening round the ingle-side,
Some friend may tell—oh, record sweet!—
'With us she lived, with us she died.'
This heart would thrill, these cheeks would glow
With honest pride, were I but sure
Some friendly voice would whisper low:
'She fondly loved the toiling poor.'

That little feet, with softened sound,
May sometimes seek my humble grave;
That childish forms may cluster round
The spot where only weeds may wave;
To whisper how my heart could feel
For all their simple joys and pains;
That I from heaven may see them kneel
To deck my grave with daisy chains.

Fanny Forrester.

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THE HUMAN MOSQUITO.

He is ubiquitous; and, taking him morally, he has solved the problem of perpetual motion; for he is never quiet, never tranquil, and as for letting well or his fellow-creatures alone, he does that as little as he pays the national debt. Like his entomological prototype, the human mosquito has various methods of attack. Now he comes on you slily, without note of warning prefacing attack, and the first proof of his presence—a sting: now the shrill discordance of his challenge rouses you to attention and the vain attempt at defence and retaliation. For you cannot defend yourself nor yet retaliate. The human mosquito is too subtle in his attack to be evaded, too quick in his retreat to be caught; and your hands only fight the air, when they do not fall, like boomerangs, with a sounding blow on your own pate.

The life's business of the human mosquito is to wound, and his mildest pleasure is to annoy. Woe to you, poor hapless wight, if, in a weak moment, you have allowed the tormentor to find out your sore places or discover the secret of the weak joint in your armour. Henceforth you may bid adieu to peace for so long as this creature is within hail. He never lets drop a subject which he knows is painful; and when he has once been able to make you wince, he never wearies of repeating the experiment. It is such fun to him to see your lip quiver, your cheek blanch, your eyes flash with ill-suppressed fury, if you are a man—with voiceless scorn or darkening tears, if you are a woman—such fun! He would not forego that pleasure for worlds, life, indeed, having no greater to bestow. Vivisection? Are there not men who would vivisect for the mere love of torturing, and the brutal curiosity of seeing the victim's behaviour under pain? So in like manner does the human mosquito torment and torture you for the mere love of the sport; and to make you dance to his piping, shod in the red-hot shoes of the German fairy tale, is as exquisite a delight to him as were the cries of the racked heretic to Torquemada, as are the fluttering agonies of the wounded bird to the snake. Has your favourite son proved a failure, with passages in his history you would rather not remember, still less have remembered by others? The human mosquito never meets you without asking carefully after young Graceless—where he is—what he is doing—and has he paid his debts yet? and is that sentence of outlawry rescinded? and what a grief it must be to you that one who promised so well when he was a lad, should have kicked over the traces to such an extent as he has done! Did your daughter run off with the penniless lieutenant, and are you notoriously unreconciled to the marriage—hopeless as is your displeasure? The human mosquito takes every opportunity of speaking in your presence of the regiment to which your unwelcome son-in-law belongs; and though he cannot tell you personally, does tell your neighbour in your hearing where it is, what it is doing, and how this officer and that have distinguished themselves and been rewarded, your undesirable connection being conspicuously absent from the roll-call of merit. If your old aunt has died and left you nothing, while she favoured your cousin and made him her heir, to your not unnatural disappointment, the human mosquito develops the most extraordinary interest in that cousin's doings, and either asks you of his well-being under his new honours, or gives you anecdotes of the splendour of his surroundings and the astounding luxury of his home—anecdotes which set your teeth on edge, hampered as you are in all your goings and comings. Or, if it be the other way, and you have been the favoured and the rightful heir has been dispossessed, then does the tormentor regale you with harrowing accounts of the disgraced one's trials and penury, and the bitterness of his disappointment, which clings to him like a Nessus shirt, poisoning the very current of his blood.

Not to be successfully fought, not to be captured, not to be barred out, this tormentor of men's lives is as terrible as are those germs which float in the air and bring woe illimitable to all who breathe them. Your only chance

with him is impenetrable reserve; wrapping yourself up in silence which nothing can cause to break into confidence or self-betrayal; showing a demeanour as stolid as a triple wall of brass; suffocating your feelings, your very thoughts, as though they were crimes which would land you in the county jail if repeated aloud. This is your only chance—the sole kind of mosquito-net which will protect you. No appeal to reason will be successful; still less will have a chance of an appeal to feeling, humanity, gratitude. Of gratitude, indeed, he has no more knowledge than he has of the origin of life or the cause of crystallisation; for ingratitude is his characteristic, as—with some kinds—insolence is the method. Like the brute which turns and rends the hand that has fed him, this kind of creature, this human mosquito, turns against you, when you have done all for him that he desired and when he has no more hope of your help. Then you learn the true quality of his nature, and find out for yourself of what base material it is made. It is only after repeated trials, however, that he is convinced of your finality in the way of help; for he is of the same *gens* as the daughter of the horseleech and cries ever 'Give! give!' When you have once allowed a man or woman of this kind to prove that you are puncturable, that you are so much nutriment for bold suckers, you are done for; and nothing short of a lawyer will free you from attacks which, made at first insidiously—maybe with flatteries, mute appeals, humble representations, gentle prayers—grow by time and success into bold and burglarious assaults, accompanied with threats and enforced by moral bludgeons. Then you must address yourself to the law, which is to the human mosquito of determined attack what petroleum is said to be to his winged prototype, the only effectual defence known. To do good to a man or woman of this kind is to illustrate the truth of the hard old Cornish saying: 'Save a man from the sea, and he becomes your enemy.' To sow golden grain on the barren fields of such a one is to reap sorrow for yourself; and to give your coat is but the preface to the demand for your cloak. Your inch ever becomes his ell; and when you do not concede all that is demanded, then are you stung, as a kind of waymark between what you have done and what you have not.

At home the human mosquito is restless and exacting. He interferes in everything afloat, and always adds a drop of bitterness to such honey as the family may have garnered in its hive. Is there a fête-day on hand? He takes out the sweetness, rubs off the gloss, by restrictions if he be in the place of command; by temper if he be a subordinate who can only damage and not destroy. As the former, he harasses his wife by finding fault with her arrangements, substituting his own; he annoys the servants by contradictory commands; irritates the governess by doubting her capacity for taking care of her charge; and causes the children to weep or to sulk, according to their natures, by scolding them impartially all round, with reason or without. Then, when he has made every one thoroughly miserable or uncomfortable, and more inclined to perform penance than to undertake pleasure, he puts on a hilarious manner, and, when this is not responded to, rates the wretched little flock for their gloominess on a holiday, and says, if this is to be the manner in which they thank him for the treat he has given them, he will take good care how he allows them to have another.

As a subordinate, he is just as worrying if not so domineering. As the servant whose functions are vital to the thing on hand—say the cook on the day of a dinner-party—the human mosquito makes every one suffer. For just as 'England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity,' so is the day of social consideration in a household that wherein the cook, who is also a mosquito, is most troublesome and most annoying. To believe her, there will not be a dish fit to eat, and there is not enough of anything. Something has gone wrong with the stock for soup; the fishmonger has skimped the weight, which was already too closely calculated; and the butcher has not sent the proper joint for the roast; the chickens are skinny and the 'birds' are tough; the cream is deficient and the milk is turned; and the vegetables are not fresh nor is the fruit ripe. Perhaps she shams the sullenness of despair, and will not give an answer, or one only of pessimistic forebodings, when her mistress tries to put the best face on the matter; or she may assume a falsely heartsome air, and, after she has plunged her poor lady into the depths of despair and nervous apprehension, says she will do what she can to remedy the long tale of disasters recounted, but the dinner will not be up to the mark, let her do the best she can. It all depends on the proportion of her cruelty to her love of annoying, whether she sends up a dinner really damaged, or one in her best style and perfect throughout. In either case she has had her pleasure—in serious hurt or in simple teasing.

We need not go through the whole list of domestic mosquitoes. From the lady's-maid who pulls her mistress's hair when brushing it, and lets her go to a state ball with a string unfastened and a tape showing below her train, to the page-boy who breaks in a month the worth of his year's wages, they all make their service the cause of annoyance to their employers; and some add to annoyance, graver disaster. But what can you do with them? Accidents will happen, you know, and an unfortunate servant is not necessarily a bad person. Your page-boy, for instance, is smart in taking messages, and quick to learn the niceties of his office; he is clean in his person and respectful in his manners. How can you say that his unlucky fingers are the result of malice prepense? and is it not worth while to keep him on, you hoping that he will learn more deftness in handling china and glass—his past clumsiness condoned by his future improvement? Just so; and yet we may be very certain of one thing—once a mosquito, always a mosquito; once the love of annoying or hurting gets hold of the moral system, and there it stays rooted, like couch-grass, or that Australian enemy the thorn-grass, a source of damage to everything that lives near it.

As a child, the human mosquito is the 'limb' of the nursery, according to the vernacular of the nurse. As a boy, he is the bully over his little brothers and the incarnate plague of his sisters. As a man, he is the tyrant and tormentor of his

household. If he runs to priggishness, he makes his children's lives a burden to them because of fractions and declensions; if he is an athlete, he maybe ruins them for all time by the brutal vigour of his training; if he is effeminate, he interferes with the maids, takes the reins of domestic government out of his wife's hands, orders the dinners, and looks after the children like an Indian bearer or a supernumerary nurse. He is at all times the mosquito of the establishment, buzzing here, stinging there, creating fever and irritation everywhere; making one wonder for what purpose such as he are sent into the world at all, and what good end they subserve. In politics, the restless obstructive and the pert querist, the oppositionist for the sake of opposition, and insolent to the extremest point, he keeps things alive in the sense in which a fire of thorns can make the water boil. But suppose you want the water to be cool and fresh and still, what good then does your crackling fire of thorns? Is it not a hindrance rather than a help? and a bane instead of a blessing?

No! view him how we may, we are forced back to the same position—the human mosquito is a mistake in anthropology, and in no sense a creature to be preserved for its uses in the general economy. When we shall have mended all the moral fractures and put society straight and square, then will there be no room for the human mosquito; and the Force expressed in his ugly energies now, will have merged into nobler and better forms. Meanwhile, seeing that fighting is useless and all defence-work illusory, we must bear him with what patience we can command—no other moral catholicon having yet been discovered able to heal the hurts made by the creature in its attacks. And perhaps—who knows?—patience being in itself one of the sweeter virtues—it is in the teaching and the exercise of this to his fellow-men that the human mosquito has his *raison d'être*.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XI.

Within the first few days, a great many of these conversations took place, and Frances gradually formed an idea to herself, not, perhaps, very like reality, but yet an idea, of the other life from which her sister had come. The chief figure in it was 'mamma,' the mother with whom Constance was so carelessly familiar, and of whom she herself knew nothing at all. Frances did not learn from her sister's revelations to love her mother. The effect was very different from that which, in such circumstances, would have taken place in a novel. She came to look upon this unknown representative of 'the parents' side,' as Constance said, as upon a sort of natural opponent, one who understood but little and sympathised not at all with the younger, the other portion, the generation which was to succeed and replace her. Of this fact the other girl never concealed her easy conviction. The elders for the moment had the power in their hands, but by-and-by their day would be over. There was nothing unkind or cruel in this certainty; it was simply the course of nature, which by-and-by would be upset by natural progress of events, and which in the meantime was modified by the other certainty, that if the young stood firm, the elders had no alternative but to give in. Altogether, it was evident the parents' side was not the winning side: but all the same it had the power of annoying the other to a very great extent, and exercised this power with a selfishness which was sometimes brutal. Mamma it was evident had not considered Constance at all. She had taken her about into society for her own ends, not for her daughter's pleasure. She had formed a plan by which Constance was to be handed over to another proprietor without any consultation of her own wishes.

The heart of Frances sank as she slowly identified this maternal image, so different from the image of fancy. She tried to compare it with the image which she herself might in her turn have communicated of her father, had it been she who was the expositor. It frightened her to find, as she tried this experiment in her own mind, that the representation of papa would not have been much more satisfactory. She would have shown him as passing his time chiefly in his library, taking very little notice of her tastes and wishes, settling what was to be done, where to go, everything that was of any importance in their life, without at all taking into account what she wished. This she had always felt to be perfectly natural, and she had no feeling of a grievance in the matter; but supposing it to be necessary to tell the story to an ignorant person, what would that ignorant person's opinion be? It gave her a great shock to perceive that the impression produced would also be one of harsh authority, indifferent, taking no note of the inclinations of those who were subject to it. That was how Constance would represent papa. It was not the case, and yet it would look so to one who did not know. Perceiving this, Frances came to feel that it might be natural to represent the world as consisting of two factions, parents and children. There was a certain truth in it. If there should happen to occur any question—which was impossible—between papa and herself, she felt sure that it would be very difficult for him to realise that she had a will of her own; and yet Frances was very conscious of having a will of her own.

In this way she learned a great many things vaguely through the talk of her sister. She learned that balls and other entertainments, such as, to her inexperienced fancy, had seemed nothing but pleasure, were not in reality intended, at least as their first object, for pleasure at all. Constance spoke of them as things to which one must go. 'We looked in for an hour,' she would say. 'Mamma thinks she ought to have half-a-dozen places to go to every evening,' with a tone in which there was more sense of injury than pleasure. Then there was the mysterious question of love, which was at once so simple and so awful a matter, on which there could be no doubt or question: that, it appeared, was quite a complicated affair, in which the lover, the hero, was transferred into 'the man,' whose qualities had to be discovered and considered, as if he were a candidate for a public office. All this bewildered Frances more than can be imagined or

described. Her sister's arrival, and the disclosures involved in it, had broken up to her all the known lines of heaven and earth; and now that everything had settled down again, and these lines were beginning once more to be apparent, Frances felt that though they were wider, they were narrower too. She knew a great deal more; but knowledge only made that appear hard and unyielding which had been elastic and infinite. The vague and imaginary were a great deal more lovely than this, which, according to her sister's revelation, was the real and true.

Another very curious experience for Frances occurred when Mrs Durant and Mrs Gaunt, as in duty bound, and moved with lively curiosity, came to call and make acquaintance with Mr Waring's new daughter. Constance regarded these visitors with languid curiosity, only half rising from her chair to acknowledge her introduction to them, and leaving Frances to answer the questions which they thought it only civil to put. Did she like Bordighera?

'O yes; well enough,' Constance replied.

'My sister thinks the people not so picturesque as she expected,' said Frances.

'But of course she felt the delightful difference in the climate?' People, Mrs Durant understood, were suffering dreadfully from east wind in London.

'Ah! one doesn't notice in town,' said Constance.

'My sister is not accustomed to living without comforts and with so little furniture. You know that makes a great difference,' said her anxious expositor and apologist.

And then there would ensue a long pause, which the new-comer did nothing at all to break, and the conversation fell into the ordinary discussion of who was at church on Sunday, how many new people from the hotels, and how disgraceful it was that some who were evidently English should either poke into the Roman Catholic places or never go to church at all.

'It comes to the same thing, indeed,' Mrs Durant said indignantly; 'for when they go to the native place of worship, they don't understand. Even I, that have been so long on the continent, I can't follow the service.'

'But papa can,' said Tasie.

'Ah, papa—papa is much more highly educated than I could ever pretend to be; and besides, he is a theologian, and knows. There were quite half-a-dozen people, evidently English, whom I saw with my own eyes coming out of the chapel on the Marina.—Oh, don't say anything, Tasie! I think, in a foreign place, where the English have a character to keep up, it is quite a sin.'

'You know, mamma, they think nobody knows them,' Tasie said.

Mrs Gaunt did not care so much who attended church; but when she found that Constance had, as she told the general, 'really nothing to say for herself,' she too dropped into her habitual mode of talk. She did her best in the first place to elicit the opinions of Constance about Bordighera and the climate, about how she thought Mr Waring looking, and if dear Frances was not far stronger than she used to be. But when these judicious inquiries failed of a response, Mrs Gaunt almost turned her back upon Constance. 'I have had a letter from Katie, my dear,' she said.

'Have you indeed? I hope she is quite well—and the babies?'

'Oh, the babies; they are always well. But poor Katie, she has been a great sufferer. I told you she had a touch of fever, by last mail. Now, it is her liver. You are never safe from your liver in India. She had been up to the hills, and there she met Douglas, who had gone to settle his wife and children. His wife is a poor little creature, always ailing; and their second boy—— But, dear me, I have not told you my great news. Frances—George is coming home! He is coming by Brindisi and Venice, and will be here directly. I told him I was sure all my kind neighbours would be so glad to see him; and it will be so nice for him—don't you think—to see Italy on his way?'

'Oh, very nice!' said Frances. 'And you must be very happy, both the general and you.'

'The general does not say much; but he is just as happy as I am. Fancy! by next mail! in another week!' The poor lady dried her eyes, and added, laughing, sobbing: 'Only think—in a week—my youngest boy!'

'Do you mean to say,' said Constance, when Mrs Gaunt was gone, 'that you have made them believe you care?—Oh, that is exactly like mamma. She makes people think she is quite happy and quite miserable about their affairs, when she does not care one little bit! What is this woman's youngest son to you?'

'But she is—— I have been here all my life. I am glad that she should be happy,' cried Frances, suddenly placed upon her defence.

When she thought of it, Mrs Gaunt's youngest boy was nothing at all to her; nor did she care very much whether all the English in the hotels on the Marina went to church. But Mrs Gaunt was interested in the one, and the Durants in the other. And was it true what Constance said, that she was a humbug, that she was a deceiver, because she pretended to care? Frances was much confused by this question. There was something in it: perhaps it was true. She faltered as she replied: 'Do you think it is wrong to sympathise? It is true that I don't feel all that for myself. But still it is not false, for I do feel it for them—in a sort of a way.'

'And that is all the society you have here? the clergywoman, and the old soldier. And will they expect me, too, to feel for them—in a sort of a way?'

'Dear Constance,' said Frances in a pleading tone, 'it could never be quite the same, you know, because you are a stranger, and I have known them ever since I was quite a little thing. They have all been very kind to me. They used to have me to tea; and Tasie would play with me; and Mrs Gaunt brought down all her Indian curiosities to amuse me. Oh, you don't know how kind they are. I wonder, sometimes, when I see all the carved ivory things, and remember how they were taken out from under the glass shades for me, a little thing, how I didn't break them, and how dear Mrs Gaunt could trust me with them. And then Tasie'——

'Tasie! What a ridiculous name. But it suits her well enough. She must be forty, I should think.'

'Her right name is Anastasia. She is called after the Countess of Denrara, who is her godmother,' said Frances with great gravity. She had heard this explanation a great many times from Mrs Durant, and unconsciously repeated it in something of the same tone. Constance received this with a sudden laugh, and clapped her hands.

'I didn't know you were a mimic. That is capital.—Do Tasie now. I am sure you can; and then we shall have got a laugh out of them at least.'

'What do you mean?' asked Frances, growing pale. 'Do you think I would laugh at them? When you know how really good they are'——

'O yes; I suppose I shall soon know,' said Constance, opening her mouth in a yawn, which Frances thought would have been dreadful in any one else, but which, somehow, was rather pretty in her. Everything was rather pretty in her, even her little rudenesses and impertinences. 'If I stay here, of course I shall have to be intimate with them, as you have been. And must I take a tender interest in the youngest boy? Let us see! He will be a young soldier probably, as his mother is an old one, and as he is coming from India. He will never have seen any one. He is bound to take one of us for a goddess, either you or me.'

'Constance!' cried Frances, in her consternation raising her voice.

'Well!' said her sister, 'is there anything wonderful in that? We are very different types, and till we see the hero, we shall not be able to tell which he is likely to prefer. I see my way to a little diversion, if you will not be too puritanical, Fan. That never does a man any harm. It will rouse him up; it will give him something to think of. A place like this can't have much amusement, even for a youngest boy. We shall make him enjoy himself. His mother will bless us. You know, everybody says it is part of education for a man.'

Frances looked at her sister with eyes bewildered, somewhat horrified, full of disapproval; while Constance, roused still more by her sister's horror than by the first mischievous suggestion which had awakened her from her indifference, laughed, and woke up into full animation. 'We will go and return their visits,' she said, 'and I will be sympathetic too. But you shall see when I take up a part I make much more of it than you do. I know who these people were who did not go to church. They were my people—the people I travelled with; and they shall go next Sunday; and Tasie's heart shall rejoice. When we call, I will let them know that England, even at Bordighera, expects every man—and every woman, which is more to the purpose—and that their absence was remarked. They will never be absent again, Fan.—And as for the other interest, I shall inquire all about Katie's illnesses, and secure the very last intelligence about the youngest boy. She will show me his photograph. She will tell me stories of how he cut his first tooth.—I wonder,' said Constance, suddenly pausing and falling back into the old languid tone, 'whether you will take up my old ways, when you are with mamma.'

'I shall never have it in my power to try,' said Frances. 'Mamma will never want me.' She was a little shy of using that name.

'Don't you know the condition, then? I think you don't half know our story. Papa behaved rather absurdly, but honestly too. When they separated, he settled that one of us should always be with her, and one of us with him. He had the right to have taken us both. Men have more rights than women. We belong to him, but we don't belong to her. I don't see the reason of it, but still that is law. He allowed her to have one of us always. I daresay he thought two little things like what we were then would have been a bore to him. At all events, that is how it was settled. Now, it does not need much cleverness to see, that as I have left her, she will probably claim you. She will not let papa off anything he has promised. She likes a girl in the house. She will say: "Send me Frances." I should like to hide behind a door or under a table, and see how you get on.'

'I am sure you must be mistaken,' said Frances, much disturbed; 'there was never any question about me.'

'No; because I was there. O yes; there was often question of you. Mamma has a little picture of you as you were when you were taken away. It always hangs in her room; and when I had to be scolded, she used to apostrophise you. She used to say: "That little angel would never have done so-and-so." I did, for I was a little demon; so I rather hated you. She will send for you now; and I wonder if you will be a little angel still. I should like to see how you get on. But I shall be fully occupied here driving people to church, and making things pleasant for the old soldier's youngest son.'

'I wish you would not talk so wildly,' said Frances. 'You are laughing at me all the time. You think I am such a simpleton, I will believe all you say. And indeed, I am not clever enough to understand when you are laughing at me.—All this is impossible. That I should take your place, and that you should take mine—oh, impossible!' cried Frances, with a sharper certainty than ever, as that last astounding idea made itself apparent: that Constance should order papa's dinners and see after the mayonnaise, and guide Mariuccia—'oh, impossible!' she cried.

'Nothing is impossible. You think I am not good enough to do the housekeeping for papa. I only hope you will *s'en tirer* of the difficulties of my place, as I shall of yours. Be a kind girl, and write to me, and tell me how things go. I know what will happen. You will think everything is charming at first; and then—— But don't let Markham get hold of you. Markham is very nice. He is capital for getting you out of a scrape; but still, I should not advise you to be guided by him, especially as you are papa's child, and he is not fond of papa.'

'Please don't say any more,' cried Frances. 'I am not going—anywhere. I shall live as I have always done; but only more pleasantly from having—you.'

'That is very pretty of you,' said Constance, turning round to look at her; 'if you are sure you mean it, and that it is not only true—in a sort of a way. I am afraid I have been nothing but a bore, breaking in upon you like this.—It would be nice if we could be together,' she added very calmly, as if, however, no great amount of philosophy would be necessary to reconcile her

to the absence of her sister. 'It would be nice; but it will not be allowed. You needn't be afraid, though, for I can give you a number of hints which will make it much easier. Mamma is a little—she is just a little—but I should think you would get on with her. You look so young, for one thing. She will begin your education over again, and she likes that; and then you are like her, which will give you a great pull. It is very funny to think of it; it is like a transformation scene; but I daresay we shall both get on a great deal better than you think. For my part, I never was the least afraid.'

With this, Constance sank into her chair again, and resumed the book she had been reading, with that perfect composure and indifference which filled Frances with admiration and dismay.

It was with difficulty that Frances herself kept her seat or her self-command at all. She had been drawing, making one of those innumerable sketches which could be made from the loggia—now of a peak among the mountains; now of the edge of foam on the blue, blue margin of the sea; now of an olive, now of a palm. Frances had a persistent conscientious way of besieging Nature, forcing her day by day to render up the secret of another tint, another shadow. It was thus she had come to the insight which had made her father acknowledge that she was 'growing up.' But to-day her hand had no cunning. Her pulses beat so tumultuously that her pencil shared the agitation, and fluttered too. She kept still as long as she could, and spoiled a piece of paper, which to Frances, with very little money to lose, was something to be thought of. And when she had accomplished this, and added to her excitement the disagreeable and confusing effect of failure in what she was doing, Frances got up abruptly and took refuge in the household concerns, in directions about the dinner and consultations with Mariuccia, who was beginning to be a little jealous of the Signorina's absorption in her new companion. 'If the young lady is indeed your sister, it is natural she should have a great deal of your attention; but not even for that does one desert one's old friends,' Mariuccia said with a little offended dignity.

Frances felt, with a sinking of the heart, that her sister's arrival had been to her perhaps less an unmixed pleasure than to any of the household. But she did not say so. She made no exhibition of the trouble in her bosom, which even the consultations over the mayonnaise did not allay. That familiar duty indeed soothed her for the moment. The question was whether it should be made with chicken or fish—a very important matter. But though this did something to relieve her, the culinary effort did not last. To think of being sent away into that new world in which Constance had been brought up—to leave everything she knew—to meet 'mamma,' whose name she whispered to herself almost trembling, feeling as if she took a liberty with a stranger—all this was bewildering, wonderful, and made her heart beat and her head ache. It was not altogether that the anticipation was painful. There was a flutter of excitement in it which was almost delight; but it was an alarmed delight, which shook her nerves as much as if it had been unmixed terror. She could not compose herself into indifference, as Constance did, or sit quietly down to think, or resume her usual occupation in the face of this sudden opening out before her of the unforeseen and unknown.

CHOOSING EATABLES.

In the days of our grandmothers, when the young housewife herself went to market and chose her own provisions with quick sense and sharp eyes, it was her own fault if her table was not well stocked with sweet, fresh eatables. Now that we have everything left at the door, we have come to rely on the shopkeeper's choice; and the quality of the provisions sent is often not ascertained before the dish is served and any defect past remedy. To say nothing of the unpleasantness of eating meat or vegetables on the verge of decomposition, there is the health question, which is still more important. Disagreeable and even dangerous results are occasionally produced from eating stale cabbages, cucumbers, and other vegetables; yet few young housewives, even in these days of sanitation mania, take the trouble to learn how to choose their provisions so that the best quality is obtained at the lowest rate. Generally speaking, all eatables are best when cheapest, for then they are most plentiful, in fullest season, and therefore most wholesome. This is especially the case with fish, and is a good rule for guidance. Many in choosing fish depend upon the sense of smell as an infallible test; but this is not to be trusted to, as it may be deceived by the use of ice. The best tests of freshness are the bright pink hue of the gills when raw, and, when cooked, the firmness of the flesh, which in the case of stale fish is flabby and stringy, even if preserved by cold from visible putrefaction. In buying part of a large fish, as cod, the freshness can be known by the bluish tinge of the flesh and the slightly iridescent hue of the part cut. If the flesh be yellow, it is not fresh. As a rule, flat-fish keep better than round, and in choosing them their thickness must be looked to rather than their size.

Young housekeepers may be deceived by the similarity of some fish, and pay for their folly accordingly. Halibut is sometimes offered for turbot, but it may be distinguished by looking at the spots on the back, the halibut being without spots. Lemon soles are, again, often sold as soles, and as they are considerably cheaper, nearly the same price as plaice, many imagine they have made a good bargain in getting them. But they are not nearly equal in flavour to the real soles, especially those caught off the Devon coast, and may be detected by being white on both sides, instead of dark on one. Lobsters and crabs must be chosen not so much by their size or weightiness, but by their weight in proportion to their size and the wideness of their tails. An old lobster well incrusted with lime will be heavy, but the shell will be the heaviest part of him. Oysters, again, are deceptive. An inexperienced housewife may reason, that out of a large shell will come a large oyster, not knowing that as time rolls on the shell grows more rapidly than the mollusc within. For garnishing or sauces, old oysters or the blue-point variety may do very well, and are economical if paid for as such; but

they are not cheap or palatable otherwise. If it is known that the oysters purchased come from near the mouth of a river, it is prudent to keep them alive in a shallow dish of clear brine for a day or two, feeding them with meal, and drawing off the water twice a day to leave them bare, in imitation of the tide. This process makes them plump and wholesome.

In selecting meat, it is necessary to remember that when fresh, lean meat shows a deep purplish red tint with a bloom over it on the outside of the muscle, and a paler vermilion red with just a shade of purple in the cut surface. The substance should be moderately soft, but at the same time so elastic that no mark is left after a pressure from the finger; and keeping the meat for a day or two in the larder should make no difference in this respect. The surface of the meat must be quite dry, even a cut scarcely wetting the finger; and if tested by smell, a single joint should have very little odour; whilst, if it wastes much in cooking or does not retain its gravy, it cannot be said to be really fresh. A good test for all meat is to push a clean knife up to the hilt into its raw substance. In good, fresh meat the resistance is uniform; but when some parts are softer than others, we may be sure putrefaction has set in. In a good joint of mutton, the lean is quite even in hue, and has no flavour whatever of tallow; in beef, the lean may be a little marbled with fat, but it must have no flavour of suet; whilst the raw fat of mutton must be very white; that of beef slightly yellow, like fresh butter. Lamb and veal should also have very white and translucent fat, and the lean of both must be pale, but perfectly evenly tinted. If it is possible to choose a joint from a whole carcase, the quality of the meat may be judged from the fat inside the thigh. Where there is plenty of firm-looking, clear fat, any joint may safely be chosen from that particular animal. Meat without any fat is rarely the best; and if, besides being lean, it is coarse and sinewy-looking, it may be set down as old and tough.

The unwary are occasionally perplexed in the choice of ribs of beef. They order the first cut of the ribs, which they have heard is the best joint, and wonder when they have a joint with gristle running between the fat and lean. Then, in ignorance that they have been served with the worst end of the ribs, they complain to the butcher of his bad meat; and it may be some time before they find out they have been paying for the best and served with the worst. As regards pork, the best choice is that of well-fatted small pork with the lean rather uniformly coloured, with no appearance of blotchiness and with the fat not at all streaky. In choosing bacon or ham, it is well to remember that the colour of the fat should be white and not yellowish, and that if we would test whether the flavouring is very salt or otherwise, the safest plan is to run a knife in up to the hilt, withdraw it and smell it. It will then be manifest whether there is any strongly saline or rancid flavour.

The internal parts of animals are more difficult to choose, and great care is necessary in seeing that they are perfectly fresh, as they decompose quicker than the outer parts, and when decomposed, are most unwholesome. Generally speaking, liver, kidneys, &c. may be safely eaten when in their uncooked condition they show a bright even colour throughout and have no marks of congestions or bruises.

A special word of advice is needed as to the selection of sweetbread, which is the thymus gland of the calf, for the pancreas or stomach-bread is occasionally substituted for it. This may be recognised, however, even when cooked and chopped up, by its large veins and arteries; and as it is very inferior in digestibility to the more delicate gland, it is as well to be careful about choosing it. In buying suet we must see, if we pay the best price, that we have the kidney suet, or the mass that surrounds the kidneys in a well-fatted bullock, because it is firmer and less stringy than any other fat, and it must be remembered that it should look a beautiful floury white.

Those living in towns, generally have more difficulty in getting fresh vegetables than fresh meat; but as every minute green stuffs are kept after actual death renders them less digestible, it is most important that housewives should not allow themselves to be deceived about them. Cucumbers and asparagus are both often spoiled by being cut a day before required, and put in a damp warm frame to swell and look fine. This can generally be detected by flabbiness or inelasticity after pressure. Cabbages, again, are spoiled by being piled on the top of each other in huge wagons, for the consequent heating and fermentation render them flabby and unwholesome. Unpacked and sprinkled with water, they may look well, but it is needless to say they never regain their freshness. Some vegetables are best when they are most green, others when they are most white. Asparagus, savoys, Brussels sprouts, and all winter greens should be as green as possible; but cauliflower and seakale should be as white as possible. Seakale to be good should be perfectly blanched, for when coloured, it is indigestible to some people, and leaves an unpleasant after-taste in the mouth. Celery should also be as white as can be got, and when fresh, should break off quite clean. If it leaves stringy ends, it has either been warmed to make it swell, or else kept too long. Crispness is a good test for all vegetables, in fact. A cucumber with the white bloom on is easily seen to be fresh; but this may be rubbed off when early in the market. In choosing a cucumber, therefore, it is best to handle it in the centre; if it lies firm and stiff in the hand, it is fresh; but if the ends droop or shake or the substance feels soft, it has been cut some time. The goodness of carrots is tested by the thickness of the dark outer rind in proportion to the pale core.

People living in the country would no doubt disdain to be told how to choose milk or eggs; but for those living in towns, a little advice may be useful. Good milk placed in a narrow glass should look quite opaque and of a full white colour. It should leave no deposit and have no peculiar smell or taste, and these characteristics ought to hold good after it has been boiled. Eggs may be roughly tested by sight, for if held up to the light, fresh eggs look more transparent in the centre, and old ones at either end. But for a certain test, where there is any doubt, before breaking the shell dissolve one ounce of salt in

ten ounces of water and drop the egg in. A good egg will sink, an indifferent one swim, and a bad one will float, even if the water be perfectly pure.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting-needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small portion of water will prevent the adherence of the drop.

Wheaten flour, lastly, we may test by four out of the five senses—sight, touch, taste, and smell. To the sight, when fresh, flour should be quite white or with the slightest tinge of creamy yellow; any decided yellow indicates commencing changes. There should be no lumps when tested by the touch, or if there are, they should break easily, for when there is grittiness, it shows that the starch grains are changing. There should also be a certain amount of adhesion, so that if a handful of flour were compressed and thrown against a wall or board, some of it should adhere. When mixed with water, the dough if good will be coherent, and draw out easily into strings. When tasted, it must not be too acid; and if tested by smell, there should be no odour suggesting fermentation or mouldiness.

THE FEN FLOOD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

RUTH recognised the voice of her father's horse-keeper and foreman. Then were all her fears realised. She struck a light and dressed herself hurriedly. Her first duty was to look into her mother's room, to see whether the noise had disturbed her. But Dame Godfrey—whose room was on the opposite side of the house to that from which the sounds came, and who, ever since her seizure, had been a heavy sleeper—still slept soundly. Ruth closed the door gently; and after rousing Jennie and Bob, whom their late hour of retiring had rendered unusually drowsy, hastened down-stairs. She could scarcely restrain a scream when she saw that the passage was flooded to the depth, apparently, of a couple of feet. She called to Jackson, the foreman, that she would open the door presently, and ran back to the lumber-room, where she exchanged her shoes for a pair of high top-boots, and ordered Jennie, who now made her appearance, to don another pair and follow her.

When Ruth at length undid the fastenings of the door and dragged it partially open, there entered Jackson and three farm-labourers who lived in a row of cottages a quarter of a mile from the farmhouse. Each carried a lantern, wore long boots, and had an empty sack on his shoulders by way of a wrap. Ruth ushered them into the kitchen, where the water, disturbed by the fresh influx from the doorway, whirled round and round, bearing on its eddies a few stools and other light articles which had been left on the floor. It had not yet reached the high fireplace, in which the embers still glowed. Jennie added fresh wood, and the flame soon gleamed upon the blanched faces of the strange group.

'This be a reg'lar out-an'-outer, Miss Ruth,' said Jackson, a square-built, well-favoured man of some forty years of age, as he shook himself like a spaniel fresh from the river. 'Never see'd sech a job, in *my* life. A reg'lar "drown'd," an' no mistake about it. My ole woman an' the young uns are nigh frit to dead, an' darsn't cum down-stairs; but I says, says I, to my missus, "The master ain't at hum, an' Miss Ruth she ain't a man, an' them poor osses an' beasteses 'll get drownded if they ain't seen to." So, miss, I jest took a lot o' firin' an' vittels up-stairs, an' off I went, an' called Ike, an' Joe, an' Bill here. They did the same by their missuses, an' here we be. Lawk-a-mussy! the water has riz some inches sin' we been here, an' it keeps on rainin' loike ole billy.'

'Do you think, Jackson, the water will rise much higher?' asked Ruth in an anxious but firm voice.

'Sartain, miss. Ye see, the dikes must ha' runn'd over by now; so the longer it rains, nat'rally the more water there 'll be, 'specially if it rains up-country loike it do here.'

There was no disputing Jackson's logic. Ruth now invited the men to a breakfast of cold bacon, bread, and home-brewed beer, which Jennie, by her orders, had already set out on the large, substantial kitchen table. Jackson and his mates, nothing loth, helped themselves as they stood, while their young mistress proceeded to lay out the programme for the morning's work. Jackson himself was to fodder the horses and cattle and milk the cows; the labourers were to carry the thrashed corn from the barn floor to the loft—wheat, by the way, *was* wheat that year, selling as high as a guinea a bushel—and then to cover and prop the stacks of hay and corn in the farmyard. Bob was to carry turf and wood from the heaps up to the lumber-room, and assist Jennie as might be required. These instructions were delivered in a quiet, clear, self-possessed manner, which was not without its effect upon those who received them, and who, like most of their class, were inclined to be somewhat excited in an emergency. When they had finished eating, they repaired to the yard with cheerfulness and alacrity, Ike Mumby remarking as he went, 'that it did one good to see how quiet-loike Miss Ruth do take things. Ah, 'twould be a good job if all the women had as much sense.'

Ruth, having told the men she had fresh orders for them when they had finished in the yard, returned to the lumber-room, resumed her shoes, and retired to complete her toilet. She next went to her mother's chamber, where a bright fire already burned. The old lady was now awake, and Ruth greeted her in her own hearty affectionate manner. In answer to her inquiries, she replied cheerfully that she had slept well, and would like to get down-stairs as soon as the morning's tidying-up was finished.

'You must take breakfast in your room at anyrate, mother. The kitchen will be in a puddle all day, the yard is so wet; and, to tell you the truth, some of the water has found its way into the house. So we must take care of you, you old darling. But never mind; it will be quite jolly to live up-stairs for a day. Jennie has turned the lumber-room into a kitchen; and I will go

and bring in your own chair, mother, and you will be as cosy as an old maid, without the cat.'

Ruth talked while she dressed her mother. The old lady was at first inclined to be alarmed, and asked many questions about the corn and the stock, but was speedily relieved from anxiety by Ruth's account of what was being done. She then reverted to her husband's absence, repeating plaintively her wish that 'Jabez was at hum.' Ruth's ingenious hopefulness soon dispersed this cloud also; and long before breakfast was concluded, Mrs Godfrey was her own cheery, genial self, chatting away in her usual light-hearted vein, about Fen floods in general, about the approaching Christmas, and the parties in prospect. It would have done George Thorpe's heart good to have witnessed the thorough-going, unaffected love and confidence that existed between mother and daughter, and more particularly, perhaps, the tender, considerate devotedness of Ruth. As it happened, when the breakfast things were cleared away by the somewhat melancholy Jennie, the old lady's first remark was with reference to young farmer Thorpe. She wondered whether he would keep his promise to ride over to Greendykes, and when. A slight shade passed over Ruth's face. She answered vaguely, and somewhat hurriedly added that she must go and give the men further orders.

It was now nearly eight o'clock, and daylight struggled through the overcast sky. The wind had fallen to a slight breeze, but the rain continued to fall steadily. Jackson and his assistants, who had returned to the house, informed Ruth that all had been done that she ordered, adding that for the present the cattle and horses would take no harm. They had found the pigs swimming about the yard, all except two, which were drowned. They had killed those left, and hung them in a shed, 'to save them loike,' till they had time to dress them. Ruth then told them that she feared the flood would increase, and that the horses and stock would be ruined by standing in the cold water, even if they were not drowned. She asked whether it would be possible, by riding the horses and driving the cattle, to get them out of the fen, up to some farm in the high grounds till the water subsided. Jackson replied that it would be a 'ticklish affair;' but he thought there was yet time, and, if the others were agreeable, he for one thought it ought to be tried. The three labourers had been inspired by their young mistress's spirit, and vowed they would do more than that for her, if necessary. Meantime, she and Jennie prepared for them a basket of provisions, adding a flask of brandy 'to keep off the ague'—that terrible familiar of the Fens in those days; and in a very few minutes, the four men, mounted, passed out of the gate driving the cattle before them. Horses and cattle were nearly hock-deep in the water and mud of the road; but Jackson called back cheerfully that they would manage to pull through all right, although they mightn't get back that night. Ruth watched them for some time, and saw them stop opposite the cottages, evidently to tell their errand to their families, and then resume their journey.

Ruth cast a long and anxious glance along the road leading to Long Drove. She was thinking of George Thorpe, and wishing she could get a glimpse of the gray nag and its rider. There was no living object in sight, however; and she sighed as she closed the door. Had any misfortune overtaken him on his way home last night? or had he forgotten his promise? It would be difficult to say which problem agitated her most. But she quickly cast her speculations from her, and went to assist Jennie with the household work, now limited to the upper portion of the house. The maid was going about her duties, under the novel circumstances of the case, with praiseworthy diligence, but with a scared look and nervous manner, contrasting strongly with her young mistress's self-possession. The fact is she belonged to the 'high' country, and had never seen a flood in her life; and had Ruth not kept her in full occupation, would certainly have collapsed under the terrors of the situation. Her fellow-servant, Bob, on the other hand, 'to the manner born,' sat in the improvised kitchen whistling philosophically, while he put fresh thongs on a number of cart-whips that stood beside him. Having given orders to delay the dinner for an hour, 'in case any neighbour might call,' Ruth hurried to her own room. She closed the door, threw open the window, and gazed upon the scene without.

It was now noon. The wind had altogether died away, or came only in slight, fitful breezes. It still rained, however, in a dull steady pelt, that gave the surface of the water the appearance of a summer pool when minnows are leaping. Far as the eye could reach, that is to say as far as the natural horizon itself, there was nothing but an inland sea, the deadness of its expanse heightened rather than relieved by the gaunt stems of the poplars, which dotted its bosom at wide intervals of space, and which the imaginative mind might have taken for the genii of the scene. The labourers' cottages could be distinguished on the left. As descried from Ruth's room in the farmhouse they appeared to be immersed to the eaves; and but for their attic windows and the smoke struggling from the quaint little chimneys, their thatched roofs might have been mistaken for floating masses of straw or hay. Away to the right, in which direction her eager glance was often cast, Ruth could see the group of beech and chestnut trees which marked the position of Long Drove farmhouse. But nowhere was there any sign of life or human activity. Once or twice the watcher fancied she saw a horseman issue from the shadow of the trees, but reflection soon dispelled the illusion. The water had now attained a depth that made riding impossible, and Ruth inwardly prayed that the poor labourers had escaped the submerged fen and got safely to the higher ground.

She closed the window with a sigh, and repaired, rapt in thought, to that side of the house which overlooked the yard. Here she saw how much the flood had gained since morning. It now reached to the top of the gate. Road there was none, and its place was traceable only by the top of the quickset hedge which bounded it for some distance past the farm. Spars, hencoops, and various nondescript articles floated about in the court. The ducks and geese quacked and gabbled as though *en fête*, while the poor fowls cackled and screamed from their roosts

in a discordant protest at being unable to join them. Ruth looked in the direction of Stetton, by which her father would come on his way home, though she knew that at the earliest he could scarcely reach Greendykes before nightfall. Still her eye was fascinated by the singular and trackless prospect—'water, water, everywhere.' The currents in the channels of the drains, themselves now undistinguishable, gave to the entire body of the flood a borrowed impulse and motion, so that logs of wood, small trees, furniture, and implements might be seen floating, some in one direction, some in another, at the caprice of contrary eddies. Now and then, amongst other waifs, Ruth fancied she saw the carcase of a horse or a cow borne along, and shuddered to think that other and more precious lives might have been sacrificed to the vengeance of the terrible waters.

The girl returned for a few minutes to her mother, whom she found busy with her knitting. She then sought Jennie, in order to expedite the serving up of dinner. That young damsel had been having a good cry, regardless of Bob, who appeared to take a rather cheerful view of the situation. Nettled at last by his whistling, she declared that neither the 'missus nor him had a bit o' feelin';' to which Bob replied sententiously, that it was 'as easy to whistle as to cry, and much pleasanter;' and forthwith commenced to sing a lugubrious native love ballad. This was too much for Jennie's nerves, and her weeping gave place to an hysterical howl just as Ruth entered the lumber-room. The remedy was prompt. Placing one hand over her mouth and shaking her with the other, Ruth pertinently asked, 'What kind of a Fen-man's wife she expected to make, whining like a girl of seven who had spilt jam on her clean pinafore,' and ordered her to set the table in Dame Godfrey's room at once.

The dinner passed off rather less cheerfully than the breakfast had done, although Ruth strove hard to conceal the anxieties which increased upon her. Mrs Godfrey, whose spirits were but a reflection of her daughter's, was less gay and chatty than usual, and again and again expressed her wish that 'Jabez was at hum.' The table had scarcely been cleared, when a voice was heard loudly hailing the house. Ruth, pale and red alternately, ran to a window overlooking the yard, from which she noticed two boats, one in tow of the other, at a distance of several hundred yards from the gate. The voice again hailed; and Ruth, opening the casement, readily recognised George Thorpe as one of the two rowers.

'Who is it?' screamed Jennie Swan, who had followed at her mistress's heel.

'Can't you see, wench?' answered Ruth, a little brusquely.

'O my! if it ain't Tom Ashling,' quoth the handmaiden; for her eyes, like Ruth's, had identified only the figure most welcome to them.

'You're a fool,' snapped Ruth, biting her lip, and then laughed outright, partly at Jennie's answer and partly at herself. The strain on her mind was now relaxed, in one direction at least, and all her wonted gaiety rushed temporarily to her heart. She waved her handkerchief to the boatmen, who had by this time approached the gate, which Jackson had fortunately been compelled to leave open. After a good deal of manœuvring, both boats floated safely through the opening and across the yard, pulling up beneath the window, at which Ruth stood trembling between conflicting inclinations—to laugh and to cry. She observed that Thorpe looked unwontedly pale and serious.

'There is nothing wrong at Long Drove, I hope, George?'

'O no; nothing worth speaking of.—But how are you all getting on here, Ruth?'

Reassured by his reply regarding himself, Ruth grew perhaps more cheerful than was becoming in the circumstances. George, however, was unable to join in her hilarity. His morning's experience had been too severe for merriment now; he had lost a number of ewes, and his corn-stacks had suffered severely, owing to their vicinity to the great drain or dike, which ran close past the steading of Long Drove. One of his labourers' cottages also had been in such a precarious condition that the family had had to be removed to the farmhouse; two of his men were down with fever and ague; one of his boats—so necessary to the Fen-men in those days for travelling and portage, when the roads were impassable—had been swept away; and it had only been at the extremity of risk that he and his servant Tom Ashling had saved the other, and one belonging to Jabez Godfrey. He had till then been unable to visit Greendykes as promised, and had done so at last only at the imminent danger of his life. He was therefore, as we have hinted, in no mood to join Ruth in what he considered her ill-timed badinage. He looked at her for a while in a stunned and dazed sort of way; a quiet look of reproach came into his eyes; and then, with a calmness of face and manner resembling dignity, he said with grave respect: 'Miss Ruth, your father is my neighbour, and has been a good neighbour. He is not at home to see after things himself; and I have come, neighbour-like, to see if I could do anything about the place for you and your mother. If everything is safe, I am very glad. Give my respects to the old lady, and tell her, as I am going on to Stetton, I may be able to bring some news of your father. I will leave his boat here, in case you may require it. Good-bye.'

Ruth turned pale in spite of herself; she felt it. Her lover had done more to open her eyes to the true state of her own heart in the space of these few minutes than in all the years he had dangled at her girdle. The genuine worth of the man she had for so long trifled with, flashed upon her like a revelation. She felt for the first time in her life that awe and reverence with which the true-hearted woman regards the strength and singleness of true manhood. Gone for ever, wiped from the tablet of memory, was the George of yesterday, the simple, dull, good-natured, overweening lover; in its place, a figure clearly limned, brave, strong—to be respected, loved, and clung to. A sense of unutterable wretchedness crept over her. Her limbs trembled. She cast a look, half-penitent, half-yearning at the stalwart figure, now seated in the boat, whispered rather than spoke 'good-bye,' and hastened to her own room to shed the first tears of bitterness since childhood.

Meanwhile, Tom Ashling had got into the

second boat, and having cast it loose, pulled along the wall till he came under a window at which he had observed Jennie Swan, all smiles and tears, signalling to him with the end of a tablecloth. The conversation of this pair appeared to take a more agreeable turn than that of their superiors; for just as Thorpe called him, Tom, standing up in the boat, and Jennie craning as far out as was compatible with equilibrium, were indulging in a most unmistakable salute. His master's hillo had very nearly proved disastrous. The youth, taken in the act, started, stumbled, and, instinctively clutching the object of his attentions, narrowly escaped falling into the water and dragging the girl with him. But Ashling was an active young fellow, and quickly recovered his balance, while Jennie was able to hide her confusion in retreat.

Thorpe then called to Bob to take the painter and secure his master's boat; after which he and Ashling rowed out of the yard, on their hazardous voyage to Stetton.

THE ST JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.

THE above Association was formed in the year 1878 by certain members of the Order of St John of Jerusalem in England, an Order that for some fifty years had been quietly and unobtrusively carrying on its work of affording aid to the afflicted; and which has its headquarters in the western side of the archway of St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London. The idea originated from observing the great increase of suffering caused not only to the wounded on the field of battle, but to those injured in the accidents of everyday occurrence in our streets, by the unskilled handling of well-meaning helpers. It had been observed that by such treatment the chances of recovery of the patient were frequently imperilled in a serious manner; while prompt and efficient aid rendered in cases of cut arteries, &c. might be the means of saving a life which a few minutes' delay would extinguish. It was therefore suggested that if a short course of instruction, attractive to the general public, upon affording 'First aid to the injured,' could be occasionally given in different districts, a large amount of good might possibly be done thereby. The experiment was accordingly tried; and the result has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of its promoters; for, in the few years which have elapsed between its origination and the present date, the Association has given certificates of proficiency to some eighty-five thousand pupils, scattered all over the world. There are some two hundred and thirty 'Centres' of the Association here and abroad, including India and the colonies; with one at Malta, the headquarters of the old Knights themselves in former times; besides numerous districts where detached classes for instruction have been held. Foreign countries also, notably Russia and Germany, have taken up the idea.

The Association is managed by a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen; and its object is to give such an amount of instruction to whomsoever will learn, as will enable them to render prompt and efficacious first aid to the injured. No interference with the doctor's province is intended; in fact, the advice given to pupils as the first thing to be done is—'Send for the doctor; then attend to the patient till he comes, or till the patient can be taken to him;' the teaching given being merely to enable one to afford such immediate assistance in the event of an accident as will save life, where death would be the consequence of delay, or render the patient's sufferings less acute, and the doctor's subsequent task easier. Take, for instance, the following, which might occur in any family at any moment. A family are at breakfast, the mother cutting bread and butter in the usual feminine and dangerous mode—that is, slicing the loaf towards, instead of from the operator, the bread being held in the left hand. Suddenly the knife slips, and an artery at the wrist is severed. In a moment all is confusion and dismay; the blood spurts out in jets, rapidly soaking through the articles held over the gash by the husband, while the eldest boy is sent tearing up the street for the doctor, who is of course out somewhere, and has to be sent for. In the meanwhile, the patient is losing so much blood that she faints; and brandy is administered, with the effect of increasing the pumping action of the heart, and causing it to force more blood through the wound; the result being that, when the doctor arrives—if nothing more serious has happened—the loss of so much blood has so prostrated the patient that her recovery is long and tedious. Now, suppose the husband had undergone a course of the Association lectures, and profited by them—instead of wildly endeavouring to stop a cut artery with a mere bandage, he would at once have grasped his wife's arm high up under the armpit, thereby compressing the brachial artery—which runs down the centre of the under part of the upper arm, and a branch whereof the accident has just severed—and at once the spouting blood would have subsided into an immaterial trickle. He would then either have continued the pressure with his fingers until the doctor's arrival; or, with his handkerchief, a bit of coal and a stick of firewood, or even the sugar-tongs and a piece of string, extemporised a tourniquet that would at once have put a stop to any further serious loss of blood, and enabled the patient, if fainting, to be kept up by weak stimulants till professional aid came. Instances might of course be multiplied to show the great value of 'a little knowledge' in such emergencies, in opposition to the venerable saying.

The work of the Association is carried on thus: As soon as it appears desirable that a 'detached class' should be held—where a 'centre' has not already been established by the Association—a few of the inhabitants arrange for the hire of a room for a few weeks for the lectures, collect a number of pupils to form the class—from twenty to thirty is considered the best number, from each of whom able to pay they will obtain two shillings and sixpence or five shillings, so as to be enabled to transmit to headquarters a cheque for about fifteen guineas—according to distance from London. This sum is to pay the lecturer, for hire of diagrams, splints, &c., and the examiner. On this amount being forwarded to St John's Gate, together with particulars of the intended class, the Association will send down a doctor with all the necessary appliances; and a course of five lectures, with a week's interval between each, will

be delivered. As no doctor examines his own class, these lectures will be followed in about another week by the visit of another medical gentleman, who will test the proficiency of the class by an examination; after which, those who pass will receive a certificate entitling them to make practical use of the instruction they have received, for a year from its date; while those who have failed had better attend another course of lectures and try again.

The lectures, which generally last about an hour or an hour and a half, are by no means so dry or uninteresting as outsiders might suppose; most of the pupils find them the very reverse. They are well illustrated by the help of diagrams, &c., and the lecturers endeavour to make everything as clear and simple as possible. At the close of each lecture, the class is invited to ask any questions upon which they may desire information, the same being asked while the class is assembled, in order that the question and answer may be for the general benefit. Some of the lecturers, also, at the end of the evening—the classes are generally held in the evenings, as more convenient for attendance—give out a few questions on the subjects treated of, the answers to which are to be written out and brought at the next lecture. But this is not always the case.

The subjects of the five lectures are as follows: (1) General outline of the structure of the human body, with description of bones, &c.; and bandaging. (2) Arteries, veins, &c.; mode of stopping bleeding described; and bandaging. (3) Fractures, and treatment; bandaging. (4) Apoplexy, epilepsy, &c.; bandaging. (5) Carrying the injured. This last is for men only; in women's classes, a lecture on nursing takes its place. The classes for the two sexes are always separate. There is also for women a further class, called the 'advanced class,' which embraces all the details of the sick-room.

The lectures at headquarters are held in the room directly over the centre of the old Gateway, which is the one alluded to in the article on 'St John's Gate,' in No. 33 of this *Journal*, as the room wherein Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, an inscription on the wall over a bust of Shakspeare commemorating the event. At the opposite end of the room is grouped an arrangement of old weapons and armour, guarded by two mailed figures; while in other parts of the room may be found sundry relics of the Order's ancestors in the shape of stone cannon-balls and other ingenious implements in use for thinning the population in former times. Here, about eight P.M., when the lectures are on, may be seen an attentive group of men of all ages and callings, the professional man seated by the side of his humbler but not less useful co-worker in life's round, and all eager to profit by the coming instruction. To them enters the courteous and indefatigable secretary, Mr Easterbrook; and then, after the taking down of the names—for four out of the five lectures *must* be attended, to qualify for examination—and a few necessary preliminaries connected with the payment of the necessary fee, the lecturer is introduced, and the business of the evening commences. In clear and easily comprehended phraseology, and avoiding technical terms as much as possible, the class is made acquainted with the main portions of that wonderful piece of mechanism the human frame, with the various accidents to which it is liable, and the best mode of treatment to be adopted on their occurrence, with the appliances usually at hand on such occasions. In cases of fractures and wounds, drowning, &c., the pupils are made to comprehend the precise treatment necessary in each case by practical examples, the class binding up one another for supposed accidents; so that, were it not for the happy appearance of the patients, a visitor arriving unexpectedly at about nine P.M. would think he had stumbled upon the accident ward of an hospital.

Thus evening after evening the instruction goes on, with a week, as stated, between each lecture, during which period the pupil can study his handbook, and practise on his family circle the lessons he has received, until at length the fifth evening is reached, when, after having heartily cheered the lecturer and bid him good-bye, the class is informed that on a certain day the examination will take place, which generally causes a sensation in the class. But there is no need for any one who has really attended to his lectures to fear being 'plucked.' The examiners are not let loose with instructions to harass and worry the pupils, after the manner we hear of as occasionally practised at medical examinations; they are gentlemen who wish merely to ascertain whether the candidates for their certificates are honestly fit to be intrusted with, perhaps, the lives of their fellow-creatures; and all their questions will be simply to test that knowledge fairly. The writer having passed his three examinations and obtained the medallion, can speak from personal experience. The certificates are frequently presented by members of the royal family, who take a great interest in the movement, as they always do in any work for the public good. The late Duke of Albany not only went through a course of instruction, but also became the president of a centre; and others of the royal family, by becoming patrons and otherwise, have evinced their appreciation of the work of the Association. The certificate thus obtained lasts for a year from its date; after which, those who intend to keep up their training must pass a second examination, merely to see that they have not forgotten the teaching. The passing of this gives another year's license, when a third and final examination must be gone through, with the same object of refreshing the memory; after which the successful candidate is presented with a bronze medallion—which he may wear at his watch-chain, &c., but never as a decoration—and is freed from any further ordeal. Those medallion holders who choose can purchase silver or gold copies of their medallion from the Association; but the *status* of the wearer is precisely the same, of whatever metal his badge is composed.

The *pons asinorum* at these lectures seems to be the 'reef-knot,' which is the only knot allowed on a bandage. It is singular what a number of pupils find a difficulty in tying it with certainty, though it is often tied by accident. It is difficult to describe a knot in writing only; but if the reader will attend to the following instructions, he will be enabled to tie

the mysterious knot every time. Take a piece of cord about a foot long. With this tie an ordinary single knot, loosely. The reef-knot is merely a double knot, but it makes all the difference how you begin the second one. On looking at the first knot, it will be seen that one end of the cord comes out over, and the other under, the knot. Now, to tie the reef-knot, all you have to do is to remember to keep that end which is *over* on leaving the first knot, *over* also in commencing the second. If you put it under, you will not succeed.

The Association also gives numerous gratuitous lectures where the pupils cannot afford any payment, as at collieries, seaports, &c.; many hundreds of the police, regular forces, railway, and dockyard employees and workers in similar avocations having thus become instructed. Of necessity, all this requires money; and therefore the Association has to be supported by the donations of friends, the subscriptions of life members—five guineas; annual members—five shillings; the receipts from paying classes, and the sale of various useful appliances connected with the treatment of the injured, as litters, &c.

If any of our readers desire to become associated with life-preservation, let them ascertain from the secretary at headquarters where a course of lectures can be attended, and go through it. The step will never be regretted, as the time thus spent will be passed pleasantly and profitably; and the result may be the means of saving lives near and dear to them in cases of sudden and unexpected emergency.

NUMBER 492.

Some years ago I was making a sketching tour in the West Country, and found myself one September afternoon on Dartmoor, a few miles from Princes Town. I had been strolling lazily about for some time, when I suddenly came upon a bit of moorland, which I decided it was imperatively my duty to transfer to canvas, so I sat down on a mossy boulder, and was soon diligently at work, and absorbed in the task of trying to represent the lovely autumnal tints on stream, rock, and heather. Intent on my picture, I took no note of time, till suddenly I perceived the shadow getting ominously long; and consulting my watch, I found it was past five o'clock, and that, unless I made a speedy start, I should hardly reach Princes Town before nightfall; so I hastily packed up my traps, deciding that I would come and finish the sketch on the following day. I was just lighting my pipe preparatory to starting, when I fancied that I saw something move behind a large rock a few yards away, and I heard what sounded very like a smothered cough. I was a bit startled, as, save the birds, no living thing had been near me for hours; but I thought I would see what it was, so I walked up to the spot, and, pushing aside the high bracken, was going to examine the place, when suddenly a figure rose up and confronted me. I am not a nervous man, but I must confess I got a start as I saw before me a man clothed in convict garb, bare-headed, wild, and dishevelled. Even in my first alarm, I remember I noticed the number 492 on his clothes, and I don't fancy I shall ever forget that number. I grasped my stick firmly, and thought to myself that I was, so to speak, in a very nice little fix. Convicts are not pleasant neighbours at any time; but a *tête-à-tête* with an escaped convict on a lonely moor, miles from any house, is decidedly an interview not to be desired. However, my fears speedily subsided, for my convict did not seem at all disposed to make himself disagreeable, but merely stood looking at me, trembling in every limb, and from time to time coughing in a way that shook his wasted frame all over. Poor chap! he was a piteous spectacle—his cheeks all sunk and hollow, and with his prison dress just hanging about him, he looked like a living skeleton.

The situation was awkward for me. As a law-abiding citizen, I felt that it was my duty to take some means of restoring him to the establishment at Princes Town, which he had evidently quitted without leave; while, as an ordinary human being, I felt the sincerest pity for the haggard fellow-creature who stood there, gazing at me with hollow, feverish eyes. However, the contest between duty and compassion was speedily put an end to by No. 492 himself, for, after a more than usually racking cough, his legs gave way under him and he rolled down among the bracken. Duty fled; compassion won the day; I went and picked him up, and propped him with his back against a rock, where he gasped and choked till I really thought he would die then and there. In a minute or two, however, he revived, and in a very faint and feeble voice said: 'I'm nigh starved, guv'nor; I guess it 's about up with me.'

I went back to get some sandwiches out of my case, and offered them to him; he seized them eagerly, and began to eat them ravenously; but again a terrible fit of coughing came on, and he sank back saying: 'It ain't no use; I can't eat now; s'pose I 'm gone too far.'

Here was a pleasant position. The man was evidently in the last stage of exhaustion; and even my unpractised eye could see that No. 492 had his days, or even hours, numbered. I moistened his lips with some brandy out of my flask, and saw, to my satisfaction, that this produced a decided improvement. But what in the world I should do next, perplexed me sorely, so I repeated the dose of brandy and took counsel with myself as to the next move.

Under the influence of the brandy, my patient propped himself up again, and with great difficulty told me how he had escaped from the convict prison three days before, and had wandered over the moor, till want of food and exposure had—to use his own words—'spoilt his game;' and he was going back to the prison to give himself up. Seeing me sketching, and feeling his strength almost gone, he had decided to come and surrender himself to me; but when he got near, the poor fellow's courage failed him, and he had crawled away behind the rock where I had discovered him.

'It ain't no use my trying to get away, guv'nor,' said he sadly; 'I 'm that weak, I can't walk a step. I couldn't escape now, not if a carriage-and-four was waiting for me. I 'd want a nuss to lift me up into it. Guess I 'll die in quod after all.'

I did not think he would die in quod; but

I kept my thoughts to myself, for I felt sure that before the prison could be reached, No. 492 would be far enough away, and it would only be a suit of convict clothes or a wasted skeleton that would enter the gloomy gate.

'Look here, my poor chap,' said I. 'You can't stop here; you must just let me carry you as well as I can; and I must try and get you back to the prison.' I felt rather mean as I said this, for I did pity him heartily. I knew nothing about his crimes. He might have been the greatest villain; yet I felt for him, having just tasted liberty, and having to go back to captivity. Still, I could do nothing else; and a single glance at him showed pretty plainly that the prison would not hold him long, even if we ever got there. I expected some attempt at resistance; but, to my surprise, he quietly acquiesced, saying: 'All right, guv'nor; it can't be 'elped. I've had my try, but summat told me as I wouldn't succeed.'

It was now getting late, and the sun was just down, so there was no time to be lost, as we had a long way to go, and I was rather doubtful about my powers of carrying him, for he was, or had been, of a tolerable size and weight; but now he looked such a mere bundle of bones, that I thought I might manage it. At anyrate, there was nothing to do but to try; so I hoisted him up on my back and started off in the direction of Princes Town.

I shall not easily forget that journey; it soon grew quite dark, as I toiled on over the lonely road, with frequent halts to rest, while poor No. 492 grew weaker and weaker, and his terrible cough more and more frequent. We had gone, I suppose, about three miles, when I began to feel that it was quite impossible for me to accomplish the remaining distance, as it was so dark that I stumbled painfully over the rough path, and at each stumble my burden groaned with pain, and coughed so dismally, that I felt my well-meant endeavours were only putting him to complete torture; so I stopped, laid him down on the grass, and told him that we would not try to go on until the moon rose. 'All right, guv'nor,' said he feebly, and fell back fainting; so I administered the last few drops of brandy I had left, covered him up as well as I could with my coat, propped his head up on my sketching-case, sat down by his side, and wondered what would be the end of my adventure.

I looked at my watch, and saw that it was nine o'clock. The moon, I knew, would not rise till nearly midnight, so we had three hours to wait. I think those three hours were the longest I ever passed in my life. The silence and loneliness of the moor were terrible, and No. 492 lay with his eyes closed, and, save for an occasional groan, might have been dead. Once or twice he tried to speak, but apparently it was beyond his powers, and he fell back again exhausted. Once he put out his hand, caught mine, and, to my great surprise, carried it to his lips and kissed it. I am not much used to having my hand kissed at any time, and should probably, under any circumstances, feel the situation embarrassing; but to have it kissed by a dying convict out on Dartmoor, in the middle of the night, was a novel experience.

I did not mean to hurt the feelings of No. 492, but I drew it away somewhat hastily; and then, seeing his lips move, as if he was trying to say something, I bent over him to listen, and in a voice little more than a whisper he said: 'Beg your pardon, sir; but you've been precious kind to me, and I feels weak and silly like; I didn't mean no offence.'

I hastened with some compunction to assure him that I was not offended; and again he closed his eyes; and around us once more was silence.

At last, to my great joy, the sky brightened up a bit; the outlines of the tors became more distinct, and then the moon appeared over the hills, and shot a flood of silver light all over the moor. My spirits, which had fallen below zero, revived considerably; darkness has at all times a depressing influence, and under my peculiar circumstances, had reduced me to a most profound melancholy. I felt quite glad to see the moon rise, though, beyond the fact of being able to see where we were, it did not materially assist me out of the fix I was in.

I looked at No. 492, and he seemed to be asleep. I did not like to wake him, so I got up quietly, intending to walk to the top of a hill close by, and see if I could discover the lights of Princes Town, or any house nearer, to which I might direct my steps. I was not gone long—perhaps half an hour; and when I came back, I found No. 492 with his eyes wide open, and, to my great surprise—though I do not know why I should have been so surprised—tears running down his cheeks. Really, my ideas about convicts were becoming quite upset; one who furtively kissed my hand, and who wept, was, I thought, indeed an anomaly. I bent over him, and asked if he was in worse pain, or what was the matter. Poor fellow! he lifted his wasted hand, drew it across his eyes, and said: 'No; I ain't in no pain now, sir; but I woke from a bit of a doze, and saw you was gone; and I thought as how you had left me; and somehow I felt lonesome and afeared;' and then a great sob shook him.

I assured him that I was not going to leave him, and he appeared comforted. Then, after a pause, he said: 'I ain't one as has been much afeared in my time, sir; but, somehow, now I can't 'elp it; I seems all of a tremble; and it looks awful dark ahead of me, and I be so weak I don't seem able to face it nohow.'

I longed truly to be able to help him, and wished with all my heart that I could do it better; but, feeling rather ashamed, I tried to tell No. 492 something about a strong Hand which will help us in the dark valley, and One who will be near us when of ourselves, as he said, 'we don't seem able to face it nohow.' He listened attentively, and then closed his eyes, murmuring something I could not catch.

After a pause, I asked him if he would try to go on again. 'All right, guv'nor; you knows best,' was his answer, but very faint and feeble.

Well, I picked him up again, and off I started. By this time the moon was high up, so we progressed a good deal faster than before, and had traversed a considerable distance before I had to stop and put my burden down. Even then, I could have gone a bit farther, but No. 492

whispered: 'Stop, sir, now; it ain't no use; I shan't get no farther.'

I laid him down, and saw at a glance that our journey together was about to end. In the moonlight he looked ghastly and wan; and as I laid him down, a violent fit of coughing came on, and after it, a red stream flowed from his mouth. Poor fellow! thought I; and yet I could hardly pity him really, for to him Death must have come as a true friend. He lay quiet for some time, and I wiped the blood from his lips; then, just as the first gray streak of dawn appeared, he raised himself on his elbow and whispered: 'I've been a bad un, I knows; but I didn't 'ave no chance. Say a bit of a prayer for me, sir.'

There was no refusing; and as I finished, his face lighted up, and again repeating his formula, 'All right, guv'nor,' he fell back—dead. He had succeeded in his escape, after all.

I covered up the body, and thinking no one would be likely to come near the spot, I drew it aside near a rock which I should recognise again, and started off, walking briskly to Princes Town, considering many things by the way. I went to the prison, and came back with some warders to show them the spot; and, as I was obliged to await the inquest, I attended the funeral of poor No. 492.

I trust that in the 'Other Land' it may be for him—as for many of us for whom it has been all wrong here—'All right.'

WHEN SHALL WE LOSE OUR POLE-STAR?

This may be to some of our readers a startling question; for most of us have had that star pointed out to us many years; and perhaps those who directed our eyes to it little thought that there would ever be any other pole-star. It is well known that if the northern extremity of the axis of our earth were lengthened until it met the imaginary sphere of the heavens, it would come very near to our present pole-star, hence called Polaris; and if, for any cause, the direction of that axis were materially altered, that star would no longer be a true index of the north. We now propose to show that such a change of the direction of the earth's axis is continually taking place; and that the terrestrial axis when thus lengthened describes a cone, the apex of which is the centre of the earth; and the circumference of the base of the cone is a circle described amongst the stars. When the axis has described one-half of its course, the angle between the two positions it occupies at the beginning and at the middle of the rotation is about forty-seven degrees. And thus the extremity of the axis will successively come near to other stars than our present pole-star; and in about twelve thousand years it will have as the Polaris the very conspicuous star Vega, or α in the constellation Lyra.

We now proceed to explain the reason of this movement of the earth's axis. It is well known that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flattened at the poles, being what astronomers call an oblate spheroid. Now, the sun's attraction upon such a spheroidal body is not quite the same as it would be upon a perfect sphere. When the sun is at either equinox—that is, just over the equator—the attraction exercised upon our earth is the same as if that body were spherical; but when the sun is at or near the upper tropic, its action upon the terrestrial matter which bulges at the equator has a tendency to pull that matter towards the ecliptic, and to make the axis of the earth approach to a vertical to the ecliptic. The same influence is at work when the sun is near the lower tropic. And if this influence were not counteracted, the effect would be to cause the ecliptic and equator ultimately to coincide; and our annual succession of seasons would be done away with. But as no such catastrophe is threatening us, and the inclination of the ecliptic to the equator remains about twenty-three and a half degrees, there must be some force which neutralises the above tendency: this is the rotation of the earth on its own axis. No one but a good mathematician could *a priori* tell the exact effect of these two forces combined. But any one may see how rotation may affect the motion of a body acted on by another force, by observing how a pegtop is kept upright by the rotation, whilst it falls as the rotation ceases. The influence of this rotation to keep a body from falling may be noticed by any one who carefully observes a spinning coin when about to fall. While the coin spins rapidly, its uppermost part appears as a point. As it falls, the point becomes a small circle, increasing as the rotation slackens. But if the coin be very closely watched, when beginning to fall, it will be seen that the small circle is for a moment diminished, showing that the coin had partially recovered its upright position. This recovery is entirely due to the rotation. Similarly, a bicycle is kept from falling by its horizontal motion; and a conical bullet, which has gained a great rapidity of rotation from a rifled barrel, keeps the direction of its axis without deflection to the right or left. And thus we find that the present position of the earth's axis with respect to the ecliptic is not altered; but the two forces acting upon the earth cause the axis to rotate, as above described, so that the north pole describes a circle in the heavens. But as the period of this rotation is very great, it was not easy to detect such a result, except after a long period of observation. It was discovered thus. The point where the ecliptic and equator cut is called the first point of the constellation Aries, one of the well-known twelve signs of the zodiac. From this point all celestial measurements are made eastwards. Each star of importance has had its distance east of that point—called its right ascension—recorded. In the course of time, the tables of these numbers so recorded appeared to be erroneous; but the error was so regular, and all in one direction, that it was conjectured that the point from which these right ascensions were reckoned had itself shifted its place. And so it proved; and if any one looks at a celestial globe, he will see that Aries no longer occupies the position where the equinox is, but is somewhat to the east, or right, because the point of intersection of the ecliptic and equator has slipped back. But as the sun appears to take a shorter time to come back to the equinox than to arrive at the same stars, which were once close to that point of intersection, this slow retrograde motion is termed the *precession* of the equinoxes.

The distance on the equator caused by this retrograde motion would, if not otherwise modified, be 50″·41 annually. But the attraction of the planets on each other produces a very small motion of the equinox in the other direction; and so the resulting precession is about 50″·1 annually. If we divide the three hundred and sixty degrees in every circle by the above small quantity, we shall find that the period of the revolution of the earth's axis is twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight years.

Of course the moon has an influence on the extra mass at the earth's equator, as the sun has, similar in kind, but far less in quantity. This influence would cause the earth's axis to describe very small cones of the same nature as the large cone above described; and the period of every rotation would be about nineteen years. The effect of this second or lunar influence is to cause the earth's axis to dip a little towards the equator, and then to resume its position; and this nodding motion is termed *nutation*, from the Latin word *nuto*, to nod. Thus the axis of the earth describes a cone not of uniform surface, but as it were fluted, and completes its majestic round in nearly twenty-six thousand years, pointing to a various succession of stars which will in their turns be honoured by future astronomers as the pole-stars of their respective generations.

CONCRETE.

Rapid as has been the development of concrete during the last few years, never has that progress been more marked than at the present time, when scarcely an undertaking is carried out, be it cottage construction of the simplest type, or public building vast in size—be the design insignificantly small, or the scheme one involving the outlay of millions, but we find constructors and contractors gladly availing themselves of this material, which unites so happily economy and durability with ease in manipulation, and great adaptability to forms and shapes required. Concrete is no new thing. The Romans understood the employment of concrete; nor did the builders of that day hesitate to press into their service the advantages derived from its use, with a skill and success to which at the present day the test of centuries bears ample testimony.

To the great strides in all constructive art—to the ever-pressing demand for cheaper materials—to the improvements which have been effected in the manufacture and manipulation of cement, as well as to the economy resulting from the introduction of special machinery for crushing stone—to these, amongst other considerations, must we look for the causes which have resulted in the revival of concrete.

The composition and preparation of concrete may be briefly explained. Concrete is an artificial agglomeration formed by the admixture of lime or cement with sand and gravel or broken rock. The preparation of concrete, though exceedingly simple, requires to be carried out with system and regularity, if satisfactory results are to be obtained. The ingredients just mentioned having been well mixed by shovelling, water is added, and after further turning over, the concrete is ready. All that remains to be done is to throw the viscid admixture into its final position—into the trench, where a foundation is being formed—or between the two parallel rows of planking, forming as it were a huge mould, and marking the position of a future concrete wall. The material rapidly hardens, and in an astonishingly short period assumes that monolithic hardness which is so justly esteemed for solidity and stability.

In this country, the cement usually employed in the preparation of concrete is that bearing the name of Portland cement—a designation derived, it is believed, from its similarity in appearance to Portland stone. Portland cement is prepared by the 'calcination' or burning of chalk and clay, and is manufactured in large quantities on the banks of the Thames and Medway. The sand employed aids in the formation of a solid mass, by filling up interstices between the larger material. It should be angular and sharp, also free from extraneous matter. When it is impossible or undesirable to use gravel, crushed stone, usually that of the neighbourhood, provided it is suitable, is employed. When used in sufficiently large quantities to warrant the employment of steam-power, a stone-crushing machine is usually provided. The stone is broken to a size similar to that of road-metal. Both as regards materials and composition, concrete necessarily presents considerable variation. The materials employed are those most available economically and physically; whilst the proportions of the admixture depend on the class of work to be executed, as well as on the individual judgment of the designer. The ratio between the quantity of cement and that of other material employed forms the standard by which concrete is known. Thus a six to one concrete implies a material compounded of six parts by volume of gravel or crushed stone or brick, as the case may be, with one part by volume of cement.

An enumeration of the many purposes to which concrete is now adapted would form a formidable list; suffice it to point out that in almost every class of construction, in the execution of designs both great and small, the economical advantages derived from its employment are more and more appreciated.

VERB 'TO BE.'

(PRESENT TENSE.)

I am—a lonely, bitter-hearted woman;
(I might have been—a happy honoured wife.)
Thou art—another's husband; thou art human;
(Thou mightst have been—the joy of all my life.)
She is—my jealous cruel enemy;
(She might have been—as once—my trusted friend.)
We are—but strangers meeting; woe is me!
(We might have been—together to the end.)
You—fate or fortune—are—both deaf and blind;
(You might have been—a goddess gentle-eyed.)
They—my own household—selfish are—I find;
(They might have been—as bulwarks by my side.)

The present tense is harder far, I ween,
To conjugate than this, 'It might have been.'

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CHURCH-ALES.

In days gone by, one of the most important anniversaries in many of our old country parishes was the 'Church-ale,' a festival which, originally instituted in honour of the church saint, was in after-years frequently kept up for the purpose of contributing towards the repair and decoration of the church. Anyhow, it was by all classes recognised as the gala season of the parish; and from the various accounts and incidental allusions that have been bequeathed to us in connection with it, there can be no doubt that this yearly festival was the occasion of every kind of merry-making coupled with a complete cessation from business.

In the time of Shakspeare, and indeed for a century or two before his day, it appears that the term *ale* was synonymous with festival; and hence its occurrence in such phrases as Leet-ale, Whitsun-ale, Bride-ale, &c., numerous references to which we meet with in the literature of that period. Thus Chaucer uses it in this sense; and Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Queens*, makes one of the hags say: 'A piper it got at a church-ale.' Shakspeare also employs the expression in *Pericles:*

> It hath been sung at festivals,
> On Ember-eves and holy-ales.

As at these festivals, ale seems to have been the predominant liquor, it is highly probable that from this circumstance the term took its origin. On such an occasion, for instance, it was the business of the churchwardens to have specially brewed a considerable quantity of strong ale, which was sold to the visitors; a practice which, it is recorded, led to 'great pecuniary advantage, for the rich thought it a meritorious duty, besides paying for their ale, to offer largely to the church fund.' Hence, it was no uncommon thing in some parishes to have several of these ales in the course of the year, and sometimes one or more parishes would agree to hold annually a certain number of them. As an illustration of this usage, we may quote the following curious stipulation, preserved in the Bodleian Library: 'The parishioners of Elvaston and Okebrook, in Derbyshire, agree jointly to brew four ales betwixt this (the time of the contract) and the feast of St John Baptist next coming; and that every inhabitant of the said town of Okebrook shall be at the several ales; and every husband and his wife shall pay twopence, and every cottager one penny; and all the inhabitants of Elvaston shall have and receive all the profits and advantages coming of the said ales, to the use and behoof of the said church of Elvaston.'

Unfortunately, however, these festive gatherings were in course of time greatly abused; and we read how even in the body of the church, when the people were assembled together for devotion, they not only turned their attention to diversions, but actually introduced drinking. It is easy to understand how such scenes were received with considerable ill-favour amongst a certain number of persons, and indeed so scandalised the Puritans of the seventeenth century that in many places they were wholly discontinued. Thus Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses* (1585), speaks in no friendly term of the church-ale; and after describing the usual method of procedure at these times, adds: 'In this kind of practice they continue six weeks, a quarter of a year, yea, half a year together. That money, they say, is to repair their churches and chapels with, to buy books for service, cups for the celebration of the sacrament, and such other necessaries. And they maintain other extraordinary charges in their parish besides.' Although, of course, Stubbs has given a somewhat exaggerated account of the case, yet it is evident that the bounds of moderation were only too frequently ignored. An additional cause of complaint, moreover, arose from these church-ales being now and then held on Sunday, as appears from a sermon preached by one William Kethe at Blandford Forum in the year 1570, wherein occurs the following passage: 'Which holyday, the multitude call their revelyng day,

which day is spent in bulbeatings, bearebeatings, dicyng, cardyng, daunsynges, drunkenness, &c.'

It must not be supposed, however, that of the many holiday observances which marked the social life of our forefathers, the church-ale was more than any other specially abused, the same fault having been laid to the charge of most of the principal festive anniversaries, many of the observances connected with which have for this very reason long ago fallen into disuse. In the history of the church-ale, it is curious and interesting to note the gradual development of a custom from its original purpose. Thus, as we have already pointed out, whereas this institution was at first intended to be a commemorative rejoicing in honour of the church saint, it was by degrees extended to the holiday festivities connected with such anniversaries as Easter or Whitsuntide, and lastly, was applied to any number of similar festal gatherings which might be summoned in the course of the year by the parish authorities to defray church expenses.

Amongst some of the many well-known church-ales formerly kept up throughout the country, may be mentioned one noticed by Carew in his *Survey of Cornwall*, who has thus described it: 'For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yearly chosen by their last foregoers to be wardens, who make collection among the parishioners of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing and baking against Whitsuntide, upon which holydays the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merrily feed on their own victuals. When the feast is ended, the wardens yield in their accounts to the parishioners, and such money as exceedeth the disbursement is laid up to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish.' But this custom has long ago vanished, and is numbered now amongst the things of the past. Again, Aubrey in his introduction to the *Natural History of Wiltshire*, tells us that there were no rates for the poor in his grandfather's days, the church-ale of Whitsuntide doing the business. According to his account, 'in every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crooks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c.' The church-ale of Castle-Combe, in the same county, was long kept up with much enthusiasm; and to encourage the celebration of this festival, no one was allowed to brew so long as any of the church-ale remained unsold. According to Britton, the inhabitants met at this annual festival 'to distribute alms to the indigent and to make merry. Near the church was a house furnished with the utensils required for dressing victuals. After a sober entertainment, the younger individuals of the party amused themselves with dancing.' At Tarring, near Worthing, Sussex, the church-ale was yearly kept up without interruption from a very early period till the year 1548, the second year of the reign of Edward VI. In this year, the parish having lost seven shillings and sixpence by the festival, it was discontinued till the year 1559, when it once more regained its attractions, and was attended with profit.

Hutchinson, in his *History of Northumberland*, informs us that in the northern counties the church-ale was a very popular institution. The manner of holding these festivals, he tells us, was under tents and booths erected in the churchyard, where all kinds of diversions were introduced. Interludes were performed, 'being a species of theatrical performance, consisting of a rehearsal of some passages in Holy Scripture personated by actors.' On these occasions, he further adds, 'great feasts were displayed, and vast abundance of meat and drink.' Once more, the festivities of a church-ale were so intimately associated with the sacred fabric itself, that several pieces of sculpture in Cirencester Church commemorate these merrymakings, in which music, too, held an important place. In the porch of Chalk Church, Kent, have been preserved some grotesque figures, illustrating the merry scenes of a church-ale.

That these church-ales were not unattended with expense may be gathered from many of the old churchwardens' accounts. Thus, we read how in the year 1603 the pewter for the church-ale at Minchinhampton cost twenty-six shillings and sixpence; the best pan, twenty-four shillings; the two spits and the pair of racks, twenty shillings and fourpence; the furnace and the other pan, fifty-three shillings and threepence. At Broad Blunsdon, in North Wilts, an old manuscript informs us how on one occasion the church-ale gained four pounds and fourteen shillings profit. In Coates's *History of Reading* (1802), under the churchwardens' accounts of St Mary's parish, we find sundry references to the church-ale expenses. Under the year 1557, for example, occurs this item: 'Payed to the morrys-daunsers and the mynstrelles mete and drink at Whytsontide, iijs. iiijd.' Among the churchwardens' accounts, too, of the parish of St Laurence for the year 1504, we may quote the following: 'Payed for bred and ale spent to the use of the church at Whitsontyd, ijs. vjd. Item for wyne at the same tyme, xiiijd.' 1505. 'Item recvd of the mayden's gaderyng at Whitsontyde by the tre at the church dore, iijd.'

To cover the expenses of the church-ale, persons not unfrequently left in their wills special bequests for this purpose. Thus, Sir Richard Worsley, in his *History of the Isle of Wight*, in his description of the parish of Whitwell, tells us that there is a lease in the parish chest dated 1574, 'of a house called the Church-house, held by the inhabitants of Whitwell, parishioners of Gatcombe, of the lord of the manor, and demised by them to John Brode, in which is the following proviso: Provided always, that if the quarter shall need at any time to make a quarter-ale or church-ale for the maintenance of the chapel, that it shall be lawful for them to have the use of the said house, with all the rooms both above and beneath, during their ale.' We may also compare a similar bequest at Biddenham, in Bedfordshire. According to Edward's *Old English Customs and Remarkable Charities* (1842), 'an ancient customary donation of a quantity of malt was made

annually at Whitsuntide by the proprietor of Kempston Mill, near the parish. The malt was always delivered to the overseers of the parish of the poor for the time being, and turned by them into ale, which was distributed among all the poor inhabitants of Biddenham on Whit-Tuesday.'

It would seem that occasionally fines were enacted in the case of those who were absent from the church-ale. Thus, in an old parish document relating to the parish of Walsall, in Staffordshire, we read how, in the year 1496, 'John Arundel, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, by a decree of confirmation, under the seal of the diocese, directed to the Mayor of Walsall and his bretheren, for the advantage of Walsall Church, declaring that they (the mayor and his bretheren) shall keepe the drynkynges iiii. times in the year, and hee that is absent at any of these drynkynges to forfeit a pounde of waxe to burn for the light of the chapell of Sointe Kateryn, in the sayd church.'

Apart from the feasting and merry-making which took place at these gatherings, it appears that certain amusements were provided for the recreation of the visitors. Miss Baker, in her *Glossary of Northamptonshire Words* (1854), describing the celebration of a Whitsun or church-ale early in the present century in a barn at King's Sutton, says that it was specially fitted up for the occasion. The lord, as the principal, carried a mace made of silk, finely plaited with ribbons, and filled with spices and perfumes for such of the company to smell as desired it. Six morris-dancers were amongst the performers. From the same source, we also learn that at an ale kept at Greatworth in the year 1785, all those who misconducted themselves were obliged to ride a wooden horse; and 'if still more unruly, were put into the stocks, which was termed being my lord's organist.'

Another feature of the church was the 'rush-bearing,' various allusions to which custom we find in the literature of the past. In the church-wardens' accounts of Minchinhampton, amongst the items of expenses connected with the church-ale we are told that the church-house was mossed in the year 1611 at the cost of twelve shillings and eightpence. Usually, rushes were employed for this purpose; but in this case there may have been no rushes, or else moss might have been preferred. Bridges, in his *Northamptonshire*, speaking of the parish of Middleton-Chenduit, says: 'It is a custom here to strew the church in summer with hay gathered from six or seven swaths in Ash-meadow, which have been gathered for this purpose.' This strewing of the church with rushes seems to have been attended with no small amount of festive ceremony, which thus harmonised with the general surrounding of the church-ale.

Such, then, were some of the principal characteristics of the English church-ale, an institution which, in spite of its widespread popularity, is now almost completely forgotten, its memory only lingering here and there in a few of our country villages. Existing at a period prior to the establishment of church-rates, the contributions levied at this season were a real necessity, if the fabric of the church was to be kept in repair; indeed, the church-ale, which has been likened to our yearly fairs of the present day, was naturally made as attractive as possible, its primary object, after all, having been to provide adequate funds for parish wants.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XII.

THE days ran on for about a week with a suppressed and agitating expectation in them which seemed to Frances to blur and muddle all the outlines, so that she could not recollect which was Wednesday or which was Friday, but felt it all one uncomfortable long feverish sort of day. She could not take the advantage of any pleasure there might be in them—and it was a pleasure to watch Constance, to hear her talk, to catch the many glimpses of so different a life, which came from the careless, easy monologue which was her style of conversation—for the exciting sense that she did not know what might happen any moment, or what was going to become of her. Even the change from her familiar place at table, which Constance took without any thought, just as she took her father's favourite chair on the loggia, and the difference in her room, helped to confuse her mind, and add to the feverish sensation of a life altogether out of joint.

Constance had not observed any of those signs of individual habitation about the room which Frances had fancied would lead to a discovery of the transfer she had made. She took it quite calmly, not perceiving anything beyond the ordinary in the chamber which Frances had adorned with her sketches, with the little curiosities she had picked up, with all the little collections of her short life. It was wanting still in many things which to Constance seemed simple necessities. How was she to know how many things were in it which were luxuries to that primitive locality? She remained altogether unconscious, accordingly, of the sacrifice her sister had made for her, and spoke lightly of poor Frances' pet decorations, and of the sketches, the authorship of which she did not take the trouble to suspect. 'What funny little pictures,' she had said. 'Where did you get so many odd little things? They look as if the frames were home-made, as well as the drawings.'

Fortunately, she was not in the habit of waiting for an answer to such a question, and she did not remark the colour that rose to Frances' cheeks. But all this added to the disturbing influence, and made these long days look unlike any other days in her life. She took the other side of the table meekly with a half-smile at her father, warning him not to say anything; and she lodged in the blue room without thinking of adding to its comforts, for what was the use, so long as this possible alteration hung over her head? Life seemed to be arrested during these half-dozen days. They had the mingled colours and huddled outlines of a spoiled drawing; they were not like

anything else in her life, neither the established calm and certainty that went before, nor the strange novelty that followed after.

There were no confidences between her father and herself during this period. Since their conversation on the night of Constance's arrival, not a word had been said between them on the subject. They mutually avoided all occasion for further talk. At least Mr Waring avoided it, not knowing how to meet his child, or to explain to her the hazard to which her life was exposed. He did not take into consideration the attraction of the novelty, the charm of the unknown mother and the unknown life, at which Frances permitted herself to take tremulous and stealthy glimpses as the days went on. He contemplated her fate from his own point of view as something like that of the princess who was doomed to the dragon's maw, but for the never-to-be-forgotten interposition of St George, that emblem of chivalry. There was no St George visible on the horizon, and Waring thought the dragon no bad emblem of his wife. And he was ashamed to think that he was helpless to deliver her; and that, by his fault, this poor little Una, this hapless Andromeda, was to be delivered over to the waiting monster.

He avoided Frances, because he did not know how to break to her this possibility, or how, since Constance probably had made her aware of it, to console her in the terrible crisis at which she had arrived. It was a painful crisis for himself as well as for her. The first evening on which, coming into the loggia to smoke his cigarette after dinner, he had found Constance extended in his favourite chair had brought this fully home to him. He strolled out upon the open-air room with all the ease of custom, and for the first moment he did not quite understand what it was that was changed in it, that put him out, and made him feel as if he had come, not into his own familiar domestic centre, but somebody else's place. He hung about for a minute or two, confused, before he saw what it was; and then, with a half-laugh in his throat, and a mingled sense that he was annoyed, and that it was ridiculous to be annoyed, strolled across the loggia, and half seated himself on the outer wall, leaning against a pillar. He was astonished to think how much annoyed he was, and with what a comical sense of injury he saw his daughter lying back so entirely at her ease in his chair. She was his daughter, but she was a stranger, and it was impossible to tell her that her place was not there. Next evening, he was almost angry, for he thought that Frances might have told her, though he could not. And indeed Frances had done what she could to warn her sister of the usurpation. But Constance had no idea of vested rights of this description, and had paid no attention. She took very little notice, indeed, of what was said to her, unless it arrested her attention in some special way; and she had never been trained to understand that the master of a house has sacred privileges. She had not so much as known what it is to have a master to a house.

This and other trifles of the same kind gave to Waring something of the same confused and feverish feeling which was in the mind of Frances. And there hung over him a cloud as of something further to come, which was not so clear as her anticipations, yet was full of discomfort and apprehension. He thought of many things, not of one thing, as she did. It seemed to him not impossible that his wife herself might arrive some day as suddenly as Constance had done, to reclaim her child, or to take away his, for that was how they were distinguished in his mind. The idea of seeing again the woman from whom he had been separated so long, filled him with dread; and that she should come here and see the limited and recluse life he led, and his bare rooms, and his homely servants, filled him with a kind of horror. Rather anything than that. He did not like to contemplate even the idea that it might be necessary to give up the girl, who had flattered him by taking refuge with him and seeking his protection; but neither was the thought of being left with her and having Frances taken from him endurable. In short, his mind was in a state of mortal confusion and tumult. He was like the commander of a besieged city, not knowing on what day he might be summoned to surrender; not able to come to any conclusion whether it would be most wise to yield, or if the state of his resources afforded any feasible hopes of holding out.

Constance had been a week at the Palazzo before the trumpets sounded. The letters were delivered just before the twelve o'clock breakfast, and Frances had received so much warning as this, that Mariuccia informed her there had been a large delivery that morning. The Signor padrone had a great packet; and there were also some letters for the other young lady, Signorina Constanza. 'But never any for thee, carina,' Mariuccia had said. The poor girl thus addressed had a momentary sense that she was indeed to be pitied on this account, before the excitement of the certainty, that now something definite must be known as to what was to become of her, swelled her veins to bursting; and she felt herself grow giddy with the thought that what had been so vague and visionary, might now be coming near, and that in an hour or less she would know! Waring was as usual shut up in his bookroom; but she could see Constance on the loggia with her lap full of letters, lying back in the long chair as usual, reading them as if they were the most ordinary things in the world. Frances for her part had to wait in silence until she should learn from others what her fate was to be. It seemed very strange that one girl should be free to do so much, while another of the same age could do nothing at all.

Waring came in to breakfast with the letters in his hand. 'I have heard from your mother,' he said, looking straight before him, without turning to the right or the left. Frances tried to appropriate this to herself, to make some reply, but her voice died in her throat; and Constance, with the easiest certainty that it was she who was addressed, answered before she could recover herself.

'Yes? So have I. Mamma is rather fond of writing letters. She says she has told you what she wishes, and then she tells me to tell you. I don't suppose that is of much use?'

'Of no use at all,' said he. 'She is pretty explicit. She says'——

Constance leant over the table a little, holding

up her finger. 'Don't you think, papa,' she said, 'as it is business, that it would be better not to enter upon it just now? Wait till we have had our breakfast.'

He looked at her with an air of surprise. 'I don't see,' he said—then, after a moment's reflection: 'Perhaps you are right, after all. It may be better not to say anything just now.'

Frances had recovered her voice. She looked from one to another as they spoke with a cruel consciousness that it was she, not they, who was most concerned. At this point she burst forth with feelings not to be controlled. 'If it is on my account, I would rather know at once what it is,' she cried.

And then she had to bear the looks of both—her father's astonished half-remorseful gaze, and the eyes of Constance, which conveyed a warning. Why should Constance, who had told her of the danger, warn her now not to betray her knowledge of it? Frances had got beyond her own control. She was vexed by the looks which were fixed upon her, and by the supposed consideration for her comfort which lay in their delay. 'I know,' she said quickly, 'that it is something about me. If you think I care for breakfast, you are mistaken; but I think I have a right to know what it is, if it is about me.—O papa, I don't mean to be—disagreeable,' she cried suddenly, sinking into her own natural tone as she caught his eye.

'That is not very much like you, certainly,' he said, in a confused voice.

'Evil communications,' said Constance, with a laugh. 'I have done her harm already.'

Frances felt that her sister's voice threw a new irritation into her mood. 'I am not like myself,' she said, 'because I know something is going to happen to me, and I don't know what it is.—Papa, I don't want to be selfish, but let me know, please, only let me know what it is.'

'It is only that mamma has sent for you,' said Constance lightly. 'That is all. It is nothing so very dreadful.—Now, do let us have our breakfast in peace.'

'Is that true, papa?' Frances said.

'My dear little girl—I had meant to explain it all—to tell you—and I have been so silly as to put off. Your sister does not understand how we have lived together, Frances, you and I.'

'Am I to go, papa?'

He made a gesture of despair. 'I don't know what to do. I have given my promise. It is as bad for me as for you, Frances. But what am I to do?'

'I suppose,' said Constance, who had helped herself very tranquilly from the dish which Domenico had been holding unobserved at his master's elbow, 'that there is no law that could make you part with her, if you don't wish to. Promises are all very well with strangers; but they are never kept—are they?—between husband and wife. The father has all the right on his side; and you are not obliged to give either of us up.—What a blessing,' she cried suddenly, 'to have servants who don't understand. That was why I said don't talk of it till after breakfast. But it does not at all matter. It is as good as if he were deaf and dumb.—Papa, you need not give her up unless you like.'

Waring looked at his daughter with mingled attention and anger. The suggestion was detestable, but yet——

'And then,' she went on, 'there is another thing. It might have been all very well when we were children; but now we are of an age to judge for ourselves. At eighteen, you can choose which you will stay with. Oh, younger than that. There have been several trials in the papers. No one can force Frances to go anywhere she does not like, at her age.'

'I wish,' he said with a little irritation, restrained by politeness, for Constance was still a young-lady visitor to her father, 'that you would leave this question to be discussed afterwards.—Your sister was right, Frances—after breakfast—after I have had a little time to think of it. I cannot come to any decision all at once.'

'That is a great deal better,' said Constance approvingly. 'One can't tell all in a moment. Frances is like mamma in that too. She requires you to know your own mind—to say Yes or No at once.—You and I are very like each other, papa. I shall never hurry your decision, or ask you to settle a thing in a moment.—But these cutlets are getting quite cold. Do have some before they are spoiled.'

Waring had no mind for the cutlets, to which he helped himself mechanically. He did not like to look at Frances, who sat silent, with her hands clasped on the table, pale, but with a light in her eyes. The voice of Constance running on, forming a kind of veil for the trouble and confusion in his own mind, and doubtless in that of her sister, was half a relief and half an aggravation; he was grateful for it, yet irritated by it. He felt himself to play a very poor figure in the transaction altogether, as he had felt ever since she arrived. Frances, whom he had regarded as a child, had sprung up into a judge, into all the dignity of an injured person, whose right to complain of the usage to which she had been subjected no one could deny. And when he stole a furtive glance at her pale face, her head held high, the new light that burned in her eyes, he felt that she was fully aware of the wrong he had done her, and that it would not be so easy to dictate what she was to do, as everybody up to this moment had supposed. He saw, or thought he saw, resistance, indignation in the gleam that had been awakened in Frances' dove's eyes. And his heart fell—yet rose also—for how could he constrain her, if she refused to go? He had no right to constrain her. Her mother might complain; but it would not be his doing. On the other side, it would be shameful, pitiable on his part to go back from his word—to acknowledge to his wife that he could not do what he had pledged himself to do.

In every way, it was an uncomfortable breakfast, all the forms of which he followed, partly for the sake of Constance, partly for that of Domenico. But Frances ate nothing, he could see. He prolonged the meal, through a sort of fear of the interview afterwards, of what he must say to her, and of what she should reply. He felt ashamed of his reluctance to encounter this young creature, whom a few days ago he had smiled at as a child; and ashamed to look her in the face, to explain and argue with, and intreat,

where he had been always used to tell her to do this and that, without the faintest fear that she would disobey him. If even he had been left to tell her himself of all the circumstances, to make her aware gradually of all that he had kept from her (for her good), to show her now how his word was pledged! But even this had been taken out of his hands.

All this time, no one talked but Constance, who went on with an occasional remark and with her meal, for which she had a good appetite. 'I wish you would eat something, Frances,' she said. 'You need not begin to punish yourself at once. I feel it dreadfully, for it is all my fault. It is I who ought to lose my breakfast, not you. If you will take a few hints from me, I don't think you will find it so bad. Or perhaps, if we all lay our heads together, we may see some way out of it. Papa knows the law, and I know the English side, and you know what you think yourself. Let us talk it all over, and perhaps we may see our way.'

To this, Frances made no reply save a little inclination of her head, and sat with her eyes shining, with a certain proud air of self-control and self-support, which was something quite new to her. When the uncomfortable repast could be prolonged no longer, she was the first to get up. 'If you do not mind,' she said, 'I want to speak to papa by himself.'

Constance had risen too. She looked with an air of surprise at her little sister. 'Oh, if you like,' she said; 'but I think you will find that I can be of use.'

'If you are going to the bookroom, I will come with you, papa,' said Frances; but she did not wait for any reply; she opened the door and walked before him into that place of refuge, where he had been sheltering himself all these days. Constance gave him an inquiring look, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

'She is on her high-horse, and she is more like mamma than ever; but I suppose I may come all the same.'

He wavered a moment; he would have been glad of her interposition, even though it irritated him; but he had a whimsical sense of alarm in his mind, which he could not get over. He was afraid of Frances—which was one of the most comical things in the world. He shook his head, and followed humbly into the bookroom, and himself closed the door upon the intruder. Frances had seated herself already at his table, in the seat which she always occupied when she came to consult him about the dinner, or about something out of the usual round which Mariuccia had asked for. To see her seated there, and to feel that the door was closed against all intrusion, made Waring feel as if all this disturbance was a dream. How good the quiet had been; the calm days, which nothing interfered with; the little housekeeper, whose child-like prudence and wisdom were so quaint, whose simple obedience was so ready, who never, save in respect to the *spese*, set up her own will or way. His heart grew very soft as he sat down and looked at her. No, he said to himself; he would not break that old bond; he would not compel his little girl to leave him, send her out as a sacrifice. He would rather stand against all the wives in the world.

'Papa,' said Frances, 'a great deal of harm has been done by keeping me ignorant. I want you to show me mamma's letter. Unless I see it, how can I know?'

This pulled him up abruptly and checked the softening mood. 'Your mother's letter,' he said, 'goes over a great deal of old ground. I don't see that it could do you any good. It appears, I promised—what Constance told you, with her usual coolness—that one of you should be always left with her. Perhaps that was foolish.'

'Surely, papa, it was just.'

'Well, I thought so at the time. I wanted to do what was right. But there was no right in the matter. I had a perfect right to take you both away, to bring you up as I pleased. It would have been better, perhaps, had I done what the law authorised me to do. However, that need not be gone into now. What your sister said was quite true. You are at an age when you are supposed to judge for yourself, and nobody in the world can force you to go where you don't want to go.'

'But if you promised; and if—my mother trusted to your promise?' There was something more solemn in that title, than to say 'mamma.' It seemed easier to apply it to the unknown.

'I won't have you made a sacrifice of, on my account,' he said hastily.

He was surprised by her composure, by that unwonted light in her eyes. She answered him with great gravity, slowly, as if conscious of the importance of her conclusion. 'It would be no sacrifice,' she said.

Waring, there could be no doubt, was very much startled. He could not believe his ears. 'No sacrifice? Do you mean to say that you want to leave me?' he cried.

'No, papa: that is, I did not. I knew nothing. But now that I know, if my mother wants me, I will go to her. It is my duty.—And I should like it,' she added, after a pause.

Waring was dumb with surprise and dismay. He stared at her, scarcely able to believe that she could understand what she was saying. He, who had been afraid to suggest anything of the kind, who had thought of Andromeda and the virgins who were sacrificed to the dragon. He gazed aghast at this new aspect of the face with which he was so familiar, the uplifted head and shining eyes. He could not believe that this was Frances, his always docile, submissive, un-emancipated girl.

'Papa,' she said, 'everything seems changed, and I too. I want to know my mother; I want to see—how other people live.'

'Other people!' He was glad of an outlet for his irritation. 'What have we to do with other people? If it had not been for this unlucky arrival, you would never have known.'

'I must have known some time,' she said. 'And do you think it right that a girl should not know her mother—when she has a mother? I want to go to her, papa.'

He flung out of his chair with an angry movement, and took up the keys which lay on his table, and opened a small cabinet which stood in the corner of the room, Frances watching him all the time with the greatest attention. Out of this he brought a small packet of letters, and threw them to her with a movement which,

for so gentle a man, was almost violent. 'I kept these back for your good, not to disturb your mind. You may as well have them, since they belong to you—now,' he said.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

'Poison may be defined as any substance which when introduced into the system or applied externally injures health or destroys life irrespective of mechanical means or direct thermal changes.' Such is the concise and apt definition of poison laid down in Dr Quain's *Medical Dictionary*. The action of poisons is twofold, being either local or remote, or both. The local action is generally one of a corrosive or inflammatory nature, or is characterised by its effects upon the nerves and sensations. Although it is impossible to deal with so vast a subject in detail, yet nevertheless it cannot be denied that a general knowledge of some of the most virulent poisons and their antidotes is not only a subject of great interest to the public, but at times a matter of life and death. By a fair insight into poisons and their antidotes, life indeed may often be saved, when the delay caused by seeking for medical advice would probably be fatal. The purpose of this paper, therefore, will be to deal as clearly as possible with the most general poisons and their symptoms, and to point out such antidotes as in cases of emergency may be most readily employed.

An acquaintance with the leading symptoms produced by certain poisons is an important factor, for thereby we may hope more rapidly to recognise the especial destructive agency at work, and thus to arrest its further progress. Great care, however, is requisite never to draw a hasty conclusion from one symptom alone, but to bear in mind other signs upon which a correct diagnosis can alone be based. Many attempts have from time to time been made with a view to classify poisons; but the most rational classification is obviously that which is in accordance with their special action. They may therefore be divided generally under the following heads—(1) Corrosives; (2) Irritants; and (3) Neurotics.

Under the head of corrosives, corrosive sublimate stands foremost in importance, being the most typical of this class. The effects are rapid in their development, being well marked by a burning sensation felt in the mouth and throat, followed by agonising pain in the stomach. The tongue and throat have a white appearance, and excessive tenderness and swelling of the abdomen is noticeable. All authorities agree in recommending albumen in the form of raw eggs—both yolk and white—switched up with a little water, as the best antidote in cases of acute poisoning from corrosive sublimate. The albumen combines with the corrosive sublimate to form an insoluble and comparatively inert compound. Should eggs not be immediately obtainable, gluten obtained from flour, or wheat-flour alone mixed with milk or water, may be given until the more reliable antidote is ready. The chief of the corrosive poisons are the mineral acids, sulphuric, nitric, and hydrochloric; the vegetable acids, oxalic, binoxalate of potash (commonly called salt of lemon and salt of sorrel), and occasionally in large doses tartaric acid; the alkalies, potash, soda, and ammonia, with certain of their salts, such as pearl-ash (commonly called salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (commonly called washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia; also various metallic compounds, including salts of zinc, tin, silver, and antimony, &c. Poisoning by oxalic acid is a very common method chosen by would-be suicides, probably owing to the fact that it is a substance much used in household operations, and therefore readily obtainable by any one bent on committing suicide. In speaking of the action of this poison, that renowned authority the late Sir Robert Christison observes in his splendid work on Toxicology: 'If a person immediately after swallowing a solution of a crystalline salt which tasted purely and strongly acid, is attacked with burning in the throat, then with burning in the stomach, vomiting, particularly of bloody matter, imperceptible pulse, and excessive languor, and dies in half an hour or twenty minutes, or still more in ten or fifteen minutes, I do not know any fallacy which can interfere with the conclusion that oxalic acid was the cause of death.'

It is obvious in such cases that the chances of success in applying antidotes depend very much upon their immediate employment. For the mineral acids, alkaline bicarbonates, such as bicarbonates of potash or soda (baking-soda), chalk, or magnesia should at once be given, followed by milk; whilst oxalic acid is best treated by the administration of chalk, or magnesia either plain or in the form of carbonate, whereby the insoluble and almost inert oxalates of lime and magnesia are formed.

When poisoning is occasioned by the alkalies potash, soda, or ammonia, or their carbonates, carbonate of potash (also known as pearl-ash or salt of tartar), carbonate of soda (washing-soda), and carbonate of ammonia, a strong burning sensation is experienced in swallowing, followed by severe pain and great tenderness at the pit of the stomach, increased by pressure. There are frequent vomits of a brownish matter, swelling of the stomach, and hoarseness of the voice. When seeking to counteract the disastrous effects resulting from this variety of poisons, the great object aimed at is to neutralise the caustic alkalies. This may be best accomplished by means of well-diluted acid drinks copiously imbibed, as advised by Stevenson, who, further, is of opinion that the prompt use of an emetic is never inadmissible. Vinegar and water, lemon-juice with water, also oil, are recommended by Dr Russell under such circumstances. The oil forms a saponaceous compound with the alkali, whilst acid drinks neutralise the alkaline action.

Irritant poisons are divisible under two heads—(1) Metallic irritants; (2) Vegetable and animal irritants, the latter two being grouped together. It would, however, appear that none of them act purely as irritants, as the irritant symptoms to which they give rise are likewise usually accompanied by well-marked action upon the nervous system. The most serious poison of this class is undoubtedly arsenic. Salts of antimony, zinc, and other metals constitute a variety of other metallic irritants. Of the vegetable irritant poisons, elaterium, various essential oils such as savin, and gamboge, afford examples. Poisoning by arsenic may be either acute or chronic, the

acute form being by far most common, following criminal attempts on life. Its effect on the economy is twofold, the most usual being by inducing inflammation of the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, or by lowering the heart's action. Its effects in some instances may be purely narcotic. The first symptoms of arsenical poisoning, according to Orfila, are sickness and faintness, which arise about fifteen minutes after being taken. An intense burning pain is also felt in the stomach, quickly followed by vomiting, increased on attempting to swallow.

Poisoning by arsenic is distinguished from an ordinary bilious attack by the fact that pain and sickness are *not* relieved by vomiting, which usually happens in biliary derangements. A feeble and irregular pulse, accompanied by thirst, with clammy hands, are prominent symptoms of arsenical poisoning. The immediate employment of emetics—except tartar emetic—diluents, and demulcents, has been suggested as perhaps the most serviceable antidotes; but no confidence should be placed in the so-called antidotes, ferric hydrate and magnesia, unless a solution of arsenic has been taken. In chronic arsenical poisoning, most frequently engendered accidentally, by inhalation of arsenical vapour in factories, or by arsenical dust, loss of muscular power and failure of appetite are amongst the most prominent symptoms manifest. Under such circumstances, the cause—which is usually some occupation connected with the manipulation of arsenic—should be promptly sought for and removed—quinine, iron, and change of air being recommended.

Neurotic poisons may be divided into a large category; but in one and all, the symptoms produced from their administration chiefly attack the nervous system. Under this head are embraced pure narcotics, such as morphia, chloral hydrate, strychnia, hyoscyamus, &c. Prussic acid occupies a prominent position, as its effects and termination are very rapid in progress, being one of the most powerful of all poisons. Difficulty of breathing, speedily followed by convulsions, the commencement of which is announced by a loud shriek occasionally, are manifest; subsequently, loss of consciousness and muscular power. Fifteen minutes is the longest time known to elapse between taking this poison and its effects. In some works it is stated that the best mode of treating prussic-acid poisoning is by the application of cold affusions before or after the convulsive stage has commenced, and the inhalation of diluted ammonia or chlorine. Stevenson advises an emetic to be administered also. Friction and artificial respiration have been recommended by other authorities.

Opium and its preparations deserve especial notice, as the greater number of poisoning cases are due to their action. Although the symptoms of opium-poisoning greatly vary, yet they are mostly ushered in by giddiness, listlessness, and drowsiness, followed by stupor, lapsing slowly into complete insensibility. Opium-poisoning is unfortunately often occasioned by the indiscriminate use of 'sleeping-draughts' and quack nostrums. In cases of opium-poisoning, the immediate use of an emetic (a tablespoonful of mustard mixed with tepid water) has been advocated. The head and face should be dashed with cold water until the stupor is partially removed. The patient should *not* be permitted to sleep, but should be kept in continual motion. A cup of strong hot coffee ought to be given to him on his recovery.

Our space will not permit of a more minute inquiry into other varieties of neurotic poisons; suffice it to say, that in most instances arising from the administration of any preparation of opium, the antidotes above mentioned are considered the most serviceable.

We must not omit to notice poisoning by copper, which at times has arisen by the employment of copper vessels for cooking purposes, which never should be employed in any household. The first indications of copper-poisoning are sudden attacks of griping pains, aggravated by pressure, often accompanied by sickness and a peculiar sallow aspect of countenance. According to Ryan, the white of egg is the best antidote for poisonous preparations of copper. Lead-poisoning is usually owing either to drinking water which has remained for some time in leaden pipes, or by certain avocations in which some preparation of lead is used. Goulard water taken by mistake causes lead-poisoning. Lead-colic is one of its leading symptoms, which is relieved by pressure. Paralysis of the limbs is another well-marked indication. Sulphate of magnesia has been recommended as an antidote. A dram of sulphate of magnesia, five drops of dilute sulphuric acid, and twenty drops of tincture of hyoscyamus in two tablespoonfuls of camphor-water every two hours till the bowels are relieved, and then thrice daily for five days, is the treatment which some consider most appropriate under these circumstances.

In drawing this article to a close, we desire to impress upon our readers the vital importance, in all cases of poisoning, of being able immediately to administer the antidotes, while the medical man is being summoned. Many a valuable life would undoubtedly be saved, were the precautions before mentioned adopted without a moment's delay.

THE FEN FLOOD.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THORPE had stated that he was going to Stetton, and incidentally that he would make inquiries there regarding Jabez Godfrey. The truth was, his errand to the little market town was solely on the old farmer's account. He entertained a respect almost amounting to affection for Ruth's father, and had all morning, in spite of his own troubles, been haunted by apprehensions for his safety. He felt certain that, if he had reached Stetton, he would make the attempt to reach Greendykes either on horseback or by boat. If the former, his fate was sealed; and if by the latter, he was exposed to many chances equally fatal. Had Thorpe not been delayed by compulsory attention to his own people and his own affairs, he would have set out earlier; but as it was, he fully expected to be in time to offer the old man a passage in his own boat. Fearing to alarm Ruth and her mother, he had not acquainted them either with his fears or his intentions.

It is easy to understand that the care of the boat and the nature of his mission caused George in a measure to forget the nature of his brief

interview with Ruth. He was shocked and wounded in his self-love, and every now and then recalled with bitterness some flippant word or mocking look he had received in return for his own constancy and devotion. Not being endowed with any large share of imagination, he could not believe Ruth's thoughtless conduct compatible with any solid womanly qualities, far less with affection for himself. To him, she showed only the wild spirits and the frolicsome inconsiderateness of an untamed girl; nor could he credit her even with a modicum of that sound practical sense and unselfishness which formed the real though hidden basis of her character. The more he thought, the firmer his conviction grew that his own self-respect could only suffer more and more the longer he continued his attendance on her; and his previous irresoluteness now gave place to a fixed determination to withdraw from this one-sided courtship.

The rain had not yet ceased; but instead of the torrents in which it fell in the night, or the steady pelt of the morning, there was only a drizzling fall, accompanied by a slight haze. This thin gray mist gave a yet more weird and sinister aspect to the landscape, if such a term can be applied under the circumstances; it also enhanced by many degrees the difficulty of the task which Thorpe had generously undertaken. Such trees and house-tops as they passed, though sure guides at ordinary times, could not now be identified, and were therefore valueless under the present conditions. Everything was dim and indistinct at a distance of half a mile. They were, indeed, on a trackless sea without beacon or compass. For a time, the smoke curling from Greendykes, in their wake, afforded them a point by which to steer; but when that had disappeared, the two boatmen rowed at random. The sign on the front of a roadway inn was at length recognised, and they once more felt at ease. Thorpe called for some refreshment. A window on the second story was opened, and a girl with a tear-stained face appeared. In answer to his inquiries, she informed George that her master, the landlord, had been drowned by falling into the channel of the dike while riding to Stetton in the morning. She pointed out the direction they should take, and closed the window.

Thorpe and Ashling pulled swiftly, but in silence. Now and then their speed was arrested by the necessity of avoiding flotsam and jetsam of various descriptions—masses of hay or corn, timber, gates, harrows, carcases. They had left the inn about a mile behind, when they fortunately passed a finger-post. The road to Stetton, indicated by one of its arms, was plainly traced for a considerable way by the trees which skirted both sides at irregular distances. Here their progress was easy for a time; but by degrees they found the current increase at right angles to their route, making it difficult to retain the boat between the two lines of trees, against the stem of one of which they had a narrow escape from being upset. Thorpe concluded that they were now approaching the main drain or dike of Stetton Fen. The road they were following crossed it by a bridge, and this he was anxious to make; for, although the viaduct would be flooded like the rest of the roadway, the parapets would break the force of the stream, and render their passage safer than by crossing the channel of the dike itself. He therefore gave Tom such orders as would keep the head of the boat well against the force of the tide, and so enable them to approach the drain at the required point.

This bridge was exactly a mile from Stetton market, the milestone standing, as Thorpe knew, a few yards on its further side. It was now three o'clock; and the leaden sky and the haze, which seemed to gain in density, threatened to forestall the natural hour of darkness; a few minutes more, however, would bring them to one end of their journey, and both the young men began to breathe more freely. They were within two hundred yards of the bridge, when Thorpe, who stood in the bows with a boat-hook in his hand, observed another boat with a single occupant at a similar distance from the opposite side of the dike. He noticed at the same time that the boat was out of line with the bridge and higher up the stream; so that, in crossing, it would run the risk of fouling the parapet, and being dashed to pieces. He shouted to the solitary rower to go further down, giving his reasons. The advice was readily heard and understood, and the boat's head was turned accordingly. Both boats neared the bridge at the same moment. Thorpe caught the upper parapet with the hook and began to draw slowly across, when he saw that the other boat had missed the passage and was rapidly drifting down with the flow of the dike. The occupant, an elderly man, had evidently missed his way, by being unable to gauge the distance over his shoulder, and had struck the lower parapet and lost an oar.

'Take the other oar and scull!' shouted Thorpe, as he noticed that the old man sat helplessly with one oar over the side, causing the boat to gyrate as if in the circles of a whirlpool.

'Ay, ay,' returned the man, as he collected himself and proceeded to do as directed. He sculled both skilfully and strongly.

'I say, master, I reckon that there's nobody else but old Daddie Godfrey hissen,' cried Tom Ashling.

The same discovery had just flashed upon George.

'Quick, Tom! Let us go back and follow him.'

The boat's head was turned, and each having taken an oar, the distance between them and the fugitive boat was rapidly lessening. Godfrey had got free of the channel, and was manfully struggling to get beyond its influence altogether, when his boat, striking its keel against the top of a gate, heeled over, and the old man was left struggling in the water. Neither Thorpe nor Ashling had seen the accident, but they heard with alarm the wild cry for help, through the now gathering gloom.

Ruth had watched her lover's boat till it disappeared in the thickening haze, watched it in grief, with yearning, and in dread. The newly quickened ardour of her affection also quickened her terrors. That veil of gray vapour seemed to hide her hopes and the object of those hopes for ever. Her love divined the real purpose of that dangerous voyage. The man whom she had treated with the airs and language of a saucy

child had taken his life in his hand to save that of her father. How weak, how small, how guilty she felt! But Ruth was, as we have tried to convey, morally as well as physically robust and pliant. After another flood of bitter tears in the sanctity of her own room, she rallied her spirits, removed the traces of sorrow, and in a frame of mind composed in some degree by good resolutions, betook herself to her mother's room. The old lady expressed some surprise at her long absence, but more particularly at the fact that Thorpe had come and gone without seeing her. Ruth merely stated what the young farmer had said, that he had business at Stetton, but would call in the evening. She then told her mother that she would take Bob and go in the boat to see how the labourers' families were getting on. One of the women, she knew, was down with ague, and might require assistance.

Like all charitable thoughts, this one was as a healing balm to Ruth's heart. The excitement and change which she felt in anticipation further soothed her. There was also the secret joy of imitating, after a fashion, the self-sacrificing and generous spirit of her lover. Her arrangements were soon made. She filled a basket with trifling delicacies, such as children and invalids appreciate, and some simple medicines from her mother's pharmacopœia. She instructed Jennie to prepare a large mess of meat, game, and vegetables for supper—a dish specially relished by her father; and having kissed her mother and told her she would be back to tea, set out on her mission. Bob, like all Fen-men in those days, was accustomed to handling a boat, and as the way to the cottages was direct and clearly defined, the journey was a short one. They had no difficulty in attracting the attention of the poor women and children, who, beside themselves with joy at seeing the 'young missus,' clustered and jostled each other at the tiny attic casements. They had been immured in those wretched little chambers the whole day without occupation or amusement, and with the terrors of their own position only varied by fears for husband and father. Ruth's visit, therefore, although limited to a chat held between the boat and the windows, was inexpressibly welcome. The children received their cakes and tarts with clamorous delight, one rogue declaring it 'was as good as the parson's school-feast—for all the "drown'd."' The women naturally spoke of little but their husbands; they were, as might be expected, full of distress at their absence, but took heart from Ruth's hopeful view of matters, and her promise to see that they wanted for nothing. She told the youngsters laughingly that if the 'drown'd' did not disappear, she would send Bob to give them a row in the boat on the morrow. The invalid was no worse, and was very grateful for the wine and medicines Ruth had brought. Having thus cheered and reassured one and all, Ruth returned to the farmhouse, chilled and wet.

Night was closing over the deluged landscape. The lamps had already been lit in her mother's room, as well as in that which served as kitchen for the nonce. After warming herself by the fire, Ruth set out the tea-table, and privately ordered Jennie to place a light in every window of the house. Her courage and presence of mind were in a large measure recovered; and if her manner had lost some of its liveliness and her laugh some of its merriment, the change was unobserved by the old lady, whose thoughts seemed to dwell more and more upon her husband. Ruth tried every artifice in her extensive repertoire of feminine weapons, to distract her mind, but in vain. There was a far-off look in the pleasant round face, a wistful sadness and seriousness, so unusual, so striking, and so infectious, that the girl by degrees felt a chill creep over her own heart. Could it be that some mystic, psychic sympathy with those they loved, some secret consciousness of their danger, possessed them?

The tea-table cleared, Ruth tried anew to rouse her mother by narrating particulars of her visit to the cottages, giving to every little incident a touch of her own bright humour, in the hope of extracting a smile; but with small success. The arrival of the three labourers, however, with the report that they had got the horses and cattle placed in safety and that Jackson remained to tend them, somewhat raised Mrs Godfrey's spirits. They had had a bad time of it, they said, but were none the worse. Having been first well entertained by Jennie, they set out in their borrowed boat for their homes.

Ruth now went to see that the lights were still burning at the different windows. The rain had altogether ceased, and a light southerly wind had scattered the haze. The young moon was already high above the horizon, and a few stars glimmered palely between the driving clouds. This favourable change in the weather made the young girl's heart leap high with fresh hope, and she hastened to convey the good news to her mother. She took up her station once more at the window, gazing earnestly over the inundated plain in the direction of Stetton. The rays of the moon as it issued at intervals from the clouds, like the rays from a revolving beacon, fell gently athwart the scene, silvering the discoloured waters, and shimmering among the wet branches of the trees. As she gazed, she fancied she heard the noise of oars, but her straining eyes could detect no boat. She listened, and the sounds again reached her ears. And there, at last, as the inconstant moon once more pierced through the clouds, she distinctly saw a boat pulling swiftly in the direction of Greendykes. A few minutes more—though they were hours in duration to Ruth's excited mind—and the boat had drawn up to the window at which she stood, and her father, Thorpe, and Tom Ashling were speedily in the room beside her.

We pass over the various greetings of the reunited friends. As soon as these were over, Jabez Godfrey and Thorpe went to change their dress, while Tom took a seat by the fire beside Bob and Jennie, where we shall leave him to his bacon and beer, and to narrate his adventures in his own way.

A pleasant evening for the other characters of our simple story of Fen-life, closed a day passed in gloom, danger, and anxiety. The supper-board was amply supplied, and the two farmers partook with their customary good-will. Ruth attended to their wants almost in silence; while Dame Godfrey, as if in compensation, now asked a question of George or Jabez, and now expatiated

at length on the day's experience at Greendykes. From all which may be gathered what remains of interest to the reader. The old farmer had left Cambridge early in the morning on horseback, but had had to exchange this mode of travelling when he approached the Fen. He had met with some adventures, and had heard at Stetton of many sad accidents and of heavy destruction of property. These he dwelt upon briefly; but spoke with seriousness and with many expressions of gratitude of his own near escape from death, and the courage which Thorpe had displayed in saving him. From his account, it appears that he had already sunk twice, when the intrepid George, springing into the water, had seized him and supported him till Ashling and he were able to place him in the boat. George ingenuously protested that he himself incurred no real danger, but was forced to listen over and over again to the voluble but sincere thanks of the old lady, who turned pale at the very thought of the peril in which her husband had been placed. Thorpe perhaps felt more pleasure in the grateful look which beamed in Ruth's face and the sympathising tears that stood in her eyes.

'And by-the-bye, Ruth,' said her father, with a sly twinkle in his eye, 'I not only lost the boat, but all the finery I was fool enough to buy for you at Cambridge. There is a handsome dress lying somewhere about Parish's twelve-acre.'

'O father, how can you think of such things? I am glad they *are* lost. I could never bear the sight of them, after the misery we have been in all day about you;' and she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him.

Thorpe listened to this, and wondered vastly. He listened also with gradually increasing interest to Mrs Godfrey's account of what had been done at Greendykes, from the saving of the furniture to the securing of the horses, cows, &c. The ordinary routine of the household, the old dame added, had gone on like 'clockwork' in spite of the flood. It was Ruth, too, he learned, that had thought of everything, even to fixing the lights in all the windows, which had assisted them so much on their homeward voyage. The visit to the cottages was also referred to; and the old lady wound up her narrative by saying: 'I don't know whatever would have become of us all, but for Ruth. She thought of everything herself, an' kept up all our spirits. I am sure Jabez himself could have done no better, though I was mortal anxious that he should ha' been at hum.'

'Well,' said the old farmer, 'it must be a comfort to Ruth to have a head and to know how to use it.—Eh, lass, I am main glad you have managed so well, and I must try to make up for the loss of that dress and those'——

'Pray, father, don't tease me,' cried Ruth, colouring. 'I was thinking you might be willing to help a little to make up the loss of things at the cottages; and there, dad, if you do, I shan't want a new gown or bonnet till summer. Will you?' and she once more threw her arms round the old man's neck.

George Thorpe was also beginning to have a revelation, although his intuitions had scarcely the lightning speed of Ruth's. He was unusually silent, even for him; and conversely, he thought more deeply than was his mental habit. All this was truly wonderful to him. He fancied himself dreaming; then he began slowly to lose sight of the merry-hearted, thoughtless romp, who had so often given him the heartache, and to see only the clever, brave, and tender-hearted woman whom it would be an honest man's pride to make his wife.

The truth is, of course, that George and Ruth were neither better nor worse than they had ever been, but now they had both come to understand and respect each other; and thus the currents of their young lives were not parted, but blended. Some months after the flood had ceased to be spoken about except by those who thought it a convenient reference date in their calendar, there was a quiet marriage solemnised in the ancient church of Stetton parish, the bride and bridegroom being no other than the simple pair whom that untoward event had happily brought together. The bride, be it recorded, was, considering all things, a trifle too plainly attired to merit the approval of her young neighbours; but that circumstance did not affect seriously her own or George's happiness. The Thorpes are a numerous, hardy race in and around Stetton at this day; and some of them are pleased to claim to have sprung from that happy wedding, and to recount the tales told in their family regarding the last of the Fen floods, which, like the fever and ague, have under a more complete system of drainage long become, we are happy to say, matters of history.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SEVENTH ARTICLE.

COUNTER-IRRITANTS, our next point of consideration, play an important part in drawing off to the skin inflammation which has attacked internal organs. The counter-irritant in most common use is mustard, which is prepared according to the strength required. For a very stinging plaster, mix ordinary table mustard to a smooth paste, and spread to the thickness of about an eighth of an inch, on brown paper or rag. Better still is a 'mustard leaf,' which is clean, comfortable, and easily applied, needing only to be soaked for a few seconds in water, cold in summer, tepid in winter. It is a good plan with delicate skins to put a piece of very thin muslin or tissue-paper between the plaster, or leaf and the skin; otherwise, the irritation is apt to be so excessive as to raise blisters, which are often troublesome to heal. In all cases where the skin has not been protected, it should be carefully examined, and all adhering particles be gently sponged off with warm water; the part must then be dried and covered with medicated or cotton wool. Thus treated, there will generally be but slight after-irritation; but should it continue, or be distressing to the patient, dusting with flour or violet powder will give immediate relief. In applying such a plaster to the throat or chest, it is necessary to cover it well with wool or flannel; otherwise, the fumes from the mustard may produce an irritation of the air-passages, which will do more harm than the plaster will do good.

For a less stimulating plaster, half-flour and half-mustard, or one-third of mustard to two-

thirds of flour, may be used, and prepared as above. Some people prefer to substitute linseed for flour; in this case, mix the linseed with boiling water, as for a poultice, and add the mustard, continuing to stir sharply; or, the mustard and linseed may be well mixed before putting into the water.

The mildest way of using mustard is to lightly dust over the surface of an ordinary linseed poultice; or a small quantity, say a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to size, may be mixed with the meal before wetting, and the poultice be put into a bag, as described in our last paper.

A nurse should be particular in ascertaining how long either sort of plaster is to be kept on, as there is a wonderful variety in the sensitiveness of different skins. I have known patients unable to bear the all-mustard treatment for more than two or three minutes; whilst others will not be half so much affected at the end of a quarter of an hour. The third variety, which partakes more of the character of a poultice than a plaster, is generally kept on for hours, and the point to be sure of then is the exact proportion of mustard. It will not do to rely upon guesses, which may make all the difference to the patient's comfort and to the usefulness of the application.

Blisters act more slowly than mustard, but are more radical in their effects. If the old-fashioned blister is ordered, warm the back of it by holding to the fire or round a can of hot water before applying to the skin, which should first have been thoroughly washed with soap and warm water. It is sometimes recommended that a blister be kept in place by strips of diachylon, or that, if spread on plaster, the edges be pressed down upon the skin; but this causes unnecessary pain when the blister begins to rise, and it is quite as easily kept in position by a handkerchief or bandage, which can be regulated at will. Blistering-fluid is now commonly used in place of the spread blister, and this will probably be applied by the doctor; if not, the nurse must be sure that she understands how much she is to use; and in every case, she should ask the doctor to show her the exact part he wishes covered. Some doctors will mark the skin, so as to show the precise position for the blister or fluid, and this marking must be strictly followed. The time a blister is to remain on will depend upon the amount of work it has to do, which varies considerably; and in this, too, a nurse should be sure that she understands, so as to carry out the doctor's wishes.

When the blister has risen to the desired point, the plaster must be gently removed. This can best be done by taking hold of the edges with both hands and drawing them gently towards the middle. If only a small bladder has been raised, the fluid is sometimes allowed to re-absorb itself, the only treatment being a covering of cotton-wool; but, as a rule, the blister is opened and the contents allowed to run out. To do this, it is only necessary to prick with a sharp needle at the most dependent part. Care must be taken that the serum, or fluid within the blister, does not run over the unaffected skin. A piece of soft, old linen, or cotton-wool, will generally be enough to soak it up; but if very large, it is better to keep a sponge, wrung dry, out of warm water, at the opening. The loose skin of the blister should be pressed down into place, and as much of the fluid as possible squeezed out. In doing this, use a piece of cotton-wool, and handle with the greatest gentleness.

If the place is to be allowed to heal, it is only necessary to lay over it a piece of lint, spread with some soothing ointment, which should be ready for use before the blister is opened. If the action of the blister is to be kept up, poultices will very likely be ordered, or the whole of the scarf (outer) skin may need to be removed. This is done by cutting round the inner edge of the blister with *sharp* scissors, as near the true skin as possible. But it is not an easy task for an amateur; and a nurse who has never done such a thing, had better tell the doctor so before attempting it, especially if her hands are given to shaking over unaccustomed work. When the skin has been removed, the place will need dressing with whatever stimulating ointment has been ordered. This must be spread to the exact size of the wound on lint, half an inch larger all round. This kind of dressing will probably need changing several times, according to directions; and all handling must be very carefully done. If the lint adheres, it should never be pulled at or dragged; bathing with warm water will generally loosen it; and if not, it had better remain till it comes away of itself. The fresh dressing should also be prepared and ready at hand before the old one is removed; and soiled lint or rag should at once be burnt. These directions apply to the dressing of all wounds which may come under a nurse's notice, and again arises the need for absolute cleanliness, without which many a healthy wound has been made into a foul one, and danger actually created.

Leeches are ordered when it is thought desirable to remove a small amount of blood. They are delicate creatures, and should be handled as little as possible. If to be applied dry, they may be taken out of water and allowed to crawl over a towel. The part to which they are to be put must be thoroughly cleansed with soap and warm water. If this is properly done, there will generally be no difficulty in getting the leech to bite; but should it refuse, the skin may be smeared with a little milk, beer, or sugar and water. If this fails, and indeed in dealing with all flat surfaces, the leech may be applied in water. To do this, fill a wineglass nearly full of water; put in the leech; cover with a piece of writing-paper and invert quickly; draw the paper away; and when the leech has taken hold, remove the glass, sucking up the water with a piece of sponge.

A leech must never be dragged off, or the teeth may remain in the flesh, and cause profuse bleeding. If it does not drop off of its own accord, sprinkle a little salt over its head, and it will quickly give way. The place from which the leech has come can generally be closed by simple pressure with the finger, or by a small pad of wet lint; but occasionally, especially with children, this does not have the desired effect, and the bleeding continues profusely. In such cases, it may be necessary to touch the spot with a stick of caustic; or the edges may be pinched up, well dried, and painted with collodion. If it is wished to continue the bleeding, poultices

or fomentations will be needed, and should be applied as hot as the patient will bear them.

A doctor will generally direct where he wishes leeches applied; but if he gives no instructions, avoid the neighbourhood of a vein, and, if possible, choose a point where a bone will give something to press upon.

Turpentine stupes are used for the relief of extreme internal pain; they are made by sprinkling spirits of turpentine upon flannel previously soaked in very hot water, and then thoroughly rinsed. The turpentine must always be sprinkled, never poured; for unless thus carefully managed, it may raise painful blisters. I have known a patient, suffering terrible internal pain, driven nearly out of his mind by the added misery of badly applied turpentine. But even with care, the skin will sometimes blister, or become violently irritated, and when this extends over a large surface, the patient may complain bitterly of the cure as worse than the cause. In most cases, an application of lint soaked in olive oil will give immediate relief; and where the irritation is not extreme, a layer of medicated wool will be enough.

Stimulating liniments are useful in proportion to the ability and thoroughness with which they are applied. They should be rubbed in with a firm even pressure, but without the misguided vigour which leads to soreness of the skin. Some liniments are so stimulating that no friction is necessary, and in applying such as mercurial or croton oil, the nurse should wear a kid glove and apply with a rag, being careful not to let the liniment come in contact with her own skin; and to make assurance doubly sure, she will do well to thoroughly wash her hands after each application.

Evaporating lotions are sometimes used for reducing the temperature of an inflamed part. They consist of water to which a certain amount of spirit has been added. A good proportion is, one part of spirits of wine to eight of cold water. A homely substitute for spirits of wine is ordinary gin, which answers the purpose very well. A single fold of lint, or linen, should be thoroughly soaked in the lotion, and laid on the part, which must, if possible, be freely exposed to the air, and the lint kept constantly wet, without being removed. Such applications must never be used when the skin is broken, or even cracked. Plain cold water is only admissible then; but the effect of the water will be greater if it has the addition of a lump of ice.

Ice is sometimes ordered as an internal remedy, for the relief of thirst, sickness, or hæmorrhage. It should be given the patient in small lumps, which can easily be broken off as wanted by tapping on a needle with a thimbled finger. This not only saves the trouble and noise of hammering, but has the additional advantage of economy. Ice to the head is not easily managed by the inexperienced. The best way is to fill a bladder or ordinary sponge-bag half full of ice, broken into small pieces. If the patient is quiet, the bag may be moulded to the shape of the head, and kept in place by tapes attached to the head of the bed, or by being fastened to the pillow with safety-pins. If the patient is restless, take a piece of calico eight or nine inches wide, tear the ends in half to within fourteen inches of the middle; place the broad untorn part over the ice-bag on the top of the head; draw the back ends forward, and fasten under the chin. Take the front ends, draw them so as to cross at the back of the neck, and carry forward to the forehead, fastening with a safety-pin. These directions sound rather formidable; but it is really a simple matter, and will be less fatiguing to the nurse than a method sometimes adopted, and which consists in placing a piece of ice in a cup-shaped sponge and passing it constantly over the patient's head.

Ice can be kept very well, even in summer, by being wrapped in coarse flannel, so arranged as to allow the drippings to run off. To keep a small quantity in the sickroom, put a piece of coarse flannel over a basin or glass and lay the ice on it. If the flannel is not coarse enough for the melting ice to run through easily, a few small holes may be made, and it is surprising how much longer will be the melting process, than if the ice were simply left in a cup or glass.

It is necessary in using ice to the head or to a joint, to understand that as soon as it has melted its value is gone, and it should be immediately replaced. The ice-water remaining, though cold to the touch, is of a higher temperature than ice itself, and very rapidly indeed increases in warmth. This is a point that requires stress laid upon it, as ice is only ordered in severe cases, and to do good, the action needs to be constantly kept up.

Inhalation is a method of bringing remedies into actual contact with the air-passages by means of steam. Sometimes plain water only is used, but more often some drug is added just before using. If an inhaler is at hand, the only precautions needed are, to be particular that the water is at exactly the prescribed temperature, and that it only half fills the inhaler. A good substitute for an inhaler can be made by covering a jug of hot water with a thick towel, so arranged as to leave only just room for the patient's mouth. A good many people make as much fuss over inhaling as over taking a pill, and with about equal reason, the mistake in both cases arising from false ideas as to the necessity for exertion; and a nurse should instruct her patient to breathe naturally, slowly, and without effort. After five or six inhalations, which should occupy about a minute, it is well to stop, and take one or two breaths in the ordinary way, so as not to continue inhaling uninterruptedly, which is likely to produce a sensation of faintness.

'MOONLIGHTING.'

AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

JUST a word of explanation to my English readers, before commencing to narrate what would otherwise perhaps prove rather perplexing to some of them. Extending for many miles backwards from the banks of the Barwon and the Darling are vast scrubs, in which a few years ago were situated the haunts of thousands of wild cattle or 'scrubbers.' When the country in that direction was first settled, odd cattle strayed away into the bush. In course of time these bred, and were continually being joined by other strays,

till at length the settlers found it well worth their while to have periodical gatherings and brandings. By daylight, it would have been hopeless to attempt to get stock out of the dense scrubs, in some parts of which the sun hardly ever shone, and through which neither man nor horse could penetrate. The only way, then, was to watch by moonlight till the cattle came out of the forest, as they were in the habit of doing every night, to feed in the open country; then, having ready a mob of tame cattle or 'coaches,' rush between the 'scrubbers' and their retreat, and once 'boxed,' or mixed up with the 'coaches,' there was never much difficulty in taking the lot to the stockyard. It was a game that required the most fearless riding, with plenty of pluck, and the best horseflesh obtainable. In those days, and even now in some parts, to hold the reputation of being a first-class scrub-rider is still the summit of the native-born Australian stockman's ambition. But as fencing increases, moonlighting is almost, except in the far-out scrubs of the 'Never-never' country, abandoned, most of the wild cattle having been got in as settlement extended year by year.

We started from Eulaloo, a lately taken-up block of country, containing about two thousand square miles, late one summer's evening, about twenty strong, to muster a dense forest, some twenty miles from headquarters, and known as the Point Danger Scrub, each man on the best stock-horse he could beg, borrow, or 'shake;' for stockmen were not wont to be too particular 'out back,' and would unhesitatingly take the loan of a neighbour's horse for an expedition like the present one, if their own happened to be knocked-up or sore-backed. We were a rather mixed lot, white, black, and half-a-dozen different shades of yellow, these last varying in colour from that of an old saddle to the lighter tint of a ripe lemon, but for all that first-rate horsemen —in the open; funky, as a rule, in the scrub. Five or six black fellows, with old 'Wallaby' as their 'boss,' brought up the rear, driving before them three hundred head of quiet cows and bullocks, to act as 'coaches' to their wild brethren of the scrubs. Each member of the party carried a blanket or a greatcoat strapped in front of him; as also a quart-pot and a pouch containing 'damper,' tea, and sugar, slung to the saddle. Beef there was none—we were going to find that. Two or three of the men had short rifles at their backs, for the purpose of 'potting' any old scrub bull which might turn 'rusty' and charge, as they often do. Although both the owner of the run and his super were amongst the mob, recognised leader there was none, for in moonlighting, the best men invariably go to the front and lead the rest, with whom it is optional whether they follow or not; but a spirit of emulation, and perhaps, above all, the fear of the unmerciful chaffing which falls to the share of the skulker, generally induces every one to do his best.

Our course for the first four or five miles lay along the river-flats, where the long rank grass reached over our knee-pads, and the giant coolabars grew thick and high in the soft loamy soil. Soon the moon rose above the wooded horizon, throwing a weird light over the party as it wound silently along, and casting enormous fantastic shadows amongst the white trunks of the swamp gums and oaks that fringe the river, which we could hear rippling over its bed full forty feet below us.

Insensibly, I fell to thinking of another band which, twenty long years before, had travelled the same track, bound for the far-distant Northern Sea, and whose names are, and ever will be, as household words in our mouths. I saw again in my mind's eye the string of horses and camels winding slowly along—soldierly Burke and faithful Wills, with Gray and King—all, except the last, to find their graves in the silent, hopeless wilderness. My reverie was interrupted by the scraping across my nose of a branch, as we left the river and struck off into the bush, which was thick enough just here to keep us perpetually ducking, to escape straggling limbs, and inquisitive shrubs of the 'wait-a-bit' order. After about a three hours' ride, we halted on the edge of a broad plain, here over a mile wide, lit our pipes, and waited for old Wallaby, who with the 'coaches' soon came up at a trot. On the opposite side of the plain to where we stood, jutted out, dark and sombre, Point Danger, so named because, a few years before the period of my story, four travellers had there been speared by the blacks. It was simply a long, thick clump of great belars, stretching out into the open from the main body of scrub, which extended its broken outlines east and west as far as the eye could reach.

We now left the 'coaches' feeding quietly along the edge of the yarrans which we had just passed through, and as a loud bellowing from the belars told us it was feeding-time, we moved towards the bottom end of the plain so as to get a fair start. In a few minutes, from all parts of the big scrub, appeared apparently endless strings of cattle deploying on to the plain—all colours, sizes, and ages, from the fierce-looking old warrior of the scrubs down to calves of a few days' old. We had the wind, and as yet they suspected nothing. Minute after minute passed, and still they came, till we, having hard work to hold in our impatient horses, longed for the signal to be off. At length the last one seemed to have come out. But we had waited too long. A wary old scrubber had been, for the last minute or two, snorting, pawing the ground, and muttering hoarsely to himself, and now, with a tremendous bellow, signifying that he knew what was in the wind, he began to beat a retreat, followed by the whole mob.

'Now, boys, at 'em!' And away we went. The pace was a real cracker and no mistake; and over such ground too! Riddled with 'melon-holes' from eight inches to two feet deep, and covered with dead myall trees, poking up nasty snaggy branches out of the long grass, it was a wonder every horse in the mob wasn't staked. But born and bred on a cattle-camp, and broken-in to this kind of work, the noble animals seemed to the full as excited as their

riders, and fairly flew over the dangerous ground. The head of the cattle had in the meantime galloped into the scrub; our task was to turn them back if possible; and I must own that my heart sank towards my boots for a minute, as, in company with half-a-dozen others, I found myself tearing madly over logs and holes towards the apparently impenetrable barrier of great trunks, branches, and underwood that loomed black and forbidding before us, and through which we could hear the beasts crashing. It was not my first moonlighting experience by many times, but it was the first in such thick country as this, and there was some excuse for feeling a bit nervous. I had been told to 'leave it all to your horse, only look out for your head;' but although confiding in this advice to a certain extent, I did not go so far as to imagine it capable of taking me clear through such a barricade as the one now fronting me. However, at it we went, Colonel Percy riding gallantly in his long stirrups, as if at the head of his regiment, charging gray-coated Russians or dusky Pandies. Slap, dash, crash, and we were into it, crouching low on our horses' necks, and for my own part, astonished still to find my brains in their proper place.

It was truly wonderful, how, going at top-speed in a place that many horsemen would not walk through by daylight, the stock-horses wound round trunks and underneath overhanging limbs, now grazing your near knee-pad against the bark, now tearing the off side-sleeve out of your coat, but nothing worse. To pull your horse, if you were fool enough to try, was, if lucky, only a broken limb; if the reverse, to leave your brains on the nearest tree. Such a cracking, crashing, bellowing, and yelling, it had not been my lot to hear for many a day, as horses and men strained every nerve to head the excited cattle, which, with the semi-darkness of the scrub in their favour, split in all directions, so that at last we had to make our way as well as we could out on to the plain, where the darkies had got only about four hundred head of the tail, rounded up with the coaches. This was poor work, for there must have been over two thousand head on the plain altogether.

As horseman after horseman emerged from the scrub and gathered together, a consultation was held, in which it was decided to send home the mob we had with three of the black fellows and some of the coaches, then have a spell and a 'feed,' and try our luck once more lower down the scrub. First shooting and bleeding a young cow, we cut the rest off, and gave the darkies a start homewards. Fortunately, water was handy in one of the melon-holes before referred to, and soon the horses were unsaddled, backs washed, and hobbled out for an hour or two, to pick the sweet blue-grass of the black-soil plains. Fires of myall wood were now lit, quart-pots placed thereon, and hot coals raked out, upon which presently were spread great slices of the freshly killed meat. A feed too Abyssinian to suit a great many people, perhaps; but if they had lived 'out back' in Australia, for sometimes months, on but little else than mutton, or beef, and pig-weed, they would not be apt to be too particular. Hunger is a wonderful leveller; and Colonel Percy, refined gentleman as he was, attacked his half-raw, cinder-covered, smoking steak with as much alacrity as the poorest black fellow on his run could have done.

Not much was said till after supper, midnight tiffin, or whatever else you could call it. But as the last chunk of meat and damper disappeared and pipes were lit all round, a general overhaul took place. Some of us had come off lightly enough; others were scratched and bruised, and had scarcely a stitch of clothing left on them—a state of things they seemed to regard with pride as a proof of prowess, bantering their more fortunate but less denuded mates. The super, who had lost his hat, coat, and one of his riding-boots, came in for his share of chaff; as also did the colonel, on account of his long stirrups.

'Not but what you rides well for a new-chum [the colonel was his employer, and had lately come out from England and taken up the run]—very well; but you'll have to shorten them sturrup-leathers five or six holes, or else you're bound to get a buster one o' these days.' This was 'Slim Jim,' the colonel's head-stockman, who went on: 'Our country 'orses ain't used to have a man set down in the saddle like a lump o' lead, as I seen most new-chums do. It looks well maybe, upright, an' all that, but it ain't well. When I see a man all over the saddle, 'ands well down, an' knees well up, but close in, mind ye, then I says: "There's a chap as can stick a buck, or a dozen if need be."'

'Well, Jim,' replied Colonel Percy good-humouredly, whilst pulling leisurely at his brier-root, 'I like my own way best yet. I've always been accustomed to it, and never knew it to fail me so far, although moonlighting certainly does require a man to be, as you say, "all over his saddle." But it's not bad fun, for all that.'

'Right enough for the young fellows, colonel—their bones knit quickly,' put in quiet Mr Turnbull, the super; 'but rather too warm for men getting on in years like us.'

'Not a bit, sir—not a bit of it,' returned the colonel, tugging at his long gray moustache. 'Gad, sir, that spin to-night was the first one I've had for many a long day, and it did me good, I can assure you—hope we'll have another one directly.'

Our attention was now drawn to a dispute between one of our stockmen and a little Irishman. The latter was saying vehemently to the stockman—a young six-foot 'Cornstalk' (or native of New South Wales), who lay full length on the grass, with his head on his saddle, smiling at his excited mate, who stood over him: 'Me not able to ride! Listen to that, boys! Bad luck to ye, what d'ye mane at all?'

'Now, Mickey,' answered the other, 'don't get on yer tail. Yer knows as well's I do yer can't ride, an' what's more, ye'll never learn now. Why, ye've got no 'ands on a 'orse, no more'n a gohanner.'

Mick was, as some one remarked, 'just jumping' at this last remark, which was clinched by another of the men saying: 'Sit down, Mickey. What's the use o' blowing? Didn't I see old "Nutmeg," what the boss's little kiddy rides, chuck yer clean over his head this very night, when yer was tryin' to pull him away from the scrub!'

Shouts of laughter hailed this last sally; for poor Mick, who really was no horseman, was

rather given to boasting of his exploits after expeditions like these.

Another start was now made for a place three miles away, called 'Jack Smith's Lookout.' Why, I know not. The lookout was an immense tree, belonging to that species of eucalyptus known as 'apple-tree' by bushmen in all parts of the colony, and standing quite alone in the middle of an open space, rather smaller than the scene of our first exploits, and which was known as the Basin.

The moon was still riding high in the heavens, as we cautiously came down against the wind, and were delighted to see the plain covered with cattle; so thick, indeed, they seemed, that the 'Lookout' appeared to be growing out of their close, steadily feeding ranks. There must have been at least twelve or fourteen hundred head, amongst which we recognised many who had before given us the slip.

'Now, kernel!' whispered Slim Jim, 'we got 'em. See! the coaches is boxed a'ready.' And Jim was right, but not till after some hard galloping. About five hundred head got into the scrub; but we met them and drove them back on to the plain, and just at this time an accident happened. Colonel Percy, mounted on an old stock-horse, had galloped to head a roan bullock, which was making back. Seeing the colonel was gaining on him, the beast suddenly dodged short; the colonel's horse, as in duty bound, followed suit; but his unfortunate rider was not 'in it,' and flew over old 'Rataplan's' head, much to that good steed's disgust.

'Ah!' said Jim, as we pulled the old gentleman's arm in again, and bandaged the bark splints with a torn shirt, 'that comes o' long sturrups!'

Our intention had been to have stayed out another night; but now we mustered up our captives and started to drive them stationwards.

Imagine the great Australian moon, beginning to grow a little pale now, shining down through the trees on a tossing sea of horned heads, bellowing with rage, crashing and trampling through the thick underwood; then on a sandy patch raising clouds of dust, through which darted hither and thither wild-looking horsemen, waking the parrots and kookaburras from their morning sleep with the incessant pistol-like cracks of their stock-whips, whilst kangaroos and wallabies leapt, thud, thud, through the scrub.

The colonel had been advised to take a black boy and get home as fast as he could; but he insisted on staying with us, saying his arm, which was only dislocated, was quite comfortable. So the noisy procession passed on through the early morning, over myall plains and belts of pines, through yarran clumps and along the river-flats once more, till at last, just as the fierce, red-looking December sun came peeping over the bald hill at the back of Eulaloo, the great slip-rails were taken down, and the cattle—by this time a little quietened—ushered into the yard amongst their fellow-prisoners, there to await drafting and branding, whilst all hands retired for a well-earned bath and sleep.

So ended one moonlight expedition. But such hauls as we made that night are rare indeed now; and I have known the stockmen after being out for four or five nights to return without a solitary hoof.

Point Danger scrub is long ago fenced off; and in place of the loud bellow of the old scrubber, is now heard the thump, thump of the splitter's maul and wedges.

PUBLIC AMBULANCE CARRIAGES.

An admirable plan has been originated in America, and is now sought to be introduced into Paris, which is to establish at stated points means of communication with the great hospitals, somewhat in the same way that 'fire-alarms' are now given in London by means of posts fixed about the streets. These, of course, would be worked by telegraph, and would take the form of pillars painted red, kept locked, the key at the nearest shop. An ambulance car and horse would always be kept at the hospitals in readiness, so as to be able to start for the spot indicated by the alarm in the short space of forty-two seconds—at least that is the estimate. On receipt of the 'call,' if the accident is very urgent, the ambulance will start from the hospital which has received the alarm, carrying a surgeon with it, who will immediately attend to the injured person, place him in the conveyance, and drive off with all possible speed to the hospital. This is indeed putting the telegraph to the highest and most humane of uses; and if brought into general operation, it is possible that it may, with the help of the ambulance, be the means of saving much suffering and many lives. It is very well known that many a life has been lost for want of a little ready and timely assistance at a critical moment; but such help having been delayed, when it has at last reached the sufferer, has then been too late—the life has fled.

AN INVOCATION.

O WIND, snell wind of the North!
Whence cometh thy shroud of snow?
Hath touch of thine quickened the sleeping earth,
Hastened the pangs of the young Spring's birth,
Wakened the life below?

O wind, soft wind of the South!
Come, scatter thy treasures now—
Whispering songs from a siren's mouth,
Moistening dews for the parched earth's drouth,
Buds for the bending bough.

O wind, chill wind of the East!
A roisterer from afar;
Dripping and dank from Neptune's feast,
Thou comest, and lo! white waves, like yeast,
Foam o'er the harbour bar.

O wind, warm wind of the West!
Joy of the summer-tide hours!
Comest thou hither at love's behest,
To woo with a smile the glad earth's breast,
Sweet with the scent of flowers?

O winds, four winds of heaven!
Sweep earth's Æolian strings,
And bear, from regions beyond our ken,
To the hearts of suffering sons of men,
Bright healing on your wings!

W. C. HOWDEN.

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STAMPS.

Among the latest acts of the late Postmaster-general, Mr Fawcett, was the appointment of a Committee to report upon the designs, &c., of the series of postage-stamps which were issued to the public in the early part of 1884. It is understood that Mr Fawcett was induced to take this step in consequence of the complaints he received from post-office officials and from members of the general public as to the great similarity existing between the stamps of values running from one penny to one shilling; which, as a consequence, involved considerable trouble, and at times loss of money. The outcome of the labours of this Committee will be looked for with interest.

In recent years, the collection of revenue by means of impressed and adhesive stamps has increased to an enormous extent; for now, not only are stamps employed for the purpose of postage and inland revenue, but a large variety of fees—a class of receipt which in the budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer falls under the head of 'Miscellaneous'—are also recovered through the same channel. Thus, for instance, charges in connection with proceedings in the Courts of Justice have for the past few years been collected by means of impressed and adhesive stamps. If a youth desires to undergo an examination before the Civil Service Commissioners, with a view to entrance into the Army, Navy, or Civil Service, he must, as a first step, provide himself with an adhesive stamp. If a promoter seeks to register his Company with the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies at Somerset House, the duty chargeable upon the memorandum and articles of association has to be denoted by stamps. So, again, if an inventor wishes to take advantage of the patent laws for the protection of his invention, the different documents involved must bear impressed stamps. There are sundry other sources of national income, and of charges not falling exactly within that category—such as petty sessions and dog license stamps in Ireland—similarly dealt with. And it will be found, on referring to the return of receipts paid into the Exchequer in respect of the financial year 1883–4, that, out of a total revenue of some eighty-seven million pounds, stamps of all kinds figure for about one-fourth of the whole amount—some twelve millions and a half being accounted for by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, and more than nine millions by the Postmaster-general.

Let us now first see how impressed stamps are provided and dealt with. We find, then, that, although arrangements are made by the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for stamping executed documents, such as leases, &c., at Edinburgh, Dublin, and Manchester respectively, the bulk of the business really centres in the Stamping Department at Somerset House. The rooms principally used for stamping purposes are situated in the upper basement of this large building; and here each day from nine A.M. to four P.M. is to be heard the constant din of machinery, with the thud of the die as it strikes the parchment or paper that is being impressed with a stamp. A considerable number of men and boys are employed upon this work, supervised by a body of superintendents and superior officers well acquainted with the technicalities and machinery connected with the stamping processes. In one room may be seen boys rapidly impressing stamps of the value of one penny each upon scores of books of forms of bankers' cheques. Owing to the ingenuity of the machines employed—the invention of a revenue official—as many as one hundred and forty of these forms can be impressed in the space of a minute. In another, will be found a careful stamper deliberately, but at the same time rapidly, impressing a probate affidavit with some two or three stamps which represent many thousands of pounds, that have just been paid up-stairs by way of duty upon the personal estate of a deceased millionaire. The duty that fell to the revenue in the case of a recently deceased nobleman, once a prominent figure in financial circles, reached, we believe, more than

sixty thousand pounds; and this amount, we understand, was denoted by some seven or eight stamps. Again, in a third room, patent-medicine stamps—which, as most persons know, are printed in two colours—are shown to the visitor being rapidly struck off in a single operation by means of an ingenious machine, the invention of the late Sir William Congreve. This is effected under a system of working double plates which fit exactly one into the other, and so arranged that, as the machine is rotated, the different colours are left on the paper with the greatest nicety.

There are a vast number of different dies for impressing stamps used in the stamping-room. All these are of hardened steel, and are the manufacture of Messrs De La Rue & Co., of Bunhill Row, London. Dr Warren De La Rue, F.R.S., late senior partner of this firm, holds the appointment of engraver of dies to the Inland Revenue Department; and the present senior partner, Mr Warren W. De La Rue, that of deputy-engraver. The facial values of the dies range from one penny to eleven thousand two hundred and fifty pounds; and, as may be supposed, every impression taken is closely scrutinised and duly recorded, by way of check and counter-check. Formerly, impressed stamps were uncoloured; but now, by an ingenious arrangement—the invention of some revenue officials—they are all done in colour.

The duty on the bulk of the executed documents and on the blank paper and parchments impressed in the stamping-rooms, is paid either direct to the Receiver-general of Inland Revenue, or to the various distributors throughout the country who act through the Controller of Stamps; but some years since, more fully to meet the convenience of the public, some novel arrangements for expediting the stamping of executed documents were made, under which the duty could be paid direct over the counter to the mechanical officers employed under the Inspector of stamping. Machines were set up in a large room on the ground floor of the Inland Revenue Office, which recorded their own work, and thus dispensed with the necessity for clerical checks upon the receipt of money for stamping. By this means, where the value of the stamps does not exceed ten pounds, a document can now be stamped at once in the room referred to in the presence of the person presenting it. The machines—which, it is said, afford perfect safety to the revenue—are also used at the branch office of the Controller of Stamps in the Royal Courts of Justice, where they are employed for impressing judicature and other stamps.

We turn now to adhesive stamps, the manufacture of all of which vests by law in the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, who are also held responsible for all necessary safeguards being taken to secure the state against fraud in the direction of imitation, cleaning-out ink-cancellation, and so on. These securities are necessarily sought for, as against forgery, in the character of the paper and the excellence of the design; and, as against cleaning, in the peculiarly special quality of the inks with which the stamps are printed. Some eighteen hundred millions of adhesive stamps are issued yearly from the office of the Controller of Stamps. These range in value from a halfpenny to twenty pounds—covering postage and inland revenue from a halfpenny to two shillings and sixpence; postage proper from five shillings to five pounds; inland revenue proper (such as foreign bills, sea policy stamps, &c.) from one penny to ten pounds; and fees (such as judicature, &c.) from one penny to twenty pounds. The penny stamp takes the first place among the numbers issued. Of these, as many as thirteen hundred millions and a half were despatched from Somerset House in the course of a recent twelve months. It will be of interest to see how all these stamps are brought into existence; and we propose now, therefore, to give a sketch of the means by which this is arrived at.

First, then, it will be found that all adhesive stamps are printed upon paper which is water-marked with one or other of the five patterns now employed—namely, Crown, Orb, V.R., Anchor, and Ace. The unified stamps up to one shilling take up the bulk of the paper. This particular lot of paper is marked with crowns, and each sheet is so arranged that one crown shall appear in each space intended to be covered by a stamp. The water-marks are produced by affixing pieces of thin brass, technically styled 'bits,' fashioned in the required design, on the light wire cylinder, or dandy-roll, as it is called, under which, as it travels along the machinery, the paper passes just as it ceases to be pulp; and so, by means of compression where the 'bits' stand out, a pattern is shaped. It does not, however, fall within the scope of this article to describe the process of paper-making; it is sufficient to mention that all the paper used for English government stamps is made by Messrs R. D. Turner & Co. of Roughway Mill, near Tunbridge, Kent, under contract with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. The mill is entirely confined to the manufacture of this particular paper, as ordered by the Commissioners, and to such other water-marked paper as is required by the government of India and by some of the colonies for their stamps. The rags used are necessarily of an especially fine quality, and the water employed is most pure. The mill is under the constant close supervision of a body of officers belonging to the department of the Controller of Stamps; and by these officers, every operation conducted therein is strictly watched. The dandy-rolls, with the exception of the one that may be in actual use, are always kept under revenue lock. Every sheet of paper that passes from the machine is counted and scrutinised by the revenue officer; and, if the least flaw be detected, is at once rejected. When finished, the paper is in due course despatched in a locked van to the Controller of Stamps at Somerset House. Here, the van is unlocked by a responsible officer. Every sheet is again examined and counted, and then stored away in a secure repository.

Now we come to the printing of the sheets with stamps. First, it should be mentioned that from 1840—the date of the introduction of the penny postage—down to 1879, the penny postage-stamp and, subsequently, the twopenny, one-halfpenny, and three-halfpenny stamps were printed under the recess or line-engraved process. From 1855, however, all the higher values of postage-stamps had been printed by the surface system,

which had already for some time been adopted for the fiscal stamps needed by the Inland Revenue Board. And this latter system proving so satisfactory, it was determined, in 1879, when the then existing contract for the recess-printed stamps lapsed, to have all classes of stamps printed under the surface process. The tender of Messrs De La Rue was accepted, who thereupon entered into a contract with the Commissioners of Inland Revenue for a term of years. We will suppose, then, that a quantity of penny unified stamps are required. The first step is for the Commissioners to issue their warrant for the creation of the stamps. Upon this, the Controller of Stamps furnishes Messrs De La Rue with the number of crown water-marked sheets needed; and he will require that firm to give a strict account of every one of these, either in the form of perfect sheets of stamps or by way of spoilage.

We now follow the water-marked paper to Bunhill Row; and being allowed, by the courtesy of Messrs De La Rue, to inspect their works, a permission given to but a privileged few—for visitors are rarely admitted—we will attempt to give our readers some idea of what we saw there in relation to the manufacture of adhesive stamps, postcards, newspaper wrappers, postage envelopes, and value-paper generally.

There are no fewer than six large blocks of buildings, separated from one another by considerable distances. All these buildings are in telephonic communication, and messages are being sent all day long from one building to the other. There is also a telephone in connection with the office of the Controller of Stamps, with whom the firm are in constant communication on the numerous questions relating to stamps to be, or in the process of being, manufactured. So much are the telephones used, that in each building a clerk is stationed whose sole duty it is to receive and transmit messages. Seeing to what an extent these telephones are now used, it is difficult to understand how the work could have been previously carried on without them. It is true that some of the works had been connected by telegraph, but the telegraphic instrument is slow in manipulation as compared with the telephone. From each block, too, a wire proceeds to the nearest fire brigade station, so that in case of an alarm of fire the firemen could be called without a moment's delay. The fire instruments are tested two or three times a day and during the night, so as to insure their being always in proper order. Needless to say that there is a special service of hydrants laid throughout the various buildings, communicating with large reservoirs or tanks at the top of the works; and there is, moreover, a powerful stationary steam fire-engine, which is capable of throwing as much water as three or four of the ordinary brigade engines, and to a much greater height. At night, watchmen patrol the inside of the buildings, and a systematic record is kept of their rounds by means of Julius Sach's patent electric tell-tale clock. Under this tell-tale system, the times at which the watchman visits the various rooms are recorded by his touching an electric tapper in each room. The readings from each clock are taken daily; and if the watchman neglects his duty, either by omitting any of his rounds or by being late upon them, the matter is brought under the notice of the heads of the firm. These are the points which were most forcibly impressed upon us as we walked through the administrative department, in which a large number of clerks are employed. We cannot, however, attempt to explain, nor would it be of interest to the general reader were we to do so, the administrative part of the business. We proceed, then, to the engraving room, where we find a large number of machines actively engaged in engraving the elaborate designs which are imparted to stamps, bank-notes, and such-like articles. In this room there is a great variety of machinery of the most delicate nature; and it is most impressive to watch the working of these machines, which are capable of executing work of such a character as it would, we understand, be impossible to reproduce without the assistance of like machinery—a fact which imparts an immense security to any stamp or bank-note upon which the work may be printed. We are struck by the absence of gas-burners; and on inquiry, we find that so delicate is the nature of the machinery, that it would be impossible to employ gas, inasmuch as the fumes from it would destroy the machines. When, then, the daylight fails, recourse is had to colza-oil lamps.

We pass from this room through a series of workshops in which a number of interesting operations are being conducted, not, however, connected with stamps, into the room in which the English stamps, postcards, &c., are being printed. The transition from the quiet engraving studio to this bustling scene of activity is most striking. In place of the repose of the one, with its delicate and sensitive machinery, we have here an enormous room filled with the most powerful and massive machinery, working at a very high speed; and the noise that is thereby generated, and the air of activity and bustle that surrounds one, is for the moment quite bewildering. After we have got somewhat accustomed to the scene, we notice in various positions in the room the desks of the officers of the Board of Inland Revenue whose duty it is to watch all the operations and to control every sheet of paper that is printed. Passing on, we are taken to the different classes of machine; and after we have for some time watched the rapidity and exactness with which the sheets of paper are taken up, printed, and then ejected by powerful machines, and having subsequently looked at the beautiful manner in which the embossed stamp is imparted to the postage envelopes, we are, by the courtesy of the principal Inland Revenue officer, permitted to inspect one of the printing-plates used for printing adhesive stamps. This is of a bright metal, and contains as many stamp-pieces as there are to be stamps upon the sheet. Every stamp resembles exactly the other, whilst they are all absolute fac-similes of the die from which the plate was made. This die we are allowed to handle. It consists of a block of steel upon which all the work has been engraved with infinite elaboration and pains. Each die, it seems, takes several months to complete; and even then, there is a possibility of the whole of the work being rendered useless by its cracking in the hardening process. The die is to this end made red hot, and then plunged into a cold solution, so that it may be very suddenly chilled. The

tension that takes place often results in the breaking of the die into fragments. Returning to the plate, it is difficult to realise why the machines used for taking impressions from it should be so large and powerful. On inquiry, we are told that, unless the sheet of paper to be printed is pressed to the plate with enormous pressure, really good printing cannot be obtained. The force used to impart the requisite pressure is so very great as sometimes to cause massive parts of the machine, made of solid iron, to crack in two with a loud report, as of a cannon being fired. The horse-power required to drive the machinery in this printing-room is very large, as each one of the numerous machines needs considerable force.

Proceeding now to the room in which the gum for the adhesive stamps and newspaper wrappers is made, we observe many tons of the finest gum carefully stacked away, and we are shown a series of brightly polished copper vessels and apparatus employed in the preparation of the gum. This is pumped up by a special apparatus into the gumming-rooms, where it is applied by a large staff of girls in the most delicate manner to the backs of the stamps and to the end of the newspaper wrappers. The rooms in which this work is conducted are of immense area. This is a necessity, inasmuch as, after the sheets have been gummed, they have to be laid out in large racks to dry. The process of drying is effected by hot and dry air being blown into the several rooms by large fans working at a great velocity, and by the damp air being then drawn away up large air-shafts, varying in height from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet.

The high polish that is imparted to the adhesive stamps is given by a system of glazing which is carried out by powerful and beautiful machinery. The process is an interesting one to watch, although, when one is told that if by any chance a part of a man's dress were to get between the rollers of any of the machines, he might be drawn in and killed, one feels some hesitation in standing near.

The perforation of the stamps is carried on in a separate room. The machines that effect this are here pulsating up and down with great rapidity, and punching out the little discs of paper which have to be removed in order to leave the perforation in the sheets. The noise attending the operation is considerable. Formerly, this work was done in the basement of Somerset House; but so much inconvenience was felt by the officials in the rooms above from the overpowering thudding of the machines, that it became necessary to remove them.

Every sheet of stamps, and every single postcard, newspaper wrapper, and stamped envelope is most carefully examined, and any defective one is rejected. The cutting of the postcards and newspaper wrappers is effected by special machinery of a very complicated nature, which it would be difficult to describe within the limits of our space; whilst the counting, boarding, and packing are conducted by a very large number of hands. Nothing can impress one more with the magnitude of the postal and revenue business of this country than a visit to this establishment, where one sees an army of men, women, and children engaged all day long throughout the year in producing the stamps, &c., required by the departments concerned. Standing in the printing-room, one can hardly realise that, at every impression of the numerous machines, a sheet of stamps or newspaper wrappers has been produced; whilst, when one passes into the various other rooms and sees the number of people employed in dealing, with great rapidity, with all these articles in their several stages towards completion, the impression is even more striking. We have only visited the rooms in which the work for the English government is conducted. Separate departments of nearly the same extent are devoted to work for the Indian, colonial, and other governments. Taking, then, postage-stamps alone, one is impressed with the vastness of correspondence developed in recent years throughout the world, and which is no doubt largely due to the low rates now charged—a new departure of which this country was the pioneer.

Whilst walking through the various rooms we noticed trucks of work passing hither and thither, and lifts moving up and down from one floor to another, pointing to a vast consumption of manual labour and steam-power. The source of this last we visited towards the end of our inspection, and found enormous boilers and steam-engines in full activity; whilst in the basement of one of the works we saw an engineer's shop fitted with all the most modern engineering appliances, in which—after being designed and modelled in another department—all the machinery that is used in the business is made.

Having now, with much interest, completed our inspection of the various works in which stamping and cognate operations are carried on, we are conducted to the private offices of the firm. Here—and we only mention it as pointing to the complete organisation that must reign throughout the beehive in the centre of which we stand—we find the partners have leisure to answer and to discuss the numerous questions we put; and amongst other things, we are astonished to learn that, although we have already done a good day's work, we have only visited about one-tenth of the firm's works. In the parts not seen by us are carried on all their vast trading business, as distinguished from that done for government. Next to the magnitude of the works, which are most certainly the largest of their description in the world, the point which most struck us was the cleanliness and order that reigned everywhere amidst so much bustle and activity; and after seeing all that we witnessed, we were not surprised to learn that the loss of a sheet of stamps is practically unknown.

The development of this gigantic business has no doubt been the work of many men and of many minds; and it is no less surprising than interesting to find that the third generation of the family, in which it is now vested, in no way lack either the fertility of resource or the keen spirit of enterprise that must have been possessed by their predecessors so as to found and successfully promote a trading concern of such magnitude.

Returning now for a moment to Somerset House, we learn that the stock of stamps always held by the Controller of Stamps represents a money value of some five or six millions of

pounds sterling; and this stock, which is being constantly replenished by consignments from Messrs De La Rue as they complete the sheets of stamps in course of manufacture, is daily depleted by issues to the various postmasters and distributors of stamps throughout the United Kingdom. The stamps in the custody of the Controller are always stored away in separate repositories at a safe distance from each other, so that, in case of fire and a possible destruction of one portion of Somerset House, no inconvenience should arise. Some idea of the volume of business of the particular class transacted in the office of the Controller, and of the multitude of stamps, postcards, &c., that are despatched therefrom, may be formed when it is known that, on an ordinary day, the weight of the stamp postbags leaving Somerset House is measured by some three or four tons; whilst at certain seasons, such as Christmas and other exceptional periods of the year, the weight removed on a day by the Post-office vans reaches as much as eight tons, representing a money value of more than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. From year to year, there has been a steady increase in these quantities.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Come out for a walk, papa,' Constance said.

'What! in the heat of the day? You think you are in England.'

'No, indeed. I wish I did—at least, that is not what I mean. But I wish you did not think it necessary to stay in a place like this. Why should you shut yourself out from the world? You are very clever, papa.'

'Who told you so? You cannot have found that out by your own unassisted judgment.'

'A great many people have told me. I have always known. You seem to have made a mystery about us, but we never made any mystery about you; for one thing, of course, we couldn't; for everybody knew. But if you chose to go back to England'——

'I shall never go back to England.'

'Oh,' said Constance with a laugh, 'never is a long day.'

'So long a day, that it is a pity you should link your fortunes to mine, my dear. Frances has been brought up to it; but your case is quite different; and you see even she catches at the first opportunity of getting away.'

'You are scarcely just to Frances,' said Constance with her usual calm. 'You might have said the same thing of me. I took the first opportunity also. To know that one has a father, whom one never remembers to have seen, is very exciting to the imagination; and just in so much as one has been disappointed in the parent one knows, one expects to find perfection in the parent one has never seen. Anything that you don't know is better than everything you do know,' she added with the air of a philosopher.

'I am afraid, in that case, acquaintance has been fatal to your ideal.'

'Not exactly,' she said. 'Of course, you are quite different from what I supposed. But I think we might get on well enough, if you please. —Do come out. If we keep in the shade, it is not really very hot. It is often hotter in London where nobody thinks of staying indoors. If we are to live together, don't you think you must begin by giving in to me a little, papa?'

'Not to the extent of getting a sun-stroke.'

'In March!' she cried with a tone of mild derision. 'Let me come into the bookroom, then. You think if Frances goes, that you will never be able to get on with me.'

'My thoughts have not gone so far as that. I may have believed that a young lady fresh from all the gaieties of London'——

'But so tired of them; and very glad of a little novelty, however it presents itself.'

'Yes, so long as it continues novel. But the novelty of making the *spese* in a village, and looking sharply after every centesimo that is asked for an artichoke'——

'The *spese* means the daily expenses? I should not mind that. And Mariuccia is far more entertaining than an ordinary English cook. And the neighbours—well, the neighbours afford some opportunities for fun. Mrs Gaunt, is it? expects her youngest boy. And then there is Tasie.'

The name of Tasie brought a certain relaxation to the muscles of Waring's face. He gave a glance round him, to see that all the doors were closed. 'I must confide in you, Constance; though, mind, Frances must not share it. I sitting here, simply as you see me, have been supposed dangerous to Tasie's peace of mind. Is not that an excellent joke?'

'I don't see that it is a joke at all,' said Constance without even a smile. 'Why, Tasie is antediluvian. She must be nearly as old as you are. Any old gentleman might be dangerous to Tasie. Tell me something more wonderful than that.'

'Oh, that is how it appears to you?' said Waring. His laugh came to a sudden end, broken off, so to speak, in half, and an air of portentous gravity came over his face. He turned over the papers on the table before him, as with a sudden thought. 'By the way, I forgot I had something to do this afternoon,' he said. 'Before dinner, perhaps, we may take a stroll, if the sun is not so hot. But this is my working-time,' he added with a stiff smile.

Constance could not disregard so plain a hint. She rose up quickly. She had taken Frances' chair, which he had forgiven her at first; but it made another note against her now.

'What have I done?' she said to herself, raising her eyebrows, angry, and yet half amused by her dismissal. Frances had gone to her room, too, and was not to be disturbed, as her sister had seen by the look of her face. She felt herself, as she would have said, very much 'out of it,' as she wandered round the deserted salone, looking at everything in it with a care suggested by her solitude rather than any real interest. She looked at the big high-coloured water-pots, turned into decorations, one could imagine against their will, which stood in the corners of the room, and which were Mrs Durant's present to Frances; and at the blue Savona vases, with the names of medicines, real or imaginary, betraying their original intention; and all the other decorative

scraps—the little old pictures, the pieces of needlework and brocade. They were pretty when she looked at them, though she had not perceived their beauty at the first glance. There were more decorations of the same description in the anteroom, which gave her a little additional occupation; and then she strolled into the loggia and threw herself into the long chair. She had a book, one of the novels she had bought on the journey. But Constance was not accustomed to much reading. She got through a chapter or two; and then she looked round upon the view and mused a little, and then returned to her novel. The second time she threw it down and went back to the drawing-room, and had another look at the Savona pots. She had thought how well they would look on a certain shelf at 'home.' And then she stopped and took herself to task. What did she mean by home? This was home. She was going to live here; it was to be her place in the world. What she had to do was to think of the decorations here, and whether she could add to them, not of vacant corners in another place. Finally, she returned again to the loggia, and sat down once more rather drearily.

There had never occurred a day in her experience in which she had been so long without 'something to do.' Something to do meant something that was amusing, something to pass the time, somebody to entertain, or perhaps, if nothing else was possible, to quarrel with. To sit alone and look round her at 'the view,' to have not a creature to say a word to, and nothing to engage herself with but a book: and nothing to look forward to but this same thing repeated three hundred and sixty-five days in the year! The prospect, the thought, made Constance shiver. It could not be. She must do something to break the spell. But what was there to do? The *spese* were all made for to-day, the dinner was ordered: and she knew very little either about the *spese* or the dinner. She would have to learn, to think of new dishes, and write them down in a little book, as Frances did. Her dinners, she said to herself, must be better than those of Frances. But when was she to begin, and how was she to do it? In the meantime, she went and fetched a shawl, and while the sun blazed straight on the loggia from the south, to which it was open in front, and left only one scrap of shade in a corner scarcely enough to shelter the long chair, fell asleep there, finding that she had nothing else to do.

Frances had gone to her room with her packet of letters. She had not thought what they were, nor what had been the meaning of what her father said when he gave them to her. She took them—no, not to her own room, but to the blue room, in which there was so little comfort. Her little easy-chair, her writing-table, all the things with which she was at home, belonged to Constance now. She sat down, or rather up, in a stiff upright chair, and opened her little packet upon her bed. To her astonishment, she found that it contained letters addressed to herself, unopened. The first of them was printed in large letters, as for the eyes of a child. They were very simple, not very long, concluding invariably with one phrase: 'Dear, write to me'—'Write to me, my darling.' Frances read them with her eyes full of tears, with a rising wave of passion and resentment which seemed to suffocate her. He had kept them all back. What harm could they have done? Why should she have been kept in ignorance, and made to appear like a heartless child, like a creature without sense or feeling? Half for her mother, half for herself, the girl's heart swelled with a kind of fury. She had not been ready to judge her father even after she had been aware of his sin against her. She had still accepted what he did as part of him, bidding her own mind be silent, hushing all criticism. But when she read these little letters, her passion overflowed. How dared he to ignore all her rights, to allow herself to be misrepresented, to give a false idea of her? This was the most poignant pang of all. Without being selfish, it is still impossible to feel a wrong of this kind to another so acutely as to yourself. He had deprived her of the comfort of knowing that she had a mother, of communicating with her, of retaining some hold upon that closest of natural friends. That injury she had condoned and forgiven; but when Frances saw how her father's action must have shaped the idea of herself in the mind of her mother, there was a moment in which she felt that she could not forgive him. If she had received year by year these tender letters, yet never had been moved to answer one of them, what a creature must she have been, devoid of heart or common feeling, or even good taste, that superficial grace by which the want of better things is concealed! She was more horrified by this thought than by any other discovery she could have made. She seemed to see the Frances whom her mother knew—a little ill-conditioned child; a small, petty, ungracious, unloving girl. Was this what had been thought of her? And it was all his fault—all her father's fault!

At first, she could see no excuse for him. She would not allow to herself that any love for her, or desire to retain her affection, was at the bottom of the concealment. She got a sheet of paper, and began to write with passionate vehemence, pouring forth all her heart. 'Imagine that I have never seen your dear letters till to-day—never till to-day! and what must you think of me,' she wrote. But when she had put her whole heart into it, working a miracle, and making the dull paper to glow and weep, there came a change over her thoughts. She had kept his secret till now. She had not betrayed even to Constance the ignorance in which she had been kept; and should she change her course, and betray him now?

As she came to think it over, she felt that she herself blamed her father bitterly, that he had fallen from the pedestal on which to her he had stood all her life. Yet the thought that others should be conscious of this degradation was terrible to her. When Constance spoke lightly of him, it was intolerable to Frances; and the mother of whom she knew nothing, of whom she knew only that she was her mother, a woman who had grievances of her own against him, who would be perhaps pleased, almost pleased to have proof that he had done this wrong! Frances paused with the fervour of indignation still in her heart, to consider how she should bear it, if this were so. It was all selfish, she said to

herself, growing more miserable as she fought with the conviction that whether in condemning him or covering what he had done, herself was her first thought. She had to choose now between vindicating herself at his cost, or suffering continued misconception to screen him. Which should she do? Slowly she folded up the letter she had written and put it away, not destroying, but saving it, as leaving it still possible to carry out her first intention. Then she wrote another shorter, half-fictitious letter, in which the bitterness in her heart seemed to take the form of reproach to the fate which was altering her life, and her consent to obey her mother's call was forced and sullen. But this letter was no sooner written than it was torn to pieces. What was she to do? She ended, after much thought, by destroying also her first letter, and writing as follows:

DEAR MOTHER—To see my sister and to hear that you want me, is very bewildering and astonishing to me. I am very ready to come, if, indeed, you will forgive me all that you must think so bad in me, and let me try as well as I can to please you. Indeed, I desire to do so with all my heart. I have understood very little, and I have been thoughtless, and, you will think, without any natural affection; but this is because I was so ignorant, and had nobody to tell me. Forgive me, dear mamma. I do not feel as if I dare write to you now and call you by that name. As soon as we can consider and see how it is best for me to travel, I will come. I am not clever and beautiful, like Constance; but indeed I do wish to please you with all my heart. FRANCES.

This was all she could say. She put it up in an envelope, feeling confused with her long thinking and with all the elements of change that were about her, and took it back to the bookroom to ask for the address. She had felt that she could not approach her father with composure or speak to him of ordinary matters; but it made a little formal bridge, as it were, from one kind of intercourse to another to ask him for that address.

'Will you please tell me where mamma lives?' she said.

Waring turned round quickly to look at her. 'So you have written already?'

'O papa, can you say "already?" What kind of creature must she think I am, never to have sent a word all these years?'

He paused a moment and then said: 'You have told her, I suppose?'

'I have told her nothing except that I am ready to come whenever we can arrange how I am to travel.—Papa,' she said with one of those sudden relentings which come in the way of our sternest displeasure with those we love, 'O papa!' laying her hand on his arm, 'why did you do it? I am obliged to let her think that I have been without a heart all my life—for I cannot bear it when any one blames you.'

'Frances,' he said with a response equally sudden, putting his arm round her, 'what will my life be without you? I have always trusted in you, depended on you without knowing it. Let Constance go back to her, and stay you with me.'

Frances had not been accustomed to many demonstrations of affection, and this moved her almost beyond her power of self-control. She put down her head upon her father's shoulder and cried: 'Oh, if we could only go back a week; but we can't; no, nor even half a day. Things that might have been this morning, can't be now, papa! I was very, very angry—oh, in a rage, when I read these letters. Why did you keep them from me? Why did you keep my mother from me? I wrote and told her everything; and then I tore up my letter and told her nothing. But I can never be the same again,' said the girl, shaking her head with that conviction of the unchangeableness of a first trouble which is so strong in youth. 'Now, I know what it is to be one thing and appear another; and to bear blame and suffer for what you have not deserved.'

Waring repented his appeal to his child. He repented even the sudden impulse which had induced him to make it. He withdrew his arm from her with a sudden revulsion of feeling, and a recollection that Constance was not emotional, but a young woman of the world, who would understand many things which Frances did not understand. He withdrew his arm, and said somewhat coldly: 'Show me what address you have put upon your mother's letter. You must not make any mistake in that.'

Frances dried her eyes hastily, and felt the check. She put her letter before him without a word. It was addressed to Mrs Waring, no more.

'I thought so,' he said with a laugh, which sounded harsh to the excited girl; 'and to be sure, you had no means of knowing. I told you your mother was a much more important person than I. You will see the difference between wealth and poverty, as well as between a father's sway and a mother's, when you go to Eaton Square. This is your mother's address.' He wrote it hastily on a piece of paper and pushed it towards her. Frances had received many shocks and surprises in the course of these days, but scarcely one which was more startling to her simple mind than this. The paper which her father gave her did not bear his name. It was addressed to Lady Markham, Eaton Square, London. Frances turned to him an astonished gaze. 'That is where—mamma is living?' she said.

'That is—your mother's name and address,' he answered coldly. 'I told you she was a greater personage than I.'

'But, papa'——

'You are not aware,' he said, 'that, according to the beautiful arrangements of society, a woman who makes a second marriage below her is allowed to keep her first husband's name. It is so, however. Lady Markham chose to avail herself of that privilege.—That is all, I suppose? You can send your letter without any further reference to me.'

Frances went away without a word, treading softly, with a sort of suspense of life and thought. She could not tell how she felt, or what it meant. She knew nothing about the arrangements of society. Did it mean something wrong, something that was impossible? Frances could not tell how that could be, that your father and mother should

not only live apart, but have different names. A vague horror took possession of her mind. She went back to her room again, and stared at that strange piece of paper without knowing what to make of it. Lady Markham! It was not to that personage she had written her poor little simple letter. How could she say mother to a great lady, one who was not even of the same name? She was far too ignorant to know how little importance was to be attached to this. To Frances, a name was so much. She had never been taught anything but the primitive symbols, the innocently conventional alphabet of life. This new discovery filled her with a chill horror. She took her letter out of its envelope with the intention of destroying that too, and letting silence, that silence which had reigned over her life so long, fall again and for ever between her and the mother whose very name was not hers. But as this impulse swept over her, her eye caught one of the first of the little letters which had revealed this unknown woman to her. It was written in very large letters, such as a child might read, and in little words. 'My darling, write to me; I long so for you. Your loving mother.' There was no viscountess there. Her simple mind was swept by contending impulses, like strong winds carrying her now one way, now another. And unless it should be that unknown mother herself, there was nobody in the world to whom she could turn for counsel. Her heart revolted against Constance, and her father had been vexed she could not tell how. She was incapable of betraying the secrets of the family to any one beyond its range. What was she to do?

And all this because the mother, the source of so much disturbance in her little life, was Lady Markham, and not Mrs Waring! But this, to the ignorance and simplicity of Frances, was the most incomprehensible mystery of all.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE SEA.

We were sitting one sunny morning on the esplanade at Weymouth, my dear old friend Colonel Ramsay and I, watching with interest the movements of an unusually large vessel at some distance from the land. Accustomed to see vessels of all sizes and builds, I knew at once that she was no mere merchantman; and for some time, as she approached little by little, and showed a lofty side and a forest of spars, both the colonel and I were inclined to think her a large ironclad, probably detached from the Channel Fleet. But as her distance lessened, and we saw that her lofty sides were painted white, and were scored along their whole length with small square ports, we knew that she was one of those great Indian troopships employed by the Admiralty for the special purpose of carrying our soldiers in safety and comfort to or from our Eastern dependency. Presently she rounded the Breakwater, headed for the anchorage in Portland, and in doing so, passed behind the Nothe Fort and out of our sight.

'Ah, my dear madam,' said the colonel, as he removed and wiped his glasses, 'they take more care of the British subaltern nowadays than they did when I joined the service. Nobody had ever heard of a troopship in those days; we just took a passage in any vessel that was available, no matter if she was fit for the work or not; and where these ships take weeks, we used to take months, and regard it as a matter of course.'

'Yes,' said I; 'I have often read of difficulties, and even dangers, incurred by our troops on their Indian voyage; but I used to think them probably greatly exaggerated.'

'Exaggerated, madam!' quoth the colonel hotly. 'Say, rather, not a tenth part was told. I once, on my first voyage, encountered perhaps the most bloodthirsty pirate that then sailed the seas.'

'How terrible!' I cried. 'A pirate! I thought a vessel carrying troops would be certainly safe from such an attack.'

'Stay!' interrupted the colonel. 'I have not said that the ship was full of armed troops; though even in that case she might be unequal to the task of driving off a determined pirate. But the case I am speaking of was very different, and if you care to hear it, I will tell it to you.'

'I should like it very much,' I said; 'the attraction of a story of real life is too great to be resisted.'

'Very well,' said the old colonel; 'then you shall have it, whether worthy of your interest or not. You must know,' he continued, 'that when I joined the army—more than fifty years ago—I was gazetted to a regiment then quartered in the West Indies; and on making inquiries as to my passage, I was informed that a vessel would shortly sail for that station, and that some other officers, belonging to my own and other regiments, would take a passage in her. She was a barque of about seven hundred tons, called the *Alfred*, and I joined her at Gravesend. A smart, trim, little craft she was; and her captain prided himself on her appearance, and inspired his men with the same feeling. I found two or three young fellows going out like myself to join their regiments; a married major with his wife and child and his sister-in-law; and two other ladies going to join their husbands abroad. As usual, we were shorthanded enough as regards the crew, who barely numbered twenty all told.

'Just before I went down to join the ship, a terrible tale of outrage upon the high seas had occupied the minds of all in England, for the papers were full of the horrible story of the discovery of the *Morning Star*, and of the tragedy that was revealed when that unhappy vessel was boarded as a derelict. If I remember aright, they who were told off to board and examine the apparently deserted ship found, on entering the saloon, her ill-fated officers and passengers sitting back to back around the long table, closely lashed in pairs, each with his throat gashed from ear to ear! And there were fair and delicate girls among them too—none spared—not one! And the fiends who had done this deed had attempted to scuttle the ship, that she might sink, and carry all evidence of the awful crime down to the bottom of the sea, to join the sad list of vessels that are posted as "missing," none know how or where. But Providence willed it otherwise.

'Well, as I say, it was this story that was in the minds and mouths of us all as we gathered first around the table in the *Alfred's* saloon, and the weaker expressed strong apprehensions of a similar fate befalling us on our lonely voyage; and some who were strong of heart tried to

laugh down the notion; and others even made as if they would desire such a meeting, that they might wreak vengeance upon such demons. Our good little captain said nothing, or at anyrate but little; but, as we afterwards found, he made every inquiry that was possible as to the appearance, size, armament, and habitat of the pirate-ship to which this deed was ascribed. Then we sailed; and for the first time I experienced the delicious pleasure of sweeping down Channel with a fresh and fair wind, the English coast spreading out before us from the Foreland to the Start, as we rushed along hour after hour, bright sun overhead, tight little ship underfoot, young blood in my veins, and all the world before me. What wonder, then, that ere we were clear of the Channel, the ghastly mystery of the *Morning Star* was pretty nearly erased from my memory, crowded out by the thousand new sensations consequent upon this new departure in my life.

'All went well with us; no hurricane came down to drive us struggling in the wild whirl of waters; the wind was not always fair, nor the sky always bright, but the monotony of the voyage was disturbed by no menace of disaster. At last a day came when our little captain at breakfast announced to us that if the wind held fair and strong, we might hope to reach our destination in another forty-eight hours; and to us, more than satisfied as we were with our experience of the sea, weary of being cooped up in so small a vessel, and full of eager desire to see the wonders of the foreign land, the announcement was delightful; and often and anxiously did we pop up from below and cast a glance around to see if the wind still held fair. On one of these occasions, when I had for the twentieth time in the last hour put my head up the hatchway to see if all was well, I noticed the skipper standing aft with his glass to his eye looking long and hard at some distant object; and following the direction of his telescope, I saw a speck which could be nothing else but a ship.

"Hillo! captain," said I, "a stranger in sight?"

"Yes," said he quietly; "she is coming up with us fast. She must be bringing up a breeze with her, or we are running out of the wind, which she still holds. A short time ago, we could only see her topsails, and now her hull is rising. Take a look at her," as he handed the glass to me.

'I looked. She seemed a small brig or brigantine, with very square yards, and she was, as he said, overhauling us fast; but other than that I could not tell.

"The wind is failing fast," said our skipper; "I am afraid it will end in a dead calm."

'I did not answer; I merely rushed down below with the eagerness of youth. "I say, a sail! you fellows—that looks like nearing land, eh?—Miss Dash! a sail! You'll see it right aft; the captain thinks the wind is falling;" and away I rushed on deck again to inspect anew the interesting stranger.

'I was surprised not to see the skipper anywhere about the deck; but following the eye of the man at the wheel, I looked aloft, and saw him settling himself down in the crosstrees and levelling his glass once more. He, too, was interested in her, that was evident. Presently he closed his glass, came down from aloft, and said to the first-mate: "Mr Brown, stunsails!"

'How glad we were! We loved to see the stunsails set, and to feel that the little ship was doing her best to bring her long voyage to an end, and our captain was evidently anxious to be in port. The extra canvas pulled her along considerably faster than she had gone before; but it was evident that the breeze was fading away both with us and with the stranger, for the glass showed that she too had set stunsails. As the evening came down, the wind fell to almost nothing, and in its place an exceedingly heavy ground-swell got up, on which our little ship rolled and squattered in a most restless and uncomfortable manner.

'As it was impossible to remain comfortably on deck, the ship rolled so incessantly and wildly, I went below, turned in, and tried hard to sleep, but the motion of the ship made it almost impossible. Again and again I woke through the hot night, and in the occasional intervals of noise, fancied I heard the skipper's voice giving orders on deck, but this I supposed was merely imagination. At last, at about five A.M. I could stand it no longer—my bunk was intolerable; and, tossing on my clothes, I scrambled as best I could up the ladder and staggered cautiously aft.

"Good-morning, captain. Not a breath of wind, eh? and she is rolling worse than ever, I think.—Ah, there's our friend!" I added, as I looked in the direction of the strange vessel. "Seems nearer than last night, after all. What do you make of her?"

"I don't like the look of her at all," said he, very gravely and in a low voice. "I don't wish to alarm you unnecessarily, but I never saw a craft of more suspicious appearance. She is showing no colours, though ours were hoisted at daylight; she carries a great number of guns for a vessel employed in trade; she has a perfect swarm of men on board; and what is more," added he, sinking his voice so that not even the man at the wheel could hear him, "she is terribly like the description of the craft which is supposed to have taken the *Morning Star!*"

'For an instant my blood seemed to rush back to my heart and congeal there; but I mastered my excitement and concealed it as best I might.

"What can we do?" said I in a low voice.

"Not much, I fear," returned he calmly. "We have two guns, carronades, but a very small supply of shot and powder, and if it came to fighting in that way, he could lie off and sink us at his leisure. But he won't do that; that is not his business—he must *take* first, and *sink* afterwards; and if it comes to boarding—God help us!—Say nothing about it down below to the ladies," he added. "They will know it, if it is true, far too soon as it is; but you might give a hint to your brother-officers."

'With a heavy heart, I made my way to the hatchway to whisper dismay and terror to my friends below. What a terrible breakfast that was! To sit with the ghastly secret weighing down my heart like lead, and hear the gay chatter of the ladies as they anticipated a speedy arrival,

laid out their plans for the future, and rallied me and the other men on our want of spirits. We tried after breakfast, by various excuses, to keep them down below; but they laughed us aside; and gaily scrambled up the hatchway to renew their acquaintance with the stranger, full of eager hope that she might be within speaking distance. How they laughed to see her roll till her copper showed bright and radiant half-way to her keel; how they plied the skipper with questions about her; ventured to imagine that she might have friends of theirs on board, and finally waved handkerchiefs to her in their guilelessness!

'At last the captain made some excuse for requesting the ladies to retire below, and having succeeded in his object, took us all into his counsel and laid the matter before us.

"If, as I have every reason to fear, gentlemen," said he, "the craft astern of us is a pirate, we must face the fact and try and make some plan of escape. At present, I believe we are safe from him as long as this calm and this tremendous ground-swell last. He cannot come any nearer, there being no wind; he cannot hoist out his boats and tow up to us in so heavy a roll. My idea is, that he will wait for the roll to go down and the breeze to spring up, and then take us at his ease, knowing that we cannot escape now. But there are one or two things in our favour: he cannot have been waiting for *us*, for our cargo would be worthless to him. He has probably fallen across us by accident, and he will want to know what we are before he attacks us. Vessels of his trade have occasionally caught a tartar, and they learn to be wary. If he thinks we are worth taking, he will not, as he might, stand off and play at long-bowls, because that would result in the probable sinking of the ship and loss of her cargo. On the other hand, he will be very wary of boarding, should he anticipate a determined resistance from a large number of armed men; and in that case, the best thing we can do, as it seems to me, is to let him believe that we have troops on board, and that any attempt on his part to board will meet with a warm reception. What do *you* think, gentlemen?"

'The captain was undoubtedly correct in his reasoning, and his opinion was at once acted upon. All of us who held a commission in the army put on our uniforms and appeared in them on the upper deck; while some of the hands forward were rigged up in mess-jackets, &c., supplied by the officers for the purpose, and were instructed to show themselves at intervals on the forecastle, multiplying themselves as much as possible; while a soldier-servant of the major's was ordered to do sentry-go with a musket aft. Moreover, our two twenty-four pounder carronades were loaded each with a round-shot and a large bag of musket-bullets; muskets—for we had a few—were served out to the men, with a cutlass apiece; and we who had swords and sporting-guns and pistols made them ready for use.

'But all this preparing of arms and unpacking of uniforms could not be done without the knowledge of the ladies of our party; and the apprehensions of the major's wife were first aroused, and gradually spread in terrified whispers to the whole of the party, until at last it was necessary to take them partially into our confidence and let them know that there was danger.

'As night fell, we fancied that the swell was somewhat less in bulk, but it might be only fancy; anyhow, the captain would not hear of us all keeping watch all night, which was what we youngsters especially proposed to do. "No, gentlemen," said he. "Go and turn in, and get what rest you can while you have the chance."

'I went below, and turned in at his bidding, and wearied with excitement and watching, I fell asleep, a troubled, unsatisfactory sleep, it is true, but not the less sleep; and from this troubled rest I was aroused by hearing my name whispered and feeling a gentle touch upon my arm. I started up, and saw by the dim light of a lantern the figure of our old quartermaster. "Beg pardon, sir," said he; "but the cap'n sent me down to say the brigantine is on the move, and he'd like you to know."

'I jumped up, seized my arms, and hurried on deck. It was about two in the morning; the swell had gone down considerably, though still very great; the stars were all over the sky. The captain silently pointed in the direction of the brigantine. I looked, but at first could see nothing; then she rose upon the swell, and I saw her clearly. She was much nearer!

"But how—how?" I asked. "There is still no wind, and"——

'The captain grasped my arm, to make me silent, and whispered: "Sweeps! Listen!"

'Intently I listened, and for some seconds without result; but, the ship pausing for one moment in her tumbling roll, and allowing a momentary cessation to her creaks and groans, I heard faintly and mistily, as if in a dream, the smothered cheep of the sweeps (long oars) as the unknown vessel strove to work herself forward by this means.

"What can they do?" I whispered.

"Nothing yet, while this roll lasts, except come closer up and make a nearer inspection of us. When the day dawns, we must change our tactics," replied the captain. "Go down again; there is nothing you can do."

'But I was wrought up to too high a pitch to go down again; and the captain and I remained up all the rest of the night until daylight dawned discussing the situation, and racking our brains for a method of escape.

'And now the sun sprang up and glorified the tumbling ocean, whose troubled bosom was certainly heaving with far less vehemence than before; and there, not half a mile away from us, on our larboard quarter, lay the brigantine, still rolling heavily as we ourselves did, her row of guns, eight on a side, gleaming brightly in the morning sun; her bulwarks thickly lined with heads; and at her gaff, admitting of no doubt any longer as to her character—a coal-black flag! We could see that we were the object of eager examination by her crew; and for their benefit we enacted a little pantomime, which the captain and I had planned the night before. No uniforms were now to be seen upon the deck; but, as we knew that their glasses were upon us, intent on discovering our force, those in uniform were instructed to appear occasionally at the hatchways both fore and aft, as if about to come on deck, with their arms in their hands, when they

would at once be peremptorily ordered below by one of the mates—giving those in the brigantine the idea that we were full of troops.

'As the morning passed, it was evident that the brigantine's people were puzzled, and hardly knew whether to leave us alone or not. All that day and all that night we lay about half a mile apart, courtesying to each other as we rose and fell on the swell, with no incident to cause us fresh apprehension, save that at night they again got their sweeps out, and actually swept her right round us, in order, I suppose, to keep us in a state of panic and anxiety.

'Again the day dawned, again the blaze of sunlight streamed over the waters. What is it that is making such a stir in the swarm on board the brigantine? Why are they getting out their sweeps again in such haste? Are they going at last to attack us? Are they?—— But no! their stern is towards us. They are moving in the opposite direction! Is help coming to us? Are they moving off in fear? Our captain rushed up into the maintop with his glass, and even before he had reached that height, the shout of "A sail!" came from his lips, and his finger pointed over our larboard quarter. Eagerly we strained our eyes in that direction, and far away, hull down beneath the horizon, in the very quarter to which the brigantine was steering, we saw the gleam of white which betokened the presence of a large vessel under sail.

"A large merchantman, homeward-bound, I should say," the captain shouted from the top. "That villain must have been waiting for her when he fell in with us. Let us hope she will get away from him. She seems to have a breeze, at anyrate."

'What a relief it was to see that swarm of miscreants moving off by their own exertions! How we followed them with our eyes and glasses as hour after hour their sweeps rose and fell upon the now subsiding surface of the sea! By-and-by, her sails seemed to fill, she heeled slightly to one side; her sweeps were no longer to be seen—she had a breeze.

'Shortly after this, an exclamation from our skipper attracted my attention. "I thought so," he said; "there are two of them!" and as we looked, just clear of the merchantman on the other side we saw a suspicious-looking schooner. The brigantine at once hoisted a signal and fired a gun, as we could see by the white smoke; and then the two evidently converged upon the great merchantman. She, too, saw them, that was evident, for she piled up canvas upon canvas, to woo the too sluggish breeze. Now the foe were nearing her, and all disguise was evidently thrown aside, for puff after puff of white smoke darted from their sides, responded to, we were glad to see, by puffs at longer intervals from hers; and faintly on the nearing breeze we caught the sound of the explosions. But closer still and closer crept the foe, and every eye was strained upon the desperate fight, and all minds intent on that alone, when "All hands make sail!" shouted the captain; "here is the breeze right on top of us!" and sure enough there it was, coming down crisp and fresh almost before we were ready for it. Quickly our good fellows covered the good ship with a cloud of canvas; and as she felt the gentle power of the young breeze and heeled over to it, and the bubbles began swiftly to course astern, a terrible load fell from our hearts, and we felt that we were saved.'

The colonel paused a moment, his eye fixed on vacancy, as if he saw himself once more upon the deck of the *Alfred*.

'And what became of the merchantman?' I asked, when silence had lasted for some moments.

'Don't ask me—don't ask me!' he replied in agitated tones. 'Poor souls! murdered—every one of them—and the ship scuttled.'

'And was no vengeance exacted for so terrible a crime?'

'Before an hour had passed after our arrival, a thirty-six gun frigate had sailed on our information to capture or destroy those miserable villains wheresoever they might find them; but vessels such as those may go where no great warship can follow them, and the intricate passages and keys of the West Indies were better known to such outcasts of land and sea than to His Majesty's officers.'

'And they escaped?'

'Within a month from the time of our encounter, those vessels were caught in a furious West Indian tornado; were dismasted, and, after tossing about for days at the mercy of the storm, were wrecked on one of the islands, where most of their crew miserably perished in their efforts to swim through the surf. Their leader, however, and one or two more, managed to reach the shore alive, where the natives had come down to render what help they could; but, being immediately recognised, they were seized and hanged without mercy on the nearest tree.—There, madam! that is one of the experiences of a subaltern in the old days, and you will agree with me in thinking it by no means a pleasant one.'

'I do indeed,' replied I. 'But did you ever hear the name of the man who commanded those two vessels?'

'His name! Yes, of course. I used to know his name well enough once; but my memory is getting weak.—What on earth now was that scoundrel's name! Gossett? Gaston? Gaspard?—Yes, that's it! I think his name was Gaspard, as far as I can recollect; but I won't be certain. Gaspard! yes; that's the name, I believe.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ASTRONOMICAL and meteorological students are offered by Mr Warner of Rochester, New York State, U.S.A., two prizes of two hundred dollars each, to be competed for during the present year. The first is for the discovery of a new comet; and the second is for the best essay upon the Origin of the Gorgeous Sunsets which have been witnessed during the past eighteen months in various parts of the world, and which have been attributed by many to volcanic particles suspended in the higher regions of the atmosphere. Competitors for the first prize must communicate their discovery by telegram to Dr Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, before taking any one else into their confidence. The essays must also be sent to the same gentleman

not later than December 1. Each communication must have a distinguishing motto, and must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, also bearing that motto, and containing within it the name of the author.

A good imitation of celluloid may, according to a continental journal, be made from potato pulp. The mode of preparation is simple. Potatoes after being peeled are boiled for several hours in water containing eight per cent. of sulphuric acid. The resulting pasty mass is then deprived of its adherent moisture by pressure, and is afterwards moulded into any required form. It is said that good billiard balls can be made of this substance, and that pipe-bowls manufactured from it are difficult to distinguish from meerschaum.

Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed: 'Why, I declare it has done me good already.' The doctor humoured her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the *Philadelphia Medical News*, an hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood! but capped with metal, so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

A new brown gunpowder, called Cocoa Powder, has been tested by our military authorities. Its great recommendation is that when fired it gives little or no smoke. This would seem an apparently unimportant detail of field-service. But when we call to mind the incidents of General Graham's victory at Tamasi—in the Soudan—last year, we shall be able to note its real importance. Upon that occasion, our men in their excitement fired their weapons prematurely, enveloping themselves in a veil of smoke, under cover of which the fearless Arabs broke the British square, and for a brief time were masters of the situation. This is but one instance out of many which might be adduced to show the inconvenience of smoke on the battlefield.

The work of widening the Suez Canal, which is now definitely decided upon, will, it is estimated, occupy two years; but the benefit of the alterations will make itself felt before their completion. The enlarged waterway will be capable of an almost indefinite amount of traffic, and this result may be said to be necessary; for calculation shows that the traffic has in the past doubled itself in five years; and there is every reason to believe that this rate of increase will continue in the future.

Some interesting particulars relating to the amount of colonial possessions possessed by different states have lately been published. Britain heads the list with sixty-five square miles of colony to each mile of her own area. Then follow—Holland, with fifty-four miles; Portugal, with twenty; Denmark, with six; and France, with not quite two miles of colonial land to each mile of mother-country. It is calculated that the lands over which Britain holds sway exceed the great Russian empire by two hundred thousand square miles, and that they represent as nearly as possible one-sixth of the land area of the globe.

It has lately become quite a common occurrence to find rough pictorial illustrations inserted in daily and weekly newspapers which have heretofore depended upon the attractions of letterpress alone. It is not perhaps generally known that these cuts are produced automatically, without the help of the engraver in any stage of the process. There are now several different methods by which these interesting results can be achieved, most of them depending more or less upon photography. It has been arranged to hold an international competition of these automatic-engraving processes, and the specimens sent in will eventually form a part of the Exhibition at South Kensington. Full particulars can be obtained of Mr J. S. Hodson, the hon. secretary, at 20 High Holborn, London.

Our contemporary *Land and Water* has lately done a useful service in pointing out the fallacy of the widespread belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling-house is productive of damp walls and general unhealthiness. The very opposite of this is really the case. If any one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain, he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have conducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers, in drawing out any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a greatcoat, keeping the house from wet, and warm into the bargain. One more virtue it has, in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty.

The Cremation Society of England have issued circulars to the effect that they are now in a position to undertake the cremation of bodies at Woking in Surrey. The chief practical objection to this new-old method of disposing of the dead is that all traces of poison feloniously administered would be destroyed. This is sought to be guarded against by the rule of the Society, that two medical certificates as to the cause of death must be produced before they can consent to act. The cost of cremation is, as at present fixed, under twelve pounds sterling, which will compare favourably with the sums often paid for ordinary and, as a rule, needlessly expensive sepulture.

Several very efficient electric gas-lighters have for some time past been before the public. In one of these, a button is pressed, which sets in motion a vulcanite arrangement, thereby exciting frictional electricity, and causing a train of sparks to appear at the top of the instrument. These sparks will readily fire the gas. Another contrivance contains within it a bar of zinc and one of carbon together with an exciting fluid, which is only brought into contact with them when the instrument is inverted. Directly this occurs, a thin platinum wire becomes red hot, and the gas can be lighted. A modification of this latter arrangement is for

the purpose of detecting gas-escapes without the usual catastrophe. It consists of a similar platinum wire inclosed within a safety envelope of wire-gauze. When brought into a gaseous atmosphere, the temperature of the platinum is much increased, and a warning bell is set ringing.

Some experiments in ocean telegraphy are about to be tried in the Mediterranean, which, if successful, will have important and far-reaching applications. It has been suggested by a French officer of engineers that deep-sea cables could be furnished at certain intervals with branch lines leading to the surface of the water, and that these lines could be buoyed in such a manner that passing vessels could attach to them the necessary appliances for communicating with the shores. The present experiments are to be tried upon the cable between France and Algiers; but a more important field for the system would be on the broad Atlantic, where not only could ships send news of their own safety and of the well-being of ships they had spoken with, but storm warnings of the greatest value for weather forecasting could also be sent home. The result of the Mediterranean experiments will be looked for with great interest.

This year will see the completion of one of the greatest submarine engineering feats ever undertaken in Britain. The Severn tunnel was first begun by the Great Western Railway sixteen years ago, and the accomplishment of the great work has been delayed by difficulties which a few years back would have been thought insurmountable. Twice has an enormous volume of water flooded the works, through the accidental tapping of land springs; besides which, fissures in the rock were met with which let the tidal waters into the tunnel. The river is two and a quarter miles broad at the site of the works, but the tunnel itself is nearly double that length, in order to allow for the necessary gradient on either side, the crown of the tunnel being fifty feet below the deepest part of the river. The enterprise has cost considerably more than a million of money.

The stupendous task of printing the entire catalogue of books in the British Museum Library, numbering one million three hundred and fifty thousand printed books and fifty thousand manuscripts, has for some time been steadily progressing. The system in vogue up to a recent period was to write the names of the books with their reference numbers, &c., upon slips of paper, which were afterwards pasted into the catalogue volumes in alphabetical order. From two such volumes, which sufficed to describe the collection in 1787, the number had swelled to two thousand volumes in 1878. The number of printed volumes now amounts to seventy-four, and the importance of the reform will be recognised when we state that these seventy-four new volumes replace no fewer than two hundred and seventy-six of the far more cumbrous manuscript volumes. It may not be generally known that any subscriber of three pounds ten shillings annually can obtain copies of these catalogue volumes as they are issued, the present rate of issue being thirty each year. The government grant for this truly national work is only three thousand pounds per annum, and we are inclined to think that the most captious parliamentary critic would not raise an objection if this sum were considerably increased.

Those who have a desire to become students of geology, but who think that they are deterred from practical work by living in great cities with few opportunities of getting outside the region of bricks and mortar, would do well to pay attention to a lecture upon the Geology of the Metropolitan Streets, lately delivered by Mr Skertchly, F.G.S., at the London Institution. In speaking of the building-stones of the great city, he showed how formerly they were confined to easily worked limestones and sandstones. But of late years a great and welcome change has occurred, for architects have availed themselves of crystalline rocks—the many-coloured granites—and heretofore-plainness is gradually giving place to artistic erections. The student of geology may therefore now find many examples of interesting and picturesque rock-building material, whereas formerly, London and Waterloo bridges were the only examples of them to be found within the metropolitan area. The lecture was well illustrated both with large specimens and sections of rock, the structure of which was shown by means of the microscope.

According to all accounts, the roller-pulp machine invented by a Mr Pond is capable of very marvellous results. It will turn sawdust, shavings, chips, and any fragments of wood into all descriptions of paper, and this without the admixture of rags. It will also render available the stalks of sugar-cane, cotton, hemp, and other plants at the rate of two to three tons per day. A Vermont newspaper is entirely printed on paper made from sawdust treated by this machine, its tensile strength being such that it will stand a test of seventeen pounds to the square inch. Besides paper-manufacture, the wood-pulp can be moulded papier-mâché fashion into pails, barrels, and many other utensils. Even for railway carriage-wheels, prepared wood-pulp has been found serviceable; and if so, why should not the experiment be made of testing its efficacy for the *rails* themselves? Wooden sleepers, closely placed, have latterly enhanced the pleasure of a railway journey. The ease of transit, and possibly the safety, may by-and-by be secured by hardened pulp. The woods best adapted to the process are those of soft quality, such as fir, pine, poplar, &c.

'Australian System of reducing Iron Ores' is the title under which a process has been patented by Mr W. H. Harrison of Sydney, for dealing with the valuable native ores of New South Wales. Numerous attempts have been already made to manufacture iron and steel from them; but these have failed, it is said, because the experimenters have adhered too rigidly to British modes of working, without considering certain peculiarities in the Australian ores, which require special modes of treatment. Mr Harrison separates the impurities which form the chief difficulty by means of hydrogen, which carries off these impurities in a gaseous condition, leaving the pure metal behind. It has been said that this new process is likely to do for our Australian colonies what the Bessemer process has done for the mother-country. Whether this is an exaggeration or not will erelong be ascertained, for works on a large scale will presently be complete for working the process. If it be successful, the saving to the colony in the import of English ores will amount to a vast sum annually.

It seems astonishing that in these days of luxurious railway carriages, the comforts of which have been extended to the third-class passengers, a better system of heating than the cumbrous and uncomfortable foot-warmers has not invariably been introduced on the British lines. In Sweden, the waste steam is utilised—at very trifling expense and by simple appliances—to secure an equable heat in the coaches; but for some unknown reason, the railway directors in this country as a rule prefer the antiquated system of scorching the feet and leaving the rest of the body uncared for. Splendid speed is attained by our locomotives, which, for instance, bring London and Edinburgh within nine hours of each other. Why not utilise the engine's heating as well as her break-powers?

A paper lately read before the Society of Chemical Industry by Mr Redwood gave many interesting particulars of the Russian petroleum wells. Although it has been estimated that the area of oil-producing territory in Russia measures fourteen thousand square miles, the field at Baku is the only one worked, and this covers a space of three and a half square miles only. Its enormous output is said to be sufficient for the requirements of the whole world. Mr Redwood happened to be present when one of the wells was opened. He tells us that a mighty column of oil spouted up to the height of one hundred feet, carrying big stones with it, and that it continued gushing out until a huge lake of petroleum was formed. The product is refined on the spot by a process of distillation, the residue being used as fuel both for steamers on the Caspian and upon many of the Russian railways. The by-products of the distillation, such as naphthaline, benzole, &c., meet with some attention; but that branch of the manufacture is at present in its infancy. The oil-wells of America have always been considered remarkably productive, but they are certainly rivalled by those at Baku.

The Indian Rhea plant possesses such a tenacious fibre, that it was long ago pointed out that it would be of great value for various manufacturing purposes; but a difficulty stood in the way, because of there being no machine known by which the grower could produce from it a clean and unbroken fibre fit for market. Thereupon, as we formerly informed our readers, the Indian government offered a valuable prize to the inventor of the coveted machine. At the recent Calcutta Exhibition, nine machines were shown of more or less merit, but only one fulfilled all the conditions laid down by the authorities. This is called the Universal Fibre Cleaning Machine, and its main feature consists of an iron drum upon which several metal beaters are bolted. As it revolves, a jet of water releases the refuse loosened by the beaters, and also softens the gummy matter by which the fibres are bound together. The cost of the machine is small, and it can be driven by steam or by bullocks. It is anticipated that this invention will open up a new source of textile industry, and will be especially valuable in certain districts of India where the Rhea plant grows wild, and has been hitherto looked upon as cumbering the ground.

Visitors to the Health Exhibition last year may remember that there was to be found there an Anthropological Laboratory, where, on payment of a small fee, any person could be measured, weighed, have his sight tested, his strength of pull recorded, his lung capacity measured, &c. The results in each case were tabulated upon a card and handed to the visitor. This laboratory was organised by Mr Frances Galton, who has done much other original work in the study of his fellow-beings. He has lately published the general results attained at this unique laboratory, and they are both curious and instructive. We learn, for instance, that the breathing capacity of men is much greater than of women. The average height of the two sexes was five feet eight inches and five feet three inches respectively. In keenness of sight, the ladies, we are not surprised to hear, were about equal to the sterner sex. We are disposed to think, in looking at these figures, that the average is placed too high, and for this reason: persons of good build and great strength would feel a natural pride in seeing their personal advantages recorded. But at the same time, undergrown, weakly men and women would shrink from exhibiting their shortcomings. In this way, may not Mr Galton have had the flowers of the flock from which to draw his conclusions?

Two famous aëronauts and engineers have lately died in France. The one was M. Giffard, the constructor of the famous captive balloon of 1878, the largest and most powerful aërostat ever made. He is, however, better known as the inventor of the famous steam-injector, which is now used all the world over for filling the boilers of engines with water. The other was M. Dupuy de Lôme, the engineer of the first French iron-clad, *La Gloire*. He was the prime mover of the balloon mail-service which was established in Paris at the time of the memorable siege.

In the Report for 1884 of the Council of the National Smoke Abatement Institution, many proofs are given that the labours of the Society have met with some success. Gas stoves let out by the gas Companies to private consumers have in many cases taken the place of coal-fires. Large quantities of bread are now baked in various districts without any smoke being produced. It appears that the recommendations in various quarters to use slow combustion stoves to reduce smoke from open grates have been made on erroneous data. The Council plead for an extension of the Metropolitan Smoke Act beyond its present boundaries, and also recommend a more stringent application of its provisions, now that in various trades the suppression of the smoke nuisance is merely a matter of care. We may state in this connection that it has been calculated, from the extra consumption of gas necessarily involved, that a single foggy day costs the consumers ten thousand pounds, to say nothing of its effect upon human life.

The Trawling Commissioners have presented their Report to the Home Secretary, and it is now issued in the form of a White-book, extending to over forty pages. It deals with the subject in a most exhaustive manner, as the following summary (for which we are indebted to the *Scotsman*) will show: The Commissioners find that in territorial waters from the Moray Firth to Grimsby there has been a falling-off of flat fish, and a decrease of haddocks in certain places;

that in offshore waters there has been no decrease in the total takes of fish in the North Sea, except in the case of soles; that the beam-trawl is not destructive to cod and haddock spawn, and there is no proof of injury to the spawn of herrings or other edible fish; that there is no wasteful or unnecessary destruction of immature food-fishes by the beam-trawl; that the number of fish on particular grounds, especially in narrow waters, may be sensibly diminished by the use of the beam-trawl; that the injury done by the beam-trawl to the food of fish is insignificant; that it has not been proved that the use of the beam-trawl is the sole cause of the diminution of fish in territorial waters; that in the absence of a proper system of fishery statistics and scientific observations, it was impossible to discover the causes of or measure the fluctuations of the fisheries; that much damage has been done to drift-nets and haddock lines, particularly by steam-trawlers; and that peculiar difficulties attend the recovery by fishermen of compensation under the Sea Fisheries Act, or of civil damages. The Commissioners make various recommendations suggested by the conclusions arrived at.

The question of the raising of the temperature of buildings lighted by gas or electricity has been cleverly determined at the Royal Theatre, Munich. It had been arranged that, before the commencement of the performance, the curtain should be raised and all the lamps should be allowed to burn for an hour. At the end of that time, observations on the temperature were taken at intervals of five minutes, simultaneously in the boxes, pit, and gallery. Again, the same observations were continued every ten minutes, after the audience had assembled and throughout the performance. By these experiments it was proved that the electric light—unlike its rival, gas—actually *diminished* the temperature, instead of adding to it. Instead of helping in the generation of carbonic acid gas, and thereby increasing the discomfort of public buildings, especially when filled by a large audience, the reverse appears to be the case; which, if really the case, must ultimately prove of immense advantage in theatres, music-rooms, churches, or other large structures; and this—to say nothing of the enormous superiority of the electric light—would alone give it a place as the most brilliant light in the world.

The great south window in Westminster Hall, which was seriously damaged by dynamite explosion on the 24th of February, was executed between the years 1847 and 1851, and opened the year of the first Great Exhibition. The artists were Messrs John Hardman & Co., and the subjects represented are the arms of all the kings and queens, and founders of reigning houses of England, from some time before the Conquest downwards. The drawings, which were prepared by Messrs Hardman nearly forty years ago with infinite care and labour, are all fortunately preserved, and will be employed by those gentlemen in the restoration of the portions of the window broken by the explosion, this work having been intrusted to that firm by the First Commissioner of Works. The panels of glass, which were much torn and twisted by the violence of the dynamite, are nearly one hundred in number, and the damage otherwise was considerable.—A scientific contemporary has the following very interesting remarks on the curious effect of the action of the dynamite: 'The window in its present damaged state exhibits a remarkable and interesting evidence of the power of *suction* peculiar to dynamite in explosion. The panels of leaded glass, which are much distorted by the force of the explosion, are nearly without exception bulged *inwards;* whilst the plain diamond-shaped glazing, which formed an outer guard or protection to the stained glass, is bulged *outwards* at every point; but the inner window bears unmistakable evidence of a sudden and violent contraction of air immediately subsequent to the first expansion recorded by the state of the outer glass. It would seem that the same force would account for the fact of the two constables and Mr Green being found drawn into the hole which the explosion itself had made.'

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

CATS.

I HAVE always been very fond of cats, and like all our family we have been in the habit of making great pets of them. They are not, I think, as a general rule, troubled with special or peculiar antipathies, but it is certain that they are endowed with far more intelligence, sagacity, and affection, than most people give them credit for. My experience and observation, extending over many years, convince me that where cats are well treated, petted, and rightly understood, they are capable of great affection for persons individually, and not merely for places, as it is so much the fashion to allege. Many people have a great dislike to the whole race, speak ill of them, and attribute to them every bad and worthless trait. This I consider a great injustice to one of the most beautiful, graceful, and, when properly treated, affectionate of our household pets.

A beautiful and touching anecdote of personal affection in a cat for her playmate, a child, was related recently in the *Leisure Hour*, where the cat not only refused food when the child died, but, like the celebrated Edinburgh dog, Greyfriars Bobby, passed most of her time in the village churchyard sitting by the grave, and returning home regularly for food. Was the faithful animal aware that the child was lying beneath? And did she expect her return to earth? It would seem that some such thought must have possessed her, and that she therefore resolved to await the child's reappearance.

A splendid tabby Tom belonged to my late father-in-law, and was a great pet of his daughter (my wife) when living at home before her marriage. Tab was very fond of his mistress, always selecting her lap, when possible, for his moments of repose. He was so well trained and intelligent that he would follow her about the garden or the adjoining fields, and answer to his name exactly like a dog; and yet, with all his affection, he would not allow my wife to sing, or even hum. When she sang, he would jump up, lash his tail—an unmistakable sign of anger—utter short sharp 'mews,' whilst every movement of the animal betrayed extreme uneasiness and annoyance. If the singing did not cease, the

mews would be extended into a sort of howl or cry, and he would stand on his hind-legs and pat the lady's knee with his paw, as a gentle remonstrance; sometimes he would fling himself down at full length, and scratch with his claws at the carpet in the oddest manner. These performances were most amusing. But one day, I am sorry to say, he lost both his patience and his temper, and behaved in a manner highly discreditable to a well-bred and intelligent feline. He was asleep in my wife's lap when she began, quite thoughtlessly, to hum a melody. In a moment Tab was sitting erect in her lap, glaring fiercely up into her face and uttering little angry cries. Rather amused than otherwise, my wife continued her humming, when Tab suddenly sprang up and stuck his claws into both sides of her face, below each ear. Seizing his paws and throwing him sharply down, my wife ceased the music, when—all being silent—Tab looked up, evidently rather surprised at his rough treatment, whisked his tail about, and then, seeming to think better of it, instantly jumped into her lap again, and commenced purring a loud song of —let us hope—repentance for his bad conduct.

This is another and equally mysterious instance of musical antipathy, exhibited towards the singing of one person only; for I never heard that Tab showed the least dislike to the singing of any one else, or took any notice of music in general, whether vocal or instrumental; and in this he resembled the previously related cases of the dog Wag and the horse Jenny,* neither of which could endure the singing of one particular lady.

We possessed, at the old home in Surrey, when I was a lad, a remarkably fine white cat. From her great size and strength, Fairy was always supposed to be a 'Tom;' but she belonged to what in her case was undoubtedly the 'fair' sex. She was very sagacious and clever. She would sit up and beg, jump through the hands held high, and, what was perhaps most singular, she would keep up a conversation with you by regularly answering, with an odd sort of pretty little short mew, every time you spoke to her. Frequently, when sitting alone by the fire, with Fairy for a companion, she has afforded me great amusement by her conversational powers; and I confess I would often rather have passed an hour in her company than in that of many persons I have since known, who were chiefly remarkable either for the most overpowering capacity for talk, or else for none at all—a state of things equally boring and wearisome.

Fairy was celebrated for her great intelligence in many ways, as well as her strong affection for my mother, who always seemed to be her especial favourite. When she returned home, puss would come forward to welcome her, tail erect, and then turning, would walk before her into the house in the most stately manner, uttering some odd little mews, evidently expressing genuine pleasure. As soon as my mother sat down Fairy would settle herself in her lap, commence a loud song of satisfaction, and positively decline to be removed therefrom; for if she was put down, on one side, she would immediately jump up on the other with the most amusing perseverance.

But with all her affection and sagacity, Fairy had a particular antipathy to whistling—not necessarily the whistling of a musical melody, but whistling of any sort, such as the calling of a dog, or otherwise. She had a great objection to a long, loud, sharp whistle; the longer and louder it was, the more annoyed and fidgety she would become. She would throw herself at full length on the carpet, then start up and look you full in the face, uttering the usual short mews or cries—evidently intended as a gentle hint or remonstrance against your whistling propensities. If the long sharp notes continued, she moved uneasily about the room, occasionally stopping short, looking straight at the whistler, and giving two or three little short mews, in the drollest manner possible, saying as plainly as an animal could: 'Why do you continue this stupid noise? Don't you see how very much it disturbs me? I wish you 'd be quiet!'

One day I continued whistling loud and shrill notes, and poor Fairy got so annoyed, that after the usual exhibition of mewing and prostrations on the carpet, she suddenly jumped on my knee, and then standing on her hind-legs, repeatedly tapped my chin with her soft velvet paw. When I suddenly stopped, she looked intently into my face, gave a little jerky sort of mew, and then laid herself quietly down in my lap, satisfied, apparently, that I had stopped the peculiar sound which gave her so much annoyance.

* See Nos. 6 and 37 (1884) of this *Journal*.

'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.'

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all.
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall.
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall,
For 'might have been.'

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;
Sorrow for vanished hours, and yet—ah, yet—
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er 'might have been.'

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast fall,
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all,
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The 'might have been.'

KATIE M. LUCK.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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FOOD FOR THE MILLION.

The question of food and feeding is one of such importance that it well deserves the attention it is at present exciting; and whilst it affects all classes, it is of special importance to those whose limited incomes demand the full value for money expended. Yet it is just this class who, as matters now stand, have difficulty in procuring wholesome unadulterated food at a reasonable cost; for whatever may be said as to the advantages of the present state of trade and competition, it can hardly be asserted that the poor man reaps practical benefit therefrom; indeed, as a rule, really good food is beyond his reach; and it is rare for him to get—in large towns, at least—even his staple article of diet, bread, without more or less of adulteration.

As a consequence of the high price of food, the dietary of that very large class, the decent poor, has resolved itself into very narrow limits, and consists, mainly, of bread, potatoes, dried fish, and cheese, with highly adulterated beer and spirits; or tea made from 'siftings,' with or without watered milk. In many such families, the Sunday dinner of meat is looked forward to as the treat of the week, though, in nine cases out of ten, the meat will be of inferior quality and badly cooked. There is a fashion, indeed, amongst some writers and speakers, of crying down the extravagance of the poor, who in prosperous times are represented as wasting money which should be laid by for a 'rainy-day,' in the pleasures of the table, with a special leaning towards unseasonable delicacies. We do not deny the force of the complaint in regard to the artisan class, who greatly need such instruction in cookery as we referred to lately, by means of which, wholesome and inexpensive food may be made so tempting as to take the place of the present system of 'treats.'

But in respect to the class below the artisan, our experience points in an altogether different direction; though even were there truth in the statement, we doubt whether those who are so quick to criticise would not be equally ready to vary such an extremely limited bill of fare, at those rare opportunities when money is fairly plentiful. That thousands of unskilled labourers and their families do live strictly within such limits, those who know anything of their life can testify; and the case of a poor woman is by no means exceptional, who, on being asked if she would like a basin of dripping to take home, responded eagerly: 'That I should; the childer's mighty fond of a bit of *grease* with their bread, and they don't often get it.'

'But,' objects the poor man's critic, 'why is not more use made of such things as peas, beans, and lentils, which are both cheap and nourishing?'

Undoubtedly they are, and equally they *can* be made appetising, but scarcely with the restrictions under which the labourer's wife has to set about her cooking. To begin with, the stock, dripping, or lard which the richer cook uses as a matter of course, are beyond her reach; and even the minor details of herbs, spices, or flavourings are not to be had for the asking. But, allowing that she could lay her hand upon such essentials to tempting dishes, there remains a difficulty so great as to be practically insurmountable. As houses for the poor now stand, it is only the inhabitant of the kitchen who is the possessor of a grate that will cook, or at least that was originally intended for that purpose. All the other lodgers—say from six to ten families—are without any sort of oven or boiler, and frequently without even a hob on which to rest a saucepan or kettle. In very many cases, the difficulty is increased by the bad state of repair of the apology for a grate; and the large percentage of smoky chimneys would astonish those who have not gone into the subject.

Now, under such circumstances, a thoroughly good and clever cook *might* manage the soups and stews, which, we are sometimes gravely assured, the French peasant can make out of 'nothing;' but it is certainly a feat of skill far beyond the average working-woman; and even

could she do it, it is an open question whether the constant smell incidental to cooking would not do more harm than good, when that cooking must of necessity be carried on in the one room where the whole family lives, eats, sleeps, and washes.

It must also be remembered that this is not merely a question of taste, involving no graver considerations than a limited selection of food. On the contrary, the matter of the palate is trivial, compared with the lack of nourishment such diet affords. In the country, as a rule, the labourer, however low his wages, has access to fresh vegetables, and has the means for securing home-made bread; but it is not the least amongst the evils of large towns that the poor are forced to live in such a way that the degenerate physical condition of the working classes is becoming proverbial; indeed, to our thinking, the only wonder is that, with our present system of bad lodging and bad feeding, we have not even a worse health-average. Nor is this an evil for which 'time' will provide a remedy, but rather may we expect each succeeding generation to be something less strong and vigorous; and not the most sanguine spirit would venture to affirm that our trade prospects are such that we can afford to look with indifference upon the prospect of an enfeebled race of workers.

Hitherto, there have been but few efforts to provide wholesome, well-cooked, nourishing food for the labouring man. Soup-kitchens, which do good work in their way, are mainly helpful to the destitute, whose case we are not considering. Coffee-stalls, cheap eating-houses and coffee-palaces, do something; but the former are very limited in accommodation and resources; and the latter have hardly had such capital and support as to give them a fair chance; and even when they succeed, the benefit is confined to the man himself, and does not include his family, which represents the next generation. It is therefore with sincere pleasure that we hail a comprehensive scheme for the establishment of public kitchens to supply the working-man and his family with food, wholesome, nourishing, well cooked, and at such a moderate cost as to bring it within the reach of the whole labouring population. The scheme is very ably and fully worked out in a small volume before us, entitled *Food for the Million*, by Captain M. P. Wolff (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.). From the preface, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, we find that the writer, 'Captain Wolff, in June 1883 read a pamphlet, at the request of the National Health Society, in which he dealt with an acknowledged blot in our social system. I allude to the bad food and altogether shocking and expensive cuisine of the poor. The remedy which he suggested was received with that cautious apathy which characterises the Englishman's treatment of everything out of the usual routine. Captain Wolff proposed to start public kitchens on an enormous scale. Ninety million fourpenny portions were to be issued annually from one hundred and fifty kitchens, situated in the poorest parts of London. Instead of the present ruinous plan pursued by the poor of buying raw material in small quantities, and then wasting half, and cooking the rest badly, the public kitchens would offer them small but adequate quantities of exquisitely cooked food, the raw materials of which had been purchased wholesale, and distributed cheaply, because worked up in vast quantities at a time. The poor were to save thirty to fifty per cent. by the transaction, whilst those who invested their capital in the kitchens were to realise seventeen per cent. for their money. John Bull listened, shrugged his shoulders, said the German captain was sanguine, went home, and soon forgot all about Wolff and his public kitchens.' And John Bull, who is not accustomed to connect fabulous interest with safe investment, may well be pardoned for thinking seventeen per cent. rather 'too good to be true.'

But Captain Wolff, fully believing in the truth of his own ideas, very wisely set to work to support his statements; and by careful collection of facts relating to cost of material and working expenses, has fully proved the feasibility of his scheme from a pecuniary point of view; and the impartial reader of his powerful arguments can hardly fail to be impressed with the desirability of a fair trial being given to a scheme, at once simple, complete, and advantageous.

The first and most important part of the work of these kitchens will naturally be the providing of dinners, which can either be eaten in the dining-hall, or taken away for home consumption. In the latter case, it is proposed to supply bivalved tin vessels from the size of one to four portions; these are to be exposed for sale at cost price; and there is to be a plentiful supply of hot-water taps for the filling of these vessels; thus the food will be kept hot, and the wasteful warming-up will be unnecessary. As to the amount of food in a 'portion,' Captain Wolff says: 'To satisfy a man's appetite, three-fifths of a quart of solid vegetables, such as peas, lentils, haricot beans; or four-fifths of the lighter kind, as potatoes, or potatoes with cabbages, or greens, or broad beans, or with carrots and turnips, will be sufficient; whilst a quarter of a pound (raw weight) of meat and edible fat, with gravy, or one-third of a pound of fish, might represent the lowest limit of intrinsic nutritious food which health requires, and the highest which can be supplied for the low price of fourpence a portion. But half-portions, of just one half the contents and the price of a full portion, should be offered as well. A little hungry male or female street arab, even should he or she have somehow or other scraped together the necessary penny, could scarcely swallow a full portion; not to mention the other fact, that they, as well as a good many men and women, would be prevented by want of means from getting a mouthful of hot and tasty food at all, unless half-portions were given.'

But the providing of dinners is not to be the only work of the kitchens. It is suggested that they should offer 'breakfasts and suppers on the premises, as well as for home consumption. How many thousands of tons of coal are yearly wasted during the summer alone. One penny for a large cup of tea, coffee, or cocoa ought to be the maximum charge. Bread, butter, cheese, sausages, cold ham, and such cold meat, or hot meat, with vegetables, as might have been left from the mid-day meal, and every kind of non-intoxicating drink, might equally be offered from six to eight A.M., and from six-thirty to nine P.M., all the year round.'

It is also proposed that lavatories should be

attached to each kitchen, with the entrance-fee of one halfpenny, and that part of the dining-hall could be reserved in an evening, as a sort of clubroom, for customers.

The subject of the bill of fare has an interesting chapter, showing what elements are necessary to the proper nutrition of the body, and how these may be obtained at the lowest possible cost. In view of the extremely small sums charged, this is an important consideration; and with great wisdom and moderation, the writer concludes his remarks thus: 'It cannot possibly be doubted that the introduction of public kitchens will soon be much appreciated. It nevertheless will destroy old time-honoured habits; and such a transition cannot be effected without a great deal of shaking heads, discussion, nay, even heart-burnings. I have also proposed a better mode of preparing vegetables, and this represents another shock to the palatal prejudices of the masses. I therefore do not believe that the public would be able to endure more at a time. For the full execution of the rational mode of nutrition, as shown above, requires the extensive use of peas, beans, and lentils in the form of pies or soups, as they represent, considering the price, the highest content of units of nutriment of all vegetables. But pulse is not at all liked in England, nor are soups.'

Without losing sight of the ideal end, that is, the gradual importation of this rational nutrition of the customers, by offering them, one day to come, such breakfasts and suppers as would be necessary for completing the 'units' given by the dinners up to the necessary total, the future Board of Directors ought at the beginning to content themselves with the first part of the task, as described above, leaving it to the customers' choice to enjoy, as heretofore, their tea or coffee with bread, butter, cheese, sausages, &c., as their fancy may induce them to do, in the morning and evening.

The formation of a working staff, with its Board of Directors, lady-superintendent, cook, kitchen-maids, &c., is carefully explained, and great stress is laid on the value of lady-helpers to assist at the mid-day meal. Giving his own experience on this point, the writer says: 'I secured in that little kitchen which I started in Germany with considerable success, the help of ladies for every week in turn, in order not only to look occasionally after the general working arrangements, but particularly to receive each day the empty, and return the filled vessels for home consumption at the kitchen window, and to hand the filled plates through another window to the customers in the dining-room. Thus they soon became acquainted with each face, as they themselves became known to the public. A kind look, an approving or pitying word, a little support to a helpless old woman or small child, soon established a sort of mutual regard and sympathetic feeling, not only between those two parties, meeting for so short a time, but towards the establishment itself likewise. Nor was I in any difficulty about finding such helpers; for those who had had only once the opportunity of seeing, after returning the filled vessel to some pale-faced, ragged, hungry-looking little boy, his eyes light up at the anticipation of his savoury meal, felt highly rewarded for such a two hours' self-sacrifice, and were ever ready to offer their services again.'

There is much more on the same subject well worth reading; and we fully indorse the sentiment, that whilst, as a rule, 'man's manner of performing business bears a distinctly curt, strict, and exclusively rational character,' there is that in a true woman's nature which gives her the power of arousing the sympathy of others by the unaffected offering of her own.

Finding that his high figures were too startling to the uninitiated, Captain Wolff now suggests that a beginning might be made thus: 'A small number, say eight to ten sample kitchens, should be started in London under a well-chosen number of ladies and gentlemen of reputation. In these experimental establishments, the ground-plan of the kitchens and the adjoining rooms, the style of the business, the cooking, frying, and roasting apparatus, the best manner of preparing the food, the introduction of new dishes, the easiest way of issuing the portions, the method of keeping the accounts, &c., could be shown; and a staff of carefully chosen kitchen-directresses and head-cooks could be educated, and so well instructed as to be able to work independently and satisfactorily wherever there might be a demand for them.'

Once fairly started, Captain Wolff has no sort of doubt as to the success of the enterprise, the one obstacle at present being the want of funds sufficient to secure a firm basis; for without sufficient capital to buy in large quantities at wholesale prices, it would be impossible to provide nourishing food at the low figures named. Once at work, the affair would be more than self-supporting; but the poor for whose benefit it is to be undertaken lack funds to make a start; and to begin with less than sufficient capital would be to end in failure.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIV.

WARING went out with Constance when the sun got low in the skies. He took a much longer walk than was at all usual, and pointed out to her many points of view. The paths that ran among the olive woods, the little terraces which cut up the sides of the hills, the cool gray foliage and gnarled trunks, the clumps of flowers—garden flowers in England, but here as wild, and rather more common than blades of grass—delighted her; and her talk delighted him. He had not gone so far for months; nor had he, he thought, for years found the time go so fast. It was very different from Frances' mild attempts at conversation. 'Do you think, papa? Do you remember, papa?'—so many references to events so trifling, and her little talk about Tasie's plans and Mrs Gaunt's news. Constance took him boldly into her life and told him what was going on in *the world*. Ah, the world! that was the only world. He had said in his bitterness, again and again, that Society was as limited as any village, and duchesses curiously like washer-women; but when he found himself once more on the edge of that great tumult of existence,

he was like the old war-horse that neighs at the sound of the battle. He began to ask her questions about the people he had known. He had always been a shy, proud man, and had never thrown himself into the stream; but still there had been people who had known him and liked him, or whom he had liked; and gradually he awakened into animation and pleasure.

When they met the old general taking his stroll, too, before dinner, that leathern old Indian was dazzled by the bright creature, who walked along between them, almost as tall as the two men, with her graceful careless step and independent ways, not deferring to them, as the other ladies did, but leading the conversation. Even General Gaunt began to think whether there was any one whom he could speak of, any one he had known, whom, perhaps, this young exponent of Society might know. She knew everybody. Even princes and princesses had no mystery for her. She told them what everybody said, with an air of knowing better than everybody, which in her meant no conceit or presumption, as in other young persons. Constance was quite unconscious of the possibility of being thus judged. She was not self-conscious at all. She was pleased to bring out her news for the advantage of the seniors. Frances was none the wiser when her sister told her the change that had come over the Grandmaisons, or how Lord Sunbury's marriage had been brought about, and why people now had altered their houses for the Row. Frances listened; but she had never heard about Lord Sunbury's marriage, nor why it should shock the elegant public. But the gentlemen remembered his father; or they knew how young men commit themselves without intending it. It is not to be supposed that there was anything at all *risqué* in Constance' talk. She touched, indeed, upon the edge of scandals which had been in the newspapers, and therefore were known even to people in the Riviera; but she did it with the most absolute innocence, either not knowing or not understanding the evil. 'I believe there was something wrong, but I don't know what—mamma would never tell me,' she said. Her conversation was like a very light graceful edition of a Society paper—not then begun to be—with all the nastiness and almost all the malice left out. But not quite all; there was enough to be piquant. 'I am afraid I am a little ill-natured; but I don't like that man,' she would say now and then. When she said, 'I don't like that woman,' the gentlemen laughed. She was conscious of having a little success, and she was pleased too. Frances perhaps might be a better housekeeper; but Constance could not but think that in the equally important work of amusing papa she would be more successful than Frances. It was not much of a triumph, perhaps, for a girl who had known so many; but yet it was the only one as yet possible in the position in which she now was.

'I suppose it is settled that Frances is to go?' she said, as General Gaunt took the way to his bungalow, and she and her father turned towards home.

'She seems to have settled it for herself,' he said.

'I am always repeating she is so like mamma—that is exactly what mamma would have done. They are very positive. You and I, papa, are not positive at all.'

'I think, my dear, that coming off as you did by yourself, was very positive indeed—and the first step in the universal turning upside down which has ensued.'

'I hope you are not sorry I came?'

'No, Constance. I am very glad to have you.' And this was quite true, although he had said to Frances something that sounded very different. Both things were true—both that he wished she had never left her mother; that he wished she might return to her mother, and leave Frances with him as of old; and that he was very glad to have her here.

'If I were to go back, would not everything settle down just as it was before?'

Then he thought of what Frances, taught by the keenness of a personal experience, had said to him a few hours ago. 'No,' he said; 'nothing can ever be as it was before. We never can go back to what has been, whether the event that has changed it has been happy or sad.'

'Oh, surely sometimes,' said Constance. 'That is a dreadful way to talk of anything so trifling as my visit. It could not make any real difference, because all the facts are just the same as they were before.'

To this he made no reply. She had no way, thanks to Frances, of finding out how different the position was. And she went on, after a pause: 'Have you settled how she is to go?'

'I have not even thought of that.'

'But, papa, you must think of it. She cannot go unless you manage it for her. Markham heard of those people coming, and that made it quite easy for me. If Markham were here'——

'Heaven forbid.'

'I have always heard you were prejudiced about Markham. I don't think he is very safe myself. I have warned Frances, whatever she does, not to let herself get into his hands.'

'Frances in Markham's hands! That is a thing I could not permit for a moment. Your mother may have a right to Frances' society, but none to throw her into the companionship of'——

'Her brother, papa.'

'Her brother! Her step-brother, if you please—which I think scarcely a relationship at all.'

Waring's prejudices, when they were roused, were strong. His daughter looked up in amazement at his sudden passion, the frown on his face, and the fire in his eye.

'You forget that I have been brought up with Markham,' she said. 'He is *my* brother; and he is a very good brother. There is nothing he will not do for me. I only warned Frances because—because she is different; because'——

'Because—she is a girl who ought not to breathe the same air with a young reprobate—a young'——

'Papa! You are mistaken. I don't know what Markham may have been; but he is not a reprobate. It was because Frances does not understand chaff, you know. She would think he was in earnest, and he is never in earnest. She would take him seriously, and nobody takes him seriously. But if you think he is bad, there is nobody who thinks that. He is not bad; he only has ways of thinking'——

'Which I hope my daughters will never share,' said Waring with a little formality.

Constance raised her head as if to speak, but then stopped, giving him a look which said more than words, and added no more.

In the meantime, Frances had been left alone. She had directed her letter, and left it to be posted. That step was taken, and could no more be thought over. She was glad to have a little of her time to herself, which once had been all to herself. She did not like as yet to broach the subject of her departure to Mariuccia; but she thought it all over very anxiously, trying to find some way which would take the burden of the household off the shoulders of Constance, who was not used to it. She thought the best thing to do would be to write out a series of *menus*, which Mariuccia might suggest to Constance, or carry out upon her own responsibility, whichever was most practicable; and she resolved that various little offices might be turned over to Domenico without interfering with her father's comfort. All these arrangements, though she turned them over very soberly in her mind, had a bewildering, dizzying effect upon her. She thought that it was as if she were going to die. When she went away out of the narrow inclosure of this world, which she knew, it would be to something so entirely strange to her that it would feel like another life. It would be as if she had died. She would not know anything; the surroundings, the companions, the habits, all would be strange. She would have to leave utterly behind her everything she had ever known. The thought was not melancholy, as is in almost all cases the thought of leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;' it made her heart swell and rise with an anticipation which was full of excitement and pleasure, but which at the same time had the effect of making her brain swim.

She could not make to herself any picture of the world to which she was going. It would be softer, finer, more luxurious than anything she knew; but that was all. Of her mother, she did try to form some idea. She was acquainted only with mothers who were old. Mrs Durant, who wore a cap, encircling her face, and tied under her chin; and Mrs Gaunt, who had grandchildren who were as old as Frances. Her own mother could not be like either of these; but still she would be old, more or less, would wrap herself up when she went out, would have gray, or even perhaps white hair (which Frances liked in an old lady: Mrs Durant wore a front, and Mrs Gaunt was suspected of dyeing her hair), and would not care to move about more than she could help. She would go out 'into Society' beautifully dressed with lace and jewels; and Frances grew more dizzy than ever, trying to imagine herself standing behind this magnificent old figure, like a maid of honour behind a queen. But it was difficult to imagine the details of a picture so completely vague. There was a general sense of splendour and novelty, a vague expectation of something delightful, which it was beyond her power to realise, but no more.

She had roused herself from the vague excitement of these dreams, which were very absorbing, though there was so little solidity in them, with a sudden fear that she was losing all the afternoon, and that it was time to prepare for dinner. She went to the corner of the loggia which commanded the road, to look out for Constance and her father. The road swept along below the Punto, leading to the town; and a smaller path traversing the little height, climbed upward to the platform on which the Palazzo stood. Frances did not at first remark, as in general every villager does, an unfamiliar figure making its way up this path. Her father and sister were not visible, and it was for them she was looking. Presently, however, her eye was caught by the stranger, no doubt an English tourist, with a glass in his eye—a little man, with a soft gray felt hat, which, when he lifted his head to inspect the irregular structure of the old town, gave him something the air of a moving mushroom. His movements were somewhat irregular, as his eyes were fixed upon the walls, and did not serve to guide his feet, which stumbled continually on the inequalities of the path. His progress began to amuse her, as he came nearer, his head raised, his eyes fixed upon the buildings before him, his person executing a series of undulations like a ship in a storm. He climbed up at last to the height, and coming up to some women who were seated on the stone bench opposite to Frances on the loggia, began to ask them for instructions as to how he was to go.

The little scene amused Frances. The women were knitting, with a little cluster of children about them, scrambling upon the bench or on the dusty pathway at their feet. The stranger took off his big hat and addressed them with few words and many gestures. She heard *casa* and *Inglese*, but nothing else that was comprehensible. The women did their best to understand, and replied volubly. But here the little tourist evidently could not follow. He was like so many tourist visitors, capable of asking his question, but incapable of understanding the answer given him. Then there arose a shrill little tempest of laughter, in which he joined, and of which Frances herself could not resist the contagion. Perhaps a faint echo from the loggia caught the ear of one of the women, who knew her well, and who immediately pointed her out to the stranger. The little man turned round and made a few steps towards the Palazzo. He took off the mushroom top of gray felt, and presented to her an ugly, little, vivacious countenance. 'I beg you ten thousand pardons,' he said; 'but if you speak English, as I understand them to say, will you be so very kind as to direct me to the house of Mr Waring?—Ah, I am sure you are both English and kind! They tell me he lives near here.'

Frances looked down from her height demurely, suppressing the too-ready laugh, to listen to this queer little man; but his question took her very much by surprise. Another stranger asking for Mr Waring! But oh, so very different a one from Constance—an odd, little, ugly man, looking up at her in a curious one-sided attitude, with his glass in his eye. 'He lives here,' she said.

'What? Where?' He had replaced his mushroom on his head, and he cocked up towards her one ear, the ear upon the opposite side to the eye which wore the glass.

'Here!' cried Frances, pointing to the house, with a laugh which she could not restrain.

The stranger raised his eyebrows so much and so suddenly that his glass fell. 'Oh!' he cried—but the biggest O, round as the O of Giotto, as the Italians say. He paused there some time, looking at her, his mouth retaining the shape of that exclamation; and then he cast an investigating glance along the wall, and asked: 'How am I to get in?'

'Nunziata, show the gentleman the door,' cried Frances to one of the women on the bench. She lingered a moment, to look again down the road for her father. It was true that nothing could be so wonderful as what had already happened; but it seemed that surprises were not yet over. Would this be some one else who had known him, who was arriving full of the tale that had been told, and was a mystery no longer, some 'old friend' like Mr Mannering, who would not be satisfied without betraying the harmless hermit, whom some chance had led him to discover? There was some bitterness in Frances' thoughts. She had not remembered the Mannerings before, in the rush of other things to think of. The fat ruddy couple, so commonplace and so comfortable! Was it all their doing? Were they to blame for everything? for the conclusion of one existence, and the beginning of another? She went in to the drawing-room and sat down there, to be ready to receive the visitor. He could not be so important—that was impossible; there could be no new mystery to record.

When the door opened and Domenico solemnly ushered in the stranger, Frances, although her thoughts were not gay, could scarcely help laughing again. He carried his big gray mushroom top now in his hand; and the little round head which had been covered with it seemed incomplete without that thatch. Frances felt herself looking from the head to the hat with a ludicrous sense of this incompleteness. He had a small head, thinly covered with light hair, which seemed to grow in tufts like grass. His eyes twinkled keen, two very bright gray eyes, from the puckers of eyelids which looked old, as if he had got them second hand. There was a worn and wrinkled look about him altogether, carried out in his dress, and even in his boots, which suggested the same idea. An old man who looked young, or a young man who looked old. She could not make out which he was. He did not bow and hesitate, and announce himself as a friend of her father's, as she expected him to do, but came up to her briskly with a quick step, but a shuffle in his gait.

'I suppose I must introduce myself,' he said; 'though it is odd that we should need an introduction to each other, you and I.—After the first moment, I should have known you anywhere. You are quite like my mother.—Frances, isn't it? And I'm Markham, of course, you know.'

'Markham!' cried Frances. She had thought she could never be surprised again, after all that had happened. But she felt herself more astonished than ever now.

'Yes, Markham. You think I am not much to look at, I can see. I am not generally admired at the first glance.—Shake hands, Frances.—You don't quite feel like giving me a kiss, I suppose, at the first offset? Never mind. We shall be very good friends, after a while.'

He sat down, drawing a chair close to her. 'I am very glad to find you by yourself. I like the looks of you.—Where is Con? Taken possession of the governor, and left you alone to keep house, I should suppose?'

'Constance has gone out to walk with papa. I had several things to do.'

'I have not the least doubt of it. That would be the usual distribution of labour, if you remained together.—Fan, my mother has sent me to fetch you home.'

Frances drew a little farther away. She gave him a look of vague alarm. The familiarity of the address troubled her. But when she looked at him again, her gravity gave way. He was such a queer, such a very queer little man.

'You may laugh if you like, my dear,' he said. 'I am used to it. Providence—always the best judge, no doubt—has not given me an awe-inspiring countenance. It is hard upon my mother, who is a pretty woman. But I accept the position, for my part.—This is a charming place. You have got a number of nice things. And those little sketches are very tolerable. Who did them?—You?—Waring, so far as I remember, used to draw very well himself. I am glad you draw; it will give you a little occupation.—I like the looks of you, though I don't think you admire me.'

'Indeed,' said Frances, troubled, 'it is because I am so much surprised. Are you really—are you sure you are'——

He gave a little chuckle, which made her start—an odd, comical, single note of laughter, very cordial and very droll, like the little man himself.

'I've got a servant with me,' he said, 'down at the hotel, who knows that I go by the name of Markham when I'm at home. I don't know if that will satisfy you. But Con, to be sure, knows me, which will be better. You don't hear any voice of nature saying within your breast, "This is my long-lost brother?"—That's a pity. But by-and-by, you'll see, we'll be very good friends.'

'Oh, I didn't mean that I had any doubt. It is so great a surprise—one thing after another.'

'Now, answer me one question: Did you know anything about your family before Con came?—Ah,' he said, catching her alarmed and wondering glance, 'I thought not. I have always said so:—he never told you. And it has all burst upon you in a moment, you poor little thing. But you needn't be afraid of us. My mother has her faults; but she is a nice woman. You will like her. And I am very queer to look at, and many people think I have a screw loose. But I'm not bad to live with.—Have you settled it with the governor? Has he made many objections? He and I never drew well together. Perhaps you know?'

'He does not speak as if—he liked you. But I don't know anything. I have not been told—much. Please don't ask me things,' Frances cried.

'No, I will not. On the contrary, I'll tell you everything. Con probably would put a spoke in my wheel too. My dear little Fan, don't mind any of them. Give me your little hand. I am neither bad nor good. I am very much what people make me. I am nasty with

the nasty sometimes—more shame to me, and disagreeable with the disagreeable. But I am innocent with the innocent,' he said with some earnestness; 'and that is what you are, unless my eyes deceive me. You need not be afraid of me.'

'I am not afraid,' said Frances, looking at him. Then she added, after a pause: 'Not of you, nor of any one. I have never met any bad people. I don't believe any one would do me harm.'

'Nor I,' he said with a little fervour, patting her hand with his own. 'All the same,' he added, after a moment, 'it is perhaps wise not to give them the chance. So I've come to fetch you home.'

Frances, as she became accustomed to this remarkable new member of her family, began immediately, after her fashion, to think of the material necessities of the case. She could not start with him at once on the journey; and in the meantime where should she put him? The most natural thing seemed to be to withdraw again from the blue room, and take the little one behind, which looked out on the court. That would do, and no one need be any the wiser. She said with a little hesitation: 'I must go now and see about your room.'

'Room!' he cried. 'O no; there's no occasion for a room. I wouldn't trouble you for the world. I have got rooms at the hotel. I'll not stay even, since daddy's out, to meet him. You can tell him I'm here, and what I came for. If he wants to see me, he can look me up. I am very glad I have seen *you*. I'll write to the mother to-night to say you're quite satisfactory, and a credit to all your belongings; and I'll come to-morrow to see Con; and in the meantime, Fan, you must settle when you are to come; for it is an awkward time for a man to be loafing about here.'

He got up as he spoke, and stooping, gave her a serious brotherly kiss upon her forehead. 'I hope you and I will be very great friends,' he said.

And then he was gone! Was he a dream only, an imagination? But he was not the sort of figure that imagination produces. No dream-man could ever be so comical to behold, could ever wear a coat so curiously wrinkled, or those boots, in the curves of which the dust lay as in the inequalities of the dry and much-frequented road.

INSIDE A CATHOLIC COLLEGE.

ST CUTHBERT'S, USHAW.

Every one knows the stories of the wanderings of the bones of Joseph and of St Cuthbert—how the former found rest at last by Shechem, where a Mohammedan mosque marks the place; and how the many troublous journeyings of the dead body of the latter saint ended on the lovely banks of the Wear, and how over his tomb arose the sombre aisles of Durham Cathedral. This is perhaps the most finely situated of all our great churches; the river, with its richly wooded banks, bending in a graceful curve round the acclivity on which stand the cathedral, the castle, and the university, reminding the traveller who is fortunate to see it with a background of moonlit clouds, of a Heidelberg made more massive and more mightily towering into the heavens.

When the Abbey Church of St Cuthbert and its attached monasteries were lost to the Roman Church at the Reformation, a general proscription being levelled against all such institutions, two difficulties faced the adherents of the traditional creed—how to find priests to administer the consolations of religion, and how to educate their children in their own faith. When things grew desperate under Elizabeth, they were driven to the expedient of establishing an English ecclesiastical seminary at Douay, on the borders of French Flanders, whither English Catholic nobles sent their sons, and whence missionary priests were brought, with many risks, and often courting danger, throughout the turmoils of the next two hundred years. Once they had to move the college to Rheims, owing to troubles in the near Netherlands; and frequent scares disturbed their platonic peace. But it was not till England, after the French Revolution, interfered by proclaiming war against the young Republic, that in the chaos of affairs they were dispersed at the potent bidding of Robespierre, their property confiscated, their rooms pillaged by a *ça ira* roaring mob, their buildings turned into barracks, their professors and students outrageously insulted, and as many of them as could not contrive to escape, imprisoned for two years, and subjected to perpetual ill-treatment at the hands of the myrmidons of the tricolor. When deliverance came, the survivors returned to English shores, resolved to rear within their happier native land a training-college for their ministers; and after many a futile project, St Cuthbert's College was founded, forming the nucleus of the present pile at Ushaw, and dedicated to the saint whose name it bears. And this college is to-day the sole lineal descendant of the Anglo-French Institution which gave to the world the Douay Bible.

The present extensive series of buildings stands on a bleak high moor, exposed to every wind that blows across Weardale and from the pineclad hillsides of the Browney valley. Wolves once ravened there, and Wolf's Bank—'Ulf-shaw'—has come down to modern ears as 'Ushaw.' By a severer metamorphosis, Philistine lips have converted the monastic 'Beau-re-père' that lies in the valley below into 'Bear Park.' Fifteen hundred acres, mostly of pasturage, surround the central suite of halls and chapels. This large estate has slowly grown by the accretion of bequests and purchases. The principal chapel is being enlarged just now; but despite its temporary disuse, there is no lack of opportunity for ritual exercise, for before each of the eight altars within the precincts mass is celebrated every morning. The Museum is the present substitute for the church; and four times daily, between six A.M. and ten P.M., the whole of the inmates assemble for public worship, which is impressively rendered by their ample array of priests actual and priests potential, and their

posse of choristers and clerical assistants. Under the care of twenty Father-professors, there are three hundred students, about half of whom are destined to become priests.

It is interesting to contrast the course of study which pertains at Ushaw with that pursued at our Protestant theological colleges. For the most part, the future priest is captured while still young and all unaware of the high calling which is being provided for him by his seniors and betters. At the age of eight or ten years he is entered in Ushaw or in Stonyhurst, and the course of fourteen years is begun. The main pabulum of his days and nights for some time to come is Latin; and it is the exaggerated attention that is paid to that language which gave humorous point to the slips of the Tichborne claimant. He was alleged to have endured the thorough curriculum of Stonyhurst, and was hopelessly floored by the initial legend that appears on all documents of English Catholic colleges—A.M.D.G. ('Ad majorem Dei gloriam').

As a matter of daily fact, the dead Latin language has been made alive again in the cloisters of Ushaw; and the sooner a boy can learn to think in Roman fashion, to revert and introvert his thought-material as did his ecclesiastical forefathers of the Catacombs, the speedier will be his rise through the strangely named grades whose christening took place at old Douay. He will begin as a 'rudiment'—such is the official name for the homunculous possibility of a 'divine' just fresh to hand; then, fortune blowing out his sails, he will pass through the second embryonic stage of 'low figures,' and after shine as a 'high figure.' The 'grammarians' will welcome him next, and the 'syntaxians' receive him into their Lindley-Murray-ish midst. All this time, young Excelsior has been taking off his hat at intervals to stand uncovered whenever he addressed his seniors; but in the next grade he himself will come to some shadow of authority, and inherit a responsibility towards his juniors. The 'poets,' 'rhetoricians,' and 'philosophers' are the three sonorous graduations that tower in increasing majesty in the upper school, so that it may be a second visitor's fate, as it was mine, to hear one youth, calm with transparent modesty, proclaim his poet-hood; while another, equally guiltless of a beard—or the sacerdotal beard-privative—remarks to your astonished ears, 'I am a philosopher.' But above and beyond even these, there towers a higher Alp, where the 'divines' roam all wrapt in super-philosophic garb, and intent on gaining that keen insight into human nature which is held to characterise the Roman priesthood. 'Beyond the divines, there is and can be no higher class,' said a 'high figure' to me, himself awed into tremulousness of expression in describing their august doings. The 'divines' have a theological course of three years, exclusively devoted to divinity; but some dioceses demand still another year of special practical preparation. They preach in the college chapel on Sundays; and I regret to say that their popularity with their fellow-students is inversely proportionate to the length of their prelections, the studential endurance lasting generally a bare quarter of an hour.

The name of Ushaw is well known on the lists of the London University, its alumni often taking high honours, especially in classics. They labour under severe penalties in science, for, despite their possession of an almost perfect scientific museum and chemical laboratory, the subjects are very inefficiently worked, and the students have no chance of distinguishing themselves. In mental and moral science, too, they are severely handicapped by being obliged to take a course of the orthodox Roman text-book of Sanseverino, an Italian prelate, at the same time that Mill and Bain demand their attention. The result is a mental fog, which is little conducive to success in the stiff metaphysical examinations of Burlington House. The passage from Sanseverino to Bain requires such a somersault, that intellectual dislocation is the likeliest thing to ensue.

The games that engage whatever daylight is left over after subtracting eight hours of study, together with meal-times and the protracted 'chapels,' are very strange to English eyes, and quite unique to the institution, being archaisms handed down from ante-Revolution days. They are almost all played with a kind of battledore, which is specially made on the premises—a cross between a hockey-stick and a tennis-bat; and these clubs are in requisition throughout the whole calendar of the playground, winter and summer. 'Cat'—so named because fourteen (quatorze) players are necessary—hand-ball, trap-in-the-ring, and rackets, are all played with this singular instrument; and the balls that are used are compounded by the boys themselves of wet worsted, hemp, and pitch covered with sheepskin. Their football is governed by a table of rules so recondite that the mysteries of Rugby and Association are comparatively lucid beside them. The half-holiday arrangement is for Tuesdays and Thursdays, by which system the week is more evenly split than when the Sunday rest succeeds immediately to the half-holiday of Saturday. Bishops and popes can, and do, win an easy popularity by granting additional holiday indulgences from time to time; and on all these holidays, the students may wander at will over the country-side in companies of three; and the 'black-coated dragoons,' with the inevitable walking-sticks, may be seen on a fine day scouring every wood and exploring every colliery village within walking distance. By a happy arrangement, long expeditions are rendered possible by the possession by the college of three country-houses, which serve as rendezvous and refreshment stations.

For indoor diversion, chief must be reckoned billiards and music. There are several billiard-rooms; and the two bands, string and brass, give entertainments on high-days. Dramatic representations take place in the theatre, and the students enter with great zest into these periodical festivities. The only drawback is that the celibate authorities absolutely forbid the impersonation of female characters, a rule which sometimes lands the actors in strange straits. Portia ceases to *assume* the robes of masculinity, and becomes a veritable young doctor of the law yclept Portio; Lady Macbeth figures as the swaggering brother of her husband; and poor Shakspeare is bowdlerised to fit that! *Patience* is played without Patience, and the *Cloches de Corneville* without the *belles*. To my query, whether *Romeo and Juliet* had yet been attempted on the same plan, I received the serious answer, 'Not yet,' delivered

with the utmost *sang-froid*. *Blue Beard* is a great favourite, the playbills describing it as a 'melodrama by the Rev. Francis Wilkinson, D.D.;' and *Speculation* is a farce by Cardinal Wiseman. The most ambitious flight of the last-named prelate, however, is reserved for *The Hidden Gem*, which was played at a college jubilee a few years ago; but its theological nuances and polemical tone will probably limit its success to the circles wherein Catholic mystery plays without plot or passion can command attention.

There is a prefect of discipline, whose unenviable office compels him to execute the Draconian decrees of the professors; but it is reassuring to hear that, although the régime is very strict, 'maiden' sessions are to him of frequent occurrence. Some Protestant visitors once innocently inquired for the dungeons, and were intensely chagrined at not realising what they had anticipated as the great sight of the place. But many strangers are attracted by the pictures of Domenichino, Rembrandt, and Canaletti, as well as by the exquisite statuary and the multitude of sacred relics. The library is very fine, with a catalogue 'in preparation'—as are most collegiate catalogues—of thirty thousand volumes; and it delights the Protestant heart to see that there is not the strict *cordon sanitaire* which we have been led to believe encircled Catholic libraries so as effectually to exclude the literature of Protestantism. The books of the great heresiarchs lie side by side with the most ultramontane of treatises that was ever permitted by the papal censor; and if the books wrangle, at least their discussions are inaudible.

To those who have spent a night at the Hospice of St Bernard, there is something of reminiscence suggested by the moor-surrounded college of St Cuthbert. The sense of loneliness that comes to one among so many gowned ecclesiastics, with the perpetual ringing of 'the church-going bell;' the endless images of Virgin and saint, always saluted, the sacred pictures, and the odour of incense, are all the same; while the famous hospitality of the votaries of St Bernard cannot be more heartily rendered than are the good offices of entertainment by the genial authorities of St Cuthbert's.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

A STORY OF AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

CHAPTER I.

Within the walls of the substantial and convenient, but withal elegant residence called Hop Villa, situated in the pleasant county of Surrey, within one hour of London Bridge terminus, the advent of Christmas-tide was being looked forward to with more than the usual joyful anticipation. It may be as well to state at once that the cause of the enhanced interest taken in the approach of the season fatal to turkeys, and beneficial to doctors, by the family of Samuel Dobson, Esq., the eminent brewer, was the drama—nothing less. Yes; there was to be given an amateur theatrical performance on a 'scale of completeness never before attempted' (vide playbills), in the large back drawing-room of Hop Villa on Christmas Eve.

The originator and chief promoter of the intended Thespian revels, which were being pushed forward with an extraordinary amount of zeal and energy, was Mr Samuel Dobson, Junior—popularly and curtly known amongst his intimate acquaintances as 'Sam'—the eldest son and hope of 'old Dobson,' as the wealthy proprietor of Hop Villa was invariably and irreverently styled behind his back. The young gentleman possessed very strong dramatic proclivities, and was looked upon by his many associates as an almost infallible authority on any matter pertaining to the stage and its surroundings. It was an undisputed fact that he was on the most intimate terms with several 'pros'—as he familiarly dubbed the holders of 'the mirror up to nature'—and it was even darkly hinted that on more than one occasion Master Sam had 'assisted' at cosy tripe suppers provided by the jovial host of a tavern much affected by certain of the histrionic lights of the day. It was, therefore, no great matter of surprise for Samuel's friends to learn that the young dramatic enthusiast was 'going in for' a regular theatrical outburst at Christmas-tide.

Sam had experienced some difficulty in obtaining 'the guv'nor's' consent to the wished-for project. On several previous anniversaries of old Father Christmas, Dobson *père* had flatly withheld his coveted acquiescence in any such nonsense, as he uncompromisingly termed his son's desire. Yet, although the old gentleman had, until the period of our story, always put his veto on the private-theatrical scheme being carried out in his house, it was not because he was in any way prejudiced against the stage. Decidedly, such was not the case. In his youth and earlier manhood, Mr Dobson had been a regular frequenter at the particular temple of the drama which he usually affected, and like the Danish Prince, believed 'the play' to be 'the thing'—'in its proper place,' as he added. His real ground of objection—and not an unreasonable one—was, 'to having the house turned upside down and inside out, in order that a number of stage-struck young people might be enabled to make themselves ridiculous.'

'No, Samuel,' Mr Dobson had always emphatically said, 'I will not give my consent to the theatrical idea; but I don't mind sanctioning a milder form of amusement—say singing and recitations.'

This proffered concession on his father's part had always been 'declined with thanks' by Samuel, who expressed no little contempt for what he called those milk-and-watery affairs.

It was thus, therefore, how matters with regard to the amateur drama had stood at Hop Villa until the particular Christmas with which our story has to do.

And now at last Sam's fondest desires were about to be realised. 'The guv'nor had caved in,' as he informed his associates in idiomatic

English, with a gleeful chuckle; but at the same time he did not think it worth while to mention the little fact that he had recently found a strong ally in the annual warfare against his father's prejudice. Such, however, was the actual truth, and Mr Frederick Delancy, Sam's recently acquired colleague, had indeed rendered signal service to the young aspirant to managerial honours and responsibilities. His father had indeed found it very difficult to withstand the insinuating address and skilful sharpshooting of this Mr Delancy, supported as he was by the heavy artillery of his son's pleading; so eventually the old gentleman beat a retreat, and gave the long-coveted permission for an amateur theatrical entertainment—a real theatrical entertainment—to be given at Hop Villa.

Mr Delancy, some few weeks before the date of the opening of our tale, had been introduced to the family at Hop Villa by Mr Dobson himself. The opulent brewer had formed his acquaintance at one or other of the numerous resorts in the City devoted to the recuperation of exhausted nature. Who Mr Delancy was, or where he came from, or what were his antecedents, no one seemed to have inquired into; nor apparently did they ever give the subject the slightest consideration. He was gentlemanly in appearance, possessed of good looks, and extremely engaging in his manners. He met his business responsibilities punctually, and had, more than once, proved himself far from being a tyro in matters commercial—a sure passport to the good opinion of the majority of City men. It is true that the office which he occupied was not so very much larger than a good-sized packing-case, and the furniture contained in it was meagrely represented by the proverbial stool, and desk on which reposed the regulation blotting-pad. But the absence of elaborate fittings rather added to than diminished Mr Delancy's reputation: colossal fortunes had undoubtedly been made in counting-houses with no greater pretensions. And so it came about that a chance acquaintanceship struck up between Mr Dobson and Mr Frederick Delancy gradually ripened into a closer intimacy, and almost every Saturday to Monday saw the good-looking man, who was 'something in the City,' a welcome guest at the hospitable country abode of the substantial brewer and maltster.

The family at Hop Villa—by the way, so called to commemorate a lucky 'hit' in the bitter, but useful, plant fostered by Mr Dobson—consisted of—besides the father, who was a widower, and son, already introduced—a middle-aged sister of the former, who was one of the 'vinegary' sort, and who, strange to say, was the only one who did not take readily to Mr Delancy. There were also the two Misses Dobson—Aurelia, an interesting brunette, and Blanche, a pretty blonde, aged twenty-two and eighteen respectively. The young ladies were, as may be easily understood, by no means displeased to have so *distingué*-looking a *parti* as their papa's new friend added to their Saturday afternoons' lawn-tennis tournaments, when the weather permitted—to say nothing of the satisfaction they enjoyed when they 'trotted out'—as Sam slangily put it—their visitor to church on the Sunday mornings of his very frequent visits.

Permission to get up the dramatic performance once obtained, the next important piece of business was the selection of the play. This was by no means an easy task, and provoked a good deal of discussion, and occasionally was the means of the stirring up of no little feeling amongst the various aspirants to 'good parts.' Eventually, however, that whilom favourite piece of amateurs, the comedy of *Still Waters Run Deep*, was decided upon, as being the most likely to come within the range of the various resources of those who were to interpret it; the scenery, &c., being of a simple nature. Also, another good reason for fixing upon this particular play was that Mr Delancy had previously appeared more than once in the important rôle of Captain Hawksley, and was therefore well up in the entire business of the play. Then came the distribution, amongst the embryo Irvings and Ellen Terrys, of the various parts or characters in the play. To Sam was assigned the delineation of the hero, the cool John Mildmay; and his elder sister was intrusted with the very great responsibility of representing Mrs Sternhold, the leading female character. The youthful Blanche was to impersonate the rather limp and insipid Mrs Mildmay; and old Potter fell to the share of an aspiring youthful acquaintance of Sam's, named Newgrange, who felt sure the simulation of the manner of doddering old idiots was his forte. As for the remaining minor personages of the play, Sam undertook to find adequate representatives, who, however, would not be required until the final rehearsals.

After a few days' studying of the words, or what the professionals term 'cackle,' preliminary rehearsals of the principal characters were called by the unanimously elected stage-manager, Mr Delancy; and this gentleman now found it necessary to 'run down' to the villa at more frequent intervals than the regulation Saturday to Monday. As the chief of the dramatic corps, he was extremely painstaking with the members comprising it, and ruled the histrionic aspirants under his charge with a quiet and courteous, yet firm authority which gained him much esteem. It need scarcely be said that to the ladies he devoted the closest attention. To Aurelia, who had to depict the troubles and embarrassment of Mr Potter's sister, but who had never had the opportunity of seeing the character portrayed by either professional or amateur, his 'coaching' was invaluable and much appreciated. In fact, it was becoming quite *en évidence* to those who went about with their eyes unclosed, that the fair Aurelia was surely developing a feeling towards the fascinating delineator of the scheming Hawksley which threatened to be something more than a girl's admiration for the gentleman's versatile talent, or a mere liking for his pleasant society.

'Depend upon it, me boy,' whispered the youth—in his own estimation a knowing one—who was labouring under the weighty part of Dunbilk, to his companion Newgrange, whose mission, as already stated, was to be the delineator of the imbecile old Potter, as they watched the effective scene—known professionally as the 'lamp scene'—between Captain Hawksley and Mrs Sternhold—'depend upon it, the little Dobson is hit; it won't be her fault if she isn't hit hard too.'

'Shouldn't wonder if you ain't about right,' languidly acquiesced the 'old man.' And no one knew better than the astute 'captain' himself that he was making a most decided impression upon the susceptible heart of the eldest daughter of the House of Dobson; and be certain, too, that he did not allow the slightest opportunity to escape him of making still further advances towards endeavouring to secure the young lady's enhanced opinion of his own personal merits.

The sharp eyes also of the young ladies' aunt had not failed to observe that her elder niece was unmistakably much impressed and attracted by her brother's handsome and gentlemanly new acquaintance; and being naturally of a suspicious turn of mind, she immediately 'sniffed' designs, on the part of the agreeable visitor, upon her niece's 'expectations,' which were considerable. The good old lady, however, thought fit to keep her ideas on the subject within her maiden breast; for, as she said—and not without good cause—to herself, 'it would be quite useless mentioning my impressions to Samuel—at present at anyrate; he is as much infatuated with his new "catch" as all the rest of them. However, we shall see. It is not often *I* am wrong; and I do not think the unfavourable impression, which I cannot help entertaining, of this Mr Delancy will be dispelled by any future action on his part.'

The concluding full rehearsals now became more frequent as the night fixed for the actual performance of the comedy drew nearer; and they undoubtedly proved to be a great source of enjoyment both to the persons immediately concerned, and those select few who were privileged to be present on the important occasions. And there exists but little doubt that a vast amount of innocent amusement, not to mention a goodly number of hearty laughs, may be got out of the many mistakes made by a party of amateurs—probably finding themselves all together for the first time—doing their honest utmost to follow successfully in the practised footsteps of the professional actor. 'Mr Potter,' for instance, was a continual cause of anxiety to the stage-manager by his pertinacity in trying practically to convince his *confrères* that his proper position on the stage was immediately in front of the fireplace, he with his back to it, and hands behind him playing with his coat-tails; and at the same time, every now and then giving forth a nervous, sharp little cough, as though he had got a small fishbone stuck in his throat, and was using his best endeavours to dislodge the irritating substance. The young aspirant, too, who had been 'cast' for the small part of Dunbilk would persist in indulging in the most outrageous Irish brogue, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mr Delancy, and indeed of all concerned.

'My dear young friend,' said Captain Hawksley, 'you don't suppose I should be such an ass as to elevate a "hod-carrying" Paddy to the proud position of assisting me to float grand schemes for the benefit of the investing public? Scarcely likely, eh? Well, then, do, for goodness' sake, tone down the "shure;" and I really fail to discern the word "bedad" in the author's text; so kindly forget to use it.' And in this easy, bantering manner the tactical Delancy succeeded in keeping well in hand those of his little company who needed to be set right in their ideas of the characters allotted to them. The ladies framed admirably, and after two or three rehearsals, went through the business of the scenes, and moved about the miniature stage with such easy grace and freedom that would have led one to suppose they had been very much in the habit of playing at actresses, instead of the present occasion being really their first essay. As for Master Sam, he bade fair to become a formidable rival to the best professional representative of the character of John Mildmay known on the modern stage. And so matters proceeded pretty smoothly on the whole, and the theatrical undertaking at Hop Villa promised to be a great success.

In the meanwhile, as hinted at previously, Mr Delancy had not allowed his chances of winning the smiles of the fair Aurelia to go by without turning them to the utmost account. Endless opportunities for indulging in the dangerous pastime of flirtation present themselves during the getting up of an amateur theatrical performance; and any fond couple desirous of enacting the leading parts in the 'old, old story,' need not despair of finding full scope for following their inclination. And so it happened with Aurelia Dobson and Frederick Delancy. Constantly thrown together, as they perforce were, whilst conning over their parts, there was little wonder that an inexperienced and withal somewhat romantically inclined girl, as Aurelia was, should become seriously taken with so clever and accomplished a man of the world as the gentleman who was so painstaking and patient with his interesting pupil. Yes, Mr Newgrange was not far out in his judgment when he expressed an opinion to his friend, in his own peculiar phraseology, that the elder Miss Dobson was in a fair way to lose her heart to the insinuating impersonator of Captain Hawksley.

On one occasion, Delancy had been more tender in his manner than usual towards the susceptible young lady, and the conversation indulged in by the pair of as yet undeclared lovers was straying dangerously beyond the pale of conventionality.

'It must be nice to have wealth,' observed Mr Delancy.

'Oh, but to *know* that one possesses the true affection of a noble heart,' sighed his fair companion, 'must be a far worthier gratification.'

'Ah,' rejoined Delancy, modulating his really musical voice as he so well knew how, 'for want of that wealth which you speak so lightly of, Miss Dobson—Aurelia—how many a noble heart has been prevented from pouring out its impassioned prayer to the shrine it worships at. I am a poor man.'

'But *I* am rich—that is, I shall be, Fred—Mr Delancy,' impulsively exclaimed Aurelia, looking up at the object of her adoration with ill-concealed fervour; and then, it probably dawning upon her that she had exceeded the proprieties just a little, the now confused girl turned her head in the direction in which her aunt was seen approaching, and started off to obey an imaginary summons from that (on this occasion) opportune old lady.

When Mr Delancy found himself that evening in the privacy of his own room, he repeated

aloud the words, 'But I am rich—that is, I shall be,' which Aurelia had so ingenuously uttered, and the repeating of them seemed to give him peculiar and intense satisfaction.

DOG-WHIPPERS AND SLUGGARD-WAKERS.

About three years ago, we gave a paper (No. 954, April 8, 1882) on this subject under the heading of 'Keeping Order in Church,' to which we now propose to add a few particulars which have since come under our notice.

In one of his Injunctions of 1552, Archbishop Holgate of York ordered that 'the vergers do attend choir in divine-service time for the expulsion of beggars, other light persons, and dogs forth of the church.' That this practice prevailed at least two years earlier is proved by the churchwarden's accounts at Louth, in Lincolnshire, to which we previously referred. The office of Dog-whipper is referred to in Lodge and Green's *Looking-glass for London and England*—a curious work, published in 1594—in these words: 'A gentleman! good sir; I remember you well, and all your progenitors. Your father bore office in our town. An honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squire's livings on him; the one on working-days, and then he kept the town stage; and on holidays they made him the sexton's man, for he whipped the dogs out of the church. Methinks I see the gentleman still; a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard, rat's colour, half-black, half-white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose autem glorificans, so set with rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed up in Coppersmith's Hall for a monument.'

Whether old Scarlett—see *Book of Days*, vol. ii. pp. 16, 17—the well-known sexton of Peterborough, discharged the duties of dog-whipper in addition to that of sexton, we are unable to state with any degree of certainty. In his portrait on the west wall of the cathedral he is, however, depicted as wearing a whip in his belt; but he may have required it to drive off the juveniles during the discharge of his duties as sexton. The painting also shows that famous man with five keys in his hand, which may indicate that he also discharged the duties of apparitor in addition to that of sexton, so that old Scarlett may have been one of the first dog-whippers in this country. He died in 1591, at the age of ninety-eight.

We gather from the parish accounts that the dog-whipper at Bray, in Berkshire, was provided with 'a jerkin,' to indicate his official position, at a cost of six shillings and fourpence. The same individual appears to have whipped not only dogs but rogues out of the church; and was at a later date furnished with a surplice and a coat, which cost ten shillings. The item paid to Richard Turner for whipping 'the doggs out of the church' at Morton, in Derbyshire, in 1622, was one shilling.

It has been affirmed that the Puritans introduced dogs in the church in order to show their contempt for consecrated places. Whether this were so or not, the presence of dogs became, in the larger churches, such a nuisance, that an official, called the dog-whipper or dog-'knawper,' was specially appointed to drive dogs from the sacred edifice, the office having previously been held by the sexton or apparitor, as a rule. The close railing about the altars was first introduced about this period, so that the sacrarium and the holy table might be protected from desecration and pollution by these quadrupeds. In the books of Goosnargh, near Preston, Lancashire, under date April 10, 1705, we find that the sexton had to 'whip the dogs out' of the church 'every Lord's day,' in addition to other duties.

The remuneration of dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers varied according to circumstances—from ninepence a year to seven shillings. On his appointment to the office of sexton at St Mary's Church, Reading, in 1571, John Marshall 'undertook to have the church swept, the mats beaten, the windows cleaned, and all things done necessary to the good and cleanly keeping of the church and the quiet of divine service, for the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence, paid annually.' The dog-whipper at Great Staughton, in Huntingdonshire, received one shilling in 1652 for the discharge of his duties in respect to the canine race for three months. Nearly a century later, in 1736, the salary of thirteen shillings was received, in addition to a new coat every other year, by one George Grimshaw for his manifold services in Prestwich Church in waking sleepers, whipping out dogs, keeping the children quiet, and the pulpit and church walks clean. The sexton at Barton-on-Humber formerly received 'four shillings and fourpence by the year from the churchwardens for dog-whipping;' so we gather from an undated 'Survey' relating to the vicarage. In 1764 there was paid to one James Warrington the sum of three shillings and fourpence 'for waking the church.'

In Northorpe Church, a 'Hall-dog pew' was formerly set apart for the use of that portion of the canine race which were favoured with homes at Northorpe Hall. It is the only one which has come to our knowledge; but there was probably similar accommodation provided for the dogs of the gentry in other parts of the country.

In admonishing young people, the author of *A Choice Drop of Seraphic Lore*, said: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and carefully attend the worship of God; but bring no dogs with you to church; those Christians surely do not consider where they are going when they bring dogs with them to the assembly of divine worship, disturbing the congregation with their noise and clamour. Be thou careful, I say, of this scandalous thing, which all ought to be advised against as indecent.' At this time, a footman was often seen 'following his lady to church with a large Common Prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other.'

The Rev. William Paul, D.D., minister of Banchory-Devenick, in his entertaining reminiscences of seventy years, published in 1881, under the title of *Past and Present Aberdeenshire*, affirms that many years ago ministers in Scotland 'were much annoyed by dogs, which were allowed by their owners to follow them to church. In consequence of the disturbance and distraction thus created during divine service, it was part of the beadle's duty to put dogs out. For this purpose

in some parishes he kept an instrument called "a clip," of the construction of a blacksmith's tongs, and having long wooden handles with a joint near the point, by which, without injury to himself, he could lay hold of the intruding animal and drag him out. These instruments were not in use in my time; but the late minister of Durris told me,' continues Dr Paul, 'that one of his friends being annoyed by a dog during the delivery of his sermon, and being unable to bear it any longer, said to his beadle: "Peter, man, canna ye put out that dug?" "Na," said Peter; "he winna gang oot, sir." "Canna ye clip him, then?" said the minister. "Na, sir," said Peter; "I canna dee't; he's a terrible surly-like beast, an' I'm feart at him."'

Mr Grant, the predecessor of Dr Paul's friend, the late worthy minister of Methlick, was at one period of his ministry much annoyed by dogs during divine service in the church, and had found clip and beadle and much scolding of the congregation alike ineffectual for ridding him of the annoyance. On one occasion he found an unexpected ally who did him good service. He was preaching with great animation and vigour as usual, when a large black dog came stepping up the passage with great formality, moving his long tail from side to side, and sniffing at the entrance of every seat, in order to find out his master. As bad luck for him would have it, he stopped at one of the seats where a rough, half-witted-looking fellow was sitting with his chin leaning upon a stick, which he clasped with both his hands. The fellow, thinking that the dog was stopping in order to bite, gave him a smart blow upon the nose, and down fell the dog stunned at his feet. On seeing this, the minister was greatly delighted, and having halted, said to the man with great emphasis: 'Thank you for that, sir,' and then proceeded with his discourse.

Early in the present century, the minister of Old Meldrum, named Harry Likely, was a very eccentric character. One day when preaching, he suddenly paused, and said to the beadle: 'Tammas, put out that dog there that's lyin' in the pass; he's like to gar me laugh, gashin' an' gnappin' there at the fleas. Put him out, man, an' dinna miss a thud o' him till ye hae him bye Nether Fowlie's door; and haste ye back to the worship.'

Dr John Brown, a dear friend of dogs, relates the story of the first dog he ever owned. It was rescued from drowning by his brother, and was a remarkable dog, 'without one good feature, except his teeth and eyes and his bark.' It was named 'Toby.' 'Toby was usually nowhere to be seen on my father leaving,' writes his genial biographer; 'he, however, saw him, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side, like a detective; and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company.' Dr Brown's father was a clergyman, and one Sunday, Toby had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. 'The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move and gently open; then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the church, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed; but sniffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice; and not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold! there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease, when he beheld his friend, the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail, I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet, and invisible to all but himself. Had he sent old George, the minister's man, to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George.'

When Her Majesty attended Crathie Church for the first time, the clergyman was followed up the pulpit stairs by a large dog, which reclined against the door during the delivery of the sermon. The minister in attendance on the Queen remonstrated with the clergyman. On the next Sabbath day the dog was not at church. A day or two afterwards, whilst dining at Balmoral, the clergyman was asked by Her Majesty to explain the cause of absence of the animal from church. He explained that he had been informed that the dog's presence had annoyed the Queen. 'Not at all,' was the royal response; 'pray, let him come as usual. I wish everybody behaved as well at church as your noble dog.'

A clergyman from Edinburgh officiating at a country kirk, could not comprehend why the congregation kept their seats when he rose to pronounce the benediction, instead of standing up, as was then the custom in Scotland. Seeing his embarrassment, the precentor, who had guessed its cause, called out: 'Say awa', sir, say awa'; it's joost to cheat the dowgs!'

We have only dealt with the subject as far as it relates to Great Britain; but the necessity for appointing dog-whippers and sluggard-wakers has existed across the Atlantic, and elsewhere. Here are instances: As a clergyman in Connecticut was reading one of the Lessons for the day, he noticed a surly-looking dog frisking along the aisle, evidently in search of something upon which he might exercise his mischievous bent. Soon he secured a hat which was placed outside one of the pews. The owner seeing this, and objecting to this unceremonious proceeding with his chapeau, poked him with a cane, hoping thereby that he might regain his headgear. The cur was disobliging. The sexton soon appeared on the scene. The dog then beat a hasty retreat with his prize. Some of the congregation joined in the chase; but after cleverly dodging his pursuers for some time, the dog reached the door, carrying off with him what remained of the gentleman's hat.

During his visit to Sarna, Du Chaillu tells us in his *Midnight Sun* that on ascending the pulpit he 'saw near the Bible what resembled a policeman's club, at the end of which was a thick piece of leather, the whole reminding me of a martinet. This had been used, until within a few years, to awake the sleepers; the parson striking the pulpit with it very forcibly, thus compelling attention. Near the pulpit was a long pole, rounded at one end, with which the sexton, it appears, used to poke the ribs of sleepers. These two implements, intended to

keep the church awake, were used extensively in many out-of-the-way places in Sweden twenty or thirty years ago, and here till within a few years, but were discontinued by the present pastor. Now, pinches of strong snuff are often offered to the sleeper, who, after sneezing for a considerable time, finds his drowsiness entirely gone.'*

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF PRINTING.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead, and copper were also used at an early period; after which, the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree; but this being too coarse, the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans *liber*, the Latin word for book; and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called *volumen*, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats, and asses were the next materials used; and so nicely were they prepared, that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well-authenticated fact that the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was a hundred and twenty feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment, skins smoothed and polished by pumice-stone; to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum, gold and silver letters were stamped with hot-metal types. Some of these productions are very beautiful, requiring much time and labour to prepare and complete them; and the more carefully they are examined, the more do we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed.

The papyrus, an Egyptian plant, a kind of rush, was the next substance that came into operation; hence the word *paper*. In addition to its value for writing, a sweet nutritive juice was extracted from the pith, the harder portions were made into cups and staves, and the fibrous parts into clothes, ropes, and wick for lamps. The paper was made by placing on a table layers of the plant, saturating them with water, and pressing them closely together; then they were dried, beat with a mallet, stretched, polished with a shell, and cut into various sizes. This process of manufacturing the papyrus commenced about two hundred years before the Christian era, and was continued with improvements till the ninth century, when cotton paper was made in China or Persia—for opinion as to this is divided. But there is no doubt that in the tenth century this cotton paper was generally used for writing purposes, and continued to be so till the close of the thirteenth, when it was superseded by paper made from linen rags. The inventor and the exact date of the invention have not been clearly ascertained; but there is no book of linen paper extant earlier than 1380. Towards the close of the century, paper-mills were erected in several places of the continent, though it does not appear that any paper was made in England till 1588—the maker being a German, and the place Dartford in Kent.

Such were the materials employed for the transmission of knowledge previous to the invention of the art of printing, and we shall now notice some of the tools and instruments used for writing during the same period.

The chisel was employed for inscribing on stone, wood, and metal. It was so sharpened as to suit the material operated on, and was dexterously handled by these early artists. The *style*, a sharp-pointed instrument of metal, ivory, or bone, was used for writing on wax-tablets. The *style* was unsuitable for holding a fluid, hence a species of reed was employed for writing on parchment. These styles and reeds were carefully kept in cases, and the writers had a sponge, knife, and pumice-stone, compasses for measuring, scissors for cutting, a puncheon to point out the beginning and the end of each line, a rule to draw and divide the lines into columns, a glass containing sand, and another with writing fluid. These were the chief implements used for centuries to register facts and events.

Reeds continued to be used till the eighth century, though quills were known in the middle of the seventh. The earliest author who uses the word *penna* for a writing-pen is Isidorus, who lived in that century; and towards the end of it, a Latin sonnet 'To a Pen' was written by an Anglo-Saxon. But though quills were known at this period, they came into general use very slowly; for in 1433, a present of a bundle of quills was sent from Venice by a monk with a letter, in which he says: 'Show this bundle to Brother Nicolas, that he may choose a quill.'

The only other material to which we would refer is ink, the composition and colours of which were various; the black was made of burnt ivory and the liquor of the cuttle-fish. We are not prepared to say what other ingredient was used or how it was manufactured; but these ancient manuscripts prove that the ink was of a superior description. Red, purple, silver, and gold inks were also used. The red was made from vermilion and carmine, the purple from the murex; and the manufacture of these, especially the gold and silver varieties, was an extensive and lucrative business.

From the above statements, it is obvious that the obstacles to the transmission of knowledge in the early and middle ages in respect of materials were very great. Blocks of stone, planks of wood, plates of brass or lead, were too heavy and cumbersome to circulate; and even after better materials were used, such as parchment and the papyrus, the difficulties were considerable. But the discovery and production of paper gave a mighty impetus to the diffusion of knowledge. Copyists sprang up in great numbers, and found remunerative employment. That we may form some idea of the extent of business

* In many outlying Scottish parish churches, the shepherd is still attended at service by his faithful collie.—Ed.

carried on, it may be stated that libraries containing thousands of volumes were collected in several places, and that in the thirteenth century there were in Paris alone more than six thousand persons engaged in copying and illuminating manuscripts.

But numerous though copyists and books were, the hindrances to the diffusion of knowledge were still very great. The copies were few, after all, compared with the demand; and the cost of transcription enormous, considering the value of money and the rate of wages. As illustrations of this, it may be noticed that in 1274 a Bible sold for fifty marks—thirty-three pounds six shillings and eightpence. The price of wheat was three shillings and fourpence a quarter, a labourer's wage three-halfpence a day, a harvestman's twopence. So that the value of the Bible sold for fifty marks was equal to the value of two hundred quarters of wheat, or the pay of four thousand harvesters for one day. In 1429, a copy of Wicliffe's New Testament was four marks and forty pence—two pounds sixteen shillings and eightpence. In 1433, the sum of sixty-six pounds thirteen shillings was paid for transcribing a copy of the works of Nicholas de Lyra, which was chained in the library of the Gray Friars. The price of wheat at that time was five shillings and fourpence the quarter, the wages of a ploughman a penny a day, and of a stone-cutter fourpence. This being the state of things, it was only rich persons who could purchase books and procure libraries, and therefore the information diffused was of a very limited description. But the invention of printing removed these serious impediments, opened up the greatest facilities for the spread of literature, so that now books are so cheap and so numerous as to be within the reach and the purchase of the poorest of the population. It might be wished that the boon were more generally prized, for in the midst of much knowledge there is also much ignorance. It is encouraging and cheering, however, to know that books are being more valued, and the taste for reading becoming greater every day.

'COOPERING' IN THE NORTH SEA.

The system of 'coopering' in the North Sea has recently been brought into some prominence. The North Sea fishermen in pursuing their calling are exposed to many dangers, and it is only just that, where practicable, steps should be taken to minimise those dangers as much as possible. It is a notorious fact that for some years past the coopers have been carrying on an extensive and increasing trade in the North Sea, particularly among the flotillas of boats engaged in the herring-fishery, and it is to be regretted that their trade is productive of so much evil. The coopers' vessels are generally fitted up in a most elaborate manner, and trade principally in spirits of various kinds, perfumed waters, and tobacco, all of which articles have a ready sale among fishermen. The spirits are of such a vile nature that a very small quantity has a maddening effect, and the other articles are also of an inferior quality. They may be purchased from the coopers at a considerably lower rate than articles of the same denomination on shore, owing to the inferiority of the articles, and also to the fact that a heavy duty is levied upon like goods purchased ashore. With such facilities for obtaining these luxuries, it is not to be wondered at that the fishermen should take advantage of the opportunity, and frequently reduce themselves to a state of stupefaction by indulging in the liquor purchased from the coopers. Recently, the Board of Trade have held several inquiries into the conduct of smack-masters, who, it has been alleged, have been rendered incapable of performing the duties of their office owing to an excessive indulgence in the coopers' spirits. The evidence adduced at these inquiries has disclosed a disgraceful state of affairs, and proves conclusively the necessity of taking immediate action in the matter for the better protection of life and property at sea.

It frequently happens that quarrels arise on board the fishing-boats amongst those who have partaken of the drugged spirits, and these sometimes result in injury to one or more members of the crew. Should a drunken brawl occur on shore, the presence of a policeman is generally sufficient to quell it; but at sea, where the police are not available, the fishermen are placed at a disadvantage; and consequently, the quarrels arising there cannot be so easily decided. When drunkenness exists on board a vessel, improper navigation must ensue, thus placing life and property at a great risk; but now that the Board of Trade can deal with the certificates of defaulting smacksmen, it is to be hoped that greater care will be exercised by those in charge of vessels.

The coopers not only seek money in payment for the goods vended by them, but they are willing to exchange for any of the vessels' belongings. This is a temptation to the fishermen which ought not to be allowed to exist, as it is detrimental to the interests both of the fishermen and of the smack-owners themselves, seeing that the latter are frequently not made cognisant of the dealings of the men at sea. The usual mode of obtaining the goods is for intending purchasers to go from their vessel in the small boat and board the cooper, there purchasing the articles required. This is often attended with great danger, particularly if the occupants of the boat should indulge too freely whilst on board the so-called 'floating grog-shop.' The seizures of contraband goods made from time to time on board the fishing-craft point to another attendant evil of the system of coopering. The fishermen are no doubt induced to purchase the goods hoping thereby to add a few shillings to the otherwise small revenue arising from their usual employment, provided, of course, that they should escape detection. On several recent occasions, however, fishermen with large quantities of the coopers' tobacco in their possession have been detected on shore, and have been brought before the magistrates and heavily fined. This should prove a warning to others who may be tempted to invest in the coopers' stores in the hope of making a little profit by getting the goods ashore.

EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS IN JAPAN.

THE Transactions of the Seismological Society of Japan for 1884 contains (says *Nature*) a paper, by Professor Milne, on three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes observed during two years in North Japan. To determine the extent of country over which an earthquake was felt, he distributed bundles of postcards to the government officials at all important towns within a distance of one hundred miles of Tokio, with a request that every week one of the cards should be posted with a note of any earthquakes that might have occurred. By this expedient it was discovered that the Hakme Mountains, to the south of the Tokio plain, appeared to stop every shock coming from the north; and accordingly the barrier of postcards was stopped in that direction, but was extended gradually to the north until it included the forty-five principal towns in the main island to the north of Tokio, besides several places in Yezo. In Tokio, observations as to direction, velocity, and intensity were made with various earthquake instruments. A description of the principal instruments used, with a comparison of their relative merits, has already been given by Professor Milne in vol. iv. of the Transactions of the Society. The second part of the paper is devoted to a list of the three hundred and eighty-seven earthquakes recorded, with particulars of each; one hundred and twenty-four maps of earthquake districts, as well as numerous other illustrations, are appended.

The results of an exhaustive study of these earthquakes may be summed up as follows: (1) As to distribution in space: of the three hundred and eighty-seven shocks, two hundred and fifty-four were local, that is, they were not felt over an area greater than fifty square miles; one hundred and ninety-eight of these were confined to the seaboard; and fifty-six were inland. The average diameter of the land surface over which the remaining one hundred and thirty-three extended was about forty-five miles, but four or five of them embraced a land area of about forty-four thousand square miles. These great shocks originated far out at sea, and consequently were not so alarming in their character as many which originated nearer to or beneath the land. (2) Simultaneous shocks: some of the disturbances took place at areas remote from each other, whilst intermediate stations did not record them. (3) Origins of earthquakes: the general result under this head is that the greater number of earthquakes felt in Northern Japan originated beneath the ocean, eighty-four per cent. of the whole having so originated. The district which is most shaken is the flat alluvial plain around Tokio. Indeed, the large number of earthquakes felt in low ground as compared with the small number felt in the mountains is very remarkable. It is also noticeable that in the immediate vicinity of active or recent volcanoes seismic activity has been small. The map marking the general distribution of volcanoes and the regions of the greatest seismic activity shows that these are not directly related to each other. The district, too, where earthquakes are the most numerous is one of recent and rapid elevation, and it slopes down steeply beneath an ocean which, at one hundred and twenty miles from the coast, has a depth of about two thousand fathoms; whilst on the other side of the country, where earthquakes are comparatively rare, at the same distance from the shore the depth is only about one hundred and twenty fathoms. In these respects the seismic regions of Japan resemble those of South America, where the earthquakes also originate beneath a deep ocean, at the foot of a steep slope, on the upper parts of which there are numerous volcanic vents; whilst on the side of this ridge opposite to the ocean earthquakes are rare. (4) Relation of earthquakes to various natural phenomena: the preponderance of shocks in winter, as revealed by this investigation, is really remarkable; two hundred and seventy-eight took place in the winter months, as against one hundred and nine in the summer; and of the former number, one hundred and ninety-five, or more than half of the whole number for the two years, took place in the three coldest months of the year—namely, January, February, and March; in other words, there is a general coincidence between the maximum of earthquakes and the minimum of temperatures. But the relation of seismic *intensity* (as distinct from the number of earthquakes) is even more remarkable, for the figures show that the winter intensity is nearly three and a half times as great as the summer intensity. M. Perrey thought he discovered a maximum of earthquakes for the moon's perigee, but no such maximum has been found for Japan. Speaking generally, no marked coincidence was found in the present instance in the occurrence of earthquakes and the phases of the moon.

The above are the general results, stated briefly, of the most exhaustive and remarkable study yet undertaken in the domain of seismology.

GOOD-BYE.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye. The words are said;
We part as strangers part,
And each must turn aside the head,
And still the throbbing heart.
Good-bye, good-bye. No words of love,
Only this bitter pain—
That we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye. For deep and wide,
Across our pathway lies
The cruel gulf of wealth and pride,
In which Love faints and dies.
Though hearts may break, no tears must fall;
Bright smiles must hide our pain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

Good-bye, good-bye; and this is all.
Still onward flows Life's stream;
The past we neither dare recall—
'Twas but an idle dream.
For Love is lying cold and dead.
He touched our hearts in vain;
For we must meet as strangers meet,
If e'er we meet again.

ROSIE CHURCHILL.

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POPULAR APPLICATIONS OF PROPER NAMES.

In this age of universal research, it is hardly necessary to enlarge upon the benefits to be derived from the study of philology. The fact that this pursuit opens to us boundless stores of historic truth is now universally recognised, and voluminous works of verbal criticism point out the derivations and meanings of the words, which are the stones, so to speak, in the mighty fabric of language. We would, however, briefly venture to call the attention of our readers to a class of words in our own language which is particularly interesting, as containing memorials of nations, and more especially of individuals. Many names have become incorporated in the English language in remembrance of some characteristics of their original bearers; but in spite of the efforts of their contemporaries and immediate successors to immortalise their fame, these etymological heroes have in many cases sunk into oblivion; while others live only in the dry tributes accorded to their memories in dictionaries and encyclopædias. There are, of course, notable exceptions; but the time may come when even the words which to us are associated with the individuality of the persons whom they commemorate, will have lost their present significance, while already, to a large majority of the uneducated public, they are mere empty sounds.

We would first recall a few of those words which lead us back to national or tribal characteristics. In *myrmidons* we have the name of a race of Thessalians who followed Achilles to the famous siege of Troy, and by their savage brutality and rapacity perpetuated their fame as unscrupulous followers of a daring leader. In *laconic* we have a standing memorial of the preference of the Laconians or Spartans for brief and pithy speaking. A striking example of this occurred when Philip of Macedon in his career of conquest warned the Spartan rulers that 'if he entered Laconia, he would raze Lacedæmon to the ground;' and received by way of answer or comment the single monosyllable 'If.' It may be remarked that this reply would have come better from the Spartans at an earlier stage of their history, for already luxury had reduced the state to a shadow of its former greatness, and not long after it yielded to the conqueror. *Frank* and its derivatives remind us of the independent spirit and love of truth which distinguished the German tribe who at the breaking-up of the Roman empire possessed themselves of Gaul, to which they gave their name. A sadder cry comes from the word *slave*, which gained its present degraded significance from the fact that vast multitudes of the Slavs—a name in Slavonic signifying 'noble'—were carried captive from their homes on the banks of the Danube by their Roman masters. Before passing from the broader basis of history to the biography of individuals, we may mention another national designation incorporated in our language, namely, *gasconade*, a term of contemptuous ridicule applied to the habit of vain-glorious boasting ascribed to the natives of Gascony.

In turning to names of individuals, it is singular to notice how many words in daily use commemorate persons whose names are otherwise unrecognised and forgotten. The word *pamphlet*, for instance, is perhaps derived from the name of a Grecian lady Pamphila, who flourished in the first century of the Christian era, and who wrote numerous epitomes of history. Again, it was the Earl of *Sandwich*, in the time of George III., who brought into common use the article of food which bears his name; although the gambling propensities which rendered a midnight refreshment of that kind indispensable to him scarcely entitle him to respect. Some people also acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Colonel *Negus*, a member of a Norfolk family in the reign of Queen Anne, as the inventor of the beverage which bears his name; while others rejoice in the example of abstemiousness held up by the London undertaker William *Banting*, who published in 1863 a pamphlet on the treatment of corpulence. The names of two artisans of the eighteenth century have been preserved to us by their work or its

imitation. These are the French *Buhl* or Boule, a cabinet-maker to whom Louis XIV. granted apartments in the Louvre in recompense of specimens of beautiful inlaid brass-work; and his English contemporary *Pinchbeck*, whose ingenuity in imitating precious metal is hardly recompensed by the somewhat contemptuous meaning now attached to his name.

Several terms of a similar derivation connected with crime or its punishment occur to us. The first of these, the verb to *burke*, recalls with horror the manner in which a notorious murderer pursued his monstrous trade. Another, the American word *lynch*, perpetuates the name of a Virginian farmer of the seventeenth century, noted for sound judgment and impartiality, who was selected by the inhabitants of his district —far removed from any regular court of justice —to pass sentence on offenders whose crimes demanded speedy retribution. The terrible instrument of death which we meet with again and again in the bloody annals of the French Revolution derives its name from an eminent physician, Joseph Ignace *Guillotin*, who in the Constituent Assembly of 1789, with the humane view of avoiding unnecessary suffering to persons sentenced to capital punishment, moved the adoption of this mode of decapitation. The proposal was for a time dropped; but three years later, this method of execution was adopted. The dread instrument was at first, in memory of another surgeon, Antoine Louis, who determined its form, known as *la petite louison*. But the mind of the nation reverted to him who first suggested its use, and it is Guillotin's hard fate to be thereby remembered. It has often been stated that Dr Guillotin fell a victim to his bloody namesake, as the Scottish Regent Morton to the 'Maiden' which he had invented. But although Guillotin was at one time in some danger, it is satisfactorily proved that he survived the Revolution and died a natural death. Before passing to a pleasanter phase of our subject, we may recall the *Bowie* knife, worn in the Southern and Western States of America, and named from its inventor, Colonel Bowie.

Science in its onward progress has assimilated many names of inventors and discoverers, which, as merely technical terms, are beyond our present scope. We may, however, point out the name given to the comparatively recent discovery of *galvanism* from Dr Galvani of Bologna, who first observed its extraordinary effect upon animals; while *mesmerism* perpetuates the name of the German physician, Mesmer, who first practised it about 1766. Two methods of portraiture, revealing the infancy of the art of photography, will also occur to our readers. These are the *daguerreotype*, or first form of photograph on a copper plate, invented by the French scene-painter Daguerre in 1835; and the *talbotype*, a process of obtaining a negative from which prints can be thrown off, which was the invention of Mr Fox Talbot, an eminent member of the Royal Society. The older method of executing a cheap and meagre portrait, known as the *silhouette*, by tracing the outline of a shadow thrown on to a sheet of paper, was named in derision after Etienne de la Silhouette, a French minister of finance in 1759, who introduced some reforms which were considered unduly parsimonious. The names of two Scotchmen who passed away in the first half of the present century present themselves as belonging to this class of words. Charles *Mackintosh*, a native of Glasgow, added in 1822 to his other services in the science of chemistry his discovery of the process of procuring a waterproof varnish by dissolving india-rubber in naphtha, which has spread his fame to every portion of the civilised world; while John *Macadam* conferred a national benefit by his invention, about the beginning of the century, of the system of road-making which bears his name. Space prevents an enumeration of the other inventions which have in their designations perpetuated the names, if not in all cases the memories of their authors, and we also pass over articles bearing the names of men of widely different fame who have popularised them by their use, such as *Wellington* and *Blücher* boots, *Garibaldi* bodices, and *Broughams*.

Turning now to individuals who by their circumstances, characteristics, or achievements have left their impress upon our language, several classical examples first present themselves. The adjective *stentorian* commemorates the loud and far-reaching voice of the Greek herald Stentor, whose fame is preserved by Homer. So also the verb *tantalise* recalls the terrible sentence of the gods on the ancient king, Tantalus, who was condemned to linger in intolerable thirst, while refreshing fruits and fresh water were ever in his sight, only to retreat when he attempted to reach them. The name of another royal personage, Mausolus of Caria, is preserved to us in a somewhat melancholy manner by the word *mausoleum*, first applied to the monument erected to his memory by his sorrowing queen. From an early experimenter in the walks of chemistry, the Chaldean philosopher Hermes Trismegistus, mentioned by Milton in his *Il Penseroso*, we have the expression *hermetically* sealed, which, from its original application to closing up the necks of bottles, has gradually gained a more general significance. Another despised term, *scaramouch*, commemorates the somewhat envious contempt of the Londoners for the feats of agility exhibited in that city in 1673 by an Italian mountebank named Scaramoche.

Some names which fall within the range of our subject have been twisted and perverted until their application and meaning are hardly reconcilable with the facts to which they originally referred. One of these strange perversions unworthily commemorates a woman belonging to Old Testament history; for the use of the word *abigail* for maid-servant sprung originally from the account of the interview between David and Nabal's wife, in which she repeatedly calls herself his 'handmaid.' Possibly the circumstance of the Christian name of Queen Anne's favourite waiting-woman, Mrs Masham, being Abigail further popularised this sense of the word. We may mention another word derived from a Biblical name which points more sadly to the fact that virtues are too

often in the eyes of the world regarded as weaknesses or vices, and is a striking example of the manner in which words of high moral significance are debased to unworthy uses. It has been well said that if penitential tears had been held in due honour in the world, the weeping *Magdalen* of Christian art could never have given us the word *maudlin*. A curious sequence of ideas derives *tawdry* from St Audrey or Ethelreda, the sainted Saxon princess whose memorial is the glorious cathedral of Ely. A fair used to be held annually in the isle of Ely on St Audrey's day, October 17th, at which worthless but showy wares freely changed hands, and to these mementos of the day the name of the saint gradually came to be applied.

But a harder and totally undeserved fate is the derivation of the term of contempt *dunce* from the name of the great schoolman of the fourteenth century, Duns Scotus. It is indeed a strange lot that the name of this great teacher of Christian truth, one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men, should have been turned into a byword expressive of stupidity and obstinate dullness. But the transition has been explained in the following manner. Duns Scotus flourished at a time when controversy was rife, and he headed the school of thought of which the adherents are generally known as Scotists, against the followers of his rival philosopher, Thomas Aquinas. We can easily imagine that the disciples of Duns Scotus were sometimes called by their opponents *Dunsers* or *Dunses*, which was gradually developed from a name of party strife into a general term of scorn. The opprobrious epithet is alleged by others to have been applied indiscriminately, after the revival of letters, to the adherents of the scholastic philosophy, in opposition to classical literature, of whom Duns Scotus was taken as the representative.

Only a little less humiliating to the memory of an ancient worthy is the fact that every 'glib and loquacious hireling' who shows strangers through palaces, picture-galleries, and churches, is termed by the Italians a *cicerone*, after the greatest orator of their nation. The present application of the name of *Hector*, the hero of the siege of Troy, is also singularly inappropriate, for it is not the modest and noble-minded patriot of classical history, but his unworthy imitator in medieval pageants, who is represented in modern times by the boaster and the bully.

The French army supplies a more honourable hero, an officer in the time of Louis XIV., whose name *Martinet* is preserved in our language as a term for a strict disciplinarian, while his own countrymen have given it the more practical signification of the instrument of corporal punishment popularly known as the 'cat-o'-nine-tails!'

A vast number of words of varied significance, derived from the names of races and individuals who have long since passed away, will no doubt present themselves to the minds of our readers in addition to those which we have briefly enumerated; but we will close our category with a word of very recent adoption which bids fair to vindicate its claims to perpetuity. We refer to the application of the name of Captain *Boycott* to the iniquitous system of terrorism prevalent in Ireland, of which he was one of the first victims. This late addition to our vocabulary will serve to remind us of the ever-increasing nature of language, and of its value as a storehouse, in which we may find a key to many obscure pages of the history of the past.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XV.

THE walk with Constance, though he had set out upon it reluctantly, had done Waring great good. He was comparatively rehabilitated in his own eyes. Between her and him there was no embarrassment, no uneasy consciousness. She had paid him the highest compliment by taking refuge with him, flying to his protection from the tyranny of her mother, and giving him thus a victory as sweet as unexpected over that nearest yet furthest of all connections, that inalienable antagonist in life. He had been painfully put out of *son assiette*, as the French say. Instead of the easy superiority which he had held not only in his own house but in the limited society about, he had been made to stand at the bar, first by his own child, afterwards by the old clergyman, for whom he entertained a kindly contempt. Both of these simple wits had called upon him to account for his conduct. It was the most extraordinary turning of the tables that ever had occurred to a man like himself. And though he had spoken the truth when in that moment of melting he had taken his little girl into his arms and bidden her stay with him, he was yet glad now to get away from Frances, to feel himself occupying his proper place with her sister, and to return thus to a more natural state of affairs. The intercourse between him and his child-companion had been closer than ever could, he believed, exist between him and any other human being whatsoever; but it had been rent in twain by all the concealments which he was conscious of, by all the discoveries which circumstances had forced upon her. He could no longer be at his ease with her, or she regard him as of old. The attachment was too deep, the interruption too hard, to be reconcilable with that calm which is necessary to ordinary existence. Constance' had restored him to herself by her pleasant indifference, her easy talk, her unconsciousness of everything that was not usual and natural. He began to think that if Frances were but away—since she wished to go—a new life might begin—a life in which there would be nothing below the surface, no mystery, which is a mistake in ordinary life. It would be difficult, no doubt, for a brilliant creature like Constance to content herself with the humdrum life which suited Frances; and whether she would condescend to look after his comforts, he did not know. But so long as Mariuccia was there, he could not suffer much materially; and she was a very amusing companion, far more so than her sister. As he came back to the Palazzo, he was reconciled to himself.

This comfortable state of mind, however, did not last long. Frances met them at the door with her face full of excitement. 'Did you meet him?' she said. 'You must have met him. He has not been gone ten minutes.'

'Meet whom? We met no one but the general.'

'I think I know,' cried Constance. 'I have been expecting him every day—Markham.'

'He says he has come to fetch me, papa.'

'Markham!' cried Waring. His face clouded over in a moment. It is not easy to get rid of the past. He had accomplished it for a dozen years; and after a very bad moment, he thought he was about to shuffle it off again; but it was evident that in this he was premature. 'I will not allow you to go with Markham,' he said. 'Don't say anything more. Your mother ought to have known better. He is not an escort I choose for my daughter.'

'Poor old Markham! he is a very nice escort,' said Constance, in her easy way. 'There is no harm in him, papa. But never mind till after dinner, and then we can talk it over.—You are ready, Fan?—Oh, then I must fly. We have had a delightful walk. I never knew anything about fathers before; they are the most charming companions,' she said, kissing her hand to him as she went away. But this did not mollify the angry man. There rose up before him the recollection of a hundred contests in which Markham's mocking voice had come in to make everything worse, or of which Markham's escapades had been the cause.

'I will not see him,' he said; 'I will not sanction his presence here. You must give up the idea of going altogether, till he is out of the way.'

'I think, papa, you must see him.'

'Must—there is no *must*. I have not been in the habit of acknowledging compulsion, and be assured that I shall not begin now. You seem to expect that your small affairs are to upset my whole life!'

'I suppose,' said Frances, 'my affairs are small; but then they are my life too.'

She ought to have been subdued into silence by his first objection; but, on the contrary, she met his angry eyes with a look which was deprecating, but not abject, holding her little own. It was a long time since Waring had encountered anything which he could not subdue and put aside out of his path. But, he said to himself—all that long restrained and silent temper which had once reigned and raged within him, springing up again unsubdued—he might have known! The moment long deferred, yet inevitable, which brought him in contact once more with his wife, could bring nothing with it but pain. Strife breathed from her wherever she appeared. He had never been a match for her and her boy, even at his best; and now that he had forgotten the ways of battle—now that his strength was broken with long quiet, and the sword had fallen from his hand: she had a pull over him now which she had not possessed before. He could have done without both the children a dozen years ago. He was conscious that it was more from self-assertion than from love that he had carried off the little one, who was rather an embarrassment than a pleasure in those days, because he would not let her have everything her own way. But now, Frances was no longer a creature without identity, not a thing to be handed from one to another. He could not free himself of interest in her, of responsibility for her, of feeling his honour and credit implicated in all that concerned her. Ah! that woman knew. She had a hold upon him that she never had before; and the first use she made of it was to insult him—to send her son, whom he hated, for his daughter, to force him into unwilling intercourse with her family once more.

Frances took the opportunity to steal away while her father gloomily pursued these thoughts. What a change from the tranquillity which nothing disturbed! now one day after another, there was some new thing that stirred up once more the original pain. There was no end to it. The mother's letters at one moment, the brother's arrival at another, and no more quiet whatever could be done, no more peace.

Nevertheless, dinner and the compulsory decorum which surrounds that great daily event, had its usual tranquillising effect. Waring could not shut out from his mind the consciousness that to refuse to see his wife's son, the brother of his own children, was against all the decencies of life. It is easy to say that you will not acknowledge social compulsion, but it is not so easy to carry out that determination. By the time that dinner was over, he had begun to perceive that it was impossible. He took no part, indeed, in the conversation, lightly maintained by Constance, about her brother, made short replies even when he was directly addressed, and kept up more or less the lowering aspect with which he had meant to crush Frances. But Frances was not crushed, and Constance was excited and gay. 'Let us send for him after dinner,' she said. 'He is always amusing. There is nothing Markham does not know. I have seen nobody for a fortnight, and no doubt a hundred things have happened.—Do send for Markham, Frances.—Oh, you must not look at papa. I know papa is not fond of him. Dear! if you think one can be fond of everybody one meets—especially one's connections. Everybody knows that you hate half of them. That makes it piquant. There is nobody you can say such spiteful things to as people whom you belong to, whom you call by their Christian names.'

'That is a charming Christian sentiment—entirely suited to the surroundings you have been used to, Con; but not to your sister's.'

'Oh, my sister! She has heard plenty of hard things said of that good little Tasie, who is her chief friend. Frances would not say them herself. She doesn't know how. But her surroundings are not so ignorant. You are not called upon to assume so much virtue, papa.'

'I think you forget a little to whom you are speaking,' said Waring with quick anger.

'Papa!' cried Constance with an astonished look, 'I think it is you who forget. We are not in the middle ages. Mamma failed to

remember that. I hope you have not forgotten too, or I should be sorry I came here.'

He looked at her with a sudden gleam of rage in his eyes. That temper which had fallen into disuse, was no more overcome than when all this trouble began; but he remained silent, putting force upon himself, though he could not quite conceal the struggle. At last he burst into an angry laugh: 'You will train me, perhaps, in time to the subjection which is required from the nineteenth-century parent,' he said.

'You are charming,' said his daughter with a bow and smile across the table. 'There is only this lingering trace of medievalism in respect to Markham. But you know, papa, really, a feud can't exist in these days. Now, answer me yourself; can it? It would subject us all to ridicule. My experience is that people as a rule are *not* fond of each other; but to show it is quite a different thing. O no, papa; no one can do that.'

She was so certain of what she said, so calm in the enunciation of her dogmas, that he only looked at her and made no other reply. And when Constance appealed to Frances whether Domenico should not be sent to the hotel to call Markham, he avoided the inquiring look which Frances cast at him. 'If papa has no objection,' she said with hesitation and alarm. 'Oh, papa can have no objection,' Constance cried; and the message was sent; and Markham came. Frances, frightened, made many attempts to excuse herself; but her father would neither see nor hear the efforts she made. He retired to the bookroom while the girls entertained their visitor on the loggia; or rather, while he entertained them. Waring heard the voices mingled with laughter, as we all hear the happier intercourse of others when we are ourselves in gloomy opposition, nursing our wrath. He thought they were all the more lively, all the more gay, because he was displeased. Even Frances. He forgot that he had made up his mind that Frances had better go (as she wished to go), and felt that she was a little monster to take so cordially to the stranger whom she knew he disliked and disapproved. Nevertheless, in spite of this irritation and misery, the little lecture of Constance on what was conventionally necessary had so much effect upon him, that he appeared on the loggia before Markham went away, and conquered himself sufficiently to receive, if not to make much response to the salutations which his wife's son offered. Markham jumped up from his seat with the greatest cordiality, when this tall shadow appeared in the soft darkness. 'I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, sir, after all these years. I hope I am not such a nuisance as I was when you knew me before—at the age when all males should be kept out of sight of their seniors, as the sage says.'

'What sage was that?—Ah! his experience was all at second-hand.'

'Like yours, sir,' said Markham. And then there was a slight pause, and Constance struck in.

'Markham is a great institution to people who don't get the *Morning Post*. He has told me a heap of things. In a fortnight, when one is not on the spot, it is astonishing what quantities of things happen. In town, one gets used to having one's gossip hot and hot every day.'

'The advantage of abstinence is that you get up such an appetite for your next meal. I had only a few items of news.—My mother gave me many messages for you, sir. She hopes you will not object to trust little Frances to my care.'

'I object—to trust my child to any one's care,' said Waring quickly.

'I beg your pardon. You intend, then, to take my sister to England yourself,' the stranger said.

It was dark, and their faces were invisible to each other; but the girls looking on saw a momentary swaying of the tall figure towards the smaller one, which suggested something like a blow. Frances had nearly sprung from her seat; but Constance put out her hand and restrained her. She judged rightly. Passion was strong in Waring's mind. He could, had inclination prevailed, have seized the little man by the coat and pitched him out into the road below. But bonds were upon him more potent than if they had been made of iron.

'I have no such intention,' he said. 'I should not have sent her at all. But it seems she wishes to go. I will not interfere with her arrangements. But she must have some time to prepare.'

'As long as she likes, sir,' said Markham cheerfully. 'A few days more out of the east wind will be delightful to me.'

And no more passed between them. Waring strolled about the loggia with his cigarette. Though Frances had made haste to provide a new chair as easy as the other, he had felt himself dislodged, and had not yet settled into a new place; and when he joined them in the evening, he walked about or sat upon the wall, instead of lounging in indolent comfort, as in the old quiet days. On this evening he stood at the corner, looking down upon the lights of the Marina in the distance, and the gray twinkle of the olives in the clear air of the night. The poor neighbours of the little town were still on the Punto, enjoying the coolness of the evening hours; and the murmur of their talk rose on one side, a little softened by distance; while the group on the loggia renewed its conversation close at hand. Waring stood and listened with a contempt of it which he partially knew to be unjust. But he was sore and bitter, and the ease and gaiety seemed a kind of insult to him, one of many insults which he was of opinion he had received from his wife's son. 'Confounded little fool,' he said to himself.

But Constance was right in her worldly wisdom. It would make them all ridiculous if he made objections to Markham, if he showed openly his distaste to him. The world was but a small world at Bordighera; but yet it was not without its power. The interrupted conversation went on with great vigour. He remarked with a certain satisfaction that Frances talked very little; but Constance and her brother—as he called himself, the puppy!—never paused. There is no such position for seeing the worst of ordinary conversation. Waring stood looking out blankly upon the bewildering lines of the hills towards

the west, with the fresh breeze in his face, and his cigarette only kept alight by a violent puff now and then, listening to the lively chatter. How vacant it was—about this one and that one; about So-and-so's peculiarities; about things not even made clear, which each understood at half a word, which made them laugh. Good heavens, at what? Not at the wit of it, for there was no wit. At some ludicrous image involved, which to the listener was dull, dull as the village chatter on the other side; but more dull, more vapid in its artificial ring. How they echoed each other, chiming in; how they remembered anecdotes to the discredit of their friends; how they ran on in the same circle endlessly, with jests that were without point even to Frances, who sat listening in an eager tension of interest, but could not keep up to the height of the talk, which was all about people she did not know—and still more without point to Waring, who had known, but knew no longer, and who was angry and mortified and bitter, feeling his supremacy taken from him in his own house, and all his habits shattered, yet knew very well that he could not resist, that to show his dislike would only make him ridiculous; that he was once more subject to Society, and dare not show his contempt for its bonds.

After a while, he flung his half-finished cigarette over the wall, and stalked away, with a brief, 'Excuse me, but I must say good-night.' Markham sprang up from his chair; but his stepfather only waved his hand to the little party sitting in the evening darkness, and went away, his footsteps sounding upon the marble floor through the salone and the anteroom, closing the doors behind him. There was a little silence as he disappeared.

'Well,' said Markham with a long-drawn breath, 'that's over, Con; and better than might have been expected.'

'Better! Do you call that better? I should say almost as bad as could be. Why didn't you stand up to him and have it out?'

'My dear, he always cows me a little,' said Markham. 'I remember times when I stood up to him, as you say, with that idiotcy of youth in which you are so strong, Con; but I think I generally came off second best. Our respected papa has a great gift of language when he likes.'

'He does not like now; he is too old; he has given up that sort of thing. Ask Frances. She thinks him the mildest of pious fathers.'

'If you please,' said the little voice of Frances out of the gloom, with a little quiver in it, 'I wish you would not speak about papa so, before me. It is perhaps quite right of you, who have no feeling for him, or don't know him very well; but with me it is quite different. Whether you are right or wrong, I cannot have it, please.'

'The little thing is quite right, Con,' said Markham.—'I beg your pardon, little Fan. I have a great respect for papa, though he has none for me.—Too old! He is not so old as I am, and a much more estimable member of society. He is not old enough—that is the worst of it—for you and me.'

'I am not going to encourage her in her nonsense,' said Constance, 'as if one's father or mother was something sacred, as if they were not just human beings like ourselves. But apart from that, as I have told Frances, I think very well of papa.'

SEED AND SOIL.

Farmers with their seed sown are so completely at the mercy of the weather, that they have not inaptly been compared to sailors who before they left port had to set their sails, and were thereafter debarred from altering them till the voyage was ended. When farmers do suffer from unfavourable weather, the public are ready to give them practical sympathy; but if it could be shown that 'bad weather' is the scapegoat of very many failures which by skill and industry could be averted, then much of their grumbling would have to cease.

In 1877, which it may be remembered was rather a bad year for farmers, an investigation was made, at the instance of the government, into the circumstances which affected the growth of wheat, oats, and barley; and some curious facts were brought out to show that, besides weather, the character of soil and seed have more to do with the harvest than has been generally supposed, even by farmers themselves. Though the general character of the soil can be little altered, yet, by thorough and skilful cultivation, the farmer is able to make the most of its natural resources. In one case which was investigated, two neighbouring farms, under the same conditions as regards soil and climate, and also, it may be added, valued and taxed alike, were found to yield totally different results. The one was properly and thoroughly tilled, and yielded per acre fifty bushels of oats, weighing forty-three pounds each; while the other, which had a thin slice of its surface turned over annually, yielded only at the rate of ten bushels, of twenty-two pounds each, per acre. Here was a loss of nearly two thousand pounds of oats through what was probably little else than slovenly farming.

In another case, the good effect of drainage was plainly shown. The oats which grew on two adjoining fields—the one drained, and the other undrained, but otherwise under similar conditions—were examined, and it was found that the former yielded four hundred and thirty-eight pounds of oats, and of a superior quality, more than the latter, besides a considerable weight of straw. As additional proof of the value of thorough tillage and drainage, the result of experiment is that without them there is no hope of the success of the recently much-talked-of continuous growth of corn; but by their means, on good land, success seems to have been well-nigh attained. At Sawbridgeworth, Mr Prout farms five hundred acres by steam, sells off the whole produce, and spends fifty shillings per acre on artificial manures; and it was found that the fourth crop of wheat—which was the ninth corn-crop in direct succession—was at the

rate of forty-eight bushels, of sixty-two pounds each, to the acre.

Another important item, but one to which too little attention seems to be given, is the selection of that seed most likely to utilise all the previous labour of tillage. Carelessness in this particular annually causes immense loss and much disappointment. When it is remembered that wheat, oats, and barley—corn-producing grasses—have been by cultivation brought to their present state, and also how much power we have over plants, the wonder is that farmers generally seem to be content with the progress made in this branch, while so much trouble is taken to have live-stock converted into 'improved' producers of meat. The difference between the return from good seed suitable for the soil and climate, and bad and unsuitable seed, is remarkable. In the investigation referred to, two fields similarly situated as to soil, climate, and management, but the one sown with a good and suitable, and the other with an unsuitable, variety of wheat, were found to yield at the rate of sixty bushels of sixty-three pounds, and forty bushels of sixty-four pounds, per acre respectively; which, valued at two pounds per quarter, showed that the farmer by the use of unsuitable seed suffered a loss of five pounds per acre. In the case of oats, the difference between the yield from good and bad seed sown under similar conditions seems to be even more marked. In one case examined, the good seed yielded thirty-five bushels, worth three shillings each; while the bad seed gave a return of only twenty-two bushels, worth about eighteenpence each. The selection of a suitable seed cannot, however, be made once for all; for if the seed be grown and sown on the same farm year after year, it gradually becomes less productive; while if it be sown in a different soil and climate, the yield is considerably increased. Why this so-called 'change of seed' should be so beneficial, is as yet a mystery. Professor Tanner suggests that the conditions of growth as regards soil and climate are seldom perfect, and thus any imperfection in the seed is becoming annually more marked; but a change seems to rectify these imperfections, and to give an increased vigour of growth, just as a change of food and air does for an invalid. To prove the value of 'change of seed,' the produce of a field grown from changed seed, and that of another grown from seed grown on the same farm for some length of time, were examined; and it was found that though the conditions under which both specimens were grown were fairly equal, yet the produce in the first case exceeded that of the second by nine hundred and fifty-four pounds of grain per acre.

Though, under proper conditions, seed will keep for almost any length of time, yet, kept as it ordinarily is, some of the seeds yearly lose their vitality. At the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, Dr Sturtevant found that of turnip-seed one year old a hundred per cent. germinated, and ninety per cent. vegetated; while of seed twelve years old, only thirty-six per cent. germinated, and six per cent. vegetated. In the case of swedes, new seed seems to grow with greater rapidity than that two or three years old, but at a sacrifice of good form, and, what is worse, of feeding-value. Considerations like these, it may be suggested, should lead farmers to form for themselves small experimental plots, and so be able to judge of the value of manures, seeds, &c., before risking many pounds in the purchase of them, while they are uncertain of their suitability.

A CHANGE IN THE CAST.

CHAPTER II.

Mr Josiah Jowitt of the detective police force was universally allowed, by those best able to judge of such matters, to be at the top of the proverbial tree in his avocation. When any transgression of the laws of the land had taken place, and the statute-breaker was known to possess artfulness above the average of his class in eluding the vigilance of the vindicators of justice, the order that went forth from the chief at Scotland Yard was, 'Jowitt must take this case in hand,' whereupon the iniquitous career of the malefactor who happened to be 'wanted' was considered to be drawing to a very rapid close. The personal appearance of this astute unraveller of criminal Gordian knots could not, strictly speaking, be called prepossessing. He was under the average height; had reddish hair; a nose of abnormal size separated a pair of small, but keen and twinkling gray eyes; and his thin hatchet face was entirely innocent of any appendages of a hirsute nature.

As we now behold Mr Josiah Jowitt pacing to and fro in a less crowded part of the London, Brighton, and South Coast platform at London Bridge terminus, his face certainly indicates a somewhat perplexed state of the detective mind. Occasionally, he knits his brows and appears to be addressing the ground, so intent is he in bending his eyes in a downward direction. Presently, he is joined by a youthful-looking man, who seemed to spring up from nowhere in particular.

'Well, Dixon?' interrogated Mr Jowitt in a sharp tone.

'Missed him; bother it!' replied the individual. 'I believe in this way, sir'——

'Never mind *how* you missed him—you did; that is more than enough for me,' interrupted the renowned one, in a tone of voice evidently meant to impress his subordinate with the intense disgust which he doubtless inwardly experienced.

After a moment or two occupied in seeking inspiration out of the hard flagstones, he turned sharply to the crestfallen young man by his side and said: 'Now, you are quite certain about the information? He was to leave this particular station by an early morning train. Consider a moment now; might it not have been Victoria, for instance?'

'I am quite sure the place named was London Bridge, and no other,' emphatically answered the man, and with an air which seemed to lend conviction to his utterance.

'That will do, then, for the present; but be in readiness later on—I may want you;' and Josiah Jowitt dismissed his subordinate with a curt nod.

'Ah, if I didn't think something would be wrong!' soliloquised the irritated little man, as he resumed his exercise. 'What a fool I was not to come down myself! But there; what's the good of me talking like that! A man can't cut

his body in two pieces and have a head and brains to each! Now, I wonder if the woman has sold us? I don't *think* so; she seemed to be too much in earnest, and too unmistakably jealous of some lady, she said, that the fellow had got in with by some means or other. Ah, well it's now eleven-thirty, and no train on to that branch line till two-thirty. It is no use me waiting till that time here, as far as I can see. Not much use, either, telegraphing. Too many passengers at a time like this, even for so small a place as it is. I'll just'——

'Hold, enough!' came in sonorous tones from a burly individual whom the detective had run up against.

'What, Mully, my boy!' exclaimed Josiah, as he recovered himself and looked up at his accoster.

''Tis myself—Marcus Mulford, and none other,' replied that individual, assuming an intensely theatrical air.

'And how does the world use you?' inquired Mr Jowitt.

'Hum! ha! pretty much in the old style, Josiah. And how wags it with you, my lord? Still successful in tracking the bandit to his cave—or, in the plain language of a prosaic age, I take it you have lost none of your ancient cunning in bringing to justice criminals who are "wanted," eh?'

'Well, well, I still manage to keep my hand in,' modestly answered the detective with a quiet smile.—'But,' continued he, 'let us adjourn to the refreshment room; it will not be quite so cold there.'

'You are right, Josiah; and a trifle of something on a keen day like this will do no harm to my inner man; therefore, "lead on—I'll follow thee."'

The two acquaintances having reached the proposed friendly shelter, each was soon engaged in consuming what he liked best; the disciple of Thespis indulged in a glass of rum, while the detective contented himself with a modest draught of beer.

After some few minutes had been whiled away by an interchange of observations on that grand old topic, the weather, and so forth, Mr Marcus Mulford pointed, with the substantial silver-headed cane he carried, to an advertisement frame which hung on the wall on the customers' side of the room. 'See that?' he asked of his companion.

Mr Jowitt nodded affirmatively.

'The legend inscribed thereon, you will observe,' continued Mr Mulford, 'is "Dobson & Co.'s noted Ales." I, though but a lowly individual, have the honour to be acquainted with Dobson & Co.; in fact, my dear Josiah, I am now on my way to the Dobsonian mansion—at least I shall be, when the two-thirty train steams out of this for Selwick.'

'Professionally?' inquired Josiah.

'Correct, my boy. The long and short of it is, sir, that at Hop Villa, the residence of Samuel Dobson, Esquire, an amateur performance is to take place to-night, and I am engaged for the responsible post of prompter. I have been down to the villa pretty frequently lately, and have met with the kindest treatment, sir; in fact, dear boy, I should not object to a similar engagement once a week the year round.'

'Amateurs, eh, Mully? Do you remember the time when *we* used to inflict our stage-struck ravings upon our friends in the little room in Jerringham Street?'

'I do well remember it,' replied the actor, with a solemn shake of the head. 'It is a long time ago. "Thus creeps on our petty pace," as the great William truthfully has it.'

'And what sort of a performance do you expect, eh?'

'A tolerably tidy one. I have great faith in the ladies and gentlemen who take part in it. The piece is that legitimate and sterling comedy, *Still Waters Run Deep*. The principal characters will be well sustained. Young Mr Dobson—whom I am privileged to call by his Christian name, Samuel—will be, from what I have seen at rehearsals, a capital John Mildmay; while as for the captain—Hawksley, you know, the forger—he will be represented by about the most fitting man, professional and amateur, for the part that it has ever been my lot to come across. Yes, my boy, Mr Frederick Delancy is'——

'Eh?' exclaimed the detective with much enhanced interest, as the name fell from his friend's lips. Then quickly reassuming his previous air of ordinary attention, he said: 'Good actor, I suppose, this—this Mr what-d'ye-call-him?'

'I was about to observe,' said Mr Mulford, 'that Mr Frederick Delancy is an A one Captain Hawksley.'

'I daresay you're right, Mully my boy; and you've somewhat excited my curiosity. I should like to see this paragon of yours. Do you think you could manage it so that I could just have a peep at him, eh?'

'Hum! Well, you know'——

'Oh, I do not have much concern in the matter; only, you may remember that Captain Hawksley was a part I was rather fond of attempting myself.'

'Quite right, Jowitt.'

'Now, that's why I should like to get a peep—being a trifle in my line, eh? I might learn a wrinkle, you know. Ha, ha!'

'I think I can manage that,' said Mr Mulford; 'so meet me at the Station Hotel at Selwick about six, and we will discuss the matter further.'

'I will be there. A train leaves here at four-thirty, arriving at five-thirty-five,' said Mr Jowitt, who had been apparently, during the last three or four minutes, amusing himself in turning over the leaves of a local time-table. 'And now,' he continued, glancing at the clock, 'Mully, my boy, I must leave you; I have a little affair to look after. Business, you know, eh?'

'I understand. Farewell, till we meet again.'

'Well, I'm in luck,' mused Mr Jowitt as he left the station. 'Ah, *what* a lot of chance there is in our profession! Only to think I should meet Mulford, after not having seen him for an age; and, stranger still, that *he* should happen to be in a position to put me direct on to the scent, after it had been lost by that stupid Dixon. Must be what they used to call in the old plays the "hand of fate!"'

CHAPTER III.

It was a busy and exciting time behind the scenes of the mimic stage at Hop Villa for some two hours previous to the rising of the green

baize curtain upon the first scene of *Still Waters Run Deep*. No expense had been spared in order that the first venture in the way of theatrical entertainment as promoted by Sam Dobson, should appear in the best possible light in the sight of that young gentleman's numerous acquaintances, who had been invited to 'assist' at the representation. A real stage carpenter, who was temporarily out of employment, had been retained to fit up the stage in as complete a manner as limited space would allow of; whilst the scenery, which in the piece in question is not of a very complicated character, had been prepared by one of Sam's particular cronies, who was the 'artist' to a large firm of painters and decorators. The principal scene, a room with trellis-work opening on to a garden at the back, was unanimously voted to be of artistic excellence.

That important adjunct to a theatrical performance, the orchestra, had not been left out of calculation, and the organisation of an amateur band had been intrusted to one who was allowed to be no mean performer on the pianoforte. The musicians who had volunteered their services were not many in number, seven being the total, all told, including the side drum and triangle; but any shortcoming in the matter of quantity was more than made good by the earnestness and ambition of the executants. Truly, they were ambitious, when they selected for the overture that of *Semiramis*. However, by dint of diligent practice—to the horror of the neighbours—at each other's houses in turns, they had so far managed to conquer the difficulty before them, that at the final grand rehearsal there were not more than a couple of bars' difference at the quickest passage between the piccolo and the first violin, the former making the running; and it was pronounced 'Not so bad, considering, don't you know!'

It is not intended to enter into what might be considered a tedious description of 'behind the scenes.' The subject has been about exhausted in one shape or other, and nearly everybody nowadays is more or less well acquainted with the 'seamy side' of the drama. The 'making up'—that is, causing the face to reflect, by the aid of various pigments, colours, burnt cork, &c., the characteristics of and resemblance to the person to be portrayed by the actor—is always, where a conscientious desire exists to be faithful to the author's ideas and intentions, a serious matter with your amateurs, especially young ones. Consequently, this part of the responsibilities of the night which were to be borne by Sam Dobson's dramatic corps, was not considered quite so pleasing as the other portion, involving as it did an almost constant call upon each other's good-nature and forbearance. It certainly was trying for young Smythe, the Markham of the evening, to be called upon by the irrepressible individual before alluded to, who was to appear as Dunbilk, to 'just come and put a nice fine line of Indian ink, me boy, underneath my lower eyelids,' when he (Smythe) was vigorously using the shaving-brush over the whole area of his smooth and round face.

And now, just when the indefatigable orchestra was commencing to operate with all its pristine vigour upon the difficult overture, we must look in upon Mr Frederick Delancy, undoubtedly as Captain Hawksley, the hero of the evening. As the honoured guest of the house, he had had apportioned a room to his own exclusive use; and whilst in the other parts of the villa, anxiety and no small amount of irritability were being displayed in various forms, he was calmly and self-complacently smoking a cigarette in the depths of a luxurious easy-chair before a cheerful fire.

'At last,' he said with a sigh of satisfaction, addressing the ornament on the chimney-piece—'at last, I believe I am landed in a good safe harbour. The old gentleman believes in me tremendously, in fact his confidence is truly touching; and as for the son, bah! he—— Well, I have earned his eternal gratitude by assisting him to carry out the cherished wish of his aspiring career. As for the ladies'—and here the noble captain indulged in a smile of gratified vanity—'why, I can only think I have scored my usual success; though, to be candid with myself, I really do not think the antiquated maiden aunt is particularly taken up with me. But what of that? When once I call the fair Aurelia mine—and I think I shall do her the honour of asking her to be my wife at the first opportune moment after this—this tomfoolery is over—I can afford to treat her with condescending pity. Yes, I think I am perfectly safe at last. I am now a respectable City man, and my credit is becoming better every day. When I am the son-in-law of the substantial Samuel Dobson, who knows to what pinnacle of commercial fame I may not attain? Why, one day I may actually become an alderman of the City of London. And yet I must not lull myself into a feeling of too absolute security; and somehow, to-night, although I consider the future horizon to be free from dark clouds, I have a peculiar—I scarcely know what to call it—foreboding of ill, as superstitious fools would say. Bah! why should I fear? There is only one who could put the bloodhounds of the law on my track, and I flatter myself she loved me too well to betray me. I regret only one thing—the not destroying these lovely bank-note plates. The best I ever handled!'

In this strain the gentlemanly forger and possible alderman of the future allowed his thoughts to wander during the playing of the overture; and all the while, Nemesis, in the shape of a wily officer of the law, was nearing him! Yes, Mr Josiah Jowitt had, as agreed, met his friend Marcus Mulford at the Station Hotel, which was situated about a mile from Hop Villa; and had satisfactorily arranged with that worthy—without raising the slightest suspicion in the prompter's breast as to his true motive—to obtain admittance behind the scenes; and in order to pass away the time, the detective solaced himself with sundry refreshments in the snug bar of the inn.

'Bravo! bravo!' cried the delighted and friendly critics, as the act-drop descended at the conclusion of the second act, the scene, known as the 'Office scene,' being the most dramatic one in the whole comedy; and the two principal characters in it, John Mildmay (Sam Dobson)

and Captain Hawksley (Frederick Delancy) had to come before the footlights and bow their acknowledgments in the orthodox manner. Undoubtedly, the performance so far was an unqualified success, and Master Samuel was congratulating himself and everybody else as well. Mr Delancy had proved himself to be an actor of considerable talent; and although great things had been expected of him, the result was a pleasant surprise. It was universally admitted that his finest efforts were those in the scene where the 'captain' encounters Mrs Sternhold, who has taken the place of Mrs Mildmay, in order to defeat Hawksley's insidious designs upon her niece. The fair Aurelia also came in for no small measure of praise for her really fine rendering of the trying part of Mrs Sternhold.

The prompter tinkles his little bell, and the act-drop rises on the third and last act. Amidst the rapt attention of the audience, the concluding portion of the comedy is progressing in the same smooth manner as had marked the earlier part of it. The action of the piece had arrived at that point where the Mildmay household are receiving their guests for the dinner-party, and Gimlet, the detective in the play, had been hurriedly introduced as 'Mr Maxwell from the North,' and had retired to his position in the background. Then followed the entrance of Captain Hawksley, and the exciting episodes of the horsewhip and the proposed duel with pistols, one loaded, the other not, had duly enthralled the audience. John Mildmay then denounces Hawksley as a felon. 'A felon in this house! Where? Police! police!' cries old Potter. Mr Brownsmith was just about to step forward in his character of Gimlet and arrest the 'captain,' alias 'Burgess,' when a little thin man was observed to 'enter' quickly from the wings on the prompt side, and to push himself dexterously between Hawksley and Gimlet, at the same time saying, as he produced and snipped on to the wrists of Hawksley a pair of handcuffs: 'I arrest you, Frederick Delancy, alias Montague, alias Smithson!'

The thing was accomplished in so short a space of time, that both actors and audience had not recovered from their natural surprise at seeing a stranger walk on to the stage and take, as it were, another man's business into his own hands. During the few moments of breathless surprise following the above startling episode, and while the spectators were slowly beginning to realise the fact that something was happening which had evidently not been rehearsed, Josiah Jowitt whispered rapidly to Delancy: 'It's all up guv'nor—woman split—got the plates and the paper; you'll go quietly, won't you? I've got a cab waiting at the door.'

'Those plates! curse me for an idiot!' muttered Delancy beneath his breath as he was being led away.

Young Dobson being the first to recover from the effects of the unlooked-for incident and interruption, inquired, addressing himself to Josiah: 'Who are you?'

'Josiah Jowitt of Scotland Yard, at your service, sir. I arrest this man for forgery. I have a warrant, which you can see if you choose; all in order I assure you, sir!'

Delancy hung his head, making no effort to dispute the lawfulness of the proceedings. For a few seconds a painful silence reigned upon the mimic stage and amongst the auditors, when it was broken by a faint cry coming from the back of the stage, in which direction, naturally, all eyes were at once directed; and it was observed that the elder of the Misses Dobson appeared to be very agitated, and a deathlike pallor, in spite of the slightest *soupçon* of rouge on her cheeks, showed itself in her face.

'Aurelia,' said the maiden aunt as she stepped on to the stage from the wings, where she had been standing, 'is a little overcome with the heat and the excitement, and at the sudden incident which we have just witnessed as well. —Come, Aurelia, my dear; I will conduct you into the fresh air, which, no doubt, will speedily revive you;' and with this well-timed bit of tact, the elderly one took hold of her niece's arm and led her from the spot.

Mr Dobson, from his position amongst the spectators, had not failed to notice his daughter's perturbation, and he exclaimed beneath his breath: 'Can it be possible? Aurelia in love with that man! What a providential escape, to be sure! I shall be very careful in the future whom I introduce to my household. This comes of picking up chance acquaintances at luncheon bars.'

'Ahem!' coughed the detective. 'Ladies and gents all, I'm very sorry, I'm sure, to have interrupted your little amusement, but I need not tell you that duty is everything. I had learned from—well, from "information received," that my man was located here; so of course I came simply as a matter of business; and I think I may claim your indulgence, sir'—looking at Brownsmith—'for having necessitated at the last moment *a change in the cast*. Gents all, yours to command; good-night, and a happy new year when it comes.' And with this parting wish, Josiah Jowitt and his latest capture marched off the stage on their way to the vehicle which awaited them at the hall door.

This sensational termination to the Dobsonian theatricals formed a relishing topic of conversation for many a night afterwards amongst Sam's friends and acquaintances; but Mr Dobson vowed that, as that had been the first stage-play enacted under his roof, so should it be the last. Samuel to this day considers his father's determination very arbitrary.

SINGULARITY.

ALTHOUGH we have the reputation amongst foreigners of being the most eccentric of nations, perhaps there is nothing to which the average individual Englishman has a stronger objection than to being singular; and this is the more extraordinary when we consider that the performing of some feat which has never been performed by any one before holds out an especial attraction to most Englishmen. Thus, the same man who will put himself to any amount of trouble and expense, and will expose himself to all sorts of difficulties and dangers, in order to scale a virgin peak, or to plant the Union-jack on a spot where the human foot has never yet penetrated, is the most miserable and uncomfortable of beings if

he discovers that he is the only man in an assembly wearing a light suit or a low hat, and would put up with a great amount of privation and disappointment rather than not be, in this respect, as other men are. Of course, the reason for this is, that in the one case Fame is the reward, and in the other that an unenviable distinction is the result. None the less, however, is there a paradoxical touch about it, and one would imagine that a man accustomed to perfect self-dependence in abnormal situations would not be affected by the mere idea that other folk were jeering at him.

As regards the international meaning of the word singularity, it may be said to express in each nation's language that which is not usual in the manners and customs of that nation; but with regard to Englishmen in particular, the word most usually employed is eccentricity. Thus, in those parts of the globe where out-of-door life is all but intolerable during certain hours of the day to all but natives, the solitary British globe-trotter, who has a certain time at his disposal in which to perform a certain amount of sight-seeing work, is a familiar object. Hence the common phrase in such countries descriptive of broiling weather: 'Fit only for Englishmen and dogs.' But in such a case there is some plausible foundation for the application of this epithet to us; whilst in many others we are dubbed eccentric simply because our habits and ideas do not tally exactly with those of our satirists. Hence we are deemed eccentric because we have a firm belief in cold water and fresh air; because we must play cricket wherever we go; because when we meet each other in the streets we do not hug and kiss; because we travel many miles in all weathers in order to see a crumbling bit of old wall or to hear a curious echo. The reverse of all this in the foreign character makes us say, 'What singular people these are!' and, just as that which is one man's meat may be another man's poison, so that which is natural in one nation becomes singularity or eccentricity in another.

But we in England are far less tolerant of eccentricity than are foreigners. The eccentric Briton is gazed at, smiled at, shoulders are shrugged, the remark is made in an apologetic, explanatory tone, 'He is English,' and the matter is dropped. But at our hands the smallest singularity from our point of view meets with open derision and sarcasm. The first Volunteers, the first Bicyclists and Tricyclists who appeared in the London streets underwent a species of constant martyrdom before the *profanum vulgus* became familiar with their presence. Let a man walk through a London suburb in the garb worn by hundreds of men when they are shooting or tramping—knickerbockers, loose coat, and Tam o' Shanter bonnet—and he will be as much stared and grinned at as if he was incased in chain-armour.

And when a certain type of Briton goes abroad, he comports himself in a similar fashion. He sees a Frenchman on a blazing hot day sensibly arrayed in a Panama hat, a bombazine coat, and white duck trousers, and he says, 'What queer beggars these Frenchmen are, to dress themselves like that!' quite oblivious of the fact, that he himself is the 'queer beggar' for preferring to swelter in a heavy hat, a tight collar, and tweed trousers.

Thus it may be noticed how in the streets of London the most absurdly trivial circumstance attracts public notice. A man tying up his shoe-strings, or having his boots blacked, or buying fruit from a street stall, provided he be well dressed, is an occasion almost for excitement amongst the loafers and gamins; whilst such phenomena as a horse down, or a bill-poster putting up an advertisement, or a slight accident, or the smallest of rows, is as sure to gather an eager, open-mouthed mob as Punch and Judy or a fire-engine.

But the ridiculous stress which we put upon not appearing singular, is even better exemplified in our ordinary everyday life. A man, let us say, when alone invariably drinks beer with his dinner; but if he invites a few friends to dine with him, he would as soon think of having the fish served before the soup, as of permitting a beer-jug to be set on the table. Similarly, it may happen to be an intensely warm evening; but the guest who should choose to come to dinner in a cool light suit would be deemed not only singular, but ill-bred, and would be considered to be setting the proprieties at defiance. To such an extent is this typically English fashion of dressing for dinner in one style during all seasons and under all circumstances carried, that in one of the once princely mercantile houses of the Far East, the employees are absolutely commanded never to sit down to dinner except in evening dress, and the melancholy, ridiculous spectacle is often presented of a couple of junior clerks sitting opposite to one another in all the glory of black coats and white chokers, whilst the thermometer stands at ninety, and a coolie is pulling the punkah with all his might.

Respect for the proprieties is all very well; but when we pay this respect at the cost of common-sense and our personal comfort, it becomes an exacted tribute rather than a voluntary offering. It is this dread of appearing singular which induces men regularly to attend the opera and the fashionable concerts who do not know the difference between the *British Grenadiers* and the Old Hundredth Psalm; which makes them 'tip' well-paid officials and servants; shut themselves up in London at that time of the year when the country is most attractive, and do a hundred other things which are distasteful in themselves, and which procures for them a very trifling atom more respect and consideration than if they were left undone. Mrs Grundy has a good deal to answer for in not making the grooves of our everyday lives smoother, but assuredly for nothing more than her crusade against what is called singularity.

But the most extraordinary feature in the popular estimation of what goes to make singularity is the readiness with which people will rush in a diametrically opposite direction, when once the example is set them by some one of influence or position. Thirty years ago, the man who smoked in public was stared at as a singular being; so was the man who wore moustaches; so would have been women of fashion clad in semi-masculine attire and driving out alone; or the man who would have dared to go to his office in the morning clad in a light

suit. The first innovators who dared to burst through the prickly hedge of public opinion suffered for it; but when the gap became pretty large, people rushed through it with something very like enthusiasm, and accommodated themselves to the new fashion with almost ludicrous alacrity.

Now, upon the other side of the question, there are people who sin by running to the opposite extreme. As a rule, the individual who is described as 'being so singular, you know,' is extremely offensive, and there are men who cultivate singularity for the toleration which it wins them from a too good-natured Society, and for the license it gives them to behave in an extraordinary manner. Abernethy with his gruff, insolent manner was tolerated; but when a school of imitators sprang up who possessed the great doctor's manner and not his genius, the public very soon took their real measure, and they learned that what one man may do with impunity, palled upon repetition.

It is not to be supposed for a moment that a second Samuel Johnson, even with the mind of his great model, would be suffered in these days, or that any man would be allowed to arrogate to himself the position of Social Dictator simply on the ground of possessing a strong pair of lungs, or the faculty of silencing an adversary with a sneer.

Inoffensive singularity is oddity, and this, of course, people cannot help—indeed, when the oddity is thoroughly quaint and original, its possessors are in many cases the more pleasing for the possession of it. But the singularity which may be defined as the being what is not natural, simply for the sake of being distinct from the ordinary run of folk, may be included in that great category of national failings and weaknesses which is termed Snobbism.

THE STORY OF A TRANCE.

In August 187–, I was surgeon of the E. N. Company's steamer *Racehorse*, and we were lying at Madras on our homeward voyage, when, the evening before we sailed, a gentleman named Talbot, a young fellow in the Civil Service, came on board to see the captain. They walked up and down the deck for some time, and then the captain sent for me, and introducing me to the stranger, said: 'Mr Talbot has come to ask me to take charge of his wife, doctor, who is going to honour us with her presence on our voyage out next time; and as he says she is very young and delicate, I thought he might like to speak to you about her.'

I found Mr Talbot very gentlemanly and agreeable, and we spent a pleasant hour together. He told me he had been married about a year; but on account of his wife's health, he had been obliged to leave her behind when he came to India a few months ago; that the doctors at home thought her well enough now to undertake the journey; and that, as he was very anxious to see her again, he wished her to come out at once, in preference to waiting till later in the year, especially as at that time the steamers were more crowded, and she would not be so well attended to. I assured him we should be very happy to do all we could to make his wife comfortable, and that we had an excellent stewardess, to whom I introduced him. He thanked us very warmly, and slipped a handsome present into the stewardess' hand as he went over the side.

We sailed from Madras next day, and arrived safely in London.

I had almost forgotten my meeting with Mr Talbot, when one morning, a few days before we were due to leave London again, as I was writing in my cabin, the captain being on shore, the quartermaster brought me a card inscribed 'Rev. G. Morris, Ledborough,' and said the gentleman was waiting on the quarter-deck to see me. I at once went out; and found a fine-looking old parson, one of the old school, between sixty and seventy years of age, I should think, who addressed me in a very courteous manner, apologised for disturbing me, but said he had heard from his son-in-law, Mr Talbot of Madras, that I had kindly promised to take charge of his daughter, who was going out to Madras in the *Racehorse*, to join her husband.

I said how pleased I should be to do all I could for the young lady, but trusted that my services would not be required professionally. I showed the old gentleman round the ship and down into the saloons and cabins; and I assured him I would do my best to get Mrs Talbot one of the latter to herself, which, I thought, would not be difficult, as we were rarely crowded with passengers so early in the season; and after half an hour's conversation, we parted, mutually pleased with each other. He left a card for the captain, with a pressing invitation for us both to dine with him that evening at his hotel in the Strand, when he would have the pleasure of introducing us to his daughter.

The captain returned on board shortly afterwards, and I gave him the card and message. He said how sorry he was he had an engagement that evening, but that I must go alone, and make his apologies; which I accordingly did, arriving at the hotel a few minutes before seven, the hour named for dinner. On inquiring for Mr Morris, I was shown by the waiter into a large and handsomely furnished private sitting-room, where a round table was ready laid for dinner. As the door opened, a young lady, who was seated at a piano at the other end of the room, rose and came towards me, and I found myself face to face with Mrs Talbot. I am not good at describing female beauty, but I should like to give you some idea of this lady, with whom I was destined to go through such startling experiences hereafter. She was about eighteen years of age, but looked a year or two older, tall, above the average height of women, with a most perfect figure, which was well set off by the plain, dark-coloured, close-fitting dress she wore. Her hands and feet were small, and beautifully formed. Her fair broad forehead was set off by wavy braids of rich brown hair, and hazel eyes, beautifully softened in their brightness by dark silken lashes. Her face was not strictly beautiful, maybe, from a classical point of view; but I can only say that when she smiled and showed two rows of pearly teeth, and a bewitching dimple in either cheek, I thought I had never seen a more lovely creature.

I had just shaken hands with Mrs Talbot, and was apologising for the non-appearance of Captain G——, when her father came in, and shortly afterwards we sat down to dinner. A capital one it was too, with very good wine.

The conversation during dinner naturally turned upon our coming voyage, and I learned that this was the first time Mrs Talbot had ever been out of England, or had in fact been separated from her parents—to whom she was evidently devotedly attached—for more than a few weeks at a time. She told me, with tears in her lovely eyes, that she had said good-bye to her mother the day before, as Mrs Morris was not strong enough to travel up to town from their home in the west of England, and that she dreaded the parting with her father very much.

'Only natural, my dear May,' said he; 'but think of poor Will in his lonely bungalow at Madras, eagerly expecting your arrival; and cheer up.'

'So I do, papa,' she replied; 'but I dread the parting all the same, and only wish Will would give up that horrid India, and come home, so that we could all be together.'

I thought of the many young, fresh-looking, pretty English girls that I had seen going out to that country, whom I had met only a few years afterwards, looking pale-faced, worn, and quite old, and how much better it would be for her to remain in England; but of course I did not say so.

When dinner was over, we had music; and I found Mrs Talbot played and sang most delightfully; and I thought we had cause to congratulate ourselves upon such an acquisition during our long voyage.

After giving them all sorts of advice about sending their luggage on board and their own embarkation, I took my leave; and as I wended my way eastward, I confided to my cheroot what a charming creature I thought Mrs Talbot, and how much I considered Talbot was to be envied.

The days passed on, and the morning of our departure arrived; and about noon I saw the small steamer that brings off the passengers coming alongside the *Racehorse* where she was lying in the river off Gravesend. I was called away just at the moment, and on returning shortly afterwards, found Mr Morris and his daughter on the quarter-deck talking to the captain. I was rather vexed at not having been the first to welcome them on board; but this feeling soon passed away, and I set myself to work to assist them in getting their traps down into the cabin, which, as I thought, I had been able to secure for Mrs Talbot alone. I must pass over the parting between father and daughter—it is too sacred to be lightly touched upon; and though one in my position sees so much of that sort of thing, I was very much affected by it. As the old man went over the side to return to the shore, leaving his child behind him, whom he might never see in this world again, the tears stood in his eyes, and I think also in mine, as he pressed my hand, bade God bless me, and whispered: 'Take care of her; she is very sensitive, and will, I know, feel these partings very much.'

I was still gazing at the small steamer, which was now at some distance from the *Racehorse*, thinking how many sad hearts were on board her, and especially of the brave old man who was returning to his childless home, when I was interrupted by the stewardess, who informed me that Mrs Talbot, after parting from her father, had retired to her cabin, where she had had a succession of fainting-fits, followed by an hysterical burst of tears. I gave Mrs Abbott directions what to do, said she was to be kept perfectly quiet, and that I would come and see her later on, but that at present I thought the fewer people she saw, the better. By this time we were under way; and as the good ship threaded her course down the crowded river, I turned to have a look at the other passengers, who were nearly all at that time on deck. They were the usual sort we have before the really busy season commences, mostly Civil Service and other government officials returning from their three months' leave, with very few ladies. But one, I may as well say a few words about now, as she plays an important part in my story, though I did not make her acquaintance till some time later. She was a Mrs Johns, a very handsome Eurasian (or 'half-caste,' as we call them), wife of a government pleader in Calcutta, who, though not in society there, yet gave herself no end of airs, on the strength, I suppose, of the many rupees her husband was making. She was a tall, fine woman of about thirty, I believe, but looked some years older, with flashing black eyes, and, like all those people, dressed in the most magnificent style. At first sight, she gave one the impression of being a supercilious and disagreeable woman; but I afterwards found that beneath the layer of affectation, she possessed a warm and kind heart. She travelled with her ayah and kitmutghar (native table servant), and quite looked down upon those who were not similarly accompanied.

Some hours afterwards, as I walked up and down the deck with a young fellow in the P. W. D., who had taken a former trip with us, I noticed Mrs Abbott the stewardess standing by the companion hatchway, evidently wishing to speak to me. I went forward, and asked her how Mrs Talbot was. She told me that she had at last fallen asleep, but not before she had completely worn herself out with crying. Even now, she was not quiet, but moaning and sighing in her sleep. The stewardess then whispered something in my ear, at which I started, and exclaimed: 'Impossible! The doctors would never have allowed her to make the voyage if such were the case.'

'You will find I am right,' replied Mrs Abbott. 'But I wish, sir, you would come and see her.'

I at once went below with the stewardess, thinking what a complication this would make, if true. As I entered the cabin where Mrs Talbot was lying on a sofa, looking, I thought, very pale and exhausted, she opened her eyes, showing how light her sleep had been, and holding out her hand, said with a slight blush: 'You little thought I should so soon be in your hands professionally, Dr Weston; but I told you how I dreaded the parting with my father; and you see my instincts were true. I fell asleep just now, and oh!'—she shuddered—'what horrid dreams I had. I dreamt that I died on the voyage, and was buried in the Red Sea, and'——

'Hush, my dear young lady,' said I, seeing how excited she was becoming. 'Try and compose yourself by looking forward to your happy meeting with your husband.'

'Ah! Will, poor Will,' she cried, 'I shall never see you again either;' and she burst into an incontrollable fit of weeping.

Seeing my presence had only the effect of exciting her more, I quitted the cabin, telling the stewardess not to allow her to talk, but to give her the medicine I would send, at once. As soon as I had despatched one of the stewards with the draught, I went to my cabin to dress for dinner. While dressing, I thought a good deal about my fair patient. She was, I could see, of a very excitable temperament, one of those highly and sensitively organised creatures who feel pain and pleasure far more acutely than we more phlegmatic ones can imagine. I trusted a night's rest would do her great good, and that before we reached Malta, she would be quite herself again. Vain hope; but I must not anticipate.

Next morning, I was delighted to hear that Mrs Talbot had passed a quiet night, and felt well enough to come on deck. She continued to improve, but did not seem to recover her spirits, and more than once I found her in tears. 'Do not scold me,' she said on one occasion; 'I know how foolish it is; but I can't help it, when I think of those two dear old things at home, to whom I was all in all, and how they will get on without me. I feel so miserable, and half inclined to return home from Gibraltar.'

I tried to soothe her by again saying she should try to look forward, instead of back; but it seemed of no use; she appeared to shrink from all mention of her husband's name, and I began to wonder why. I knew she had been married very young—when barely seventeen, in fact; but I understood it to be a love-match, and—— Well, you see, being a bachelor myself, I suppose I couldn't make it out.

We chatted away on different subjects for some time, and I was glad to see her getting into a more cheerful frame of mind. She told me, among other things, that she had made the acquaintance of Mrs Johns, who, though vulgar, was yet amusing in her intense conceit.

We had a smooth passage to Gibraltar; the much-maligned Bay of Biscay, that all seem so much to dread, was as calm as a millpond; and on anchoring there, I went for a run on shore with young Moncrieff, the P.-W.-D. man I spoke of. We were to sail again at five P.M., so in good time we drove down to the *Ragged Staff* and returned to the ship.

On arriving on board, I was shocked to hear from Mrs Abbott, that shortly after I had gone ashore, the mail-boat came off, and that Mrs Talbot got a letter, which she took to her cabin, where the stewardess found her shortly afterwards in a dead faint, from which she had some difficulty in reviving her.

I went down at once, and found Mrs Talbot still sobbing hysterically. She told me all had happened as she expected—that the letter was from her father, who wrote that on his return home he had found her dear mother ill in bed, evidently overcome by the shock of her daughter's departure.

I was sure she was making the worst of matters, and exaggerating what her father had written, as I felt certain he was too sensible to write such a thing, even if it were the case; but all I could say was of no avail, so I left her to the care of the stewardess.

I will not weary you with accounts of Mrs Talbot's health from day to day; suffice it to say she was again getting better, when a fearful shock awaited her at Malta. Among the letters brought on board there was one for her with a deep black border, addressed in a man's hand. Not knowing Mr Morris's handwriting, I thought at first it was from him, containing the news of her mother's death; but on looking again, I saw the postmark was 'Glasgow;' and smiling to myself to think how nervous I was getting on Mrs Talbot's behalf, I took the letter down to her, forgetting that she might very likely jump to the same conclusion, which, unfortunately, proved to be the case; for, not finding her in the saloon, I knocked at her cabin door, which she opened, and seeing the black-edged letter in my hand, shrieked out: 'She is dead! and you have come to break the news to me. O my poor mother!' and fell fainting into my arms.

I laid her on the sofa and called loudly for the stewardess. Mrs Johns was in her cabin opposite, and hearing me calling, rushed in to see what was the matter, and assisted me in restoring her to consciousness. This took a long time, which rather alarmed me, especially as I felt how feeble her pulse was; but at last we succeeded, and Mrs Johns kindly assisted the stewardess to undress and put her to bed. I went to the surgery to get her some medicine, inwardly anathematising myself for having behaved so foolishly as to take down the letter as I did; but who could have foreseen the consequences?

On my return, I found her lying with her eyes wide open, but noticing nothing; and it was a long time before I could make her understand the letter was not from her father at all, but from Glasgow. When she did at last comprehend it, she exclaimed: 'From my uncle! Oh, thank God! My dear mother!' and burst into tears.

I am afraid you will think my patient a regular Niobe; but you must remember what I have told you of her excitable disposition, her present state, and all she had gone through.

When I saw her next morning, I thought she seemed a little better, but alas! I was mistaken; the shock had been too much for her, and she became worse and worse until we arrived at Suez.

I was terribly anxious then as to what effect the heat of the Red Sea in September would have upon her, but at the same time knew it was out of the question thinking of landing her in her present state, so determined to do the best I could for her, hoping that, once the terrible Sea was passed in safety, the refreshing breezes of the Indian Ocean would pull her round a bit before we reached Colombo.

The heat of the Red Sea was truly fearful, the little wind there was being after us, so that the smoke from our funnels ascended in a perfectly straight column; and I confess that more than once I thought of her dream, and how fearfully probable it seemed that it would come true.

The captain gave up his cabin on deck to her, which, being fitted with a punkah and jalousies that opened all round, was by far the coolest place in the ship, especially as we had the roof covered with canvas kept wet, which somewhat tempered the rays of the fierce sun, which seemed to burn right through our double awnings. With some trouble, we succeeded in moving her, bed and all, up here; and Mrs Johns, who was kindness itself, and the stewardess watched by her in turns. But she seemed to get lower and lower, and at last one Saturday night, as Mrs Johns and myself were sitting by her, she gave one sigh, and all was over!

I went to report the fact to the captain, who was terribly cut up. Just imagine our feelings. Putting aside our grief for her who was gone, how could we meet the young husband at Madras, who was now probably counting the hours until his beloved wife should be with him, and tell him we had left his darling in the Red Sea, that terrible Sea, where so many of England's loved ones lie sleeping till the day when the 'sea shall give up her dead?' Of course we could break the news by telegram from Aden, but even then there were all the sorrowful details to be given.

We went together to look at her. Mrs Johns and the stewardess had done what was necessary; and as we gazed on her, she appeared more like one in a quiet sleep than a dead creature.

'How beautiful she looks!' said the captain.

'Yes,' replied I; 'so young and lovely to be taken, while the old and haggard are left. What a mystery it all is!'

Day was now breaking, and the captain arranged that she should be buried that evening. The forenoon passed on, and each of the passengers having visited and taken a silent farewell of the dead, nothing now remained but to provide the shroud, before committing the body to the deep, so I sent for the old sailmaker to perform his melancholy part of the business. He had taken the measure and again left the cabin, and all was still, when, as I was leaning over the side, looking at the water and thinking of her who was gone, I was startled by the captain rushing with staring eyes from the cabin, shouting: 'Doctor, doctor! she's not dead. Come and see; she moved just now.'

I hastened with him to the cabin, and saw at once that what he said was true. Her hands, which had been folded across her body, were now apart; and the captain explained, that having wished to take a last look at her before the sailmaker completed his work, he had gone into the cabin, and that, as he was leaving, he had stooped to press a kiss on her hands, when they had moved to the position I saw them.

My yarn is already longer than I intended, so I will not trouble you with a description of how we brought her round, but tell you that in a few hours' time she was able to speak, when, to our horror, she told us that she had never lost consciousness, but had heard all we had said from first to last, though unable to move, or of course to see, as her eyes were closed—that she had actually felt the sailmaker taking her measure; and was quite aware that in a few hours, unless she made some sign, her burial would take place; and it was only at the last moment, by a supreme effort, she had been able to move her hands as described.

Can you imagine anything more awful? and yet, strange to say, it had no ill effect on her mind, though one would almost have thought it would have driven her mad.

From that day, she seemed to recover, and by the time we arrived at Colombo, was able to sit on deck, and, on our reaching Madras, to welcome the husband she never expected to see more.

By her own earnest wish, no one told him the whole facts of the case, only that she had been very ill, as she wished to tell him all herself when they were alone.

My story is rather a melancholy one; but it is true in every respect, except that names, dates, and places are altered, for the lady is still alive, and the happy mother of a family.

WAITING FOR A RISE.

BY A KEEN ANGLER.

One bright day in the end of April, some years ago, I was fishing Loch Awe with Dugald M'Intyre, a thorough Celt and first-class boatman. There was hardly a breath of air, and far too bright a sun. We were close to the rocks in a little bay on the west side, into which fell a small river. I dropped my fly on to the nearest rock and let it fall into the water; it was at once taken by a lusty trout—a three-quarter pounder. After securing him, I happened to look round, and saw a cat's-paw rippling the loch from the south. 'Pull out a bit, Dugald.' As the ripple reached us, I took a good fish. The ripple increased to a slight breeze, all the rest of the loch as far as we could see being calm. In forty minutes I had nine good trout, weighing over ten pounds. Then the breeze died away, and never another fish rose.

'Ah,' says Dugald, 'we will *do* old C—— to-day.' And so we did, for every other boat came in clean.

'Well, what's to be done now, Dugald?'

'I think we had better go ashore and get our lunch,' was the wise suggestion of my boatman.

So ashore we went. Two other boats finding it useless, pulled to join us; and a party of eight sat down on the soft turf at the mouth of the stream, and ate and drank and smoked and talked.

'You're in luck to-day, doctor,' said one.

'Yes; the prettiest bit of sport I ever saw on a loch, short as it lasted.'

Just as I spoke, I heard my reel go crick-crick. On springing to the rod, I found something heavy on it, which turned out to be an eel about a pound-weight, which had got caught by my flies, which I had carelessly allowed to sink in the water from the stern of the boat. The nasty varmint was landed, having of course destroyed the casting-line beyond all disentanglement.

'Did you ever know eels take the fly by the mouth?' asked one of the party.

'Yes,' replied another. 'One night, when fishing the Eden at Carlisle, I was obliged to stop on account of eels. They were on the run;

and six good-sizers got caught on my flies, three of which were taken by the mouth.'

'Did you ever live in a thorough eel-country?' I asked.

'No. What do you mean?'

'Well,' I replied, 'if you had ever lived in New Zealand, you would know what an eel-country means. The size and numbers of these creatures are beyond belief. Don't mistake what I am about to say for a traveller's tale; I appeal to any old Pakeha to corroborate me, with the utmost confidence. Why, one of the commonest ways in which the Maori takes them is to walk through a swamp and "proge" the mud and roots with a long thin narrow spear—quite casually—he never sees them; but when his spear transfixes one, he feels it. Then he slips his foot below the fish, gets the spear between his big and second toes, and so lands him. In this way he will take a good "kitful" in a few hours. As to size, we had a great joke against the old Sixty-fifths, who were quartered out there for many years. The story goes, that shortly after they arrived in the colony, a detachment was ordered up to the Hutt valley, some ten or twelve miles from Wellington. Some of the men went out fishing one night in the Hutt river. First one fellow pulled out a sizable eel; soon another hauled out what he considered a boomer, and made them all stare a bit; but a third pulled out by a powerful effort such a boa-constrictor-looking brute that all the Tommy Atkinses bolted in a mob.

'But the queerest dodge for killing eels I ever saw was at Whanganui. Near the mouth of the river there is a series of large lagoons, which communicate with the river by numerous very shallow small streams running through the sand. The natives had told some of us that these lagoons teemed with eels, which were on the run any moonless night. Accordingly, a party of us started off one evening in a canoe, armed with spears. But a bright thought had struck the leader, poor little Charlie B——, who was shortly afterwards murdered in cold blood by the rebels up the coast. He came equipped with an old blunt cutlass, and a bundle of torches made of reeds and steeped in tar and paraffin.

"What are you doing with the toasting-fork, Charlie?"

"Wait a bit and you shall see."

'After a paddle of some three miles, we landed at one of the outlet streams. Sure enough, there were plenty of eels, many of them of great size. By the light of the torches, we could see them squirming about in all directions. A few were got with spears; but it was Charlie who did the trick.

"Now look here," says he. "One of you come on one side of me with a torch, and another on the other; go quietly, and hold the light steady."

'Two of us obeyed.

"Now then, steady."

'Out bolts a specimen some three feet or so long. Down goes the cutlass, cutting him half through, and pinning him to the hard sand.

"Up with him."

'This was easier said than done. First, their proverbial slipperiness asserted itself; and second, they bit like dogs. Such a scene of fun and laughter—one fellow head-over-heels in the water, another objurgating the monster in a series of "explosive commas" for biting him. At last he was secured. Soon Charlie got more expert; he managed to clip most of them near the head, and so they were handled with less danger. In three hours we filled, or nearly filled, two gunny-bags (raw-sugar bags), and started home with fully a hundredweight of fish. The largest weighed eight pounds. I don't suppose you will believe me, but I once saw an eel taken by Maoris from Willie W——'s little lake, Grasmere, near Whanganui, over twenty pounds. They brought him in on a stick run through the head. As they carried him, the ends of the stick resting on their shoulders, his tail trailed on the ground.—You smile. Well, there are some things you can never get fellows to believe. Now, you can never get a non-colonial Englishman to believe that a buck-jumper can buck the saddle over his head without bursting the girths.—You snigger again. It can't be helped. But such is the fact. I have seen a horse do it three times in one hour.—Hillo! there's a bit of a breeze. Let's give the trout another chance.'

'What shall we try now, Dugald? That's a good fly.'

'Oh, a very good fly.'

'What do you think of that one?'

'Oh, it is a very good fly too.'

'Which shall we try?'

'Ay, ay, sir, that will be the question.'

But no further opinion could I extract from Dugald, and no more fish from the loch.

AN OLD LETTER.

Only a letter,
Yellow and dim with age:
Wistfully gazing,
I hold the torn old page.

Only a token
From one who loved me well;
The faded writing
Scarce the fond words can tell.

Only a letter,
Yet dearer far to me
Than all else beside,
Minding me, love, of thee.

Only a letter,
Yellow and old and torn;
On my heart it lies,
Now *I* am old and worn.

Only a message,
Tender and true and sweet,
The writer long dead—
Never again we meet.

Only a letter,
Hid in an oaken chest;
Close, close to my heart,
When I am laid to rest!

KATIE M. LUCE.

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THE NORTH SEA LIFEBOATS.

BY AN OLD SHELLBACK.

The highest instance that can be given of a noble mind is that a man should risk his life to save that of another; and perhaps in the catalogue of deeds of this description there are none more gallant than those performed from year to year by our fishermen in the North Sea. I have had many opportunities of studying the character and habits of these men, and though they are a rough and ready set of fellows, they are as a rule brave and honest and well skilled in their craft. There are many men sailing in trawlers who have done deeds as heroic as any for which the Victoria Cross has been received; but the trawler, as a rule, receives no decoration. I do not mean it to be understood that they have never been recognised, or that barometers, medals, and rewards have not been given them in some cases; but still I am deeply impressed with the fact that, taking all things into consideration, though the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Society has acted generously in the matter, in these rescues, both the owners and crews of the smacks have not been well treated by our own or foreign governments. The men themselves do not complain; but when I state that in every case of a rescued crew being brought into port, both the owner and the crew suffer a serious pecuniary loss, which in very few instances is repaid to them, I feel that I have stated a fact for which some remedy should be sought. But whether a remedy is found or not, I am confident it will make no difference in the future conduct of the fishermen. If you speak to them of these things and of the danger and risk to their own lives, they only laugh, and tell you that when a shipwrecked crew has to be saved, go they must—there is no help for it; and spite of the risk to life and the pecuniary loss which follows, the boat is launched, and away they go. A landsman watching them as they are tossed about, almost at the mercy of that tempestuous sea, would quail before and shudder at the perils they are surrounded by, and would probably set them down as foolhardy and reckless. But as they have hitherto always escaped the danger and accomplished their purpose, the charge of recklessness must be abandoned.

The narratives which appear from time to time in the local papers, though not so graphic as they might be, are, notwithstanding, more calculated to excite a powerful interest than the most ingenious and startling fiction. But the papers which contain these narratives do not circulate far beyond the locality, and therefore the general public know nothing of them, and consequently are not able to appreciate the gallantry and devotion which these humble fishermen display. Beyond this, an ordinary newspaper writer knows nothing of the disadvantageous condition under which these noble deeds are performed. The skipper of a smack, when he falls in with a disabled ship, has at his command only a small boat, not of the best description, and often not particularly seaworthy. It is not, as in the case of a lifeboat, specially adapted for the purpose of saving life. It is not self-righting; it has no air-tight compartments, and is not ballasted with water, as a lifeboat is. Neither are the men clad in cork jackets, to keep them afloat in case the boat is capsized or swamped. If, therefore, in their passage between their own vessel and the wreck, an oar should break or any accident happen, the chance of the two hands who have manned her being saved from a watery grave is very small. Besides, clothed as these men are, and must necessarily be, the strongest swimmer would find it difficult to keep afloat; but even if he could, the chances would be ten to one that he could be picked up. These facts are stated not with the view of detracting from the courage and daring displayed by the noble fellows who man our lifeboats, but simply to show that all these safeguards are wanting in the case of a rescue by a smack in the North Sea.

With a desire to give the reader an idea of the perils these men go through to save life, I shall proceed to portray in as graphic a manner as possible the story of a rescue, as described to me by the skipper of one of the smacks belonging to Ramsgate.

'Want to know how we managed to rescue them poor chaps?' he said in answer to my request. 'Well, sir, I'll try and tell you. We had been out three days. It had been blowing pretty stiffly from the south-east, and there was a lop of a sea on; in the afternoon matters changed for the worse. A great bank of clouds was gathering away in the north-west, and the sun set with a dull-red glare—a sure sign of a gale. Night came on dark and threatening, so we close-reefed the mainsail, stowed the foresail, set the storm-jib, and made all snug. Shortly after dark, the gale came down in earnest. We had got her head off the land, so we knew we could keep her in this tack till daylight. Before midnight, the gale was at its height, and my little hooker began to labour heavily in the big billows that surrounded us on all sides. Every now and then a sea would come aboard of us, slashing over the bows, and washing aft to the companion-hatch, drenching us to the skin. A wilder night I was never out in; the sky was inky black, and you could hardly see an inch before you. I don't know nothing about hurricanes, but if ever there was one in these latitudes, it was on that November night I am telling you about. It was just terrific. The wind blew and howled and shrieked till I thought it would take the sticks out of her. As to sleep, none of us got a wink that night, except the boys, and they, poor little footers, seemed to be able to sleep through it all. You see, sir, a fisherman's life is not all sunshine; hail, rain, snow, or blow, he's got to face it; and if anything happens to the smack, there's not much chance of escape, as many a poor fellow in the North Sea has found out. Many and many's the good little craft as has sailed out of Ramsgate and never been heard of again. But that's neither here nor there. How the little hooker breasted these tremendous seas and weathered that storm, I could not tell you; but she did; and so the night passed, and morning came. But daylight didn't bring us much comfort. The clouds hid the sun; and the gale, if anything, was as fierce as ever; the daylight broadened; and when we rose on the top of a sea, a wild sight met our view. As far as the eye could see, the waves were raging and tossing madly. We roused up the boys, and managed to get our breakfast somehow. I had just finished mine, when my mate, who was on deck, put his head down the hatch and said: "There's something down to leeward, William; hand us up the glass, and let's see if I can make her out."

'I was on deck in a minute. "What do you make of her?" said I.

"Can't tell. She's got nothing but her mainmast standing."

'I took the glass, and had a good look; then I said: "Ease away the main-sheet, lads; we'll run down and see if there's any poor fellow left as we can save.—So! well there! Keep straight for her."

'As soon as the helm was put up, and we let her have the sheet, away went the little hooker like a racehorse. How she did fly on the top of them big seas was a sight to see! They came curling and tossing astern, seeming as if they must come right aboard and swamp us. Once I thought it was all up with us, for a great monster of a wave came tossing its great angry head right close to our stern. "Hold on all!" cried I. On came the wave, and away flew the hooker, the angry water leaping and tossing astern like mad; and, by jingo! if she didn't beat it! Then I took another look at the wreck. "There's a lot o' men in the rigging, mate," said I; "eight of 'em, as I'm a sinner!"

'By this time we could make out that she was a brig, and water-logged; and how that poor craft was rolled and tossed about was something tremendous. One minute she was pointing her bowsprit right up to the sky, and the next she was plunging headlong into the sea, which was making a clean sweep of her deck. It made us all shiver to look at her; every plunge she made we thought must be her last. Well, on went our little hooker, flying over the sea like a duck, just as if she knew as there was life to be saved and was doing her best to help to save it.

'And now the poor fellows had seen us, and they seemed to grow wild-like, for they waved their sou'-westers and threw their arms about like madmen, as though that would bring us along faster. When we got within hail, they shouted: "For God's sake, don't leave us to perish. Come aboard and save us."

"That's just what we're going to do, my lads," I said to myself, "if it pleases God to help us."

'I ran as close as I could under the brig's lee, and then luffed up and hauled the jib-sheet to windward. We didn't make much bones about launching our little boat. I'd have gone in her myself; but I'd got my owner's interest to think about. You see my third hand wasn't up to much in the way of navigation; so, in case of a mishap, he and the two boys would have made a poor fist at getting back to Ramsgate. So I let Jim and Daniel go; and away they pulled like Trojans, and presently they were under the lee of the wreck. All this, you know, sir, is easy to tell about; but the reality was no joke. More than once, when a sea broke over 'em and the boat disappeared in the trough, my heart sank, for I thought I should never see her again. However, all's well that ends well, and thus far all had gone well. Under the lee of the wreck, the water was pretty smooth; but here came another difficulty. The brig was quite low in the water; and when a sea struck her and she rolled to leeward, the water poured over her side in a cataract, so that it was impossible to go close to her, for fear of the boat being filled. However, between the seas they pulled in, and one hand sprang aboard; this was done six times; and then there was a parley. What was the matter, I couldn't tell; but the next minute the boat's head was turned, and they were pulling down towards us. I let draw the jib-sheet, and luffed her up so as to get to windward of 'em, and then flung a line right over the boat. One of the sailors caught it; and then in a twinkling the whole six tumbled aboard; and before you could

say Jack Robinson, they laid hold of a piece of raw pork, and, tearing it to pieces, began to eat it. When that was done, they began to eat some raw cabbage. Poor chaps! they were famished. They told us afterwards that they hadn't had anything to eat or drink for three days.

"Why didn't you bring the other two, Jim?" I asked.

"They wouldn't come. The old man said as how the weather was going to clear up, and he's made up his mind to stop by the ship."

"Stop by the ship!" cried I. "What for? There's about as much chance of ever getting her into port as there is of my taking up the Monument and chucking it into the Thames. Duty's one thing, mate, and suicide's another; and if the captain and mate of that ship stop by her much longer in this gale, I shall have to bring in a verdict of temporary insanity.—Now, let the boat go astern, and then give these poor chaps some hot coffee and grub; it's all ready."

'Well, I luffed up and hailed the brig; but the old man was obstinate, and wouldn't leave her. But I was obstinate too; and in the end I conquered. One thing was—he thought, because the wind had sagged a bit, that the gale had blown itself out; but I knew better, and I was right. Old Boreas was only taking a spell; for a little after twelve, the black clouds to windward began to grow and spread, and anybody with half an eye could see that a big squall was brewing; so we hauled up the boat, and Jim and Daniel started on another trip.

"Good-luck to you," said I as they started. "Pull for your lives, or that squall will be down on us before you're back; and if you're catched in it, God help you!"

'They got safe alongside; but the captain hesitated. Precious time that was being lost. To windward, it was as black as thunder; and although where we lay it was in comparison, as you may say, almost calm, the roar of the coming squall could be heard as plain as possible; and a white cloud, like smoke, crept down towards us; while the tops of the seas began to break and growl, as if they wanted to warn us of what was coming. I was getting quite mad with them two chaps aboard the wreck; and if I'd been behind 'em, I should have taken 'em by the scruff of the neck and pitched 'em into the boat without so much as with your leave or by your leave. However, at last they both sprang in, and Jim and Daniel were pulling back like mad. We were all ready. A line was thrown to 'em; the captain and mate and my two hands tumbled aboard, and the boat was hoisted in and stowed in a brace of shakes. Not a minute too soon, though, for the squall came thundering down upon us. As ill-luck would have it, it struck us right on our broadside; and for a minute or two, spite of all we could do, the little hooker was fairly on her beam-end, and I thought she would have turned keel up. However, I'd got the helm hard-up, and at last she began to pay off; and in another second the main-sheet was eased off, and she was flying before the wind like a lapwing. But before she had gathered way, a great roaring wave slashed right aboard us, over the tafferel, and swept the decks fore and aft. I clung like grim Death to the tiller; but I tell you I thought it was all up with us, and that she'd never rise again. At last she struggled herself free, and rose gaily out of the sea, like a wild-duck shaking her feathers after a long dive, and having hove-to, we soon made capital weather of it again.

'The first thing I did was to look round to see if all hands were safe; and, thank heaven, they were. Then I looked for the brig; but she was gone! That was the nighest touch I ever had; and if my little hooker hadn't been a good sea-boat, I should never have been here to spin you this yarn.

'There isn't much more to tell. The squall lasted about half an hour, and then it settled down into a good, hard, steady blow, which lasted all night and far into the next day. To stow away eight extra hands aboard a little craft under fifty tons wasn't the easiest thing in the world. There were only six bunks; but we managed pretty well, sleeping turn and turn about. But the first night, we poor fishermen never turned in at all, for when these poor fellows had got their stomachs full and had turned in, they never started tack or sheet, doing fourteen hours right off the reel. It was Wednesday when we took 'em off the wreck, and it was Saturday before we got into port, and all that time the way these chaps tucked in the grub was something tremendous. We fishermen can take our batty of grub with most men, and some of you gentlemen would be rather astonished to see what a healthy smacksman could put away at a meal; but these eight hungry sailors beat us hollow.'

'And did you ever get paid for this?' I asked.

'No, sir; never a halfpenny. But we don't care about that—that's not where the shoe pinches. You see, it took us four days to get into port; we lay three days in Ramsgate, doing lots of little repairs, especially the boat, which cost three pounds to make seaworthy again; and it took us nearly two days to get back to our fishing-ground—that's nine days that we hadn't the chance of earning a penny. Leaving out of the question the grub for thirteen hands for four days, which didn't cost less than four pounds, there was, at the lowest reckoning, a week's fishing lost, and it's a bad week that we can't earn twenty pounds. We come in every six weeks to settle. Well, I've many and many a time taken my share of a hundred and fifty pounds, and even more, what we'd earned in the six weeks; that would average five-and-twenty pounds a week; so if I set down what we lost on that job more nor twenty pounds, besides the repairs which were paid for by the owner, I think I'm well under the mark.'

'What countryman was this brig?' I asked.

'A Norwegian.'

'Well, did not the owners or the Norwegian government make you any recompense for your loss?'

'No; not a penny. The consul at Ramsgate did all he could for us; but we never got anything from them. What we got was from the Shipwrecked Fishermen's and Mariners' Society; and that was a barometer and four pounds. Daniel and Jim got the four pounds between them; and I got the barometer. The poor owner, who had to stand the racket of most of the loss, never got a farthing.'

'Well, then, my friend,' I said, 'I think the owners of the brig and the Norwegian government behaved very shabbily to you.'

'So do I, sir,' he replied; and we ended our colloquy.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE was no more said for a day or two about the journey. But that it was to take place, that Markham was waiting till his step-sister was ready, and that Frances was making her preparations to go, nobody any longer attempted to ignore. Waring himself had gone so far in his recognition of the inevitable as to give Frances money to provide for the necessities of the journey. 'You will want things,' he said. 'I don't wish it to be thought that I kept you like a little beggar.'

'I am not like a little beggar, papa,' cried Frances with an indignation which scarcely any of the more serious grievances of her life had called forth. She had always supposed him to be pleased with the British neatness, the modest, girlish costumes which she had procured for herself by instinct, and which made this girl, who knew nothing of England, so characteristically an English girl. This proof of the man's ignorance—which Frances ignorantly supposed to mean entire indifference to her appearance—went to her heart. 'And it is impossible to get things here,' she added with her usual anxious penitence for her impatience.

'You can do it in Paris, then,' he said. 'I suppose you have enough of the instincts of your sex to buy clothes in Paris.'

Girls are not fond of hearing of the instincts of their sex. She turned away with a speechless vexation and distress which it pleased him to think rudeness.

'But she keeps the money all the same,' he said to himself.

Thus it became very apparent that the departure of Frances was desirable, and that she could not go too soon. But there were still inevitable delays. Strange! that when love imbittered made her stay intolerable, the washerwoman should have compelled it. But to Frances, for the moment, everything in life was strange.

And not the least strange was the way in which Markham, whom she liked, but did not understand, the odd, little, shabby, unlovely personage, who looked like anything in the world but an individual of importance, was received by the little world of Bordighera. At the little church on Sunday, there was a faint stir when he came in, and one lady pointed him out to another as the small audience filed out. The English landlady at the hotel spoke of him continually. Lord Markham was now the authority which she quoted on all subjects. Even Domenico said 'meelord' with a relish. And as for the Durants, their enthusiasm was boundless. Tasie, not yet quite recovered from the excitement of Constance' arrival, lost her self-control altogether when Markham appeared. It was so good of him to come to church, she said; such an example for the people at the hotels! And so nice to lose so little time in coming to call upon papa. Of course, papa, as the clergyman, would have called upon him as soon as it was known where he was staying. But it was so pretty of Lord Markham to conform to foreign ways and make the first visit. 'We knew it must be your doing, Frances,' she said with grateful delight.

'But, indeed, it was not my doing. It is Constance who makes him come,' Frances cried.

Constance, indeed, insisted upon his company everywhere. She took him not only to the Durants, but to the bungalow up among the olive woods, which they found in great excitement, and where the appearance of Lord Markham partially failed of its effect, a greater hero and stranger being there. George Gaunt, the general's youngest son, the chief subject of his mother's talk, the one of her children about whom she always had something to say, had arrived the day before, and in his presence, even a living lord sank into a secondary place. Mrs Gaunt had been the first to see the little party coming along by the terraces of the olive woods. She had, long, long ago, formed plans in her imagination of what might ensue when George came home. She ran out to meet them with her hands extended. 'O Frances, I am so glad to see you. Only fancy what has happened. George has come.'

'I am so glad,' said Frances, who was the first. She was more used to the winding of those terraces, and then she had not so much to talk of as Constance and Markham. Her face lighted up with pleasure. 'How happy you must be,' she said, kissing the old lady affectionately. 'Is he well?'

'Oh, wonderfully well; so much better than I could have hoped.—George, George, where are you?—Oh, my dear, I am so anxious that you should meet; I want you to like him,' Mrs Gaunt said.

Almost for the first time, there came a sting of pain to Frances' heart. She had heard a great deal of George Gaunt. She had thought of him more than of any other stranger. She had wondered what he would be like, and smiled to herself at his mother's too evident anxiety to bring them together, with a slight, not disagreeable flutter of interest in her own consciousness. And now here he was, and she was going away! It seemed a sort of spite of fortune, a tantalising of circumstances; though, to be sure, she did not know whether she should like him, or if Mrs Gaunt's hopes might bear any fruit. Still, it was the only outlet her imagination had ever had, and it had amused and given her a pleasant fantastic glimpse now and then into something that might be more exciting than the calm round of every day.

She stood on the little grassy terrace which surrounded the house, looking towards the open door, but not taking any step towards it, waiting for the hero to appear. The house was low and broad, with a veranda round it, planted in the midst of the olive groves, where there was a

little clearing, and looking down upon the sea. Frances paused there, with her face towards the house, and saw coming out from under the shadow of the veranda, with a certain awkward celerity, the straight slim figure of the young Indian officer, his mother's hero, and, in a visionary sense, her own. She did not advance —she could not tell why—but waited till he should come up, while his mother turned round, beckoning to him. This was how it was that Constance and Markham arrived upon the scene before the introduction was fully accomplished. Frances held out her hand, and he took it, coming forward; but already his eyes had travelled over her head to the other pair arriving, with a look of inquiry and surprise. He let Frances' hand drop as soon as he had touched it, and turned towards the other, who was much more attractive than Frances. Constance, who missed nothing, gave him a glance, and then turned to his mother. 'We brought our brother to see you,' she said (as Frances had not had presence of mind to do).—'Lord Markham, Mrs Gaunt. But we have come at an inappropriate moment, when you are occupied.'

'O no! It is so kind of you to come.—This is my son George, Miss Waring. He arrived last night. I have so wanted him to meet'—— She did not say Frances; but she looked at the little girl, who was quite eclipsed and in the background, and then hurriedly added, 'your —family: whose name he knows, as such friends! —And how kind of Lord Markham to come all this way.'

She was not accustomed to lords, and the mother's mind jumped at once to the vain, but so usual idea, that this lord, who had himself sought the acquaintance, might be of use to her son. She brought forward George, who was a little dazzled too; and it was not till the party had been swept into the veranda, where the family sat in the evening, that Mrs Gaunt became aware that Frances had followed the last of the train, and had seated herself on the outskirts of the group, no one paying any heed to her. Even then, she was too much under the influence of the less known visitors to do anything to put this right.

'I am delighted that you think me kind,' said Markham, in answer to the assurances which Mrs Gaunt kept repeating, not knowing what to say. 'My step-father is not of that opinion at all. Neither will you be, I fear, when you know my mission. I have come for Frances.'

'For Frances!' she cried, with a little suppressed scream of dismay.

'Ah, I said you would not be of that opinion long,' Markham said.

'Is Frances going away?' said the old general. 'I don't think we can stand that.—Eh, George? that is not what your mother promised you.—Frances is all we have got to remind us that we were young once. Waring must hear reason. He must not let her go away.'

'Frances is going; but Constance stays,' interposed that young lady.—'General, I hope you will adopt me in her stead.'

'That I will,' said the old soldier; 'that is, I will adopt you in addition, for we cannot give up Frances. Though, if it is only for a short visit, if you pledge yourself to bring her back again, I suppose we will have to give our consent.'

'Not I,' said Mrs Gaunt under her breath. She whispered to her son: 'Go and talk to her. This is not Frances; *that* is Frances,' leaning over his shoulder.

George did not mean to shake off her hand; but he made a little impatient movement, and turned the other way to Constance, to whom he made some confused remark.

All the conversation was about Frances; but she took no part in it, nor did any one turn to her to ask her own opinion. She sat on the edge of the veranda, half hidden by the luxuriant growth of a rose which covered one of the pillars, and looked out rather wistfully, it must be allowed, over the gray clouds of olives in the foreground, to the blue of the sea beyond. It was twilight under the shade of the veranda; but outside, a subdued daylight, on the turn towards night. The little talk about her was very flattering, but somehow it did not have the effect it might have had; for though they all spoke of her as of so much importance, they left her out with one consent. Not exactly with one consent. Mrs Gaunt, standing up, looking from one to another, hurt—though causelessly—beyond expression by the careless movement of her newly returned boy, would have gone to Frances, had she not been held by some magnetic attraction which emanated from the others—the lord—who might be of use; the young lady, whose careless ease and self-confidence were dazzling to simple people.

Neither the general nor his wife could realise that she was merely Frances' sister, Waring's daughter. She was the sister of Lord Markham. She was on another level altogether from the little girl who had been so pleasant to them all and so sweet. They were very sorry that Frances was going away; but the other one required attention, had to be thought of, and put in the chief place. As for Frances, who knew them all so well, she would not mind. And thus even Mrs Gaunt directed her attention to the newcomer.

Frances thought it was all very natural, and exactly what she wished. She was glad, very glad that they should take to Constance; that she should make friends with all the old friends who to herself had been so tender and kind. But there was one thing in which she could not help but feel a little disappointed, disconcerted, cast down. She had looked forward to George. She had thought of this new element in the quiet village life with a pleasant flutter of her heart. It had been natural to think of him as falling more or less to her own share, partly because it would be so in the fitness of things, she being the youngest of all the society—the girl, as he would be the boy; and partly because of his mother's fond talk, which was full of innocent hints of her hopes. That George should come when she was just going away, was bad enough; but that they should have met like this, that he should have touched her hand almost without looking at her, that he should not have had the most momentary desire to make acquaintance with Frances, whose name he must have heard so often, that gave her a real pang. To be sure, it was only a pang of the imagination.

She had not fallen in love with his photograph, which did not represent an Adonis; and it was something, half a brother, half a comrade, not (consciously) a lover, for which Frances had looked in him. But yet it gave her a very strange, painful, deserted sensation when she saw him look over her head at Constance, and felt her hand dropped as soon as taken. She smiled a little at herself, when she came to think of it, saying to herself that she knew very well Constance was far more charming, far more pretty than she, and that it was only natural she should take the first place. Frances was ever anxious to yield to her the first place. But she could not help that quiver of involuntary feeling. She was hurt, though it was all so natural. It was natural, too, that she should be hurt, and that nobody should take any notice—all the most everyday things in the world.

George Gaunt came to the Palazzo next day. He came in the afternoon with his father, to be introduced to Waring; and he came again after dinner—for these neighbours did not entertain each other at the working-day meals, so to speak, but only in light ornamental ways, with cups of tea or black coffee—with both his parents to spend the evening. He was thin and of a slightly greenish tinge in his brownness, by reason of India and the illnesses he had gone through; but his slim figure had a look of power; and he had kind eyes, like his mother's, under the hollows of his brows: not a handsome young man, yet not at all common or ordinary, with a soldier's neatness and upright bearing. To see Markham beside him with his insignificant figure, his little round head tufted with sandy hair, his one-sided look with his glass in his eye, or his ear tilted up on the opposite side, was as good as a sermon upon race and its advantages. For Markham was the fifteenth lord; and the Gaunts were, it was understood, of as good as no family at all. Captain George from that first evening had neither ear nor eye for any one but Constance. He followed her about shyly wherever she moved; he stood over her when she sat down. He said little, for he was shy, poor fellow; yet he did sometimes hazard a remark, which was always subsidiary or responsive to something she had said.

Mrs Gaunt's distress at this subversion of all she had intended was great. She got Frances into a corner of the loggia while the others talked, and thrust upon her a pretty sandal-wood box inlaid with ivory, one of those that George had brought from India. 'It was always intended for you, dear,' she said. 'Of course, he could not venture to offer it himself.'

'But, dear Mrs Gaunt,' said Frances, with a low laugh, in which all her little bitterness evaporated, 'I don't think he has so much as seen my face. I am sure he would not know me if we met in the road.'

'Oh, my dear child,' cried poor Mrs Gaunt, 'it has been such a disappointment to me. I have just cried my eyes out over it. To think you should not have taken to each other after all my dreams and hopes.'

Frances laughed again; but she did not say that there had been no failure of interest on her side. She said: 'I hope he will soon be quite strong and well. You will write and tell me about everybody.'

'Indeed, I will. O Frances, is it possible that you are going so soon? It does not seem natural that you should be going, and that your sister should stay.'

'Not very natural,' said Frances with a composure which was less natural still. 'But since it is to be, I hope you will see as much of her as you can, dear Mrs Gaunt, and be as kind to her as you have been to me.'

'Oh, my dear, there is little doubt that I shall see a great deal of her,' said the mother, with a glance towards the other group, of which Constance was the central figure. She was lying back in the big wicker-work chair; with the white hands and arms, which showed out of sleeves shorter than were usual in Bordighera, very visible in the dusk, accompanying her talk by lively gestures. The young captain stood like a sentinel a little behind her. His mother's glance was half vexation and half pleasure. She thought it was a great thing for a girl to have secured the attentions of her boy, and a very sad thing for the girl who had not secured them. Any doubt that Constance might not be grateful, had not yet entered her thoughts. Frances, though she was so much less experienced, saw the matter in another light.

'You must remember,' she said, 'that she has been brought up very differently. She has been used to a great deal of admiration, Markham says.'

'And now you will come in for that, and she must take what she can get here.' Mrs Gaunt's tone when she said this showed that she felt, whoever was the loser, it would not be Constance. Frances shook her head.

'It will be very different with me. And dear Mrs Gaunt, if Constance should not—do as you wish'——

'My dear, I will not interfere. It never does any good when a mother interferes,' Mrs Gaunt said hurriedly. Her mind was incapable of pursuing the idea which Frances so timidly had endeavoured to suggest. And what could the girl do more?

Next day, she went away. Her father, pale and stern, took leave of her in the bookroom with an air of offence and displeasure which went to Frances' heart. 'I will not come to the station. You will have, no doubt, everybody at the station. I don't like greetings in the market-places,' he said.

'Papa,' said Frances, 'Mariuccia knows everything. I am sure she will be careful. She says she will not trouble Constance more than is necessary. And I hope'——

'Oh, we shall do very well, I don't doubt.'

'I hope you will forgive me, papa, for all I may have done wrong. I hope you will not miss me; that is, I hope—oh, I hope you will miss me a little, for it breaks my heart when you look at me like that.'

'We shall do very well,' said Waring, not looking at her at all, 'both you and I.'

'And you have nothing to say to me, papa?'

'Nothing—except that I hope you will like your new life and find everything pleasant.—Good-bye, my dear; it is time you were going.'

And that was all. Everybody was at the

station, it was true, which made it no place for leave-takings; and Frances did not know that he watched the train from the loggia till the white plume of steam disappeared with a roar in the next of those many tunnels that spoil the beautiful Cornice road. Constance walked back in the midst of the Gaunts and Durants, looking, as she always did, the mistress of the situation. But neither did Frances, blotted out in the corner of the carriage, crying behind her veil and her handkerchief, leaving all she knew behind her, understand with what a tug at her heart Constance saw the familiar little ugly face of her brother for the last time at the carriage window, and turned back to the deadly monotony of the shelter she had sought for herself, with a sense that everything was over, and she herself completely deserted, like a wreck upon a desolate shore.

PEAT AND PEAT-BOGS.

Some account of our peat-mosses, or bogs as they are called in some localities, ought to possess a certain interest for many persons. Their age, origin, and method of growth are questions of geological interest; and their general character, uses, and products are matters of some industrial importance, when it is considered how large a part of the soil of the British Isles is covered with peat. The proportion of surface so occupied is considerable in England and Scotland, and still larger in Ireland, where it is calculated that three million acres, or about one-seventh of the entire surface, consists of peat-bogs. Those of us who are not geologists, and who have for the first time stood beside a deep cutting where peat-cutting operations were being carried on, may remember to have felt no little curiosity as to the nature and origin of the soft brown-black vegetable mud, with a history stretching between a time apparently so recent and a period so evidently remote. There must be many whose experience it has been to see unearthed from under this growth of time strange yet familiar relics of a long-past age, when this part of the world possessed a different climate, and doubtless also enjoyed the advantage, or disadvantage, of a different geographical arrangement of its surface; and some of those may perhaps remember to have set the imagination to work to measure out in inches of black deposit the number of the intervening centuries which divided those remote ages from our own times.

Peat, as every one knows, is vegetable matter in a semi-decomposed state. It is extensively distributed over the northern countries of Europe, particularly in the British Islands, Norway, Sweden, and those parts of the continent bordering on the German Ocean and Baltic sea. It is also found in Canada, Labrador, and Newfoundland. It occupies the lowlands at the level of the sea in the British Islands and Northern Europe, but it gradually retreats to the higher tablelands as we get farther south. In North America, it is not met with to any great extent south of the latitude of New York; and Darwin says that in the southern hemisphere the parallel of forty-five degrees marks its nearest approach to the equator. These facts of its distribution point clearly to the conditions essential to the growth and formation of peat—namely, a climate sufficiently moist to foster the growth of the plants of the remains of which it is composed, and at the same time cool enough to retard, under certain conditions, the decomposition beyond a certain point of successive generations of those plants.

Many persons wonder at the magnitude of the results of geological changes in the older epochs of the earth's history, and fancy that they point to a time when the forces of nature were more active than they are at present, and all the while remain unconscious of the fact that the atmosphere, rain, winds and rivers of the present day are producing by insensible degrees changes in the earth's surface the sum of which may one day be as stupendous as any which have taken place in the past. The peat deposits, though belonging to the very last of the periods of geological time, evidently have a history which extends far back into remote ages. Yet, in almost any stagnant pool at the present day, we may see the actual formation of peat under conditions similar to those under which the vast deposits in our bogs have been laid down. Bogs and mosses may be divided into two classes—those which have ceased to grow, and those which are still growing. Those belonging to the former class are easily known; for drainage, or loss of moisture from any cause, leads to the cessation of growth, and very soon to the decay of peat-bogs. Those which have ceased to grow are in this country generally either being slowly brought under cultivation, or, as is the case with the deeper ones, they are being cut away to be utilised as fuel. It is in those marshes known as flow-mosses or quaking-bogs, which contain much water, that the large previous deposits of peat are still being added to.

On a small scale, the formation of peat may be studied in almost any shallow piece of stagnant water. Aquatic plants and mosses shoot up round the edges, and the semi-decomposed remains of each year's crop gradually accumulate. The roots and branches of the plants often shoot out and become matted at the surface, holding together floating vegetable matter. In process of time, a floating skin is formed, which throws up a new growth every year, and gradually thickens. Sphagnum or bog-moss is often the principal growth in such cases; and persons walking over mossy ground should carefully avoid stepping upon the gray-looking patches of sphagnum, as they often cover very dangerous places indeed. The decaying vegetable matter of each succeeding year adds a thin layer to the mass, which is prevented from becoming decomposed beyond a certain point by the presence of water and the low temperature. As time goes on and the deposit of vegetable matter accumulates, the outlets by which the surplus water is drained away often get choked up, so that moisture is still retained; and the process continues until it is arrested by drainage or the escape of water by

natural means. The process of formation of our large deposits of peat must have more or less resembled this on a large scale.

In a deep bog, the peat cut from the lower strata is of a black colour, and dries into a hard, heavy, close-grained mass, which in the best kinds somewhat resembles coal. That cut from the middle strata is of a browner colour, and is more spongy in texture; while that taken from the upper layers is of a light-brown colour, of a very spongy texture, with the stalks, roots, and fibres of the plants of which it is composed still fresh and undecomposed. It is very common to find peat-bogs occupying what were the sites of ancient forests, so that when the superincumbent mass is removed, we come upon great numbers of the trunks and branches of former giants of the forest lying as they fell, with the stumps of many of them still rooted in the soil beneath. The wood, even to the bark, is often in the most perfect state of preservation.

A study of the conditions of climate and surroundings under which these buried forests flourished and decayed throws much light upon the question as to the conditions under which peat began to form in these countries. One of the most remarkable matters in connection with the peat-forests is that in many of the localities in which they are found, and in which the trees have evidently grown, trees can now be reared only with difficulty, if at all. In the wild storm-swept flats along the Atlantic seaboard in the west of Ireland, and in the cold, bare, stormy valleys of the Western Highlands of Scotland, it is at the present day difficult to raise even dwarf specimens of hardy trees; yet from beneath the peat-mosses in these localities have been unearthed in great abundance magnificent specimens of the ancient pine and oak forests, which in past ages grew and flourished luxuriantly on the spot. This is evidently due partly to a change in climatic conditions since peat began to form in these places, and partly to the fact that trees will not thrive in situations where the soil is very moist, and consequently sour. The trees found in bogs in these islands are generally the oak, pine, birch, hazel, alder, willow, all of which are still indigenous, so that the change in climate cannot have been very severe. It resulted, no doubt, partly from alteration in the geography of the country, and partly from a change in the level of the land. There is evidence to show that changes of this nature have had much to do with the formation of the large peat deposits in the British Islands and Northern Europe. In the Carse of Gowrie and other parts of Scotland, trunks of trees are found imbedded in peat some distance below the sea-level; submerged forests with overlying peat are found at many parts of the coasts of the British Islands and elsewhere in Northern Europe. On certain parts of the coasts of the Orkneys and Hebrides, and in places off the coast of Ireland and along the northern coasts of France, Holland, and Denmark, the phenomena of submerged peat with the remains of forests imbedded in it are not uncommon. Blocks of peat have been washed ashore on the western coast of Scotland; and peat has been dredged up far out in the North Sea and in parts of the English Channel. These facts all point to the conclusion, that a considerable subsidence of the land has taken place in Northern Europe since the date when the forests flourished and decayed and became buried beneath the overlying peat. Mr Geikie is of opinion that at the date of the forests, and just before the peat had begun to form, Great Britain and Ireland formed part of the continent of Europe, and the bed of the shallow North Sea was dry land. Speaking of this period, he says: 'The bed of the North Sea was a great undulating plain, traversed from south to north by a mighty river, which carried the tribute of the Thames, Rhine, and other streams, and poured in one magnificent flood into the Northern Ocean.' These islands at that time must have possessed a less insular climate, nearly approaching, no doubt, to that now enjoyed by parts of the continent in the same latitude. It was less moist than it is at present, and the character of the trees found in the peat-mosses shows that the winters were colder and the summers warmer than they are now.

It was under such conditions of geography and climate that the forests, the remains of many of which are still preserved beneath the peat-mosses, flourished in the British Isles. As the subsidence of the land went on, and Great Britain became an island, the climate changed gradually. The forests in many districts no longer held their own against the sea-air and the moist insular climate. When those in low-lying districts succumbed, they, together with the vegetable matter which soon grew over them, gradually choked up the valleys. Drainage being obstructed and the escape of water prevented, swamps were formed, in which the growth of peat went on rapidly, to be continued in many instances almost down to our own day.

The age of some of the peat-bogs in Scotland and Ireland must be enormous. The peat in many places in the former country measures from fifteen to thirty feet in depth; and in some of the bogs in the latter country this depth is often exceeded. Speaking of the age of the bogs in Ireland, Mr Kinahan says: 'Each year's growth is represented by a layer or lamina, and these laminæ in the white turf are about, on an average, one hundred to the foot; in brown turf, two hundred to three hundred; and in black turf, from six hundred to eight hundred.' Any calculation, however, as to the age of peat which might be made from data of this kind can be taken only in a general sense. The rate of growth, no doubt, often varied in different parts of the same moss and in different years. In some bogs, there are evidences that after the peat had continued to form for a considerable depth, the process was arrested for a long interval of time. The surface apparently became again comparatively firm and dry, and was once more covered with a growth of wood; so that it is not uncommon to meet with places where a section of the peat presents the spectacle of the lower strata covering the debris of an ancient forest; then a continuous deposit of peat for some feet; when we again, still many feet below the surface, come upon the trunks and stumps of a second forest. In such cases, it is, of course, manifestly impossible to calculate with any hope of certainty the time required for the

formation of a certain depth of peat. Mr Geikie says: 'The sum of the matter is, that we have no exact data by which to compute the time required for the formation of a given thickness of peat, the rate of growth being extremely variable, not only in different regions but in one and the same bog. Nevertheless, in very many cases it is quite evident that the bogs are of great antiquity, and that it has often taken several thousands of years to form a thickness of twenty, or even of ten feet.' When two layers of wood are found in peat, it is usual to find that the lower forest consisted of oak, and the upper of pine.

Remains of the great Irish deer are very common in the bogs of Ireland, and human relics are often found. Coins, implements, and the remains of old Roman roadways, are often met with in the mosses of the north of England and Scotland. Trees bearing the marks of the axe, and sometimes with part of the wood charred, have been found in bogs. In such cases, however, it is not always to be supposed that the mosses are of such recent origin as the relics might be supposed to imply. Road-making and other operations were no doubt often carried on in ancient times across peat-mosses; and the flow-mosses would often overwhelm the remains of man's handiwork. Heavy implements would sink in the soft peat; and many relics and valuables have no doubt often been buried in the peat in past times, for safety or preservation.

In districts where peat is plentiful, it is extensively used as fuel. Those who are familiar with such districts will have a grateful remembrance of the comfortable appearance of the open hearth on a winter's night with its huge pile of burning peat, backed by a blazing, sputtering log of resinous bog-pine, shedding its genial, evenly distributed light and warmth upon the family circle. Peat gives out less heat and yields more ashes than coal. It is the more cleanly fuel of the two. It does not give forth the noxious carbon-laden fumes peculiar to coal, its pale-blue, slightly acrid smoke somewhat resembling that given off by wood.

The gathering of the peat-harvest in many parts of the country is a matter of much importance to the inhabitants, a wet season seriously interfering with the necessary operations. The cutting commences early in the season, as soon as the winter and spring rains have drained from off the surface. In Ireland, a long narrow slip, measuring from three to six feet across, is cleared to the depth of a foot or so of the light spongy peat and heather which form the surface. Extending back from this, a certain space of surface—called in some districts a *swarth*—is levelled, and prepared for the reception of the blocks of peat, which, according as they are cut, are spread closely upon it to dry. The peat—or *turf*, as it is almost invariably called in that country—is cut in narrow rectangular blocks from a foot to eighteen inches in length. The implement used in cutting—called a *slane*—somewhat resembles a spade, with a flat piece of steel attached to the bottom at the right side, and extending forward at right angles. The blocks are cut from the mass with a downward thrust of the implement, the arms alone being used, without the assistance of the foot, as in an ordinary spade. After the blocks have lain for some time, and the sides and upper surfaces have dried somewhat, they are turned, and then placed on end in small stacks, which are piled together in larger heaps after the drying process has advanced. The work of cutting, turning, and stacking the peat is not such an unpleasant occupation as might be supposed. It is cleanly work enough. There is no need to handle the peat in a wet state, though even then it does not stain or stick to the hands or person, and has no unpleasant smell. When it has dried somewhat, it is light, clean, and easy to handle.

It is unusual to cut the peat down to the level of the soil beneath; the produce of the lower layers, although most valuable as fuel, drying into hard and brittle fragments, which do not bear handling or removal. When the upper matter becomes exhausted, the remainder is sometimes dug out, mixed with water, and kneaded with the hands and feet. It is then cut into square blocks and dried in the ordinary way.

The peat-bogs of Ireland ought to be a source of considerable profit to that country; and but for the low heating power of peat, which renders it unfit for use as fuel for manufacturing purposes, they would no doubt have long ago led to the development in that country of industrial and manufacturing activity similar, on a small scale, to that produced by coal in England. To remedy this defect in peat as a fuel, various processes have been tried for compressing it, so as to get rid of the large percentage of water always present in even the best dried samples. These experiments have not, up to the present, met with any great success when tried on a large scale. Well-dried peat contains as much as twenty per cent. of water; and even when most of this is expelled, unless the peat is rendered compact and waterproof by some process, its spongy texture causes it to re-absorb a large proportion of moisture from the atmosphere.

The peculiar properties of peat-charcoal have led to its being used with advantage in smelting iron. It also possesses very powerful antiseptic and deodorising properties.

Within recent years, much peat-land has been reclaimed and brought under cultivation in these islands. The first step towards reclamation is drainage. A peat-soil, although consisting almost entirely of vegetable matter, is always at first very poor, and often quite barren. The soil, indeed, as already stated, is sour, and hence unsuitable for plant-growth. When, however, the land is thoroughly drained, and an agent is applied to break up and decompose the inert mass, the vegetable constituents of the soil give out their latent qualities, and a high degree of fertility ensues. Lime is an agent of this description; and well-drained peat-land, incapable in its natural state of producing anything more valuable than coarse grass or heather, will, under its influence, be changed into a rich and productive soil. In many districts, the presence of limestone in the immediate vicinity places at hand a natural agent, which is invaluable in the reclamation of a peaty soil. In Ireland, where the carboniferous limestone is very largely developed, it is a source of wealth to the owners of peat-land, if it happens to be found sufficiently near to allow of its being brought in any considerable quantity to the spot where it

is required. The fuel being at hand to burn the limestone, lime can be cheaply produced, and applied direct to the land, to which it brings an almost immediate fertility.

OSLA'S WEDDING.

A SHETLAND SKETCH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

To one whose memory can go back half a century or thereby, and who knows what Shetland then was, that period seems fairly to merit being called 'the olden time.' These remote islands of the northern sea were then almost completely isolated from intercourse with the busy world, and little known. Most people had a hazy idea of their being in some way connected with Skye or the Outer Hebrides! Scarcely any tourists ever thought of visiting them, and for the very good reason, that if any venturesome explorer succeeded in penetrating so far into the wild and stormy north, the chances were he would become an involuntary prisoner, and it would be weeks, or possibly months, before he got an opportunity of finding his way back again. Mails were brought from the south at irregular intervals by a small sloop, which made six or seven voyages in the year from the Scotch coast. A letter sometimes took two or three months to reach its destination in Edinburgh or London. There were no roads, and of course no wheeled vehicles—scarcely even a cart—anywhere. The only interinsular communication was by small open boat, when occasion required. The hardy, stout-hearted islanders—descendants of the grand old Norse vikings—plied their dangerous avocation of fishermen in their tiny undecked six-oared boats during the three months of summer, and drew from ocean's depths their precarious but on the whole not insufficient subsistence. There was scarcely any trade, properly so called; almost the only exports were dried salt fish, oil, kelp, a little butter, and the coarser kinds of hosiery; and the imports, salt, wood for boat-building, a few cargoes of coal, a very moderate quantity of meal in bad seasons, and groceries. Very few ships of any kind were, therefore, ever seen amongst the islands. Occasionally, a storm-tossed bark or brig, short of provisions, would seek shelter and replenishing of her exhausted stores in some land-locked *voe*, or a Dutch fishing-buss slip in, to disburden herself of a few hundred pounds of tobacco and a few kegs of gin, without leave or fear of His Majesty's custom-house authorities.

Now, regular communication is kept up between Leith and Lerwick by large powerful steamers, thrice a week in summer, and twice a week in winter; and between Lerwick and the north isles of Shetland by a good-sized steamer twice a week in summer, and once in winter; and telegraph wires connect the south with Lerwick, and reach as far north as Haroldswick, in Unst, the most northerly of the group. There are now excellent roads from end to end of the principal island, called Mainland, and across the islands of Yell and Unst. Gigs and phaetons and other wheeled vehicles are numerous, even bicycles and tricycles are occasionally to be seen; and crowds of tourists annually visit the islands. Within the last few years, fleets of fishing-vessels and many thousands of fishermen, fishcurers, coopers, and gippers from Fraserburgh, Peterhead, the Isle of Man, and Ireland, spend six months of the year on the coast, vigorously prosecuting the ling and herring fishings. Large curing-stations, landing-stages, jetties, warehouses, and fishermen's cottages have been erected all round the coast, chiefly at Lerwick, Scalloway, Whalsay, Mid Yell, Uyea Sound, and Balta Sound. Great numbers of steamers and sailing-vessels are constantly coming and going. Cargoes of ice are brought from Norway. Large quantities of fresh fish, kippered herrings, and smoked haddocks are forwarded to the southern markets, besides dried ling and cod and salt herring, so that it does not seem too much to say in regard to those commodities, that Shetland promises in the near future to become a great fishing industry of the country.

Half a century ago, agriculture was carried on in the most primitive fashion. The fisherman-crofter turned over the soil with a small spade, and covered the seed with a rude harrow of his own making—a light square of wood into which a few big nails were driven—which he himself or some member of his family drew over the fields with a rope. The prices of all native commodities were ridiculously low. You could purchase a good pony or cow at from twenty to forty shillings; a good sheep of the native breed from two to four shillings; and a lamb as low as one shilling, or even less. Geese were from eightpence to tenpence each; chickens and fowls from fourpence to tenpence a pair; and eggs three-halfpence to twopence a dozen. Now, there are in the islands many good-sized arable and sheep farms, cultivated and managed according to the Scotch system. Excellent crops of turnips, oats, bear, and hay are raised; improved breeds of store cattle and sheep have been introduced, and large numbers are annually exported, and fetch prices in the southern markets equal to those of animals of their class bred and reared in any other part of Scotland; and the prices of other articles above mentioned have risen proportionally since those markets have become accessible. A man's wages used to be tenpence to one shilling a day, and a woman's fourpence to sixpence; and the wages of domestic servants were twenty-five to thirty shillings a year. Now they all approximate to those in the south.

Further, many of the old, and in some respects very peculiar social customs, which had come down from the remote times before the islands were annexed to the Scottish Crown, have passed, or are fast passing away. Altogether, modern enterprise and material progress have nowhere made more rapid advancement or effected more striking changes than in those 'melancholy isles of furthest Thule.'

Osla Manson was an exceedingly pretty, bright, blue-eyed girl, the eldest daughter of Magnus Anderson, an active, well-to-do fisherman. All his children were, of course, Mansons.* When about

* Fifty years ago the ancient custom of Shetland in regard to the use of patronymics was still quite common, although not universal. Children did not usually adopt their father's surname, but his *Christian* name converted into a surname. Thus all the children of Henry Thomson would be Hendersons; and supposing *their* Christian

fourteen years of age, Osla had come to our house in the capacity of a little nursemaid, but as she grew older, had been promoted to be housemaid; and a tidy, clever, faithful servant she had proved, greatly liked and trusted, as she well deserved to be, by all our family. She had not a few suitors amongst the young fishermen; but although many of them were regarded as eligible, she was in no hurry to enter into the state of matrimony. She was decidedly fastidious, and just a little bit coquettish, and the young fellows found that her heart and hand were not to be won quite so easily as perhaps they had imagined. Amongst her numerous lovers, she greatly preferred Ned Winwick; nay, she did not deny that she even liked him, but said she did not think she liked him well enough to marry him, and so, without point-blank repulsing his suit, she had always put him off with one excuse or another. When Ned was a boy of twelve, his father had been drowned in Davis Strait. His widowed mother and her six children, of whom Ned was the eldest, had, by the kindness of the laird, been allowed to remain in their croft at little more than a nominal rent, paid from some small savings left by the poor drowned sailor. The neighbours—always remarkably kind and helpful to widows and orphans whom a sudden calamity at sea had bereft of their breadwinner—assisted to cultivate the little fields of oats and potatoes, and liberally supplied the family with fish. Ned was employed as a 'beach-boy' in the work of curing and drying fish during the summer months; and in winter he was very active in catching piltacks and sillacks (young of the saithe), which swarm in the bays and along the coast everywhere, and are the most unsophisticated of fish, though withal wholesome and nutritious food. And so the family struggled on bravely, till Ned was old enough to be taken as a junior hand in a fishing-boat. He had then grown to be a big, strong, active lad, bright and obliging, and a great favourite with every one. His goodness and devotion to his mother and the younger members of the family, to whom he became principal breadwinner, won for him universal sympathy and admiration; and so it happened that at an unusually early age he became skipper of a fishing-boat, and one of the most enterprising and successful fishermen in the island. At the time our little story commences, Ned was twenty-five years of age, and his sweetheart, Osla, twenty-two.

One morning, all the fishing-boats, after hauling their lines, had been overtaken far out at sea by a violent storm. Osla's father's boat and Ned's were in close proximity, when, with close-reefed sails—Anderson's boat leading—they bore up for the land. Suddenly, when on the crest of a mighty wave, a fiercer blast than usual struck the foremost boat; mast and sail went by the board, and the next wave swept over her with resistless fury. Ned saw it all.

'Ready to lower away the sail, Jamie,' he cried to the second hand, who held the sheets; 'and you, lads, stand by your oars.'

'It's useless, Ned,' said Jamie: 'we can't save any of them; and to stop in such a storm and sea is madness.'

'For your life! do as I tell you, all; it may be our turn to-morrow,' said the intrepid and noble-hearted young skipper sternly, and with a gleam in his eye that meant he *would* be obeyed. In a moment more they could see the swamped boat bottom up, with one man, whom they readily recognised to be Osla's father, holding on for dear life to the keel. Instantly, Ned put down his helm, and his buoyant little skiff luffed up and breasted the sea gallantly not more than a hundred yards right to windward of the wreck.

'Haul down, Jamie,' shouted Ned. 'And you, lads, keep her head in the wind's eye.—Now, Jamie!' he added as soon as the sail was gathered in, 'the livers! Crop some livers. Quick, quick!'

His orders were promptly obeyed. Jamie's ready knife ripped up several of the newly caught ling; the livers were torn out, crushed in his hand, and thrown overboard on all sides; and the great waves became smooth and their high crests ceased to break. Meantime, Ned seized one of the fishing-buoys—an inflated sheepskin, to which a long line was attached—and threw it overboard. The tearing wind carried the light messenger on its errand of rescue fast to leeward. The poor castaway apprehended the situation at a glance, caught the buoy, which was skilfully guided to his very hand, gave two turns and a hitch of the line round his arms, lest he should lose consciousness—for, like most Shetland fishermen, he could not swim a stroke—and the next instant he was being hauled through the water, and was soon on board Ned's boat. He was the only man of the ill-fated crew that was saved; the others had disappeared beneath the waves. Ned set sail once more, and reached land in safety.

Strange to say, he did not pay Osla a visit for more than a fortnight after this, and when at last he did come, she reproached him gently. 'Why didn't you come to see me all this time, Ned? I wanted so much to thank you for your brave conduct in saving my father's life, yon dreadful morning. The whole island is ringing with it.'

'I didn't want you to thank me,' Ned replied. 'I did no more than Magnus would have done for me, if I had been in his place and he in mine.'

Then Osla broke down, and sobbed in an incoherent half-hysterical manner, a very natural and pardonable proceeding on her part, in the circumstances, but one which Ned did not understand; but, brave lad as he was, he was also very soft-hearted, and Osla's tears made him feel very sorry for her and very unhappy; so he did his best, in a kind manly way, to soothe her, and not without success; and somehow, before they parted they had discovered and acknowledged that they were very dear to each other. Shortly after this, it was all settled that as soon as the proper season arrived, they should be married. The proper season is the dead of winter, and very seldom does a Shetland marriage take place at any other time of the year.

Osla with many tears gave her mistress notice, protesting she would not have left for any one but Ned; but he was such a dear lad, the best

names to be James, Andrew, Magnus, Peter, Bartel, their children in turn would be Jamesons, Andersons, Mansons, Petersons, or Bartelsons. This old custom has now almost entirely disappeared. It may be added that married women very rarely took their husband's name, but bore to the end of their days their own maiden name.

and bravest and bonniest lad in the island, and had saved her father's life at the risk of his own, she couldn't do otherwise than marry him when he had asked her and said it would make him so happy; and she hoped her mistress, who had always been so kind to her, would not think her ungrateful. Of course her mistress told her she was doing quite the right thing. Osla returned to her father's house at the term, and the wedding was fixed to take place about Yuletime.

The 'wedding-needs,' as the humble trousseau of a Shetland bride is called, had, according to the invariable practice, unless amongst the very poorest, to be fetched from Lerwick, the little metropolis of the islands, a distance of fifty miles. The custom was for the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by a married female relative of the bride's, to go to Lerwick by boat to make the necessary purchases. There was never any lack of neighbours ready to man the boat at no charge to the happy couple. It was always the slack season of the year. Little or nothing was doing, and the young fellows regarded it as a very pleasant trip, and an honour to escort a bride and bridegroom on such an errand. Sometimes several couples would club together and go in one boat. Usually they would be about a week or ten days away; but sometimes, if the weather was boisterous—by no means a rare occurrence in those high latitudes and in the dead of winter—they would be detained two or three weeks. Often, if the wind were contrary, the passage to or from Lerwick could not be made in one day; and I have known a bridal party compelled by stress of weather to land in some *voe* half-way, and there to remain storm-stayed for several days. These, however, were by no means unpleasant contretemps, but rather the reverse. The voyagers were always kindly received and hospitably entertained. Little festive gatherings would be extemporised in honour of the involuntary guests, and nothing in the way of payment was expected; indeed, it would have been regarded as an affront little short of an insult to have offered it.

Towards the end of December, Ned's boat was launched from the 'Noost,' her snug winter-quarters behind the beach. The party consisted of Ned, Osla, a married aunt of hers, sister of her mother, said aunt's husband, and four young fishermen. Osla and her aunt—the latter swelling with importance, and even solemn, under a consciousness of the tremendous responsibility which, at Osla's earnest request, but with some slight show of reluctance, she had undertaken—were snugly and comfortably ensconced in the stern-sheets amongst abundance of straw; and amid the ringing cheers and good wishes of a crowd of friends and neighbours, who gathered on the beach to see them off, they set sail for Lerwick. The voyage was prosperous, and in ten days the party returned. Immediately thereafter, preparations and arrangements for the wedding commenced. Osla's father was the younger son of a small udaller, and was not a little proud of it. He was also a thorough-going and uncompromising conservative, and a great stickler for all the old customs which had come down from his Scandinavian forebears. He was determined, therefore, that on this auspicious occasion everything should be conducted in what he regarded as strictly proper form. 'My bairn,' said he, 'is a guid lass and a bonny, and nane shall hae it to say her wedding was a puir or shabby ane. She is marryin' a lad worthy o' her; an' it 's no me that 'll haud back frae shawin' a' kindness and honour to my dochter and the man that saved my life.'

The reader will understand, therefore, that what follows is the description of a Shetland wedding as it used to be kept half a century ago amongst well-to-do fishermen.

A FALSE FRIEND.

I RETURNED only three months ago from Melbourne, where I had been in practice as a surgeon for about ten years. When I went out to the colony, there were good openings in most of the larger towns for medical men; and as I was exceptionally fortunate in the introductions with which the forethought of my friends at home had provided me, patients rang my bell in considerable numbers. Within three years I was making an annual income of nearly three thousand pounds; and when, owing to family necessities, I was obliged, regretfully, to turn my back upon the new land that had treated me so handsomely, I had saved twenty thousand pounds, and had, in addition, obtained a very respectable sum by the sale of the good-will of my practice to a distinguished young Edinburgh surgeon, who went out expressly to succeed me. I give these details not in order to encourage ambitious young fellows, fresh from the schools, to rush off to Australia under the impression that it is still an Eldorado, but in order to show that I stood well forward in the front rank of my profession in Melbourne, and in some measure to account for the fact, that when a gentleman who held very high political rank in Victoria met with a severe and ultimately fatal accident, I was called in to attend him. I suppress his name, for reasons which will be obvious later on; but, for convenience, I will call him Sir James Reilly.

Sir James was one of the largest land and stock holders in the colony. I have ridden for thirty miles along the banks of the river Murrumbidgee without going off his property; and whereas ordinary men count their possessions by hundreds of acres, he counted his by hundreds of square miles. He had worked hard, and his upward progress had been gradual; but it had always been steady. When I knew him, no man in Australia was more respected or looked up to. He had been knighted, as a small reward for his services as a colonial minister; he had received all kinds of gratifying testimonials from his fellow-citizens; his word, in all the transactions of life, was as good as another man's bond; and yet, Sir James, forty years before, had come to Australia as a convict, on account of the disgraceful crime of forgery. I never inquired into the details of his case; and indeed I never knew them until he told them to me when he was on his deathbed.

Sir James lived in a beautiful and spacious house overlooking the sea, and distant a few miles from the centre of the city. In spite of his seventy years, he was a good and active horseman; and one morning, as was his frequent custom, he rode into Melbourne in order to transact

some business with his solicitor. He had quitted the lawyer's office, and was already half-way home again, when his horse was frightened by some blasting operations which were being carried on in connection with the making of a new road. The animal became restive, and finally threw Sir James. He fell heavily upon a heap of stones, and his groom coming up, found him lying insensible. The unfortunate gentleman, who was well known to every one in the neighbourhood, was tenderly carried to the nearest house; and no sooner did he regain consciousness than he sent his servant for his carriage, and despatched a messenger to request me to go at once to his house. I rode thither immediately, and reached the place before Sir James's arrival. I feared, of course, that he had met with an accident; but I had not the faintest idea of the nature of it; and therefore I was greatly shocked when, a few minutes later, I saw him lifted from his carriage, helpless and well-nigh speechless. He was conveyed to his bedroom, which was upon the ground-floor; and upon examining him, I discovered that several of his ribs were broken, that the internal organs had been injured, and that there was, practically speaking, no hope of his recovery. Sir James was a bachelor, and had no female relatives in the colony. He might live, I knew, for some days; and as his housekeeper, though a kind and thoughtful woman, was far too advanced in years to be capable of properly attending upon her unfortunate master, I sent the groom back to Melbourne for an experienced hospital nurse, and in the meantime remained with my distinguished patient and did all that lay in my power for him.

When the news of the accident was published in the city, it occasioned great excitement. Several of Sir James's former colleagues immediately met together; and one of them rode to the house to request that I would not leave it so long as my patient continued to breathe. I was to summon any assistance that I might need, and to do exactly as I deemed best.

'We would move heaven and earth,' said the gentleman, 'to preserve his valuable life.'

'I feel,' said I, 'that there is not the slightest hope of saving it; but you may be sure that I will spare no pains.'

Sir James had fainted during his removal from the carriage to the house, and he did not regain the use of his senses for some hours afterwards. I was sitting by his bedside when he opened his eyes.

'So I'm not gone yet, doctor,' he said, with a weird kind of humour. 'Can this last for long?'

'Who can say?' I replied. 'You are sadly hurt. Are you in much pain?'

'No; thank God! In pain, but not in severe pain.'

'I should warn you,' I said, as gently as I could, 'that if you have any worldly affairs to settle, you should settle them speedily. There is grievous danger.'

'I know it,' he returned, with a sad smile; 'but I have settled everything—everything, that is, that a lawyer could help me in. Yet before I die, there is something that I should like to confide to you.'

'Will it agitate you to tell it?'

'I'm afraid it will, a little,' he replied.

'Then wait until to-morrow, Sir James. The danger is great—even inevitable, I fear; but not immediate; and you had better wait until you are calmer and, let us hope, stronger. The shock has tried you terribly, and you have not yet had time to recover from it.'

'As you will,' he assented. 'But do not leave it until too late.'

I recommended him to the care of the nurse, who had by this time arrived, and retired to bed, not knowing how soon I might be summoned to him, or how long it might be before I should be able again to quit his side. In the early morning I returned to his room. He was sleeping, and the nurse informed me that he had passed an unexpectedly good night. After I had breakfasted, therefore, when he once more recurred to the subject which seemed to be uppermost in his mind, I permitted him to talk, but implored him to control himself as much as possible and not to overtax his strength.

What he told me was in substance as follows. I made exhaustive notes of it as soon as I left his room, and I am confident that I have succeeded in recalling many of Sir James's actual phrases. It made a very powerful impression upon me; and I do not doubt that it will equally excite the interest and sympathy of the reader. The names alone are altered.

'I was born,' he said, 'in London in 1812. My father was the rector of St ——'s; and after putting me to a good school, he sent me to Cambridge. I took my degree in 1833, and then went to the Bar. My chief friend, both at Cambridge and at the Inner Temple, was Horace Raven, a young man who possessed astonishing ability, remarkably good looks, great ambition, and the prospect of succeeding to a large fortune and to one of the oldest English baronetcies. In all these respects he was, I need scarcely say, my superior. I was a poor man; I had only my energies to depend upon; and I had no influential relatives, no near relatives indeed of any kind, except my father, I being an only child, and my mother having died during my infancy. At the Bar, I was, for a youngster, fairly successful. Raven and I had chambers together; we had our law-books in common; and we were on such terms of friendship that we were known on our staircase as "the Brothers." For some years I lived a very happy life. I made enough to enable myself to live in tolerable comfort; and in time indeed I felt myself to be justified in looking out for a wife.

'One evening, Raven and I went to a ball at Lady D——'s. We there met a Miss Mary Bagster, a young girl of surpassing beauty; and before the night was spent, we had both—as I learnt subsequently—fallen in love with her. Her father, like mine, was a poor clergyman. I had but little difficulty in establishing myself upon a footing of intimacy with her family; and often when I visited them, Raven accompanied me. Mary, though she was, as I have said, inexpressibly lovely, was of a somewhat cold disposition. She was unenthusiastic, and self-contained to an unusual degree; and yet, in her way, she was ambitious. She desired to marry a man who would make his way in the world; and it was only after some very flattering hints about me and my ability had been let drop in her

presence by her father, who evidently favoured me, that she consented to become my wife. Raven was not at Mr Bagster's house on that eventful evening. Next morning, when I met him at our chambers, I told him of what had occurred. He changed colour—which at the time I attributed to the strength of his friendship for me—and then congratulated me in a somewhat extravagant manner.

"When are you going to be married?" he asked.

"Soon," I replied. "There is no reason why we should delay. I could wish that I were a little better off; but our misfortune in that respect will, I trust, disappear in course of time. As it is, we shall, I think, be able to do pretty well."

"I wish you joy!" said Raven, as he rose to go into the Chancellor's Court, where he had a brief that morning.

'I had then no idea that he also loved Mary Bagster, and that he had determined, even at that late hour, if not to wrench her from me for himself, at least to prevent my marrying her. His conduct towards me remained, so far as I could see, exactly what it had been previous to my engagement. He was genial and friendly, appeared to take an absorbing interest in all my plans for the future; and actually accompanied me to Brunswick Square, to look over a house which was to be let, and which I thought of taking and furnishing. I found that the place would be rather beyond my means, and regretfully told him so.

"Never mind, Jack," he said; "you will find something better perhaps. But I certainly should like you to have the house."

'That evening, we were sitting together over the fire. "Jack!" he said suddenly, "we are old friends, and I want to give you a handsome wedding present."

'He had, I should explain, recently succeeded to the baronetcy and the estates, and was now a rich man.

"You are very good," I answered. "Anything that you may give us will be valued, not merely for itself, but for the sake of the giver."

"We have been in chambers together," he resumed, "for more than seven years. I shan't like losing your company; for of course I shall be robbed of a good deal of it now. Be plain with me, Jack. Would not money be more useful to you than a mere present? It usually is acceptable, I believe, in these cases."

'I thanked him feelingly for his forethought. "It would be particularly welcome," I said.

'Without another word, he drew his chair to the table, took his cheque-book from a drawer, and filled in a draft, which, after he had carefully examined, he handed to me.

'I took it, and gazed at it with astonishment—it was for a thousand pounds! "My dear Raven," I gasped, for I was overcome by this act of apparent and totally unexpected generosity, "it is too much; it is too good of you. I cannot think of accepting it."

"You know that I can well afford it," he said curtly. "I insist upon your taking it. If you refuse, we can no longer remain on terms of friendship."

"Nay, Raven," I cried, while my heart seemed to rise in my throat. "Do not misunderstand me. This is noble of you. I thank you with all my heart; but I cannot accept such a large sum."

'He would not listen, however, to my refusal; and finally, I pocketed both my pride and the draft.

'Mary Bagster was at the time paying a short visit to her friends in the country; and thus it happened that I did not mention the fact of my having received Raven's handsome present either to her or to any one else. I looked forward to surprising her with the news upon her return to town; and in the meantime I sent the draft to my banker's, a well-known private firm, with which I had but recently opened an account.

'A few mornings afterwards, I was sitting at breakfast in my bachelor lodgings in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, when, without warning, a police officer entered my room, and showing me a warrant which authorised him to arrest me on a charge of forgery, took me into custody.

'As you may expect, I was thunderstruck. "Forgery? Forgery of what?" I exclaimed, half-maddened by the monstrous charge.

'But I soon learnt a little, and guessed the rest. Raven, in order to dispose of me, and to effectually put a stop to my marriage, had written out the draft in an unusual manner, and had appended his name in a way which had caused his banker to decline to cash the cheque, and to indorse it with the words: "Signature differs."

'The draft had been returned in this condition to Raven, who, without hesitation, had pronounced it to be a forgery. According to his story, which was only too plausible, I alone could be the criminal. The cheque was payable to me; I had access to the drawer in which he kept the book from which the form had been torn; and the clumsy signature had been written much as I might have written it.

'You can guess the sequel, doctor. I was tried; and although I was very ably defended by a leading counsel, who was a personal friend of mine, I was convicted, and sentenced to transportation. How shall I describe to you the agony of those days! In due course, I was sent out here with a shipload of cut-throats and felons. In a few years, doubtless, I was nearly forgotten at home, for my conviction killed my father; and who else was there to remember me save Raven, and Mary Bagster, whom he, to add to my wretchedness, soon afterwards married?'

At this point, Sir James was seized with spasmodic pains, brought on by his excitement; and I was obliged to temporarily forbid his continuing the painful narrative. An hour or two later, however, finding him calmer, I permitted him to go on.

'I served my time,' he continued; 'and then, having no friends in England, I decided to remain here. Like many others, I went to the diggings; and, unlike most, I was fortunate. I invested everything in land and stock; tried to make myself publicly useful; gradually obtained the confidence and respect of my fellow-citizens; and two or three years ago, as you know, received the honour of knighthood. I

can now say with truth, doctor, that there is no man in Australia who would refuse to grasp me by the hand because I was once a convict.'

'Has your innocence never been proved?' I asked.

'Never!' he returned. 'I might, perhaps, have made a second endeavour to prove it long ago; but I could not bring myself to make *her* unhappy—unhappier, that is, than he has made her. As I have told you, she became Lady Raven. You cannot expect me to be able to tell you that the man who so cruelly swore away my liberty made her a good husband. He systematically ill-treated her; and although she bore him several children, and was, I have heard, an exemplary wife, until she was crushed by his brutality, he behaved to her as he would not have behaved to his dogs. Do you know, doctor, that I preserve my love for her still? I have never ceased to love her, although she believed evil of me, and never sent me a single word of sympathy; and I have left everything I have to her eldest son, who by this time has sons of his own. But I do not know whether or not she is dead. I have, however, provided that, should she be living, she is to have a life-interest in my estate. Poor thing, she deserves it; for sadly did she suffer, and not unfrequently, I expect, did she want.'

'And he?' I asked. 'What became of Raven?'

'In time, he deserted her, and plunged into the lowest depths of drunkenness and dissipation. He had wasted his fortune; and not very long ago, I read that he had been picked up in a fit in the streets of Paris and had died before his removal to the hospital.'

'I am shortly going to England, Sir James,' I said; 'and if I can be of any use in discovering this poor lady's whereabouts, I shall be glad to do my best.'

'You are going to England? I am happy to hear it. You then can do what I feared would have to be done for me by a third party. I want you to find Lady Raven and tell her what I have told you. Tell her that, although we have been separated for more than forty years, I still think of her; that I die thinking of her; and that I forgive her; and—— Yes, doctor, tell her, too, that I forgive him. I must forgive him. Yes; I do, fully.'

I need not go on to describe the painful hours I spent at Sir James's side ere death released him from his sufferings. Suffice it to say that he bore himself, even in his moments of greatest agony, with becoming resignation. Until the last, he was thoughtful for all about him, rather than for himself; and when the long sleep at last closed his weary eyes, I turned away, feeling that Australia had lost a man the memory of whom she might justly cherish.

Two or three months afterwards I returned to England. Lady Raven, who for some time had been in impoverished circumstances, had meanwhile been discovered by my late patient's solicitors; and before I saw her, she had been apprised of the provisions of Sir James Reilly's will.

I introduced myself to her as his friend; and found her occupying a pleasant but not very well furnished house in one of the best squares in Bayswater.

'It is all a mystery,' she said to me, when she had first apologised for the disorder of her temporary abode. 'Poor James! He was once very fond of me. It was many years ago. We should have married, you know, but for an unfortunate circumstance. Perhaps you have heard of it?'

I was slightly annoyed at the tone in which she spoke of her dead benefactor.

'I have heard of it, Lady Raven,' I returned seriously.

'But it did not spoil his success in life,' she continued with a slight laugh; 'and now, at last, he has made restitution. Well, it is only what we deserve! He robbed my late husband, you know; and it is fitting that we should be his heirs—is it not?'

I was beginning to feel angry. Even if Sir James had been guilty, she had no right to speak of him now in so light and scornful a tone. Already, I saw, she was recklessly spending her newly acquired wealth, though she had not actually entered into possession of it, the will not having then been proved. Her misfortunes had not made a good woman of her. She was gaudily dressed. Instead of being in mourning, she was covered with jewelry. Surely it was well for poor Sir James that this vain woman had never been his wife!

'Lady Raven,' I said sternly, 'we may as well end this. Sir James Reilly never injured you or any other living creature. It was your husband who was the criminal! He wrote his own name to that cheque which led to Sir James's transportation. He denied the facts, and caused your benefactor to be sent to the antipodes! And do you think that I, knowing all this, will suffer Sir James's fair name to be slandered?'

She turned pale, and clung for support to a chair. 'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed; 'is it —can it be true? I knew it, then—I knew it! My husband once told me all, when he was delirious with drink. God forgive me!' and she fell like a corpse to the floor.

I summoned the servants, who carried her to her room. I then sent for a physician, and in the meantime did what I could to revive her. But my efforts were in vain, and soon after my colleague arrived, she expired. An examination subsequently disclosed the fact that she had long been a sufferer from heart-disease.

I am glad to be able to say that her son, who is now enjoying Sir James Reilly's munificent bequest, is worthy of the legacy. A week or two ago he sailed with his family for Victoria, and it is his ambition there to follow in his benefactor's footsteps.

THE EDELWEISS—THE SWISS BRIDAL FLOWER.

It will be a great consolation for young ladies to know that the *Edelweiss*, associated with mystery, matrimony, and maidens, and rejoicing in the name of *Leontopodium Alpinum*, has been making quite a sensation in the *Standard* newspaper. This Edelweiss, so familiar to tourists in the Alps, and to young ladies fresh from the newest novel, has always been thought to belong exclusively to the Alpine regions of Switzerland; but the range of its geographical distribution has been widely extended, and it is now found to belong to various other altitudes besides those of the Switzers. Much romance attaches to the

favourite plant, so nearly allied to our cudweeds and gnaphaliums, and so very near and charming a relation of our pretty *Centennaria dioica*, the Mountain Everlasting, found upon our heaths. The Edelweiss is the bridal flower of the Swiss girls, being used by them, as we use orange blossoms, in the hair and in bouquets at their weddings. It is a plant 'far fetched, dear bought, and good for ladies,' and they will be glad to learn that they have no need to spend anxious hours in seeking it in its Alpine fastnesses in order to possess it.

The writer got some seed—just a pinch—of Freemans, of Norwich. It was put in a cold frame, by way of protection; it came up beautifully and flowered well in the open garden, in Yorkshire sunshine. The Edelweiss is a hardy perennial, and succeeds well in bog soil with plenty of sun; and when sown in spring, every lady may watch it grow for herself in England, and decorate her tresses with it in the autumn. All budding maidens and blushing brides will, we hope, be thankful for this idea. The romantic plant about which they have thought and read so often, and about which such long yarns have been spun, is in reality no more difficult of cultivation than ordinary 'forget-me-nots,' or mustard and cress.

We have great hopes that, after this succinct statement, when we look up at drawing-room windows, and when we go into our friends' conservatories, we shall be sure to see the Edelweiss, with its round head of silvery, white, fluffy, downy flowers and leaves. And when we see them, we shall also be quite sure that some fairy fingers have been at work, that some tender heart is beating fast, that some romance is being played out under those very eaves, and that some happy maiden is cultivating the delicious Edelweiss for no other purpose in the world except an early wedding. And may good luck attend her! It is too much to believe, of course, that the plant will be grown simply as a botanical rarity, or to send out as souvenirs, or to place in herbariums and albums. Depend upon it, if you see the Edelweiss growing and blooming, the next thing is to look out for a pair of white gloves, and a sweet, fluffy bridal cake, as white and chaste and ornate as the Edelweiss itself.

IN YARROW.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A DREAM of youth has grown to fruit,
Though years it was in blossom;
It lay, like touch of summer light,
Far down within my bosom:
It led me on from hope to hope,
Made rainbows of each morrow,
And now my heart has had its wish—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

And as I stood, my old sweet dreams
Took back their long-lost brightness;
My boyhood came, and in my heart
Rose up a summer lightness.
I heard faint echoes of far song
Grow rich and deep, and borrow
The low, sweet tones of early years—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

O dreams of youth, dreamt long ago,
When every hour was pleasure!
O hopes that came when Hope was high,
Nor niggard of her treasure!—
Ye came to-day, and, as of old,
I could not find your marrow;
Ye made my heart grow warm with tears—
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

That touch of sorrow when our youth
Was in its phase of sadness,
For which no speech was on the lip
To frame its gentle madness,
Rests on each hill I saw to-day,
Till I was left with only
That pleasure which is almost pain,
The sense of being lonely.

The haunting sense of love, that now
Beats with a feebler pinion
Above the shattered domes that once
Soared high in his dominion,
And in the air of all that time,
Nor joy nor sadness wholly,
Seem all to mix and melt away
In pleasing melancholy.

Why should it be that, as we dream,
A tender song of passion,
Of lovers loving long ago
In the old Border fashion,
Should touch and hallow every spot,
Until its presence thorough
Is in the very grass that throbs
With thoughts of love and Yarrow?

We know not; we can only deem
The heart lives in the story,
And gives to stream and hill around
A lover's tearful glory,
Until it bears us back to feel
The light of that far morrow
That touched the ridge on Tinnis Hill,
Then fell on winding Yarrow.

Ah, not on Yarrow stream alone
Fell that most tender feeling,
But like a light from out a light,
An inmost charm revealing,
It lay, and lies on vale and hill,
On waters in their flowing;
And only can the heart discern
The source of its bestowing.

Yes! we may walk by Yarrow stream
With speech, and song, and laughter,
But still far down a sadness sleeps,
To wake and follow after.
And soft regrets that come and go,
The light and shade of sorrow,
Are with me still, that I may know
I stood to-day in Yarrow.

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AT AN EASTERN DINNER-PARTY.

In Mohammedan countries generally, there is a greater gravity, a greater appearance of austerity in public, and a more apparent mortification of the flesh, than with us. Grave faces are seldom seen to smile; the corners of the mouth are more often drawn down than up. But this apparent solemnity is much produced by the numerous rules of etiquette, a breach of any of which would cause a serious depreciation in the social position of the man who was guilty of it.

As a rule, the Oriental, more particularly the higher-class Persian, has two entities—one of the silent and solemn pundit, speaking only in whispers, and with either the Spartan brevity of Yes and No, or launching out into complimentary phrases, as insincere as they are poetic—a being clad in long flowing garments of price, behatted or beturbaned, according to his class, and with a knowledge of the little niceties of form and phrase that would do credit to an experienced Lord Chamberlain. Priests, lawyers, merchants, the courtier and soldier classes, all are thus; for a single public slip from the code of ceremonial and etiquette would cause at once a loss of caste. In fact, at first, to the newcomer they seem all Pharisees, and wear their phylacteries broad. Such are the upper-class Persians outside their own homes, and from sunrise to sunset. It is of the Oriental in his other phase, and among his friends, or 'cup-companions' as Lane in his *Arabian Nights* translates the word, that I have to tell—in fact, the Persian at home.

Some years have elapsed since I went to the little dinner I am about to describe; the giver and some of the guests have submitted to the irony of fate—two dead in their beds, a noteworthy thing among the grandees or wealthy in Persia; one executed for so-called high-treason, really murdered, after having surrendered himself to the king's uncle under an oath of safety for his life; another judicially done to death because he was rich. One, then the greatest and richest of the party, is eating in a corner the bread of charity, blind and poor; one young fellow, then a penniless parasite, little more than a servant without pay, who handed pipes and ran messages, is now in high employ, and likely to become a minister. Others of that party would now be glad to hand his pipes and run his messages for the mere sake of his protection. It was this young fellow who brought me my invitation—a verbal one. 'Mirza M—— Khan sends you his salaams, and hopes you will eat your dinner at his house at an hour after sunset to-night. Will your honour come?'

'Please to sit. I hope you are well. Who is to be there? Any Europeans?'

'No; only yourself. At least, there is one—the Dutch doctor; and as he has been so many years here, he is more a Persian than ourselves. And hakim-sahib [European doctor], will you, the Khan says, bring two packs of cards?'

'Ah, Mirza, the secret's out; it's not me they want, but my two packs of cards.'

'No, hakim-sahib. By your head, it's not so. You don't know the Khan—at least, not in private. He is good-nature itself; and he wants you to come to eat his dinner, to taste his salt. Besides, Gholam Nahdi is to be there, and there will be dancing. Ba! an entertainment to dwell in the memory.'

Now, the fact of the dancing intrigued me. I knew that Mirza M—— Khan did not merely invite me for the sake of the cards, as he could have had them for the asking. I was anxious to see an entertainment in the house of a rich man, so I resolved to go.

'On my eyes, Mirza.'

This is the current expression for an affirmative, a respectful affirmative, meaning that I would certainly do myself the honour.

The Mirza declined a pipe, as he had other errands to fulfil; asked leave to depart, as is the custom, and bowed himself out.

I had gladly accepted, for I wished to see the dancing, of which I had heard much, and also the performance of impromptu farces or

interludes, for which the *lūtis* (buffoons) of Shiraz are celebrated throughout Persia; for it was in Shiraz itself that the invitation was given; and it was in the house of one of its local grandees that the entertainment was to take place. If, then, I was ever to see a real Oriental entertainment, now was my time, in the city of Saadi and Hafiz, in the real Persian heart of Persia. Mirza M—— Khan was a grandee, and I knew personally very little of him, save that he was very wealthy, very good-natured, and a very good patient, in the sense that he was grateful for work done and remunerated it with no niggard hand.

At the appointed time, I rode through the narrow dusty streets of the town, as was the custom, having quite a little procession of my own. Was I not going out to dinner? and among Persians, to invite a guest is to invite his servants too; consequently, even to the cook's disciple, they were all there to accompany me. When I remonstrated at so large a following, my head-man told me that 'I really must allow him to keep up my dignity in a proper way.' The only servant left in my house was the doorkeeper, and he was obliged to stay to guard it; the rest all came. First went my two carpet-spreaders, crying, 'Out of the way!' each carrying a big stick, and girded, as is the custom, with the short, straight, hiltless sword called a kammar, the sharp point of which would nearly always be fatal if thrust with; but it fortunately is almost invariably used merely to hack; and unless the skull be fractured, merely lets out some of the hot Persian blood, and so the frequent quarrel ends. Then came the cook, an artist in his way. He, doubtless, would give a helping hand with the dinner. With him was the table-man, who strutted in all the glory of a bright blue moiré antique tunic; a smart black lambskin cap of the latest fashion, cocked knowingly; a silver watch-chain, and my silver *kalian* or water-pipe; for, though one is provided with these and tobacco galore, every man brings his own; and a European, if wise, invariably followed the custom, for it prevented little hitches, such as that of some holy man or priest being obliged to refuse to smoke the pipe of the dog of an unbeliever, or of a special hubble-bubble being handed to the Giaour for his sole delectation. No visit, much less entertainment, in Persia can be made without the frequent introduction of the water-pipe. Certainly it fills up gaps when the conversational powers of guests or visitors flag; and it is an inexhaustible subject of conversation; besides, it is the poetry and perfection of smoking. With the table-man walked the *sherbetdar*, or sherbet and ice maker. He would doubtless make himself useful. But I fear he went for the more than Homeric feast which he knew would be gladly spread for even the humblest hanger-on of any guest. Then at my horse's head walked my groom, carrying over his arm the embroidered cloth that is thrown over my horse when standing, to preserve him from draughts, and the saddle from sun and dust. They, too, both horse and groom, would be entertained as a matter of course. Such is the lavishness of Eastern hospitality. My head-man, in a long blue cloth cloak, marched at my side, more with the air of a humble friend than that of a servant. Thus, these men did their duty by me in keeping up my position, while at the same time they were well fed at my host's expense. And probably had I gone alone, the first inquiry would have been: 'Where are your servants, doctor?'

In honour of my host, I had donned a black frock-coat; and as the temperature was about eighty, my sufferings were great; but in the East, a cut-away coat is indecorous; and my linen suits unfortunately were made in the usual shooting-coat shape. After some half-hour's ride through tortuous and evil-smelling lanes, by mosques and through bazaars, in and out of repair, we came to the large mud-plastered portico of Mirza M—— Khan's house. At the door was a sentry, who saluted. I dismounted, my servants—as is the custom—supporting me under the arm-pits.

'The Khan is expecting you—be pleased to enter,' said a grave and well-clad domestic, who proceeded to usher me into the house.

I was shown into the *berūni*, or men's apartments. A paved courtyard, some thirty yards by ten, with sunken beds of common flowers on either side, and many orange-trees covered with their dark-green fruit; a raised tank or *hauz* of running water, twenty yards by three, with playing-jets; a crowd of servants with pipes. These struck my eye as I passed up to the further end, where I saw my host seated at the open window of a large room. Although quite light, the whole place was ablaze with lamps and candles in rows. On a carpet in the courtyard sat the Jew musicians, who played their loudest on the usual instruments of torture—the tambourine, two hand-drums, a kind of fiddle, and a sort of guitar; while an old man made night hideous by drumming on a horrible kind of military drum called a *dohōl*, a thing that I have seen, except on this occasion, used at Eastern weddings only. Happily, he varied the dreadful performance by eldritch solos on a two-tubed flute, such as that we see in Roman processions on ancient buildings. Singers, too, made night hideous. But all these men were fortunately in the open air, and their performance was not so deafening when one entered the room.

'Ah, hakim-sahib!' said my host, rising. 'Bismillah! be seated; pray be seated.'

All the guests on my entry had risen from the ground on which they sat. I was placed in a seat of honour, far above my social deserts, and introduced to those of the guests with whom I was unacquainted. The rest, whom I knew, all shook hands with me.

'Pipes!' shouted Mirza M—— Khan—'pipes!'

A train of servants now entered the room. Each man brought his master's pipe. Conversation became general; the music played on. The bubbling noise of the water-pipes, the profusion of lights, the gay dresses of the whole party, the handsome carpets, the floridly decorated walls, the flowing water of the fountains, and the bright moon hanging over the orange-trees,

gave one the feeling that one was 'revelling.' There is no other word. Tea in tiny cups is handed. More pipes, more tea. Still the music, still the singing, or rather noise, to which nobody listens, of recited poetry howled in a crescendo scale. More guests, more pipes, more tea. All are assembled. Outer cloaks and heavy garments are thrown off, for the night is warm.

'What is this, hakim-sahib?' said the Khan, pointing to my frock-coat. 'You must be hot.'

I explained that my little white linen cut-aways were not formal enough for the aristocratic assemblage to which I had had the honour to be invited.

'Bah! Send for one. Make yourself at home.'

The order is given by my servant; and my groom gallops off, and soon returns with ease and coolness.

'A colleague of yours is come,' I am told in a whisper; 'he is about to astonish you. You see the bearded Khan I introduced you to; he is S—— Khan, general of cavalry. He has a needle in his back. The surgeon, Agha Ali, will come here and remove it. He doesn't consult you, as he doesn't believe in European doctors.'

Here trays of sweetmeats, salted almonds, pistachios, and other nuts, are brought in; wine in decanters; arrack, either in the form of pure spirits of wine, or flavoured and coloured green by the infusion of the fresh leaves of anise-seed. We all eat the sweetmeats, nibble the nuts, and most help themselves to wine or arrack.

My friend beckons to the cavalry general, who comes over and squats next me. I am introduced. After the usual glowing Eastern compliments, S—— Khan gives me a list of all his ills from birth. I am obliged to listen. The Persian custom is, whenever you meet a doctor, consult him. I learn that the Khan at present suffers from lumbago, and that he has obtained relief by acupuncture; that he has a special confidential valet, who is in the habit of each morning inserting an ordinary sewing-needle for more than an inch in the seat of pain; but that this morning the needle had been inserted, and then had disappeared. The general rapidly removes his clothing, and exposes his back. There are innumerable scars of acupuncture. I gravely examine the back.

'Ah, there, there it is!' he shouts.

I am compelled to frankly inform him that the needle has probably been lost, and is not in his body.

He is most indignant. 'Ah, you Europeans, you Europeans, you never will believe. Why, Agha Ali, the *jerreh* [surgeon], says it's there; and it must be there. Besides, he is going to extract it by the mouse.'

'By the what?' I say in astonishment.

'The mouse. Don't you understand *that?*'

'No. What mouse?'

'Ah, science; ah, Europeans; he doesn't understand the action of the mouse!'

A chorus of explanations is now afforded me. A live mouse is to be bound on the bare back of the general, and by some occult means the needle will leave his body, and be found in that of the mouse.

I laugh, and remain incredulous. The pooh of scorn is my only answer.

'Will you believe it if you see it?'

'Yes; I am open to conviction.'

'Ah, you soon will; he will be here directly.'

The coming of my Oriental *confrère* is expected eagerly by me. There is no sign of dinner, though eight o'clock. I munch my salted nuts, and ask what kind of needle has been used.

'A European needle—one of these.'

The confidential valet produces a packet of No. 8—an ordinary English sewing-needle.

'Are these what you use?'

'Yes. Always these; never any other. The one that is in the Khan's back—may I be his sacrifice—was one of these out of this very packet.'

The Khan here puts his finger to the exact spot, and his face expresses agony.

At this moment I see my *confrère* coming up the courtyard. No one makes way for him. The native surgeon is evidently not a person of distinction, as the native physician is; he is merely a little tradesman, in social status below his rival the barber. Where the functions of the one end and the other begin is very doubtful. The barber bleeds, cups, draws teeth, reduces dislocations, performs the actual cautery and various other needful operations. The surgeon does all these things; probes and prods at gunshot wounds; looks at fractures and tumours; has a few strange medieval instruments, which, like a clever man, he seldom uses; and in cases of surgical emergency, he looks wise, and never, or hardly ever, interferes. I was, however, now to have an opportunity of seeing a Persian surgical operation.

Agha Ali does not attempt to enter the room till bidden by my host with a loud 'Bismillah!' Then, stooping humbly, his hands carefully covered by his ragged cloak, whose amplitude hides the numerous deficiencies of the rest of the poor fellow's wardrobe, he enters the room.

'Salaam!'—in a loud tone.

To this salutation no one responds, and the surgeon humbly seats himself in the lowest corner. I felt for the man; and to put him at his ease, attempted to converse with him; but he took no notice of my remarks. Was I not a rival and an unbeliever!

S—— Khan, however, ordered him to examine his back; and on his doing so with much parade—listening carefully for the needle with an old stethoscope! the wrong end of which he applied to the general's august person—he formally declared that the needle was deeply seated. But 'Please God,' said he, 'by my science and by the help of the sainted martyrs Houssein and Hessan, I shall remove it.'

I now could perceive, from the looks of conviction of my fellow-guests, that *I* was looked on as the impostor, and that my ragged *confrère* had the confidence of the spectators.

It was now explained to me that the native surgeon proposed to affix a live mouse to the patient's back; and that, after a time, the needle would, by some mysterious power, be drawn from the body of the sufferer into that of the unoffending little quadruped. Of course so monstrous a proposition was received by me with the silent derision it deserved. I knew that some trick would be played. But what? Probably there was no needle at all in the sufferer's back;

the pain possibly would be cured by playing on his imagination. But how?

'Bring a mouse,' said our host; and several servants scurried off to execute the order. In a large Persian house, there is no difficulty in finding a mouse in the traps, or in the earthen jars in which grain is kept.

'May it please you, Excellency, may I be your sacrifice, I have a mouse ready,' said my surgical rival, taking a small flat tin box from his pocket.

There was a hum of expectation. The certainty of a deception of some sort caused me to watch the fellow narrowly. He opened the box very cautiously; a poor little mouse, a silken ligature affixed to each foot, was in it. He was alive; no doubt of that, but securely tied. When taken up, he gave a squeak of pain.

That squeak decided me; I saw the thing at a glance. 'Do you mean to tell me,' I said, 'that you are able to extract the needle from the Khan's back, and make it enter the body of the mouse?' I asked, open-mouthed, with feigned astonishment.

'Assuredly,' calmly replied the surgeon. 'With Heaven's and the blessed Prophet's help, I shall certainly do so.'

'Ah,' I replied; 'this is indeed a wonderful thing. Agha Ali, the surgeons of Persia have in you a burning and shining light; but your trick is old (here he turned pale).—Observe, my friends. Hey, presto, pass!—Khan, the needle has left you, and is *now* in the poor mouse's body.'

For the surgeon to close the box, in which was the mouse, and spring to his feet, was the work of an instant.

'What is this that the sahib says? What nonsense is this? If the sahib can cure the Khan's pain, why send for me? I am insulted. Let me go!'

But all to no purpose. The box was snatched from him. As I supposed, *the* needle—that is to say, *a* needle—was already there, slipped slily in under the loose skin of the little animal's back. I asked to be allowed to look at it, and requested that it might be compared with the needles in the Khan's packet. It was half an inch too short!

There was no doubt. S—— Khan was furious. 'Take him away!' shouted he, almost foaming with rage; nothing a Persian dislikes so much as to be over-reached—'take him away! I shall attend to his matter in the morning.'

A general of cavalry, particularly in Persia, is a great man, and his manner of attending to the affairs of those who have offended him is rough. Two black-bearded soldier-servants hustled the disappointed charlatan out of the room. S—— Khan felt almost well already. The mouse ran away, silken bonds and all; and I begged the absent surgeon off with some difficulty.

'I make you a present of him,' said S—— Khan.

This little episode had made the time pass. There was as yet (nine P.M.) no sign of dinner, though roasted quails, smoking hot on the spit, had been handed one to each person, as a sort of stop-gap. Most of the guests began to drink, some heavily.

A little wiry man in a pair of bathing-drawers, and otherwise naked, now entered the room. He juggled; he sung; he played on various instruments; he improvised. He and his son acted a little impromptu farce, in which the priests were mercilessly mimicked; then he did all the tricks of the European contortionist; then he turned somersaults amid a forest of *sharp* daggers, points upwards; then he ate fire; and finally took a header while vomiting flames into the tank below. This man was Gholam Nahdi, the celebrated buffoon. For his performance, he would get his dinner, and perhaps five shillings of our money.

'Where are the cards, sahib? Hakim-sahib, where are the cards?'

I sent for my servant, who produced them.

'Bismillah! let us play,' shouted Mirza M—— Khan.

'Let us play,' assented the guests.

They all set to, at a kind of lansquenet. All were wealthy men, and as they gambled only for silver coin, not much harm was done. Like a Christmas party of children at Pope Joan, how they shouted; and how they cheated, openly, most openly! He who cheated most was happiest, and the only disgrace was in being found out. S—— Khan, who sat next to me, had a method of cheating so simple, so Arcadian in its simplicity, that it deserves description. He lost, lost persistently; but his heap did not perceptibly diminish. I watched him. His plan was this. When he won, he put his winnings on his heap of coin. When he lost, he would carefully count out the amount of money he had to pay. 'Sixty kerans; ah! Correct, you see—sixty.' He would then gather it up in his two hands, place the closed hands on his own heap, let out the greater part of the sixty silver coins on his heap, and opening his closed hands from below upwards, apparently paid his losses into the pile of his successful adversary with a 'Much good may they do you! Another sixty kerans.'

After about an hour of this, the music and singing having been going on unceasingly, dinner was announced. The money was pocketed, or handed over to the care of servants. A long sheet of embroidered leather was spread on the ground; over this was placed a sheet of hand-printed chintz, some twelve feet by four; bowls of sherbet (iced sirups and water) were laid at intervals; and the various dishes, filled each to overflowing, and mostly swimming in fat, were placed in circular trays before every six guests. A plentiful dinner—no Barmecide feast. Lambs roasted whole, stuffed with dates, almonds, raisins, and pistachio nuts; sparrow and pomegranate soup; kebabs of lambs and antelope; all the thousand-and-one delicacies of the Persian cuisine—chillaus, pillaus, curries, fowls boiled and roast. All was good, well cooked, and lavish; for each man had some half-dozen servants with him, who would dine on the leavings; and our host had certainly fifty servants, all of whom would get a meal off these crumbs from the rich man's table.

Just as dinner was finishing, a grand display of fireworks took place; and that and dinner over, we all bade our host good-bye, and rode home through the dark streets, lighted only by

the lanterns which were carried by our servants; and the only sounds to be heard besides our horses' hoofs, were the barking of the street dogs, and the strangely human cry of the jackals. It was twelve at night, and Shiraz was fast asleep.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Yes, I hope you will come and see me often.—O yes, I shall miss my sister; but then I shall have all the more of papa.—Good-night. Good-night, Captain Gaunt.—No; I don't sketch; that was Frances. I don't know the country, either. It was my sister who knew it. I am quite ignorant and useless.—Good-night.'

Waring, who was on the loggia, heard this in the clear tones of his only remaining companion. He heard her come in afterwards with a step more distinct than that of Frances, as her voice carried farther. He said to himself that everything was more distinct about this girl, and he was glad that she was coming, glad of some relief from the depression which overcame him against his will. She came across one room after another, and out upon the loggia, throwing herself down listlessly in the usurped chair. It did not occur to him that she was unaware of his presence, and he was surprised that she said nothing. But after a minute or two, there could be no doubt how it was that Constance did not speak. There was no loud outburst of emotion, but a low suppressed sound, which it was impossible to mistake. She said after a moment to herself: 'What a fool I am!' But even this reflection did not stem the tide. A sensation of utter solitude had seized upon her. She was abandoned, among strangers; and though she had so much experience of the world, it was not of this world that Constance had any knowledge. Had she been left alone among a new tribe of people unknown to her, she would not have been afraid! Court or camp would have had no alarms for her; but the solitude, broken only by the occasional appearance of these rustic companions; the simple young soldier, who was going to bestow his heart upon her, an entirely undesired gift; the anxious mother, who was about to mount guard over her at a distance; the polite old beau in the background. Was it possible that the existence she knew had altogether receded from Constance, and left her with such companions alone? She was not thinking of her father, neither of himself nor of his possible presence, which was of little importance to her. After a while, she sat upright and passed her handkerchief quickly over her face. 'It is my own fault,' she said, still to herself; 'I might have known.'

'You don't see, Constance, that I am here.'

She started, and pulled herself up in a moment. 'Oh, are you there, papa? No, I didn't see you. I didn't think of any one being here.—Well, they are gone. Everybody came to see Frances off, as you divined. She bore up very well; but, of course, it was a little sad for her, leaving everything she knows.'

'You were crying a minute ago, Constance.'

'Was I? Oh, well; that was nothing. Girls cry, and it doesn't mean much. You know women well enough, to know that.'

'Yes, I know women—enough to say the ordinary things about them,' said Waring; 'but perhaps I don't know you, which is of far more consequence just now.'

'There is not much in me to know,' said the girl in a light voice. 'I am just like other girls. I am apt to cry when I see people crying. Frances sobbed—like a little foolish thing; for why should she cry? She is going to see the world. Did you ever feel, when you came here first, a sort of horror seize upon you, as if—as if—as if you were lost in a savage wilderness, and would never see a human face again?'

'No; I cannot say I ever felt that.'

'No, to be sure,' cried Constance. 'What ridiculous nonsense I am talking! A savage wilderness! with all these houses about, and the hotels on the beach. I mean—didn't you feel as if you would like to run violently down a steep place into the sea?' Then she stopped, and laughed. 'It was the swine that did that.'

'It has never occurred to me to take that means of settling matters; and yet I understand you,' he said gravely. 'You have made a mistake. You thought you were philosopher enough to give up the world; and it turns out that you are not. But you need not cry, for it is not too late. You can change your mind.'

'I—change my mind! Not for the world, papa! Do you think I would give them the triumph of supposing that I could not do without them, that I was obliged to go back? Not for the world.'

'I understand the sentiment,' he said. 'Still, between these two conditions of mind, it is rather unfortunate for you, my dear. I do not see any middle course.'

'O yes; there is a middle course. I can make myself very comfortable here; and that is what I mean to do.—Papa, if you had not found it out, I should not have told you. I hope you are not offended?'

'O no, I am not offended,' he said with a short laugh. 'It is perhaps a pity that everybody has been put to so much trouble for what gives you so little satisfaction. That is the worst of it; these mistakes affect so many others besides one's self.'

Constance evidently had a struggle with herself to accept this reproof; but she made no immediate reply. After a while: 'Frances will be a little strange at first; but she will like it by-and-by; and it is only right she should have her share,' she said softly.—'I have been wondering,' she went on with a laugh that was somewhat forced, 'whether mamma will respect her individuality at all; or if she will put her altogether into my place? I wonder if—that man I told you of, papa'——

'Well, what of him?' said Waring, rather sharply.

'I wonder if he will be turned over to Frances too? It would be droll. Mamma is not a person to give up any of her plans, if she can help it; and you have brought up Frances so very well, papa; she is so docile—and so obedient'——

'You think she will accept your old lover, or your old wardrobe, or anything that offers? I don't think she is so well brought up as that.'

'I did not mean to insult my sister,' cried Constance, springing to her feet. 'She is so well brought up, that she accepted whatever you chose to say to her, forgetting that she was a woman, that she was a lady.'

Waring's face grew scarlet in the darkness. 'I hope,' he said, 'that I am incapable of forgetting on any provocation that my daughter is a lady.'

'You mean me,' she cried, breathless. 'Oh, I can'—— But here she stopped. 'Papa,' she resumed, 'what good will it do us to quarrel? I don't want to quarrel. Instead of setting yourself against me because I am poor Con, and not Frances, whom you love—— Oh, I think you might be good to me just at this moment; for I am very lonely, and I don't know what I am good for, and I think my heart will break.'

She went to him quietly and flung herself upon his shoulder, and cried. Waring was perhaps more embarrassed than touched by this appeal; but after all, she was his child, and he was sorry for her. He put his arm round her, and said a few soothing words. 'You may be good for a great deal, if you choose,' he said; 'and if you will believe me, my dear, you will find that by far the most amusing way. You have more capabilities than Frances; you are much better educated than she is—at least, I suppose so, for she was not educated at all.'

'How do you mean that it will be more amusing? I don't expect to be amused; all that is over,' said Constance, in a dolorous tone.

He was so much like her, that he paused for a moment to consider whether he should be angry, but decided against it, and laughed instead. 'You are not complimentary,' he said. 'What I mean is, that if you sit still and think over your deprivations, you will inevitably be miserable; whereas, if you exert yourself a little, and make the best of the situation, you will very likely extract something that is amusing out of it. I have seen it happen so often in my experience.'

'Ah!' said Constance, considering. And then she withdrew from him and went back to her chair. 'I thought, perhaps, you meant something more positive. There are perhaps possibilities—Frances would have thought it wrong to look out for amusement—that must have been because you trained her so.'

'Not altogether. Frances does not require so much amusement as you do. It is so in everything. One individual wants more sleep, more food, more delight than others.'

'Yes, yes,' she cried; 'that is like me. Some people are more alive than others; that is what you mean, papa.'

'I am not sure that it is what I mean; but if you like to take it so, I have no objection. And in that view, I recommend you to live, Constance. You will find it a great deal more amusing than to mope; and it will be much pleasanter to me.'

'Yes,' she said, 'I was considering. Perhaps what I mean will be not the same as what you mean. I will not do it in Frances' way; but still I will take your advice, papa. I am sure you are right in what you say.'

'I am glad you think so, my dear. If you cannot have everything you want, take what you can get. It is the only true philosophy.'

'Then I shall be a true philosopher,' she said with a laugh. The laugh was more than a mere recovery of spirits. It broke out again after a little, as if with a sense of something irresistibly comic. 'But I must not interfere too much with Mariuccia, it appears. She knows what you like better than I do. I am only to look wise when she submits her *menu*, as if I knew all about it. I am very good at looking as if I knew all about it.—By the way, do you know there is no piano? I should like to have a piano, if I might.'

'That will not be very difficult,' he said. 'Can you play?'

At which she laughed once more, with all her easy confidence restored. 'You shall hear, when you get me a piano.—Thanks, papa; you have quite restored me to myself. I can't knit you socks, like Frances; and I am not so clever about the mayonnaises; but still I am not altogether devoid of intellect. And now, we completely understand each other.—Good-night.'

'This is sudden,' he said. 'Good-night, if you think it is time for that ceremony.'

'It is time for me; I am a little tired; and I have got some alterations to make in my room, now that—now that—at present when I am quite settled and see my way.'

He did not understand what she meant, and he did not inquire. It was of very little consequence. Indeed, it was perhaps well that she should go and leave him to think of everything. It was not a month yet since the day when he had met that idiot Mannering on the road. To be sure, there was no proof that the idiot Mannering was the cause of all that had ensued. But at least it was he who had first disturbed the calm which Waring hoped was to have been eternal. He sat down to think, almost grateful to Constance for taking herself away. He thought a little of Frances hurrying along into the unknown, the first great journey she had ever taken, and such a journey, away from everything and everybody she knew. Poor little Fan! He thought a little about her; but he thought a great deal about himself. Would it ever be possible to return to that peace which had been so profound, which had ceased to appear capable of disturbance? The circumstances were all very different now. Frances, who would think it her duty to write to him often, was henceforth to be her mother's companion, reflecting, no doubt, the sentiments of a mind, to escape from which he had given up the world and (almost) his own species. And Constance, though she had elected to be his companion, would no doubt all the same write to her mother; and everything that he did and said, and all the circumstances of his life, would thus be laid open. He felt an impatience beyond words of that dutifulness of women, that propriety in which girls are trained, which makes them write letters. Why should they write letters? But it was impossible to prevent it. His wife would become a sort of distant witness of everything he did. She would know what he liked for dinner, the wine he preferred, how many baths he took. To describe how this thought annoyed him would be impossible. He had forgotten to warn Frances that her father

was not to be discussed with my lady. But what was the use of saying anything, when letters would come and go continually from the one house to the other? And he would be compelled to put up with it, though nothing could be more unpleasant. If these girls had been boys, this would not have happened. It was perhaps the first time Waring had felt himself within reach of such a wish, for boys were far more objectionable to his fine tastes than girls, gave more trouble, and were less agreeable to have about one. In the present circumstances, however, he could not but feel they would have been less embarrassing. Constance might grow tired, indeed, of that unprofitable exercise of letter-writing. But Frances, he felt sure, would in all cases be dutiful, and would not grow tired. She would write to him perhaps (he shivered) every day; at least every week; and she would think it her duty to tell him everything that happened, and she would require that he should write. But this, except once or twice, perhaps, to let her down easily, he was resolved that nothing should induce him to do.

Constance was neither tired nor sleepy when she went to her room. She had never betrayed the consciousness in any way, being high-bred and courteous when it did not interfere with her comfort to be so; yet she had divined that Frances had given up her room to her. This would have touched the heart of many people, but to Constance it was almost an irritation. She could not think why her sister had done it, except with that intention of self-martyrdom with which so many good people exasperate their neighbours. She would have been quite as comfortable in the blue room, and she would have liked it better. Now that Frances was safely gone and her feelings could not be hurt any more, Constance had set her heart upon altering it to her own pleasure, making it bear no longer the impress of Frances' mind, but of her own. She took down a number of the pictures which Frances had thought so much of, and softly pulled the things about, and changed it more than any one could have supposed a room could be changed. Then she sat down to think. The depression which had seized upon her when she had felt that all was over, that the door was closed upon her, and no place of repentance any longer possible, did not return at first. Her father's words, which she understood in a sense not intended by him, gave her a great deal of amusement as she thought them over. She did not conceal from herself the fact that there might ensue circumstances in which she should quote them to him to justify herself. 'Frances does not require so much amusement as you do. One individual requires more sleep, more food, more delight than another.' She laid this dangerous saying up in her mind with much glee, laughing to herself under her breath: 'If you cannot get what you want, you must take what you can get.' How astounded he would be if it should ever be necessary to put him in mind of these dogmas—which were so true! Her father's arguments, indeed, which were so well meant, did not suit the case of Constance. She had been in a better state of mind when she had felt herself to awake, as it were, on the edge of this desert, into which, in her impatience, she had flung herself, and saw that there was no escape for her, that she had been taken at her word, that she was to be permitted to work out her own will, and that no one would forcibly interfere to restore all her delights, to smooth the way for her to return. She had expected this, if not consciously, yet with a strong unexpressed conviction. But when she had seen Markham's face disappear, and realised that he was gone, actually gone, and had left her to exist as she could in the wilderness to which she had flown, her young perverse soul had been swept as by a tempest.

After a while, when she had gone through that little interview with her father, when she had executed her little revolution, and had seated herself in the quiet of the early night to think again over the whole matter, the pang returned, as every pang does. It was not yet ten o'clock, the hour at which she might have been setting out to a succession of entertainments under her mother's wing; but she had nothing better to amuse her than to alter the arrangement of a few old chairs, to draw aside a faded curtain, and then to betake herself to bed, though it was too early to sleep. There were sounds of voices still audible without, people singing, gossiping, enjoying, on the stone benches on the Punto, just those same delights of society which happy people on the verge of a new season were beginning to enjoy. But Constance did not feel much sympathy with the villagers, who were foreigners, whom she felt to be annoying and intrusive, making a noise under her windows, when, as it so happened, she had nothing to do but to go to sleep. When she looked out from the window and saw the pale sky spreading clear over the sea, she could think of nothing but Frances rushing along through the night, with Markham taking such care of her, hastening to London, to all that was worth living for. No doubt that little thing was still crying in her corner, in her folly and ignorance regretting her village. Oh, if they could have but changed places! To think of sitting opposite to Markham, with the soft night-air blowing in her face, devouring the way, seeing the little towns flash past, the morning dawn upon France, the long levels of the flat country sweep along; then Paris, London, at last! She shut the *persiani* almost violently with a hand that trembled, and looked round the four walls which shut her in, with again an impulse almost of despair. She felt like a wild creature newly caged, shut in there, to be kept within bolts and bars, to pace up and down, and beat against the walls of her prison, and never more to go free.

But this fit being more violent, did not go so deep as the unspeakable sense of loneliness which had overwhelmed her soul at first. She sprang up from it with the buoyancy of her age, and said to herself what her father had said: 'If you cannot get what you want, you must take what you can get.' There was yet a little amusement to be had out of this arid place. She had her father's sanction for making use of her opportunities; anything was better than to mope; and for her it was a necessity to live. She laughed a little under her breath once more, as

she came back to this more reassuring thought, and so lay down in her sister's bed with a satisfaction in the thought that it had not taken her any trouble to supplant Frances, and a mischievous smile about the corners of her mouth; although, after all, the thought of the travellers came over her again as she closed her eyes, and she ended by crying herself to sleep.

(To be continued.)

THE BLACK MUSEUM.

THE name at the head of this paper will be a puzzle to a good many of our readers. Even among Londoners born and bred, not one in a hundred perhaps has heard of the Black Museum. *Whitaker's Almanac* knows it not; and *Dickens's Dictionary of London*, that 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of the wanderer in the great metropolis, makes no mention of it. Mr Samuel Weller himself, 'extensive and peculiar' as his knowledge of London is admitted to have been, might have had to plead guilty of ignorance in this one particular. And yet the Black Museum can show names of mark in its visitors' book. 'Counts a many, and dukes a few,' from Royal Highnesses downwards, have here inscribed their signatures. Literature and music are represented by Mr W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan; the drama by Miss Minnie Palmer; the fire brigade by Captain Shaw; and the last offices of the law by Mr William Marwood, who, we are told, was a frequent visitor. Not to keep the reader in suspense, the Black Museum is a small back-room on the second floor of the offices of the Convict Supervision Department, Scotland Yard, and its curios consist exclusively of articles connected in one way or another with crime and criminals. The objects exhibited are about a hundred and fifty in number. They are carefully labelled, and are further described in a bulky catalogue, which, in addition to names, dates, and other particulars, contains a number of photographs and newspaper cuttings having relation to the various items.

The collection is so arranged as to allow free inspection of the various objects, and the curator, Sergeant Bradshaw, takes an evident pride in his charge, and furnishes the history of any given item with remarkable promptitude and accuracy. Round three sides of the room, on a high shelf, are ranged a number of plaster casts from Derby jail and York Castle, representing the heads of sundry criminals, who, for one offence or another, have suffered the last penalty of the law. If it were customary to hang people on the strength of their personal appearance, we should say that most of these gentry fully deserved their fate. They are not a pleasant sight, and for the most part have not even notoriety to recommend them. One of them, however, a big heavy head, ticketed as that of 'John Platts'—executed in 1847, for the murder of one George Collis, at Chesterfield—acquires a factitious interest from the fact that the identical rope which hanged the original is looped over the gas pendant in the centre of the room. The halters connected with the other casts are also preserved in the Museum, but this one chances to have the place of honour. The curator calls our attention to the thinness of the rope—about five-eighths of an inch only—in comparison with that at present used, which is nearly or quite an inch in diameter. He further points out that the rope is much shorter than that now in use. Under the old régime, it was an even chance whether the criminal died by strangling or by dislocation of the neck; whereas, by the present more merciful 'long drop,' the neck is invariably dislocated, and death is practically instantaneous. Together with the halter are seen the cords—now replaced by a leather strap—for pinioning the arms of the condemned man, and the cap—a tall conical affair like a large cotton nightcap, but of double material—for drawing over his head at the supreme moment. These three items, the halter, the pinioning gear, and the cap, constitute the complete 'hangman's kit.' Sergeant Bradshaw informs us, not without a touch of regret, that Mr Marwood, on paying his last visit to the Museum, promised to present to it the ropes with which the murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke were executed, but died without having redeemed his promise.

From the appliances of the hangman, we pass by an easy transition to the last relics of the late Mr Charles Peace, which rank among the chief lions of the collection. Sergeant Bradshaw shows us, handling them 'tenderly, as if he loved them,' the working tools of the venerable miscreant: the neat little picklocks and skeleton-keys; the gimlet, muffled in an india-rubber casing; the handy little 'jemmy;' the crucible for melting down his spoils; and last, but not least, his 'ladder,' a simple wooden contrivance, folding into so small a compass as to go into an ordinary handbag, and yet, when extended, affording ample foothold for the cat-like 'prince of burglars,' as he is called, to climb up to a first-floor window. So original is the contrivance, that until Peace himself revealed its object, the police were quite at a loss to imagine its use. Here, too, are the inventor's blue spectacles, and his artificial arm—a leather stump with a hook in it—worn for the purpose of disguise, the real arm lying snugly within the coat. The secret of Peace having so long kept out of the hands of the police is that he had no accomplices, but worked entirely alone. Under cover of his disguise, he collected the necessary information for his exploits; and after some daring burglary, wherein the activity of a practised gymnast had been displayed, the last person to be suspected was the little one-armed old man with the blue spectacles. Wonderful are the ways of hero-worshippers. Some eccentric relic-hunter has actually cut a piece out of the artificial arm, and in some obscure corner of the universe doubtless dazzles his kinsfolk and acquaintances by the exhibition of a veritable bit of leather formerly belonging to a deceased burglar and murderer. The reader may remember that Peace, after having escaped the consequences of many previous crimes, was convicted of attempting the life of a policeman, and of the actual murder of a Mr Dyson, at Bannercross, near Sheffield; and after a determined attempt to escape by jumping from a railway train, was executed at Leeds on the 25th of February 1879. A carte-de-visite of Peace, taken by the Stereoscopic Company, is preserved in the catalogue, and should be a valuable example to the student of physiognomy;

the high forehead, deep-set eyes, and bulldog lower jaw indicating a singular combination—fully verified in the life of the man—of strong intellectual power and force of will, unbalanced by corresponding moral qualities.

From the Peace collection we pass to the stock-in-trade of less notorious burglars. Here is a miniature dark-lantern, manufactured by some ingenious scoundrel out of one of Bryant and May's three-penny tin match-boxes. 'To such base uses may we come at last!' The bull's-eye is a mere bit of window-glass, oval in shape, and so small that the operator can, when necessary, mask it with his thumb, no slide being used. The light-giving power of such a lantern must naturally be small, but it is probably quite sufficient to enable the burglar to avoid stumbling over tables and chairs, or to illuminate a key-hole.

Here are the working tools of Wright and Wheatley, the Hoxton burglars, now undergoing penal servitude—Wright being condemned for life, Wheatley to twenty years. Each carried a revolver; that belonging to Wright, with which he shot at and wounded two of the police, being stamped 'British Constabulary,' a queer illustration of the irony of fate, and of the proverbial 'engineer hoist with his own petard.' Each of these two practitioners carried his tools in a sort of haversack slung at his side. A later expert, captured in the act of an attempted burglary at the British Museum in 1884, took a bolder course, and carried his implements—also here preserved—in an ordinary carpenter's tool-basket, over his shoulder. This gentleman affected the early morning for his exploits, and unless caught in the very act, would naturally be taken for a harmless British workman, going about his lawful avocations.

As might perhaps be anticipated, we find here an ample collection of crowbars or 'jemmies' of various descriptions. These formidable appliances are made, it appears, in regular gradations of size, the three largest being known as the 'Lord Mayor,' the 'Alderman,' and the 'Common-councilman.' The Lord Mayor is four feet three inches in length, and is only used on great occasions, say the breaking open of a strong-room or very heavy safe. The specimen here shown was used in what is known as the Hatton Garden burglary in 1880, by Smith and others. The Alderman is three feet three inches in length; the Common-councilman about two inches shorter, and, as befits its lower dignity, not quite so stout. Whatever may be said as to the projected reform of the City of London, our readers will agree with us that the sooner *this* corporation is abolished the better. Passing downward from the Common-councilman, we come ultimately to the 'pocket' Jemmy—James the less, in more respectful language—which is about twelve inches in length. The Black Museum specimen is of finely tempered steel, and hinged so as to fold in half, in which condition a curate might carry it in his breast-pocket without exciting suspicion. The larger sizes divide into two or three lengths, which are screwed together when required for actual use. Some are solid, some of tubular steel, the latter construction giving increased lightness without any sacrifice of strength. Each end terminates in a chisel point, the one straight, the other slightly bent. In close contiguity to the crowbars we are shown specimens of the 'knuckle-duster,' a small but formidable weapon, for which we are indebted to our American cousins. The ordinary knuckle-duster is a flat piece of iron or brass about half an inch thick, with four oval openings of such size as to allow the passage of the four fingers. The fingers being passed through these holes, the hand closes with a firm grip on the 'butt' of the weapon, while the remainder of the metal stands out in the shape of an iron ring or guard over each knuckle, a blow from the hand thus armed coming with terrific force. Still more formidable is the 'spiked' knuckle-duster. Here each loop of the projecting guard over the knuckles, instead of being rounded, as in the former case, is fashioned into an angle of about ninety degrees, giving a cutting effect in addition to the natural force of the blow.

Passing on from the knuckle-dusters, we give a cursory glance at a varied collection of life-preservers, pistols, daggers, and other lethal weapons, all of which have seen service at some time or other. The butcher's knife, we note, is a decidedly popular weapon. There are also some half-dozen razors, all of which have been used in the commission of murders or attempted murders. It is a curious fact that they are without exception black-handled, the innocent whiteness of bone or ivory being apparently uncongenial to the murderous instinct.

Our attention is next directed to sundry tin canisters, which prove to be infernal machines. As a rule, they look harmless enough, one of them even assuming the innocent semblance of an ordinary lump of coal. The imitation is so good that it is only on taking it in the hand that we discover that the supposed coal is in reality metal, hollow, but of great weight and substance. This singular article was brought to the police by one Fraser Palmer, otherwise Farrell, otherwise 'Warhawk,' a man who had a mania for warning our own and foreign governments of plots which in reality had no existence save in his own imagination. He asserted that this supposed piece of coal, with others of the same kind, was intended to be charged with explosives, and mixed with the genuine coal in the bunkers of some doomed steamship. It is said that, in consequence of his revelations, an examination was made of the whole of the coal in the bunkers of the late Czar's steam-yacht *Livadia*, then lying at Glasgow, but without result. Side by side with this last item is a far more formidable-looking affair. It is of small size; but the solidity of its construction and the peculiarity of its shape—a flattened oval, tapering down at the extremity, where the fuse is inserted—indicate that special thought and ingenuity have been expended on its design. Even the most accomplished of criminals, however, cannot be always on his guard, and this deadly contrivance was inadvertently left in a tramcar. The conductor was persuaded that his 'find' was an infernal machine of more than ordinarily diabolical character, and he conveyed it with infinite precaution to the police, who at first were of the same opinion. Further investigation, however, satisfied them that the supposed explosive was merely a model, artistically cast in lead, of a new design for an infant's feeding-bottle!

A more serious interest attaches to the truncheon-case—pierced with a bullet—of the unfortunate policeman Cole, shot at Dalston in 1882 by the cowardly ruffian Orrock, in an attempted burglary at a Baptist chapel. Orrock's soft felt hat, found on the scene of the murder, is also here preserved, as also the chisel, with the letters 'rock' scratched upon it, which led to his identification. A photograph of the chisel is also shown; and it is a curious illustration of the detective powers of science that the mark, which on the chisel itself is imperceptible to ordinary eyesight, is plainly legible in the photograph.

Among the cartes-de-visite which adorn the Museum catalogue is that of O'Donnell, the man who shot the informer Carey. Here, too, are the two bullets which were extracted from Carey's body, and the revolver, a small pocket weapon, from which they were fired. A larger revolver, found among O'Donnell's luggage, lies beside it. Under a glass shade hard by lies a gelatine capsule, a harmless-looking affair enough, but belying its appearance, for it contains a deadly poison, aconite—being, in fact, the fellow to that used by Dr Lamson in 1882 to destroy his youthful brother-in-law. We are shown the carte of this criminal also, a gentlemanly-looking man, by no means answering to the conventional type of assassin. Appearances, however, are deceitful, as the copybooks of our youth so persistently reminded us. Under another glass shade is a piece of dark-brown leather, which proves to be a portion of the tanned skin of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr Perceval. Side by side with this is a curiosity of a different kind, a pin-cushion, skilfully worked in human hair, with the inscription, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye.' Here, apparently, the worker's stock of scriptural quotation failed, for she continues, 'My home is in heaven.' It is painful to have to relate that the good lady who worked these pious sentiments has been over three hundred times convicted of drunkenness and disorderly conduct! She presented this pin-cushion—in honour, we presume, of old acquaintance—to the Rev. Mr Horsley, chaplain of the House of Detention, who in turn presented it to the Black Museum.

A tall hat on a peg and much covered with dust, next attracts our attention. This homely relic was the property of the Rev. Mr Speke, the eccentric clergyman who suddenly disappeared, leaving his headgear—here present—in the Green Park, and was believed to have been murdered, but was subsequently discovered, in the garb of a labouring-man, at Padstow in Cornwall. He ultimately died, we believe, in a lunatic asylum. Close beside Mr Speke's hat hang a coil of rope, a pair of boots, and an old horse-pistol. These articles were the property of another clerical gentleman, the Rev. John Selby Watson, an eminent scholar, of St Michael's Road, Stockwell. He was convicted, in January 1872, of the murder of his wife, whose body he had inclosed in a packing-case, corded with the piece of rope here shown. He was, however, respited on the ground of insanity, and thenceforth kept in confinement. He died quite recently, at Parkhurst Prison in the Isle of Wight, falling out of his bunk in a fit and fracturing his skull.

Not far distant are mementos of other well-known murderers. Here is the portrait, cut from the *Daily Telegraph*, of Lefroy, the murderer of Mr Gold on the Brighton Railway. Here is the rope used by Marguerite Dixblanc to strangle her mistress, Madame Riel, in Park Lane. Here are the boots of the unfortunate girl, Maria Clausen, murdered at Kidbrooke Lane, Eltham, and the plasterer's hammer which did the deadly deed. With another plasterer's hammer, also here preserved, Mullins murdered Mrs Emsley at Stepney, in 1860. Here, too, are sundry memorials of the Wainwright case, or Whitechapel murder, of 1874. Here are the chopper with which the unfortunate Harriet Lane was dismembered, and the spade which dug her grave. Here is one of the buttons cut from her dress, and a corresponding button found with her body; and—stranger item still—the piece of shinbone taken by a surgeon from the leg of the living Harriet Lane, and which formed a last unmistakable proof of the identity of the nameless corpse. Even the cigar which Henry Wainwright was smoking when arrested, is here preserved.

Turning to offenders of a more frivolous character, we have the peepshow apparatus wherein a pretended astrologer, calling himself Professor Zendavesta, and residing in Homer Street, Marylebone Road, London, was wont, 'for a consideration,' to call up the image of an inquirer's future wife or husband. To illustrate the audacity of the Professor and the fatuity of his dupes, we may mention that among his pictorial collection of promised husbands were found Mr Holman Hunt and Mr Henry Neville. Another branch of the Professor's business was the casting of nativities; and a number of his hand-bills, showing the great advantages to be derived from possessing the 'straight tip' in this particular, are preserved with the peepshow apparatus. Next to this latter is a circular board with a number of shallow cups or depressions, painted of different colours, but higgledy-piggledy, like a solitaire board 'gone wrong.' This is an appliance for public-house gambling. A marble being dropped into a cylindrical arrangement at the side, is allowed to wander at will over the board, bets being made as to the particular colour in which it will finally settle. Not far distant is a bundle of 'flash' notes, used by sharpers to simulate unbounded wealth, for the purpose of the 'confidence trick' and similar frauds. 'Flash' differ from 'forged' notes, the latter being intended to be actually passed as money, and consequently made as like the real thing as possible. The flash note is a very rough affair, and only aims at simulating the general appearance of a genuine note. The specimens before us are headed 'Bank of Engraving,' and run: 'I promise to engrave and print in letter-press on demand for the sum of ten pounds, in the first style of the art, or forfeit the above sum. London, 29 April 1840. For Self and Co., Bank of Engraving. J. Duck.' There is the customary 'Ten' in large Gothic letters in the left-hand corner; and the paper and printing of a genuine note are imitated with sufficient closeness to deceive an unwary observer who merely sees the note in the hands of another person.

Among curiosities of a different kind is an Egyptian courbash, or bastinado, an article having

the appearance of an ordinary walking-cane, tapering considerably. It is said to be of rhinoceros' hide. Whatever the material, it is of great weight and flexibility; and when applied, after the mild Oriental fashion, to the soles of the victim's feet, must be extremely persuasive. The specimen before us had the honour of being exhibited during a recent debate in the House of Commons. Hard by it is an ancient watchman's rattle, with which an expert performer, if allowed full opportunity to use it, could make a noise audible at nearly two hundred yards' distance. As a matter of fact, however, it was chiefly used to batter the head of the watchman himself, for which purpose it was greatly approved by the malefactors of the period. A similar appliance, in an improved form, was used by the police up to a recent date; but is now happily superseded by a powerful whistle, which leaves the wearer full use of his hands for attack or defence, and can be heard for nearly three-quarters of a mile. Here, also, are handcuffs of various dates and construction, including the pair in which the notorious Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman, was hanged in chains (1795) on Wimbledon Common; and an ingenious wristlet, of Yankee contrivance, for securing an offender on his way to durance vile. It is not unlike a pair of caliper-compasses, but with a cross-handle, like that of a corkscrew. The compass portion being slipped over the wrist of the criminal, closes with a spring; and the handle being grasped firmly by the officer in charge, the captive has small chance of freeing himself, for a broken wrist would be the probable consequence of a struggle. Apropos of this useful appliance, Sergeant Bradshaw favours us with a little piece of professional advice, which will appropriately conclude our paper. 'Always grip your man,' he tells us, 'on his *right* side. Then, if he shows fight, he can only let you have it with his left, and you have your right hand free to tackle him. If you grip him on his left side, you leave him the use of *his* right hand to *your* left, and like enough he'll get the better of you.'

OSLA'S WEDDING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THURSDAY is invariably the wedding-day in Shetland—at least it used to be—and the previous Saturday is called the 'contract' day, when there are some mild festivities at the house of the bride's father. In the afternoon of this day, Ned and his best-man proceeded to the session clerk to give in the names for due proclamation of banns on Sunday, returning to Magnus's house, where a few mutual friends, mostly relations, met and spent some pleasant hours in the evening, but without encroaching on the sanctity of the day of rest. Although the term 'contract' was applied to these Saturday proceedings as a whole, there was never anything of the nature of a marriage contract, as usually understood; but these preliminaries were regarded as a sort of public and formal betrothal, almost amounting in themselves to a marriage.

On Sunday, due proclamation was made, as always, immediately before divine service commenced; and if any person or persons had any objections why these two, Edward Winwick and Osla Manson, should not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, they were then and there challenged to declare the same, or for ever after hold their peace. A few minutes afterwards, when the service had fairly begun—for it would have been considered very unseemly and unlucky to be present while the proclamation was being made, and dreadfully bad form not to have been in church at all—Ned and his best-man appeared in church, each carrying—as always a *sine quâ non* on such occasions, no matter what the state of the weather—an enormous brand-new cotton umbrella. Osla of course remained at her father's house, to which the two lads repaired after service, and had dinner, returning to their own homes at very proper hours.

On Monday morning the bridegroom arrived at the bride's home; and the pair, as the custom was, sallied forth arm in arm to bid the guests to the wedding. In this part of the proceedings, if to the invitation it was added that it was to be 'a free wedding,' that was regarded as the handsome and liberal thing, and meant that the bride's father provided everything for the entertainment. But if nothing of the sort was said, then it was expected, and quite understood, that the young men—only the young and unmarried men—would bring with them each a bottle of whisky. Need it be said that in Osla's case the invitation was to a 'free wedding.'

On Thursday before daybreak, the unmarried contingent of the wedding guests assembled at Magnus's snug cottage, where they had breakfast, and thereafter proceeded to the church. With the exception of a single couple, who were technically the 'married man' and 'married woman'—the former a relative of the bride, the latter of the bridegroom, but never any of the parents of either—only the young people, lads and lasses, ever went to church on these occasions. On the way thither, the 'married man' led the bride, and the bridegroom took the 'married woman.' Returning, the bridegroom of course took his wife, and the married man and married woman marched in company; and all the others going and returning, always arm-in-arm, were coupled according to their choice or predilections; but once paired, as they were on starting for church, each lad stuck to his lass as his special charge throughout the whole festivities with the most praiseworthy devotion and constancy, very rarely even dancing with any one else. A younger brother of Osla's acted as 'gunner,' always an important official on such occasions. Armed with an old flint-lock musket, he kept blazing away blank shots at intervals as the company tramped merrily over the roadless hills. Arrived at the church, the musket was left outside at the door, and the party trooped in and took their places in front of the communion table, where the minister was already waiting. The simple ceremony over, the bridegroom and best-man pulled out their brand-new snuff-boxes and handed them round, first of all to the minister. Also the best-man produced and handed to the girls a second box filled with very minute caraway comfits, into which each lass gingerly dipped the tip of her tongue, and abstracted for her delectation whatever of the contents might chance to stick thereto. It

would have been contrary to all immemorial precedent not to have been provided with these snuff and comfit boxes. Then a whisky-bottle was produced and the health of the newly married couple drunk. A Shetland bride's gown was almost always of coburg, gray, brown, or purple. Osla had chosen sober gray. A light cream-coloured shawl round her shoulders, a large net cap, busked with an enormous quantity of narrow ribbons of all shades of colour, like a gaudy floral crown, white woollen home-made stockings, and low leather shoes, completed her attire. Anything in the shape of a bonnet would have been utterly out of place, and never formed part of the get-up of a Shetland bride.

The parish school stood at a short distance from the church, and the boys, as usual on such occasions, had asked and obtained a half-holiday to see the wedding-party. Emerging from the church, the gay company was saluted with vociferous cheers. The gunner fired off his piece in acknowledgment; the biggest schoolboy sent a football high in air; and round and round the wedding-party for a mile or two of the walk homeward, the urchins kept up the ball-playing, racing and shouting like mad. The correct thing was for the bridegroom to give a new football to the schoolboys, or a shilling in lieu of one. If the latter, it was at once presented to the bride, and the greatest care was then taken that the old ball should be kept going, but never fall amongst the company. But if the niggardly bridegroom failed in this customary courtesy of a new ball or shilling, the inevitable consequence was that the ball was mercilessly and persistently played amongst the party, to the great damage of the girls' fineries. Ned, popular with every one, and of a most kindly and sympathetic nature, not only gave the shilling, but presented a new ball as well, which he had himself made a few days previously. His best-man carried it in his pocket, of course in a perfectly limp condition; but as soon as the party had fairly started from the church, he inflated it to its full dimensions from a pair of lusty lungs, and handed it to the bridegroom. Ned then stepped forward, and with one vigorous kick sent the ball high aloft and amongst the delighted boys, who rent the air with exultant shouts: 'Hurrah for the bride and bridegroom! Good-luck to them. Hurrah, hurrah!'

Meantime, the married friends and neighbours who had been invited had assembled at Magnus's house. These, headed by the bride's father and mother, met the newly married couple, and the young people their attendants, on their arrival from church. The bride's mother stepped forward with the bridescake—a large oatmeal cake, baked with butter, sugar, and caraway seeds. This she broke over the bride's head before crossing the threshold, and distributed amongst the guests; the father meanwhile handing drams all round. Healths were drunk according to the invariable formula: 'Here's to the bride and bridegroom and company.'

Dinner speedily followed. A Shetland fisherman's cottage usually consists of two apartments, the 'but-end' or kitchen, where all the family live and take their meals, and where the older children sleep; and the 'ben-end,' where the heads of the family and any young children there may be sleep in the two 'box-beds' against the wall. Magnus's house, as became an udaller's son, was provided with an additional small room. Dinner was a most substantial, I should say ponderous affair. The good things consisted of barley-broth, smoked mutton, pork ham, fresh and smoked geese, all boiled—nothing was ever roasted—oatmeal cakes, bearmeal bannocks, 'burstin brunnies,' and a few biscuits. Neither fish of any kind nor potatoes were ever produced at a wedding. (I should explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated reader, that 'burstin' is a kind of meal made from oats or bear—the latter a coarse kind of barley—highly dried in a kettle over the fire and ground very fine in a hand-mill; and 'burstin brunnies' are round thick cakes made of this meal, with or without the addition of butter, and baked on a gridiron over a peat-fire.)

The arrangement of the guests was peculiar, but strictly according to custom. Dinner was served to those who had been at church in the but-end. About the middle of the table on one side—for there was no head or foot—sat the married man, bridegroom, best-man, and general company of young men; on the opposite side sat the married woman, bride, best-maid, and general company of unmarried women. 'The auld folk'—as all the married guests were irreverently called—had dinner in the ben-end, and all were served by Magnus and his wife. Drams were occasionally handed round, and sparingly partaken of; indeed, there was nothing approaching to the slightest excess throughout the wedding festivities. But Shetlanders, I am proud to say, have always been an eminently temperate people; and at the many weddings I have been a guest, I have never seen any one forget himself by over-indulgence in drink.

Dinner over, the tables and their contents were quickly cleared away, the floor swept, and dancing commenced in the but-end. Frædie, the best fiddler in the island—and a first-rate one he was, genial withal, a prime favourite, and always in great request at weddings or other merrymakings—had, as a matter of course, been invited. On the top of a huge seaman's chest in a corner, a chair was set, and here Frædie took his place. Before commencing the hot and highly fatiguing work of the evening, the men disincumbered themselves of their coats, and the ball began with what is termed a 'sixum reel,' which is made up of three couples. This is always the most common and popular dance amongst Shetlanders. The figure of the reel is somewhat peculiar, but simple and graceful. As to 'steps,' when the dancers set to their partners, they were conspicuous by their absence; each dancer had a style and steps of his own and her own. Sixum, foursum, and threesum reels, and an occasional country-dance, were engaged in with unflagging energy and enthusiasm till tea-time. Round-dances were utterly unknown. Tea was served about seven o'clock, and then dancing was renewed with no diminution of spirit.

About nine o'clock a distant shot was heard. 'Grulacks!' (Shetlandic for guisers or maskers) 'Grulacks!' was the cry; and the dance in progress was instantly stopped in mid career. The gunner flew for his old musket and fired off the shot of welcome, without which the grulacks would not have approached the house. Presently,

six men entered, clad in most fantastic garb, which thoroughly disguised them. Some wore a rude straw tunic, reaching to the knee; some a short petticoat; each had a white or striped cotton shirt over his coat; and a gigantic high peaked straw-hat, liberally trimmed with festoons of narrow ribbon of various colours, adorned his head; while a thin handkerchief concealed his face, but did not blindfold him; and in his hand he carried a stout stick at least four feet long. The skudler, or chief of the band of grulacks, is distinguished from the others by the more gaudy and elaborate decorations of his head-dress. Welcomed by the friendly shot, these strangely attired maskers stepped boldly forward and appropriated the middle space of the kitchen floor, flourishing their sticks and striking the floor with them, and snorting and grunting in a manner peculiar to grulacks and pigs, but saying never a word. Presently, Frædie struck up the lively strains of the 'Foola Reel,' and they danced, first by themselves, and then for an hour with the girls. Then they discovered themselves, had some very substantial refreshments, and departed. All weddings were not graced by a visit of grulacks. It was meant as a very special mark of honour and respect. About midnight the guests had supper; and then the married portion of the company sped their way to their respective homes, but the young people kept up the dancing for two or three hours longer.

The time for bidding the bride good-night had now arrived, and as each young man stepped forward to offer his felicitations, he pulled out his purse, and in the most ostentatious manner presented her with a small sum of money varying from one to three shillings. These were the only marriage presents going, or usual on similar occasions, and they were always graciously accepted. It would have been regarded as an affront to refuse.

It might be supposed that now the wedding-party would finally separate. By no means. The correct thing in those days was to keep up the festivities till Saturday night, and Magnus Anderson was the last man in the island to depart one jot from old custom. Accordingly, accommodation was provided for the young people who had come from any considerable distance; others went to their own homes; but all again put in an appearance at daybreak on Friday morning; and during this day and Saturday, the feasting and fun continued with unflagging spirit. The lads played games at football during the few hours of daylight, and the evenings were spent in dancing and games. On Saturday evening the wedding-party at last broke up; but all met again at church on Sunday, when the newly married couple were 'kirkit.' Ned and Osla walked into the church arm-in-arm and took their places, supported by the entire wedding-party, the lads and lasses, however, in separate pews, according to the custom of those days.

Ned and Osla still survive, a fine old couple, hale and hearty. Their married life has been happy and prosperous. They have brought up a large family of sons and daughters, most of whom are married. Their eldest son is the popular captain of a large steamer, whereat the 'auld folk' are naturally not a little proud. Their grandchildren, too, are numerous; and Osla is full of hope that if her eldest daughter's daughter—who is also her own namesake, and has always been her special 'pet lamb'—has the good sense to accept the steady, handsome fisher-lad who wants to make her his wife, she may live to be a great-grandmother.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Next to a colliery explosion, there is nothing more terrible among industrial disasters than the explosion of a boiler; and the catastrophe seems still more terrible when it is considered that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it might, by the exercise of proper precautions, be altogether avoided. It is a comfort to find, by the returns issued for last year, that boiler explosions show a marked decrease in number. The establishment of Boiler Insurance and Inspection Companies, as well as the stringent action of the Board of Trade, are no doubt the prime factors in this reduction of such calamities. In looking over the returns of boiler explosions, we find that only two were credited to locomotive engines, and the plain reason for this is that such boilers are most carefully looked after. On the other hand, agricultural engines, and those working in various trades at a far lower pressure, were conspicuous by their frequent mention. The principal cause of explosion is corrosion of the boiler-plates either internal or external—in some cases, the metal being eaten away until it was only the thickness of tough brown paper. When it is remembered that such a state of things can be immediately made apparent by the hydraulic test, it seems incredible that any steam-owner should allow his men to run any risk for want of periodical inspection of their useful servant, but ruthless master—the boiler. In very few cases can an explosion of this kind be truly called an accident, except by lenient jurymen who do not know the difference between that word and the expressions 'culpable carelessness' and 'negligence.'

A curious instance of the power of nitro-glycerine and its wonderful vitality—if such a term can be applied to it—has lately occurred at Larne. An old ship, rotten and unseaworthy, had been abandoned in the harbour there many years ago, and had in process of time been carried away piecemeal by the neighbouring inhabitants for firewood. In February last two men were engaged in removing some of the old iron from the tube which had formed part of the pump of the vessel. They used a heavy hammer in this work, and at the second blow, an explosion occurred which killed them both instantly. Inquiry showed that the vessel had long ago been used for the carriage of dynamite. Immersion in water has the property of separating this dread explosive into its two constituents, namely, nitro-glycerine and infusorial earth. It is assumed that some of the former had settled in a recess in the ironwork, and had lain there until aroused into activity by the fatal blow.

Some years ago, a hospital was founded by a

benevolent gentleman for the relief of our four-footed fellow-creatures, and was named after him, 'The Brown Institution.' It stands in the Wandsworth Road, London. From the last annual Report of this hospital we learn that there were treated during the past year two hundred and twenty-two in-patients, and three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine out-patients, principally horses and dogs. With regard to the latter, it appears that towards the end of the year a series of cases of rabies occurred, but the disease was soon stamped out. Dr Burdon Sanderson, the well-known physiologist, was at one time at the head of this institution, and he made a suggestion with regard to the prevention of hydrophobia, which, although of a most valuable character, did not commend itself to the official mind, and was therefore not acted upon. He suggested that upon the back of every dog license issued should be printed a few lines giving the leading symptoms of hydrophobia, so that dog-owners could be warned in time. By this simple means the necessary steps could be taken to isolate or destroy an afflicted animal before it had time to do mischief to others. 'It is never too late to mend,' and we feel confident that this useful hint will yet be acted upon.

A new method of producing maps in relief has been invented and patented by a M. de Mendonca, a Portuguese councillor of state; and the system is receiving the attention of the War Ministries in France, Germany, and Italy. The maps are produced by chemical and mechanical processes; and the hills, vales, watercourses, &c. of a country are shown with such accuracy, that their height, depth, and extent can be readily measured. The maps are printed upon thin paper, which can be rolled up and put in the pocket without injury; nor are they injured even if soaked in water for several hours. Such maps—which can be as cheaply produced, it is said, as ordinary charts—will not only be of immense service to an army in the field, but will prove a boon to our schoolmasters and their pupils.

General Colston, a recent traveller in the Soudan, has lately pointed out how it is that Arabs contrive to live in the waterless deserts of that much-talked-of region. They are, to begin with, abstemious in their habits, and know every crevice and hollow in the hills where water will collect. They regard this fluid more perhaps in the light of a luxury than as a necessity, and use it with wonderful economy. They would never think of wasting it on the *exterior* of their bodies, and consider that once in forty-eight hours is often enough to replenish the inner man. General Colston tells us that when Bedouins came to his camp, water would be offered them, but would often be refused with the remark that the visitor had drunk yesterday. By cultivating this habit of abstemiousness, they are able to cover immense distances which would be impossible for a European, unless he were accompanied by baggage-animals.

The water difficulty in the case of laying the Suakim-Berber Railway is, however, to be met in a somewhat novel way. Messrs John Russell & Co. of Walsall proposed to the War Office last year that a pipe-line might be laid across the Desert. Subsequently, three miles of an experimental line of pipes and attached pumps was tested at Aldershot with satisfactory results. A contract has now been entered into for the laying down of fifty miles across the Desert, to follow the first section of the Berber Railway. It would be well if every difficulty in the way of that enterprise could be as easily surmounted.

A scheme for connecting Paris and London by a pneumatic tube has been devised, by which mails could be, it is said, conveyed between the two capitals in one hour. The tube would be of cast-iron, the lengths of which would be connected together by india-rubber junctions. The carriage, as designed, is a wire receptacle covered with asbestos cloth, and made in such a manner that the friction and the heat arising from such friction would be minimised. The compressed air to give the carriage its motive-power would be generated by a thirty-horse-power engine. It remains to be seen whether this last phase of Channel tunnelling will get beyond the paper stage.

According to *Engineering*, a United States chemist has discovered a method of preserving wood from decay, which although at present only applied to shingles—split logs used for roofing in lieu of slates or tiles—will have many other applications. By the process the wood is also rendered incombustible. Here is the method of treatment. Two hundred and fifty gallons of water are mingled with twenty pounds of lime and ten pounds of salt. In this mixture the wood is boiled until quite saturated. Shingles so prepared will last for roofing purposes for many years, although unprotected with paint. With regard to the fire-resisting powers of wood so prepared, experiments showed that when soaked in naphtha and set alight, the shingles would not catch fire, although, of course, the liquid burned itself out. A curious point in this method of preparing timber is that it is best applied to green wood, as then the sap cells are open, and will better absorb the solution.

For many years the electro-magnet has been used occasionally by surgeons for the extraction of small pieces of steel or iron which have become imbedded in the eye. Such cases of accidental injury are by no means uncommon, as our ophthalmic surgeons well know. Dr Snell of the Sheffield General Infirmary, in the neighbourhood of which steel works are numerous, has had his attention naturally drawn to the frequency of such cases, and has designed a form of magnetic instrument which in his hands has proved of great use. A soft iron core, surrounded by a coil of insulated copper wire—forming an electro-magnet—is covered with an ebonite casing. At one end the iron core protrudes; and is furnished with a hole, into which needles of different forms can be screwed when required. At the other end of the instrument the ends of the coil appear in the form of two terminals, to which wires from a portable battery can be readily attached. The needle is presented to the foreign body, and directly the electric current is applied, is turned into a most powerful magnet, which pulls away the offending fragment without any painful or tedious operation.

Once more the question of using balloons as an aid to warfare has come to practical test, and a number have been sent out to the Eastern

Soudan. It is rather remarkable that war-ballooning should only recently have been practised, especially when we remember that the French used a captive balloon for observing the movements of the enemy so long ago as 1794 at the battle of Fleurus. The great difficulty hitherto had been the necessary gas; but this has been overcome in the present instance by carrying it from England compressed in cylinders. One man in a balloon at the height of a few hundred feet from the ground can do the work of a large contingent on outpost duty. The thick scrub which in the late engagements near Suakim gave such protection to the Arabs, is thick no longer as now viewed from overhead.

The cheap telegrams which we are promised in August next are expected so to increase the demand for that mode of correspondence that it has become necessary to erect nine hundred additional miles of wire. To support these lines, many thousand Norwegian pines have been felled, to be replanted as telegraph poles in this country. We learn that larch used to be employed for this purpose, but it is found to be inferior to pine. But any kind of wooden support is perishable, even if treated with some preservative such as creosote. It therefore becomes a question of importance whether wooden poles should not be given up in favour of iron ones. The latter are, humanly speaking, imperishable; but they cost four times as much as wooden ones, and initial cost is a thing that must be taken account of in these days of constantly increasing taxation.

A newspaper correspondent in Afghanistan speaks of the Persian bread as being a most peculiar and unsavoury substance. It is made in large flaps, which he suggests would do for morning newspapers as well as bread—should the Persians ever require that kind of intellectual food—if put through a printing-press. In colour, substance, and appearance it is like the blacksmith's leather apron which used to figure as the standard of Persia. In curious contrast to this kind of fare is the bread made from acorns by the American Indians, the manufacture of which was lately described in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The acorns are first of all ground to a pulp, and put in vats hollowed out of the soil. Water heated by dropping into it hot stones, is poured upon the pasty mass, and it washes out the bitterness from the acorn pulp. The mass is now taken up and spread upon a rock to dry. For use, it is once more mixed with water and made into thin cakes, which are baked before the fire. The food thus made is sweet and palatable.

The last novelty in electrical science is the Skrivanow primary battery, which, although of small size, will feed an electric lamp of some power. It has been tried on the Thames by the police authorities for a search-light; and more lately a domestic glow-lamp has been exhibited which owes its radiance to the same source. Each cell of the battery consists of two zinc plates and a packet of chloride of silver, the exciting solution being caustic potash. The initial cost of the silver is of course somewhat heavy, but it does not waste. It is gradually transformed into metallic silver, which, once more reduced by a simple process to chloride, can be used again and again in the battery. The apparatus is small and compact, and represents a distinct advance in the direction of primary batteries, even if it brings us no nearer to universal electric illumination.

It may interest many to know that the Edison Central Station for the distribution of electricity for lighting purposes has now been in continuous operation for two years and a half, during which time there has been only one stoppage, lasting two hours. The price charged is at the same rate as gas at two dollars per thousand feet—considerably more than double the average price charged for gas in Britain—but the Company only earns three per cent. upon the outlay.

The recuperative system of gas-lighting which has for some time been on trial in the carriages of the Great Western Railway, has lately been adopted in two rooms of the *Langham Hotel*, London. The burners are made to consume their own products of combustion, and in the process they are supplied with the necessary volume of air at a high temperature. The principle is the same as that of the Siemens' regenerative gas-burner, but without its cumbrous apparatus. Each burner is furnished with a glass dome, inside which the flame is projected horizontally. No shadow is cast by the burner itself, as in ordinary gas-lamps, and the light is so white that colours can be readily distinguished by it. To these advantages may be added that of economy.

If it be possible to make warfare more hideous than it ever has been, the United States Dynamite Projectile Company will help towards that end. An account has lately been published of some practice with six-inch shells charged each with eleven pounds of nitro-gelatine. (This explosive contains ninety-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine.) The target was a perpendicular ledge of trap rock at a distance of one thousand yards from the gun. Tons of rock were torn away at the impact of each shell, the fragments being hurled a distance of half a mile. It is not difficult to imagine the effect of such a projectile falling amid a mass of human beings. There is at least one aspect of this desire for wholesale carnage which we may look upon with comfort—it points to a time when warfare will become too awful to be countenanced by civilised beings, and when all quarrels will be perforce adjusted by international arbitration.

It has always been a common idea that those of our fellow-creatures who are afflicted with blindness are endowed with abnormal power in the exercise of some other sense—hearing, for instance. This, according to Professor Graham Bell, is a mistake. He has found that the blind are far more liable to deafness than those who have the use of all their senses; and that the deaf are more liable to blindness than the more fortunate majority of their fellow-beings. Professor Bell has devoted nearly the whole of his life to the study of the afflicted ones called deaf-mutes—we, of course, do not here ignore his wonderful discovery of the magnetic telephone—and he certainly can be relied upon in the facts which he gives.

Those who have the grievous misfortune to be the parents or guardians of little ones who are deficient in intelligence, would do well to note a caution which Professor Bell has given

in this direction. He asserts that children who are simply deaf are often sent to idiot schools. On the other hand, idiots who can hear perfectly are occasionally sent to schools for the deaf. In both cases, the difficulty of distinguishing the nature of the affliction arises from the want of articulate speech, and this want of speech may be due to lack of hearing or lack of intelligence. It is clear that a child should be examined by an expert, should he unfortunately be afflicted in either way.

Herr Falb of Vienna has started the theory that fire-damp in mines is of volcanic origin, and that explosions are to be looked for during any time that earthquakes may be prevalent. He further gives certain dates on which miners must exercise particular care, for on those dates earthquakes may be expected. The process by which these astonishing predictions is arrived at is not given, so we have no means of passing an opinion upon them.

At a meeting of the Society of Arts, Mr R. C. Reid, C.E., read a paper on the Utilisation of the Mississippi at Minneapolis for flour-milling, and on the Water-power of Niagara Falls. Mr Reid said the Mississippi river at St Anthony's Falls had a catchment basin of twenty thousand square miles, or ten times the area drained by the Tay at Perth. The rainfall was thirty inches, and one-third of that found its way to the rivers. The fall of St Anthony's was fifty feet high, and the rain could develop twenty-five thousand horse-power, except during the winter months, when auxiliary steam-power was needed. For flour-milling alone fourteen thousand horse-power was utilised, and the output for the Minneapolis mills was twenty-eight thousand barrels per day, which would take the yearly produce of two and a half million acres of wheat if working constantly. The United States government were erecting large reservoirs in the upper waters which would have the effect of doubling the flow. The proximity of this water-power to the great wheat-growing districts had had the effect of raising in Minneapolis a population of one hundred thousand. The Niagara river was regulated by the equalising power of the lakes, in the same manner as the Blue Nile was regulated by the great lakes in Central Africa, and the result was that the discharge over Niagara Falls varied little all the year round. It could be computed from the rainfall returns that not less than three hundred thousand cubic feet per second passed over the Falls. That was thirty times the quantity discharged by the Rhone at Geneva, the only large river that could compare with it in the purity and colour of its water. From Lake Erie to Lake Ontario there was a fall of three hundred and thirty feet, and about three hundred feet of that could be taken advantage of for the production of mechanical power. Taking a mean fall of two hundred and seventy-six feet from the head of the rapids to the level of Lake Ontario, the mechanical power that could be developed by Niagara was six million nine hundred thousand horse-power, which was equal to the power that would be obtained by the best class of engines from the consumption of fifty million tons of coal, or one-half the whole output of the United States. That power was now lost for practical purposes, and its only effect would be to raise the temperature of the water in Lake Ontario one-third of a degree Fahrenheit. Electricians could now transmit and reproduce fifty per cent. of mechanical effort, and the day was not far distant when this great source of energy would be turned to some useful purpose. That could be done to a great extent without appreciably affecting the appearance of the Falls.

During the last few years, the demand for early impressions of prints engraved by Bartolozzi and his school has been steadily increasing, not only among collectors, but others who are anxious to acquire those fine engravings for interior decoration, and to match the present taste in antique house-furnishing. Engravings of this class, especially if in fine condition, have lately increased very considerably in value; and to meet, therefore, the increasing want, and at the same time take the place of the numerous reprints from worn-out plates that have lately flooded the market, Messrs Field & Tuer of Leadenhall Street, E.C., have published a selection of engravings from original copper plates belonging to a well-known collector. These plates, gradually acquired during the last twenty years, have been little or never before printed from, and the engravings are in many cases from the earliest state of the plate. Among those submitted to us, we especially admire 'Summer' and 'Winter,' printed in the well-known red and brown; 'Love Wounded' and 'Love Healed,' in red ink, and never before published; also the large plate, 'Alexander III. of Scotland rescued from the Fury of a Stag, by the intrepidity of Colin Fitzgerald,' engraved from the painting by Benjamin West, and only six impressions of which had previously been taken.

THE VIOLET BANK.

Once more, dear friend, the violet bank we seek,
And tread with joy our old familiar ways;
Gone is fell Winter, gray, and stern, and bleak;
And laughing Spring fills every heart with praise.
Once more we hail bright morns and lengthening days,
And all the dear delights that Winter stole;
Glad of the sunlight, with its tender rays,
Charmed with the loveliness which decks the whole;
Grateful for Love, which undeserved is ours—
Love constant as this light which comes, new-born,
And speaks to us of Him who makes the flowers
Come gently forth to bless 'the smiling morn.'
With all this beauty, we may be forgiven
If we forget that earth is NOT our heaven.

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CENTENARIANS.

In spite of all that is said of the wasteful effect which the hurry and excitement of modern times are supposed to have on human life, people are being heard of in many parts of the world existing far beyond the orthodox span of years, and so demonstrating in the most patent manner that even in this nineteenth century, and amid the struggle and stress which are among its prevailing characteristics, it is possible for men and women to live for a hundred years and more. It is almost an everyday experience to note, among the many interesting items of 'vital' news that appear in the newspapers, a paragraph containing an account of the 'death of a centenarian,' or giving publicity to the fact that some one of the human family has attained his or her hundredth anniversary. And so undoubted testimony is in this manner being established—notwithstanding all that is declared to the contrary—that men and women may be moderns and centenarians at the same time. It cannot, however, be affirmed that people live so long now as they did a century or two ago, if the evidence of the great ages to which some notable instances of our ancestors attained is to be relied upon. In these days, a man is looked upon as a kind of miracle who has existed for a hundred years ere he 'shuffled off the mortal coil.' But what would be thought of that individual who was not called upon to do so until the record of his years showed the unparalleled number of two hundred and seven? The conditions of such a life existing on the earth to-day, or, indeed, existing at any time within comparatively modern limits, are almost impossible to imagine. Yet such a life is said to have existed in the person of Thomas Cran, who, we are told, died at the age of two hundred and seven, at St Leonard's, Shoreditch, in the year 1588. The evidence of this case of longevity is said to be confirmed by the register of the parish of St Leonard's, the date of Cran's death being given as having occurred on the 28th of January of that year.

The nearest approach to Cran's case is that published in what was then called the *Russian Petersburg Gazette*, in the early part of 1812, where and when it was stated, but merely stated, that a man had died in the diocese or province of Ekaterinoslav, between two hundred and two hundred and five years of age!

From the very long list of reputed centenarians we extract a number of the more interesting and notable, none of whom, however—if the recorded data are to be relied on—are younger than six-score years and ten; the number of cases of those whose ages range from one hundred and thirty *down* being very numerous. First of all, there is the well-known case of Thomas Parr, or 'Old' Parr as he is sometimes called. And yet he is a mere child compared with Thomas Cran, or some of the others on the list, where he only stands fourteenth in order of age, although he actually lived to be one hundred and fifty-two. The death of Old Parr occurred in 1635, the same year, it is curious to note, in which another 'Parr' was born and destined, like his better-known namesake, to be celebrated as a centenarian. This latter person—probably a relative of Old Parr—whose grandson, John Michaelstone, lived till he was one hundred and twenty-seven—attained the age of one hundred and twenty-four, thus falling short of Thomas Parr by twenty-eight years. Standing only fourteenth on the list in point of age, Old Parr is the junior of the thirteen persons who are before him by periods varying from seven to fifty-five years, this latter number being the difference in age between himself and Thomas Cran. Both of these men were contemporaries for the space of one hundred and five years! In point of age, therefore, after Cran, it may be interesting to give the names and ages of those individuals who lived for a shorter period than he, and yet for a longer period than 'Old Parr.' Excluding the two-hundred-year old Russian, we have on record the following worthy descendants of Methuselah: Peter Tortin, died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1724, aged one hundred and eighty-five; a mulatto man, at Frederick-

town, Virginia, in 1798, one hundred and eighty; Golour M'Grain, at isle of Jura, in 1805, one hundred and eighty; Louisa Truxo, a negress, at Tucuman, South America, 1780, one hundred and seventy-five; John Room, at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, one hundred and seventy-two; Henry Jenkins, at Ellerton-on-Swale, Yorkshire, in 1670, one hundred and sixty-nine; William Edwards, at Cochen, near Cardiff, in 1668, one hundred and sixty-eight; a woman living at Moscow, in 1848, one hundred and sixty-eight; Jonas Warren, at Ballydoyle, Ireland, in 1787, one hundred and sixty-seven; Sarah Brookman, at Glastonbury, in 1793, one hundred and sixty-six; Judith Scott, at Islington, in 1800, one hundred and sixty-two; Jonas Surington, at Bergen, Norway, in 1797, one hundred and fifty-nine; James Bowles, at Killingworth, Warwickshire, in 1656, one hundred and fifty-nine. Afterwards there follows a long list of persons of various nationalities, whose ages range from one hundred and fifty-nine down to one hundred and thirty. In all, there are two hundred and ten; and of these, thirty-one are given as having been one hundred and thirty years old.

The list may be divided into males and females; and of the former there are one hundred and forty-two as against sixty-eight of the latter, a curious statement to make to-day, when the proportion of females in this and in many other countries largely exceeds that of the males. Of the one hundred and forty-two old men, it is perhaps initially interesting to notice that seven of them were either physicians or surgeons, whose days, we may assume, were spent in helping to prolong the lives of their fellows, although they may have withheld from them that 'elixir' which so long sustained their own lives. Six of these disciples of Æsculapius were natives of Scotland, while the seventh was an Englishman, a Dr Wm. Mead, aged one hundred and forty-eight. In all probability, this was the oldest doctor that ever lived. A Dr Moffat, or Movett, of Dumfries, approaches the nearest to him, at one hundred and thirty-nine years. Then we have a baronet, Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, who died in Essex in 1765, aged one hundred and thirty-one; so that, in this connection, it may not be amiss to remark that the venerable Sir Moses Montefiore, whose centenary was celebrated the other day, is not the only person of high social rank who has stepped across that line or limit of old age which is, comparatively speaking, touched by the tottering feet of so few mortals. Next in point of general interest we have the names of twelve farmers or agriculturists, whose given ages average, for each individual, one hundred and thirty-three years. Then the army and navy are represented not unworthily, albeit not so numerously as the foregoing class, demonstrating that a man may risk his life for the honour of his country and yet escape the imminent death-penalty which so many of his brave comrades pay. A certain Colonel Winslow died at Tipperary in 1766, at the age of one hundred and forty-six; but there is no other record of his career than that he was endowed with great physical prowess and endurance. Such a veteran at the present day would cost the government no trifling sum! Another soldier, a Scotsman, called M'Culloch, died at Aberdeen about the same date, only fourteen years younger than Colonel Winslow; while the same age, one hundred and thirty-two, was attained by a sailor. In the list there are three soldiers and three sailors whose ages average one hundred and twenty-seven years.

We may next mention a number of miscellaneous worthies who are credited with having cheated Death of his due for so long. Marc Albuna, an Ethiopian, lived a century and a half; a coloured man died in 1850 at Spanish Town, Jamaica, in his one hundred and forty-second year; C. J. Drakenberg, a Norwegian, lived for a hundred and forty-one years, as also did William Evans, a Welshman; William Gulstone, an Irishman, died at the age of one hundred and forty; William Shapley, another Irishman, at one hundred and thirty-eight; William Beale, also a native of Ireland, at one hundred and thirty-six; and thirteen more of the sons of St Patrick from that age down. It is remarkable that in the list of two hundred and ten persons who attained the age, and beyond it, of one hundred and twenty, thirty-one were Irish, and mostly belonged to the poor or peasant class.

To come now to the females, of whom sixty-eight are included in our list. Perhaps the most interesting names are those of two Irish ladies who belonged to the aristocracy. The Countess Desmond was said to be one hundred and forty-eight when she died; while her co-aristocrat, the Countess of Eccleston, is credited with having lived one hundred and forty-three years. Not so old as the former lady was a humbler native of Ireland, Biddy or Bridget Devine, who died at Manchester in 1845, aged one hundred and forty-seven, where, probably a hundred years before, she had toiled as a washerwoman. But perhaps the most pathetic case of feminine longevity in this list, if not on record anywhere, is that of a poor woman, a Mrs Grey, of Northfleet, Kent, who was born deaf and dumb and died without ever, during one hundred and thirty-one years, being able to hear or to speak a word. Nor were uninteresting cases those of 'Martha,' wife of a Mohican chief, who died in 1806, aged one hundred and thirty; of a certain Rebecca Fury, a black woman of Falmouth, Jamaica, aged one hundred and forty; and of Sarah Anderson, a free black, who survived for forty years after receiving her freedom on her hundredth birthday. But the oldest woman on record was also a negress, Louisa Truxo, a native of Tucuman, South America, where she died in 1780, at the reputed age of one hundred and seventy-five.

Our list is by no means exhausted; but the examples we have given are perhaps sufficient to interest the reader. It is not to be supposed that the race of centenarians has become anything like an extinct *genus homo*. We frequently read of genuine cases occurring, most of them being poor persons, or persons living in the humblest walks of life. And with increased sanitary blessings, there is no reason why those cases should not multiply. By the ordinary laws of life, no man can be certain he shall continue in existence a single year, much less any definite number of years; but with an average constitution, he may fairly expect his days to be long in the land, if he keep the divine commandments brought down and proclaimed by science; for the complete cycle of

physiological life is a hundred years, and it is not impossible, though, under the varied conditions of life, it is exceedingly improbable for a man to live for such a period of time. It is calculated, however, that in round numbers one in a hundred thousand lives is a centenarian.

In closing this article, and by way of a practical application of the obvious moral of the subject, the following delineation of the 'portrait of a man destined to a long life,' drawn by the German physician Hufeland, may not be without point and interest: 'He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at anyrate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad-arched chest, a strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general, there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good, and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance: they tune his mind to serenity, and his soul partakes in the pleasure which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating, but each meal is an hour of daily festivity, a kind of delight attended with this advantage, with regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly, and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. In general he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love, and hope, but insensible to the impressions of hatred, anger, and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger, he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth; an artificial and gentle fever without an overflowing of the bile. He is also fond of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation; is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after riches or honour, and banishes all thought of to-morrow.'

How many mortals living in this great age of sensational thought and action, will say that they substantially conform to the above?

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Captain Gaunt called next day to bring, he said, a message from his mother. She sent Mr Waring a newspaper which she thought he might like to see, an English weekly newspaper, which some of her correspondents had sent her, in which there was an article—— He did not give a very clear account of this, nor make it distinctly apparent why Waring should be specially interested; and as a matter of fact, the newspaper found its way to the waste-paper basket, and interested nobody. But no doubt Mrs Gaunt's intentions had been excellent. When the young soldier arrived, there was a carriage at the door, and Constance had her hat on. 'We are going,' she said, 'to San Remo, to see about a piano. Do you know San Remo? Oh, I forgot you are as much a stranger as I am; you don't know anything. What a good thing that there are two ignorant persons. We will keep each other in countenance, and they will be compelled to make all kinds of expeditions to show us everything.'

'That will be a wonderful chance for me,' said the young man, 'for nobody would take so much trouble for me alone.'

'How can you tell that? Miss Tasie, I should think, would be an excellent cicerone,' said Constance. She said it with a light laugh of suggestion, meaning to imply, though, of course, she had *said* nothing, that Tasie would be too happy to put herself at Captain Gaunt's disposition; a suggestion which he, too, received with a laugh; for this is one of the points upon which both boys and girls are always ungenerous.

'And failing Miss Tasie,' said Constance, 'suppose you come with papa and me? They say it is a pretty drive. They say, of course, that everything here is lovely, and that the Riviera is paradise. Do you find it so?'

'I can fancy circumstances in which I should find it so,' said the young soldier.

'Ah, yes; every one can do that. I can fancy circumstances in which Regent Street would be paradise—oh, very easily. It is not far from paradise at any time.'

'That is a heaven of which I know very little, Miss Waring.'

'Ah, then, you must learn. The true Elysian Fields are in London in May. If you don't know that, you can form no idea of happiness. An exile from all delights gives you the information, and you may be sure it is true.'

'Why, then, Miss Waring, if you think so'——

'Am I here? Oh, that is easily explained. I have a sister.'

'Yes, I know.'

'Ah, I understand you have heard a great deal about my sister. I suffer here from being compared with her. I am not nearly so good, so wise, as Frances. But is that my fault, Captain Gaunt? You are impartial; you are a new-comer. If I could be, I would be as nice as Frances, don't you believe?'

The young man gave Constance a look, which, indeed, she expected, and said with confusion: 'I don't see—any need for improvement,' and blushed as near crimson as was possible over the greenish brown of his Indian colour.

Constance for her part did not blush. She laughed, and made him an almost imperceptible courtesy. The ways of flirtation are not original, and all the parallels of the early encounters might be stereotyped, as everybody knows.

'You are very amiable,' she said; 'but then you don't know Frances, and your opinion accordingly is less valuable. I did not ask you, however, to believe me to be equal to my sister,

but only to believe that I would be as nice if I could. However, all that is no explanation. We have a mother, you know, in England. We are, unfortunately, that sad thing, a household divided against itself.'

Captain Gaunt was not prepared for such confidences. He grew still a little browner with embarrassment, and muttered something about being very sorry, not knowing what to say.

'Oh, there is not very much to be sorry about. Papa enjoys himself in his way here, and mamma is very happy at home. The only thing is that we must each have our turn, you know—that is only fair. So Frances has gone to mamma, and here am I in Bordighera. We are each dreadfully out of our element. Her friends condemn me, to begin with, as if it were my fault that I am not like her; and my friends, perhaps—— But no; I don't think so. Frances is so good, so nice, so everything a girl ought to be.'

At this she laughed softly again; and young Gaunt's consciousness that his mother's much vaunted Frances was the sort of girl to please old ladies rather than young men, a prim, little, smooth, correct maiden, with not the least 'go' in her, took additional force and certainty.—Whereas! But he had no words in which to express his sense of the advantages on the other side.

'You must find it,' he said, knowing nothing more original to say, 'dreadfully dull living here.'

'I have not found anything as yet; I have only just come. I am no more than a few days older than you are. We can compare notes as time goes on. But perhaps you don't mean to stay very long in these abodes of the blest?'

'I don't know that I did intend it. But I shall stay now as long as ever I can,' said the young man. Then—for he was shy—he added hastily: 'It is a long time since I have seen my people, and they like to have me.'

'Naturally. But you need not have spoiled what looked like a very pretty compliment by adding that. Perhaps you didn't mean it for a compliment?—Oh, I don't mind at all. It is much more original, if you didn't mean it. Compliments are such common coin. But I don't pretend to despise them, as some girls do; and I don't like to see them spoiled,' Constance said seriously.

The young man looked at her with consternation. After a while, his moustache expanded into a laugh, but it was a confused laugh, and he did not understand. Still less did he know how to reply. Constance had been used to sharper wits, who took her at half a word; and she was half angry to be thus obliged to explain.

'We are going to San Remo, as I told you,' she said. 'I am waiting for my father. We are going to look for a piano. Frances is not musical, so there is no piano in the house. You must come too, and give your advice.—Oh, are you ready, papa? Captain Gaunt, who does not know San Remo, and who does know music, is coming with us to give us his advice.'

The young soldier stammered forth that to go to San Remo was the thing he most desired in the world. 'But I don't think my advice will be good for much,' he said conscientiously. 'I do a little on the violin; but as for pretending to be a judge of a piano'——

'Come; we are all ready,' said Constance, leading the way.

Waring had to let the young fellow precede him, to see him get into the carriage without any articulate murmur. As a matter of fact, a sort of stupor seized the father, altogether unaccustomed to be the victim of accidents. Frances might have lived by his side till she was fifty before she would have thought of inviting a stranger to be of their party—a stranger, a young man, which was a class of being with which Waring had little patience, a young soldier, proverbially frivolous, and occupied with foolish matters. Young Gaunt respectfully left to his senior the place beside Constance; but he placed himself opposite to her, and kept his eyes upon her with a devout attention, which Waring would have thought ridiculous had he not been irritated by it. The young fellow was a great deal too much absorbed to contribute much to the amusement of the party; and it irritated Waring beyond measure to see his eyes glance from under his eyebrows, opening wider with delight, half closing with laughter, the ends of his moustache going up to his ears. Waring, an impartial spectator, was not so much impressed by his daughter's wit. He thought he had heard a great deal of the same before, or even better, surely better, for he could recollect that he had in his day been charmed by a similar treatment, which must have been much lighter in touch, much less commonplace in subject, because—he was charmed. Thus we argue in our generations. In the meantime, young Gaunt, though he had not been without some experience, looked at Constance from under his brows, and listened as if to the utterances of the gods. If only they could have had it all to themselves; if only the old father had been out of the way!

The sunshine, the sea, the beautiful colour, the unexpected vision round every corner of another and another picturesque cluster of towns and roofs; all that charm and variety which give to Italy above every country on earth the admixture of human interest, the endless chain of association which adds a grace to natural beauty, made very little impression upon this young pair. She would have been amused and delighted by the exercise of her own power, and he would have been enthralled by her beauty, and what he considered her wit and high spirits, had their progress been along the dullest streets. It was only Waring's eyes, disgusted by the prospect before him of his daughter's little artifices, and young Gaunt's imbecile subjection, which turned with any special consciousness to the varying blues of the sea, to the endless developments of the landscape. Flirtation is one of the last things in the world to brook a spectator. Its little absurdities, which are so delightful to the actors in the drama, and which at a distance the severest critic may smile at and forgive, excite the wrath of a too clever looker-on in a way quite disproportioned to their real offensiveness. The interchange of chatter which prevents, as that observer would say, all rational conversation, the attempts to charm, which are so transparent, the response of silly admiration, which is only another form of vanity—how profoundly sensible we all are of their folly. Had Constance taken as much pains to please her father, he would, in all probability, have yielded altogether to the spell; but he was angry, ashamed, furious, that she should

address those wiles to the young stranger, and saw through him with a clear-sightedness which was exasperating. It was all the more exasperating that he could not tell what she meant by it. Was it possible that she had already formed an inclination towards this tawny young stranger? Had his bilious hues affected her imagination? Love at first sight is a very respectable emotion, and commands in many cases both sympathy and admiration. But no man likes to see the working of this sentiment in the woman who belongs to him. Had Constance fallen in love? He grew angry at the very suggestion, though breathed only in the recesses of his own mind. A girl who had been brought up in the world, who had seen all kinds of people, was it possible that she should fall a victim in a moment to the attractions of a young nobody? a young fellow who knew nothing but India. That he should be subjected, was simple enough; but Constance! Waring's brow clouded more and more. He kept silent, taking no part in the talk, and the young fools did not so much as remark it! but went on with their own absurdity more and more.

The transformation of a series of little Italian municipalities, although in their nature more towns than villages, rendered less rustic by the traditions of an exposed coast, and many a crisis of self-defence, into little modern towns full of hotels and tourists, is neither a pleasant nor a lovely process. San Remo in the old days, before Dr Antonio made it known to the world, lay among its olive gardens on the edge of the sea, which grew bluer and bluer as it crept to the feet of the human master of the soil, a delight to behold, a little picture which memory cherished. Wide promenades flanked with big hotels, with conventional gardens full of green bushes, and a kiosk for the band, make a very different prospect now. But then, in the old days, there could have been no music-sellers with pianos to let or sell; no famous English chemist with coloured bottles; no big shops in which travellers could be tempted. Constance forgot Captain Gaunt when she found herself in this atmosphere of the world. She began to remember things she wanted. 'Papa, if you don't despise it too much, you must let me do a little shopping,' she said. She wanted a hat for the sun. She wanted some eau de Cologne. She wanted just to run into the jeweller's to see if the coral was good, to see if there were any peasant-ornaments which would be characteristic. At all this her father smiled somewhat grimly, taking it as a part of the campaign into which his daughter had chosen to enter for the overthrow of the young soldier. But Constance was perfectly sincere, and had forgotten her campaign in the new and warmer interest.

'So long as you do not ask me to attend you from shop to shop,' he said.

'O no; Captain Gaunt will come,' said Constance.

Captain Gaunt was not a victim who required many wiles. He was less amusing than she had hoped, in so far that he had given in, in an incredibly short space of time. He was now in a condition to be trampled on at her pleasure, and this was unexciting. A longer resistance would have been much more to Constance' mind. Captain Gaunt accompanied her to all the shops. He helped her with his advice about the piano, bending his head over her as she ran through a little air or two, and struck a few chords on one after the other of the music-seller's stock. They were not very admirable instruments, but one was found that would do.

'You can bring your violin,' Constance said; 'we must try to amuse ourselves a little.' This was before her father left him, and he heard it with a groan.

Waring took a silent walk round the bay while the purchases went on. He thought of past experiences, of the attraction which a shop has for women. Frances, no doubt, after a little of her mother's training, would be the same. She would find out the charms of shopping. He had not even her return to look forward to, for she would not be the same Frances who had left him, when she came back. *When* she came back?—if she ever came back. The same Frances, never; perhaps not even a changed Frances. Her mother would quickly see what an advantage she had in getting the daughter whom her husband had brought up. She would not give her back; she would turn her into a second Constance. There had been a time when Waring had concluded that Constance was amusing and Frances dull; but it must be remembered that he was under provocation now. If she had been amusing, it had not been for him. She had exerted herself to please a commonplace, undistinguished boy, with an air of being indifferent to everything else, which was beyond measure irritating to her father. And now she had got scent of shops, and would never be happy save when she was rushing from one place to another —to Mentone, to Nice perhaps, wherever her fancied wants might lead her. Waring discussed all this with himself as he rambled along, his nerves all set on edge, his taste revolted. Flirtations and shops—was he to be brought to this? he who had been free from domestic incumbrance, who had known nothing for so many years but a little ministrant, who never troubled him, who was ready when he wanted her, but never put forth herself as a restraint or an annoyance. He had advised Constance to take what good she could find in her life; but he had never imagined that this was the line she would take.

The drive home was scarcely more satisfactory. Young Gaunt had got a little courage by the episode of the shops. He ventured to tell her of the trifles he had brought with him from India, and to ask if Miss Waring would care to see them; and he described to her the progress he had made with his violin and what his attainments were in music. Constance told him that the best thing he could do was to bring the said violin and all his music, so that they might see what they could do together. 'If you are not too far advanced for me,' she said with a laugh. 'Come in the morning, when we shall not be interrupted.'

Her father listened, but said nothing. His imagination immediately set before him the tuning and scraping, the clang of the piano, the shriek of the fiddle, and he himself only two rooms off, endeavouring in vain to collect his thoughts and do his work! Mr Waring's work was not of the first importance, but still it was his work, and momentous to him. He bore, however, a countenance unmoved, if very grave, and even endured without a word the young

man's entrance with them, the consultation about where the piano was to stand, and tea afterwards in the loggia. He did not himself want any tea; he left the young people to enjoy this refreshment together while he retired to his bookroom. But with only two rooms between, and with his senses quickened by displeasure, he heard their voices, the laughter, the continual flow of talk, even the little tinkle of the teacups—every sound. He had never been disturbed by Frances' tea; but then, except Tasie Durant, there had been nobody to share it, no son from the bungalow, no privileged messenger sent by his mother. Mrs Gaunt's children, of whom she talked continually, had always been a nuisance, except to the sympathetic soul of Frances. But who could have imagined the prominence which they had assumed now?

Young Gaunt did not go away until shortly before dinner; and Constance, after accompanying him to the anteroom, went along the corridor singing, to her own room, to change her dress. Though her room (Frances' room that was) was at the extremity of the suite, her father heard her light voice running on in a little operatic air all the time she made her toilet. Had it been described in a book, he thought to himself it would have had a pretty sound. The girl's voice, sweet and gay, sounding through the house, the voice of happy youth brightening the dull life there, the voice of innocent content betraying its own satisfaction with existence—satisfaction in having a young fool to flirt with, and some trumpery shops to buy unnecessary appendages in! At dinner, however, she made fun of young Gaunt, and the morose father was a little mollified. 'It is rather dreadful for other people when there is an adoring mother in the background to think everything you do perfection,' Constance said. 'I don't think we shall make much of the violin.'

'These are subjects on which you can speak with more authority than I—both the violin and the mother,' said Waring.

'Oh,' she cried, 'you don't think mamma was one of the adoring kind, I hope! There may be things in her which might be mended; but she is not like that. She kept one in one's proper place. And as for the violin, I suspect he plays it like an old fiddler in the streets.'

'You have changed your mind about it very rapidly,' said Waring; but on the whole he was pleased. 'You seemed much interested both in the hero and the music, a little while ago.'

'Yes; was I not?' said Constance with perfect candour. 'And he took it all in, as if it were likely. These young men from India, they are very ingenuous. It seems wicked to take advantage of them, does it not?'

'More people are ingenuous than the young man from India. I intended to speak to you very seriously as soon as he was gone—to ask you'——

'What were my intentions?' cried Constance, with an outburst of the gayest laughter. 'Oh, what a pity I began. How sorry I am to have missed that. Do you think his mother will ask me, papa? It is generally the man, isn't it? who is questioned; and he says his intentions are honourable. Mine, I frankly allow, are not honourable.'

'No; very much the reverse, I should think. But it had better be clearly defined, for my satisfaction, Constance, which of you is true—the girl who cried over her loneliness last night, or she who made love to Captain Gaunt this morning'——

'No, papa; only was a little nice to him, because he is lonely too.'

'These delicacies of expression are too fine for me. ——Who made the poor young fellow believe that she liked his society immensely, was much interested, counted upon him and his violin as her greatest pleasures.'

'You are going too far,' she said. 'I think the fiddle will be fun. When you play very badly and are a little conceited about it, you are always amusing. And as for Captain Gaunt—so long as he does not complain'——

'It is I who am complaining, Constance.'

'Well, papa—but why? You told me last night to take what I had, since I could not have what I want.'

'And you have acted upon my advice? With great promptitude, I must allow.'

'Yes,' she said with composure. 'What is the use of losing time? It is not my fault if there is somebody here quite ready. It amuses him too. And what harm am I doing? A girl can't be asked—except for fun—those disagreeable questions.'

'And therefore you think a girl can do—what would be dishonourable in a man.'

'Oh, you are so much too serious,' cried Constance. 'Are you always as serious as this? You laughed when I told you about Fanny Gervoise. It is only because it is me that you find fault. And don't you think it is a little too soon for parental interference? The Gaunts would be much surprised. They would think you were afraid for my peace of mind, papa—as her parents were afraid for Miss Tasie.'

This moved the stern father to a smile. He had thought that Constance did not appreciate that joke; but the girl had more humour than he supposed. 'I see,' he said, 'you will have your own way; but remember, Constance, I cannot allow it to go too far.'

How could he prevent it going as far as she pleased? she said to herself with a little scorn, when she was alone. Parents may be medieval, if they will; but yet the means have never yet been invented of preventing a woman, when she is so minded and has the power in her hands, from achieving her little triumph over a young man's heart.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

It has long been a disgrace to Great Britain that she neglected the rich field of research which offers itself to the antiquary in Egypt. Though we have produced one or two great Egyptologists, such as Sir Gardner Wilkinson and Dr Birch, we have allowed Germans and Frenchmen to become the pioneers of investigation and the leaders of scientific study in this department. An attempt to do something towards the removal of this disgrace was made in 1883 by the starting of the 'Egypt Exploration Fund,' the object of which was, by means of excavations on the spot, to identify the sites mentioned in the Book of

Exodus in connection with the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt and their departure. Though apparently limited in its object, the Egypt Exploration Fund ought to be supported by all Englishmen who take an interest in the progress of Egyptology, as it is certain that the excavations undertaken in following the track of the Israelites will lead to discoveries likely to throw light on some of the most perplexing questions of Egyptian history, and thus will illuminate a far wider field than that of Biblical research. Thus, for example, one of the sites at which excavations were begun by the Fund was Sa'n or Tanis, supposed to be the Zoan of Scripture. Here was the capital of the empire of the Hyksos, that mysterious dynasty of Shepherd kings whose origin is still one of the riddles of Egyptian history. Though the first winter's excavations had not, when this paper was written, pierced below the thick layers of remains of the Roman and Ptolemaic periods which lie above the buildings of earlier ages, there can be little doubt that further search will be rewarded with the discovery of some facts which will contribute materially to our knowledge of these overthrowers of the first Egyptian empire. Egyptian research is, in fact, a lottery in which at any moment the most wonderful prizes may turn up. A single papyrus, preserved as only that wonderful climate can preserve things, may be found which may fill up all the blanks in Egyptian history. We must rejoice, then, to find our country putting her hand again to the work of Egyptian excavation; and we have further cause for congratulation in the fact that she has now at the head of the excavations, in the person of Mr Flinders Petrie, a young Egyptologist of the greatest promise, whose work in the Pyramid field has already shown that he possesses the double gifts of minute and patient observation, and of accurate reasoning from the facts acquired by observation.

The first Memoir of the Egyptian Exploration Fund has now been published. It is by M. Edouard Naville, the eminent French scholar, whose name will always be famous in connection with the great edition of the Egyptian Book of the Dead, which he is now bringing out. The Memoir records the result of the first explorations undertaken by the Fund in the spring of 1883, when M. Naville was at the head of the works. The principal result of these excavations was the identification of Pithom and Succoth, two of the places mentioned in Exodus; an identification which Mr Stuart Poole pronounces the most important discovery of modern times in the field of Old Testament research. We read in Exodus I. that the children of Israel 'built for Pharaoh treasure-cities, Pithom and Raamses.' The great German scholar Lepsius believed that the site of Raamses would be found at a spot on the south side of the canal running from Cairo to Suez, about twelve miles from Ismailia, called in Arabic, Tell-el-Maskhutah, or the 'mound of the statue,' so called from a granite monolith which rose out of the sand covering the ruins of the ancient city. On the strength of this conjecture, the French engineers who dug the Ismailia Canal, and formed a temporary settlement on the mounds, gave the ruins the name of Ramses. It was here that M. Naville began his excavations; but the result of these excavations has suggested that the place is not Raamses, but Pithom.

This was already suspected by M. Naville from an examination of the monolith and other statues formerly found by the French engineers, and now standing in the square of Ismailia. The inscriptions on these statues show that they were all dedicated to the god Tum, a personification of the setting sun. Pithom or Pi-Tum means in Egyptian, 'the abode of Tum;' and the name Pithom was already known not only from Exodus, but from Egyptian monuments, where it appears as the capital of the eighth nome or province of Lower Egypt. The excavations uncovered the site of a temple dedicated to Tum, showing that the place had been an important sanctuary of that deity, and many monuments were discovered in which the name of the city, Pi-Tum, was clearly stated. A stone of the Roman period showed that its Greek name was Heroopolis; a discovery which is confirmed by comparing the Septuagint and Coptic versions of Genesis xlvi. 20, both made by men familiar with the geography of Egypt, where the Septuagint, instead of *Goshen*, reads Heroopolis, and the Coptic translates Heroopolis by Pithom. But now for the interesting facts which connect this Pithom with the Pithom of Exodus, built by the Israelites. In the first chapter of Exodus, Pithom is called a 'treasure-city,' a word which Hebrew scholars tell us would be better translated 'store-city.' In the course of his excavations, M. Naville came upon some remarkable buildings of crude brick, well built, having very thick walls, but with no opening either for door or window. He believes that these buildings could have been built 'for no other purpose than that of store-houses or granaries, into which the Pharaohs gathered the provisions necessary for armies about to cross the desert, or even for caravans and travellers who were on the road to Syria.' This conjecture was confirmed by a title given on one of the monuments found on the spot to a priest of the place, 'keeper of the storehouse.' Pithom was a border city, close to the Arabian Desert; it stood at the head of the Arabian Gulf, which in ancient times reached immensely farther inland than it does now, and which, even in the time of the Ptolemies, was called the Heroopolitan Gulf.

Rameses II., the great Sesostris, whose body was recently discovered, was evidently the founder of Pithom, as nothing earlier than his date has been found in its ruins; nor is it ever stated in the inscriptions of Pithom that he restored the works of former kings, according to the custom when such was the case. Now, Rameses II., by a calculation of dates, is generally supposed to be the Pharaoh of the oppression. The foundation of Pithom under his reign falls in, therefore, with the statement that it was built by the Israelites.

The researches at Pithom have led also to the identification of Succoth and Etham, the first two stages in the journey of the Israelites from Egypt. The monuments of Pithom frequently mention the district of Thuku or Theket, in which Pithom was situated. The name is philologically identical with the Hebrew Succoth. Etham,

said in Exodus to be 'in the edge of the wilderness,' is identified by M. Naville with Atuma, spoken of in a very old papyrus as a wilderness inhabited by nomads, and lying near the land of Succoth and the lakes of Pithom. Rameses, mentioned in Exodus as the starting-point of the Israelite journey, has not yet been identified; it is probable that, like Succoth, it is the name of a region and not of a city.

These discoveries make it clear that the route followed by the Israelites was the southern route to Palestine used by the Bedouins up to the opening of the Suez Canal, by the Wadi Tumilat and the head of the Red Sea. This Sea, we must remember, extended then so far north as to include the Bitter Lakes and Lake Timseh. Its waters, according to M. Naville, would probably be shallow, and liable to be driven back by an east wind, leaving a dry way, a phenomenon which is often seen now in other parts of Egypt. At a point where this frequently took place, the Pharaohs may have built a *Migdol*, or fort, as the Egyptian word means, to guard the Egyptian shore from the inroads of the desert nomads; and it was near some such Migdol that the Israelites crossed the sea. The spot is very precisely indicated in Exodus xiv. 2 by the directions given: 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pi-hahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon: before it ye shall encamp by the sea.' M. Naville identifies Pi-hahiroth with Pi-keheret, a city frequently named on the monuments of Pithom as lying in its immediate neighbourhood, and as a place to which horses and cattle were brought for the support of the temple of Osiris, which the monuments state to have existed there. The Septuagint and Coptic versions translate Pi-hahiroth by 'the farm;' and we know from an ancient papyrus that there was a great farm or estate of Pharaoh in the neighbourhood of Pithom. M. Naville has little doubt that the Pi-keheret of the monuments is the Serapiu of the Itinerary of Antoninus, as Serapiu means a sanctuary of Osiris, and we know of no other sanctuary of Osiris in that part of the country. If those identifications are correct, it is not impossible that future operations of the Egyptian Exploration Fund may lead to the identification of other places of interest to the historical and Biblical student.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Mr Arthur Goulding is junior partner in the firm of Shuttleworth and Goulding, solicitors, and is universally respected in his profession as a man of the highest integrity. He is in the prime of life, and takes a very active part in his business, returning at the close of each day to his little place at Chelsea, which is adorned by a pretty wife and three children.

Among the clients of the firm in 188- was Mr Abram Mossop of 'The Firs,' near Chester, who owned some valuable house-property in London, the rents of which the firm collected for him. In the month of October in that year, Mr Mossop, who was an old man in failing health, wrote instructing Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding to prepare the draft of a will for his approval. A personal interview was not necessary, for his directions were simple, and his solicitors were well acquainted with the details of his affairs. All his property was to be left to one person—a lady, with the exception of a legacy of five hundred pounds to Mr Goulding, who was to act as sole executor, such thorough confidence had Mr Mossop in that gentleman. The draft was duly prepared and submitted by post; and finding it satisfactory, Mr Mossop requested that the will itself might be engrossed as soon as possible, for he was suffering from a dangerous attack of bronchitis, and felt it desirable to have his worldly affairs settled.

Though wealthy, he was a disappointed man. He was a first-cousin of Sir Peter Mossop of Mossop Hall, and had always held it as a grievance that he had not succeeded to the baronetcy himself; indeed, he barely recognised his relative, whom he regarded as an interloper. His uncle, the late Sir William, had remained a bachelor until very late in life, and Abram Mossop had therefore reckoned on inheriting both the title and the property; but, to every one's surprise and Abram's disgust, the old gentleman one fine day married a young country girl of no particular family, and was subsequently blessed with a son and daughter, the former being the present Sir Peter. This was a bitter disappointment to Mr Mossop, who was imbued with a good deal of vanity, and was very anxious to be the representative of the family, whose title was more than two centuries old. He had been married; but his wife died soon after Sir Peter's advent, as did also their only son; so that he was quite alone in his declining years, and consequently, his disposition had become somewhat soured and his habits eccentric.

There was only one person for whom he seemed to have a sincere liking, and this was a lady, who could hardly be termed a relative, being only a second-cousin of his wife's; but she had shown him much kindness at the time of his bereavement, as well as good-natured attention on subsequent occasions. People had said, indeed, that Mrs Reddie, who was a widow, was setting her cap at Mr Mossop; but if this were the case, she did not succeed, for he showed no inclination to marry a second time—or perhaps it was that her four daughters frightened him. However, she was now about to reap her reward, for it was in her favour that the will was being drawn up; and her portionless and loverless daughters would be so no longer. Mr Mossop was determined that Sir Peter should not have a shilling of his money, though a legacy would have been very acceptable to that gentleman, whose extravagant habits were likely to ruin him. The property which Abram Mossop was in a position to bequeath was worth considerably over two thousand pounds a year, besides the residence called 'The Firs,' which was a valuable house with extensive grounds; so it was no wonder that Sir Peter had several times made friendly overtures to him, which, however, were always repelled.

Mrs Reddie, who was aware of Mr Mossop's intention to leave her everything, often wished that he would make his will; but, like many other old persons, he appeared to have an objection

to do so, and of course she could not urge him with propriety. He had deferred it from time to time, until he now found himself prostrated with a serious illness, which caused him to decide on having it done at once. Accordingly, on receipt of his letter, Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding had the document prepared, and it was ready for signature early in November. To see that it was properly executed, it was desirable that a representative of the firm should go down to the country with it; and Mr Goulding, being the executor, agreed to undertake this duty himself. The journey from London to Chester and back can be easily accomplished in a day, allowing a couple of hours for the transaction of business; and the solicitor determined on making an early start, in order that he might get home the same night. With this object in view, he set out one morning at eight o'clock—an hour earlier than usual, and proceeded by train to Willesden Junction, where he caught the express leaving Euston at nine.

It was a dispiriting day; a November fog hung over London, and it was only a few degrees lighter in the country, besides which, a drizzling rain was falling—altogether, the sort of day when a person would not feel inclined to say 'Good-morning' even to his dearest friend. However, wet or dry, foggy or clear, the iron-horse does its duty with equal indifference; and Mr Goulding, having beguiled the five hours as well as he could with a couple of newspapers, found himself in Chester station a few minutes after the advertised time. Having taken some refreshment, he hired a cab to drive to 'The Firs,' a distance of about four miles, but which seemed ten under the circumstances; for it was still raining, the roads were muddy, and everything looked as unattractive as could be imagined. At half-past three he reached his destination, and was glad to alight, hoping to finish his business in time to catch a train that left for London about two hours later.

'The Firs' was what might be described in an advertisement as 'a modern residence replete with every convenience.' It had a pretty gate-lodge, and an extensive lawn, bordered with a plantation of tall fir-trees, to which it owed its name. When Mr Mossop had entered into possession of it on the death of his father, it was by no means so modern-looking; but he had laid out a round sum on improvements, to please his wife, who had brought him a very respectable fortune. His establishment at the time of Mr Goulding's visit included an elderly butler, who made himself generally useful, and disagreed with the cook; a coachman, who was also a gardener; a stable-boy, who assisted in the garden; a cook, who was half a housekeeper, and disagreed with the butler; and two other female servants, who disagreed with each other. The cause of this disorganisation in the servants' hall was the want of a mistress, for Mr Mossop never interfered with his domestics so long as they ministered to his daily requirements in a satisfactory manner; but to this extent he was very strict. A valet he never would have, as he considered those functionaries were only in the way, and were more interested about their masters' affairs than in their own duties.

On Mr Goulding's arrival, he was received by the butler, who informed him that Mr Mossop had been very bad all the previous night; the doctor had been to see him in the forenoon, and he was now asleep. Of course, under the circumstances the solicitor could not have him disturbed, so there was nothing for it but to dismiss the cab and wait while dinner was being prepared.

It was nearly six o'clock when the nurse, who had been attending the old gentleman during his illness, came to tell Mr Goulding that her patient was awake and inquiring for him. In a few moments the solicitor stood by the bedside of his client, and was shocked to observe the change in his appearance since their last meeting, some months before. His cheeks were sunken, and if they had any colour at all, it was a sickly bluish tint; while his voice was so weak that nothing but important business could have justified any one in holding conversation with him. He had been a rather handsome man, tall, with aquiline features, and a severe expression of countenance, though he was in reality kind-hearted. Now he was reduced to a mere shadow.

He was glad to see Mr Goulding, and as soon as they were alone, desired to have the will read over to him before calling in the witnesses.

'There is one thing I omitted,' he said when the solicitor had finished: 'I intended to leave something to the servants, but it slipped my memory when I was writing the instructions. I thought afterwards that it would do as well if I notified my wishes in writing to Mrs Reddie; she would be sure to carry out my intentions.'

'No doubt,' said Mr Goulding. 'But if you like, we can easily draw up a codicil.'

'I do not think that is necessary. If I recover'——

'Why, my dear sir, I hope that a few days will see you on your feet again.'

'Ah! no,' said the sick man wearily. 'I was never so ill before. I think this attack will finish me. But in any case, I have written a letter to her requesting her to distribute some legacies amongst them, according to my original intention. I am sure she will give effect to my wishes.'

'Well, I mustn't let you talk too much.—Who are the witnesses to be?'

'The butler, I suppose, for one; and either the coachman or the nurse must do for the other. There is nobody else at hand. Please touch the bell.'

Mr Goulding did so, and the nurse entered.

'Send William here, please,' said Mr Mossop. 'And is John about the place?'

'I don't know, sir; I think I saw him going out.'

'Well, if you can't find him, come back yourself; I want you to witness my signature.'

The woman having departed on her errand, the old gentleman beckoned to Mr Goulding to come near, and spoke to him in a whisper, though his voice had been little more than that during the interview.

'I hope,' he said, 'that no question could arise—that there would be no fear of Peter Mossop disputing the will. They would never dare to say that I—that my mind was affected, I mean?'

'Not the least fear, my dear sir; you may make yourself perfectly easy.'

'Because,' continued the other, 'if I thought that man would get a shilling of my money, I could not rest. He would run through it in a year; but Mrs Reddie deserves it, and will make good use of it.'

The nurse presently returned with William (the butler), not having found the coachman. Mr Goulding explained in a few words what was required; and then the old gentleman, being propped up with pillows, signed his name to the will with a feeble trembling hand. The nurse, who was an elderly woman, with the partiality of her profession for cordials, seemed as unsteady as Mr Mossop, scrawling her name 'Anne Jane Hilditch' right across the page.

The butler's signature was more business-like; but, on examination, Mr Goulding was surprised to see that he had signed as '*Frederick* Spearing.'

'I thought,' said he, 'your name was William.'

'I'm called William, sir,' the man replied; 'but was christened Frederick.'

'Oh! that explains,' said Mr Goulding.—'And now, if it is convenient to drive me into Chester, I shall be ready immediately.'

'Better stay all night, Goulding,' said Mr Mossop.

'We can easily have a bed aired, sir,' the butler added by way of hospitality.

But Mr Goulding would not be persuaded. 'No; thank you,' he said. 'It is too late to reach London to-night. But I shall sleep at Chester, and get off by the first train in the morning.'

So the rain having ceased, the dogcart was ordered round, in preference to the ponderous old brougham, and the solicitor took leave of his client, who seemed a good deal weakened by the excitement of the interview.

It was seven o'clock when Mr Goulding drove away, and quite dark, except for the occasional patches of moonlight which struggled through the heavy clouds. He was not inclined to talk to the man; but the man was anxious to talk to *him*—most likely with a view to gleaning some little information as to the business which brought him to 'The Firs.'

'The poor master's very bad, sir,' was John's opening remark.

'He is indeed, I am sorry to say,' Mr Goulding replied.

'A bad thing it would be for us, sir, if he was took.'

'It would, no doubt.'

'Yes, sir. I've been with him four years, and I wouldn't ask for a better place; not but what I thought the master a little odd-like, when I first come.'

'Odd? What do you mean?'

'Well, sir, you see he had his notions of what was proper, and how everything ought to be done, and if things wasn't exactly as he liked, he wouldn't be pleased at all.'

'And quite right too.'

'Yes, sir. And he had his ideas about servants' names too. Now, what do you think my name is, sir? My first name, I mean.'

'John, I believe.'

'No, sir; it ain't. It's Alexander—Alexander Postlethwaite. But when I first come, I was told neither of them names would do; that a coachman ought to be called John; and John I was to be, or nothing.'

'Really!'

'Yes, sir; and the other servants is all nicknamed the same way—all except the cook. Cook wouldn't stand it, and the master had to give in, 'cause she had the name of being a first-rate hand, and he was set on having her.'

'Well, but you know you mustn't talk to people about your master's peculiarities. It isn't respectful, and might get him the reputation of being eccentric.'

Mr Goulding said this with a recollection of the old gentleman's fears lest his cousin might dispute the will.

'O no, sir,' replied John, feeling rather hurt; 'I'm not given to talking that way to any one else, and none of us would say anything that wasn't respectful of the master, sir.'

Mr Goulding remained silent, but after a brief interval the man continued his observations.

'They do say, sir, that Sir Peter won't get any of the master's money after all.'

'Do they?'

'Yes, sir, though he wants it bad enough, by all accounts. He's been here three or four times since the master was took ill, to ask after his health; but he never would see him.'

'When was he here last?'

'On Monday, sir. I believe somebody told him you was coming down, and he wanted to know particular from the butler what day we expected you.'

'Oh, indeed!'

It was folly for the country coachman to fish for information from the London lawyer, so, after a few more attempts, he relapsed into silence; and the remainder of the drive was enlivened only by the jolting of the vehicle and occasional splashes of mud. Having at length arrived in Chester, the solicitor put up at an hotel adjacent to the railway station, and was not sorry to retire to rest early, intending to travel by a train which left at about nine o'clock in the morning.

The next day was a contrast to the previous one, being remarkably clear and fine for the time of year; and Mr Goulding, having purchased a novel, took his seat in a smoking compartment, with the anticipation of a pleasant journey. He had only one fellow-passenger, a middle-aged gentleman, who was also bound for London, and who exchanged a few remarks with him on the weather and other important topics. At Crewe there was a stoppage of five minutes, and the gentleman got out, leaving Mr Goulding alone. The latter was sitting next the door on the platform side; and his luggage, which consisted only of a valise and a small black bag, such as lawyers use, was placed on the opposite seat. The bag contained the will and a couple of other papers, besides some loose cash to the value of thirty shillings, and was lying a little nearer to the door than the valise. While his companion was absent, a long goods-train passed through the station, and Mr Goulding rose and crossed to the opposite window to look out at it. Having thrust his head out, he heard some one open the door, which had been closed, but not latched, as if to enter the carriage; then a lady's voice said,

'Oh, this is "smoking!"' and the person went away. This little incident did not occupy more than a moment; but when Mr Goulding had shut the window and resumed his seat, he noticed with surprise that his bag had disappeared. Although certain that it had been there a few seconds before, he searched the compartment thoroughly, thinking that possibly it might have fallen, or that his companion might have removed it by mistake. But there was no trace of it; and the other passenger returning, declared that he had not seen it at all. Here was a dilemma. It seemed probable that the person who opened the carriage-door had taken it; but the train was about to start, and there was no time to be lost.

Mr Goulding seized his valise and hastened in pursuit of the guard, to whom he briefly related the circumstances, and who assisted him to make a hurried examination of all the first-class compartments in the train, as it was natural to assume that the person or persons who attempted to enter his compartment were travelling by the same class. There were a good many lady-passengers, but none of them were at all suspicious-looking, and the search proved fruitless. The station-master and a railway policeman were now informed of the loss; but the train had already been delayed a couple of minutes, and Mr Goulding was told that he must either take his seat or remain behind. He chose the latter alternative.

SOMETHING ABOUT BARONETS.

Regarded from a constitutional point of view, the Stuart period of our history is by far the most important in its annals. Its one great feature is the revival of an obstinate resistance on the part of parliament to the monstrous claims put forth by the Crown. We say the 'revival,' because, although the mighty rule of the Tudors had, so to speak, sent constitutional government to sleep, yet this slumber was one to be awakened from. The awakening commenced with the first Stuart, that strange personage, who, having come to the throne by an extremely infirm title, yet believed in the force of 'divine right' not only to reign as though his title were unquestionable, but also to govern after the fashion of an absolute monarch. The nation having come to its senses, then commenced the memorable conflict which ended in the annihilation of the Stuart dynasty, the establishment of the supremacy of parliament, and the strict definition of the limits of the royal prerogative.

To James I. the very name of parliament was abhorrent, while the institution itself he treated with open contempt. He governed for seven years without one at all; and when he did summon one, he assumed to have a right to control the election of its members, to regulate their utterances, to mutilate the journals of the House of Commons, and to send certain refractory members of the House to prison! Parliament would grant the king no money; so he fell back upon monopolies, arbitrary taxation, and other devices, for the replenishment of his exchequer. One of these was the sale of honours, and in the words of Lord Nugent (*Memorials of Hampden*), 'the ancient nobility were insulted by the vulgar sale of public honours by the king, to feed the vanity of his creatures, and to meet the demands of his own cupidity and of their corruption.' It was a peculiarity of this would-be absolute king that he was ever 'unable to rule but by first enslaving himself to some unworthy minion;' and we know that the two minions to whom during his reign he was successively enslaved were Robert Carr, whom he created Earl of Somerset, and George Villiers, who became Duke of Buckingham. The king, we have seen, was much pushed for money; and the former of the two minions just mentioned endeavoured to help his majesty out of his difficulties. Somerset devised a three-headed financial scheme, and to the first of the three heads of his scheme we owe that titulary institution known as the *Baronetage*. The sale of already existing titles had been carried on to such an extent that even the king himself appears to have felt ashamed at such an undignified mode of 'raising the wind.' It is authentically related that a certain country gentleman whose assurance was not equal to his ambition or vanity, was ushered into the king's presence to receive the purchased honour of knighthood. The aspirant looked sheepish and hung down his head. 'Hold up thy head, man,' exclaimed His Majesty; 'I have more reason to be ashamed than thou!'

Somerset's plan was an improvement on this one, inasmuch as the honour to be disposed of was brand new. What, however, should it be called? No doubt, this momentous question greatly exercised the minds of the managers of the scheme, until somebody—and his thought must be admitted to have been a happy one—suggested what looks like the diminutive form of 'baron,' and thus arose the title of *Baronet*. This word, however, as a matter of fact, was not coined for the occasion, for Selden (*Titles of Honour*) treats the term as old even in his time, and investigates its origin with some gravity. He associates it with the knights-bannerets—that is, those who in the days of chivalry were knighted by the king on the field of battle, and who received a banner 'charged' with their arms on the occasion. On going into battle, a person of distinction would have carried on his spear-head a pennon. On the part near the weapon would be his coat of arms. The pointed portion of the pennon was cut off, leaving the square containing the arms; and when this —now a standard—was handed back to the owner, he became at once a knight-banneret. The learned writer then says that 'the name of banneret sometimes expressed a baron of parliament;' also that the word banneret was often miswritten baronet; and he gives an instance in the reign of Edward VI. of a knight-banneret being styled in his patent of creation *Baronettus* instead of *Bannerettus*. On the authority of Spelman, however, we may assume that *baronettus* and *bannerettus* are not terms which have always been ignorantly or indiscriminately used. In fact, in feudal times, the word *baronet* appears to have applied to the lesser barons. But be this as it may, the word was known long before the time of James I.; still, the application of it to the new order of quasi-nobility, or rather, perhaps, hereditary knighthood, was well conceived, and it undoubtedly has a more imposing sound than banneret.

Now, it must not be supposed that this new honour was disposed of to any person who could pay for it. Commissioners were appointed who were to conduct the business of granting the patents conferring the title, and the instructions given to them were very precise as to who should be created baronets. The recipients of the honour were to be 'a certain number of knights and esquires,' who were also to be 'men for quality, state of living, and good reputation worthy of the same.' The Commissioners were directed to have these facts established by proofs, also to take care that candidates for the new dignity were 'at the least descended of a grandfather by the father's side that bore arms.' Finally, it was a necessary qualification for the honour that the aspirant should 'have also of certain yearly revenue of lands in inheritance or possession one thousand per annum clear.' Evidently, then, the earliest baronets were not the nobodies many persons suppose them to have been, from the circumstance of the title having been first acquired by money. 'Nor, indeed, after all, was there so much difference between the purchase of a baronetcy and the liability to furnish a knight for every knight's fee, under the ancient tenures.' In other words, this 'ingenious contrivance' for raising money did not, under the circumstances, either pollute the 'fountain of honour' or 'disgrace the chivalry of knighthood.'

But how was the disposal of the dignity effected? Certainly not after the fashion of that 'vulgar sale of public honours,' so severely reprehended by Lord Nugent. There was at anyrate something like a valid reason given for the creation and sale of the new title; and unless we are to stigmatise off-hand the whole business as a piece of plausible humbug, we must confess it to have been transacted with perfect propriety.

The first patent was granted on May 22, 1612, and several existing baronetcies were created on that day. Each patent was in Latin, and although occasionally effusive and stilted, it is nevertheless on the whole a well-drawn instrument. Its preamble sets forth the fact of the king requiring money for the affairs of Ireland, and especially for the settlement, or as it is called, the Plantation of Ulster; after which it states the grant of the title to A. B. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten. The rank of A. B. among other persons is mentioned; and his wife is declared to be entitled to the style of 'Lady, Madame, and Dame.' (Her title is strictly Baronetess.) The king undertakes by the exercise of his 'unusually abundant and special favour, from his certain knowledge and mere motion,' for himself, his heirs, and successors, that the number of baronets shall never exceed two hundred; and that no other hereditary dignity shall ever be created calculated to disturb the prestige or the equanimity of the new-honour men or their descendants. These are the material features of this patent, for which the *quid pro quo* was to be the maintenance of 'thirty foot-soldiers in Ireland for three years, after the rate of eightpence sterling money of England by the day, and the wages of one whole year to be paid into our receipt upon passing of the patent.' In all, including everything, about twelve hundred pounds.

Candidates for baronetcies were to apply personally at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons; and the Commissioners were strictly ordered to observe impartiality as regards their selection of grantees of their patents. Especially are they enjoined to do 'these two things—the one that every such person as shall be admitted do enter into sufficient bond or recognisance, to our use, for the payment' of his fee, 'which you are to see paid.' Secondly, the Commissioners were to keep the money thus raised for the Ulster Plantation apart from all other public treasure, the king evidently having regarded it as the outcome of a feeling of loyalty to himself, and the result of a worthy desire to promote the progress of a 'public and memorable work.'

The patents of the new baronets were not quite explicit on the question of precedence. Accordingly, the king, in 1612, published a decree of portentous length for the settlement of—especially to ladies—this solemn and important matter. The preamble of the instrument referred to forcibly reminds us of one of those oriental decrees mentioned in Holy Writ, and though long, it is extremely succinct. The result of this edict is that, while younger sons of viscounts and barons are to take precedence over baronets as such, yet that a banneret, if created in the field, is to rank before any of them during his own life. On the other hand, all ordinary bannerets are to rank after all baronets as such. We say 'as such,' because, if a baronet be a privy-councillor, he will, by virtue of the latter honour, take precedence before all persons after knights of the garter not ennobled. The holders of great offices under the Crown are always regarded with much honour in this country. Accordingly, a baronet, as such, will come after all and each of Her Majesty's judges, whatever may be their titular designation. The wife of a baronet will rank analogously amongst ladies as her husband does amongst men; so that the wives of younger sons of viscounts and barons will precede baronetesses. And while daughters of the younger sons of peers will go before *wives* of the eldest sons of baronets, yet the latter will go before any baronet's daughters.

It is noticeable that the honour of baronetcy was originally confined to Englishmen; and it so remained until 1619, when baronets of Ireland were created. On March 27, 1625, James I. died, leaving the country burdened with a gigantic debt. The same year, Charles I. created the first Scottish baronetcy, and this term requires a slight explanation. It must be remembered that the peninsula of Nova Scotia, discovered by Cabot in 1497, was in possession of the English in 1622. To provide funds for the settlement of that province, Charles I., carrying out the intention of his father, adopted the expedient which had been devised to effect the pacification of Ulster, and hence came into existence the baronets of Nova Scotia, who after the Act of Union became merged in the Scotch baronetage. To these baronets of Nova Scotia more than a patent was granted; each received a charter conferring upon him certain substantial benefits in that province. But then the consideration for the latter baronetcies was considerably more extensive than that given by those of the English creation.

Just as the peerage consists of honours of English, Scotch, Irish, and United Kingdom origin, so the degrees of the baronetage may be

classified in a like manner. In the peerage, it will be remembered, the various gradations are fixed by the Act of Parliament confirming the Union of Great Britain and Ireland in 1801. By this Act, all peers rank as of England, Scotland, Great Britain, Ireland, and of the United Kingdom, and this is their order of precedence. There is, however, no such statutory rule for the baronetage, nor is there any rule of an analogous character applicable thereto. Accordingly, baronets of England, Ireland, Scotland, Great Britain, and the United Kingdom take rank *inter se* according to the dates of their respective patents. And where two or more patents are found to have been granted on the same day, the holders of them rank according to the order in which the patents were respectively made out.

The first patent granted was to Sir Nicholas Bacon, son of the Lord Keeper of that name, and is dated May 22, 1611. Other patents bear the same date; but that of Sir Nicholas being the first one made out, his descendant, the present Sir Hickman Beckett Bacon, is the premier baronet of England. Of the Irish and the Nova Scotian or Scotch baronetage, Sir C. H. Coote and Sir R. Gordon are the premier baronets respectively; while of the baronetage of Great Britain and that of the United Kingdom, Sir E. A. Dashwood and Sir H. M. Vavasour are severally the premier baronets.

To the decree of James I. made in 1612, which, as already stated, determined the precedency, &c. of baronets, there was subsequently added an order that all baronets and their eldest sons should be knighted, and that they and their descendants should bear on their coat of arms, or in an inescutcheon at their election, the arms of Ulster. This badge—translating its description from heraldic into ordinary language—is a bloody left hand on a white shield. The thumb being turned to the right of the shield, that is, to the left of a person looking at it, the hand is accordingly an open one. Then, again, by the order just quoted, it was declared that all baronets should have place in the armies of the sovereign 'in the gross near about the [royal] standard;' and this appears to be the most substantial of the privileges—beyond the hereditary dignity itself—of a baronetcy.

The patent of baronetcy always describes the patentee as, say, A. W. of X.; and although it is of course competent to the sovereign to make a grant to A. W. of X. and his male heirs whatsoever, it is usual to limit the grant to A. W. of X. and the heirs-male of his body lawfully begotten—that is, to entail the honour on male lineal descendants. And inasmuch as it is in the power of the Crown to grant the honour to A. W. of X. and his heirs-general, there is no reason why a woman may not be a baronetess as well as a baroness, viscountess, countess, &c., in her own right. But, as Sir Bernard Burke tells us, there is only one instance of this honour having been conferred on a female—namely, 'Dame Mary Bolles of Osberton, Notts, who in 1625 was elevated to the baronetcy of Scotland, with remainder to her heirs whatsoever.'

The original baronets of Scotland or, rather, of Nova Scotia were allowed to place on their shields the arms of that province. Now, however, since the union of Great Britain and Ireland, all baronets bear on their coats of arms the original 'honourable augmentation,' the bloody hand of Ulster, which may be displayed in various ways according to circumstances.

We have seen that a baronet is formally described as of some place. Suppose that, say, two brothers are created baronets, Sir A. W. of X., and Sir B. W. of Z., if the issue of one of them fails, it may happen that the two baronetcies will ultimately merge in one representative. An instance of this is seen in the premier baronetcy of England, the present baronet uniting the baronetcy of Redgrave and that of Mildenhall in his own person.

If the daughter of a commoner marries a baronet, she becomes Lady So-and-so. If the daughter of a baron or a viscount marries a baronet, she becomes the Honourable Lady So-and-so; but the daughter of an earl, marquis, or duke doing so would retain her own courtesy title of Lady, and would be styled Lady Emily So-and-so, precisely as if her husband were an ordinary commoner. The widow of a baronet whose eldest son is married, though Dame So-and-so in law, is nevertheless generally styled the Dowager Lady; and although a dowager, her daughter-in-law would, in strictness, take precedence of her, as the wife of the person actually holding the title.

The nominal expense of a baronet's patent is one hundred pounds; but probably before the recipient of the dignity is entirely free of all claims, he will have made a considerable hole in three hundred pounds, or even more.

THE AUSTRALIAN 'SWAGMAN.'

Completely unique in their way, and dissimilar from any other class whatsoever in any part of the world, is that nomadic portion of the Australian population known as 'swagmen.' Little has been written about these men outside the colonies, chiefly, I think, because visitors who may happen to come across a specimen have put them down merely as vagrants, a kind of wandering beggars, or, like a clever English writer, who evidently knew nothing about them, as 'tramps.'

The wandering colonist seeking employment here, there, and everywhere throughout the land, finds it useless to take advantage of the many new lines of railway now pushing their iron feelers deep into the mighty interior of the continent. His business lies not with towns so much as at homesteads, situated as often as not many miles away from any railway station, thus involving the necessity of his making a kind of human snail of himself in his search for work, carrying on his back his house in the shape of a tent, and very often all his worldly goods into the bargain, rolled up in his 'swag.'

At these homesteads, then, if the weather be at all bad, the station huts are often crowded with swagmen, preferring the shelter of a shingled roof to that of one composed of calico alone. In fine weather, however, your true nomad likes nothing better than to camp out under the

sheltering arms of some huge box or gum tree; or, better still, in the deep recesses of a belar scrub, where the wind does not penetrate, and the long needle-like leaves form a soft and pleasant adjunct to his couch.

Perhaps the reader would like a pen-and-ink portrait of the subject of our sketch. Here is one, as I saw him 'on the wallaby'—as swagging it through the land is called—a short time ago. Picture to yourself a muscular, low-set man walking along at a moderate pace. In one hand he holds a tin 'billy,' black with constant boiling of tea; in the other, a water-bag full of the precious fluid; whilst across the back of his shoulders, soldiers'-knapsack-fashion, is strapped a neat but apparently heavy bundle of round, oblong shape, showing only a white calico covering outside. This is the tent; and inside, rolled up in a pair of blankets, red or blue, are—what he will most likely tell you with a grim smile—his 'forty years' gatherings;' consisting of, perhaps, a couple of shirts, ditto trousers, comb, soap, and towel, a small bag containing flour, and two yet smaller for tea and sugar. A broad-leaved straw hat, shading a face tanned and weather-beaten, cotton shirt open at the throat and breast, and round the neck a loosely knotted handkerchief. His trousers are tied pretty tightly between knee and ankle with a broad piece of calico, which, he says, not only lessens the chafe of his heavy moleskins, but stays the upward researches of innumerable creeping things which abide in the bush of Australia.

Swagmen generally travel in pairs, and the two men, brought in contact perhaps by mere chance, often walk and work together for many years. If, by reason of some unforeseen accident, a separation of a few months, or a year or so, should occur, the 'bush-telegraph'—of which more anon—is set to work, and the whereabouts of the missing mate soon ascertained. Some, however, prefer to travel, and even to work, when they get it, quite alone, and these are known to the rest as 'hatters,' for what reason I have been unable to ascertain.

But to return to our typical friend. He had travelled, with but a day's camp now and again, from three hundred miles north-west of Brisbane, to where he then stood, well towards the southern boundary of New South Wales, making altogether over one thousand miles of a steady walk, carrying a burden of perhaps thirty or forty pounds-weight upon his broad shoulders.

When asked if in all those weeks of travelling he could procure no work, 'O yes,' was the answer; 'lots of it. But you see I'd heard as the money was better down this way, so I thought I'd just have a look over an' see what it was like for myself. Chaps as I knowed sent me word as there was lots of fencing goin' on 'bout these parts, an' a fair price given; an' now'—relieving himself of his burden—'could you lay a feller on 'bout here? I ain't altogether a *lime-burner* yet [that is, a person without money], but the notes *is* getting scattered. That's so!'

It so happened that I could, and did, 'lay him on' to some work at fencing, which when finished, and the greater portion of his cheque 'knocked down,' he will, just as likely as not, start on another walking tour half across Australia. Thoroughly reliable, honest, and good workmen are the most of these swagmen, at least whilst in employment. The mischief is that they are never, nor ever care to be, at home; consequently, their work finished and paid for, they make for the only enjoyment they know of that the bush has to offer; that is, what they call 'a good bust,' or in other words, a drunken spree. No matter how good the employment they may have dropped into, no matter that they are making 'good money,' as they call payable piece or contract work, they will not stay for very long; and where they would willingly have been kept for a dozen years, as many months finds them rolling up their 'drums' for another trip 'on the wallaby.' Of course, the 'busting' process does not hold good with all of these people; there are creditable exceptions, who bank their money, working hard throughout their lives, without the relaxation of the annual spree. These men generally die suddenly, and the Crown profits accordingly. Others hide their cheques in hollow trees, first carefully wrapping them up and placing them in pickle bottles; and years perhaps afterwards, revisit the spot, only to find the face of the country completely changed. I have known several such cases. So much for the sober single swagman. Married ones are rare, and scarcely come under the heading of this paper, for they generally leave the 'missis an' the kids' in some kind of a home, whenever they do by chance take a trip on the road. As for the man who goes in for the 'bust,' when it is over, he at once starts on a walk of several hundred miles as a recuperative and prelude to another twelvemonth's work.

Sturdy, independent kind of customers are these nomads of the bush. Money or no money, are they not free as air, bar the weight of their swags? Suppose your price for work does not suit one of them, well, he can afford to travel on till he gets a better figure, if such is to be procured, for well he knows that at station or shepherd's hut, bushman's camp or travelling sheep-dray, the word 'traveller' is an open sesame to food and lodging, rough but plentiful. Still, if the swagman has money, he will always, as a rule, prefer to buy his rations at the station store, than have them doled out to him by the storekeeper as a 'traveller's ration,' and entered on the books accordingly.

There is no class or condition of people without its discreditable, hopelessly incurable residuum, and the swagmen of the colonies are no exception. 'Sundowners,' 'Whalers,' and 'Benders'—so the loafers of the community are known. These men fish or lie concealed in shady bends of creeks and rivers the whole day long, in sight of some great station; and then, when the evening bell rings for supper at sundown, they crawl wearily up and seat themselves at the long tables, speak sadly of the state of the roads, scarcity of labour, &c., and depart in the morning—after breakfast—to repeat the same game at the next station. The nuisance caused by these 'Sundowners,' 'Benders,' &c., as they are differently termed in different districts, at length became very great, not to speak of the enormous expense incurred, when, as at many of Sir Samuel Wilson's Riverina and Victorian stations, it was nothing unusual to see three or four hundred of these men roll-up at sundown, out of whom perhaps not ten would

have taken work had it been offered to them. This abuse of open-handed hospitality led to the regulations now in force in those districts, namely, that every 'traveller' receive his one pint-potful of flour, with, in some cases, enough tea and sugar to make a quart-potful.

The 'bush-telegraph' is the term by which news is conveyed by human agency over hundreds of miles of country; and it really is wonderful how news is disseminated throughout the length and breadth of the unsettled districts by means of these wanderers, passed from one to the other at casual meetings on dusty main-roads, in shady camps by gum-tree-bordered river, or lagoon, or out back on scarcely discernible bridle-tracks; especially the kind of news that is of interest to the fraternity. Does, for instance, old Sam Johnson of Bundelgobie want a lot of hands for ring-barking, fencing, or what not—then, in an incredibly short space of time, all unemployed workers within a radius of two or three hundred miles are steadily marching towards Bundelgobie, in hopes, as they would express it, of getting 'put on and knocking out a bit of a cheque.' Has Bill Thompson, who lives out on the Barcoo, happened to lose the run of his mate, whom he last heard of eight hundred miles away on the back blocks of the Lachlan—then straightway the cry for 'Bill Thompson's mate' is passed along from one to the other down the length of the land; and the missing man must have got into a very obscure corner indeed if, sooner or later, the message does not reach him. Your true swagman detests the sight of a horse, together with all the trouble and bother attached to the possession thereof. Give him 'shank's pony;' then, when he is tired, he throws off his swag, pitches his tent, and he is in camp at once. No looking for grass and water, or walking as far for his horse in the morning as he travels the whole of the day afterwards on his back. So says the swagman; and to a certain extent he is, especially in seasons like those of the few past years, on the right side of the argument; for of late many a man travelling on horseback has, after spending three times the worth of his horses in feeding them, seen them die, leaving him to throw his saddles away and swag it with the footmen.

The new-comer 'on the wallaby'—in most cases a recent arrival from 'the old country,' or else some runaway sailor—may easily be told by his uneasy, and often limping gait, but perhaps more than all by his woe-begone and dejected appearance at first start of his novel experience, so different from the self-reliant aspect and measured, swinging tread of the long broken-in and inured bushman. It must be indeed a rough trial for the newly landed colonist who has elected to seek his fortune—having none of his own—in the bush. A few days after his landing, a 'free pass' from the government carries him by train as far as the railway runs, and in any direction he may choose or be advised to take; and after a weary journey, he is perhaps set down at a small bush township, to his eyes a miserable collection of wooden huts, hemmed in, perhaps, on every side by thick scrub, or maybe stuck out in the centre of an apparently boundless plain. He alights on the bare platform, likely enough the only passenger, feeling truly 'a stranger in a strange land;' his luggage—consisting generally of an old carpet-bag, and perhaps a small box—is put out, and he is told that for the present the line runs no further.

Bush 'larrikins,' sharp-featured, freckle-faced, and precocious, with a precocity far beyond the most fertile imagination of English parents, gather around to stare at the poor 'chummy,' with his fat red cheeks—about which already the ever-hungry mosquitoes are buzzing—great heavy boots, and clothes of, to their eyes, most outlandish cut. They criticise his every feature and all his belongings in a select vernacular, of which, however, he does not clearly comprehend one solitary word. Presently, some one takes the new arrival in hand, ascertains his prospects, shows him how to select from his kit the most useful articles, how to roll them up in his blankets so as to form a swag, which shall rest on his shoulders by day, and help to form his couch by night, whilst engaged in the search for labour. And if, as sometimes happens, the stranger is almost penniless and entirely luggageless, he is—more especially if broad of accent, with tongue idiomatic, and smacking freshly of breezy Yorkshire wolds, rose-embowered Devon lanes, or fair midland county—amply provided and equipped for 'the road,' with not empty pockets, by the fathers of his urchin-tormentors, to whose very inmost heart of hearts comes the old story of their youth in the ever-loved land; here, amidst the loveless gum-trees, shadeless forests of gnarled box, or scorched-up plains of their adopted country, brought back to them vividly, almost in a flash, as it were, by the sight of perhaps a red-cheeked ploughboy, lamenting, in the Doric of their childhood, the evil hap which had brought him across the ocean to scenes so dreary, and to a journey's end so unpromising.

The runaway sailor, on the other hand, who takes to the bush either from mere curiosity, a bad ship, or the ever restless desire for change inherent to the race, assimilates himself far more readily to his surroundings, stranger though they should be to him than to the landsman; and in the course of a few days you may meet 'Jack,' with the marks of the last 'tarring-down' still fresh upon his hands, sinking post-holes for a fence, ring-barking timber, splitting slabs, or even steering a team of bullocks or horses, with as much sang-froid as if guiding the course of the vessel so lately left behind him.

Universally distinctive as a type of Australian life throughout these colonies is the swagman. You meet him everywhere. He is occasionally to be seen cautiously wending his way through the crowded streets of Melbourne or Sydney. On the decks of coasting steamers, and in second-class compartments of railway carriages, bound, perhaps, to far-off gold 'rushes,' but always in close proximity to that same oblong, neatly strapped-up bundle which you saw on his back years ago, when you met him amidst the semi-tropical scenery of the Thompson or the Palmer, the rugged defiles of the Mount Lofty ranges, the scorching plains of Galathera, or the sandy deserts of the western seaboard.

If one engages the average swagman in conversation as to his political, social, or religious views of life, you will most likely find within

him an intense and almost touching belief in some frothy windbag of a politician, who in and out of season loudly champions the cause of 'the workin' man,' to serve his own miserable ends, an endless supply of this class of orator being always on hand in these colonies, and in whom, despite the poor failures of bygone years, the nomadic tribes of the bush still figure to themselves an apostle of glorious equality, who will at some future day enable them to throw their 'drums' from off their shoulders, with loud-sounding thuds, joyfully, as for the last time, and to claim, each of them, a share in those many millions of broad acres, cattle, and sheep now owned by the all-devouring squatter.

Yes, a socialist, an ungrateful socialist to the backbone of him, is our nomad, whose dearest wish is to see the man who gives him his 'note' a week and his 'ten, fifteen, two, and a quarter' respectively of flour, meat, sugar, and tea, as a weekly ration, compelled to cut up his huge estates, and to share them alike and equitably between himself and his nomadic brethren.

He is great upon immigration, and eagerly watches the votes on supplies granted by 'the House' for this purpose, checking off upon his fingers the names of the various members who vote for or against the introduction of more 'new-chum cheap labour.' The country, he will tell you, especially if times are a bit 'slack,' is too full already; and if they intend to fill it up with 'new chums,' why, then, the only thing himself and his mates can do will be to, in their turn, emigrate to the 'old country,' and see how they fancy *their* style 'at home.'

His hatred of Chinese almost amounts to a monomania. Germans share it, but in a lesser degree. Clergymen of all denominations he talks of *en masse* as 'parsons,' and perhaps does not seek to arrive at any very fine distinctions on the subject. Still, with all his apparent irreverence, he, after his own fashion, respects the Sabbath Day whilst 'on the wallaby,' in so far that, if possible, he will camp in some secluded nook, wash and mend his clothes, and con over some old book or newspaper. 'If I'm on the lookout for men,' said a squatter to me once, 'I always take those with the cleanest rig-out, and I'm not often mistaken in getting good ones. The dirtier the man, generally, though not always, the worse the workman.'

Far out, where stations are few and far apart, and faint tracks, or blazed lines, alone point out the route over plain or through forest, swagmen are often 'bushed,' to be found sometimes in course of years as bleached skeletons; sometimes never, for eagle-hawks and dingoes carry away the bones, and every trace or sign of the obscure, unsought-for, because unmissed traveller, has vanished. But still he ever pushes on, in the wake of the foremost pioneers, confident that at the Ultima Thule of civilisation, wherever for the time that may be, his services will be needed, and that he will, in exchange for them, be given the highest wage.

Enough, I think, has been said about the swagman, his habits, and idosyncrasies, to show that, incorrigible wanderer as he is, and inclined for a 'bust' as he undoubtedly is now and again, the first attribute only adds to his value as a not unimportant factor in the Australian labour-market; and future writers will give him credit for the part he is playing, poor and insignificant though it may seem at present, in supplying muscle and sinew towards the settlement and civilisation of the Island-continent.

A SISTER OF MERCY.

See her in her modest beauty,
Clad in simple robe of gray;
From the sacred path of duty,
Smiling all the clouds away.
Watch the children run to meet her
With their little joys and woes;
Rich and poor with blessings greet her;
Love is born where'er she goes.

Tenderest grief her glance expresses,
Where the wronged and suffering weep;
And beneath her kind caresses,
Woe and pain are lulled to sleep.
All who drink the cup of sorrow,
Love to feel her hovering near,
For the saddest hearts must borrow
Comfort from her words of cheer.

Bluer seem the skies above her;
Round her breathes such heavenly grace,
That we cannot choose but love her.
On her bright expressive face
Plays a smile all meek and tender,
Borrowed from a world divine;
And her eyes' angelic splendour
Must the coarsest souls refine.

When above the faint and dying,
Full of pity bending low,
They upon her care relying,
Feel a balm for every woe.
Where disease is rife, she lingers,
Frail of form, yet strong and brave;
Clasping close the stiffening fingers,
Kindling hopes beyond the grave.

All her holiest words are spoken
To the ear of guilt and shame,
So that spirits spent and broken
Must in reverence hold her name.
Sinners hear her gentle warning,
And with loving words are led
Through Redemption's radiant morning
To that path where angels tread.

Flowers of Hope, this gracious maiden
Showers upon the 'vale of tears;'
With heaven's choicest blessings laden,
To the sorrowing she appears.
Praise her, bless her, all creation;
For her unassuming worth
Crowns her queen of every nation,
Crowns her queen of all the earth.

FANNY FORRESTER.

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REYNARD ON THE SCOTTISH MOUNTAINS.

Not much has been written on the subject of fox-hunting in the Highlands; yet fox-hunting of a kind is pursued there every year. As the sport is commonly followed, no one who has not a 'steady head' would go in pursuit of reynard in the Highlands, for a fall into a bog or mire, or over the mountain rocks, might not unlikely be the result. The best huntsman that ever rode after a pack of hounds would soon lose sight of the fox in any of the northern counties of Scotland. The fox, in brief, cannot be hunted there as in the south of Scotland and in England. He is hunted in the Highlands like the polecat and gray crow, or like all the other animals which, from a sportsman's point of view, come under the category of vermin. Whilst he is carefully preserved in England, even artificial coverts or earths being provided for his accommodation where necessary, and his comforts assiduously attended to, a premium is offered for his head, or rather for his tail, in the Highlands. He is not regarded as an object of sport, but the enemy, the arch-foe, of the sportsman and sheep-farmer. Everybody thinks himself not only justified, but entitled to applause in killing a fox by foul or fair means—with gun, trap, or dog. Hundreds of foxes are killed in this way every year. But the genuine huntsman, the lover of fox-hunting as it is practised in lowland shires, will be glad to learn that, notwithstanding the efforts made to extirpate them, foxes are more numerous in the Highland hills at the present time than they have been at any previous period within the past fifty years.

During the whole of the year, war is waged against the hill-fox; but it is in the summer and autumn that he is circumvented in the Highlands. The vulpine war begins in July, when the cubs are a few weeks old, and is continued until the end of August, when the young foxes leave their dens and shift for themselves.

The very name of *fox*, from its association with examples of cunning as set forth in the books of ancient and modern writers, in fable and story, excites a smile. He is a laughter-inspiring animal, and if better known, would, irrespective of his partiality to game, be more thoroughly appreciated and respected. Much has been recently said of the sagacity of the dog; but the fox is far ahead of him in natural ability. The dog may be trained to do almost anything. The fox, however, needs no training—he is naturally clever, and all his stratagems are solely due to the workings of his own consciousness. His many-sidedness forms an interesting psychological study. There is something intensely human in him. There is very much in his nature and individuality which binds him in sympathy with man. A person may be annoyed, but cannot remain long angry with him—he is compelled to smile at the cool audacity of the animal. We have observed him in almost every circumstance and in many a fix; he will yield to no strategist in readiness of invention, and adroitness in managing his concerns and extricating himself out of his difficulties.

In his family relations he is most exemplary; in his attachment to his mate, he actually displays a spicing of the chivalric spirit. He watches and guards her with solicitude all the year round; but when she has her cubs, he redoubles his attentions, and takes a great deal of the responsibility of the family on his shoulders, hunting for them and feeding them with parental pride, sparing neither lambs, grouse, black-game, hares, rabbits, nor anything toothsome that comes conveniently in his way. His whole thoughts—if the word is permissible, and, let individuals say what they please, the fox is a thoughtful animal—seem to be centred in his mate and the little cubs.

The fox's den—the place selected by the parents for the cubs—is easily discovered; but the fox is not altogether to blame for this, because he is unwittingly betrayed by the cubs, whose understandings have not been sharpened by contact

with the world, and which, like many young people, are guilty of indiscretions. When a few weeks old, the cubs eat the delicacies given them by their parents, and play themselves at the mouth of the den. They soon cause a litter—fur, hair, and feathers, with heads, feet, and bones, representing almost every beast and bird in the 'forest,' being strewn about in disorder. Moreover, the mouth of the den, whether in the rocks, as is commonly the case in the Highlands, or in sand-holes, is rendered black with the trampings of the cubs, and every vestige of grass about it is worn off for some yards. Evidence of the den is thus made conclusive, and the consequence is often disastrous to reynard and his young family.

At a certain age, the cubs manifest unbounded playfulness and activity. They come out of their dens every day when the sun is at the hottest, to enjoy themselves. It is quite a little pantomime to watch them at their amusement, leaping over, biting, and surprising each other in every imaginable and unimaginable way, and, when frightened, scampering off to their holes. Their drollery is inimitable; but unlike kittens and some other animals, they will not share their fun with man. A fox-cub is probably the most stubborn and perverse creature in existence. It will not even look at its captor. Most young animals, particularly birds, on being seized, give one a curious or supplicating look. Not so the young fox; it averts its eyes with something like a sneer. Catch him by the neck, as the writer has done several times, and peer into its eyes, and it will jerk its head aside, to avoid looking you in the face. It would be a mistake, however, to take this liberty with a full-grown fox. The eyes of reynard, be the animal young or old, are full of meaning and artfulness, and not pleasant to look at. The fox may be tamed, and reciprocates friendly overtures; but, of course, he cannot always be depended upon.

Until they are a month or six weeks old, the cubs, though timid and shy, suspect no secret plot, looking merely at the surface of things, and may be trapped without difficulty. The traps should be placed in the principal holes of the den, and, if it be wished to preserve the cubs alive, thickly covered with moss or grass, to prevent the possibility of injuring them. The whole should then be carefully concealed with mould. A bait is not needed; on the contrary, by opening the minds of the young foxes to suspicion, it would in all probability defeat its object. A number of cubs are annually captured in this manner in the Highlands, some of which are sent to England, where they thrive and multiply. An old fox, however, rarely allows himself to be trapped.

Reynard leaves no department unexplored in hunting for the cubs, which, in the fashion of all young animals, are always hungry, always ready to gobble up some new dainty. He accustoms them to almost all kinds of flesh-food. His liking for lamb and venison is very decided, and every den shows that he largely avails himself of these delicacies as articles of household consumption. Lamb is easily obtained, as, when the poor animal is pounced upon, the ewe makes no great resistance, and if she did, it would be of no avail, for reynard with his powerful teeth could silence her for ever. The roedeer is a different stamp of animal, and when the fawn is attacked, fights with great ferocity, and not unfrequently makes the enemy retreat crest-fallen. The fox, however, kills many fawns, and has been known even to kill the calves of the red deer. His relish for venison is so keen that it occasionally makes him forget his innate caution and commit errors of judgment; he now and then walks into a trap baited with venison. The carcase of a deer is the best bait that can be used to trap him. With all his exalted notions of sport, he condescends at times to exert his great power upon very small game. The only time the writer observed him in the act of hunting, he was after mice! On getting their scent, he stood still for a moment, with his right foot suspended in the manner of a pointer, then moved stealthily towards the game, and having got near enough, sprang upon them, and shook the nest of tiny creatures about his ears. Having performed this exploit, he looked about him with the air of a man who thinks he has done a brave deed, entitling him to applause; but at that instant, he perceived he was watched, and fled. The fox kills all his prey in much the same way. Winged game often baffle him, but in the end, his perseverance is crowned with success. He seldom chases the hare, but pounces upon puss, and kills her before she is aware of the presence of a foe. Grouse are so plentiful that the fox rarely visits a farmyard in the Highlands. The heads of poisonous snakes (the adder) are seen at the den; so that, as a change of diet, he sometimes treats the cubs to a reptile. The writer has seen two families of foxes in one den in Sutherlandshire. The female has usually four, but occasionally five, and even six cubs at a time.

The fox goes a long distance from the den—frequently ten or twelve miles—before he begins hunting operations, passing his prey on the journey with an assumption of great innocence, as if the idea of murdering a grouse or lamb could not possibly enter his thoughts. Lambs and hares frisk about his den unmolested, because, for reasons of policy, he is too tender-hearted to touch them. For instance, if he killed lambs in proximity to his abode, the sheep would raise a piteous bleating—which is continued for some days—the den would be discovered, and the culprit punished. Reynard is wide awake as to what takes place around him, and, as in this case, exercises his wit to throw dust in the eyes of mankind and perpetuate his posterity.

If the fox finds, on returning from his foraging expeditions, that any one has been at the den, he takes the alarm, and removes the cubs at once to other quarters. If they are too young to walk, he carries them, one at a time, with the greatest tenderness; and if they exhibit wilfulness or disobedience, which frequently happens, he chastises them. He generally takes them far away, selecting a place totally unlike their original den. When, therefore, a den is found, a watch is put upon it. Meanwhile, a hunting-party is organised. They proceed to the scene with their terriers and guns, and provisions for a night's encampment. The terriers run into the den, and kill as many of the cubs as they can get hold of; and if the cubs be strong enough, they sometimes bolt out of their holes, like rabbits

from a ferret. The huntsmen are on the alert at different points, each hoping to win the coveted honour of shooting a fox, and when the animal makes his appearance, a deafening volley salutes him. In the excitement of the moment, reynard is often missed by all the shooters. The chief business, however, takes place late in the evening, when the parent foxes are foraging. The shooters are then placed by their leader in tactical positions; and in those parts where, in midsummer, the reflections of the sun are not wholly eclipsed at midnight, lying in wait for the fox is a sport fraught with a kind of eerie fascination. Each watches his station with eagerness, all listen with earnestness for the quarry. At length he comes in sight on the sky-line away in the distance. From the restless way in which he moves to and fro, he is fully aware that his den is besieged—he scents his enemy from afar. He usually slips out of sight again, and then the hills for miles around re-echo with his cry—a grating sound like the screech of a crane, but much louder. No sooner has the sound died away, than the female commonly answers it in a clearer and more clamorous voice. They both circle about to windward of the den, and at times will come within fifty yards of it. The most deadly shots are placed at the best stations, and on these occasions poor reynard very frequently loses his life. Supposing he is fired at and missed, he is certain to come back again early in the morning. The fox ordinarily comes to the den between nine P.M. and midnight, and again about half-past one or two in the morning.

Such is a glimpse of reynard as he generally conducts himself in the Highlands; and were foxes allowed to breed undisturbed there, they would soon overrun the country.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XIX.

'WHERE is George? I scarcely ever see him,' said the general in querulous tones. 'He is always after that girl of Waring's. Why don't you try to keep him at home?'

Mrs Gaunt did not say that she had done her best to keep him at home, but found her efforts unsuccessful. She said apologetically: 'He has so very little to amuse him here; and the music, you know, is a great bond.'

'He plays like a beginner; and she, like a—like a—as well as a professional. I don't understand what kind of bond that can be.'

'So much the greater a compliment is it to George that she likes his playing,' responded the mother promptly.

'She likes to make a fool of him, I think,' the general said; 'and you help her on. I don't understand your tactics. Women generally like to keep their sons free from such entanglements; and after getting him safely out of India, where every man is bound to fall into mischief'——

'Oh, my dear,' said Mrs Gaunt, 'if it ever should come to that—think, what an excellent connection. I wish it had been Frances; I do wish it had been Frances. I had always set my heart on that. But the connection would be the same.'

'You knew nothing about the connection when you set your heart on Frances. And I can't help thinking there is something odd about the connection. Why should that girl have come here, and why should the other one be spirited away like a transformation scene?'

'Well, my dear, it is in the peerage,' said Mrs Gaunt. 'Great families, we all know, are often very queer in their arrangements. But there can be no doubt it is all right, for it is in the peerage. If it had been Frances, I should have been too happy. With such a connection, he could not fail to get on.'

'He had much better get on by his own merits,' retorted the general with a grumble.—'Frances! Frances was not to be compared with this girl.—But I don't believe she means anything more than amusing herself,' he added. 'This is not the sort of girl to marry a poor soldier without a penny—not she. She will take her fun out of him, and then'——

The general kissed the end of his fingers and tossed them into the air. He was, perhaps, a little annoyed that his son had stepped in and monopolised the most amusing member of the society. And perhaps he did not think so badly of George's chances as he said.

'You may be sure,' said Mrs Gaunt indignantly, 'she will do nothing of the kind. It is not every day that a girl gets a fine fellow like our George at her feet. He is just a little too much at her feet, which is always a mistake, I think. But still, general, you cannot but allow that Lord Markham's sister'——

'I have never seen much good come of great connections,' said the general; but though his tone was that of a sceptic, his mind was softer than his speech. He, too, felt a certain elation in the thought that the youngest, who was not the clever one of the family, and who had not been quite so steady as might have been desired, was thus in the way of putting himself above the reach of fate. For, of course, to be brother-in-law to a viscount was a good thing. It might not be of the same use as in the days when patronage ruled supreme; but still it would be folly to suppose that it was not an advantage. It would admit George to circles with which otherwise he could have formed no acquaintance, and make him known to people who could push him in his profession. George was the one about whom they had been most anxious. All the others were doing well in their way, though not a way which threw them into contact with viscounts or fine society. George would be over all their heads in that respect, and he was the one that wanted it most, he was the one who was most dependent on outside aid.

'I don't quite understand,' said Mrs Gaunt, 'what Constance' position is. She ought to be the Honourable, don't you think? The Honourable Constance sounds very pretty. It would come in very nicely with Gaunt, which is an aristocratic-sounding name. People may say what they like about titles, but they are very nice, there is such individuality in them. Mrs George might be anybody; it might be me, as your name is George too. But the Honourable would

distinguish it at once. When she called here, there was only Miss Constance Waring written on her father's card; but then you don't put Honourable on your card; and as Lady Markham's daughter'——

'Women don't count,' said the general, 'as I've often told you. She's Waring's daughter.'

'Mr Waring may be a very clever man,' said Mrs Gaunt indignantly; 'but I should like to know how Constance can be the daughter of a viscountess in her own right without'——

'Is she a viscountess in her own right?'

This question brought Mrs Gaunt to a sudden pause. She looked at him with a startled air. 'It is not through Mr Waring, that is clear,' she said.

'But it is not in her own right—at least, I don't think so; it is through her first husband, the father of that funny little creature' (meaning Lord Markham).

'General!' said Mrs Gaunt, shocked. Then she added: 'I must make some excuse to look at the Peerage this afternoon. The Durants have always got their Peerage on the table. We shall have to send for one too, if'——

'If what? If your boy gets a wife who has titled connections, for that is all.—A wife! and what is he to keep her on, in the name of heaven?'

'Mothers and brothers are tolerably close connections,' said Mrs Gaunt with dignity. 'He has got his pay, general; and you always intended, of course, if he married to your satisfaction—— Of course,' she added, speaking very quickly, to forestall an outburst, 'Lady Markham will not leave her daughter dependent upon a captain's pay. And even Mr Waring—Mr Waring must have a fortune of his own, or—or a person like that would never have married him; and he would not be able to live as he does, very comfortably, even luxuriously'——

'Oh, I suppose he has enough to live on. But as for pinching himself in order to enable his girl to marry your boy, I don't believe a word of it,' exclaimed the general. Fortunately, being carried away by this wave of criticism, he had forgotten his wife's allusion to his own intentions in George's favour; and this was a subject on which she had no desire to be premature.

'Well, general,' she said, 'perhaps we are going a little too fast. We don't know yet whether anything will come of it. George is rather a lady's man. It may be only a flirtation; it may end in nothing. We need not begin to count our chickens'——

'Why, it was you!' cried the astonished general. 'I never should have remarked anything about it, or wasted a moment's thought on the subject!'

Mrs Gaunt was not a clever woman, skilled in the art of leaving conversational responsibilities on the shoulders of her interlocutor; but if a woman is not inspired on behalf of her youngest boy, when is she to be inspired? She gave her shoulders the slightest possible shrug and left him to his newspaper. They had a newspaper from England every morning—the *Standard*, whose reasonable Conservatism suited the old general. Except in military matters, such questions as the advance of Russia towards Afghanistan, or the defences of our own coasts, the general was not a bigot, and preferred his politics mild, with as little froth and foam as possible. His newspaper afforded him occupation for the entire morning, and he enjoyed it in very pleasant wise, seated under his veranda with a faint suspicion of lemon blossom in the air, which ruffled the young olive trees all around, and the blue breadths of the sea stretching far away at his feet. The garden behind was fenced in with lemon and orange trees, the fruit in several stages, and just a little point of blossom here and there, not enough to load the air. Mrs Gaunt had preserved the wild-flowers that were natural to the place, and accordingly had a scarlet field of anemones which wanted no cultivation, and innumerable clusters of the sweet white narcissus filling her little inclosure. These cost no trouble, and left Toni, the man-of-all-work, at leisure for the more profitable culture of the oranges. From where the general sat, there was nothing visible, however, but the terraces descending in steps towards the distant glimpse of the road, and the light-blue margin, edged with spray, of the sea, under a soft and cheering sun, that warmed to the heart, but did not scorch or blaze, and with a soft air playing about his old temples, breathing freshness and that lemon bloom. Sometimes there would come a faint sound of voices from some group of workers among the olives. The little clump of palm-trees at the end of the garden—for nothing here is perfect without a palm or two—cast a fantastic shadow, that waved over the newspaper now and then. When a man is old and has done his work, what can he want more than this sweet retirement and stillness? But naturally, it was not all that was necessary to young Captain George.

Mrs Gaunt went over to the Durants in the afternoon, as she so often did, and found that family, as usual, on their loggia. It cost her a little trouble and diplomacy to get a private inspection of the Peerage, and even when she did so, it threw but little light upon her question. Geoffrey Viscount Markham, fifteenth lord, was a name which she read with a little flutter of her heart, feeling that he was already almost a relation, and she read over the names of Markham Priory and Dunmorra, his lodge in the Highlands, and the town address in Eaton Square, all with a sense that by-and-by she might herself be directing letters from one or other of these places. But the Peerage said nothing about the dowager Lady Markham subsequent to the conclusion of the first marriage, except that she had married again, E. Waring, Esq.; and thus Mrs Gaunt's studies came to no satisfactory end. She introduced the subject, however, in the course of tea. She had asked whether any one had heard from Frances, and had received a satisfactory reply.

'O yes; I have had two letters; but she does not say very much. They had gone down to the Priory for Easter; and she was to be presented at the first drawing-room. Fancy Frances in a court-train and feathers, at a drawing-room! It does seem so very strange,' Tasie said. She said it with a slight sigh, for it was she, in old times, who had expounded Society to little Frances, and taught her what in an emergency it would be right to do and say; and now little Frances had

taken a stride in advance. 'I asked her to write and tell us all about it, and what she wore.'

'It would be white, of course.'

'O yes, it would be white—a débutante. When *I* went to drawing-rooms,' said Mrs Durant, who had once, in the character of chaplainess to an Embassy, made her courtesy to Her Majesty, 'young ladies' toilets were simpler than now. Frances will probably be in white satin, which, except for a wedding dress, is quite unsuitable, I think, for a girl.'

'I wonder if we shall see it in the papers? Sometimes, my sister-in-law sends me a *Queen*,' said Mrs Gaunt, 'when she thinks there is something in it which will interest me; but she does not know anything about Frances. Dear little thing, I can't think of her in white satin. Her sister, now'——

'Constance would wear velvet, if she could—or cloth of gold,' cried Tasie, with a little irritation. Her mother gave her a reproving glance.

'There is a tone in your voice, Tasie, which is not kind.'

'O yes; I know, mamma. But Constance is rather a trial. I know one ought not to show it. She looks as if one was not good enough to tie her shoes. And after all, she is no better than Frances; she is not half so nice as Frances; but I mean there can be no difference of position between sisters—one is just as good as the other; and Frances was so fond of coming here.'

'Do you think Constance gives herself airs? O no, dear Tasie,' said Mrs Gaunt; 'she is really not at all—when you come to know her. I am most fond of Frances myself. Frances has grown up among us, and we know all about her; that is what makes the difference. And Constance—is a little shy.'

At this there was a cry from the family. 'I don't think she is shy,' said the old clergyman, whom Constance had insulted by walking out of church before the sermon.

'Shy!' exclaimed Mrs Durant, 'about as shy as'—— But no simile occurred to her which was bold enough to meet the case.

'It is better she should not be shy,' said Tasie. 'You remember how she drove those people from the hotel to church. They have come ever since. They are quite afraid of her. Oh, there are some good things in her, some *very* good things.'

'We are the more hard to please, after knowing Frances,' repeated Mrs Gaunt. 'But when a girl has been like that, used to the best society—— By the way, Mr Durant, you who know everything, are sure to know—Is she the Honourable? For my part, I can't quite make it out.'

Mr Durant put on his spectacles to look at her, as if such a question passed the bounds of the permissible. He was very imposing when he looked at any one through those spectacles with an air of mingled astonishment and superiority. 'Why should she be an Honourable?' he said.

Mrs Gaunt felt as if she would like to sink into the abysms of the earth—that is, through the floor of the loggia, whatever might be the dreadful depths underneath. 'Oh, I don't know,' she said meekly. 'I—I only thought—her mother being a—a titled person, a—a viscountess in her own right'——

'But, my *dear* lady,' said Mr Durant with a satisfaction in his superior knowledge which was almost unspeakable, 'Lady Markham is *not* a viscountess in her own right. Dear, no. She is not a viscountess at all. She is plain Mrs Waring, and nothing else, if right was right. Society only winks good-naturedly at her retaining the title, which she certainly, if there is any meaning in the peerage at all, forfeits by marrying a commoner.'

Mrs Durant and Tasie both looked with great admiration at their head and instructor as he thus spoke. 'You may be sure Mr Durant says nothing that he is not quite sure of,' said the wife, crushing any possible scepticism on the part of the inquirer; and 'Papa knows such a lot,' added Tasie, awed, yet smiling, on her side.

'Oh, is that all?' said Mrs Gaunt, greatly subdued. 'But then, Lord Markham—calls her his sister, you know.'

'The nobility,' said Mr Durant, 'are always very scrupulous about relationships; and she *is* his step-sister. He wouldn't qualify the relationship by calling her so. A common person might do so, but not a man of high breeding, like Lord Markham—that is all.'

'I suppose you must be right,' said Mrs Gaunt. 'The general said so too. But it does seem very strange to me that of the same woman's children, and she a lady of title, one should be a lord, and the other have no sort of distinction at all.' They all smiled upon her blandly, every one ready with a new piece of information, and much sympathy for her ignorance, which Mrs Gaunt, seeing that it was she that was likely to be related to Lord Markham, and not any of the Durants, felt that she could not bear; so she jumped up hastily and declared that she must be going, that the general would be waiting for her. 'I hope you will come over some evening, and I will ask the Warings, and Tasie must bring her music. I am sure you would like to hear George's violin. He is getting on so well, with Constance to play his accompaniments;' and before any one could reply to her, Mrs Gaunt had hurried away.

It is painful not to have time to get out your retort; and these excellent people turned instinctively upon each other to discharge the unflown arrows. 'It is so very easy, with a little trouble, to understand the titles, complimentary and otherwise, of our own nobility,' said Mr Durant, shaking his head.

'And such a sign of want of breeding not to understand them,' said his wife.

'The Honourable Constance would sound very pretty,' cried Tasie; 'it is such a pity.'

'Especially, our friend thinks, if it was the Honourable Constance Gaunt.'

'That she could never be, my dear,' said the old clergyman mildly. 'She might be the Honourable Mrs Gaunt; but Constance, no—not in any case.'

'I should like to know why?' Mrs Durant said.

Perhaps here the excellent chaplain's knowledge failed him; or he had become weary of the subject; for he rose and said: 'I have really no more time for a matter which does not concern us,' and trotted away.

The mother and daughter left alone together, naturally turned to a point more interesting than the claims of Constance to rank. 'Do you

really think, mamma,' said Tasie, 'do you really, really think—it is silly to be always discussing these sort of questions—but do you believe that Constance Waring actually—means anything?'

'You should say does George Gaunt mean anything? The girl never comes first in such a question,' said Mrs Durant, with that ingrained contempt for girls which often appears in elderly women. Tasie was so (traditionally) young, besides having a heart of sixteen in her bosom, that her sympathies were all with the girl.

'I don't think in this case, mamma,' she said. 'Constance is so much more a person of the world than any of us. I don't mean to say she is worldly. O no! but having been in society, and so much *out*.'

'I should like to know in what kind of society she has been,' said Mrs Durant, who took gloomy views. 'I don't want to say a word against Lady Markham; but Society, Tasie, the kind of society to which your father and I have been accustomed, looks rather coldly upon a wife living apart from her husband.—Oh, I don't mean to say Lady Markham was to blame. Probably, she is a most excellent person; but the presumption is that at least, you know, there were—faults on both sides.'

'I am sure I can't give an opinion,' cried Tasie, 'for, of course, I don't know anything about it. But George Gaunt has nothing but his pay; and Constance couldn't be in love with him, could she? O no! I don't know anything about it; but I can't think a girl like Constance'——

'A girl in a false position,' said the chaplain's wife, 'is often glad to marry any one, just for a settled place in the world.'

'Oh, but not Constance, mamma! I am sure she is just amusing herself.'

'Tasie! you speak as if she were the man,' exclaimed Mrs Durant, in a tone of reproof.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN.

THE study of all things relating to our great central luminary has always been, and must always be, an intensely interesting one. Worshipped at one time as a god, and long regarded with awe and reverence, it is now recognised as the source of all our energy. Where, indeed, can man find a more fitting study than the great ruler of our planetary system, the prime origin of our light and lives, without which this earth would wander through space a cold, black, uninhabited and uninhabitable globe?

In all advancement of knowledge, it is interesting, and indeed expedient, occasionally to take one's stand and to survey the labour of the past years, asking one's self what has been already done, and what yet remains for future generations to do. What do we know? and what do we want to know? The last quarter of a century has been a fruitful one in all branches of natural, and especially physical science; few, indeed, are the departments of research which cannot show some great advance or some important point gained; and this advance has been greatly characteristic of the science of physical astronomy, especially in relation to solar phenomena. In view of the brilliant discoveries made in electricity and the kindred sciences, we are apt to lose sight of the importance of pure science. The former, by ministering to the everyday wants of man, appeals to his less refined nature; while the latter, appealing only to the mind, and not to the body, takes root with more difficulty.

Now, let us turn our attention to the sun. What do we know about it, first, as regards its place in the universe; second, its physical and chemical constitution; and third, its relation to our earth? The first of these questions may, in the present state of our knowledge, be almost completely and satisfactorily answered, and it is not now necessary to pass in review all the results which have been achieved. We know, of course, that the sun is an enormous globe, distant some ninety-four million of miles from our earth, and round which our earth revolves. Its diameter is about eight hundred and fifty-two thousand miles; and, as far as can be detected by the most delicate measurements, it is perfectly spherical, and, unlike the planets, there is no difference between its equatorial and polar diameter. We must not, however, jump to the conclusion that the laws of nature are cancelled in the solar regions, and that centrifugal force has no effect; but we must remember that measurements where the true body of the sun can never be seen, are at the best exceedingly difficult and untrustworthy. According to Laplace's nebular theory, which in a modified form is nowadays accepted by most astronomers, the sun once extended over the whole space now occupied by the planets, and by its gradual contraction, has given birth to the solar system, with its countless array of planets, asteroids, and satellites. This contraction of bulk is supposed by many to be still going on, and to be the source of all the sun's heat. Other theories have been from time to time advanced to account for the origin of the immense amount of energy, in the form of heat, hourly radiated away from the sun's surface, among which we may mention the meteoric theory, which supposes the heat to be generated by an incessant shower of meteorites, which, falling with great velocity on the sun's surface, raise it to an intensely high temperature. There seems, however, to be no reason for going far afield to search for the source of the sun's energy, and the simple theory of contraction has been mathematically shown by Helmholtz to be amply sufficient to account for the vast amount of energy radiated into space, and, with the exception of a very small portion of it, lost.

Following almost immediately upon the discovery of the telescope was the discovery of the most remarkable physical phenomena observed on the surface of the sun—the solar spots. It is not well known who first observed them, nor, indeed, is it very important. Their discovery follows as a necessary consequence on the invention of the telescope, and no particular credit is due to their first observer. The appearance of a sun-spot is familiar to most people, yet there is hardly a more striking object in the whole realms of astronomy. When viewed with a powerful telescope, its appearance is indeed beautiful—the dark black nucleus or central portion, surrounded by the penumbra, which has something of the appearance of an interlaced and entangled mass of silver threads, but with a general tendency in direction towards the centre of the spot, sometimes projecting into the centre, forming promontories,

islands, and capes of silvery white, in a dead black sea. The size of the spots is enormous. Herschel observed one fifty thousand miles in diameter, or more than six times the diameter of the earth. Sometimes clusters of innumerable small ones are observed; and it is seldom that the surface of the sun is entirely free from them.

The first important result that followed the observation of sun-spots was the determination of the sun's period of rotation, which has been approximately fixed at twenty-seven and one-third days. But here a very curious fact meets our notice, which is this—that the rate of rotation of all portions of the sun's surface is not the same; there seems to be some retarding action at work, which, acting on the equatorial regions, causes them to lag behind. We must, however, remember that nobody has, in all probability, ever seen the solid body of the sun, and that all the results are based on measurements made upon a gaseous, or at all events liquid envelope. The spots, too, have generally some proper motion of their own, more or less irregular; and although we can rely on such observations for obtaining roughly the general rate of rotation on the sun's surface, we cannot rely on them for delicate and accurate measurements. The formation of a spot is a slow process, and has often been observed; their disappearance, too, generally takes some time. They have, however, on one or two occasions been observed to explode and absolutely disappear almost in a minute or two, which, when we consider their enormous size, is an astounding phenomenon.

Various theories have from time to time been proposed to account for their formation, the one which now meets with most general acceptance being that proposed by Faye. According to his hypothesis, the spots are formed of huge masses of vapour, which, having been cooled and partly condensed in the upper regions of the sun's atmosphere, sink into the fiery sea, which goes by the name of the photosphere or light-giving portion of the sun. The action may be compared to that of an immense snow-flake, which, falling into water, is gradually melted. This theory seems to agree best with all the observed phenomena, and, in default of a better one, we must for the present accept it. Fresh light is, however, being thrown on the subject year by year, and we may look forward to the time when we shall possess such data as shall enable us to form a complete and satisfactory theory of sun-spots.

We now come to another and not the least remarkable thing connected with the spots—their period of maximum and minimum. To Schwabe of Dessau we owe the discovery of this remarkable law, which may be thus stated: The average number of spots on the sun's surface is maximum at intervals of about eleven years. After a period of maximum, the average slowly decreases till it reaches its minimum in five and a half years. It then as slowly increases again, till it reaches the next maximum period—thus continually and regularly fluctuating. The reason of this strange law we cannot, in the present state of our knowledge, conjecture. Various attempts have been made to connect it with the periods, or conjunctions, of different planets; but, until more exact knowledge of the precise length of the sun-spot period is obtained, we cannot admit any such explanation. One thing is, however, certain—that the periods of sun-spot maximum are coincident with the periods of maximum magnetic disturbance on the earth, and with the appearance of the aurora borealis.

The next point that attracts our attention is the phenomenon of the *prominences* or red flames seen during a total eclipse. These remarkable objects have lately been completely studied by means of the spectroscope. The special arrangements that are employed we cannot here enter into; it must suffice to mention that, by means of a particular method of employing the spectroscope, we can now see and study these prominences any day that the sun is shining, and are no longer compelled to wait for the brief moments of a total eclipse. It has thus been found out that they consist of huge clouds of incandescent hydrogen, mixed in some cases with different metallic vapours, and situated at some considerable height above the surface of the photosphere. Their movements are sometimes extremely rapid, and they have been observed to appear or disappear in the course of a few minutes. On one occasion, Professor Young saw one of these prominences erupted to a height of two hundred thousand miles in an hour or two. There are in the main two classes of prominences—first, the cloudy or nebulous sort, which almost exactly resemble clouds in our own atmosphere, except that they are red; and secondly, the metallic sort, which are much more brilliant, and have more the appearance of sharp tongues of flame. These latter do not generally rise to any great height, and are distinguished in the spectroscope by containing vapours of metals, such as magnesium, in addition to the hydrogen.

Prominences generally occur round a spot, or where a spot is going to break out. When seen on the body of the sun, they appear as *faculæ* or bright spots. During a total eclipse, there is another sight which attracts the attention of the observer, and that is the *corona*, which appears in the form of a silvery white light for some distance round the sun. Its outline is very irregular, and though its appearance seems to remain substantially the same during the same eclipse, it varies much from one eclipse to another. It was at first thought that this phenomenon might be due to refraction in our atmosphere; but this was disproved, and it is now generally believed to be an emanation from the sun itself. Our whole knowledge on the subject is, however, very slight; but we may look forward shortly to the solution of this difficult problem. The light given out by the corona is luckily that sort of light which has most effect on a sensitive photographic plate, and this fact early gave rise to the hope that it might be possible to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. This has, indeed, been done by Dr Huggins, who has lately obtained photographs which, in the opinion of those best capable of forming a judgment, truly represent the solar corona. The results are, however, not yet given to the world; but it is to be hoped that they soon will be, when we shall be in possession of data that will enable us to form some conjecture as to the true nature of this beautiful and remarkable phenomenon.

Photography has given valuable assistance in

the study of solar physics. We have just mentioned the successful attempt to photograph the corona without the aid of an eclipse. At the time of the last few total eclipses, indeed, the corona was satisfactorily photographed. The views thus obtained, together with the hand-sketches of observers, have given us useful information as regards its shape and extent. For observations whose object is to determine the amount of the sun's surface covered at any time by spots, photography is most valuable; and at many observatories, a view is taken of the sun every day that it is visible. This was formerly done at Kew, but has now, to the discredit of British science, been discontinued.

The prominences, emitting, as they do, almost entirely red light, are less amenable to this method of observation, and though they have been photographed during an eclipse, without that aid no satisfactory views have been obtained. Many attempts have, however, been made, and we may hope that they will soon be crowned with success. In making astronomical observations with a large telescope, it is necessary that the instrument be so adjusted as to keep the object steadily in view for periods of greater or less duration; else the earth's rotation would carry the object beyond the field of observation. To achieve this, the telescope is moved by clockwork at a rate which shall counteract the earth's rotatory speed. Any slight failure in the driving clock shows itself by resulting in a hopelessly blurred image.

It is a common thing, on the other hand, for the possessors of small telescopes to think that it is impossible they should ever make anything in the form of a discovery and therefore that it is absurd to try; and they are content to let their instrument remain a mere toy. This is a mistake. A great deal of good work can be done with a very small instrument, if the observer does not lack perseverance. Continuous observations, especially if the results are carefully noted down, are the most valuable of all; and for observations to determine such a thing as the periods of sun-spot maximum and minimum, high telescopic power is not requisite. Those more fortunate observers who are blessed with the possession of a good equatorial instrument have plenty of scope for their energies in the observation of the prominences with the solar spectroscope; and as this method of observing them has only comparatively recently been discovered, there are still a great many difficult points to be solved about them.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

HAVING furnished a description of the bag and its contents, to be telegraphed up the line, Mr Goulding proceeded to the police office, where he consulted an inspector, who, if he had not the wisdom of the serpent and the eye of the lynx, might at least have laid claim to the gravity of the owl. This functionary opined that the missing bag would be found in Crewe, thinking it, perhaps, an honour to the town that the theft had been the work of a local pickpocket. He recommended that hand-bills should be issued; and having learned that the bag contained about thirty shillings, he thought the reward offered ought to be two pounds; but it was plain that he considered the documents of merely secondary importance.

Mr Goulding did not agree with him, thinking it far more likely that it had been taken by a passenger, and half regretted that he had not proceeded by the train. However, he directed a reward of five pounds to be offered, and then retraced his steps to the railway station, reflecting as he went on the best course to adopt. The serious part of the affair was that Mr Mossop, being in such a precarious state, might die at any time; in which case, if the will were not recovered, or if by any chance it fell into Sir Peter's hands, the latter might inherit the property to the exclusion of Mrs Reddie, unless, indeed, its execution and contents could be established by independent evidence, which would be practically impossible. Under the circumstances, he decided to return at once to Chester, and draw up a new will as briefly as possible, to be ready for any emergency. Now, a will only three or four lines in length may be quite as valid and binding as one which extends over many pages, but no lawyer likes to admit as much, and Mr Goulding naturally felt it contrary to his professional instincts to construct such a rough-and-ready document. However, necessity, which knows no law, may be excused for dispensing with legal forms and phraseology; so, on this occasion he determined to do off-hand on a sheet of paper what had been supposed to occupy the attention of his firm for days. It was fortunate that he carried the bulk of his money in his pocket, and was therefore at no inconvenience in that respect. Accordingly, having despatched a telegram to his wife, and another to his partner in business, he started by the first train for Chester, and before one o'clock found himself once more at the gate of 'The Firs.' Here he was met by the woman who kept the lodge, and perceived from her grave face that something had happened. Putting his head out of the cab, he asked whether there was any change in Mr Mossop's condition.

'He 's gone, sir,' was her reply.

Mr Goulding simply inquired, 'When?'

'Soon after daylight this morning, sir; near eight maybe.'

Without further remark he proceeded to the house, telling the cabman to wait. There he found the servants in genuine distress, especially the butler, who had been longest in Mr Mossop's service. The nurse explained that her patient had been very bad during the night, being much weakened with fits of coughing, and at about eight o'clock he had expired. He had scarcely spoken at all for a good while before he died, except to ask for a drink; but once he had said something about the will being carried out—she was not sure of the exact words. Nearly an hour had elapsed before any one thought of sending to the hotel for Mr Goulding; and when the messenger did go, it was too late, as he had left for London.

Having listened to the nurse's statement, Mr Goulding thought over the matter for a minute. He could not remain long enough to look after the funeral arrangements, but of course somebody must do so, and on consideration, he found there was nothing for it but to leave that duty in the hands of the butler, who was a most trustworthy man. He therefore wrote the necessary instructions; and having seen that the old gentleman's papers and valuables were safely locked up, he left William in temporary charge of the house, promising to return in time for the funeral, if possible.

It was only when in the cab, on his way back to Chester, that his thoughts had leisure to revert to the will. He felt himself to be in a very unpleasant position; for Sir Peter Mossop, as the nearest relative of the deceased, would be certain to attend the funeral, and would naturally expect to hear the will read immediately afterwards. Mrs Reddie, too, would be at 'The Firs' with the same object, and how was he to explain matters to her? Of course the will might be restored in the meantime; but if it were not, Sir Peter would probably lay claim to the property by applying for letters of administration. He now very much regretted that he had not left it with Mr Mossop, where it would have been safe; but all solicitors have a propensity to take charge of their clients' documents, and in this instance the custom was likely to prove unfortunate. However, he did not doubt that the offer of a sufficient reward would lead to the restoration of the will, which could be of no value to any one but the legatees; unless, indeed, the thief should happen to have some knowledge of the Mossop family, and try to get a big price for it from Sir Peter, if the latter were so dishonest as to wish to destroy it and claim the property.

On arriving at Chester station, Mr Goulding found that he had more than an hour to wait for a train; and he spent the time in pacing up and down the platform in a state of great irritation, for he was anxious to get home. Eventually, however, he had the satisfaction of being once more whirled on his way to London. When passing through Crewe, he alighted for a moment, to ask at the Inquiry Office whether any tidings of the bag had been obtained, but, as he anticipated, without success.

It was almost eleven o'clock when he reached home, tired and dispirited; but the fatigue of his journey caused him to sleep soundly, notwithstanding the thought that on the morrow he would have to make a disagreeable explanation to his senior partner. He was at the office half an hour earlier than usual next morning, and had not long to wait for the appearance of Mr Shuttleworth. The latter was an elderly man, short and stout, with a red face; a very good fellow in many respects, but with a decidedly crusty temper. Hence, Mr Goulding had avoided mentioning the loss of the will in his telegram, hoping that it might be found in time to save him from a lecture; for when anything went wrong, Mr Shuttleworth was not slow to express his sentiments. It could not be helped, however; and the junior partner told his story as briefly as possible, adding that he supposed they had better advertise at once.

Mr Shuttleworth had listened in silence, but his face had grown very red, and his under lip had shot out to a surprising extent. His first observation was, 'Well, well, well!' which he repeated a great many times in an angry tone. Then he said: 'It's the worst case of carelessness I ever heard of. Fancy leaving a document worth thousands and thousands on the seat of a railway carriage, while you coolly go to look out of the opposite window!'

Mr Goulding, who was familiar with his companion's temper, took no notice of this upbraiding, which wore itself out in a few minutes; but, returning to the question of recovering the will, proposed that they should draw up an advertisement offering a large reward, to be inserted in the principal London papers.

'Very well,' said Mr Shuttleworth; 'but you can scarcely expect to charge the reward against the firm. It ought to come out of your little legacy—that is, if you ever get it,' he added tartly.

Mr Goulding acquiesced, and presently handed the draft of an advertisement to his partner.

'This will never do,' exclaimed the latter. 'Here you have given our own name and address, to let all the world into the secret. People will say that Shuttleworth and Goulding must be getting very careless; and every old woman whose business we transact will come here in a panic, to see that her documents are safe.'

'Then shall we have it issued from the police office?' asked Mr Goulding.

'No; I think you had better give it to Poynter. The thief will have less hesitation in going there; but for that matter, our own address would appear on the contents of the bag.'

It must be explained that Poynter kept a Private Inquiry Office at No. 7 Stray Place, S.W., and was slightly known to the firm in the way of business.

'There's another thing,' Mr Shuttleworth continued, while Mr Goulding proceeded to write out the notice anew. 'Say "Lost" only—not "Lost or Stolen;" and then, if the thief thinks that it is supposed to be simply lost, he will not be afraid to come forward.'

Mr Goulding made the necessary alteration, and was soon on his way to the establishment of Mr Poynter. That worthy was an ex-detective, and though ready at all times to make 'private inquiries' about other people, might have shunned any very searching inquiry into his own career. However, he was well enough fitted for the service that the solicitors required, and willingly undertook it on the promise of a reasonable fee.

On the next day, which was Saturday, the notice appeared in the leading London dailies, as well as in a provincial newspaper circulating in the Crewe district, to which it had been transmitted by telegraph. It ran as follows: 'Fifty Pounds Reward.—Lost at Crewe on the morning of Thursday the 10th inst., out of a first-class compartment in the London train, a lawyer's black bag, containing a Will and some papers of no use to any one but the owner.—The finder will receive the above reward on immediately bringing it to Poynter's Private Inquiry Office, 7 Stray Place, London, S.W.'

Mr Mossop's funeral was to take place on Monday morning; and up to Saturday evening

no news of the will had been received, though both the partners remained at the office till a late hour, in the vain hope that a telegram might arrive from the Crewe police office, where Mr Goulding had left his address. The latter gentleman felt that it was incumbent on him to be present at the funeral, and arrange the household matters at 'The Firs' afterwards, and his mind was a good deal disturbed in consequence. Mr Shuttleworth advised him to go to Crewe that night, sleep there, and make inquiries at the police office on the following day (Sunday), and thereafter proceed to Chester. The partners sat talking together till nearly half-past five o'clock —more than two hours after the Saturday closing hour; and Mr Goulding had then just enough time to hurry home, pack his valise, and catch the mail at Euston, so as to reach Crewe shortly after midnight. It had been arranged that he should take with him the draft of the will, as a substitute for the missing document. This would of course be practically the same thing for the required purpose; and if its production instead of the will did not create suspicion, and cause Sir Peter or his friends to ask awkward questions, a discovery might be avoided for the time.

As Mr Goulding was leaving the office, Mr Shuttleworth gave him some parting words of advice. 'Be careful,' he said, 'not to volunteer any information. Put a bold face on it, and remember that no one has a right to catechise you. I only hope the baronet has not got wind of the affair. If you had published the name of our firm, as you intended, he would have been sure to know.'

It is unnecessary to dwell on Mr Goulding's journey northwards. He called at the Crewe police office on Sunday morning; but the bills first issued there, offering five pounds reward, had been without result, and the police had obtained no information whatever.

Proceeding to Chester in the evening, he slept there, and attended the funeral next morning. There were not many persons present, as Mr Mossop had been rather reserved in disposition, making few new friends; and most of his old friends were gone before him. The procession comprised some half-dozen of the neighbouring gentry, and Sir Peter, who had brought his solicitor with him. The baronet did not expect any great benefit from his kinsman's death; but thought that perhaps Mr Mossop might have relented so far as to leave him a thousand or so on the strength of their relationship.

Mossop Hall, the residence of Sir Peter Price Mossop—to give him his full name—was near Wrexham; and his solicitor was Mr David Crooks of that town, a gentleman who took a special interest in his client on account of certain sums he had advanced him to meet losses on the turf. Mrs Reddie and her eldest daughter had also arrived, at Mr Goulding's request, to remain in charge at 'The Firs' until affairs were settled. He had privately explained to the former lady the unfortunate affair of the lost will, speaking as confidently as he could of its ultimate recovery. After the funeral, the party assembled in the library to hear the will read. Besides Mr Goulding, the company consisted of Mrs and Miss Reddie, Sir Peter, Mr Crooks, and three of the more intimate friends of the deceased. Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that there was an absence of any violent manifestation of grief. The baronet had never been very friendly with his cousin, and cared nothing about him; the two ladies were the persons most attached to the deceased gentleman, but they were to inherit his wealth, and their excitement naturally modified their sorrow. Mrs Reddie's mind was filled with misgivings about the will; but she tried to appear calm, not telling her daughter of the loss. The former lady was verging on fifty years of age; but her dark hair was only slightly streaked with gray, and her complexion was fresh-looking; she was, in short, just the comely, cheerful sort of woman who would be appreciated in a sickroom. She would have been glad to attend Mr Mossop during his illness, had she known that it was serious; but, for some reason, he preferred to employ the professional nurse recommended by his cook. Perhaps he was afraid that, if Mrs Reddie took up her abode at 'The Firs,' her four daughters would follow, and end by taking command of the entire establishment. Miss Reddie, who accompanied her mother, was very similar in feature and style, and looked about twenty-five.

Sir Peter was a strongly-built, heavy-looking man, not much over thirty, and he knew a great deal more about horses than law. His legal adviser, however, made up for any deficiency in the latter respect. Mr Crooks was not unlike a little fox-terrier; sandy, small, and sharp-featured; and he appeared to carry his client's brains as well as his own.

The other three gentlemen were invited partly to remove the embarrassment which would have existed between the baronet and Mrs Reddie if no strangers were present; for, as might be expected, they were not on very good terms.

When Mr Goulding rose to open the proceedings, his face was the longest in the room, and he spoke with some nervousness. 'In accordance with the usual practice,' he began, 'it is now my duty to inform you of the tenor of Mr Mossop's will: and I may mention that it was signed only the day before he died; but he had given my firm instructions to prepare it about three weeks before. I brought it down from London myself, and was present when he executed it; and this document that I am going to read is a draft. It is of course almost word for word with the will itself.'

'Why not read from the original?' asked Mr Crooks, 'and then we should have the *exact* words.'

'I have not got it here.'

'May I ask where it is?'

'It is along with some other papers that I took away.'

'Well, I thought it was etiquette to produce and open the will itself in presence of the relatives; but perhaps, sir, you will let us hear how the draft runs.'

The country mouse generally stands a little in awe of the town mouse, and in like manner Mr Crooks entertained a certain respect for the eminent London solicitor, for which reason, probably, he did not pursue the subject further.

Mr Goulding then proceeded to read the document, which, though simple in substance, was so loaded with obscure forms and technical terms that the recital occupied several minutes.

Sir Peter looked as though he did not thoroughly understand it; but he knew that his name was not mentioned at all, and consequently that he was to get nothing. He glowered at Mrs Reddie with a vague feeling that she was the cause of his disappointment; and his henchman, the Wrexham attorney, looked very viciously at all the company.

'I suppose you will apply for probate at once?' said the latter gentleman to Mr Goulding.

'As soon as possible.'

'Come along then,' he said brusquely to Sir Peter; 'we are not wanted here; there is no use in staying longer;' and the two worthies made their exit, but were not seen to drive away till nearly half an hour later.

After partaking of luncheon, the strangers took their departure, leaving Mr Goulding at liberty to discuss business matters with Mrs Reddie. It was arranged that all the servants were to be retained for the present, the lady willingly undertaking to pay them the sums that Mr Mossop had intended them to have, if she were only fortunate enough to get the property safely into her possession. She was sorely troubled about the loss of the will, though she said little; and not without reason, for, when one is on the point of exchanging poverty for wealth, it is a bitter disappointment to see the fortune suddenly vanish, and the poverty seems doubly galling. The Reddies lived together in a small house in the suburbs of Manchester; and the modest annuity on which they contrived to keep up appearances had often been anticipated by a loan from Mr Mossop.

The solicitor reassured Mrs Reddie as well as he could, promising to telegraph the moment he had anything to communicate. He was anxious to return home that night; and having made an inspection of the house and given some parting injunctions to the butler, he left in time to catch the evening train at Chester.

AN ORIENTAL SCHOLAR.

In the month of August 1882, Edward Henry Palmer was murdered in the Arabian Desert; and eight months later, his body, with those of other two who fell with him, was brought home and buried in England. The Life of Palmer has been written by Mr Walter Besant; and the narrative is closed with the reflection, that while the service for the dead echoed among the tombs, some there were who thanked Heaven for English hearts as true and loyal now as in the brave days of old; and some who thought of Palmer's strange destiny, and how a brave boy should win his way from obscurity to honour by undaunted courage and persistence; and how the mortal remains of a great scholar and man of books should find a place beside the bones of Wellington and Nelson.

Palmer was born on the 7th of August 1840, at Cambridge, where his father kept a private school. Both parents died while Palmer was yet a child, the funeral of his mother being the earliest event of which he had any recollection. The child, whose sole inheritance was a tendency to asthma and bronchial disease, was brought up and educated by an aunt. As a boy he was always small, and apparently weak of frame, but was capable of efforts showing great muscular strength. He was admirable on the trapeze and the gymnastic bar, and was a bold and fearless swimmer, but took no part in cricket or football. He read a great deal, especially poetry; and was greatly caressed and petted by every one, partly because it was believed he would die early, and partly because of a singular personal charm, which was always one of his most remarkable characteristics. At school he learned Latin and Greek; but outside, he learned Romany, the language of the gypsies. This he did by paying travelling tinkers sixpence for a lesson, by haunting their tents, talking with the men, and crossing the hands of the women with his pocket-money, in exchange for a few more words, which were added to his vocabulary. In this way he gradually made for himself a gypsy dictionary.

Through some family influence, the boy obtained a situation as clerk in the house of Hill and Underwood, Eastcheap, London. The work was not congenial; but Palmer spent his spare hours in learning the Italian language. He began without assistance, and, at first, by the old-fashioned method of grammar and syntax lessons. Soon these modes were discarded, and others adopted. There was in Titchborne Street a café frequented by Italian refugees, political exiles, and republicans, where Palmer went nightly, and where he first listened, then began to talk. About Saffron Hill was a colony of Italian organ-grinders and sellers of plaster-cast images, whom he met in their restaurants, drank their sour wine, and learned their patois. He met and talked also with Italian sailors, and acquired the dialects of Genoa, Naples, Nice, Livorno, Venice, and Messina. Palmer did not approve of learning languages in the manner usually adopted. His idea was that a language should be at first studied without the grammar, and with the intention of acquiring, to begin with, the most important part of the actual vocabulary; that languages being in groups, present vocabularies which, with certain variations, are common property; that inflections, suffixes, and so forth, also resemble each other, and therefore come quite easily to the man who has begun with the words; so that, in learning simply to read a tongue without opening anything more than a dictionary, you acquire insensibly a vast amount of grammar and a great quantity of syntax. He maintained that any intelligent person could learn to read a language in a few weeks, and to speak it in a few months, unless it be his first attempt at an Oriental language.

In the year 1869, Palmer applied for the Professorship of Arabic in Cambridge University;

but Dr Wright of the British Museum was preferred. In the same year, however, the Lord Almoner's Professorship of Arabic became vacant, and Palmer received the appointment from the Rev. Gerard Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, at that time the Queen's Almoner. The salary was only forty pounds a year; but the preferment was important, because it allowed Palmer to keep his fellowship whether he married or not. He did marry, on the very day after having received the appointment. With the professorship and fellowship, Palmer had three hundred and fifty pounds a year; and the only duty incumbent on him was to deliver two lectures annually. In 1873 the salary was increased by two hundred and fifty pounds, owing to new regulations about examinations in Oriental languages, which required that Palmer should give three courses of lectures on Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani. Soon he had an established reputation as an Oriental scholar; and when the Shah of Persia came to this country in 1873, Palmer was presented to him, and acted as one of his interpreters. He wrote in Urdu a long account of his interview, and of the Shah's visit to London, for the *Oude Akhbar*, in which it occupied thirty-five columns. At the same time, and for the same paper, he wrote a description of the Duke of Edinburgh's marriage. Occasional work he had of a peculiar kind. One day a note, badly written and badly spelt, reached him from Manchester, with a paper inclosed of which a translation was desired. It proved to be a warrant or ticket for certain goods, setting forth, in the name of Allah, that the bale with which it came contained so many yards of stuff, of such a quality, made by such a manufacturer, and so forth. The translation was sent off; and a letter came back, inclosing a ten-pound note, and containing the words: 'DEAR SIR—Hooray for old Cambridge! This was what the Oxford chap said it was.' The following curious and interesting document appears to be a copy of an ancient Persian inscription, probably taken from a tomb or a triumphal column. It is, however, very incomplete. It reads as follows: 'In the name of God. This —— was made [or erected] by [name uncertain] in the year [uncertain]. It is one thousand four hundred and seventy-five . . . long, and seven hundred and thirty . . . broad; and it.' Here the manuscript abruptly ends.

In the year 1873, Palmer made an arrangement with Messrs Allen & Co., of Waterloo Place, London, to prepare for them an Arabic Grammar, a work which was published in 1874. In the same year, he wrote for the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge a *History of the Jewish Nation*. A Persian Dictionary, begun in 1874, gave continuous occupation till the year of his death; but meanwhile he accomplished a good deal of other work, including a *Life of the Calif Haroun Alrashid*, published in 1880 by Messrs Marcus Ward & Co. In this little book the hero of the *Arabian Nights* is clothed with real life and individuality. The origin and rise of the Califate is clearly described; and much information is communicated regarding the meaning of old Mohammedan institutions, together with the history of one Mohammedan monarch. Haroun is described as a 'man of great talents, keen intellect, and strong will. Had he been born in a humbler position, he might have done something for the good of his country and the world at large, and would certainly even then have attained to eminence. The eloquence and impetuosity of his discourse, as shown in those speeches of his which have been preserved, were remarkable even for a time when eloquence was cultivated and regarded as the greatest accomplishment. As a man he showed many indications of a loyal and affectionate disposition; but the preposterous position in which he was placed almost necessarily crushed all really human feelings in him.'

In 1880, Palmer finished his new translation of the Turan for the Clarendon Press; a very remarkable and valuable work. He likewise contributed to the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Academy*, wrote reviews and papers on Oriental subjects for the *Times*, and was for a time on the regular staff of the *Standard*.

The death of Palmer happened in a remarkable way. When it became evident that Arabi Pasha must be put down by force, there was great anxiety both concerning the safety of the Suez Canal and regarding the support which Arabi might get from allies in the Arabian Desert. It was tolerably certain that Arabi reckoned on other support than that of the Egyptian Nationalist party; he looked either to Upper Egypt or to those parts of Africa where the faith had lately been making progress; and it was possible that there would be a religious war of unknown magnitude, in which Arabi would be supported by the Arabs of the Desert on both sides of the Canal. With these tribes, Palmer had become acquainted while engaged in the Sinai Survey; and when the question arose who could go, with a sufficient knowledge of the sheiks to ascertain their intentions, and influence them in the right direction, Palmer was selected as unquestionably the fittest. At the instance of Earl Granville and the Lords of the Admiralty, he was sent to the Desert and peninsula of Sinai, where he was to travel about among the people; to pass from tribe to tribe; to ascertain the extent of any excitement that had been aroused, and how far the people were inclined to join Arabi; then to detach the whole of the tribes if possible from the Egyptian cause; and with a view to this, to make arrangements with the sheiks. He was to find out on what terms each would consent to make his people sit down in peace, or, if necessary, join and fight with the British forces, or act in any way for British interests, as might seem best. He was, if possible, to close with their terms; and promises made by him would be considered binding on the British government. As to the Canal, he was to take all possible steps to place an effective guard on its banks on the eastern side, or for the repair of the Canal, in case Arabi should attempt its destruction. He was further to ascertain if camels in sufficient numbers could be purchased, and at what price. Palmer assumed the designation of the Sheik Abdullah, and was dressed in full costume like a Mohammedan Arab of the towns. His biographer says: 'On leaving Jaffa, Palmer disappeared; he was no longer Palmer; in his place there is the Sheik Abdullah, the old friend of the Teyahahs, and going back after ten years more to see them again. He is much richer than when he was here last; he was then shabby and went afoot; now he is splendidly dressed and

rides a camel; he has beautiful guns and pistols with him; he gives presents because he is so glad to see his old friends again; he can give many more presents because he is so rich.' From Gaza, the Sheik journeyed through the Desert under a burning sun, travelling sometimes eighteen hours a day, meeting and arranging with the sheiks; and he reached Suez on the 30th of July, having fully accomplished the objects of his mission.

The importance of his work will appear when it is considered what might have happened had he not made that journey. Probably the British soldiers would have had to deal with a vast horde of fanatics, who might have accomplished the destruction of the Canal, or at least lined its banks with hostile natives, firing into every ship, and perhaps furnishing to Arabi an immense army, formidable by its numbers, though badly equipped, or at least a crowd hovering about and harassing the British troops. After Palmer had made the tribes quiet, there was no enemy on the banks of the Canal, and a patrol of gunboats formed for it a sufficient guard; and after there was no danger of an attack in their rear, the army was free to undertake the operations which led to Tel-el-Kebir. His great services were fully appreciated by the British government. He was appointed 'Interpreter-in-chief' to Her Majesty's forces in Egypt; was placed on the Admiral's staff, and asked to suggest what his salary should be. On the 6th of August he again entered the Desert, carrying money for the purchase of camels and other purposes. On the 10th of the month, he and other members of his party were treacherously murdered; and thus closed a career of marvellous work, and still more fruitful promise.

THE MYSTERIOUS VALISE.

BY AN EX-LIFE-GUARDSMAN.

'SENTRY, will you kindly keep your eye on my bag for a few minutes? I am going to have a plunge in the Serpentine,' said a well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman to me, one warm summer morning a few years ago, as I was on duty at the Park gate of Knightsbridge Cavalry Barracks.

'All right, sir,' I replied. 'If I am relieved before you return, I shall hand it over to the next sentry.'

'Oh, I shan't be more than half an hour at the latest, as I must be in the City by nine. I prefer leaving my valise with you; there are so many vagabonds always swarming about Hyde Park, that it is quite possible that one of them might take a fancy to it while I am bathing. It doesn't contain very valuable property—only a suit of clothes and a few documents "of no use to any one but the owner," as the saying is. All the same, however, I have no desire to lose it.' So saying, the gentleman turned away, and walked briskly across the Park in the direction of the Serpentine.

The request to look after his property did not in the least surprise me, as numerous robberies from the clothing of persons bathing had for some time before been reported to the police. I lifted the bag—upon which the letters W. N. were painted, and which was in the battered condition indicative of having been much tumbled about—and placed it behind the low wall that lay between the barracks and the footpath.

The barracks clock struck eight. Fully half an hour had elapsed since the owner of the bag departed, and as yet there was no sign of him; the 'quarter-past' was chimed from the neighbouring clocks and still he did not turn up; and as the minutes passed, I thought to myself that it was time he was looking sharp if he really wished to be in the City by nine.

About half-past eight I perceived a great commotion in the Park. Men were rushing from all quarters in the direction of the Serpentine; and soon afterwards I ascertained from a passer-by that the excitement was caused by one of the numerous bathers having been drowned. An uneasy suspicion was at once excited within me that the person who had come to such a sad end was the gentleman who had left his valise in my charge, which suspicion was intensified when I was relieved at nine, with the article still unclaimed. I reflected, however, that its owner may have been chained to the scene of the disaster by that morbid curiosity which induces people to linger about the spot where any calamity of the kind has recently occurred, and then, finding that he was pressed for time, and knowing that his property would be perfectly safe, had gone direct to the City.

I handed over the bag to the sentry who relieved me without mentioning to him anything of the circumstances of the case; and when he returned from duty at eleven, I eagerly asked him if the valise had been called for.

'No,' he replied; 'it is still lying behind the wall.'

I went on sentry again at one o'clock, and no one had come for it. It was the height of the London season, and Hyde Park presented its customary gay appearance; but the imposing array of splendidly appointed equipages, dashing equestrians, and fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen, which at other times was to me a most interesting spectacle, that afternoon passed by unheeded, as all my thoughts were centred on speculations regarding the fate of the owner of the bag. Before being relieved at three, I had it conveyed to my room in barracks, and after coming off guard, placed it for greater security in the troop store. That evening, before 'stables,' when the orderly corporal had read out the duties for the succeeding day, he said, addressing me: 'Jones, you have to attend the orderly room to-morrow.'

'Why?' I inquired.

'You have been reported for neglecting to salute Captain Sir Carnaby Jenks as he passed you while on sentry this afternoon,' was the corporal's answer.

I said nothing by way of excuse. This heinous charge was in all probability true. I believe I might have omitted to 'present' to her Majesty the Queen herself, if she had passed that afternoon in her state carriage, so distracted was I by the engrossing subject of this valise.

After stables, I left barracks for my customary walk, and purchasing a copy of the *Echo* from a juvenile newsvendor, I read the particulars of the fatality of the morning. Friends had identified the body, which was that of a gentleman named Nixon, who had resided at Bayswater.

'Nixon! That corresponds with the initial "N" on the bag,' I thought to myself, now perfectly convinced that the deceased was the person I had seen in the morning. I also ascertained from the newspaper report that a man had been apprehended on suspicion of having attempted to rifle the pockets of the clothes of the drowned man, and who had been roughly handled by the crowd, before a policeman could be procured to take him into custody. After a moment's reflection, I decided to call at the address given in the paper, in order to arrange about the restoration of the bag to the relatives of the deceased.

Reaching the house, I knocked softly at the door, and stated my business to the domestic who appeared, by whom I was shown into a room, and immediately afterwards was waited upon by a young lady, the daughter of the deceased, who, naturally enough, was perfectly overcome with grief. I explained to her in a few words the object of my visit.

'I am uncertain whether poor papa had a valise of that description when he left this morning,' she said; 'but possibly you may recognise him from this photograph,' submitting one she took from the table for my inspection.

I experienced a strange sense of relief—the features in the photo were those of a person bearing no resemblance whatever to the individual who had left his bag in my charge.

The young lady thanked me heartily for the trouble I had taken in the matter; and I left the house of mourning, and returned to barracks in a very mystified state of mind.

'Could the owner of the bag be the thief who had been caught in the act of plundering the dead man's clothes?' I asked myself, but immediately dismissed the idea from my mind, as being absurd and improbable.

Next day, I attended the orderly room, and received a severe admonition from the commanding officer. Fortunately for me, as it happened, Sir Carnaby had been in plain clothes, so my offence in the eye of martial law was of a comparatively venial character. Immediately afterwards, I considered it my duty to report the circumstances attending the valise to the adjutant, who in turn communicated with the police authorities at Scotland Yard; and that evening, pursuant to instructions received, I had the bag conveyed to that establishment. After I had explained how it was placed in my charge, it was opened in my presence by an official, and was found to contain just a suit of old clothes and a few newspapers, but no documents of any kind, as stated by its owner.

After this, the bag ceased to interest me, as the valueless character of its contents caused me to speculate less on the unaccountable conduct of its possessor in never returning for it. I may mention that I read an account in the evening paper regarding the alleged thief who had been apprehended on the Serpentine Bank under the circumstances before alluded to. By the name of Judd, he had been taken before a magistrate and remanded for a week, in order that inquiries might be made concerning him.

Some time afterwards I was on Queen's guard, Westminster. I had just mounted my horse and taken up position in one of the two boxes facing Parliament Street, when a gentleman stopped opposite me and scanned me curiously. Addressing me, he said: 'Don't you remember me?'

There was no mistaking the voice; it was that of the owner of the bag! Otherwise, he was greatly altered, as he had denuded himself of the luxuriant whiskers and moustache which he wore when I saw him previously.

'What has been wrong?' I asked.

'Oh, I was seized with a fit that morning when I came out of the water, and was taken home in an unconscious state. I have been very unwell ever since, and have left my house for the first time to-day. I made inquiries at barracks about you; and as the soldier I spoke to seemed to know about the bag I left with you, he directed me here.'

'Well, sir,' I said, 'I had quite made up my mind that you were the gentleman who was drowned that morning; and when I discovered my mistake, I am almost ashamed to own that I took you for the man who was apprehended on the charge of trying to plunder the drowned man's clothes.'

The gentleman smiled pleasantly and said: 'Ah! I read about that.—And now to business. I wish to get my bag at once. I presume you have it in safe keeping at the barracks?'

'It's much nearer at hand,' I replied—'just across the street from here;' and then I told him that it was in the custody of the police authorities at Scotland Yard.

This information apparently disconcerted him.

'It is very awkward indeed,' he said. 'I have to catch the six train for Liverpool, as I wish to sail by the steamer that leaves to-morrow morning for New York. Couldn't you come across with me to get it?'

'You forget that I am on sentry,' I replied. 'I won't be relieved until four; and even then, I daren't leave the guard; nor would I care to ask permission to do so. You should go at once to the captain of the guard and represent the case to him; and perhaps, under the circumstances, he will permit me to accompany you.'

Acting on my advice, he proceeded at once to the officer in command, leaving me extremely amused at the fuss he was making about his bag, considering all that it was worth.

Soon afterwards, he returned with a smiling face, and informed me that the captain had acceded to his request. I expressed my gratification at this intelligence, and added: 'Surely, sir, you have been shaving since I last saw you?'

'Yes; I was threatened with the recurrence of a nasty skin complaint to which I was formerly subject.'

During the interval that elapsed until my period of duty was ended, the gentleman paced about in a most impatient manner, ever and

anon seeming to relieve his feelings by stopping to pat my horse. At length I left my post, and dismounting, led my charger to the stable and handed it over to a comrade; then divesting myself of my cuirass, was ready to proceed to Scotland Yard. One of the corporals on guard received orders to accompany me; so, together with the gentleman, we started, and crossing the street, reached the police headquarters in a minute or two; and on making inquiries, were directed to the 'Lost Property' department. We stated our business; and an official, after receiving an assurance from me that the applicant was the right person, speedily produced the valise. 'Why didn't you see about this before?' he asked, addressing the gentleman.

'Because I was too ill to see about anything,' was the reply.

The gentleman then signed a book, certifying that his property had been restored to him, giving as he did so the name of Nobbs.

Having thanked the official, Mr Nobbs caught up his property, and we left the office. When we got to the door, we found assembled a small crowd of men employed about the establishment; for the unusual spectacle of two helmeted, jack-booted Guardsmen had caused a good deal of speculation as to our business there. Mr Nobbs hurriedly brushed past them, and gaining the street, hailed a passing cab, and the driver at once pulled up. 'Here is something for your trouble,' he said, slipping a sovereign into my hand. I, of course, thanked him heartily for this munificent douceur. Declining the offer of the driver to place his bag on the dicky, he put it inside the vehicle; then shaking hands with the corporal and myself, he said to the driver: 'Euston, as fast as you can,' and entered the cab.

The driver released the brake from the wheel, and was whipping up his scraggy horse with a view to starting, when the poor animal slipped and fell. The men belonging to Scotland Yard who had followed us into the street at once rushed to the driver's assistance, unbuckled the traces, and after pushing back the cab, got the horse on its feet. All the while Mr Nobbs was watching the operations from the window; and I noticed that one of the men was surveying him very attentively.

'Your name is Judd, isn't it?' the man at length remarked.

'No; it isn't.—What do you mean by addressing me, sir?' indignantly replied Mr Nobbs.

'Well,' said the man—whom I at once surmised was a member of the detective force—'that's the name you gave, anyhow, when you were had up on the charge of feeling the pockets of the gent's clothes who was drowned in the Serpentine a week ago. I know you, although you've had a clean shave.'

I started on hearing this statement; my suspicions, ridiculous as they seemed at the time, had turned out to be correct after all; while Mr Judd, alias Nobbs, turned as pale as death.

'Come out of that cab,' said the detective.

'You've no right to detain me,' said Nobbs. 'I was discharged this morning.'

'Because nothing was known against you.—But look here, old man, what have you got in that bag?'

'Only some old clothes, I assure you,' said the crest-fallen Nobbs.

'Come inside, and we'll see,' said the detective, seizing the bag. 'Out of the cab—quick! and come with me to the office.'

Mr Nobbs complied with a very bad grace; while the corporal and I followed, wondering what was to happen next.

We entered a room in the interior, and the bag was opened; but it apparently contained nothing but the clothes.

'There is certainly no grounds for detaining the man,' said an inspector standing near.

Mr Nobbs at once brightened up and cried: 'You see I have told you the truth, and now be good enough to let me go.'

'All right,' said the detective. 'Pack up your traps and clear out!'

Mr Nobbs this time complied with exceeding alacrity, and began to replace the articles of clothing, when the detective, seemingly acting on a sudden impulse, caught up the valise and gave it a vigorous shake. A slight rustling sound was distinctly audible.

'Hillo! what's this?' cried the officer.—Emptying the clothes out of the bag, he produced a pocket-knife, and in a trice ripped open a false bottom, and found—about two dozen valuable diamond rings and a magnificent emerald necklet carefully packed in wadding, besides a number of unset stones.

The jubilant detective at once compared them with a list which he took from a file, and pronounced them to be the entire proceeds of a daring robbery that had recently been committed in the shop of a West End jeweller, and which amounted in value to fifteen hundred pounds!

Mr Nobbs, alias Judd, now looking terribly confused and abashed at this premature frustration of his plan to clear out of the country with his booty, was formally charged with being in possession of the stolen valuables. He made no reply, and was led away in custody.

Before returning to the guard, I remarked to the inspector: 'I thought, sir, when he gave me a sovereign for looking after his bag that it was more than it was worth; but now I find that I have been mistaken.'

'A sovereign!' cried the inspector. 'Let me see it.'

I took the coin from my cartouche-box, where I had placed it in the absence of an accessible pocket, and handed it to him.

He smilingly examined it, and threw it on the table. 'I thought as much,' he remarked; 'it's a bad one!'

Mr Nobbs, alias Judd—these names were two of a formidable string of aliases—turned out to be an expert coiner, burglar, and swindler who had long been 'wanted' by the police. He was convicted, and sentenced to a lengthened period of penal servitude.

A few weeks after Mr Nobbs had received his well-earned punishment, I received a visit from a gentleman, who stated that he was cashier in the jeweller's establishment in which the robbery had been committed. He informed me that his employer, having taken into consideration the fact that I was to a certain extent instrumental in the recovery of the stolen jewellery, had sent me a present of thirty pounds. I gratefully accepted

the money, which, as I had seen enough of soldiering, I invested in the purchase of my discharge from the Household Cavalry. Such is my story of the Mysterious Valise.

TO MY BOY: AN APOSTROPHE.

I GAZE into the azure depths of thy bonnie eyes, my boy, and that gaze brings back to me other eyes and another form, long since mouldered to clay, and I feel bound to thee by a double tie. The childhood's love I bore that other is thine, and added thereto is a father's love, yearning and anxious. I can see in thy eyes the bygone days and years, which now are only memories vague and dim, like a diorama seen in dreams. There stand the two or three homely cottages which formed the hamlet where my boyhood's days were spent. There I see the greensward where my bare feet danced to untuned numbers. I again see the mossy bridge and the rippling brook. I hear the drone of the humble-bee, the grinding tune of the corncraik, and the hurried whir of the startled partridge. I can see the damp mists creep over the hills and sheet the valley in the gray twilight of the quiet summer evenings; and the flitting vision of the great white moths, which, in the gathering gloom, come out of shadow-land and again disappear. Sweeter than all the tunes I learned in these happy days, I hear my sister's and my mother's voice in happy hymnings again. There lie the 'lusty trout' that have just been emptied from my father's fishing-basket—the fruits of an evening hour. I see, by that old crumbling wall, the narrow strip of garden-ground that we shared among us, and where our near neighbours came to help.

But gone to their graves, or scattered, are all the forms I loved so well. Many miles from where our lot is now cast are these treasured spots. The burn still tinkles on; but where are the men, women, and children I knew? Still the evening mists drape the valley with gray; still the moths flit to and fro in the darkness. The old bridge is not greatly altered; but strangers may inquire in vain to whom belong those huge initials on the copestone, which we hewed out with a big nail and a stone one sweltering summer day. The wild-flowers bloom the same as ever; and in the early dawn may still be heard the familiar song of the skylark and the plaintive cry of the peewit—just as of old. But new forms fill the places of the old familiar ones, and I—I am a stranger where, for centuries, my forefathers dwelt and owned the land. The girls and boys are women now, and have become prisoners in smoky cities, there to toil for bread, and look back with a fond but unavailing regret to the quiet hamlet where they were born and bred. Some of them have escaped this fate, and slumber quietly in the still churchyard among the trees. One of them had thy gentle eyes, my son; and when thy gaze meets mine, the dead past rises before me, filling me with thoughts I cannot utter. Though a stranger in the land of my fathers, I see my brother in thy eyes, and in the eyes of every azure speedwell by the burnie's brim. I hear his voice in thine, and I hear it in every tumbling stream. He is gone, and you and I shall go 'into the silent land' very soon; and still the busy world shall hurry on: the burn will not miss us; even our friends shall cease to miss us, for they, too, shall go.

MY LITTLE BOOK.

A LITTLE book of sundry songs
To me, who prize it much, belongs:
Sweet songs are they of maid and youth,
Of man and wife, of love and truth,
Of bud and blossom, ear and sheaf,
Of winter berry, summer leaf,
Of orchard-blossoms in mid-May,
Of fruitage golden, scented hay,
Of shore and sea, of tarn and dell,
Of haunted grange and holy well,
Of Bacchus jovial 'mongst the grapes,
And many another thing which shapes
Itself with poet's brain and pen
In songs that win the hearts of men.

My neighbour Fact, who keeps a school,
A model place of line and rule,
Who, the world's wise and prudent man,
Has not a thought without its plan;
Whose heart is captive to the head,
And by its calculations led,
While what escapes in love or thanks
Goes to the great per cents or banks,
He cares not for my little book,
But says 'twould neither keep a cook,
Nor pay the rent, nor buy a field,
Nor make the mine its ingots yield,
Nor add an eighth to dividend,
Nor introduce a wealthy friend.
In short, Fact says I am a fool
Whom sense has never put to school,
And that the race of rhymesters all,
Rank they the great ones or the small,
While they blow bubbles in the air,
Leave men to life's grand work and wear.

But I have friends, a chosen few,
Who love the good, and seek the true,
And know that men live not alone
In acres broad and piles of stone.
These often come, and with me look
For treasure in my little book.
Like bees we hie from flower to flower,
Lured on by sunshine of the hour,
We cluster round each favourite song,
And wish it were ten times as long,
And e'en when skies are dark and dull,
Each cell within our hive is full,
Nor gods themselves have daintier fare,
Or can than we be happier.
Ah! who is richer, Fact or I?
Whose rare estate he cannot buy,
Whose friends a life-long joy bespeak,
While his will change with every freak,
Whose wealth is sung in love and trust,
While his the wealth that turns to dust.
May I not thank my God that He
Has tuned my life to poesy?

B. W. PROVIS.

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DUST.

About fourteen years ago, Professor Tyndall, when conducting some curious and interesting experiments into the purity of the atmosphere of various localities, had occasion to make use of a simple method of determining whether certain samples of air contained dust or not. By 'dust,' it should be explained, is meant any foreign floating particles, no matter what their nature may be. Having confined his air in a transparent glass, he placed it on a dark background in a darkened room, and allowed a ray of very powerful light to pass through it. When the air was free from dust, the ray within the vessel was invisible, the pure air remaining unilluminated; when, on the other hand, the air contained dust, the floating particles reflected more or less of the light, and the ray became visible as an illuminated band. He discovered that the ordinary atmosphere—such, that is, as is found close to the surface of the earth, and especially near cities and in dwelling-houses—invariably contains foreign bodies; that, in other words, it reflects light.

It was while carrying out these experiments that Professor Tyndall noticed a very remarkable phenomenon. If a heated body, such as a hot wire, be suspended in a glass that contains dusty air, and a ray of light be then passed through the vessel, the observer will remark that a dark, unilluminated *aura* at once rises about and above the wire; or, to speak otherwise, that, in the midst of the luminous dusty air, there is a transparent, unilluminated space, the core of which is the wire. In fact, streaming upwards, there is a body of air which is free from dust. The mounting of the air from the hot wire is explicable enough. The particles in immediate proximity to the wire become warmer, and, in consequence, lighter than the other particles; and therefore a current starts upwards from the hot surface. The then unsolved problem was: Why did this current contain no dust? The most natural conclusion seemed to be that the heated wire destroyed the dust that came into contact with it; and it may be that in certain cases this conclusion is a just one, for there are some kinds of dust—using the word in its widest sense—which heat may be said to annihilate. Floating particles of water and of fugitive salts, &c., come under this category; and Professor Tyndall appears to have temporarily accepted this explanation as applying to all kinds of dust. But it was in time demonstrated that this theory was incorrect. Three or four years ago, the provisional conclusions were upset by some further experiments of Lord Rayleigh, who for the hot wire substituted a wire of very low temperature, and observed that a downward current was then produced, and that this current, like the other one, was free from dust. The cold wire of course cooled the particles of air that came into immediate contact with it, and rendering them heavier than their neighbours, induced them to travel downwards. But why was the column dustless? It seemed incredible that the dust could have been destroyed by cold, as it had been supposed to be destroyed by heat. Some other explanation was obviously required; and the difficulty led scientific men to observe with greater attention than before the behaviour of dust in the neighbourhood of fixed bodies.

Experiments were made with vessels containing air which had been artificially loaded with floating particles. The burning of a piece of magnesium wire liberates a dense white cloud, consisting of minute atoms of magnesia. Charge a glass receiver with these fumes; suspend within the vessel a fragment of charcoal; and arrange matters in such a way that a strong ray of warm sunlight may be turned on to the charcoal and off again at will. If the observer suddenly turns on the ray, he will see that the fumes are dense throughout the vessel, and that these closely surround the charcoal, which, in fact, so long as it remains in the dark and at the same temperature as the surrounding air, has no influence upon the dust. But, in a few seconds, the sunlight will begin to warm the charcoal, and then the upward current of dustless air will become noticeable. First, a thin layer of

dustless air will be seen to form around the charcoal. It will be thickest on the side that is immediately exposed to the warmth; and it will rise gradually, until it constitutes the unilluminated *aura*, which was remarked by Professor Tyndall. As the observer watches, it will seem to him as if the charcoal drove away the dust from the approaching air. This cleansing process begins with the warming of the charcoal; and it is therefore tolerably clear that the warming of the charcoal is the cause of the phenomenon. This supposition is supported by the fact, that if the charcoal be warmed before its introduction into the vessel, and the ray be then turned on, it will be seen that the dustless, unilluminated *aura* has been already formed. It will also be remarked that the hotter the charcoal, the larger will be the *aura*. Indeed, in favourable circumstances, an *aura* with a minimum thickness of one-twenty-fifth of an inch may be produced. Hot iron, glass, paper, or stone may be substituted for charcoal. Any of these, or even a heated surface of oil or water, will give the same results. From the warm body, a column of dustless air will be seen to rise. If a glass tube be passed through the body of the receiver, the phenomenon can be examined under the most favourable conditions; for the tube can then be charged with water of varying temperature; and it will be noticed that any increase of heat is immediately followed by an increase in the dimensions of the *aura*, and of the upward current of dustless air. If the tube be charged with ice, a downward current will set in, and, although no *aura* will be visible, and the tube itself will become dusty, the downward current will still be found to be free from dust.

The phenomena, strange as they are, are both explicable by reference to the mechanical laws of heat. According to the received theory, heat is the motion of the molecules of which all bodies ultimately consist. The molecules of air are always in lively motion; and the warmer the air, the more lively is that motion. If in a portion of air there be placed a body of a higher temperature, that body imparts a portion of its heat to the surrounding molecules of air, and, in consequence, increases the liveliness of their motion. In the immediate neighbourhood of the warmer body, therefore, the air molecules have two different motions. Those of them which have not touched the warmer body move with comparative slowness; whereas, those of them which have touched it move with accelerated speed away from it. And so, a particle of dust that chances to float somewhere near to the warm body is gently impelled towards it by the unaffected molecules, but more forcibly driven away from it by the molecules which have acquired new heat. The warmed molecules win the day; and, naturally, the particle of dust being unable to overcome them, does not approach the warm body. Such is the position of things so long as the body remains warmer than the air in which it has been placed; and such is the explanation of the dustless *aura* that surrounds warm bodies. The lighter a gas is, the more vigorous is the motion of its molecules. In hydrogen, therefore, a larger dustless *aura* may be produced than in atmospheric air; and, similarly, under the half-exhausted receiver of an air-pump, a larger *aura* may be produced than is possible under normal conditions. When a body of a temperature lower than that of the surrounding air is introduced into the receiver, the strife between the two classes of air-molecules has a different result. The molecules which have touched the cold body have their temperature lowered, or, in other words, their activity lessened. They are driven back by the superior vigour of the others; and the particles of dust that are floating in the air are, in consequence, carried close to the cold body and forced against it. They remain on its surface, and the air in which they floated is cooled, and falls, by virtue of its weight. Such is the explanation of the downward dustless current. To sum up: bodies which are warmer than their surroundings, visibly drive off dust; and those which are colder, visibly attract it. These are the special principles, which, modified, of course, by the operation of the various natural forces, regulate the deposit of floating particles from the atmosphere.

But there is yet another kind of body which has a remarkable influence upon dust, and, through dust, upon moisture in the air. The introduction into a dusty atmosphere of a body highly charged with electricity produces a new phenomenon. In order to observe it, let an electrical machine in action be so arranged that its conductor shall be charged with positive electricity, while the negative current goes to the earth; and then let the room be filled with dust. The influence of the conductor will make itself felt over a large cubic space in the following manner. In normal circumstances, every particle of dust contains equal portions of positive and negative electricity. The positive conductor, however, attracts negative electricity and repels positive. The particles, therefore, become positive on one side and negative upon the other. If two particles of dust, while in this condition, approach one another, the negative electricity of the one will attract the positive electricity of the other; and the two particles will, in consequence, cleave together, and form a larger particle, which, in turn, at once becomes positive on one side and negative on the other. There are thus continual additions of particles; and when the aggregations of dust become large, they sink by their own weight to the ground. The presence, therefore, of highly electrified bodies hastens the deposit of dust.

It has been proposed to utilise this law in order to free London from the soot and fog which, especially at certain seasons, enshroud her. It seems to be established that a London fog owes its existence to the immense quantity of dust which is created by the myriad chimneys and the ten thousand manufactories of the metropolis; and the way in which the yellow fog is supposed to form is curious. When a particle of dust is afloat in a damp atmosphere, some of the moisture condenses on it, and it becomes the nucleus of an 'atom' of fog. The weight of the particle is thus increased; and the water-logged dust floats low. The result is that the humidity is denser than it would be if it were unladen with so much dust, and that it is darker and more opaque in proportion to the amount of dust that it contains. If we had less dust and soot, we should have less of this pall-like fog; and if we could precipitate some of our dust, we should diminish our

risk of being enveloped in Egyptian darkness at mid-day. The experiments of Lodge and Clark may be said to have proved this. These gentlemen filled a glass jar with the smoke of magnesium, and at once successfully cleared the atmosphere of the vessel by means of electricity. They also filled a room with the soot of burnt turpentine, and cleared it in a few minutes by setting an electrical machine at work. They then bethought themselves that it might be possible to carry out a similar process on a gigantic scale, and to free London from dust and soot by means of electricity. The plan is at present impracticable, but it is scientifically sound, and some modification of it may in years to come be carried out. It at least deserves mention, as showing that the careful observation of some of the most apparently insignificant of natural processes may reveal facts of the highest importance to the health and comfort of humanity.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XX.

THE subjects of these consultations were at the moment in the full course of a sonata, and oblivious of everything else in the world but themselves, their music, and their concerns generally. A fortnight had passed of continual intercourse, of much music, of that propinquity which is said to originate more matches than any higher influence. Nothing can be more curious than the pleasure which young persons, and even persons who are no longer young, find perennially in this condition of suppressed love-making, this preoccupation of all thoughts and plans in the series of continually recurring meetings, the confidences, the divinations, the endless talk which is never exhausted, and in which the most artificial beings in the world probably reveal more of themselves than they themselves know—when the edge of emotion is always being touched, and very often by one of the pair at least overpassed, in either a comic or a tragic way. It is not necessary that there should be any real charm in either party, and what is still more extraordinary, it is possible enough that one may be a person of genius, and the other not far removed from a fool; that one may be simple as a rustic, and the other a man or woman of the world. No rule, in short, holds in those extraordinary yet most common and everyday conjunctions. There is an amount of amusement, excitement, variety, to be found in them which is in no other kind of diversion. This is the great reason, no doubt, why flirtation never fails. It is dangerous, which helps the effect. For those sinners who go into it voluntarily for the sake of amusement, it has all the attractions of romance and the drama combined. If they are intellectual, it is a study of human character; in all cases, it is an interest which quickens the colour and the current of life. Who can tell why or how? It is not the disastrous love-makings that end in misery and sin, of which we speak. It is those which are practised in society every day, which sometimes end in a heart-break indeed, but often in nothing at all.

Constance was not unacquainted with the amusement, though she was so young; and it is to be feared that she resorted to it deliberately for the amusement of her otherwise dull life at the Palazzo, in the first shock of her loneliness, when she felt herself abandoned. It was, of course, the victim himself who had first put the suggestion and the means of carrying it out into her hands. And she did not take it up in pure wantonness, but actually gave a thought to him, and the effect it might produce upon him, even in the very act of entering upon her diversion. She said to herself that Captain Gaunt, too, was very dull; that he would want something more than the society of his father and mother; that it would be a kindness to the old people to make his life amusing to him, since in that case he would stay, and in the other, not. And as for himself, if the worst came to the worst, and he fell seriously in love—as, indeed, seemed rather likely, judging from the fervour of the beginning—even that, Constance calculated, would do him no permanent harm. 'Men have died,' she said to herself, 'but not for love.' And then there is that famous phrase about a liberal education. What was it? To love her was a liberal education? Something of that sort. Then it could only be an advantage to him; for Constance was aware that she herself was cleverer, more cultivated, and generally far more 'up to' everything than young Gaunt. If he had to pay for it by a disappointment, really everybody had to pay for their education in one way or another; and if he were disappointed, it would be his own fault, for he must know very well, everybody must know, that it was quite out of the question she should marry him in any circumstances—entirely out of the question; unless he was an absolute simpleton, or the most presumptuous young coxcomb in the world, he *must* see that; and if he were one or the other, the discovery would do him all the good in the world. Thus Constance made it out fully, and to her own satisfaction, that in any case the experience could do him nothing but good.

Things had gone very far during this fortnight—so far, that she sometimes had a doubt whether they had not gone far enough. For one thing, it had cost her a great deal in the way of music. She was a very accomplished musician for her age, and poor George Gaunt was one of the greatest bunglers that ever began the study of the violin. It may be supposed what an amusement this intercourse was to Constance, when it is said that she bore with his violin like an angel, laughed and scolded and encouraged and pulled him along till he believed that he could play the waltzes of Chopin and many other things which were as far above him as the empyrean is above earth. When he paused, bewildered, imploring her to go on, assuring her that he could catch her up, Constance betrayed no horror, but only laughed till the tears came. She would turn round upon her music-stool sometimes and rally him with a free use of a superior kind of slang, which was unutterably solemn, and quite unknown to the young soldier, who laboured conscientiously with his fiddle in the evenings and mornings, till General Gaunt's life became a burden to him—in a vain effort to elevate himself to a standard with which she might be satisfied. He went to practise in the morning; he went in

the afternoon, to ask if she thought of making any expedition? to suggest that his mother wished very much to take him to see this or that, and had sent him to ask would Miss Waring come? Constance was generally quite willing to come, and not at all afraid to walk to the bungalow with him, where, perhaps, old Luca's carriage would be standing, to drive them along the dusty road to the opening of some valley, while Mrs Gaunt, not a good climber, she allowed, would sit and wait for them till they had explored the dell, or inspected the little town seated at its head. Captain Gaunt was more punctilious about his mother's presence as chaperon than Constance was, who felt quite at her ease roaming with him among the terraces of the olive woods. It was altogether so idyllic, so innocent, that there was no occasion for any conventional safeguards, and there was nobody to see them or remark upon the prolonged tête-à-tête. Constance came to know the young fellow far better than his mother did, better than he himself did, in these walks and talks.

'Miss Waring, don't laugh at a fellow. I know I deserve it.—O yes, do, if you like. I had rather you laughed than closed the piano. I had a good long grind at it this morning; but somehow these triplets are more than I can fathom. Let us have that movement again, will you?—Oh, not if you are tired. As long as you'll let me sit and talk. I love music with all my heart, but I love'——

'Chatter,' said Constance. 'I know you do. It is not a dignified word to apply to a gentleman; but you know, Captain Gaunt, you do love to chatter.'

'Anything to please you,' said the young man. 'That wasn't how I intended to end my sentence. I love to—chatter, if you like, as long as you will listen—or play, or do anything; as long as'——

'You must allow,' said Constance, 'that I listen admirably. I am thoroughly well up in all your subjects. I know the station as well as if I lived there.'

'Don't say that,' he cried; 'it makes a man beside himself. Oh, if there was any chance that you might ever—— I think—I'm almost sure—you would like the society in India—it's so easy; everybody's so kind. A—a young couple, you know, as long as the lady is—delightful.'

'But I am not a young couple,' said Constance with a smile. 'You sometimes confuse your plurals in the funniest way. Is that Indian too?—Now come, Captain Gaunt, let us get on. Begin at the andante. One, two—three! Now, let's get on.'

And then a few bars would be played, and then she would turn sharp round upon the music-stool and take the violin out of his astonished hands.

'Oh! what a shriek! It goes through and through one's head. Don't you think an instrument has feelings? That was a cry of the poor ill-used fiddle, that could bear no more. Give it to me.' She took the bow in her hands, and leaned the instrument tenderly against her shoulder. 'It should be played like this,' she said.

'Miss Waring, you can play the violin too?'

'A little,' she said, leaning down her soft cheek against it, as if she loved it, and drawing a charmingly sympathetic harmony from the ill-used strings.

'I will never play again,' cried the young man. 'Yes, I will—to touch it where you have touched it. Oh, I think you can do everything, and make everything perfect you look at.'

'No!' said Constance, shaking her head as she ran the bow softly, so softly over the strings; 'for you are not perfect at all, though I have looked at you a great deal. Look! this is the way to do it. I am not going to accompany you any more. I am going to give you lessons. Take it now, and let me see you play that passage.—Louder, softer—louder. Come, that was better. I think I shall make something of you after all.'

'You can make anything of me,' said the poor young soldier, with his lips on the place her cheek had touched, 'whatever you please.'

'A first-rate violin-player, then,' said Constance. 'But I don't think my power goes so high as that.—Poor general, what does he say when you grind, as you call it, all the morning?'

'Oh, mother smooths him down—that is the use of a mother.'

'Is it?' said Constance, with an air of impartial inquiry. 'I didn't know.—Come, Captain Gaunt, we are losing all our time.'

And then *tant bien que mal*, the sonata was got through.

'I am glad Beethoven is dead,' said Constance as she closed the piano. 'He is safe from that at least: he can never hear us play. When you go home, Captain Gaunt, I advise you to take lodgings in some quite out-of-the-way place, about Russell Square, or Islington, or somewhere, and grind, as you call it, till you are had up as a nuisance; or else'——

'Or else—what, Miss Waring? Anything to please you.'

'Or else—give it up altogether,' Constance said.

His face grew very long; he was very fond of his violin. 'If you think it is so hopeless as that—if you wish me to give it up altogether'——

'Oh, not I. It amuses me. I like to hear you break down. It would be quite a pity if you were to give up, you take my scolding so delightfully. Don't give it up as long as you are here, Captain Gaunt. After that, it doesn't matter what happens—to me.'

'No,' he said, almost with a groan, 'it doesn't matter what happens after that—to me. It's the Deluge, you know,' said the poor young fellow. 'I wish the world would come to an end first'—thus unconsciously echoing the poet. 'But, Miss Waring,' he added anxiously, coming a little closer, 'I may come back? Though I must go to London, it is not necessary I should stay there. I may come back?'

'Oh, I hope so, Captain Gaunt. What would your mother do, if you did not come back? But I suppose she will be going away for the summer. Everybody leaves Bordighera in the summer, I hear.'

'I had not thought of that,' cried the young soldier. 'And you will be going too?'

'I suppose so,' said Constance. 'Papa, I hope, is not so lost to every sense of duty as to let me spoil my complexion for ever by staying here.'

'That would be impossible,' he said with eyes full of admiration.

'You intend that for a compliment, Captain Gaunt; but it is no compliment. It means either that I have no complexion to lose, or that I am one of those thick-skinned people who take no harm—neither of which is complimentary, nor true. I shall have to teach you how to pay compliments as well as how to play the violin.'

'Ah, if you only would!' he cried. 'Teach me how to make myself what you like—how to speak, how to look, how'——

'Oh, that is a great deal too much,' she said. 'I cannot undertake all your education.—Do you know it is close upon noon? Unless you are going to stay to breakfast'——

'Oh, thanks, Miss Waring! They will expect me at home. But you will give me a message to take back to my mother. I may come to fetch you to drive with her to-day?'

'It must be dreadfully dull work for her sitting waiting while we explore.'

'Oh, not at all. She is never dull when she knows I am enjoying myself—that's the mother's way.'

'Is it?' said Constance, with once more that air of acquiring information. 'I am not acquainted with that kind of mother. But do you think, Captain Gaunt, it is right to enjoy yourself, as you call it, at your mother's cost?'

He gave her a look of great doubt and trouble. 'Oh, Miss Waring, I don't think you should put it so. My mother finds her pleasure in that—indeed, she does. Ask herself. Of course, I would not impose upon her, not for the world; but she likes it, I assure you she likes it.'

'It is very extraordinary that any one should like sitting in that carriage for hours with nothing to do.—I will come with pleasure, Captain Gaunt. I will sit with your mother while you go and take your walk. That will be more cheerful for all parties,' Constance said.

Young Gaunt's face grew half a mile long. He began to expostulate and explain; but Waring's step was heard stirring in the next room, approaching the door, and the young man had no desire to see the master of the house with his watch in his hand, demanding to know why Domenico was so late. Captain Gaunt knew very well why Domenico was so late. He knew a way of conciliating the servants, though he had not yet succeeded with the young mistress. He said hurriedly, 'I will come for you at three,' and rushed away. Waring came in at one door as Gaunt disappeared at the other. The delay of the breakfast was a practical matter, of which, without any reproach of medievalism, he had a right to complain.

'If you must have this young fellow every morning, he may at least go away in proper time,' he said, with his watch in his hand, as young Gaunt had divined.

'O papa, twelve is striking loud enough. You need not produce your watch at the same time.'

'Then why have I to wait?' he said. There was something awful in his tone. But Domenico was equal to the occasion, worthy at once of the lover's and of the father's trust. At that moment, Captain Gaunt having been got away while the great bell of Bordighera was still sounding, the faithful Domenico threw open, perhaps with a little more sound than was necessary, an ostentation of readiness, the dining-room door.

The meal was a somewhat silent one. Perhaps Constance was pondering the looks which she had not been able to ignore, the words which she had managed to quench like so many fiery arrows before they could set fire to anything, of her eager lover, and was pale and a little preoccupied in spite of herself, feeling that things were going further than she intended; and perhaps her father, feeling the situation too serious, and remonstrance inevitable, was silenced by the thought of what he had to say. It is so difficult in such circumstances for two people, with no relief from any third party, without even the wholesome regard for the servant in attendance, which keeps the peace during many a family crisis—for with Domenico, who knew no English, they were as safe as when they were alone—it is very difficult to find subjects for conversation that will not lead direct to the very heart of the matter which is being postponed. Constance could not talk of her music, for Gaunt was associated with it. She could not speak of her walk, for he was her invariable companion. She could ask no questions about the neighbourhood, for was it not to make her acquainted with the neighbourhood that all those expeditions were being made? The great bouquet of anemones which blazed in the centre of the table came from Mrs Gaunt's garden. She began to think that she was buying her amusement too dearly. As for Waring, his mind was not so full of these references, but he was occupied by the thoughts of what he had to say to this headstrong girl, and by a strong sense that he was an ill-used man, in having such responsibilities thrust upon him against his will. Frances would not have led him into such difficulties. To Frances, young Gaunt would have been no more interesting than his father; or so at least this man, whose experience had taught him so little, was ready to believe.

'I want to say something to you, Constance,' he began at length, after Domenico had left the room. 'You must not stop my mouth by remarks about middle-aged parents. I am a middle-aged parent, so there is an end of it.—Are you going to marry George Gaunt?'

'I—going to marry George Gaunt! Papa!'

'You had better, I think,' said her father. 'It will save us all a great deal of embarrassment. I should not have recommended it, had I been consulted at the beginning. But you like to be independent and have your own way; and the best thing you can do is to marry. I don't know how your mother will take it; but so far as I am concerned, I think it would save everybody a great deal of trouble. You will be able to turn him round your finger; that will suit you, though the want of money may be in your way.'

'I think you must mean to insult me, papa,' said Constance, who had grown crimson.

'That is all nonsense, my dear. I am suggesting what seems the best thing in the circumstances, to set us all at our ease.'

'To get rid of me, you mean,' she cried.

'I have not taken any steps to get rid of you. I did not invite you, in the first place, you will remember; you came of your own will. But I was very willing to make the best of it. I let Frances go, who suited me, whom I had brought up—for your sake. All the rest has been your doing. Young Gaunt was never invited by me. I have had no hand in those rambles of yours. But since you find so much pleasure in his society'——

'Papa! You know I don't find pleasure in his society; you know'——

'Then why do you seek it?' said Waring with that logic which is so cruel.

Constance, on the other side of the table, was as red as the anemones, and far more brilliant in the glow of passion. 'I have not sought it,' she cried. 'I have let him come—that is all. I have gone when Mrs Gaunt asked me. Must a girl marry any man that chooses to be silly? Can I help it, if he is so vain? It is only vanity,' she said, springing up from her chair, 'that makes men think a girl is always ready to marry. What should I marry for? If I had wanted to marry—— Papa, I don't want to be disagreeable, but it is *vulgar*, if you force me to say it—it is common to talk to me so.'

'I might retort,' said Waring.

'O yes, I know you might retort. It is common to amuse one's self. So is it common to breathe and move about, and like a little fun when you are young. I have no fun here. There is nobody to talk to, not a thing to do. How do you suppose I am to get on? How can I live without something to take up my time?'

'Then you must take the consequences.'

In spite of herself, Constance felt a shiver of alarm. She began to speak, then stopped suddenly, looked at him with a look of mingled defiance and terror, and—what was so unlike her, so common, so weak, as she felt—began to cry, notwithstanding all she could do to restrain herself. To hide this unaccountable weakness, she hastened off and hid herself in her room, making as if she had gone off in resentment. Better that, than that he should see her crying like any silly girl. All this had got on her nerves, she explained to herself afterwards. The consequences! Constance held her breath as they became dimly apparent to her in an atmosphere of horror. George Gaunt, no longer an eager lover, whom it was amusing, even exciting to draw on, to see just on the eve of a self-committal, which it was the greatest fun in the world to stop, before it went too far—but the master of her destinies, her constant and inseparable companion, from whom she could never get free, by whom she must not even say that she was bored to death—gracious powers! and with so many other attendant horrors. To go to India with him, to fall into the life of the station, to march with the regiment. Constance' lively imagination pictured a baggage-wagon, with herself on the top, which made her laugh. But the reality was not laughable; it was horrible. The consequences! No; she would not take the consequences. She would sit with Mrs Gaunt in the carriage, and let him take his walk by himself. She would begin to show him the extent of his mistake from that very day. To take any sharper measures, to refuse to go out with him at all, she thought, on consideration, not necessary. The gentler measures first, which perhaps he might be wise enough to accept.

But if he did not accept them, what was Constance to do? She had run away from an impending catastrophe, to take refuge with her father. But with whom could she take refuge, if he continued to hold his present strain of argument? And unless he would go away of himself, how was she to shake off this young soldier? She did not want to shake him off; he was all the amusement she had. What was she to do?

There glanced across her mind for a moment a sort of desperate gleam of reflection from her father's words: 'You like to be independent; the best thing you can do is to marry.' There was a kind of truth in it, a sort of distorted truth, such as was likely enough to come through the medium of a mind so wholly at variance with established forms of truth. Independent—there was something in that; and India was full of novelty, amusing, a sort of world she had no experience of. A tremor of excitement got into her nerves as she heard the bell ring, and knew that he had come for her. He! the only individual who was at all interesting for the moment, whom she held in her hands, to do what she pleased with. She could turn him round her little finger, as her father said: and independence! Was it a Mephistopheles that was tempting her, or a good angel leading her the right way?

THE DANGERS OF THE INDIAN JUNGLE.

THE accounts published from time to time by the government of India, showing the loss of life occasioned annually by snake-bites and the ravages of wild animals, still bear witness to a terrible mortality attributable to these scourges of our eastern possessions, and we might add, afford a clear proof that the present exertions of the government of India are inadequate for the purpose. The latest return published in the *Gazette* tells the truly awful tale, that in the year 1883 upwards of twenty-two thousand lives were lost from the above-mentioned causes. Nor can the returns rendered by district officers be considered as altogether complete or satisfactory, for, owing to the apathy of the natives of India and the almost universal belief among them of the 'decrees of fate,' many cases of death by snake-bite are never reported, and altogether escape the notice of the authorities. Then, again, it should be remembered that the government returns which give the number of deaths attributable to snakes and wild beasts, only include cases in *British* India, leaving altogether unrecorded the mortality from the same causes in large independent states, such as Jeypore, Gwalior, Rewah, and many others. Moreover, the British system of keeping down wild beasts and noxious reptiles does not obtain in these large tracts of territory under independent rajahs. There, natives are not encouraged by rewards to make the destruction of tigers, panthers, and others of the felidæ—as also cobras and other deadly snakes—a genuine pursuit and means of gaining a livelihood. Thus it comes to pass that in out-of-the-way parts, away from our jurisdiction, the loss of life from the above-mentioned causes

shows little or no diminution, but remains very much as in the days of old before we acquired India.

Among the wild animals figuring in the list as destructive to human life, the tiger naturally holds a prominent place; the deaths of no fewer than nine hundred and eighty-five human beings are laid to his charge; and yet the animal, if left unmolested and not provoked in any way, will seldom attack human beings. The truth is, tigers, as a rule, are cowards, only too willing to slink away on the approach of man. In former years—speaking chiefly of our own territories in British India—when tigers were much more common than they are nowadays, man-eaters were by no means rare. It was in those times nothing uncommon to hear of high-roads stopped, large tracts of country left uncultivated, villages deserted, and permitted to fall to ruin, owing to the ravages of these dreaded creatures. Now, however, man-eaters have been nearly exterminated; occasionally one is heard of; but almost invariably his evil deeds attract the attention of the civil officer of the district, and an organised expedition is sent in search of the marauder, and eventually the animal is killed, either by the rifle of an English sportsman, or by the matchlock of some local shikarie.

How, then, it will naturally be asked, if man-eaters are so rare, does it come to pass that nearly a thousand unfortunate creatures lose their lives in a single year by tigers? In the first place, although man-*eating* tigers are now fortunately rare, yet there can be no doubt that the tiger when suddenly come upon in his lair, or met accidentally face to face when on the move, will, on the spur of the moment—more from fear, probably, than anything else—strike down any one barring his way, and pass swiftly on. Casualties of this kind often occur in wooded parts of the country. A tigress with young is especially dangerous, and will often furiously attack any one approaching the spot where the cubs are.

Again, cattle-keepers, or *gwallas* as they are termed in Bengal, often lose their lives by courageously exposing themselves when endeavouring to rescue some one of their charges from the clutches of the destroyer. At such times the tiger is especially dangerous. He has probably tasted blood, and often will not surrender his prey without a struggle. Should a body of men keeping close together approach him as he crouches growling behind the bullock he has dragged to the ground, he will sometimes slowly and reluctantly beat a retreat; but often rendered furious by a shower of sticks and stones cast at him and by the shouts of his daring assailants, he charges out with flashing eye and a roar of rage, and strikes down one or more of his assailants.

A prevalent cause of death occasioned by snake-bites, &c., is the almost universal habit among the poorer classes of natives of travelling by night during the hot-weather months. It is exceptional to meet with a cobra during the daytime; but after sunset reptiles sally forth in search of food. A native, generally speaking, walks barefooted, or wears only a low shoe, which affords no protection to the ankle or leg. In the darkness, he treads upon or touches some deadly snake, is immediately bitten, and probably before daylight, lies a corpse by the roadside.

The same reckless custom of passing after sunset through jungles inhabited by all kinds of wild beasts, is, though in a less degree, a constant source of danger, frequently ending in death. It has already been remarked that the tiger, if left unmolested, will seldom interfere with man, but more often, when disturbed in the daytime, will slink off with a surly growl of fear. This rule, however, certainly does not hold good with equal force after nightfall. Then wild animals are all on the prowl after prey, and they seem to be perfectly aware of the advantage they possess over human beings of a vision specially adapted by nature to penetrate the pitchy darkness of the night. Not only, therefore, is there a greater probability of travellers meeting with dangerous animals when passing through the forest after sunset, but the tiger and his comrades of the jungle are then bolder and more to be feared; and though the tiger be a coward at heart, yet, under cover of darkness, and perhaps pinched with hunger, the sound of voices in the dead stillness of the night entices the brute to approach the roadway; and a string of defenceless natives, passing within a few yards of his lurking-place, still further awakens his evil instincts. The temptation proves too great, and with a bound, he springs upon one of the hapless travellers and carries off his shrieking victim.

We are told in the *Gazette*, that in the year 1883, no fewer than forty-seven thousand four hundred and seventy-eight head of cattle were devoured by wild animals; and there can be no doubt that the tiger is extremely mischievous in this respect, and in consequence lays a very severe tax on natives inhabiting villages bordering upon large forests or anywhere near to his stronghold. A pair of royal tigers will probably kill and devour from ten to twelve bullocks of large size within a month's time; and a tigress with two or three nearly full-grown cubs is still more destructive. The latter, not content with pulling down cattle for food, will often, out of pure mischief, destroy two and three at a time.

There are tigers which live almost entirely on large game, such as deer and wild pigs, seldom approaching villages or the haunts of man; but, unfortunately, the great majority depend almost entirely on cattle for food; and this is not to be wondered at. The ruminants of the forest are timid, restless creatures, ever on the lookout against danger, so that it happens constantly that, in spite of the crafty, noiseless approach of their striped enemy, he is discovered ere he can creep to within springing distance. The tiger, however, is often more successful when lying in wait hard by some pool of water in the jungles. After a long hot day, towards nightfall, deer, parched with thirst, are often impatient to reach the precious water, and incautiously approach without perceiving their hidden enemy.

But the tiger soon discovers that he can provide himself with food with far less trouble and exertion by preying on cattle. Not only is stalking them an easy task when the herd is grazing on the outskirts of the jungle, but often—unlike deer, which bound away almost immediately on discovering their lurking enemy—a

herd of cattle will stand spell-bound, paralysed with fear, their whole attention fixed upon the striped marauder grovelling along the ground and rapidly approaching to within springing distance. Then, when too late to make their escape, the foolish creatures turn to fly; but with a bound, the tiger is upon them, and seizing a victim in his terrible grip, brings it to the ground, and kills it with one wrench of his powerful jaws.

The Asiatic lion, from certain characteristics, such as the almost total want of a mane in the male, and its smaller size, was formerly held to be of a different species from the lion of Africa; but naturalists are now inclined to consider the two animals identical. Little is known of the habits of the Indian lion, and except in Cutch, Guzerat, and one or two other spots in the Bombay presidency, it has become extremely rare. Sportsmen who have met with and shot the animal describe it as dangerous when wounded and followed up; but, like the tiger, unless provoked, the Indian lion almost invariably endeavours to make off on being disturbed. Nor does the animal appear to be nearly so bold and dangerous after nightfall, as is the case with the African lion. A crouching lion in long grass or bushes, even in comparatively bare open ground, is more difficult to distinguish than the tiger, on account of the tawny hide exactly matching the colour of the surroundings. It may be here mentioned that it is a mistake to suppose that the male lion in its wild state carries the long flowing mane that we see in specimens shut up in cages. The lion often inhabits dense thorny thickets; and his mane, from constant 'combing' and wear and tear when passing through prickly bushes, becomes shortened in a measure, and wants the flowing luxuriance of hair so marked in our caged specimens. The Indian lion, though an inveterate cattle-killer like his striped brother, seldom, if ever, takes to devouring human beings.

The panther and leopard both in a great measure bear a similar character to the royal tiger; they seldom will attack man, unless provoked, driven to bay or wounded, when, like all the larger felidæ, they become highly dangerous, and lives are often lost in their pursuit on foot. Instances now and again occur of both these animals showing unusual ferocity and taking to man-killing; but fortunately this habit is exceptional. The panther of Central India—a large powerful beast—is held to be, by many experienced sportsmen, as also by native hunters, a more dangerous animal to cope with than the tiger; and both panther and leopard ascend trees with facility, a power fortunately denied to the tiger.

Not many years ago, an officer seated in a tree in company with a native fired at a panther passing below, wounding the creature severely. The panther sprang up the stem of the tree, dragged the unfortunate sportsman down to the ground, mauling him so dreadfully that he died soon after; and then actually ascended the tree a second time and killed the shikarie.

The panther, like the tiger, is direfully mischievous in killing cattle; and the leopard continually harries the flocks and herds of the villagers, often taking up its abode within a few hundred yards of the houses. Since the time of the Indian Mutiny, when the country was disarmed, leopards have greatly increased in many parts, more especially in our hill territories. In former days, almost every village possessed two or three guns; now, however, only certain individuals bearing a license from the authorities carry firearms, and in consequence, wild animals are not sufficiently killed down.

The leopard is particularly addicted to carrying off dogs. The animal will seldom face a powerful dog in the open; but by creeping up unperceived and waiting for a favourable opportunity, it suddenly takes the dog at a disadvantage, fastening on to its neck, and seldom quitting its hold till the strength of its victim is exhausted. In spite of broad iron collars garnished with spikes for a protection, large-sized, valuable sheep-dogs are very often carried off by leopards in the valleys of the Himalaya.

Included in our Indian carnivora are three species of bears. Two of these, the brown and Himalayan black bear, are confined to our northern hill regions. The third species (*Ursus labiatus*) is only found in the plains of India, or rather in our lower ranges of hills, for it is found in the Neilgherries of Madras. The last-named species never eats flesh, subsisting chiefly on wild fruit, various roots, grain, termites, and honey; but the two Himalayan species undoubtedly occasionally kill sheep, goats, and cows, and devour the flesh.

A number of deaths are annually laid to the charge of the bear tribe. Woodcutters are often brought in terribly torn and disfigured. Sometimes individual cases occur when the bear attacks a man without the slightest provocation. A she-bear with cubs is perhaps more jealous of human beings approaching her young than any other quadruped. She will at such times furiously attack and pursue any one coming near to her whelps, often inflicting terrible wounds with her teeth and claws; but *never*, as we so constantly read, does she, on coming to close quarters, attempt to *hug or squeeze* a man in her powerful grasp.

Though in general nocturnal, all three species of the Indian bear will sometimes be met with in the daytime, more especially during the rainy season, when the grass and jungle grow thick and matted. At such times, in out-of-the-way spots where the forest remains undisturbed, the Himalayan black bear will be met with searching for acorns below clumps of oak-trees, or amidst the branches gathering the fruit; and just before nightfall, a black shuffling object will sometimes be met with on the public road. But, as a rule, if left alone, a bear will seldom molest a human being.

One other animal of the carnivora, the 'Bhériá' or 'Indian wolf,' has to be noted to complete the list, and this animal justly carries a bad reputation for destroying life. There is something peculiarly horrible in the character of the Indian wolf. He hardly ever will face a man or a woman, but makes children his chief prey. In some of our northern provinces, more especially Oude and parts of Rohilkund, as also throughout the north-western provinces of Bengal, the loss of life from wolves is terribly great. Unlike the larger felidæ,

which are all nocturnal in habits, the wolf—which belongs to the Canidæ family—constantly wanders about in search of prey in the daytime. At night, young children are often taken from their beds, or when lying asleep in the open air. It is the habit of the animal to lie in wait in some patch of sugar-cane or Indian corn in close proximity to a village. There the fell brute bides his time, watching a party of poor naked urchins at play, till presently one of the group strays from his comrades and approaches near to the crouching foe. There is a sudden cry, and a glimpse of a brown object making off. But a rescue is seldom effected in time, for the wolf generally destroys his victim before assistance can be rendered. J. H. B.

MR MOSSOP'S WILL.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

Mr Goulding again had John for his driver, and on this occasion made no secret of the fact that Mrs Reddie had come in for all the property. The man had very likely heard as much before, but he seemed pleased, for the lady was a general favourite at 'The Firs.'

Presently he said: 'I don't like that little man, sir—him as come with Sir Peter.'

'Why?'

'Well, sir, they come out to the stables, to look round they said; but they was only trying to pump me. Mr Crooks, he says to me: "Weren't you one of the witnesses to your master's will?" and when I told him I wasn't, he begins to talk about something else. But after a while he comes at me again, and he says: "I believe your poor master was wandering a good deal before he died." "I didn't hear that, sir," I says; "he was always pretty hard in the head." So then he says: "It was on Wednesday Mr Goulding came down from London first, wasn't it?" "Yes, sir," I says; and then he asks: "Well, how was it he came back on Thursday?" "I don't know, sir," I says; "but I think I see him over there; maybe you 'd like to talk to him?" So at that he made off, and dragged Sir Peter with him.'

Mr Goulding laughed at this story; but he felt a little uneasy and annoyed, nevertheless. He did not talk much during the drive, for his thoughts were occupied with the events of the last few days, and he was wondering whether there would be any news for him when he reached London. The case now stood thus: if the will were found within a few days, all would be well. If it were not, and Sir Peter came to hear of the circumstances, it was probable that the clever Mr Crooks would urge him to apply for letters of administration. Mr Goulding could then delay their further progress by entering what is called a *caveat*, which would cause the matter to be brought into court. If, however, the will were not recovered by the time the case came to be heard, the court would grant administration to Sir Peter Mossop as next of kin. It might, of course, come to light afterwards; but possession is nine points of the law, and as the baronet would in that event be more likely to dispute it, endless litigation and expense might result. Of course the document must be in existence somewhere; but the danger was that if the person who held it should make inquiries, and find out that it would be worth so much to Sir Peter, he might offer to sell it to him, and the temptation would be too strong for the impecunious baronet to resist, especially if he were guided by his trusty counsellor, David Crooks. The latter would, no doubt, be satisfied if his client got even temporary possession of the estate, as that would give him a sufficient opportunity of fleecing his victim.

It was to be hoped, however, that none of these disagreeable possibilities would be realised; at all events, Mr Goulding had a little time at his disposal in which to act. He did not care much about his own legacy, but it troubled him exceedingly to think that, by his unfortunate negligence, he might be the means of keeping Mrs Reddie and her family out of their fortune. Besides, when the affair came to be known, as it undoubtedly would, his professional reputation would be seriously injured, and the firm would suffer in consequence. Altogether, he felt his position so acutely, that had he been sufficiently wealthy, he would have made the loss all his own, large as it was.

In passing through Crewe, he once more called at the Inquiry Office, but with a like result. The railway people had heard nothing more about the bag, and as they were not liable for the loss of anything that was in the passenger's own care, it is likely they did not trouble themselves much on the subject. Mr Goulding, travelling by the same train as on the previous Thursday, reached home about the same hour, but only to find that there was no message about the missing will awaiting him. He passed a restless night, and went down to his office betimes on the following morning, to the surprise of the junior clerk, who arrived at the same moment. When Mr Shuttleworth walked in, nearly an hour later, it was only another disappointment for his partner. He had been round to Poynter's the evening before, but the ex-detective had nothing to communicate. Mr Goulding's spirits fell considerably on hearing this, for he had fully expected that the offer of fifty pounds would lead to the restoration of the papers; but he concluded that perhaps the thief was waiting for better terms, and so determined to make the reward a hundred. He paid a visit to Mr Poynter shortly afterwards, to announce his intention and consult; and at this interview the conductor of private inquiries assumed his most profound and knowing air, and favoured the solicitor with a great deal of oracular wisdom, which was taken for what it was worth.

'You see,' he said, 'the party that's got it knows—if he knows anything—that it's good for a lot more than fifty. Of course he's aware that he'll have to give it up in the long-run, because he sees my name to the advertisement. I've got my eye on him, so to speak, and I always track these fellows out before I stop.'

'I'm greatly afraid you haven't got your eye on this fellow,' said the solicitor, whose patience was sorely tried by this inflated style of talking. It might have done very well with simple folk, he thought, but ought not to have been assumed towards him, an experienced man of law.

'Well, if you were to send me down to Crewe for a week, I have no doubt it would shorten

the chase. I have two or three important cases in hand, but I would manage to leave them over to oblige you.'

'No, thank you,' said Mr Goulding, coldly.

'But of course, as I was saying before,' Mr Poynter continued, 'he knows it's worth a lot more than fifty, and he's holding out for something bigger.'

'Well, we must try whether a hundred will tempt him.'

'Yes, we can try, Mr Goulding. You see, *you* have your idea of how it was stolen, and *I* have *mine*—*I* have *mine*,' Mr Poynter repeated impressively, shutting his eyes and thrusting his hands into his pockets.

But all this was thrown away on Mr Goulding, who adhered to his determination to simply increase the reward, believing that to be the only plan likely to succeed; although the private inquirer would have been very glad to pocket a few pounds by a wildgoose chase to Crewe.

'Anyhow, it's a good thing you came to me first about it,' the latter continued, as Mr Goulding was leaving. 'It was much better than letting your own name be known.'

The solicitor returned to his office in better spirits, hoping great things from the offer of a hundred pounds; but, though the new advertisements duly appeared the following day, another week slipped by without any result whatever.

The case was now growing desperate, and as a last resource, it was decided to offer a still more tempting reward of two hundred and fifty pounds. This time, however, a note was appended to the announcement, stating that no further reward would be offered. And now ensued an anxious time for Mr Goulding. Many messages passed between him and Mr Poynter; many discussions took place between the solicitors themselves. Mr Shuttleworth was of opinion that Mr Goulding's fellow-passenger was the culprit; while Mr Goulding thought it was either the woman who opened the carriage-door, or some one who had been standing by at the moment. The more they argued, the more positive Mr Shuttleworth became; in fact, so convinced was he, that he longed to hand a description of the gentleman to the police.

There was one scrap of consolation for them; it was evident the holder of the will had not as yet negotiated with Sir Peter Mossop, as in that case the baronet would probably have bought it in at once and laid claim to the estate; or, if he had been so honourable as to refuse, the document would have been restored to the rightful owners. However, the crisis was reached when one day Messrs Shuttleworth and Goulding were waited on by a Mr Keene—a second-rate London solicitor—who said that he was acting for Mr Crooks of Wrexham, who had asked him to call, on behalf of Sir Peter Mossop, with reference to the will of his deceased relative.

'Perhaps I am taking a liberty,' he said; 'but I have come only to save trouble. Sir Peter understands that the will has not been proved yet, and indeed it would appear that grave doubts might arise as to its validity. Under these circumstances, he is advised to apply for letters of administration as next of kin, if probate be not applied for by you within the next few days; or if it be, to dispute the will, unless an amicable arrangement can be effected. My instructions now are merely to ask your intentions, if you have no objection to state them.'

Both partners were present at the interview, and neither of them spoke for a few moments after Mr Keene had concluded. The question was indeed one which required a little time for reflection. It was plain that Sir Peter, or his solicitor, suspected that there was something wrong about the will, or that it was not forthcoming; but as to entertaining doubts of its validity, that was only an empty threat, designed to frighten the legatees into buying off the baronet with a share of the estate.

If the latter had really contemplated challenging the will, he—or Mr Crooks for him—would have taken action at once, instead of parleying in this way. Of course Crooks and his client had endeavoured to take them by surprise in getting Mr Keene to call, and not communicating by letter, which would have allowed time to consider the reply; and they thought, no doubt, that the London firm would be entrapped into making some indiscreet admission. But Mr Shuttleworth was a shrewd old fellow, and not to be caught in that way.

'We don't for a moment consider that Mr Mossop's will is open to question,' he said; 'and, for my own part, I should be sorry if Mr Crooks buoyed up his client with groundless expectations that could only lead to further expense and disappointment.'

'Quite so,' assented Mr Goulding, who was feeling very nervous.

'And as to the probate,' Mr Shuttleworth continued, 'we hope to attend to that matter in a day or two, if possible.—That is all the information I can give you, sir,' he added, and bowed Mr Keene out before that gentleman could renew the subject.

When he was gone, Mr Goulding gave a sigh of relief. 'You got out of that very well,' he observed; 'but I have grave fears as to how the affair will end.'

'It is a perfect mystery,' said Mr Shuttleworth; 'for unless we suppose that the thief is expecting a still larger reward, in spite of the announcement that this was final, there is no possible solution of it that I can see. The bag and the will and other papers must be in *somebody's* possession. If the person is honest, he can easily restore them, for our address is on them all: if he is dishonest, there is the two hundred and fifty pounds to tempt him; or he might try what he could get from Sir Peter, if he knew the circumstances and thought our offer too small.'

'I am afraid we can't hold out much longer, however,' said Mr Goulding, as he set forth on another fruitless journey to Poynter's office.

It may perhaps appear strange that the solicitors had not engaged the services of a Scotland Yard detective. It was not, however, that they undervalued the skill of those officers, but at first they had both felt so confident that the reward would be sufficient to recover the will, that they had not taken any other steps, except of course that Mr Goulding had given information at the Crewe police office. Now that some time had elapsed, to track the thief would be an absolutely hopeless task, for

they had no tangible clue to go upon. Had a bundle of bank-notes been stolen, there would have been a chance of tracing them by the numbers, because the thief would naturally attempt to circulate them; but a will was worth nothing to any one but the parties concerned. Under the circumstances, they could do nothing but await the course of events.

A few more days passed and Mr Goulding was at his wits' end. He was harassed with letters from Mrs Reddie anxiously asking for news. She had shut up her house at Manchester, and taken her three younger daughters to stay with her at 'The Firs;' so it seemed as if they were determined to make good use of that residence while they could, even though they should lose the property after all. The Misses Reddie were beginning to fret, their mother said, at the prolonged suspense; while their prospects of being emancipated from poverty (and spinsterhood) no doubt became each day fainter. The melancholy effects of the loss were beginning to be felt even in Mr Goulding's household. Mrs Goulding, who was taken into her husband's confidence about this matter, found him growing morose and irritable, and was not permitted to indulge in her favourite songs, which, he said, jarred on his nerves. The three young Gouldings also shared in the general depression, and were banished to the nursery on the slightest provocation. There were two little girls, aged about eight and six, and a little boy of four. The latter was called Arthur after his father, and had always been much petted; but now he was so persistently snubbed, that one evening he confided to his elder sister his intention of leaving the house, and looking out for another Pa, if his own Pa 'kept on being so nasty.' Altogether, the approaching festive season promised to be dreary enough; but this state of things was not to last for ever.

On the afternoon of Monday, the 5th of December, the senior partner had gone home early, and Mr Goulding was sitting in his private office alone. That very day he had received a letter from Mrs Reddie, stating that, after consulting with her children, she had come to the determination to end the suspense if possible, and make terms with Sir Peter by undertaking not to claim the property in the event of the will turning up afterwards, on condition of his allowing her and her daughters a substantial annuity. Mr Goulding did not like this proposal at all. The baronet did not as yet even know that the will was lost, though he might have suspected it; but to make these overtures to him would be to show their hand. If Sir Peter acted for himself, indeed, there might be a chance of his consenting to a compromise; but he would doubtless be in the hands of Crooks, who was so avaricious that he would be sure to make the most of the opportunity, and give the Reddies nothing. Besides, Mr Goulding felt that it would be too bad if the bulk of the property went to Sir Peter after all, in spite of the testator's wishes, and without making a fight for it. He had begun to write a reply to Mrs Reddie, urging her to wait a little longer, when one of the clerks came to say that a gentleman wished to see him.

'Who is he?' Mr Goulding asked.

'He wouldn't give his name, sir; but he said he must see one of the firm.'

'Show him in then,' said the solicitor wearily, as he laid down his pen; and presently the gentleman entered.

He was a tall man, with gray hair and whiskers, but slightly bald. His face was careworn, but refined, and his eyes were clear and kindly-looking. He wore a long, heavy overcoat, and his throat was muffled up to the chin, his coat-collar being also turned up. His age might have been sixty years. He took the chair which Mr Goulding indicated, keeping as much in the shadow as possible; and, after a moment's hesitation, began the conversation with a little nervousness of manner.

'I believe I am speaking to Mr Goulding?'

The solicitor bowed.

'Did you not lose a bag lately, with some papers in it?'

'Yes, yes!' exclaimed Mr Goulding, turning pale in his eagerness. 'What of it? Do you know where it is?'

'It is quite safe. But I must make one condition, or rather ask one favour of you, and that is, that you will not seek to know my name, or anything beyond what I shall tell you myself.'

'Oh, certainly, certainly!—But is there a will in the bag? Where is it?'

'The bag is here, and the will also; and I thought it best to bring it straight to you,' said the gentleman, with a slight smile, as he produced a paper parcel.

Mr Goulding hastily tore it open, and there, sure enough, was his bag; and in it were various papers and the precious will itself. For a minute he was quite unable to speak; then he seized the gentleman's hand and shook it vigorously.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'you are the most welcome visitor I've had for many a long day! But tell me about it; I can't understand it at all.'

'I will tell you,' said the gentleman, with a touch of sadness in his tone; 'but I hope you will not repeat more of the story than is necessary. I found your papers in my house only yesterday. The bag was taken—I do not know exactly under what circumstances—but it was taken by my wife.'

'Your wife?'

'Yes. She is provided with every luxury, for I am rich; but she is afflicted with that failing called kleptomania, and this is not the first time it has led to unhappy results. She takes everything she can lay her hands on, I am sorry to say, when she thinks it can be done safely; and I have no doubt she took your bag, though she says she found it. But how did it occur?'

Mr Goulding briefly explained the circumstances.

'Then the advertisement in the papers is yours?'

'Yes.'

'I guessed as much. My wife was travelling at the time with her maid, and had to change at Crewe, so it must have been she who looked into your compartment. I suppose, seeing the bag close to her hand, she took it and concealed it under her cloak without the knowledge of

her attendant. It happened, fortunately, that I had occasion to open a private drawer of hers yesterday, where I saw the bag; but when I questioned her about it, she said she found it in the train, which, as I feared, was not exactly true. I live more than a hundred miles from London; but I lost no time in coming up to restore it. And now I hope there is nothing missing?'

'It is all right, I am happy to say,' Mr Goulding replied. (He did not mention the thirty shillings, which it appeared the lady had kept.)

'Then I will go,' said the gentleman; 'but I am very sorry if this has caused any serious inconvenience.'

'Well, of course it has worried us; but that is past; and I thank you very much for coming so promptly to take a load off my mind.'

Then they shook hands, and the strange gentleman withdrew; but who or what he was the partners never discovered.

Mr Goulding immediately telegraphed to Mrs Reddie, who was of course overjoyed at the news. And now no time was lost about proving the will, which Sir Peter Mossop and his adviser were sensible enough not to oppose. The former, however, wrote to Mrs Reddie to ask for the loan of three hundred pounds, which, in the fullness of her heart, she sent him, and which, in the fullness of *his* heart, he forgot to repay. Two hundred of it he paid to Crooks, on account of certain bills, and the other hundred covered his losses at cards during the ensuing month.

Mr Poynter, of the Private Inquiry Office, was not altogether pleased at the matter being settled without his intervention; but he reminded Mr Goulding that he always had his own idea of how the will was stolen.

Mrs Reddie and her daughters took up their residence at 'The Firs' permanently. The former liberally carried out Mr Mossop's intentions respecting legacies to the servants, who, under her rule, agreed together better than formerly; besides which, they were now called by their own proper names, instead of the *aliases* forced on them by their late master. Lastly, harmony reigned once more in the Goulding family; and Master Arthur, having repented of his intention to leave the parental roof and look for another 'Pa,' received his own original 'Pa' back into favour.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTION.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

Electric railways are of very recent origin, as it is only since the invention and perfection of the modern dynamo-electric machine, and its converse the electric motor, that it has become possible to practically work such railways. The essentials of an electric railway are (1) a generator or source of power, such as a steam-engine or water-wheel; (2) a dynamo-electric machine, in which the energy of the coal or water is converted into electricity; (3) a pair of conductors, by which the electricity is conveyed to and fro between the electric motor and dynamo; and (4) an electric motor, in which the electricity is reconverted into mechanical power, and applied to turn the wheels of the train. An electric railway is thus simply an instance of the transmission of power from a near to a distant point, the medium of transmission being the electric current. Electricity for this purpose may be obtained from coal, mountain streams, tidal power, or any other source of energy. The conductors consist of a 'going' and 'returning' wire, or other metal conductor, well insulated from one another; and means must be provided for keeping up a constant electrical communication between these conductors and the poles of the motor on the moving train.

A dynamo-electric machine consists of an armature composed of coils of insulated wire mounted on a spindle, and of electro-magnets closely surrounding this armature. The forcible rotation of the armature in the presence of the magnets gives rise to the electric current. Let two such machines have their terminals joined by conductors, and the first machine be driven by some source of power. The current generated in the first machine passes into the second machine, and causes its armature to rotate in the opposite direction to that of the first machine. Thus the current is re-converted into mechanical motion, and the power given out by the second machine will be equal to that given to the first machine, less certain unavoidable losses due to friction and to the heating of the machines and conductors. The second machine is in this case called an electric motor.

An electric railway was first exhibited by Dr W. Siemens at the Berlin Exhibition in 1879. The current was conveyed by a central rail to the motor on the moving car, and returned by the two working rails on which the car ran. The line was nine hundred yards long, with a two feet gauge. The success attending this experimental railway led to the laying of the Lichterfelde line in Berlin, in which the working rails were laid on insulating wooden sleepers, one rail acting as the 'outgoing' circuit, and the other as the 'return' circuit. This line is two thousand five hundred yards long, with a three feet three inch gauge, and is worked by two dynamo-machines developing about twelve horse-power. It has been in constant use since it was opened in May 1881. The electric railway at the Paris Exhibition in 1881 was used to convey passengers to and from the Exhibition, ninety-five thousand persons being carried by it in the space of seven weeks. As some objection was made to the employment of the rails as conductors, on account of the supposed danger to men or animals, overhead conductors were used in this case. These consisted of hollow metallic tubes, suspended from the tops of posts, and having continuous longitudinal slits, contact being made by a metallic bolt drawn through the tubes by flexible cables attached to the car. In the same year, an electric railway was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in which both the ordinary rails were used as the 'return' conductor, and a third insulated rail was used as the 'going' conductor. The car was similar to an ordinary tram-car, and carried twenty passengers. In a second electric railway in Berlin, two overhead conductors, nine inches apart, are used, contact being made by a small carriage running on them and attached by flexible cables to the moving car. This system has also been

adopted on a line seven hundred yards long at the Zankerode Colliery in Germany, and has been working successfully since October 1882. At the Exhibition of Electric Appliances in Chicago the year before last, an electric railway ran around the gallery of the main building, about one-third of a mile in length. In the space of thirteen days, over twenty-six thousand passengers were carried on this railway.

At the International Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh in 1884, an electric railway was exhibited, and carried many persons. Quite recently, an electric railway four miles in length has been opened connecting the towns of Frankfort and Offenbach. Overhead slit tube conductors suspended from poles are used on this line.

In the north of Ireland, an electric railway between Portrush and Bushmills—a distance of six miles—has been working very satisfactorily for many months past. The two working rails are joined electrically by copper bolts, and form the 'return' circuit, the current being conveyed to the car by a third rail placed on short insulated standards, and rubbed by a brush attached to the car. The motive-power for this railway is obtained from turbines placed at a fall on the river Bush. (A full account of the line will be found in this *Journal* for Nov. 17, 1883.) A second line, about three miles in length, is now in course of construction in Ireland. It is being made for the Bessbrook Spinning Company, near Newry, and is expected to be opened this year.

A very interesting experiment in electric railways has been in progress at Brighton for some time past, which many of our seaside resorts might with advantage imitate. A line was opened in August 1883, and continued working until January 1884, when it was taken up in order to alter the gradient for the new road. The line started opposite the Aquarium and terminated at the Chain Pier—a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The flanged rails upon which the car ran, and which acted also as electric conductors, were spiked to longitudinal sleepers. These wooden sleepers were simply coated with tar, and laid on the shingle parallel with the road, the insulation thus obtained being found to be amply sufficient. The dynamo used to generate the current was driven by a gas-engine. During the six months the line was open, thirty thousand persons were carried by it. The new railway starts at the Aquarium, as before, is continued under the Chain Pier, and terminates at the Free Pier—a distance of nearly a mile. The new car is of very handsome design, and carries eighteen passengers. Since the opening of this line, over two hundred thousand persons have availed themselves of it. Financially, the line has been a great success, and at times the demand for seats has been so great that the accommodation has been quite inadequate, and arrangements have been made for placing additional cars on the line.

In the railways of the future, the chief object to be attained is that a larger number of passengers may travel at a higher rate of speed, with greater safety, and at a less cost than at present. All the above conditions should be simultaneously satisfied by any system which is to supersede our present railways. A system of electric railways would seem to satisfy these conditions more completely than any other. The percentage of passengers injured while travelling in our old stage-coaches was much greater than in railway travelling; and it may reasonably be hoped that this percentage may be still further reduced, even with a considerable increase over the present rate of speed. An electrically driven train requires no heavy cumbrous locomotive, the train being driven by small motors attached to each pair of wheels. Some of the advantages of such a system are at once apparent. The ponderous locomotive, weighing frequently one half as much as the train of carriages behind it, wastes a proportional amount of power in propelling itself. The entire line with its rails and bridges must be made strong enough to carry safely the weight of the locomotive and to withstand the terrific wear and tear caused by such a huge mass moving at a high speed. If there were no locomotives, railways might be made much lighter, with a great saving both in first cost and maintenance. By driving a train from every pair of wheels, instead of from the driving-wheels of the locomotive alone, it becomes possible to go round curves with greater safety and at a much higher speed than at present; the swaying and jolting are reduced to a minimum; full speed can be attained in a few seconds instead of several minutes; and much steeper inclines can be surmounted than is now possible. In rounding a curve, a considerable portion of the power of the locomotive is expended in forcing the flanges of the wheels against the rails and in tending to pull the carriages off the rails. The principle here involved is precisely similar to that in the case of a train provided with a continuous brake and one in which the engine alone is provided with a brake. In the former case, the train can be brought to rest much more speedily than in the latter. With the lines in average condition, an ordinary train would run down an incline of about one in fifty, if the engine alone were braked; but if the train were supplied with a continuous brake, it could rest without slipping on an incline of about one in five. Hence is evident the advantage an electrically driven train would have in rapidly getting up full speed and in surmounting steep inclines. An immense saving in first cost of construction would result from the possibility of working lines of railway with steeper gradients than is at present possible.

The electric system of propulsion would seem to be admirably adapted for suburban tramways, elevated lines, and lines through tunnels like the Metropolitan Railway. The weight and noise of the engine are got rid of, and the air remains free from the unpleasant products of combustion. The carriages can also be lighted and warmed with manifest convenience from the same conductors from which they derive their motion. As regards the competition of electricity with the locomotive for main lines of railway, it is impossible at present to speak with any degree of certainty. Electric railways up to the present time are on a comparatively small scale; but judging from their undoubted success and from theoretical considerations, future success would appear to be assured. For light lines through difficult country, underground, and elevated lines, there can be no doubt but that the locomotive

will be superseded before long by the electric system.

In order to avoid the large amount of leakage which must necessarily take place on a long line, Messrs Ayrton and Perry propose to divide the line into a number of sections, the current being conveyed along the whole length of the line by a well-insulated cable laid alongside the ordinary rails. Each section is put into electrical communication with the cable, automatically by the train as required, and contact broken again as the train leaves the section. Leakage can thus take place only from a section on which a train happens to be, instead of from the whole length of line, the leakage from the cable being practically nil. Such an arrangement may be made to constitute an absolute block system, so that one train cannot possibly run into a preceding one, even if the latter comes to a stop. Imagine three consecutive sections A, B, and C. A train leaving section A, and entering section B, cuts off the current from section A, and receives current from section B. At the same moment the 'going' and 'returning' conductors of section A are automatically connected, and the motors of a train entering on this section are at once 'short-circuited' and brought to rest, so that no following train can proceed along section A until the train in front has entered section C. Section A is for the time a blocked section, and a train entering such a section is at once powerfully braked, and cannot be started again until the train in front is at a safe distance ahead. Hence, there must always be at least one unoccupied section between two trains. The value and safety of such a system are at once evident, and it is a system which is absolutely independent of signalmen, drivers, or guards.

An interesting line is now in course of construction in London—namely, the Charing Cross and Waterloo Electric Railway. This line is to start from the north end of Northumberland Avenue, opposite the *Grand Hotel*, pass under the Thames in iron caissons, and terminate at the present Waterloo terminus of the London and South-western Railway. The line is to be double, and worked by a stationary engine, driving the dynamo-electric machines at the Waterloo end. It is proposed to run the carriages separately, and start them as filled, about three minutes being occupied on the journey. Plans and estimates have been prepared and deposited for two other underground electric railways, but they have been successfully opposed for the present. These are—the Mid London Electric Railway, from Oxford Street to Cornhill; and the London Central Electric Railway, from Northumberland Avenue to the General Post-office, by way of Piccadilly Circus, New Oxford Street, and Holborn.

Another system of electric propulsion especially suitable for tramways in towns involves the use of secondary batteries. A secondary battery is an instrument for storing electricity—electrical energy, not current, being contained in a charged battery. A storage or secondary cell consists of a number of thin lead plates placed close together edgewise in glass or ebonite boxes, but prevented from touching one another by india-rubber plugs. The lead plates are perforated, and the holes filled with oxide of lead in the form of red lead. The alternate plates in a cell are connected together electrically by soldering, one set being called the positive, and the other the negative, plates. The box or cell is filled up with dilute sulphuric acid. A number of such cells with their terminals connected together, usually in series, constitutes a secondary battery. When the current from a dynamo-electric machine is passed through the cells, the red lead on the positive plates is converted into peroxide of lead, and on the negative plates is reduced to spongy metallic lead. This is effected by the liberation of oxygen at the positive plates, and hydrogen at the negative plates by the action of the current. This process having been carried on for some time, volumes of gas arise from the plates, and the charging is complete. The charged battery is now ready for use, and may be made to light electric lamps or drive electric motors by connecting them to its terminals. The battery is gradually discharged of its energy, the plates return to their original condition, and are ready for re-charging.

As usually made, a one horse-power cell contains twelve pairs of plates, weighs fifty-six pounds, and measures outside about 10 in. × 9 in. × 8 in. Fifty such cells would supply over five horse-power for about eight hours, or a greater horse-power for a shorter time. The charged cells are placed under the seats of the tram-car, and the current from them led to a motor placed under the floor and attached to or gearing with the axle of the car. This system is an exceedingly simple one, and the mechanical and electrical difficulties easy of solution. Numerous successful experiments have been carried out on this plan in London, Paris, Brussels, and other places. The only obstacle to its general introduction appears to be the difficulty of obtaining a reliable and economical form of secondary battery. The waste of horses on tramways is both costly and cruel, owing chiefly to the numerous stoppages and the severe strain on the horses at every fresh start. An economical and reliable electric tram-car would be gladly welcomed.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.

Electric boats, or launches as they are termed, depend for their existence upon the modern dynamo-electric machine and the still more modern electric storage battery. For driving boats electrically, secondary batteries are a necessity, for it is obviously impossible to apply the current in any other way. The charged batteries are placed under the seats of the launch or where found convenient, and the current led from them by means of short lengths of cable to the electric motor, which is mounted directly on the screw shaft and attached to the bottom of the launch.

One of the earliest experimenters in electric navigation was Professor Jacobi, who in the year 1838 propelled a boat by means of electricity on the river Neva. His boat was twenty-eight feet long, and moved at the rate of two and a quarter miles per hour. The motive-power was supplied by primary batteries, which actuated an electric motor of his own invention. About the year 1850, some experiments with an electric boat were carried out at Falmouth by Mr Hunt;

in 1856 on the Thames by Mr Deering; and in 1866 on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne by the Count de Mollins; but nothing practical came of these efforts, on account of the expense, weight, and trouble of the primary batteries used, and the imperfect construction of the motors, which utilised only a small portion of the power of the batteries. In August 1882, M. Trouvé, an ingenious French electrician, took part in a regatta at Troyes with an electric boat, and easily distanced a four-oared gig. The electricity was generated in a bichromate battery, and led to a motor fixed to the rudder-head. The propeller was mounted on the rudder itself, and driven by an endless chain from the motor. The experiment was a highly successful one, the boat being stopped, started, reversed, and turned with the greatest ease. The foregoing examples are interesting and instructive; but electric boats propelled by means of primary batteries could never come largely into use, on account of the expense of maintaining the batteries. It was not until the introduction of the secondary battery, several years ago, that electric boats on a practical scale became possible.

The *Electricity*, the first electric launch, properly so called, was launched at Millwall in September 1882. She is twenty-five feet long, and carries ten passengers comfortably. On her trial trip she ran from Millwall to Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, in twenty-three minutes; and returned to Millwall in thirty minutes. The astonishment of spectators on the river and banks at seeing the launch with its load of passengers glide swiftly along without any apparent means of propulsion was very great. In July 1883 an experimental trip was made on the Thames in an electric launch forty feet long, made of galvanised steel. The power was supplied by about eighty secondary cells placed under the seats and floor of the launch, the current from which was conveyed to a motor also placed under the floor and driving the propeller direct. The distance of six miles between Temple Pier and Greenwich was covered in thirty-seven minutes with twenty-one persons on board. About six horse-power was required to propel the launch at this speed, and the fully charged cells would contain sufficient energy to allow of the boat running six hours continuously. On the occasion of the recent Electrical Exhibition in Vienna, this launch was exhibited there; and in September 1883, she conveyed a party along the Danube from Vienna to Presburg, a distance of fifty miles, accomplishing the journey in four hours. She was built by Messrs Yarrow & Co. for the Electrical Power Storage Company, and could accommodate forty passengers with ease.

An electric launch possesses many important advantages over a steam launch, and even in its present stage of development might replace the latter with advantage in many cases. In an electric launch the accumulator cells and motor are placed under the seats and floor, are quite invisible, and occupy no space which might otherwise have been available for passengers or goods. In a steam launch, on the other hand, a considerable portion of the centre and most convenient space is taken up by the boiler and engine. It is at once evident that an electric launch will carry more passengers than a steam launch of the same dimensions. In point of expense the two systems would be about equal; but when numerous charging stations are established of suitable size and convenient position, the electric system would appear to have the advantage. The batteries would be charged in position while the boat is moored, cables being carried on board for the purpose. When the cells are once charged, they will remain so for a long time, subject to a small loss through leakage. Hence a boat with charged cells on board is available for use at a moment's notice, while in the case of a steam launch a considerable time is lost in getting up steam. This is a highly important advantage in many cases. One attendant only is required in an electric launch, as all the operations of stopping, starting, and reversing are effected by means of two small levers. In addition, an electric launch is entirely free from dirt, smoke, heat, and smell, which are frequently so unpleasant on board a steam launch. There is almost an entire absence of noise and vibration, and thus an electric launch is the very *beau idéal* of a pleasure-boat.

For business, pleasure, and war purposes, electric launches will doubtless be largely used in the future. They are more suitable for light and rapid traffic than for the transport of heavy goods; their chief advantages being that they are safe, are easily managed, and are always ready for use. They are specially suitable for harbour, river, and lake service; for war purposes, whether as torpedo boats or as tenders to larger vessels, they must prove invaluable. Whether electricity is destined to supersede steam in large vessels and on long voyages, is a highly interesting and important question, but one which cannot at present be answered with any degree of certainty. Considering the present rapid advance of scientific knowledge, it would be highly rash to predict a limited use only for electricity in the propulsion of vessels. No less an authority than Dr Lardner pronounced it impossible for steamships ever to trade across the Atlantic; and another eminent public man offered to swallow the boilers of the first steamboat that should accomplish the journey, yet very shortly afterwards several steam-vessels made the trip. Up to a certain point, the constant weight of the batteries would act as the necessary ballast in vessels; but the question arises whether this weight would not be too great in the case of large ocean-going vessels, which require enormous power for their propulsion.

AMUSING BREVITIES.

Never was a time when brevity was more the fashion and more constantly insisted upon than at present. As an American paper says, we insist that all art, all literature, and all emotions shall be brief. It is the age of epigram. Even the universal impatience engendered by the restlessness and hurry of the time, should be satisfied with the terseness, for instance, which describes a bad cook as one who makes a hash of everything —except mutton; an unsatisfactory meal, as a domestic broil; and the average prize-fight of the day—a paper mill. We are reminded that it is harder for a woman to hold her tongue than for

a man to hold a baby; that in a game of cards a good deal depends on good playing; and good playing depends on a good deal; and that getting into a passion is a great deal like getting into a barberry bush. The bush comes out all right, but you don't. The hardness of the world is laconically hit off in the saying, 'Every rose has its thorn, but not one thorn in a hundred has its rose.'

Not a bad answer was made by a sportsman returning from the marshes, when asked if he had shot anything. 'No;' he said; 'but I have given the birds a good serenading.'

'Yes, sir,' said Jenkins; 'Smithers is a man who keeps his word; but then he has to.'—'How is that?' asked Jones.—'Because no one will take it.'—'Mercy me! what are those horrible sounds up-stairs?'—'Oh, that is nothing but dear George. I suppose he has lost his collar-stud again.'

The art of condensation was evidently studied by the journalist who reported: 'A coloured gentleman went into a blacksmith's shop with his coat-tails full of powder. He came out through the roof.' This reminds us of—A quarryman said he couldn't see any danger in smoking while he was handling powder. He can't see anything now. A poor American who complained that he was like the moon—at his last 'quarter'—was as witty as the man who advertised a clock for sale which kept time like a tax-gatherer. A good advertisement appeared on a sign in the Far West: 'Here's where you get a meal like your mother used to give you.' But for graphic illustration of the *multum in parvo*, what could beat the sign of the travelling dentist in the United States, which bore the startling announcement, 2th pullin'?

As pithy as some of the foregoing, but more satirical, is the description of a man said to be so mean that he wishes his landlord to reduce the price of his board because he has had two of his teeth extracted. Severer was the remark of a man, who, hearing that an acquaintance had married again, exclaimed: 'Stupid donkey! He didn't deserve to lose his first wife.' A famous preacher remarked that it is possible for a man to be a Christian and belong to a brass band, but that it would be difficult for such a man's next-door neighbour to be a Christian.

Nothing makes a bald-headed man madder than to be accused of never cleaning the hairs out of the comb, says an American; and an old darkey observed that 'a man would be a heap better off if he was as particular 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water.' Somewhat satirical is the announcement that there is a man in New York who manufactures diamonds for actresses to lose. They are sold at so much a quart.

There is a good deal of quiet humour in the few lines in which a certain country paper commented on political affairs: 'The scarcity of new hats in the street shows that very little interest was taken in the election.' Another humorist observes: 'It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a tablespoonful of perfume; whilst a shilling's-worth of cooked onions will scent a neighbourhood.'

A Chicago hotel-keeper recently had a man arrested for stealing a cake of soap. The man pleaded in extenuation of his offence that he wanted it for his collection of curiosities, it being the first cake of soap he had ever discovered in a Chicago hotel. Equally sarcastic was the reply of one of the auditors of a political orator, speaking of a certain general whom he professed to admire, and said he was always found where the bullets were thickest. 'Where was that?' asked one of the crowd. 'In the ammunition wagon!' shouted another.

'I'm from Mr Brown, mum—gentleman what lives across the way. He says: Won't you please shut them windows when the young lady's a-playing?'—'But I thought Mr Brown was musical himself?'—'That's the reason, mum.'

At a party, a young lady began a song, 'The autumn days have come; ten thousand leaves are falling.' She began too high. 'Ten thousand,' she screeched, and stopped. 'Start her at five thousand!' cried an auctioneer present.

A lady in a registry office observed: 'I am afraid that that little girl won't do for a nurse; she is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby.'—Clerk: 'Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation.' Lady: 'Indeed! But she is so very small.'—Clerk: 'I know that she is diminutive; but you should remember that when she drops a baby, it doesn't have very far to fall.'

A physician much attached to his profession and his own skill, during his attendance on a man of letters, observing that the patient was very punctual in taking all his medicines and following his rules, exclaimed in all the pride of his heart: 'Ah, my dear sir, you deserve to be ill!'

None of these, however, may be said to match the following. 'My dear,' said a husband in startling tones, after awaking his wife in the night, 'I have swallowed a dose of strychnine!' 'Well, then, for goodness' sake lie still, or it may come up.'

THEN AND NOW.

The sky was blue,
Our hearts were true,
Bright shone the sun that summer morn;
The birds sang sweet,
And at our feet
Lay waving fields of yellow corn.

With love and faith
As strong as death,
Without a tear we turned away;
'Tis *now* we weep,
At one fell sweep
Our sun is hid, our sky is gray.

For pride is strong
When hearts are young;
And bitter words that once are spoken,
Return again
With maddening pain;
And faith and vows and hearts are broken.

MARY J. MURCHIE.

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CAN THE 'ROLLING' OF SHIPS BE CHECKED?

The designing of Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible* was regulated by certain conditions which had the indirect effect of making her a very heavy roller; and the question arose: 'Is it possible to devise some means whereby the steadiness of a vessel tossed by wind and waves can be promoted?' At once Mr R. E. Froude—who had already made certain experiments and investigations that had a bearing upon the question—set to work to study it thoroughly, and with him was associated in the work his colleague in the Admiralty, Mr P. Watts. It had already been noticed that the presence of what is termed a bilge-keel in a vessel did much to increase her steadiness while at sea, though it was also known that there were serious obstacles to the use of this appendage. In the first place, in large ships it would have to be of a great size, and consequently much exposed and liable to injury; in the second place, it offered a considerable impediment to a vessel's progress; and in the third place, in the case of large ships like the *Inflexible*, the addition of a bilge-keel, which is the ordinary keel deepened, would make a passage into and out of existing docks impossible. So the mere use of a bilge-keel did not meet the case, and other methods of reducing the rolling tendency of a ship were discussed. Finally, the 'water-chamber' method found favour; and it was proposed to put it into practice.

The water-chamber method is briefly this: One tank or more is fitted into the hull of the vessel, stretching from side to side; and into such tank or tanks a certain quantity of water is admitted, it being found that the motion of the water produces a force which acts in opposition to the rolling of the ship, which it consequently tends to check. A little consideration will show how this is the case. A ship rolls on one side—say to the right—and the water in the tank follows; so, for a moment or two, the ship and the water are weighing down together; then the force of the wind and waves makes the vessel start off for the roll over to the other side; but it is clear that, until it has passed the point of perpendicularity and commenced to incline to the left, the water in the chamber will be tending to prevent it from doing so, by still weighing down to the right. In fact the water does not 'come' so quickly as the ship, but has a tendency to lag behind. When the vessel has rolled leftwards, the floor of the water-chamber will have become sloped, and the water will run leftwards too. But almost immediately the lateral momentum of the ship will have become reversed, and the water in the chamber will once more check the motion of the hull and tend to hold it back leftwards. And so it goes on, there being a constant force in the hull which goes to counteract the motion of the ship tossed by wind and sea.

This method of checking the rolling of the vessel while at sea having been decided upon, two water-chambers were fitted into the *Inflexible*, one forward, and the other aft. The one forward measured twenty-two feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the upper deck. The one aft measured fourteen feet across, and extended from the armour-deck to the main-deck. As the work of building the vessel proceeded, however, it was found necessary to appropriate the first-named chamber for purposes of storage; and so only one water-chamber was left for Mr Froude to experiment with. Nevertheless, with this he arranged a programme of operations which included the testing of the rolling of the vessel with and without water in the chamber, both in a comparatively smooth and in a rough sea. Another disappointment was, however, in store for him. He had but completed his experiments in the Mediterranean with the ship in still water and without the chamber in use, when the order was flashed from Westminster that the *Inflexible* was to proceed at once to Alexandria, to take part in the operations there that had arisen in connection with the Egyptian troubles. However, on the 16th of June 1882, while lying about

twenty or thirty miles off Alexandria, some experiments as to the way in which the ship would behave in deep sea with and without the water-chamber in use, were made. The result of these experiments was to show that the chamber was most effective when about half full of water, and that when in this condition, it reduced the rolling of the vessel by about 37·5 per cent. This result had reference to the ship while in regular waves.

In 1883, Mr Watts read a paper before the Institution of Naval Architects setting forth the results of the experiments that had been made with the water-chamber. The matter was not received with unqualified approval by the members of the Institution, and the danger of introducing free water into a ship was referred to by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., Mr J. D'A. Samuda, Mr W. John, Mr B. Martell, and other gentlemen well versed in shipping matters. It was, however, frankly admitted on all hands that the subject was only as yet in its undeveloped infancy, and that it was impossible to pronounce judgment upon it before further investigations and experiments had been made. In the paper referred to, Mr Watts said that such further experiments were about to be made, both with models and with the ship artificially rolled in still water; and he promised that, at a future date, he would put before the Institution the result of those experiments. Hence, in the March of the present year, at the sessional meetings of the Institution of Naval Architects, held in the hall of the Society of Arts, he read a paper 'On the Use of Water-chambers for Reducing the Rolling of Ships at Sea.' In this paper the history of the method was continued.

It appeared that, though it had at first been intended to pursue the experiments with the *Inflexible*, this was not found to be convenient, and the *Edinburgh* had been selected as a substitute. In the *Edinburgh*, the water-chamber is fourteen feet across, and runs from one side of the ship to the other, with a capacity of two hundred and ten tons. Mr Watts had to communicate very satisfactory results as the outcome of his experiments with the water-chamber in the *Edinburgh*, and he concluded with the following words: 'In this paper I have not had time to consider how the safety of a ship must limit the extent of the space or spaces set apart for this purpose; but it appears that, supposing the safety of the ship not endangered, rolling may be reduced by this means to almost any extent.'

Mr Watts' second paper met with a warmer reception at the hands of the members of the Institution of Naval Architects than his first one had done. It was criticised, it is true; and a naval captain, having apologised for speaking on a subject which did not properly come within his province, said that, though, on going into action, he should be anxious above all things to secure a steady gun-platform, yet he should be very loth to let a volume of free water into his ship, for he believed the enemy would do that for him quite soon enough. In discussing the question of danger, the case of the ill-fated *Austral* was mentioned—as it had been two years before—as an evidence of the fatal results attending the letting of free water into a ship; but this provoked an indignant response from Mr Martell, who, having traced the fatality in question to carelessness, declared, amid applause, that it could not possibly be used either as an argument for or as an argument against the use of water-chambers.

There can be no doubt that the admission under certain conditions of a large quantity of free water into a ship does represent a very serious element of danger. But this fact is recognised by no one more readily than by Mr Froude and Mr Watts; and of course, before water-chambers can come into general practical use, the character and conditions of this element of danger must be ascertained, in order that it may be avoided. Another argument used against the employment of water-chambers is, that they must necessarily take up a large amount of space, which should be applied to other purposes. But this argument loses all its force when we are reminded that the water-chamber can be utilised for the storage of the fresh-water supplies of the vessel, or for the water-ballast which is so frequently used. While, however, we can very safely leave the matter to be thoroughly investigated by Mr Froude, Mr Watts, and the other scientific gentlemen whose sympathies it has enlisted, and while we may look forward hopefully to the obstacles that may now exist being overcome, we may congratulate ourselves that science is in a fair way to effect a means by which not only our sailors will be enabled to fire their guns at sea with infinitely more precision than they have ever been able to do in the past, but also a means by which in passenger ships sea-sickness—one of the most abundant sources of human discomfort, and even misery—will be, at anyrate, considerably lessened.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRANCES remembered little of the journey after it was over. She was keenly conscious at the time, if there can be any keen consciousness of a thing which is all vague, which conveys no clear idea. Through the darkness of the night, which came on before she had left the coast she knew, with all those familiar towns gleaming out as she passed—Mentone, Monaco on its headland, the sheltering bays which kept so warm and bright those cities of sickness, of idleness, and pleasure, the palms, the olives, the oranges, the aloe hedges, the roses and heliotropes—there was a confused and breathless sweep of distance, half in the dark, half in the light, the monotonous plains, the lines of poplars, the straight high-roads of France. Paris, where they stayed for a night, was only like a bigger, noisier, vast railway station, to Frances. She had no time, in the hurry of her journey, in the still greater hurry of her thoughts, to realise that here was the scene of that dread Revolution of which she had read with shuddering excitement—that she was driven past the spot where the guillotine was first set up, and through the streets where the tumbrels had rolled, carrying to that dread death the many tender victims, who were all she knew of that great convulsion of history.

Markham, who was so good to her, put his head out of the carriage and pointed to a series

of great windows flashing with light. 'What a pity there's no time,' he said. She asked 'For what?' with the most complete want of comprehension. 'For shopping, of course,' he said, with a laugh. For shopping! She seemed to be unacquainted with the meaning of the words. In the midst of this strange wave of the unknown which was carrying her away, carrying her to a world more unknown still, to suppose that she could pause and think of shopping! The inappropriateness of the suggestion bewildered Frances. Markham, indeed, altogether bewildered her. He was very good to her, attending to her comfort, watchful over her needs in a way which Frances could not have imagined possible. Her father had never been unkind; but it did not occur to him to take care of her. It was she who took care of him. If there was anything forgotten, it was she who got the blame; and when he wanted a book, or his writing-desk, or a rug to put over his knees, he called to his little girl to hand it to him, without the faintest conception that there was anything incongruous in it. And there was nothing incongruous in it. If there is any one in the world whom it is natural to send on your errands, to get you what you want, surely your child is that person. Waring did not think on the subject, but simply did so by instinct, by nature; and equally by instinct Frances obeyed, without a doubt that it was her simplest duty. If Markham had said: 'Get me my book, Frances; dear child, just open that bag—hand me so-and-so,' she would have considered it the most natural thing in the world. What he did do surprised her much more. He tripped in and out of his seat at her smallest suggestion. He pulled up and down the window at her pleasure, never appearing to think that it mattered whether *he* liked it or not. He took her out carefully on his arm, and made her dine, not asking what she would have, as her father might perhaps have done, but bringing her the best that was to be had, choosing what she should eat, serving her as if she had been the Queen! It contributed to the dizzying effect of the rapid journey that she should thus have been placed in a position so different from any that she had ever known.

And then there came the last stage, the strange leaden-gray stormy sea, which was so unlike those blue ripples that came up just so far—no farther, on the beach at Bordighera. She began to understand what is said in the Bible about the waves that mount up like mountains, when she saw the roll of the Channel. She had always a little wondered what that meant. To be sure, there were storms now and then along the Riviera, when the blue edge to the sea-mantle disappeared, and all became a deep purple, solemn enough for a king's pall, as it has been the pall of so many a brave man; but even that was never like the dangerous threatening lash of the waves along those rocks, and the way in which they raised their awful heads. And was that England, white with a faint line of green, so sodden and damp as it looked, rising out of the sea? The heart of Frances sank: it was not like her anticipations. She had thought there would be something triumphant, grand, about the aspect of England—something proud, like a monarch of the sea; and it was only a damp, grayish-white line, rising not very far out of those sullen waves. An east wind was blowing with that blighting grayness which here, in the uttermost parts of the earth, we are so well used to: and it was cold. A gleam of pale sun indeed shot out of the clouds from time to time; but there was no real warmth in it, and the effect of everything was depressing. The green fields and hedgerows cheered her a little; but it was all damp, and the sky was gray. And then London, with a roar and noise as if she had fallen into a den of wild beasts, and throngs, multitudes of people at every little station which the quick train flashed past, and on the platform, where at last she arrived dizzy and faint with fatigue and wonderment. But Markham always was more kind than words could say. He sympathised with her, seeing her forlorn looks at everything. He did not ask her how she liked it, what she thought of her native country. When they arrived at last, he found out miraculously, among the crowd of carriages, a quiet, little, dark-coloured brougham, and put her into it. 'We'll trundle off home,' he said, 'you and I, Fan, and let John look after the things; you are so tired you can scarcely speak.'

'Not so much tired,' said Frances, and tried to smile, but could not say any more.

'I understand.' He took her hand into his with the kindest caressing touch. 'You mustn't be frightened, my dear. There's nothing to be frightened about. You'll like my mother.—Perhaps it was silly of me to say that, and make you cry. Don't cry, Fan, or I shall cry too. I am the foolishest little beggar, you know, and always do what my companions do. Don't make a fool of your old brother, my dear. There, look out and see what a beastly place old London is, Fan.'

'Don't call me, Fan,' she cried, this slight irritation affording her an excuse for disburdening herself of some of the nervous excitement in her. 'Call me Frances, Markham.'

'Life's too short for a name in two syllables. I've got two syllables myself, that's true; but many fellows call me Mark, and you are welcome to, if you like.—No; I shall call you Fan; you must make up your mind to it.—Did you ever see such murky heavy air? It isn't air at all—it's smoke and animalculæ and everything that's dreadful. It's not like that blue stuff on the Riviera, is it?'

'O no!' cried Frances, with fervour. 'But I suppose London is better for some things,' she added with a doubtful voice.

'Better! It's better than any other place on the face of the earth; it's the only place to live in,' said Markham. 'Why, child, it is paradise'—he paused a moment, and then added, 'with pandemonium next door.'

'Markham!' the girl cried.

'I was wrong to mention such a place in your hearing. I know I was. Never mind, Fan; you shall see the one, and you shall know nothing about the other.—Why, here we are in Eaton Square.'

The door flashed open as soon as the carriage stopped, letting out a flood of light and warmth. Markham almost lifted the trembling girl out.

She had got her veil entangled about her head, her arms in the cloak which she had half thrown off. She was not prepared for this abrupt arrival. She seemed to see nothing but the light, to know nothing until she found herself suddenly in some one's arms; then the light seemed to go out of her eyes. Sight had nothing to do with the sensation, the warmth, the softness, the faint rustle, the faint perfume, with which she was suddenly encircled; and for a few moments she knew nothing more.

'Dear, dear, Markham, I hope she is not delicate—I hope she is not given to fainting,' she heard in a disturbed but pleasant voice, before she felt able to open her eyes.

'Not a bit,' said Markham's familiar tones. 'She's overdone, and awfully anxious about meeting you.'

'My poor dear! Why should she be anxious about meeting me?' said the other voice, a voice round and soft, with a plaintive tone in it; and then there came the touch of a pair of lips, soft and caressing like the voice, upon the girl's cheek. She did not yet open her eyes, half because she could not, half because she would not, but whispered in a faint little tentative utterance, 'Mother!' wondering vaguely whether the atmosphere round her, the kiss, the voice, was all the mother she was to know.

'My poor little baby, my little girl! Open your eyes.—Markham, I want to see the colour of her eyes.'

'As if I could open her eyes for you!' cried Markham with a strange outburst of sound, which, if he had been a woman, might have meant crying, but must have been some sort of a laugh, since he was a man. He seemed to walk away, and then came back again. 'Come, Fan! that's enough. Open your eyes, and look at us. I told you there was nothing to be frightened for.'

And then Frances raised herself; for, to her astonishment, she was lying down upon a sofa, and looked round her, bewildered. Beside her stood a little lady, about her own height, with smooth brown hair like hers, with her hands clasped, just as Frances was aware she had herself a custom of clasping her hands. It began to dawn upon her that Constance had said she was very like mamma. This new-comer was beautifully dressed in soft black satin, that did not rustle—that was far, far too harsh a word—but swept softly about her with the faintest pleasant sound; and round her breathed that atmosphere which Frances felt would mean mother to her for ever and ever, an air that was infinitely soft, with a touch in it of some sweetness. Oh, not scent! She rejected the word with disdain—something, nothing, the atmosphere of a mother. In the curious ecstasy in which she was, made up of fatigue, wonder, and the excitement of this astounding plunge into the unknown, that was how she felt.

'Let me look at you, my child.—I can't think of her as a grown girl, Markham. Don't you know she is my baby. She has never grown up, like the rest of you, to me.—Oh, did you never wish for me, little Frances? Did you never want your mother, my darling? Often, often, I have lain awake in the night and cried for you.'

'O mamma!' cried Frances, forgetting her shyness, throwing herself into her mother's arms. The temptation to tell her that she had never known anything about her mother, to excuse herself at her father's expense, was strong. But she kept back the words that were at her lips. 'I have always wanted this all my life,' she cried with a sudden impulse, and laid her head upon her mother's breast, feeling in all the commotion and melting of her heart a consciousness of the accessories, the rich softness of the satin, the delicate perfume, all the details of the new personality by which her own was surrounded on every side.

'Now I see,' cried the new-found mother, 'it was no use parting this child and me, Markham. It is all the same between us—isn't it, my darling?—as if we had always been together—all the same in a moment.—Come up-stairs now, if you feel able, dear one.—Do you think, Markham, she is able to walk up-stairs?'

'Oh, quite able; oh, quite, quite well. It was only for a moment. I was—frightened, I think.'

'But you will never be frightened any more,' said Lady Markham, drawing the girl's arm through her own, leading her away. Frances was giddy still, and stumbled as she went, though she had pledged herself never to be frightened again. She went in a dream up the softly carpeted stairs. She knew what handsome rooms were, the lofty bare grandeur of an Italian palazzo; but all this carpeting and cushioning, the softness, the warmth, the clothed and comfortable look, bewildered her. She could scarcely find her way through the drawing-room, crowded with costly furniture, to the blazing fire, by the side of which stood the tea-table, like, and yet how unlike that anxious copy of English ways which Frances had set up in the loggia. She was conscious, with a momentary gleam of complacency, that her cups and saucers were better, though! not belonging to an ordinary modern set, like these; but, alas, in everything else how far short! Then she was taken up-stairs, through—as she thought—the sumptuous arrangements of her mother's room, to another smaller, which opened from it, and in which there was the same wealth of carpets, curtains, easy-chairs, and writing-tables, in addition to the necessary details of a sleeping-room. Frances looked round it admiringly. She knew nothing about the modern-artistic, though something, a very little, about old art. The painted ceilings and old gilding of the Palazzo—which she began secretly and obstinately to call *home* from this moment forth—were intelligible to her; but she was quite unacquainted with Mr Morris's papers and the art fabrics at Liberty's. She looked at them with admiration, but doubt. She thought the walls 'killed' the pictures that were hung round, which were not like her own little gallery at home, which she had left with a little pang to her sister. 'Is this Constance' room?' she asked timidly, called back to a recollection of Constance, and wondering whether the transfer was to be complete.

'No, my love; it is Frances' room,' said Lady Markham. 'It has always been ready for you. I expected you to come some time. I have always hoped that; but I never thought that Con would desert me.' Her voice faltered a little, which instantly touched Frances' heart.

'I asked,' she said, 'not just out of curiosity,

but because, when she came to us, I gave her my room. Our rooms are not like these; they have very few things in them. There are no carpets; it is warmer there, you know; but I thought she would find the blue room so bare, I gave her mine.'

Lady Markham smiled upon her, and said, but with a faint, the very faintest indication of being less interested than Frances was: 'You have not many visitors, I suppose?'

'Oh, none!' cried Frances. 'I suppose we are —rather poor. We are not—like this.'

'My darling! you don't know how to speak to me, your own mother! What do you mean, dear, by *we?* You must learn to mean something else by *we*. Your father, if he had chosen, might have had—all that you see, and more. And Constance—— But we will say nothing more to-night on that subject.—This is Con's room, see, on the other side of mine. It was always my fancy, my hope, some time to have my two girls, one on each side.'

Frances followed her mother to the room on the other side with great interest. It was still more luxurious than the one appropriated to herself—more comfortable, as a room which has been occupied, which shows traces of its tenant's tastes and likings, must naturally be; and it was brighter, occupying the front of the house, while that of Frances' looked to the side. She glanced round at all the fittings and decorations, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, were so splendid. 'Poor Constance!' she said under her breath.

'Why do you say poor Constance?' said Lady Markham, with something sharp and sudden in her tone. And then she, too, said regretfully: 'Poor Con! You think it will be disappointing to her, this other life which she has chosen. Was it—dreary for you, my poor child?'

Then there rose up in the tranquil mind of Frances a kind of tempest-blast of opposition and resentment. 'It is the only life I know—it was —everything I liked best,' she cried. The first part of the sentence was very firmly, almost aggressively said. In the second, she wavered, hesitated, changed the tense—it *was*. She did not quite know herself what the change meant.

Lady Markham looked at her with a penetrating gaze. 'It was—everything you knew, my little Frances. I understand you, my dear. You will not be disloyal to the past. But to Constance, who does not know it, who knows something else—— Poor Con! I understand. But she will have to pay for her experience, like all the rest.'

Frances had been profoundly agitated, but in the way of happiness. She did not feel happy now. She felt disposed to cry, not because of the relief of tears, but because she did not know how else to express the sense of contrariety, of disturbance that had got into her mind. Was it that already a wrong note had sounded between herself and this unknown mother, whom it had been a rapture to see and touch? Or was it only that she was tired? Lady Markham saw the condition into which her nerves and temper were strained. She took her back tenderly into her room. 'My dear,' she said, 'if you would rather not, don't change your dress. Do just as you please to-night. I would stay and help you, or I would send Josephine, my maid, to help you; but I think you will prefer to be left alone and quiet.'

'O yes,' cried Frances with fervour; then she added hastily: 'If you do not think me disagreeable to say so.'

'I am not prepared to think anything in you disagreeable, my dear,' said her mother, kissing her—but with a sigh. This sigh Frances echoed in a burst of tears when the door closed and she found herself alone—alone, quite alone, more so than she had ever been in her life, she whispered to herself, in the shock of the unreasonable and altogether fantastic disappointment which had followed her ecstasy of pleasure. Most likely it meant nothing at all but the reaction from that too highly raised level of feeling.

'No; I am not disappointed,' Lady Markham was saying down-stairs. She was standing before the genial blaze of the fire, looking into it with her head bent and a serious expression on her face. 'Perhaps I was too much delighted for a moment; and she too, poor child, now that she has looked at me a second time, she is a little, just a little disappointed in me. That's rather hard for a mother, you know; or I suppose you don't know.'

'I never was a mother,' said Markham. 'I should think it's very natural. The little thing has been forming the most romantic ideas. If you had been an angel from heaven'——

'Which I am not,' she said with a smile, still looking into the fire.

'Heaven be praised,' said Markham. 'In that case, you would not have suited me, which you do, mammy, you know, down to the ground.'

She gave a half-glance at him, a half-smile, but did not disturb the chain of her reflections. 'That's something, Markham,' she said.

'Yes; it's something. On my side, it is a great deal. Don't go too fast with little Fan. She has a deal in her. Have a little patience, and let her settle down her own way.'

'I don't feel sure that she has not got her father's temper; I saw something like it in her eyes.'

'That is nonsense, begging your pardon. She has got nothing of her father in her eyes. Her eyes are like yours, and so is everything about her. My dear mother, Con's like Waring, if you like. This one is of our side of the house.'

'Do you really think so?' Lady Markham looked up now and laid her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, and laughed. 'But, my dear boy, you are as like the Markhams as you can look. On my side of the house, there is nobody at all, unless, as you say'——

'Frances,' said the little man. 'I told you—the best of the lot. I took to her in a moment by that very token. Therefore, don't go too fast with her, mother. She has her own notions. She is as staunch as a little—Turk,' said Markham, using the first word that offered. When he met his mother's eye, he retired a little, with the air of a man who does not mean to be questioned; which naturally stimulated curiosity in her mind.

'How have you found out that she is staunch, Markham?'

'Oh, in half-a-dozen ways,' he answered carelessly. 'And she will stick to her father through thick and thin, so mind what you say.'

Then Lady Markham began to bemoan herself a little gently, before the fire, in the most luxurious of easy-chairs.

'Was ever woman in such a position,' she said, 'to be making acquaintance, for the first time, at eighteen, with my own daughter, and to have to pick my words and to be careful what I say?'

'Well, mammy,' said Markham, 'it might have been worse. Let us make the best of it. He has always kept his word, which is something, and has never annoyed you. And it is quite a nice thing for Con to have him to go to, to find out how dull it is, and know her own mind. And now we've got the other one too.'

Lady Markham still rocked herself a little in her chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. 'For all that, it is very hard, both on her and me,' she said.

THE FISHERIES OF ICELAND.

ICELAND, though not, as the name would imply, and as many people suppose, a land covered with ice, a huge mass of glaciers, only diversified by the appearance here and there of a few burning mountains and boiling springs, is by no means a fruitful country. Large tracts of the interior are really barren, being covered either by snow-clad mountains or by lava wastes and plains of volcanic sand and ashes. The fertile parts of the country—though they yield rich pastures, and support large flocks of sheep and herds of ponies, besides considerable numbers of cattle, the rearing of which gives occupation and sustenance to nearly one-half of the population, and though by more energetic and economical cultivation their value might be doubled or trebled—do not and never will play such an important part in the existence and prosperity of the Icelanders as does the sea which washes their shores. It is in the sea, with its boundless and inexhaustible stores of life, that the real wealth of Iceland lies; and though the land products have been, and always will be, a considerable factor in the prosperity of the Icelanders, the chief source of their future progress must be the development of the fisheries. The principal of these is at present the cod-fishery. Immense numbers of cod and haddock are caught every year round the coasts of Iceland. The greater part is salted and exported, chiefly to Spain; a smaller portion is air-dried, and in this condition it forms a staple article of food in the country, the inland inhabitants travelling every summer long distances to the coast to secure their supplies of dried fish. Comparatively little cod is dried, as it brings a better price when salted; but haddock, halibut, skate, lumpsuckers, and cod-heads form the bulk of the dried product. Enormous numbers of cod-heads are dried. In this condition they form a highly valued and much-sought-after article of food, though the economy of their use may be doubted, especially when the consumer has to fetch them from a long distance with considerable expenditure of time and labour. The fishing population live for the most part on fish, fresh and dried—the salted product being almost entirely reserved for export—so that about one-half of the total catch of fish is consumed in the country.

Fishing is carried on more or less all the year; but the *vertid* (pronounced *vertith*)—the fishing season proper—commences about the beginning of February. Then, in addition to the regular fishermen, great numbers of landsmen come from all parts of the country to pursue that industry. In many landward districts, almost all the able-bodied men go on foot to the coast, leaving the care of the farms and animals to the women, boys, and old men. They often travel long distances, and their journeys are at that inclement season attended with not a little difficulty and danger. Arrived at the coast, they join with the regular fishermen in forming boats' crews, varying in number from six to twelve or fifteen men, each boat being under the command of an experienced hand, the *formadur* (pronounced *fór-mathur*) or foreman. Besides these large boats, smaller craft, manned by two or four men, are used; but these, as a rule, fish near the land.

The spring fishing is carried on chiefly by means of hand-lines; long lines are used at other times of the year; but the use of them during the *vertid* is considered inadvisable; and in the Faxa Floa—the great bay on the south-west of Iceland, which is the chief seat of the cod-fishing—nets are also employed; their use, however, is not permitted before the 15th of March, as it is believed that laying nets earlier may hinder the fish from entering the bays and fiords, and possibly drive them away altogether. The owner of the boat provides the lines and hooks, and generally the nets also, when these are used, in which case he gets half the entire catch, the other half being divided equally among the crew; otherwise, the catch is divided into equal shares, one to each man, and one, or two, to the boat, according to its size. This division takes place at once on landing, and the fish are forthwith gutted and laid in salt. The heads and sounds (swimming-bladders) are cleaned and dried, and the livers and roes collected in barrels. After the fish have lain in salt for a period varying according to the nature of the weather and the convenience of the fishermen, they are washed in sea-water, to remove the excess of salt, piled in heaps to drain, and then alternately spread in the sun to dry, and pressed in heaps, covered by boards weighted with heavy stones, until the curing is complete. This process requires considerable time and great care in all its details. Much skill and experience are required to turn out good salt fish.

When cured, the fish, if not immediately exported, must be carefully stored in wind and weather tight houses, as damp and draughts exercise a deteriorating effect upon them. There are no professional curers; the curing is almost entirely done at home, each fisherman, with the assistance of his family, curing his own share, and selling it to the merchants. By so doing, the fishers provide occupation for their women and children, and get a better price than they would if they sold the fish fresh. But it is certain that if the fish were cured on a large scale by professional curers, a better article would be produced. Fish intended for export to Spain must be of a certain size and quality, and are examined before shipment by skilled men appointed for the purpose by the authorities, who reject all that do not come up to the

standard. The rejected fish, along with small cod and haddocks, which are less valued than large cod, go for the most part to England, Denmark, and Germany. Of the other parts of the fish above mentioned, the heads and the sounds are carefully dried, the former being, as before stated, used for food in the country; while the latter are exported and made into gelatine and isinglass. The roes are salted, and exported to France and the Mediterranean, where they are used as bait in the sardine-fishery. The livers are collected and the oil extracted, first in the cold, and then by the aid of heat; the oil obtained by the latter process being coarser and of less value. As the livers are generally kept till more or less putrid before extraction, and as the whole process is extremely rough, the oil obtained is of inferior quality; hence little or no pure cod-liver oil is prepared in Iceland. The bones and offal of the fish, instead of being collected and made into fish-guano, as in Norway, are allowed to lie and rot on the beach, though a few of the more thrifty fishermen collect them to manure their fields and vegetable gardens.

The life the men lead during the fishing season is hard and toilsome in the extreme. Owing to the large numbers who come from the country, there is a very dense population on the coast during the fishing-time. The writer knows of an isolated fishing-station which affords a permanent home for some twenty-four souls, but during the fishing season has to accommodate over three hundred. The men sleep in rude huts or bothies of stone and turf, seldom weather-tight, live on the coarsest fare, and are often insufficiently clad for the rigorous weather they have to encounter, though, when at sea, they usually wear a complete wind and water tight suit of untanned sheepskin. When the fishing is good, they are almost constantly on the sea, only allowing themselves the shortest possible time for sleep and food on shore. Frequently they are surprised by sudden storms; and though their seamanship is excellent, and their boats, considering their small size and fragility, are wonderfully seaworthy, every year adds to the list of losses by drowning. They work, as a rule, extremely hard during the season, and with reason, for a good fisher may make as much in a good season as will keep him during the rest of the year.

In the middle of May, the boat-fishing closes, at least as far as the landsmen are concerned, and they return to their farms. The fishermen proper, however, continue their pursuit; and now the smack-fishing begins. Smacks can of course fish with advantage during the whole boat-fishing season; but it is impossible to obtain crews sooner, as the men prefer the ordinary boats during the former period. The vessels vary in size from twenty to fifty tons, and are generally sloops or schooners. They are mostly old vessels bought cheap; English pleasure-yachts, Grimsby smacks, and French luggers, are not uncommon. They carry twelve to twenty men, including the captain, mate, and cook, all of whom take a hand at the lines. They fish entirely by hand-line, and each man marks every fish he draws, so that at the end of the fishing each man's catch can be recognised and separated. The vessels go out with salt for a full catch and three or four weeks' provisions; and return when full, or sooner, if necessitated by weather or want of food or salt. They gut and salt the fish as caught, preserving the livers, sounds, and roes, and the heads also, when practicable. On returning from each trip, the fish are landed, washed, and cured as above described, by the owner of the vessel or the merchant with whom he deals. It is probably owing to the fish being thus cured on a large scale and by experienced hands, that the smack salt fish are generally esteemed a better quality than the product of the boat-fishing.

At the close of the fishing, each man's catch is weighed separately, and along with the proportionate quantity of livers, sounds, and roes, is divided into two equal parts, the fisher getting one, and the owner of the ship the other. The fisher receives from the owner, merchant, or curer the market value of his share, after deduction of curing expenses. The owner supplies the lines and hooks, and provides the men with one warm meal daily, and coffee thrice a day; for the rest, they feed themselves. The captain, mate, and cook get their rations free; the two former have in addition various perquisites, the captain generally getting a premium of two *kroner* (two shillings and threepence) per hundred fish.

The advantages of smack-fishing over boat-fishing are universally admitted, and only the want of the necessary capital prevents the Icelanders from increasing their fleet of fishing-vessels. They pay, as a rule, extremely well. As an instance, one small vessel, costing about two hundred pounds, 'paid herself' the first season she was used, though it was only an average season. The smacks can follow the fish from place to place, while the range of the small open boats is necessarily very limited. The former can lie on the fishing-grounds and even fish in stormy weather, when the boats are unable to put to sea for days and weeks at a time; they also avoid the waste of time and labour involved in rowing to and from the fishing-ground every day. Their crews are less exposed to the weather and to the perils of the deep; and their fish are subjected to more careful treatment than those caught by the small boats. The French carry on a very large fishery from smacks round the coast of Iceland, their average catch being considerably more than the total fishing of the Icelanders; and English, Faroese, and Norwegian smacks also take a large share of the Iceland fishing. It is computed that if the Icelanders used smacks instead of small boats, employing the same number of men as at present, their annual catch would be increased fivefold. Hand-lines alone are used on Icelandic smacks; but if they carried two or three small boats, long lines—to which hundreds of baited hooks are attached—and nets could be used with equal facility when advisable. One advantage which the open boats possess, independently of the small amount of capital sunk in them, is that they can be landed and drawn up on the beach when not in use; while smacks can only be secured in a harbour. But there are a sufficient number of excellent natural harbours round the coasts of Iceland to provide both havens of refuge in stormy weather and ports in which to lay up the smacks when not in use.

Altogether, it is evident that by the employment

of small vessels instead of open boats the cod-fishery of Iceland may be enormously and profitably increased and developed. But besides this, there are many other matters connected with the fishery which are capable of vast improvement. Although salt fish will doubtless always remain the chief and most suitable form for export, there seems to be no reason why some of the fish should not be sent fresh to the English markets, either alive in welled vessels, or, what is evidently more practicable, frozen, packed in ice, or in refrigerators. The export of fresh cod and halibut in ice from the Faroes to England has already been commenced; and a similar experiment is likely soon to be tried in Iceland. The latter country has the advantage that there the necessary ice can be obtained on the spot at little cost, while it must be imported to the Faroes at considerable expense; and as Iceland is only three and a half days' direct steaming from the United Kingdom, the distance offers no great obstacle. Something might also be done in the way of smoking and kippering the fish. It is the more desirable that a new market for Iceland fish should be opened up, as the increasing importation of salt cod from France to Spain is somewhat affecting the export from Iceland to the Spanish market.

Besides the fish themselves, the other products of the fishery could be worked up to much greater advantage than is done at present. By more skilful treatment and the use of better apparatus, a purer and more valuable quality of oil, as well as a larger quantity, could be obtained from the livers; while the bones and other refuse might be made into a valuable manure, as they are in Norway, Newfoundland, Shetland, and elsewhere.

Altogether, the Iceland cod-fishery presents a fine opening for foreign enterprise and capital. The natives have neither the means nor the energy necessary for its proper development. As an example of their backwardness in this respect, it may be mentioned that Iceland was practically unrepresented at the Fisheries Exhibition in London. It is from abroad, and preferably from England, that the impulse and the means must come; and if properly applied, they will not fail to yield a rich return to the investors, and at the same time confer a great and lasting benefit on the country.

The herring-fishery on the coasts of Iceland may be said as yet to be only in its infancy; but we do not enter upon the subject here, as we have already had an article dealing with it (Nov. 4, 1882).

Shark-fishing is carried on to a considerable extent, especially on the north and west coasts of Iceland, both decked vessels and open boats being used in this fishery. The species of shark caught is the *Squalus carcharias*, and it is pursued solely for the sake of the oil yielded by the liver, the rest of the carcase being usually thrown away, though sometimes the flesh is preserved for food. The sharks vary much in size, running up to eighteen or twenty feet in length, and four to five feet in diameter through the thickest part of the body, the yield of oil from each liver varying from four or five up to fifty gallons. Rich livers yield two-thirds of their bulk of oil, poor ones only about one-half. The vessels used in shark-fishing are for the most part small schooners of thirty to fifty tons burden, manned by eight or ten men. The usual fishing season is from January or February till August. During the winter months, the sharks frequent shallower waters, and are found about twenty miles from land, in fifty fathoms of water or thereabouts; in summer, they seek deeper waters, and are caught one hundred miles or so off the coast in a depth of two hundred fathoms. It having been ascertained by sounding that the ship lies in water of a suitable depth, preferably with a sloping soft mud bottom, the vessel is anchored, and fishing commences. The hook used is twelve or eighteen inches long, baited with seal-blubber and horse-flesh, weighted with an eight-pound sinker, and attached by a couple of yards of strong chain to an inch and a half line. The hook is allowed to hang motionless about a couple of fathoms from the bottom. As a rule, the sharks are shy of taking the bait at first, and the fishers may wait long for their first bite; but once the sharks commence to 'take,' they crowd to the spot, and may be hooked in quick succession; they then take the bait greedily and with little caution.

It often happens that a shark which has slipped off the hook after being drawn up to the ship's side and harpooned, takes the bait again after a short interval, and is drawn up with the harpoons sticking in its body. As soon as the shark reaches the surface, harpoons and lances are struck into it and the spinal column cut. Large hooks are fixed into the body, and chains passed round it; and thus secured, it is cut open and the liver removed. Formerly, it was customary, after taking the livers, to fasten the bodies astern of the vessel, thus attracting other sharks to the surface, which were harpooned as they rose to feed on their dead comrades. Now, the bodies are generally cast loose after the liver has been removed; and sinking to the bottom, they attract other sharks to the spot, thus enabling the vessel to lie and fish for a longer time without changing its position. Some fishers, however, say that if the bodies are allowed to sink, the sharks which flock to the spot gorge themselves to such an extent on the carcases that they lie dormant and decline the bait for weeks afterwards. Whether this view be correct or not, it at least commands so much credence, that it has been proposed to forbid by law the slipping of dead sharks at sea, on the ground that doing so tends to spoil the fishing. This enactment, however, has not as yet passed into law, and it would prove very difficult to enforce it.

Though the bodies of sharks caught by the decked vessels are usually thrown away, as it would be impossible to preserve them for the long period during which the ships are at sea, those caught by open boats, which, as a rule, only lie a few hours at sea, are frequently brought on shore and used for food, after being subjected to the following treatment: the entrails and cartilages are removed, the bodies buried in the earth or sand, and carefully covered over, to exclude the air. In this state they lie for a period of not less than twelve months, often considerably more, during which time a partial decomposition takes place, resulting in the dissipation of deleterious matters which render the fresh shark unwholesome, if not poisonous. When this change is

complete, the shark is dug up, sometimes slightly pressed, to get rid of part of the juices, and then cut into long strips, which are hung up in the air, and sheltered from rain, until thoroughly wind-dried. The shark is then fit for use, and is esteemed a great delicacy by connoisseurs. It is not unpalatable, though somewhat highly flavoured; but generally its powerful odour deters the uninitiated from tasting it.

The livers are brought ashore and stored in vats till the solid matters have settled to the bottom; after which the more fluid portion is melted in iron pots over an open fire. The oil thus obtained is more or less dark-coloured, according to the degree of decomposition which the liver has suffered before melting, and the temperature to which it has been subjected. By this process the liver yields about two-thirds its bulk of a coarse and not very savoury oil. A shark-oil refinery can generally be detected by its odour at a considerable distance off. Of late years, refining by steam has come considerably into use, and the liver is taken as fresh as possible. By this means a finer, lighter-coloured, and less odorous oil is obtained, though the yield is less. The bodies, too, always contain a considerable quantity of oil, which could probably be extracted by pressure or other means, and the residual mass made into manure.

The crews of vessels engaged in shark-fishing are paid about fifty-five shillings a month, with a premium of sixpence per barrel of liver. The captain gets two shillings and threepence per barrel on the first hundred barrels of the season's catch, and three shillings and fourpence per barrel on the remainder.

Shark-fishing in the winter months is a somewhat dangerous pursuit, owing to the frequency of storms and the brief daylight. The decked vessels often encounter very rough weather, and have sometimes been lost, while open boats are naturally subjected to much greater risks. Of this we had not long ago a melancholy instance, when three boats engaged in shark-fishing in the Faxa Fiord were lost in one day, their crews, amounting in all to thirty men, perishing. The use of open boats is consequently diminishing, and the number of decked vessels increasing as rapidly as the limited means of the Icelanders will permit. Shark-fishing is a decidedly remunerative industry, and may be made still more profitable by the use of better craft and appliances, and by improvements in the method of extraction, and consequently in the quality of the oil.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER I.—COTTLEY HALL AND ITS MASTER.

The wind is high to-night. An enthusiast in spiritualistic fancies, or a dreamer of dreams, needs but to seat himself by the great fireplace of Cottley Hall and listen to the rumbling noise which resounds in that capacious chimney, and he would forthwith be supplied with food for mental imagination to his heart's content. Into Cottley Hall—where everything is either too small or too large, and inconvenient to the utmost extent which human ingenuity could possibly make it—it would be hard for the most commonplace individual to enter without experiencing a spice of uncanny romance. If odd corners, twisting stairs, and a wealth of carved panelling could render it a thing of beauty in the eyes of the artist and the romancer, Cottley Hall was a gem of its class, of the first water. A noticeable fact about the large draughty rooms was that the favoured mortals who gathered round the great wood-fires which blazed therein at winter-time experienced agreeable sensations of extreme chilliness on one side and overpowering heat on the other. All the bedsteads were of a large old-fashioned type, though these gigantic four-posters looked but strange atoms compared with the enormous rooms in which they were located, the approach to them being mostly across a long uneven floor, upon which bygone-shaped articles of furniture appeared few and far between. Across the doors of these apartments were drawn pieces of antiquated tapestry, worked with divers representations of Solomon and the Children of Israel, all habited in a sort of semi-Roman attire. The window-casements were uniformly filled with glass of a ghastly green colour, which when penetrated by the sun's rays, imparted an unwholesome and mildewy character to the countenances of the Wise King and his contemporaries.

The unwary stranger who ventured into the upper regions of Cottley Hall without a guide speedily found himself involved in a labyrinth of passages and turnings which seldom failed to reduce him to great straits before being extricated therefrom. Between the roof and the third floor was a dreary wilderness of attics, seldom entered by the domestic element—not that they believed in the inevitable ghost supposed to haunt these regions, but because the numerous low intersecting beams rendered locomotion somewhat unsafe. In many places the walls were graced with ancient wooden-faced family portraits, which caused not a little discomfort to visitors who found themselves for the first time the object of their dull expressionless gaze.

The strange exaggerated figures of Solomon and the Israelites have caught but little sunshine lately, owing to a long spell of overcast sky, the few fitful rays that have lighted on Cottley Hall being insufficiently strong to penetrate its thick glazed windows. To-night, the tapestry flaps drearily, for a stiff gale is blowing across country, and cold currents of air find their way into the huge deserted rooms. The tall timber-trees surrounding the park are creaking and bending to the blast; but the sturdy gables of Cottley Hall stand firm as the day when they were built. Just such a wild night as this closed upon the 6th of September 1651, three days after the sanguinary and decisive battle of Worcester. Hugh Everett was owner of the Hall at that time, a zealous Parliamentary speaker of high reputation. It was not by strength of arm or by mighty deeds of valour that Master Everett had gained unto himself those honours which had procured him the fat and fair manor of Cottley; from his childhood up the Republican had seldom enjoyed good health, his capabilities fitting him rather for a statesman than a soldier, while at the same time his inclinations were more of a civil than of a military character. The 'desperate and cruel Malignant,' Sir John Rossey, from whom this

wealthy patrimonial estate had been alienated since the fatal field of Naseby, closed the long line of his family by getting shot through the head at Rowton Moor; and now Master Everett reigned in his stead, more secure in his position than the hot-headed knight had latterly been, but none the less looked upon by his numerous tenants as a usurper and a pleasure-hating upstart.

Cottley Hall is black and silent, and its chimneys and gables point darkly to the sky. The place might well appear deserted, for no light is to be seen in its many windows, and no response is made to show that the inhabitants are aware of that hollow knocking at the front door. Said knocking continues at intervals, but at length grows desultory and faint, though the wind howls unceasingly amongst the great Cottley elms, making noise enough to drown twenty such feeble sounds. Out of sight at the back of the building, partly obscured by overhanging masses of ivy, a single light proceeds from a small mullioned window opening upon the library of the Hall. This is Master Everett's favourite retreat, and here he sits, surrounded by books and pamphlets bearing such interesting titles as *A Fan to purge the Threshing-floore*, and *A Seed sown upon Goode Grounde*, together with the bitterly malevolent and better-known treatise upon the *Unloveliness of Love-locks*. Hugh Everett's age does not exceed thirty-five years, but a troubled harassing life has given him the appearance of a man of fifty. Short scattered gray hairs, sharp features, and a thin stooping figure, are his principal characteristics, the extreme plainness of his countenance being fully equalled by that of his dress. The Master of Cottley is poring over a leather-bound collection of sermons, and though apparently engrossed in his occupation, he is nevertheless in an unusually absent frame of mind. He has not altered his position for nearly an hour, neither has he attempted to turn a leaf; there is something in the lonely howling of the wind to-night which reminds him of his half-forgotten school-days. Although his eyes are fixed upon that printed page before him, Hugh Everett's thoughts are far away in the remote past, looking back with a sorrowful yearning towards scenes and faces which were familiar to him long before these troubles came upon the land.

CHAPTER II.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Things had remained in this state, as we have said, for nearly an hour, when, chancing to raise his head, Master Everett's wandering gaze encountered a silent figure standing at the other end of the room. Though but faintly seen by the lamp's dim uncertain light, there was something about the face he seemed to recognise, and he sat spell-bound for a moment before starting from his chair. The spell was broken by a forward movement on the part of the apparition, and Everett raised a fearful cry, which was instantly choked by the application of a palpably human hand to his mouth. Easily mastered in the ensuing scuffle, the Republican sank back and glared fiercely at his detainer, while his breath came thick and short.

'Hugh Everett,' exclaimed the unwelcome intruder who stood over him, 'do you not know me?'

The scattered recollections in Everett's mind slowly pieced themselves together, and he answered after a pause: 'I do now.'

'That's one to my score then,' said the individual with a short laugh. 'What are you afraid of?'

'Nothing, Walter Cunningham, nothing,' answered Everett, controlling his agitation by a great effort. 'Yet you have sought me in a strange fashion.'

'And if I have, friend Hughie,' said the newcomer, 'that counts for nothing, does it? I am in trouble, and have come to you for help. Old friendship should bind us, if nought else; and were I now in your place—though, heaven knows, I don't wish to be—you should have it for the asking.'

'How did you enter the house?' inquired Everett, whose under-current of thought would scarcely allow him to follow what the other said.

'My conscience pricked me somewhat as to the matter of creeping in,' quoth Cunningham; 'but when a house keeps bolt and bar so stubbornly as yours does, one must take some liberties *in extremis*.'

'What trouble are you in? Why do you come here?' asked Everett nervously. 'Have you joined in any fresh broil, to disturb the peace of this unhappy country?'

'Peace! unhappy broils!' ejaculated Cunningham. 'What are you talking about? Can it be possible that you have not heard of Worcester fight?'

The Master passed his slim hand across his forehead and answered in a husky, perturbed voice: 'Many rumours have I heard of late—rumours of war and strange tales of battle, but little did I wot that Walter Cunningham was concerned therein.'

'He was, and he glories in it!' exclaimed his companion with sudden enthusiasm. 'Hast ever heard, Hugh, of any man being possessed with a fighting demon? I was that day.—Oh, ye powers! give me such another before I die, and I shall leave this world content! Down went Hamilton, down went Maurice and Maffey, before those fanatics; yet throughout the medley I bore a charmed life. My cloak was riddled with bullets—see that shot-hole in my hat—yet not a wound, not a scratch. Could such a day again fall to my lot, I should well nigh esteem myself invincible!' The Cavalier, who had been gesticulating wildly throughout the whole of this disconnected speech, threw himself back in the chair and set his teeth with a sardonic grin.

Hugh Everett's blood was up; his thin bent frame trembled partly with nervous eagerness and partly with anger while he listened to the fugitive's discourse; but now his powerful voice, which had been so often raised in behalf of his party, broke forth like a deep enraged roar: 'And it is thus thou boastest in thy strength and thy unrighteous cause! What can have prompted thee, thou stirrer-up of strife, to venture hither with thy evil, self-exalting tale; hast thou no fear in thrusting thy head into the very lion's mouth?'

This sudden outburst produced no effect whatever upon Cunningham; he crossed one leg

over the other, looked Everett straight in the face, and answered sturdily: 'Not a jot.'

The Master of Cottley Hall rested his chin on his hand and regarded the Cavalier fixedly. Bold speaker and diplomatist as he might be, the Republican knew that here he had met his match. Contending passions might urge him to speak harshly, but he felt that to do his old friend a wilful injury was foreign to his nature. No one could be better aware of this than Walter Cunningham, and certainly no one could have turned the opportunity to advantage with greater coolness or sagacity. For a few minutes the Cavalier's glittering eyes watched his companion's measured movements as he paced across the floor; and then leaning back again, he quietly said: 'You have two roads to choose from, my good friend: there is no other alternative; either hide me or give me up; the prospect of capture will not induce me to move another step to-night.'

'To-night,' echoed Everett, stopping short in his walk. 'Are you indeed so hard pressed?'

'My present action will answer that question,' said Cunningham. 'Fleetwood holds Daventry, and his troopers are scouring the country like bloodhounds in search of poor hunted wretches like myself.'

'Have you fasted long?' asked Everett. 'Are you an-hungered?'

'As much as a man may be who has not tasted food since yesterday at mid-day,' replied the fugitive.

Everett opened a corner cupboard and placed a loaf, a leather flask, and drinking glass before the Cavalier. 'Bread and wine I can give you here,' he said. 'To call for better fare might be dangerous. Fortunate it is that none of my household saw you enter.'

'Fortunate, say you?' said Cunningham with a meaning smile, as he uncorked the flask. 'So be it, then, my lad.—Here's to King Charles!' he added, extending his hand.

'The Young Man,' exclaimed Everett quickly.

'His Majesty—God bless him!' retorted Cunningham, tossing off a deep draught.

Hugh Everett turned sharply round and walked towards the window. Events had taken a strangely unpleasant turn with him this evening, and his position could scarcely be called a comfortable one. Walter Cunningham, on the other hand, ate and drank in a most unconcerned manner, for, despite his evident distress, there was an air of careless license about the Cavalier which ill became the puritanical atmosphere of Master Everett's study. The meal was soon over; and Cunningham turned towards the motionless figure at the window.

CHAPTER III.—THE 'PRIEST-HOLE.'

'Rouse yourself, Hughie,' said the fugitive. 'Hast got a touch of the megrims?'

'Walter Cunningham,' returned Everett, looking up, 'one thing can I esteem myself fortunate in, that I have received this visitation to-night. Left alone to myself for lengthy periods, my morbid imagination feeds upon itself and stagnates the very blood within me.'

'Your discourse sounds mighty well, friend Hugh,' said Cunningham, for the first time showing some impatience; 'but it will not save me from Fleetwood's troopers. Is there no secret hole or corner where I can hide till the pursuit slackens? I have no fancy to be made the mark for a firing-party in your courtyard just yet.'

'Stay, stay!' exclaimed Everett, pressing his hand to his forehead. 'I do remember me now of some such place like unto what you allude.'

'Well,' said Walter, 'so much the better for me. Let us see to this matter at once.'

The Master laid hold upon the lamp with a trembling hand and glanced irresolutely round the room. Cunningham's eyes turned in the same direction until they rested on a mass of carved woodwork situated in one portion of the panelling.

'What is the place you speak of?' asked the uninvited visitor, as his companion crossed over to this spot and appeared to busily examine it by aid of the light which he carried.

'Hold thou the lamp, and I will tell thee,' said Everett, stooping down upon the floor. 'It is said that when this house of Cottley was first built, the luxurious family of Rossey caused certain large kitchens to be constructed underground. Thus it came to pass that when that evil-doer and imaginer of mischief, Sir John, devoted himself to unlawful state-service, his yearly revenues were insufficient to maintain that example of debauchery and gluttony for which he was well known. The approaches to these kitchens were consequently bricked up, smaller substitutes being used as more convenient, and more adapted to the outlay of his limited income. Cottley Hall at length changed hands; and it was during the execution of some needful repairs that a working-man accidentally touched a spring concealed amongst these carvings, letting fall a cunningly contrived panel. An entry being effected, it was found that behind the wall there existed one of the great chimneys rising from the disused kitchens. Across its aperture extended a single sooty beam, leading to a small recess on the other side. I myself believed this to be a "priest-hole" which had probably been used during the times of the Catholic persecution; but having no desire that this panel should remain open to gratify the curious, I ordered it to be closed up and left *in statu quo*, little thinking that I might one day have occasion to use it. How little can we guess the future!'

'Cannot you remember how the spring worked?' demanded Cunningham.

'Can you remember everything that crossed your eyes six years ago?' returned the other fretfully. 'I trow not.'

The examination continued for some minutes without success, Cunningham meanwhile keeping perfectly silent, listening to the howling of the wind amongst the great Cottley elms without.

'Hugh Everett,' he said suddenly, starting up and coming to an attitude of rigid attention, 'what is that noise?'

The Master shook his head.

'I need scarcely ask,' continued Cunningham. 'I have been too long a soldier to mistake a bugle call. If that panel is not opened quickly, there may chance to be some murderous work here this night.'

'What a frightful emergency!' was the exclamation of Everett, who had not ceased to pass his fingers over the mass of carved work affixed to the panelling. 'You cannot, you dare not offer any resistance.'

'Bethink you, Hugh Everett,' said the Cavalier grimly, as he touched the hilt of his rapier. 'Have you lived so long in this world and yet cannot guess what a desperate man dare do?'

Everett's face turned white as chalk; but the smothered moan which broke from his lips was quickly followed by a cry of joy. 'I have found it!' he exclaimed. 'The panel yields!'

Coming to his aid, Cunningham pushed a portion of the wainscoting on one side, discovering a dark cavernous aperture.

'Enter; be not afraid,' said Everett, holding up the lamp and throwing its light upon the blackened walls of the chimney. 'Cross that log of wood which you see, but trust not to it overmuch. On the other side is the "priest-hole."—Stay a moment. Take this other flask with you. I will let you out when the danger is past.'

Cunningham entering, placed one foot upon the thin worm-eaten beam and faltered.

'Quick!' cried Everett, for an unmistakable sound now smote upon his ears.

Steadying himself as he was best able, Cunningham passed over the yawning pit in safety and gained a ledge on the other side. The panel closed hurriedly, and through the thick darkness came a muffled sound of knocking.

'I' faith,' thought the hunted man, as he groped his way into the priest-hole, 'I cannot say much for the hiding-places of the Catholics. Admirable as places of concealment they may be; but their accommodation is detestable.'

The priest-hole was a diminutive apartment, or rather recess, contrived in the thickness of the outer wall, and aired by a loophole which admitted an unpleasantly strong draught. A low stone seat occupied one end of the little place, and upon this Cunningham seated himself to wait with praiseworthy patience.

CHAPTER IV.—SUSPICIONS.

'I am mighty glad to think that you are no Malignant harbourer, Master Everett. Never mind a tough test for character, sir; it's terribly dry work while it lasts. With your permission, my men here shall broach a cask of ale or strong waters wherewithal to refresh themselves in the kitchen.'

The speaker, an athletic man of middle stature, was an officer in charge of a small body of Parliamentary troopers who had invaded the sanctity of Cottley Hall at this singularly inopportune time. A more unprepossessing individual than Major Brand—by which name the officer had introduced himself to Everett—it would have been difficult to find; he was a bandy-legged, black-browed enthusiast, with an offensive guttural voice, and a dark ragged mustache. Yet, in spite of his personal disadvantages, the Republican officer commanded a large degree of respect, being an excellent specimen of that energetic class of people who mount by sheer dogged perseverance over their fellow-creatures' shoulders. His deep-set, lynx-like eyes were remarkably piercing; and Hugh Everett, already much unnerved, felt himself quite unequal to the task of retaining his composure while subjected to their scrutiny. Slightly bowing his head, ostensibly in deference to military authority, but in reality to hide his confusion, the Master replied: 'Cottley Hall is at your service, Major Brand. I shall in nowise hinder any steps you may think fit to take. Nevertheless, your men must be content with what they can get, for my visitors are far from being numerous.'

At a word of command the troopers quitted the library, none remaining except a large, powerfully built fellow, whose habiliments bespoke him to be a non-commissioned officer.

'Now, Master Everett,' said the major, 'we can converse together comfortably.'

'But,' argued Everett, naturally anxious to quit the vicinity of his friend's hiding-place, 'your men have no scrupulous regard for property; would it not rather be better that we should first see them properly quartered?'

'No,' answered Brand gruffly, for as cats seem by instinct bound to regard the canine race as their natural enemies, so did this official consider all those who in any way opposed his wishes as being suspicious malcontents, on whom it was expedient to keep a watchful eye.

The surly answer brought a faint flush to Everett's pale cheeks. 'You take strange liberties with me, Major Brand,' he said, for a moment losing all self-control. 'Times must be sorely changed if my bare word is not sufficient to remove such as you from Cottley Hall.'

'Spoken like an upholder of the good cause—eh, Humphries?' remarked Brand to the tall trooper who stood looking on.

'Nay!' replied Humphries, speaking with that Scriptural affectation which Everett only used in his more agitated moods, 'the speech savoured mightily like the ranting of some vainglorious Cavalier. If your worshipful pleasure that he should be arrested still holds, I will proceed to attach his person without delay.'

'Arrest me—attach my person!' exclaimed Everett, starting back. 'Where is your authority to do so?'

'Hold your peace, Humphries!' said the officer quickly. 'You are over-zealous.—We will stick to the matter now in hand, if you please,' he continued, addressing himself to Everett. 'Any questions concerning authority shall be answered by me as a member of that army who placed you in your high seat.'

'What is it you have to say to me, then?' asked the Master, wearily leaning his head upon his hands.

'This much,' replied Brand, with a significant glance towards his inferior. 'We are seeking for, amongst others, a troublesome youth named Walter Cunningham. Report has tracked him here, and an eye-witness testifies to his having entered the gates of Cottley Hall this very evening. Ask yourself, sir, whether a stiff-necked Malignant would tarry at the abode of a well-known adherent to our cause, unless he were likely to find friends within.'

'I will answer no more,' muttered Everett, fairly driven into a corner. 'You have searched my residence; you have doubtless interrogated my servants; and now, finding nought against

me, you put personal restraint upon my actions, and endeavour to convict me from my own lips.'

The Republican officer did not reply at once; he was slightly nonplussed; but his suspicions were not eradicated. A few moments' thought convinced this dogmatical worthy that it would be best to change his tactics and assume a pacific demeanour while still manœuvring for the desired end.

'I am sorry to have pressed such a charge against you, Master Everett,' he said frankly, after running the situation over in his mind; 'but duty, sir, must not be done negligently. It has been a stiff day for the best of us, stiff enough to try the patience of Job. Is there no wine-flask handy which we can talk over in a friendlier fashion?'

Greatly relieved by this candid declaration, the Master busied himself with placing a jolly-looking flagon on the table, while the Republican officer, who quickly gave some directions in an undertone, dismissed Humphries to join his comrades down-stairs.

SOME RECENT PHASES IN BIBLIOMANIA.

In the past year or two, an unusual degree of interest has been excited among book-collectors, dealers, and the general public by the numerous fine libraries that have been disposed of by auction, and the exceptional prices in many cases procured, being far in advance of anything hitherto recorded in the annals of book-buying, and certainly, we should think, surprising more than any one else the owners of the books themselves. The campaign seems to have commenced in December 1879, by the sale of a portion of the library of Dr Laing of Edinburgh, chiefly celebrated for works relating to Scottish history and antiquities. Prices throughout ruled exceedingly high, showing the enormous increase in the value of many books within the last half-century. The next important sale was the Sunderland library, belonging to the Duke of Marlborough; which was immediately succeeded by the Beckford collection, removed from Hamilton Palace. That again was followed by the libraries of Mr Comerford, of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, and many others, including the collection of the Earl of Jersey, only recently dispersed. Nearly all of the above were of considerable antiquity, and, as a consequence, rich in early editions of the classics. In spite, however, of the fancy prices which many books realised at these sales, there is no doubt that a great number of scarce editions of the early authors were disposed of at much below their value, as compared with prices procured, often for the same identical copies, at the Roxburghe and other important sales at the beginning of the century; making it evident that the taste of modern collectors is changing. In a recent interview between Mr Quaritch, the well-known London bookseller, and the reporter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the former said: 'The fashion has changed nowadays. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens, and for the engravings of Cruikshank and Phiz. Then sporting literature is greatly in demand.' And we are sure our other large booksellers both in London and the provinces will amply corroborate this statement. We will therefore proceed to say a few words relating to this class of literature, now so extensively favoured by collectors.

Fifteen years ago, there seems to have been little or no demand for these books as curiosities; for, by examining the 1870 catalogues of a well-known dealer, we find 'Oliver Twist,' first edition, uncut, offered as new at one pound; 'Sketches by Boz,' three volumes, 1837, fifteen shillings; or in one volume, 1839, one pound; and Egan's 'Life in London,' uncut, 1821, at twenty-six shillings. How little do those prices compare with present values. 'Sketches by Boz,' in three volumes, is now worth at least twelve pounds; has been sold as high as eighteen pounds; and even in poor condition, can seldom be procured for less than eight pounds; while for 'Oliver Twist,' we recently saw a copy catalogued at ten pounds; and 'Life in London' at the same price. Dickens' 'Sunday under Three Heads,' 'Great Expectations,' and 'Life of Grimaldi,' range in value from ten to six pounds; and 'Pickwick' (in parts) was recently sold in London for twenty-five pounds! The demand which first brought about such prices did not really commence until after the death (in 1878) of George Cruikshank, whose peculiar style of work seems now to be more highly appreciated than ever it was during the lifetime of that versatile artist. Indeed, the desire to possess books containing his original etchings, and the work of other artists of his school, has continued steadily increasing up to the present time.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that collectors are capricious in their special liking for particular works of one author; and we must not neglect to mention as an example of this, that in spite of the large prices demanded for many of Dickens' works, others, such as 'Dombey and Son,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Bleak House,' &c., may be procured at comparatively cheap rates. This peculiarity is also noticeable in the case of the five Christmas books of Dickens, all of which can be secured for a few shillings each, except the 'Christmas Carol,' which fetches as much as five pounds. These remarks apply equally to Thackeray's works; and it is worth noting with regard to books having no pictorial illustrations, and merely issued in three-volume form, that even they too may acquire an extraordinary value, as in the case of 'Great Expectations,' recently catalogued at ten guineas, and 'Esmond,' worth at least four guineas.

Uniform with the original issues of Dickens and Thackeray come a long series of novels by Lever, Ainsworth, Maxwell, Albert Smith, Trollope, &c., invariably published in parts and illustrated with etchings by Cruikshank, Leech, or Phiz. Certain of these have acquired a fictitious value, such as Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,' and the sporting novels of Robert Scott Surtees, well known as the 'Handley Cross' series. The list of books illustrated wholly by George Cruikshank is so extensive, that many collectors content themselves with a selection of his most important works, and among those most in demand are 'The Scourge' (1814), 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' (1823–6)—the Beckford copy of which brought sixty-three pounds—'The Omnibus' and

'Table Book,' and Brough's 'Life of Sir John Falstaff.' Rather less in demand are early editions of Shelley, Keats, Browning, Byron, Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, &c.; but the prices asked for many of them, especially if anything like a complete set has been formed, are sufficiently startling.

It must, however, be remembered that the highest prices are secured only for copies in fine condition and with uncut edges, a fact which is demonstrated by the comparatively small prices obtained for inferior and dirty copies, numbers of which are constantly being thrown upon the market.

To Dickens' collectors, we can confidently recommend Mr Dexter's 'Dickens' Memento' (London: Field and Tuer) as the most complete guide yet published; and we hear of similar works on Thackeray issued by another London publisher. We may remark in conclusion, that the enormous increase in the value of many of our modern works is to a large extent due to the American demand; many valuable libraries in the States, which the writer had recently the opportunity of examining, attesting to the fact.

WILD WILL.

A TEXAN TYPE.

Some years ago, few names were better known in Texas than that of 'Wild Will.' It is to be presumed that at some time of his life he possessed a surname; if so, it was soon forgotten, for during the greater period of his short but eventful career he was only known by his baptismal, or, to use an Americanism, here probably more appropriate, his *given* name, with the adjectival prefix. In his hot and unregenerate youth, Will had been unpleasantly notorious as the chief of a gang of 'road-agents' (highwaymen) whose depredations had made them the terror of the State. His skill with the pistol was extraordinary both for accuracy and rapidity. On more than one occasion I have seen him with a revolver in each hand at arms-length, simultaneously hit a playing-card on two adjacent telegraph posts, while riding at full gallop across the railway track midway between the poles. Then turning his horse, he would gallop back, repeating the feat, with his arms crossed. A playing-card is a small mark for a pistol-shot standing, at twenty-five yards. On the back of a running horse, the feat is simply wonderful.

It was Will's boast that of all the men he ever killed, none was ever hit save in the head. On one occasion, a band of sixteen United States soldiers, under the command of a non-commissioned officer, were ordered out to arrest him, information as to his hiding-place having been given. They found Will hiding in a thicket, and opened fire. He responded with his revolvers; and at the close of the action, fifteen of the soldiers lay dead, each with a bullet in his brain, whilst the other two managed to escape. Will himself was severely wounded; but he managed to drag himself to the brink of a little pool, where he lay until night, when he was carried off by some of his gang.

Having recovered, Will after a time began to grow weary of the excitement of man-hunting, when he was the unfortunate 'huntee,' and thought a little sport, with himself at the other end of the chase, might not prove uninteresting. By some means or other, he managed to make his peace with his outraged government—never a very difficult matter in the western States—and got himself appointed a deputy-sheriff of the State of Texas. In this capacity the apprehension of all criminals whose daring rendered their arrest dangerous was intrusted to him, and in Texas he was not often unemployed. On one occasion he was summoned to the sheriff's office and informed that a specially 'tough' job was in store for him.

'Well,' said the sheriff, 'Texas Charlie's wanted.'

'Yes,' said Will.

'We want him alive, if you can; but at any-rate, alive or dead.'

'So!' responded Will.

'Will you take'——

'Don't mind if I do. Whisky for choice.'

'No, no; I didn't mean that exactly. Will you take any men with you?'

'Guess not,' replied Will.

'Well, well; just as you please; but remember we want him, alive or dead.—Now we'll have that drink.'

Will immediately set out on his expedition. He had received information that Charlie, a noted desperado, had been making his headquarters at the little village of N——. Thither he proceeded; and by chance I happened to be in N——, looking up some missing cowboys, on the day of Will's arrival. We had met before on several occasions, and Will greeted me pleasantly, and insisted upon my taking a 'horn' with him, whilst he told me the duty he was engaged on.

After a short chat and further refreshment, Will started for the door with a cheery: 'See you again soon, old man! Get through this job pretty slick, I reckon.'

Just as he reached the door, however, a shout of, 'Hold your hands up, Will!' called all the inmates of the saloon to the street.

There stood Will, his hands in the air, calmly whistling a half-melancholy tune, whilst on the other side of the road sat Texas Charlie himself on a fine Eastern horse, accompanied by several of his gang, and with a fourteen-shooting Winchester pointed dead at Will's heart. (I may here state for the benefit of the uninitiated that throwing one's hands up is a sign throughout America that one doesn't intend to draw a pistol and shoot, and that, therefore, the other party should also drop his muzzle.)

'Well, Will,' said Charlie, 'they say yer goin' to take me, alive or dead.'

'Them's my orders, Charlie.'

'What d'ye think ov yer chance now?'

Will calmly resumed whistling the unfinished tune.

'Well, Will, guess I've got the better ov yer.'

'Thet's so, Charlie.'

'Now, look here, old man. I don't want no kinder trouble in this yer town, so I tell yer ye'd better walk backwards out thar to the brush' (pointing to a thicket about half a mile away). 'When ye get thar, I'll shoot ye; but keep yer hands up. Fust motion down yer makes, I shoot.'

Well, it wasn't altogether a lively prospect for

a man to walk backwards for half a mile with his hands over his head, especially with the certainty of being shot at the termination of the journey; but off Will set, still whistling his tune as calmly as if he was going to a lyceum lecture. Two or three of the others and I followed, meditating a rescue; but the levelled rifles of Charlie's gang were anything but comforting to look upon. As for the townspeople, a murder more or less was not a rarity worth tramping half a mile out of town to see.

A portion of the distance was passed, and still Will's clear bird-like whistle rang cheerily out. Charlie's rifle was at his shoulder, covering the deputy-sheriff's heart, and behind, the boys, with rifles and pistols ready, warned off the spectators from approaching too closely. The affair grew thrilling, positively fascinating. I can never forget the calm, cheerful look in Will's eyes as he tramped along backwards, or the cruel, determined air of Charlie and his followers.

Suddenly Will stopped. Waving his hands gently in the air, he shouted: 'Don't hit him, boys; he don't know what he's doin'.'

Like a flash, Charlie turned in his saddle, fearing treachery, and that some one was about to club or stab him in the back. For a second, the deadly Winchester swung from its line; that second was Will's opportunity, and with the speed of lightning his hands were at his belt, his pistols out and levelled; and before the desperado could turn again in his saddle, he rolled to the ground with two bullet-holes through his brain. His companions were so thunderstruck that they did not attempt to revenge his death, but turned their horses and galloped off; not fast enough, though, for Will's bullets, swifter even than a Texas mustang, stopped two of them. The rest escaped.

'"Alive or dead," was my orders, sirree,' said Will. 'I'm sorry it ain't alive; but dead 'll hev to do.'

That was the last time but one that I saw Will alive; on the next occasion he lost his life; but he fell gloriously—for a Texan, that is. The story, however, is too long to give now.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.

In many parts of Australia are large tracts of arid country—deserts, we might call them—over which, especially in times of drought, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any but the aborigines to travel without the assistance of camels as carriers. Owing to the great increase of population at the antipodes, it has become a matter of some importance to have all possible facilities for opening out new districts; and in South Australia, attempts, not altogether unsuccessful, have been made to raise a home-bred stock of camels. At the present time, there are some two thousand or more of those useful animals in that part of Australia alone. These are greatly in demand, and regular market prices are quoted for them, the value of a good pack bull being sixty pounds, and a pack cow sixty-five pounds. Camels for harness are even more valuable, selling from sixty-five to seventy pounds, according to sex; whilst those used for riding purposes fetch from seventy to seventy-five pounds.

Camels were not imported into South Australia in any number until 1866, when Sir Thomas Elder entered into the enterprise with a determination to establish a herd, and succeeded in landing a hundred and nine, which shortly increased to a hundred and twenty-five. Soon, however, the little herd was attacked by a kind of mange; and the camels suffered so much from this disease, that at the end of six months their number was reduced to sixty-two. In time, however, by the most careful treatment, the disease was stamped out; the herd then throve well, and has now largely increased.

It was not until about 1883 that the settlers generally began to see the great value of camels in certain districts; and then the demand far exceeded the supply. In that year, Messrs W. R. Cave & Co. made a trial shipment of six; and this venture proved so successful, that in 1884 six hundred and sixty-one camels were imported. In India, great losses have been sustained from foot-and-mouth disease and tuberculosis; it has been therefore deemed necessary, as a protection to what has now become a very important interest in South Australia, that all imported camels should be subjected to a rigorous veterinary examination; and regulations to that effect were published in the Australian *Gazette* in December last. Those camels which have become acclimatised or are home-bred are particularly healthy; but the imported ones, as a rule, suffer greatly at first from skin disease of a highly infectious order (scabies), and many have died from this cause. The remedies for the disease are ointments of sulphur and carbolic acid; tar and fat; and indeed any of the usual sheep-dressings of which sulphur is an ingredient.

For purposes of exploring, surveying, and for carrying stores, camels have proved invaluable aids; and in the interior of Australia, they are firmly established as most valuable stock, and are turned to many and varied uses. In that country, there must always be large tracts of land over which it will be difficult to travel; and there can thus be no doubt that the enterprise of the importers and breeders of camels will be rewarded. Should we, some years hence, have the misfortune to be engaged in another Egyptian campaign, we may perhaps be able to procure that absolute essential of desert warfare, a stock of camels, from our colonial friends.

PROTECTING THE SEACOAST.

A correspondent writes: 'The subject of protecting the seacoast is of almost national importance; I therefore send you the following particulars, as I think you will consider them worthy of a notice in your *Journal*. The ordinary means of protecting property along the coast is to erect either timber, concrete, or stone *groynes* or walls between high and low water marks, so that the shingle, &c. which almost invariably travels along the coast may be caught and retained. The increasing value of the property to be protected, and the frequent damage that has been sustained,

have caused many and various kinds of structures to be put up to attain this object. Judging by the experience gained in many places, it is evident that the benefits derived are frequently more than doubtful, and their cost generally very great. The accumulations of shingle which may have taken place during many months are often entirely removed during one or two rough tides.

'To meet these difficulties, Mr A. Dowson, C.E., 3 Great Queen Street, Westminster, has patented a system of *open* groynes, which allow the water to pass through them, at the same time trapping the shingle brought in by the waves. These groynes consist of a series of iron gratings attached to uprights firmly fixed in the beach. The effect has proved to be most satisfactory; for, instead of the waves loaded with shingle being dashed against a solid obstruction, as is the case with ordinary groynes, the water passes freely through the gratings, but leaves the shingle to accumulate until it becomes level with their tops, when it falls over, and travels forward to the next groyne. With this system, it is impossible that a backwash can be produced, as may be said to be the invariable result of the ordinary groynes.

'Other advantages of the open groynes are, that they can be erected in a few days, a matter of great importance when a foreshore is being injured during stormy weather. Their cost is also very much less than the old systems. These open groynes have been in practical and satisfactory operation on the foreshore of St Anne's, near Blackpool, for over two years, where at spring-tides the seawall is exposed to the full force of the waves from the Irish Sea. The Corporation of Brighton have also erected some of these groynes on a portion of their foreshore, where they have been subjected to some of the heaviest seas ever experienced on this very exposed coast. The result has proved the great advantages of the open system compared with the others previously adopted; for, while considerable damage was done to adjoining solid groynes, the open ones remained uninjured. At the same time, with the solid groynes there was much scouring away of the shingle; whilst the level of the beach protected by the open groynes was not lowered.'

A model, showing the system, may be seen in Group 3 of the Inventions Exhibition, London.

INTERESTING ROMAN AND GREEK DISCOVERIES.

The remains of a large Roman villa fitted with extensive baths have been recently discovered at Eining, near Abensberg—supposed to be the ancient Abusina—a town in Bavaria on the Abens river, near the Danube. The heating apparatus has been found in very perfect condition, together with many curious and interesting architectural details. But what is perhaps of more interest still, the skeleton of a woman has been found, having by her side a jug, a glass urn, and tear-bottles—the last, usual offerings to the dead. In addition to this, there was the apparatus of her toilet, including hair-pins, pearl necklace, and bracelets. Some sculpture was also brought to light, though in a very broken state; but one piece, a woman's head in marble, was very well executed indeed. A 'votive' stone was also found with an inscription of four lines, dedicated, as an offering, in honour of 'Dea Fortuna Augusta Faustina.' A large number of Roman weapons, coins, spoons, rings, and fibulæ, and many other articles, with Roman bricks, tiles, and stamps in considerable numbers, were also discovered amongst the foundations of this interesting villa.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in connection with the Forum at Rome. On cutting into the accumulation of the unexcavated portion of the north-east side, on which stands —between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the church of St Adriano—the row of modern buildings which is ultimately to be removed for the completion of the excavations, a part of the pavement of the ancient street connecting the Forum with the Suburra has been uncovered. It lies at a level of some eighteen inches below the flagged area of the Forum, which dates from the seventh century. The street extends along the south-east side of that part of the Curia which is now the church of St Adriano. The pavement is in a fine state of preservation; and on one side of it stands a pedestal, probably of a statue dedicated, as shown by the inscription, to the Emperor Constantinus the Second, by Memmius Vitrasius Orfitus, who was *præfectus urbis* from 355 to 359. Large masses of marble, such as pedestals of columns, pieces of cornice, and other fragments, were found one upon another under the accumulations but lately removed.

The *Philologische Wochenschrift* of Berlin referring to the recent discoveries of a number of cornice mouldings of porous stone at the Propylæa at Athens, starts the curious theory that these belonged to the older Propylæa, but that they were used as building materials when the new structure was erected in the fifth century B.C. These stones are brilliantly coloured blue, red, and gold; they are in good preservation, and therefore may be given as excellent specimens of architectural colour decoration as practised by the Greeks two thousand three hundred years ago; a beautiful art, which of late has been successfully revived in our own country, and, when carried out with care and judgment, must always have a superb and striking effect.

MAY: A SONNET.

Come forth, my Sylvia; we must haste away
From out our city home, for Nature wills
That we should visit her green woods and rills,
And hold this for a cheerful holiday.
It is her holy honeymoon of May!
The ardent sun, whose benediction fills
The earth with joy, hath decked the leafy bowers
Wherein she sits, crowned all with love and flowers.
There is a witching music in the breeze,
A deep life-stirring tune that fills the heart
With longings wild and free, and bids depart
All mean intrusive cares: the whispering trees,
The sun, the flowers, the streams—all bid us roam,
And claim, to-day, the woodland for our home.

T. W. S.

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RED RIVER REBELLIONS.

At the present time, when the news of a combined Half-breed and Indian rising in the Canadian North-west is exciting both interest and alarm, it may be appropriate briefly to relate the causes which led to, and the results which were brought about by, the somewhat similar movement, known as the Red River Rebellion, which took place in what is now the province of Manitoba in the years 1869 and 1870.

To help the better understanding of the matter, it may be necessary to remind the reader that Charles II., in the year 1670, gave a charter to a corporation which had then been newly formed under the title of the 'Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.' By this charter he granted to that body the exclusive right and privilege of trading over a vast but undefined tract of country which now forms the greater part of the Dominion of Canada. For close upon two centuries the 'Hudson's Bay Company,' as it is still called, enjoyed its huge monopoly, and was able at times to pay very large dividends to its shareholders. The Company's claim to the territory in question was, however, by no means an undisputed one. As early as the year 1749, a Select Committee of the House of Commons inquired into and reported upon the state of the country occupied by the Company and the trade carried on therein. Many high authorities maintained that the Company's charter gave to it no actual territorial possession; but, in spite of this, the Company continued, until the last few years, to exercise a sole control over its vast and silent territories, which it governed exactly in the way that pleased it best. But the days of monopolies had largely gone by; and some forty or fifty years ago, complaints began to be heard to the effect that it was scandalous that so enormous an extent of country should be left entirely in the hands of a commercial Company, consisting merely of a few private individuals; that the Company had not in all cases exercised its authority on the side of justice; and that it was habitually accustomed to do all that lay within its power to prevent the carrying out of projects likely to advance the prosperity of the country, being over-careful of its own interests, and jealous of all competition. The whole question, however, found a solution in the year 1869, when, following upon an exhaustive inquiry which had taken place before another Select Committee in the year 1857, it was mutually agreed that the Company should surrender almost the whole of its territorial rights to the government of the Dominion of Canada in return for a money-payment of three hundred thousand pounds. It was the method adopted for carrying out the conditions of this agreement which, in the first instance, occasioned the Red River Rebellion.

There were at that time (1869) many old servants of the Company and others settled around its chief trading-station, Fort Garry—now Winnipeg—and along the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine. Many of these were Scotch; others had come up from the eastern provinces of Canada; a few were Americans; but a very large number—some thousands—were Metis, or French Half-breeds—descendants of the earliest servants of the Company, who had come up from the French-speaking province of Quebec, and who, when they had served their time, had married Indian wives and settled down in the country. The children resulting from these unions presented many marked peculiarities of their own. They possessed in some degree the characteristics both of the white and of the red skinned races; but their general habits, mode of life, and physique were those of the Indian rather than of the white man. They usually dressed in trousers of a dark-blue cloth, with a heavy woollen shirt of the same colour. In this they followed more or less the ways of civilised man; but the Indian love of finery showed itself in the bright brass buttons, the scarlet waist-sash, and the bead-worked leggings and moccasins with which they adorned themselves. Their wants were few. Rome was their church. The Hudson's Bay Company was their

government. Three-quarters hunter and one-quarter farmer, their sharpened senses and trusty rifles enabled them to procure most of their few necessaries; and the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, where they supplied their remaining wants, afforded them the requisite market for the disposal of their furs. These men naturally heard with alarm that a fresh power, of which they knew nothing, was about to enter in and rule over them. They neither knew nor cared anything about the government of Canada; they merely knew that 'the Company' and themselves had long occupied and possessed the whole region; and what security had they that the new authority, which they heard was coming up to apportion their country off into square farms, would pay any heed to their claims?

The transfer of the territory from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian government was effected about the middle of the year 1869. A number of land-surveyors were at once despatched to commence surveying the country; and a complete government, consisting of governor, ministers, secretaries, and all other functionaries, few of whom had any acquaintance with the freshly-acquired region, was formed in Ottawa, and despatched in a body to take possession of the new territory. This abortive government reached Saint Paul, in the State of Minnesota (four hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Garry, but at that time the nearest point of railway), early in the following October, and there commenced to make preparations for its long journey over the prairies. But news of its advent went on before; and the arrival of the information at Fort Garry fanned into the full blaze of rebellion the smouldering embers of ignorant prejudice and alarm. The Half-breeds held excited meetings, at which it was decided to oppose—by force, if need be—the entrance of the governor, the Honourable Mr MacDougal, into the country. A message to this effect was forwarded to that gentleman, and the track from the United States boundary was barricaded near the La Salle River, some ten miles south of the fort.

At this time there appeared one Louis Riel, a French Half-breed, who is described as being a man of considerably greater intelligence, force of character, and capacity for leadership than the average of the class to which he belonged. This man now assumed the direction of the movement. He does not seem to have conducted himself at first in a way that was particularly improper; but, as the weather grew colder, the Half-breeds found themselves in very poor winter-quarters at the La Salle River, and it was decided to retire upon Fort Garry. This was accordingly done on the 2d of November, Riel and about one hundred of his followers entering the open gates of the fort without the slightest opposition from the governor or other of the Company's officials. Once established in the large stone fort, the rebels found themselves in comfortable circumstances. They occupied a very strong position, the fort being bastioned and defended by a battery of thirteen six-pounders, and containing nearly four hundred Enfield rifles, and an abundance of ammunition, besides large quantities of supplies of all kinds, a well-filled safe, and an overflowing wine-cellar. Moreover, the possession of the fort gave to the Half-breed leader the command of all the other inhabitants of the settlement, such as the Scotch, English, and Canadians, who had refused to join in the movement. These were accordingly imprisoned and otherwise ill-treated by Dictator Riel, who, like many other small people when placed in situations of authority, began to imagine himself a very important individual indeed, and proceeded to act accordingly. He called together a Convention and styled himself the 'President of the Republic of the North-west.' A 'Bill of Rights'—which, it must be admitted, formed the basis of the 'Manitoba Act' passed by the Dominion Parliament in the following year—was drawn up and passed. In short, the rebels were now complete masters of the situation, there being no force in the settlement capable of dislodging them.

The state of affairs was much aggravated by the insane proceedings of a certain Colonel Dennis, who was to have been 'Conservator of the Peace' under the new government. This gentleman entered the settlement about the end of December with a proclamation from Governor MacDougal authorising him to 'assault, fire upon, break into houses, and attack, arrest, disarm, and disperse people;' but, finding himself unable to carry out his injunctions, he wisely returned to Saint Paul, where he rejoined Mr MacDougal, who, with the rest of his government, set his face for home again.

Things continued to remain in this state through the whole of the winter. Riel, emboldened by the support of six or seven hundred armed followers, conducted himself in a most arbitrary manner, ruling with a high hand, and imprisoning at will those who would not support him. Both right and reason had, undoubtedly, to some extent been on the side of many of his earlier proceedings; and we might even now have felt some amount of admiration for the energy and ability he showed in carrying on the movement, had he not at last become intoxicated with his own successes, and been thereby led to commit an act by which he once for all alienated from his cause the sympathy of all law-abiding people. This act was the murder, in cold blood, of one Thomas Scott, a Canadian, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the overbearing Dictator. This unfortunate man was shot in front of the fort on the 4th of March 1870. Riel himself seems to have been ashamed of his deed; for, refusing permission to bury him to two clergymen that had asked to be allowed to do so, he pretended to have the body interred at night within the walls of the fort; but, in the following year, when the coffin was dug up with the intention of giving a proper burial to the remains it was supposed to contain, it was found to be empty.

Thus affairs went on at Fort Garry for over nine months. But energetic preparations had been made in Eastern Canada for the suppression of the revolt; and, soon after the opening of navigation on the Great Lakes, a force consisting of one battalion of regular infantry, two of Canadian militia, a few artillerymen, and some engineers—about fourteen hundred souls in all—set out for Fort Garry. The course to be followed on this expedition lay first by water up Lakes Huron and Superior, to Thunder Bay on the north-west coast of the latter, where now stands

the town of Port Arthur. From this point the little force had to traverse a veritable wilderness of glacier-scraped rocks, rushing rivers, countless lakes, and endless pine-forests, through which there were no roads, for full five hundred miles before it could reach Fort Garry—the easier means of approach, *viâ* Saint Paul, lying through United States territory, and being closed against an armed force. No supplies could be obtained on the route: everything, including canoes, provisions, munitions of war, and supplies of all kinds, had to be carried on men's shoulders across the innumerable 'portages.' Only those who—like the writer—have been over the line of railway which now traverses the region, can have any true conception of the difficulties of the route, although enough was said of them at the time, and prophecies concerning the total failure of the expedition were heard on all hands. But the little force was under the command of a man who looked upon difficulties only in the light of obstacles to be overcome. This man was none other than General Lord (then Colonel) Wolseley. In due time, therefore, the journey was accomplished, and accomplished at a marvellously small expense and without the loss of a man. On the 23d of August the expeditionary force arrived under the walls of Fort Garry, amid extravagant signs of rejoicing from the loyal portion of the inhabitants of the settlement. But the fort was then empty. Riel, with his few remaining followers, had rushed off only a few minutes before, and was then making the best of his way to the frontier, in order to seek refuge on American soil. Thus ended the Red River Rebellion of 1869–70.

Looking at the matter in an unbiased light, it cannot be denied that, at the outset, the Half-breeds had a certain amount of reason on their side. It does not appear that they had any greater grievances than the other inhabitants of the settlement who did not rise; but their ignorance led them to believe they had; and it is certain that the greater part of the blame for the whole affair is attributable to the eagerness of the Canadian officials to assume the government of the new territory. Captain Butler, who in his *Great Lone Land* has given us, from personal experience, one of the most readable accounts we have of the rebellion, says: 'The blame for having bungled the whole business belongs collectively to all the great and puissant bodies [concerned]. An ordinary, matter-of-fact, sensible man would have managed the whole affair in a few hours; but so many high and potent powers had to consult together—to pen despatches, to speechify, and to lay down the law about it—that the whole affair became hopelessly muddled.' Moreover, it is a fact that, as a result of the rising, the Half-breeds obtained all they asked. A grant of nearly a million and a half acres of land was made to them and to their children, two hundred and forty acres being given to each of the latter. Rumour says that children were lent by one family to another, and were thus counted several times over; consequently, the Commissioners reported unusual multiplying powers as one of the characteristics of the Half-breeds of the North-west! But the advantages obtained from the grant were almost *nil*. The reckless improvidence of the Half-breeds soon led them to dispose of their lands, which were sold for merely nominal sums to the keen speculators who were soon in the field. Children of ten or twelve were allowed to go through all the legal farces connected with the sale of their lands, on the representation of the parents that they were unable to support their families without immediate help. At the present day, the ruined log shanties of the Half-breeds lie scattered in scores along the banks of the Assiniboine and the Red River, their owners, on the advent of the numerous white settlers, of whom they are by no means fond, having moved away to the more remote districts drained by the great Saskatchewan River, where they are now again creating a disturbance at the instigation of their old leader, Louis Riel, who, after ten years of banishment, returned to Winnipeg in the year 1883, while the writer was also on a visit to the city.

With regard to the movement now going on, it is difficult to give any reliable information. It is almost impossible to say what grievances—real or supposed—have occasioned it, or what it may lead to. It is certain, however, that so long as it is confined to the Half-breeds, it is not likely to be very serious: the only real danger lies in a general rising of the Indians throughout the North-west. If this once takes place, it is impossible to say where the matter will end. Thus far, it is true, the Canadian Indians—unlike those across the boundary-line—have always been fairly peaceable, largely because the conditions of their treaties with the government have been honestly observed; but still more because, for two centuries past, they have been in daily contact, for purposes of mutual advantage, with the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. This latter fact is too often overlooked. But it is probable that even the Canadian Indians, in spite of their quiet and orderly conduct, were never in a worse condition than they are now. Although they are partially fed and maintained by government, the buffalo and the other large game-animals, which formerly supplied nearly all their wants, have been now killed off by the white men. This has brought many of the Indians down almost to starvation-point, and they are often compelled to use as food gophers and other small prairie animals. Consequently, it is not altogether surprising that some at least of the Indians should now be ready to join any demonstration of malcontents that may arise.

It may be well to point out that the difficulty of getting troops and supplies to the seat of the present rebellion will be much less than on the last occasion. A continuous line of railway now extends from the Atlantic seaboard to within two hundred miles of the centre of the existing disturbance, and Canada is now better prepared than she was fifteen years ago to suppress anything of the kind that may break out.

Civilisation has now completely overrun the scene of the last rising. A fine city of thirty thousand inhabitants surrounds the site of Fort Garry, the strong stone walls of which have entirely disappeared; and little now remains to mark the spot where it stood except the old-fashioned beam-and-plaster houses which were formerly used as stores and residences, and a few dismounted guns and rotting gun-carriages which are scattered around. The writer has seen

tram-cars running over the spot on which the ill-fated Thomas Scott met his death.

A considerable amount of needless alarm must have been occasioned in the minds of the parents and other relatives of the many young men who have recently emigrated to Manitoba by the appearance in most of the daily papers of paragraphs headed, 'Revolt in Manitoba.' As a matter of fact, Prince Albert, the point at which the rebellion broke out, is on the North Saskatchewan River, more than two hundred miles from the nearest part of Manitoba and nearly five hundred miles in a direct line from the city of Winnipeg. In any case, whatever development the rising may ultimately reach, the probabilities are that settlers in the province of Manitoba will not be placed in situations of real danger. The near proximity of the capital and of the railway, the comparatively small number of the combined Indians and Half-breeds, and the comparatively large number of whites in Manitoba, render it in every way likely that the movement will be confined to the wilder, more remote, and thinly settled districts lying to the north and west.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXII.

Lady Markham's story was one which was very well known to Society—to which everything is known—though it had remained so long a secret, and was still a mystery to one of her children. Waring had been able to lose himself in distance, and keep his position concealed from every one; but it was clear that his wife could not do so, remaining as she did in the world which was fully acquainted with her, and which required an explanation of everything that happened. Perhaps it is more essential to a woman than to a man that her position should be fully explained, though it is one of the drawbacks of an established place and sphere, which is seldom spoken of, yet is very real, and one of the greatest embarrassments of life. So long as existence is without complications, this matters little; but when these arise, those difficulties which so often distract the career of a family, the inevitable explanations that have to be made to the little interested ring of spectators, is often the worst part of domestic trouble. Waring, whose temperament was what is called sensitive—that is, impatient, self-willed, and unenduring—would not submit to such a necessity. But a woman cannot fly; she must stand in her place, if she has any regard for that place, and for the reputation which it is common to say is more delicate and easily injured than is that of a man—and make her excuse to the world. Perhaps, as, sooner or later, excuses and explanations must be afforded, it is the wiser plan to get over them publicly and at once; for even Waring, as has been seen, though he escaped, and had a dozen years of tranquillity, had at the last to submit himself to the questions of Mr Durant. All that was over for these dozen years with Lady Markham. Everybody knew exactly what her position was. Scandal had never breathed upon her, either at the moment of the separation or afterwards. It had been a foolish, romantic love-marriage between a woman of Society and a man who was half-rustic, half-scholar. They had found after a time that they could not endure each other—as anybody with a head on his shoulders could have told them from the beginning, Society said. And then he had taken the really sensible though wild and romantic step of banishing himself and leaving her free. There were some who had supposed this a piece of *bizarre* generosity, like the man, and some who thought it only a natural return to the kind of life that suited him best.

Lady Markham had, of course, been censured for this, her second marriage; and equally, of course, was censured for this breach of it; for the separation, which, indeed, was none of her doing; for retaining her own place when her husband left her; and, in short, for every step she had taken in the matter from first to last. But that was twelve years ago, which is a long time in all circumstances, and which counts for about a century in Society: and nobody thought of blaming her any longer, or of remarking at all upon the matter. The present lords and ladies of fashionable life had always known her as she was, and there was no further question about her history. When, in the previous season, Miss Waring had made her debut in Society and achieved the success which had been so remarkable, there was indeed a little languid question as to who was her father among those who remembered that Waring was not the name of the Markham family; but this was not interesting enough to cause any excitement. And Frances, still thrilling with the discovery of the other life, of which she had never suspected the existence, and ignorant even now of everything except the mere fact of it, suddenly found herself embraced and swallowed up in a perfectly understood and arranged routine in which there was no mystery at all.

'The first thing you must do is to make acquaintance with your relations,' said Lady Markham next morning at breakfast. 'Fortunately, we have this quiet time before Easter to get over all these preliminaries. Your aunt Cavendish will expect to see you at once.'

Frances was greatly disturbed by this new discovery. She gave a covert glance at Markham, who, though it was not his habit to appear so early, had actually produced himself at breakfast to see how the little one was getting on. Markham looked back again, elevating his eyebrows, and not understanding at first what the question meant.

'And there are all the cousins,' said the mother, with that plaintive tone in her voice. 'My dear, I hope you are not in the way of forming friendships, for there are so many of them! I think the best thing will be to get over all these duty introductions at once. I must ask the Cavendishes—don't you think, Markham?—to dinner, and perhaps the Peytons—quite a family party.'

'Certainly, by all means,' said Markham; 'but first of all, don't you think she wants to be dressed?'

Lady Markham looked at Frances critically from her smooth little head to her neat little shoes. The girl was standing by the fire, with her head reclined against the mantel-piece of

carved oak, which, as a 'reproduction,' was very much thought of in Eaton Square. Frances felt that the blush with which she met her mother's look must be seen, though she turned her head away, through the criticised clothes.

'Her dress is very simple; but there is nothing in bad taste. Don't you think I might take her anywhere as she is? I did not notice her hat,' said Lady Markham with gravity; 'but if that is right—— Simplicity is quite the right thing at eighteen'——

'And in Lent,' said Markham.

'It is quite true; in Lent, it is better than the right thing—it is the best thing.—My dear, you must have had a very good maid. Foreign women have certainly better taste than the class we get our servants from. What a pity you did not bring her with you. One can always find room for a clever maid.'

'I don't believe she had any maid; it is all out of her own little head,' said Markham. 'I told you not to let yourself be taken in. She has a deal in her, that little thing.'

Lady Markham smiled, and gave Frances a kiss, enfolding her once more in that soft atmosphere which had been such a revelation to her last night. 'I am sure she is a dear little girl, and is going to be a great comfort to me.—You will want to write your letters this morning, my love, which you must do before lunch. And after lunch, we will go and see your aunt. You know that is a matter of—what shall we call it, Markham?—conscience: with me.'

'Pride,' Markham said, coming and standing by them in front of the fire.

'Perhaps a little,' she answered with a smile; 'but conscience too. I would not have her say that I had kept the child from her for a single day.'

'That is how conscience speaks, Fan,' said Markham. 'You will know next time you hear it.—And after the Cavendishes?'

'Well—of course, there must be a hundred things the child wants.—We must look at your evening dresses together, darling. Tell Josephine to lay them out and let me see them. We are going to have some people at the Priory for Easter; and when we come back, there will be no time. Yes, I think on our way home from Portland Place, we must just look into—a shop or two.'

'Now my mind is relieved,' Markham said.—'I thought you were going to change the course of nature, Fan.'

'The child is quite bewildered by your nonsense, Markham,' the mother said.

And this was quite true. Frances had never been on such terms with her father as would have entitled her to venture to laugh at him. She was confused with this new phase, as well as with her many other discoveries: and it appeared to her that Markham looked just as old as his mother. Lady Markham was fresh and fair, her complexion as clear as a girl's, and her hair still brown and glossy. If art in any way added to this perfection, Frances had no suspicion of such a possibility. And when she looked from her mother's round and soft contour to the wrinkles of Markham, and his no-colour and indefinite age, and heard him address her with that half-caressing, half-bantering equality, the girl's mind grew more and more hopelessly confused. She withdrew, as was expected of her, to write her letters, though without knowing how to fulfil that duty. She could write (of course) to her father. It was of course, and so was what she told him. 'We arrived about six o'clock. I was dreadfully confused with the noise and the crowds of people. Mamma was very kind. She bids me send you her love. The house is very fine, and full of furniture, and fires in all the rooms; but one wants that, for it is much colder here. We are going out after luncheon to call on my aunt Cavendish. I wish very much I knew who she was, or who my other relations are; but I suppose I shall find out in time.' This was the scope of Frances' letter. And she did not feel warranted, somehow, in writing to Constance. She knew so little of Constance: and was she not in some respects a supplanter, taking Constance' place? When she had finished her short letter to her father, which was all fact, with very few reflections, Frances paused and looked round her, and felt no further inspiration. Should she write to Mariuccia? But that would require time—there was so much to be said to Mariuccia. Facts were not what she would want—at least, it would have to be facts of a different kind; and Frances felt that daylight and all the arrangements of the new life, the necessity to be ready for luncheon and to go out after, were not conditions under which she could begin to pour out her heart to her old nurse, the attendant of her childhood. She must put off till the evening, when she should be alone and undisturbed, with time and leisure to collect all her thoughts and first impressions. She put down her pen, which was not, indeed, an instrument she was much accustomed to wield, and began to think instead; but all her thinking would not tell her who the relatives were to whom she was about to be presented; and she reflected with horror that her ignorance must betray the secret which she had so carefully kept, and expose her father to further and further criticism.

There was only one way of avoiding this danger, and that was through Markham, who alone could help her, who was the only individual in whom she could feel a confidence that he would give her what information he could, and understand why she asked. If she could but find Markham! she went down-stairs, timidly flitting along the great staircase through the great drawing-room, which was vacant, and found no trace of him. She lingered, peeping out from between the curtains of the windows upon the leafless gardens outside in the spring sunshine, the passing carriages which she could see through their bare boughs, the broad pavement close at hand with so few passengers, the clatter now and then of a hansom, which amused her even in the midst of her perplexity, or the drawing up of a brougham at some neighbouring door. After a minute's distraction thus, she returned again to make further investigations from the drawing-room door, and peep over the balusters to watch for her brother. At last she had the good-luck to perceive him coming out of one of the rooms on the lower floor. She darted down as swift as a bird and touched him on the sleeve. He had his hat in his hand, as if preparing to go out. 'Oh,' she said in a breathless

whisper, 'I want to speak to you; I want to ask you something,' holding up her hand with a warning hush.

'What is it?' returned Markham, chiefly with his eyebrows, with a comic affectation of silence and secrecy which tempted her to laugh in spite of herself. Then he nodded his head, took her hand in his, and led her up-stairs to the drawing-room again. 'What is it you want to ask me? Is it a state secret? The palace is full of spies, and the walls of ears,' said Markham with mock solemnity, 'and I may risk my head by following you. Fair conspirator, what do you want to ask?'

'O Markham, don't laugh at me—it is serious. —Please, who is my aunt Cavendish?'

'You little Spartan!' he said; 'you are a plucky little girl, Fan. You won't betray the daddy, come what may. You are quite right, my dear; but he ought to have told you. I don't approve of him, though I approve of you.'

'Papa has a right to do as he pleases,' said Frances steadily; 'that is not what I asked you, please.'

He stood and smiled at her, patting her on the shoulder. 'I wonder if you will stand by me like that, when you hear me get my due?—Who is your aunt Cavendish? She is your father's sister, Fan; I think the only one who is left.'

'Papa's sister! I thought it must be—on the other side.'

'My mother,' said Markham, 'has few relations; which is a misfortune that I bear with equanimity. Mrs Cavendish married a lawyer a great many years ago, Fan, when he was poor; and now he is very rich, and they will make him a judge one of these days.'

'A judge,' said Frances. 'Then he must be very good and wise. And my aunt'——

'My dear, the wife's qualities are not as yet taken into account. She is very good, I don't doubt; but they don't mean to raise her to the Bench.—You must remember when you go there, Fan, that they are *the other side*.'

'What do you mean by the other side?' inquired Frances anxiously, fixing her eyes upon the kind, queer, insignificant personage, who yet was so important in this house.

Markham gave forth that little chuckle of a laugh which was his special note of merriment. 'You will soon find it out for yourself,' he replied; 'but the dear old mammy can hold her own.—Is that all? for I'm running off; I have an engagement.'

'Oh, not all—not half. I want you to tell me—I want to know—I—I don't know where to begin,' said Frances, with her hand on the sleeve of his coat.

'Nor I,' he retorted with a laugh.—'Let me go now; we'll find an opportunity. Keep your eyes, or rather your ears, open; but don't take all you hear for gospel.—Good-bye till to-night. I'm coming here to-night.'

'Don't you live here?' said Frances, accompanying him to the door.

'Not such a fool, thank you,' replied Markham, stopping her gently, and closing the door of the room with care after him as he went away.

Frances was much discouraged by finding nothing but that closed door in front of her where she had been gazing into his ugly but expressive face. It made a sort of dead stop, an emphatic punctuation, marking the end. Why should he say he was not such a fool as to live at home with his mother? Why should he be so *nice* and yet so odd? Why had Constance warned her not to put herself in Markham's hands? All this confused the mind of Frances whenever she began to think. And she did not know what to do with herself. She stole to the window and watched through the white curtains, and saw him go away in the hansom which stood waiting at the door. She felt a vacancy in the house after his departure, the loss of a support, an additional silence and sense of solitude; even something like a panic took possession of her soul. The impulse was to rush up-stairs again and shut herself up in her room. She had never yet been alone with her mother except for a moment. She dreaded the (quite unnecessary, to her thinking) meal which was coming, at which she must sit down opposite to Lady Markham, with that solemn old gentleman, dressed like Mr Durant, and that gorgeous theatrical figure of a footman, serving the two ladies. Ah, how different from Domenico—poor Domenico, who had called her carina from her childhood, and who wept over her hand as he kissed it, when she was coming away. Oh when should she see these faithful friends again?

'I want you to be quite at your ease with your aunt Cavendish,' said Lady Markham at luncheon, when the servants had left the room. 'She will naturally want to know all about your father and your way of living. We have not talked very much on that subject, my dear, because, for one thing, we have not had much time; and because—— But she will want to know all the little details. And, my darling, I want just to tell you, to warn you. Poor Caroline is not very fond of me. Perhaps it is natural. She may say things to you about your mother'——

'O no, mamma,' said Frances, looking up in her mother's face.

'You don't know, my dear. Some people have a great deal of prejudice. Your aunt Caroline, as is quite natural, takes a different view. I wonder if I can make you understand what I mean without using words which I don't want to use?'

'Yes,' said Frances; 'you may trust me, mamma; I think I understand.'

Lady Markham rose and came to where her child sat, and kissed her tenderly. 'My dear, I think you will be a great comfort to me,' she said. 'Constance was always hot-headed. She would not make friends, when I wished her to make friends. The Cavendishes are very rich; they have no children, Frances. Naturally, I wish you to stand well with them. Besides that I would not allow her to suppose for a moment that I would keep you from her—that is what I call conscience, and Markham calls pride.'

Frances did not know what to reply. She did not understand what the wealth of the Cavendishes had to do with it; everything else she could understand. She was very willing,

nay, eager to see her father's sister, yet very determined that no one should say a word to her to the detriment of her mother. So far as that went, in her own mind all was clear.

(*To be continued.*)

FOUR VEINS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

American humour is now a well-worn subject, but it is far from exhausted. The time for denying humour to the Americans is past; only the question remains: What is the nature of transatlantic humour? That is a far from easy question to answer. We shall not attempt to do so in this paper, except in so far as it will be answered in the specimens given. Our object is to say something about it, not to define it. In doing this we will point out some of the classes into which it may be divided.

(1.) *The Humour of Exaggeration.*—Exaggeration is perhaps the main element in American humour. The Yankees get the credit of being a nation of boasters, and some of the sayings of their wits bear out that reputation. Mr Lowell is an example in point. He tells us about a negro 'so black that charcoal made a white mark on him;' and in another place he describes a wooden shingle 'painted so like marble that it sank in the water.' He has many followers in working this particular vein. One writer gravely assures his readers that he knew 'a tree so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top of it.' The same trustworthy chronicler met in his travels with a boat which 'drew so little water that it could sail wherever there had been a heavy dew.' Another came in contact with a man 'so heavy that his shadow, falling on a boy, killed him.' The measure of guilt to be attached to this abnormal murderer would tax the skill of many a clever jurist. Of course, such sights are not to be seen, and such people are not to be met, out of that highly favoured region known as 'down East.' *There* are born the men who are bound to 'whip all creation.' They fulfil their destiny—in story-telling. Why fortune should be so kind to them is not apparent. Some would have us believe geography has something to do with the matter. The inhabitants of a large country must have large ideas and large modes of expression. In this little island we could hardly expect such happiness. It is told how a Yankee in England was afraid to take his morning walk lest he should step off the edge of the country. Another was asked if he had crossed the Alps. He guessed he did come over some 'risin' ground.' It is quite in keeping with the wonderful character of these wonderful sons of 'down East' that one of their children should leave home at the tender age of fifteen months because 'he was given to understand his parents intended to call him Caleb.' History is silent as to the fate of this prodigy. Doubtless, he will yet become President of the United States, if he has not set off on a tour of investigation to the moon. It may be, he wandered to Kentucky, and introduced the celebrated ointment which has given that State fame. This ointment has great efficacy. If a dog's tail should by any mischance be cut off, it has only to be rubbed gently on the part where the caudal appendage used to wag, and lo! a new tail grows. It is quite likely he was the adventurous boy who plucked up an old tail and tried the ointment on it, with the result that it grew into a second dog so like the first that no one could tell which was which. This story reminds us of Josh Billings's testimonial to the efficacy of a certain kind of hair-oil: 'I rubbed a drop or two on the head of my cane, which has been bald for more than five years, and beggar me! if I don't have to shave the cane handle every day before I can walk out with it.'

These are some specimens of the humour of exaggeration. Many more could be given. We will only give two, both of which we saw lately in an American weekly. A man remarking on the cold weather, said: 'Cold? I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; flame frozen; had to break it off.' The other describes a remarkable physical phenomenon: 'A man of our acquaintance—in fact, he was a cousin of Colonel M'Kinney—drank so much chalybeate water for his health that once, when in jail for stealing a cow, he opened a vein in his arm and extracted enough iron from the blood to make a crowbar, with which he broke his way out of prison.'

(2.) *The Humour of Surprise.*—This is the ludicrous effect of the combination of sense and nonsense, or of absurd statements made with an air of gravity. Artemus Ward furnishes us with an example. He tells of a young man who claimed exemption from conscription 'because he was the only son of a widowed mother *who supported him.*' The use of incongruous words often gives rise to this kind of humour. Artemus in courting his beloved Betsy informed her that she was a 'gazelle,' which, he remarks, 'I thought was putty fine.' In the heat of his love he passionately wished 'there were winders to my soul, so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enough in here to bile all the corn-beef and turnips in the neighbourhood. Vesoovius and the critter ain't a circumstance to it.' So warm a declaration deserved an equally warm response. Betsy did not fail. She did not beat about the bush: 'You say rite strate out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in.' Artemus abounds in this kind of humour. At Richmond, after the siege, he met a 'cullerd pusson,' and asked him: 'Do you realise how glorious it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realise the great fact in all its livin' and holy magnitood?' The 'cullerd pusson' answered he would take some gin.

(3.) *The Humour of Philosophy* is what in Scotland we would call pawkiness, dashed with a little wisdom. It accords well with the grave way Americans have of saying commonplaces as if they were some grand discovery; not but that these things are often cleverly put. Occasionally this philosophical humour takes the form of an epigram, as, 'Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors and their great descent, when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter with them.'

Such people are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic; they are by no means rare in this age of snobs. The touch of cynicism here is repeated in Dod Diles's well-known sayings: 'It is wicked to cheat on Sunday; the law recognises this fact, and shuts up the shops;' and, 'The symbol of charity should be a circle; it usually ends where it begins—at home.' Josh Billings is the best representative of this kind of humour. Some of his witty and wise opinions have a charm peculiar to themselves. They are in a special sense racy of the soil. According to him, 'It is dreadful easy to be a fool; a man can be a fool and not know it.' The vacuous youth and the masher hero of our day may be nothing the worse of reading, learning, and inwardly digesting this truth. 'If I was asked,' writes Josh, 'what was the chief end of man nowadays, I should immediately reply: "Ten per cent."' His views on 'female eddikashun' are worthy of notice: 'I heven't any doubt that you could eddikate wummin so muchly that they wouldn't know any more about gettin dinner than some ministers know about preaching; and while they might translate one ov Virgil's Eklogs tu a spot, they couldn't translate a baby out ov a cradle without it cum apart.' Nobody will quarrel with him for holding that 'there iz 2 things in this life for which we are never fully prepared, and that iz twins.' Nor can any one doubt that 'misfortin and twins hardly ever cum singly.' From these and other philosophical deliverances, we might conclude that Josh would agree with Sarah Gamp in thinking life a wilderness where joy is quite unknown, did he not take care to warn us against such a mistake. '"Man was made to mourn"—this was the private opinion of one Burns, a Skotchman, who was eddikated to poetry from his infancy. I and he differ, which is not uncommon among grate minds. . . . Man weren't made tew mourn; man was made tew laff.'

(4.) *The Humour of Spelling.*—Many of the American humorists indulge in eccentricities of style, laughing at the laws of grammar and spelling. It is plain there is not much fun in writing 'hence 4th,' or in putting 'goakin' for joking; yet in some cases there is a good deal of humour hidden behind the bad spelling. In the *Biglow Papers*, the spelling reproduces a characteristic dialect; but usually it is only a mechanical mode of raising a laugh. It is so also with Artemus Ward. Take, for example, the showman's letter to a country editor:

'I shall hav my handbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my handbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjous excitemunt in yer paper 'bowt my onparaleld show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must work on their feelins. Cum the moral on them strong. Ef it's a temprance community, tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born; but on the contrary, ef your peple take their tots, say Mr Ward is as jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwiviality, and the life and sole of the soshul bored. Ef you say anythin 'bowt my show, say my snaiks is as harmless as the new born babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfect subjeckshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your inflooence. I repeet in regard to them handbills that I shall get 'em struck orf u top your printin offiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.—Respectfully yures, A. Ward.'

This kind of spelling has become so associated with American humour, that it is now generally regarded as part of it. Some defend it on the ground that it is the writer's only way of rendering the characteristics the actor can represent by his voice and manner.

This is but a brief and incomplete treatment of a large subject. It does not claim to be exhaustive; it only seeks to state something about, and give some specimens of, American humour, in order to induce the interested reader to follow out the subject for himself.

A TRADITION OF COTTLEY HALL.

CHAPTER V.—A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

Twelve o'clock struck. The flagon was nearly empty, and Major Brand's head and arms reclined upon the table, as if slumber had overtaken him. With Everett it was different. True as steel to the friend who had sought his protection, he still watched, pondering over the probable chances of Cunningham's escape. The wind still blew high; but Hugh Everett heeded it not; he was wearily counting the measured tick of the clock, and inwardly hoping that the morning would relieve him of his unwelcome guests. Some unaccountable attraction seemed to fasten his eyes on the secret panel, and his fancy became so powerfully excited that he momentarily expected to see it open and the figure of Cunningham issue forth. This peculiar fascination might have continued until the Master dropped asleep through sheer exhaustion, had not his lethargy been dispelled by a sudden crash coming from behind the wainscoting. Everett rose quickly to his feet and gave a dismayed glance at the recumbent form of Major Brand. The officer's face was hidden, but his position, indicative of profound repose, remained unaltered. The Master hesitated, stopped to listen to the slumberer's low breathing, and then cautiously approached the hiding-place. In a minute the scene was changed. Suddenly springing to his feet and throwing open the door, the officer shouted for his subordinate.

'Where are the men?' demanded Brand.

'Down-stairs,' answered Humphries, in a voice thoroughly suited to his granite-faced aspect. 'They would not be withheld from the strong drink, and it hath overcome them.'

'How many sentries are there outside?'

'But two, your honour.'

The Republican officer uttered a fierce execration. 'Lock the door, Humphries!' he vociferated. 'We must settle this matter by ourselves.'

'What do you mean to do?' faltered Everett with bloodless lips.

'Bring hither your musket, Humphries. Batter the wall; and if the wood sounds hollow, beat it in.'

The Master sank helplessly into a chair, and vainly endeavoured, by covering his ears, to shut out the distracting sounds which accompanied the fulfilment of this order. Looking up after a short space, he became aware that the work was accomplished, and that a fresh drama was about to be enacted before his very eyes. On the floor lay the trooper's broken gunstock, which, wielded by his powerful arm, had produced a deplorable effect upon the panelling. An opening several feet square was now visible in the fractured oak. A cold tremor crept over Everett's limbs and seemed to deprive him of the power of motion. He watched the movements of the Republican officer and his follower vacantly, listening meanwhile to their voices as one who hears in a dream.

'How is this?' said the major. 'I cannot see the bottom of this Cimmerian pit.—Hold out the light, Humphries.'

An exclamation from both parties simultaneously followed.

'Yonder is a doorway!' ejaculated the trooper. 'Praised be the Lord, we have the Amalekite now!'

'Not yet,' quoth Brand. 'A pit yawns before us. How are we to cross it?'

'Bear a hand with that, worthy sir,' said Humphries, pointing to the long table. 'We'll soon make a roadway.'

By the united exertions of the two men the legs were quickly knocked off this useful article of furniture—one of Hugh Everett's particular treasures—which was then forced into the gap and laid across the chimney aperture.

'Take my pistol,' said Brand. 'Show the light on yonder doorway; and if the Malignant attempts to stop me, shoot him dead.'

Everett closed his eyes and gave Cunningham up for lost, little doubting that a few more minutes would decide his fate. Humphries knelt down, and with the one hand casting the light of the lamp full upon the entrance to the priest-hole, levelled his leader's long pistol with the other, and awaited the result. The Republican officer drew his sword and crossed the improvised bridge without any resistance. Roused to the highest pitch of anxiety for his friend's safety, Everett staggered towards the opening, only to see Major Brand come back begrimed and disappointed. *The priest-hole was empty.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE END OF THE GAME.

It is a favourite axiom with most people that a state of suspense is immeasurably worse than an absolute knowledge of the most dreadful certainty. The anxious time which had elapsed since their first alarm had been felt far more keenly by Cunningham than by even his sorely tried friend. The reckless disposition of the Cavalier was not proof against such emotions, and the faint sounds which occasionally reached him served only to heighten his suppositions and make him become a prey to distressing doubt. More than once he had had recourse to Everett's leather flask; and the potency of its contents, while sustaining him throughout this ordeal, at length began to have an emboldening effect upon his nerves. Placing the flask in his pocket, he rose, and cautiously advanced until his feet encountered the beam that crossed the chimney. It was here that Cunningham became aware of a narrow streak of light, evidently issuing through a crack in the panel by which he had first entered on the opposite side. Guided solely by the sense of touch, he crept along the beam, and applying his eye to the crevice, saw enough to convince him of the near proximity of danger. Through the limited space afforded him for eyesight, he could just discern a strongly built man in military costume reclining in a position suggestive of his stopping there all night. Facing him was another person, whom Cunningham with little difficulty made out to be Master Hugh Everett. After satisfying himself thus far, the fugitive turned away, and was endeavouring to regain his former quarters, when a slight cracking came from the farther end of the log. In a moment Everett's warning, 'Trust not to it overmuch,' flashed across his mind. He made one desperate effort to reach the ledge, when with a crash the rotten beam gave way, and he was precipitated down the black chasm of the disused chimney.

A belief had been prevalent amongst Cunningham's friends that this adventurous gentleman was gifted with no fewer than nine lives. His invariable good fortune had not left him, for it was not even now destined that he should leave his bones at the bottom of Cottley chimney. The young royalist's precipitate downfall was sharply arrested by a large beam, across which he fell with a stunning shock—a beam similar to that which had just broken beneath him. Mechanically grasping it, the Cavalier, terribly shaken by his fall, lay for some time as if dead, happily unconscious of the thundering sounds which echoed from the fractured library panels above. At length, however, a few splinters of wood reached the beam upon which Cunningham rested, and these at once awoke his dormant energies. Feebly moving his stiffened limbs, the fugitive strove to restore his blood to some degree of circulation; and being partially successful in his efforts, he crawled a foot or two along the beam until his advance was stopped by the cold bare wall. The noise, together with the fall of rubbish, had now ceased, for a pause had been made in the attack, and Major Brand was preparing to cross. This fact, coupled with the scattered state of his senses, prevented Cunningham from taking the alarm that he would otherwise have done. Turning himself, the Cavalier once more crossed the black gulf, but only with the same result. On neither side was there the slightest projection by which he could effect an ascent. It happened, however, at this moment, as the much-enduring Cavalier was seated astride the beam, pondering moodily over his unpleasant situation, that his legs, which were dangling beneath him, struck against an iron rod, that descended from the log on which he sat into the unknown depths below.

'Good-luck!' quoth Cunningham, whose blood again glowed within him. 'There are two ends to a stick; down or up is all the same to me.'

Letting himself drop from his resting-place, the fugitive began his descent, and in a second or two his feet touched the ground, and Cunningham stood helplessly in the darkness, uncertain whether to advance, for fear of being precipitated into some invisible pit. Suddenly, as if by magic, a little speck of white moonlight flecks the floor; it is the orb of night breaking from a rack of clouds, and casting a solitary gleam through an opening in the face of the wall. Taking heart, Cunningham stepped forward, and with outstretched arms, slowly traversed the long unseen expanse before him. The flags beneath his feet were slippery with fungus, and the close decayed smell which hung about the place aroused a suspicion that the disused kitchens in their present condition could scarcely be conducive towards the good health of Master Everett in the Hall above. Onward, still onward, treading lightly, yet occasionally stumbling over pieces of rotten lumber, until an abrupt collision with the hard wall warned him that he could go no farther. Nothing daunted, Cunningham placed his hand upon the old stonework, and was about to continue his exploration, when his movements were checked by the appearance of an unexpected phenomenon. Far away in the direction from which he came, the speck of moonlight still spangled the floor; but now there hovered over it in the dark background a ruddy spot like a lurid evil star, making the cold glimmer of the moon look colder still. He was not long left in doubt as to the nature of this mysterious apparition, for the light began slowly to approach him, and a heavy step sounded on the stone floor. Cunningham thought of his pursuers, and instinctively clutched at his sword-hilt; but as the light gets nearer, he perceives that its bearer is alone.

'Hugh Everett!' he cries, starting joyfully forward.

'Halt there!' answers a harsh unknown voice. 'I know you, Walter Cunningham. Down with your weapon; surrender yourself!'

'Keep that word for your own crew,' retorted the Cavalier, shrewdly guessing who the speaker was. 'You are a liar; you do not know me. Put down that lamp, and come to knocks first.'

Drawing his sword in a moment, Brand rushed at the royalist, intending to overcome him ere any resistance could be offered. This movement, which had been anticipated, was now as promptly encountered. The Republican's thrust was nimbly avoided, and so severe a blow dealt him in return, that he was brought to his knees. But the victory was not yet won. Instantly recovering himself, Major Brand attacked his opponent with such determined ferocity, that it was only the state of partial darkness that saved the latter from almost certain defeat. Several slight flesh-wounds were both given and taken in the blind fury of the encounter, and Cunningham did not feel confident of coming off best man even while he grasped the trusty blade which had borne him company so long, when, as it suddenly snapped off close to his hand, there seemed but little doubt that they had come to the end of the game. As a last chance, he threw aside the useless hilt, and flinging himself on his stalwart adversary, strove to bear him to the ground. Although a perfect match for his opponent in a general way, the serious disadvantages under which the Cavalier laboured forbade this present unequal combat being protracted to any length. Many severe privations and no little amount of fasting had reduced his strength to an unusually low ebb. Not so Major Brand; the Parliamentary bulldog was well fed and as powerful as a lion, and the desperate grapple must have ended by his eventually overcoming the obstinate resistance of Cunningham, had not an accident occurred which brought the duel to a sharp termination. As they wrestled and caught at each other, the Republican made a false step, slipped, and fell backwards, striking his head with terrific force upon the stone flags. The struggle was over.

Having satisfied himself that the vanquished man was not likely to make a speedy recovery, Cunningham took the lamp and proceeded to the disused chimney by which he had descended. On surveying the spot, he found that he must have unwittingly alighted in the centre of a huge fireplace, which had no doubt been used for cooking many mighty sirloins of beef in the days of 'Good Queen Bess.' His late antagonist had evidently come down by easier means, for the end of a ladder let down by a couple of ropes was visible. It was these appliances which helped the Republican officer to prosecute his search, leaving Humphries meanwhile as a guard on Master Everett in the room above. Rightly guessing that assistance would be within hail, though the reason for his adversary's coming alone puzzled Cunningham not a little, he prudently decided to leave the place, if possible by a different way from which he came. With the Republican's sword he cut the ropes fastened to the ladder, and exerting all his strength, succeeded in carrying it from inside the chimney and placing it beneath the opening which he had noticed in the face of the wall. Returning after this to the still senseless Brand, he effected a partial change of clothing. He then ascended the ladder, and squeezing himself through the opening, which communicated with the level of the ground outside, stood out upon the soddened grass a free man. Turning himself, the fugitive royalist took one look at the old Hall, bathed in silvery moonlight, and with a mental hope that his movements would be unobserved, he strode away beneath the black shadow of the trees, leaving Cottley, as he thought, for ever.

Many years elapsed before Hugh Everett heard any tidings of the nocturnal visitor he received on that eventful night; and in the meantime he suffered greatly from his disinterested kindness. Although actual proof was wanting, suspicion pointed strongly at him as the aider and abettor of the Malignant Cunningham; and consequently a heavy fine was imposed, which ate up the greater part of the revenues of the manor of Cottley. Not until the Restoration, nearly nine years after the events we have recorded, did the two again behold each other; and by this time Walter Cunningham was high in favour with the restored king. Their meeting was one

long to be remembered; and Everett, as he gazed at his friend's face, felt that even those nine years of trouble had not been ill spent in securing his safety; while Cunningham (now Sir Walter), who brought with him an order from the Crown restoring everything that formerly appertained to the property, would have procured twenty such, had he been able, in return for the service rendered him on the night when he made acquaintance with the 'priest-hole' of Cottley.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FREE STATE OF THE CONGO.

In connection with the return of Mr H. M. Stanley to this country, and the publication of his book giving a record of his six years' labours on the Congo River, the notes by Mr E. Delmar Morgan, in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, possess considerable interest. We learn there the beginning of the movement which has secured for civilisation and commerce that immense territory in Western Africa called the Free State of the Congo.

Leopold II., king of the Belgians, who has all along shown a special passion for the study of geography and for tales of adventure and travel, invited, in September 1876, representative geographers to a conference in his royal palace, Brussels, to discuss the question of the exploration and civilisation of Africa by the opening-up of it to commerce and legitimate enterprise, and by the stamping out of the slave-trade. As a result of a three days' conference amongst these representative geographers from six European nations, an International African Association was formed. But as far as England was concerned, international co-operation was of short duration, the Royal Geographical Society preferring to pursue its own path of enterprise, which resulted in the 'African Exploration Fund,' by means of which Mr Keith Johnston, and his successor Joseph Thomson, were sent out to Africa.

The central committee at Brussels, over which the king of the Belgians presided, likewise organised from time to time seven large expeditions from the east coast towards Lake Tanganyika. The exploration of the Congo by Stanley gave a new direction to these efforts and called attention to the western coast; although this geographical feat cost twelve thousand pounds, besides the deplorable loss of one hundred and seventy-three lives.

In 1879, Mr Stanley went to the Congo as commander-in-chief of the International Association, with a view of opening up that river. It became necessary, as the undertaking developed, to obtain from the powers the recognition of the sovereign rights of the Society acquired by treaties from the native chiefs of the Congo, and these rights had to be defined in legal form. The President of the United States in 1884 was authorised to recognise the Society's flag as that of a friendly government, and France followed with this recognition. In the recent conference on West African affairs at Berlin, important regulations were laid down for the establishment of freedom of commerce in the basin of the Congo and outlying regions. The Congo State was formally recognised; and its authority is now supreme over five thousand miles of navigable water. The Congo River is estimated as discharging into the ocean a tribute almost equal to the Nile and Mississippi taken together. There is an annual subsidy of forty thousand pounds in perpetuity from the king of the Belgians, to assist the revenue of the state, which is expected to be raised by rent for land leased to traders and others on the banks of the river, and by export duties. No toll or passage dues are levied, and there will be no import duties for twenty years to come. Natives and white men are placed upon the same footing; all religions are tolerated; while the slave-trade is proscribed. Treaties were at the same time concluded with England and the chief European nationalities to recognise its flag as a friendly state.

Mr Stanley, who has done so much to bring the affair to a successful issue, has been appointed governor; while there is a probability that King Leopold will assume the title of sovereign of the state. When properly developed, Mr Stanley considers that the Congo region—which, previous to the delimitation, was estimated as containing one million three hundred thousand square miles, and a population of about forty million souls—ought to yield a trade of one hundred million pounds. Treaties have been made with four hundred and fifty chiefs, who receive each an annual subsidy of ten pounds, on condition that they place no obstacle in the way of the free navigation of the river, and submit their disputes to arbitration. By the convention with Portugal, this power gets the south or left bank of the Congo for a distance of ninety miles from its mouth. Stations have now been built and established for nearly fifteen hundred miles into the centre of Africa, and in all probability railways will be made for its further development.

Who can forecast the future of this immense territory? How to gain new markets and what to do with our surplus population, are two problems of the age. The opening-up of regions like the above is one answer to them.

CYCLING.

While France and America have claimed the invention of the bicycle, there is also ground for believing that Scotland has some claim as its birthplace. As early as 1846, Mr Gavin Dalzell, merchant, Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, a man of great mechanical talent, had a bicycle of his own invention in daily use. It went by the name of the 'Wooden Horse;' was made chiefly of wood, in a strong and substantial manner, the only considerable difference between this machine and an ordinary bicycle being that the steering-wheel was much larger than that in present use. The saddle was so low that the rider had both feet on the ground at starting. Stirrups of iron hung from the forepart of the saddle, which were connected by means of iron rods with the cranked axle of the driving-wheel. Previous to this invention, Dalzell had also constructed a tricycle, which was propelled in a very novel manner. Machines, called velocipedes, propelled by a treadle movement, and constructed chiefly of wood, were in use about 1850.

The immediate predecessor of the bicycle and tricycle in this country was the Dandy or Hobby-horse, in use about the beginning of the century, on which the rider used to sit and paddle himself along with feet on the ground. Through the ridicule of the caricaturists and for other reasons, it speedily fell into disuse. For the practical development of cycling we have to come to comparatively recent times. The crank-action having been introduced into machines made of iron in 1862 by M. Michaux, during the Paris Exhibition of 1867 the use of these machines had become fairly popular. Two Englishmen were one day admiring the evolutions of a velocipedist in the Luxembourg Gardens, when the desire for the possession of a machine occurred to both. One of these gentlemen, Mr Charles Spencer, author of *Bicycles and Tricycles Past and Present*, was then the amateur champion gymnast of England, and to him it is said belongs the honour of introducing the bicycle to London in 1868, where it attracted considerable attention. The successful introduction of the bicycle led to the invention and improvement of the tricycle; and now scarcely a season passes without some improvement in utility and good workmanship in connection with both machines.

While speed is affected a good deal by the state of the roads, the style of machine, the absence of a head-wind, and the practice of the rider, an amateur has been known to ride upwards of twenty miles in an hour. A tricyclist has been known to do one mile in three minutes thirty-four and a half seconds. Both the literature and the manufacture of bicycles and tricycles are now most extensive, and more than keep pace with the demand.

There is a Cyclists' Union, to which any rider, amateur or professional, is eligible on payment of one shilling. The Cyclists' Touring Club had increased to more than twelve thousand members in 1883.

The law as to cycling forbids riding upon any footway, pavement, or causeway set apart for foot-passengers; insists upon the carrying of a lamp while riding between sunset and sunrise; the sounding of a bell or whistle in passing carts, carriages, or horses, or in passing through the streets of a town; and the dismounting, where any horse is rendered restive and frightened. Two or more bicyclists shall not ride abreast when passing or meeting any vehicle or horseman.

SIR SPENCER WELLS ON CREMATION.

Sir Spencer Wells recently delivered an address at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, when the chair was taken by Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P. In the course of his address, Sir Spencer said that as to burial within our churches, abbeys, and cathedrals, he asked them to consider for a moment what incalculable advantages cremation would give over the present system of incasing the dead body in lead and oak and leaving it beneath the floor, where priests and people attending public worship were exposed to more or less danger for months or years from the poisonous emanations which must escape so long as more than the dry bones remained. Last Saturday the Lord Mayor was left in the crypt of St Paul's, his body to undergo slow decay, with what amount of injury to Dean and Chapter or to successive congregations no one could tell. It might be small, it might be great, but dangerous it must be. Supposing that instead of placing the coffin in the crypt, at the same part of the burial service it had been passed into a crematory chamber and the remainder of the service had followed, by the time the funeral oration, or one of those eloquent sermons with which Canon Liddon kept congregations spell-bound for an hour, was over, and the concluding hymn had been sung, or the *Dead March* had been played, the silvery-white pure ash, which, after one short hour, was all that remained of a purified body, perfectly inoffensive to the living, might be left unchanged for centuries in any such cinerary urn as might be seen in the British Museum, beautiful in form, and with inscriptions which, as historical records, were incalculably more permanent than anything of modern fashion. What might St Paul's and Westminster Abbey be, if, instead of the coffins with their corrupting contents, occupying large space, and a source of danger to the living, we had the ashes only admitted, arranged in the urns along the sides of the cloisters, or in chapel or crypt, or beneath memorial windows, slabs, or brasses. We should have the same change in graveyards and cemeteries from danger and disgust to health and beauty, when the overcrowded cemeteries of to-day were converted into the God's-acre of the future.

ONE DOG SAVED BY ANOTHER.

We have received the following interesting narrative from a correspondent in Greenock, who thus writes: 'A remarkable case of life-saving by a dog occurred last summer in Greenock, in a timber pond attached to a sawmill. The strip of land upon which the sawmill is built presents a frontage of about fifty yards to the public street, and extends fully two hundred yards towards the Clyde. Two-thirds of the ground is wet ground —that is, ground entirely covered by water when the tide is in. Three sides of this portion are inclosed by a stout paling, through which inclosure the tide ebbs and flows. The fourth side is formed by a perpendicular embankment of four feet deep, which also forms the termination of the dry ground. The inclosure, or "pond" as it is called, is used for storing timber afloat. At high water, the floating timber and dry ground are nearly level. And as at the time of the following incident the pond was closely packed with timber, there seemed at high water to be little apparent difference between dry ground and wet ground.

'For several days two dogs of the bull-terrier kind, whose owners were at work in one or other of the adjoining shipyards, were enjoying themselves in their masters' absence by chasing each other in play, rushing impetuously hither and thither, sometimes along the street, occasionally making a dart into the yard round about the sawmill, and as suddenly disappearing again —out to the street, and up one of the many closes at hand. One of these charges led to a rather sudden and somewhat disastrous termination. It was high water. In at the gate of the sawmill premises rushed the two dogs, the one close at the heels of the other, across the

yard and on to the floating timber. One of them was soon made aware of the instability of its footing, by its slipping into the water between two logs which were floating a few inches apart. The two logs between which the dog fell were floating on their corners, and therefore formed a slope on each side like the letter V, which caused the dog to slip back into the water at every effort to scramble on to the top side of its temporary prison wall. Its more fortunate companion retreated to dry ground; but on seeing the struggles of its friend, it at once returned, and, by intelligent gesture, invited it *to terra firma*. The efforts of the unfortunate dog were of no avail; still it persevered, during which time the other had twice returned from and to dry land. On making the third visit, it seemed to grasp the situation, for with its teeth it at once caught its submerged companion by the back of the neck, and assisted so effectually as to enable it to scramble out of the water and join in another romp, but not within saw-mill premises. They were never afterwards seen within the gate, confining their fun to the streets on all subsequent occasions.

'It may be of interest to note that it was a male dog which fell into the water; the other, its rescuer, was of the gentler sex.'

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF COAL-GAS.

Mr Thomas Fletcher, Warrington, in speaking of 'Some Curious Properties of Coal-gas,' said that until lately people had been under the impression that gas was merely a means of obtaining light; and even for this purpose it had been, and still was wastefully used. Ordinary-sized sitting-rooms were sometimes lighted by three or four burners, each being inclosed with opal or ground-glass globes, which wasted about half the light. Now, his own sitting-room was very well lighted by one No. 8 Bray's burner. People were not generally aware that one large burner, consuming eight feet per hour, gave far more light than two separate burners each consuming four feet per hour; and that one burner without shade was about as good as two with opal or ground-glass globes. A burner if placed at such an angle as to give a flat or saucer-shaped flame, greatly increased the light, but was liable to smoke if turned low. In the case of smoking of ceilings, the gray or brown discoloration was, he thought, caused only by the dust in the air being more or less burnt, caught in the ascending current of hot air, and thrown against the ceiling.

Mr Fletcher evidently practises what he preaches, and the cooking, heating, and lighting in his own home are done by means of gas. In his house of fourteen rooms, with an average of ten persons, his gas bill in 1883 was twenty-one pounds, at three shillings and fivepence per thousand cubic feet. Of this sum, eight pounds went for lighting; three pounds ten shillings for cooking; one pound for bath-heating; and eight pounds ten shillings for gas-fires. The cooking and heating by gas saved him at least one servant, while his coal-bill averaged twenty-seven shillings for eighteen months. As to quality of cooking and convenience, there could be no possible comparison between gas and any known fuel. But Mr Fletcher admits that if we exclude the question of labour and dirt, gas-fires are still more costly than coal; but their convenience, cleanliness, and perfect control over heat will more than outweigh this fact with many people.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It will be remembered that last year Mr Ellis Lever offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best safety-lamp for the use of miners. In the result, no lamp sent in for competition fulfilled the required conditions, so that the prize was not awarded. But we may be quite sure that the offer did much good in turning the attention of inventive brains to a much-wanted help to our poor miners. The same gentleman now offers a similar sum to the discoverer or the inventor of a safe and efficient substitute for gunpowder in mines. Unfortunately, gunpowder is cheap and does its work well; but there is little doubt that to it must be attributed many of those sad explosions by which, during the past twelve months, nearly five hundred lives have been lost in this country and abroad. Unless, therefore, the hoped-for discovery points to some substitute which is cheap as well as effective, we cannot hope that it will be received with any great favour. Some short time ago there were favourable reports published of the behaviour of the lime cartridge, which owes its efficiency to the addition of water instead of fire. This cartridge is of course above suspicion so far as explosion is concerned; but like many other so-called 'innovations,' it has not been generally adopted in our collieries. There are many who urge that the use of gunpowder in our mines should be rendered illegal; and although its abandonment would probably lessen the output, the workers would be relieved of one of the risks attending their unenviable lot.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr Comber gave an interesting account of his travels in the region of the Upper Congo. For the last eight years Mr Comber has been in Western Africa, originally going to the country as a medical missionary of the Baptist Missionary Society. With some of his unselfish brethren he pushed up the river for four hundred miles above Stanley Pool, covering a district never before explored except by Stanley himself. With regard to the health of Europeans in this country, he distinguished between the several sections of the river. In the delta and on the coast near the river there are large numbers of European traders from every country, who seem always well and to possess some charm against fevers. In the cataract region of the river, between Vivi and Stanley Pool, about two hundred Europeans had found their home during the past six years. Of these, perhaps twenty-five per cent. had died, generally from fever. Thirdly, the Europeans in the Upper Congo, numbering about thirty, have enjoyed good health. It is interesting to note that the steamer in which Mr Comber travelled was built at Messrs Thornycroft's works at Chiswick on the Thames, and was taken out in sections and put together on arrival at Stanley Pool.

According to the *New York Christian Union*, the small coin used in many parts of Mexico is of a somewhat peculiar character. It consists of small tablets of soap stamped with the government mark. These tablets can be used for washing purposes so long as the impression is not rendered illegible.

Another novelty which is common to the Mexican Indians is worthy of notice. These warriors, we are told, make a serviceable shield out of a blanket by wetting it and holding it by its upper edge to screen their bodies. A bullet in striking such an obstacle will not pierce it, but will merely cause it to sway back. The blankets are hand-woven and are very thick. A few experiments would soon determine the efficiency of this curious shield, which, if successful, might be utilised by our own troops.

A great many frauds have recently been perpetrated upon pawnbrokers and others by means of a new alloy made to imitate nine-carat gold. It is composed of copper, tin, and platinum, and will resist the ordinary acid test. When formed into coins it will agree in weight, and ring with genuine gold; and it is believed that a large number of spurious sovereigns are at the present moment in actual circulation, composed of this 'mystery gold,' as it is termed.

The lives of the poor horses upon the street tram-lines are hard and short. A very few years of the work—the hardest part of which is the effort necessary in starting the heavy vehicle into motion—renders them unfit for further service. All lovers of animals will therefore rejoice in the rapid adoption of steam in place of horse-power for this purpose. In many of our provincial towns the trams are entirely worked by this new form of iron-horse, which is as silent as its living prototype. Only last month the Wigan Tramway Company sold off its entire stock of horses. During the past three years their tramways have been worked by engines and horses jointly, and the experience thus gained has shown most conclusively that coal is cheaper than muscle. The Edinburgh Tramway Company would do well to make note of this, and thus put an end to the cruelty enacted day after day on the steep inclines of our northern capital.

The Exhibition of Amateur Photography in London proved to be so great an attraction that it was kept open for a fortnight longer than at first intended. The great number of pictures sent in for competition—nearly sixteen hundred—shows what a hold this beautiful art has taken upon the public taste. Many of the works shown were of the very highest class. The amateur with means and leisure has far better opportunities of gaining distinction in this art than the busy professional photographer, who must, to secure patronage, run in one groove and remain a fixture in his studio.

Now that it is possible to secure pictures of all kinds of objects in motion, from a flash of lightning to the glistening breaker on the seashore, appliances to make matters easy for the ubiquitous photographer are constantly being brought forward. One of the most ingenious of these is the Camera Clip, introduced by Messrs Oakley of Bermondsey, London. This is a little contrivance with a clamp and a universal joint which will fit upon anything from a tricycle wheel (at rest) to the knifeboard rail of an omnibus. To this is readily screwed the photographic camera. The traveller can thus dispense with the cumbrous tripod stand, and can place his handy apparatus wherever he pleases.

A powerful hydraulic press has lately been constructed by Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co. for the purpose of compressing teak and making it hard and close-grained, so that loom shuttles can be constructed from it. The high price of boxwood, formerly used for this purpose, has rendered it necessary that some cheaper material should, if possible, be found which will answer the same end. The press subjects the teak to a pressure of about fourteen tons to the square inch. Under the operation, the wood becomes very dense, and is susceptible of a high finish. It would be interesting to know whether this compressed wood can be rendered serviceable for engraving purposes. Many woods have been experimented upon in this direction, owing to the high price of the boxwood ordinarily used, but with indifferent success. Many are of the opinion that automatically engraved blocks will presently reach such perfection that the art of the engraver will be lost. But those who are best qualified to give an opinion upon the subject acknowledge that much yet remains to be done before the wood-engraver finds his occupation gone.

Sixpenny—or rather half-franc—tickets are now issued at the Paris post-offices which entitle the holder to the privilege of five minutes' conversation per telephone with a friend at any other post-office or telephone station at a distance. Our own postal and telephone authorities would do well to make a note of this. Hitherto, they seem to have been at loggerheads with one another, and between the two stools the public interest has fallen to the ground. It is certain that our telephone system is at present far too exclusive, and the Companies will soon find out, as the railway Companies have already done, that in serving the interests of the masses, they will best serve their own.

Some interesting particulars have lately been published relative to the durability of different kinds of leather for bookbinding purposes, based on observations recorded in the Printed-book department of the British Museum. Like most other things in this age of rapid production and cheap manufacture, the quality of English leather has deteriorated during the past hundred years. Processes have been introduced for tanning leather quickly, and the resulting material has suffered. Morocco leather, made from the hides of the sheep, the goat, and the seal, is the most durable. These skins are tanned with sumach, a plant which is common in South America as well as in Southern Europe. Next to morocco comes roan in point of durability; but it will be a surprise to many to find that the so-called Russian leather is the least lasting of any. Among the curiosities of binding in the Museum are—a book bound in deerskin, dated 1485, still in good condition; one bound in the skin of the kangaroo; and several in tanned pigskin, all of which have lasted well.

A new method of packing materials which

are liable to injury by contact with the air has been published by an American paper. It is there stated that a German firm supplies different chemicals, chloride of lime, for instance, treated in the following manner. The material is wrapped in strong paper and sealed up. The package is then immersed for a moment in a bath of resin which is just warm enough to keep it in the liquid state. Another outside coating of paper completes the operation. It is obvious that many perishable commodities—deliquescent salts and the like, which are now supplied in bottles—could be conveniently treated in the same manner.

The powerful antiseptic action of perchloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) has of late years attracted much attention. Dr Sternberg has in recent Reports to the American Public Health Association given the results of his observations upon the efficiency of the salt, which confirm previous experiments. He asserts that an aqueous solution of the mercuric salt in the proportion of one in ten thousand is strong enough to insure the destruction of microscopic germs in active growth not containing spores; and that if the proportion be increased to one in one thousand, it destroys the spores too, provided that its action is continued for a certain period. The stronger solution is also a reliable agent for the disinfection of bedding, for the washing of floors and walls of infected rooms, for the hands and instruments of surgeons, and for the treatment of wounds. But for continuous application to wounds, the weaker solution is preferable. For the thorough disinfection of offensive discharges and any fluid material supposed to contain disease germs, he recommends a solution of one in five hundred, containing the same quantity of potassium permanganate (Condy's fluid). In all cases, these mixtures require a certain definite time during which they must be allowed to act, or they will not effect the purpose in view.

Mr Samuel Morley has recently, in a lecture to villagers, endeavoured to urge upon the labouring classes the advantage and economy of a vegetable diet, especially for children. The *Lancet* in commenting upon this indorses Mr Morley's remarks, and points out that a child's body, consisting as it does principally of fluid and fatty components, and, in a comparatively moderate degree, of active muscular tissues, requires a nourishment which goes rather more to the building-up of its constituents than to the supply of their functional expenditure; so that the child requires inert materials, such as bread, vegetables, &c., for the laying-on of substance, far more than meat. It is pointed out, too, that a child's food must be abundant, and this in poor homes is, of course, far easier of attainment with vegetables than with meat at its present price.

There have been in past times many attempts to acclimatise the tea-plant in Italy; and the French consul at Naples has, in his last Report, given several interesting particulars relative to them. Hitherto these attempts have only resulted in failure, although in some few districts plants have been grown in the open and have thriven for a short time. The government are, however, not discouraged by previous disappointment; and the Italian Minister of Agriculture has sent a large order to Japan for material wherewith to try fresh experiments. This course has been taken at the instance of Professor Beccari, who has studied the growth of the tea-plant in the countries in which it is indigenous. He is of opinion that previous failures in Italy have been due to errors in culture. For instance, the plants have been reared in the shade; whilst in India and China they are planted on open ground in the full blaze of the sun. The soil, too, in which the plants are grown should contain a large proportion of sand and oxide of iron. Professor Beccari believes if these and other details of culture be attended to, and if the plants to be imported are brought from the coldest provinces of Japan, that Italian growers will meet with success in their next attempts.

In 1877, a circular was issued to the railway Companies by the Board of Trade, pointing out that three-fourths of the railway accidents reported to the Board were traceable to the want of continuous brakes. The Board further pointed out the conditions essential for a good continuous brake—namely, that it should be efficient in stopping trains, instantaneous in action, self-acting in case of accident; that it should be regularly used, made of durable materials, and easily kept in order. A return has just been made by the railway Companies, in accordance with the Act of 1878, respecting the use of continuous brakes on their various lines. From this we gather that the total amount of rolling-stock fitted with continuous brakes up to the end of last year was seventy-four per cent. of engines and seventy-seven per cent. of vehicles. The entire stock of the Metropolitan district line is fitted with the Westinghouse brake. The G. N. R., the L. N. W., the L. B. and S. C., the N. E., the N. London, the Metropolitan, and various Scotch lines are among the other Companies who deserve honourable mention in complying with the conditions of the Board of Trade circular.

Mr Mattieu Williams, writing in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says: 'The Report of Dr Sprague on "marbled beef" assures us that cattle-breeders can manufacture this novelty if the public will purchase it, and speaks of rearranging the distribution of fat and lean as freely as a manufacturer of wall-papers or a calico-printer may rearrange his blocks to bring out new patterns for the forthcoming season. As the *Times* remarks: "The stockyard has become a sculptor's studio, in which living matter is moulded according to the artist's discretion." Instead of placing the fat of our prize cattle in huge unmanageable lumps as heretofore, we are to have it regularly interlarded with the muscular fibres and fascicules, forming marbled, ribbon-patterned, streaky beef; and this is to be effected by scientific feeding and the survival of the fittest; by faithful and vigorous application of Darwinian principles. The *Times* tells us that "the most splendid marbling is as fleeting as beauty in general, and will not survive discomforts," that the marbled cattle must not be subjected to the hardships of a sea-voyage, and therefore we must do our marbling at home. This conclusion, however, is liable to serious modification, now that the problem of importing slaughtered

meat in prime condition has been practically solved.'

A contemporary has recently pointed out a curiosity of commerce in the fact that the major portion of the produce exported from South Africa is used for the adornment of the fair sex, and becomes visible in the form of diamonds and ostrich feathers. These articles of luxury indeed account for five millions out of the sum of seven and a half millions which represents the value of the exports. Twenty years ago the diamond fields of South Africa were unknown. Now Kimberley alone rejoices in a population which takes annually a million sterling in wages, all earned in digging out the precious gems. During the past fifteen years about forty million pounds-worth of diamonds have been won from Mother Earth in these fields; representing, when cut and offered for sale in the jewellers' shops, considerably more than double that vast sum.

There is, at the time we write, every reason to hope that a threatened war between this country and another power has been happily averted. But the rumour of such a calamity, although it paralyses trade and does much harm in other ways, is often productive of good in the shape of valuable suggestions, which otherwise would never have been made. For instance, it has lately been proposed that by international understanding, every fleet or squadron should be accompanied by a 'Red Cross' ship, whose duty it would be to rescue drowning men and to succour the wounded. The rescued ones would be considered prisoners of war, and would eventually be given over to the victorious side. This suggestion needs no comment. In these days of torpedoes, rams, and heavy guns—which between them can sink a fleet in a very short time—such a humane provision becomes a positive necessity.

Another very good suggestion is, that Eddystone lighthouse should be at once placed in telegraphic communication with Plymouth, from which town it is distant some ten miles. By this provision, timely warning could be given of the approach of a hostile fleet. But even in times of peace, a cable between the outlying lighthouse and the shore would be of immense service, and would soon pay the expense of its installation. It seems rather surprising that the wire has not been laid down long ago.

The news that England has added to her vast dominions a coaling station at Port Hamilton, in the island of Quelpart, will cause many people to ask where that place happens to be. The island lies off the eastern shores of Asia, and is sixty miles distant from the southern coast of Corea. It is of volcanic origin; about forty miles in length by seventeen in width at its broadest part. The highest point of the island is six thousand five hundred feet; and the rocks are so white as to have the appearance of being covered with snow. The place is fertile, well populated, and its scenery is most beautiful. The people carry on a flourishing industry in the manufacture of straw-plaited hats; but they bear a bad name, chiefly in consequence of the island having been used more than once as a penal settlement by the Corean government. By the possession of this coaling station, England materially strengthens her hands in the far eastern seas.

In this *Journal* for 11th October occurred an article on Burns and Scalds, recommending Carron oil, a compound of olive oil and lime-water. A correspondent suggests an improvement even upon this well-known recipe. He says: 'My father prepared this oil fifty years ago, but he always used raw linseed oil, with the addition of a small quantity of turpentine, say a teaspoonful to a six-ounce or eight-ounce bottle. I do not think there can be a better remedy for burns and scalds. The turpentine is a marvellous improvement in allaying the pain; and it is very desirable that the remedy should be made known as widely as possible.'

TO NELLY.

THE rose, alas! shall bloom to fall,
The tree that bore it, pass away;
And Time, who pilfers joys from all,
May stamp those features with decay.
Though age may dim that bright blue eye,
For me its charm will ne'er be lost;
Cares may increase as years roll by,
But I shall never count the cost.

The tree with tott'ring limbs is left,
Its woes upon the breeze to wail;
The boughs, of all their leaves bereft,
Shall cringe before the winter's gale:
And years may ridge that marble brow,
And all its clust'ring locks derange;
You will be lovely then, as now,
For I shall never mark the change.

Nor can I e'er forget the day
When, hopes defeated, heart depressed,
You charmed the bitter sting away,
And filled my soul with peace and rest.
Ah, no! I never can forget
The cheering smile, the welcome word,
The eye that glistened when we met,
The voice by sweet compassion stirred.

That voice shall yet retain its power
When all its silver tone has fled;
That smile shall cheer the dullest hour,
Though all its former light be sped.
Let every fickle charm depart,
If Fate perchance be so inclined:
While yet remains the kindly heart,
The dearest gift is left behind!

FRANCIS ERNEST BRADLEY.

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HEROES OF PEACE.

We are sometimes told that as a race we are deteriorating, and that the Englishmen of to-day are not equal to those of former ages in spirit and daring. But no one who has seen the record of the Royal Humane Society could indorse this sentiment. One of the main objects of this Society, which was founded in 1774, is 'to bestow rewards for the preservation and restoration of life;' and year by year the claimants for these rewards are more numerous, and the deeds for which these rewards are asked are not inferior, in self-devotion and heroism on the part of the rescuers, to any of past ages, be they ever so noble.

During the twelve months covered by the last Report of the Society, no fewer than four hundred and eleven persons have been rewarded for gallant conduct in the saving of life, and their efforts have resulted in the saving of four hundred and thirty-eight lives. In twenty-four cases, rewards were granted, though, unfortunately, the bravery which they were intended to mark was unsuccessful. Never before has the number of rewards in a single year been so great. These figures in themselves, one would think, are a sufficiently potent answer to the criticism to which we have alluded; but were any further reply needed, the details of some of the cases would assuredly give it.

The 'blue ribbon' of the Society—in this case, the blue ribbon has gold stripes—is the Stanhope Gold Medal, which is awarded every year to the hero of the most meritorious case brought under the notice of the Society within the course of the year. If ever medal was deserved, the winner of the Stanhope for 1884 is entitled to it. On the 13th September 1883, as the steamship *Rewa* was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden, a Lascar fell overboard. Being unable to swim, the unfortunate man drifted rapidly astern, and failed to grasp the life-buoy thrown to him. One of the passengers, Mr Walter Cleverley, seeing the man's danger, dived from the poop, a height of thirty feet from the surface of the water, regardless of the fact that the sea thereabouts is infested with sharks! He swam up to the Lascar, by this time many yards astern; and for forty minutes supported him in the water, until both were rescued. Such a deed as this needs no extolling. Its singular daring is patent.

The highest ordinary reward granted by the Society is its silver medal, and twelve of these were bestowed last year. The bravery displayed by some of the silver medallists was almost equal to that of the winner of the Stanhope, and the particulars of the cases read more like romance than sober truth. The first case is that of Mr Frank Shooter, on whom the medal was conferred for saving the life of Mr F. K. Hartnol, on July 16, 1884. This time the scene was nearer home. The circumstances were so peculiar and complicated, that we follow the official record of the Society: Mr F. K. Hartnol was in a canoe on the mill-stream, Exeter, when the boat upset, and the swift current carried him under the mill-fender, and through the opening of the mill-leat, which runs for one hundred and eighty yards through a dark tunnel. The leat varies in depth from four to six feet, with pits at intervals, and is cut in the solid rock, with jagged projections on each side. The stream was running nine miles an hour. The fender at the opening was let down seven or eight inches below the water-surface, and under this the rescuer had to enter the tunnel. This feat he succeeded in effecting, and, being guided by the sound, he found Hartnol clinging to a projecting rock. Finding it impossible to stem the current, he took Hartnol on his shoulders, proceeded down the tunnel with the stream, and landed him safely at the outlet. He had all his clothing on, and ran great risk in being dashed against the rocky rough sides.

Three silver medals were last year bestowed upon officers in Her Majesty's navy. The first case was that of Quartermaster T. W. Bell of Her Majesty's ship *Curaçoa*, which was anchored at the time of the rescue in the Woosung River,

China. On the night of the 12th of April a marine fell into the water in trying to come on board from a boat alongside, and was carried astern by the current. Though the night was dark, Mr Bell bravely jumped overboard to the man's rescue, and succeeded in holding him above water until another man, ship's corporal John Jermyn, came to his aid with a life-buoy. For this gallantry, the Quartermaster was rewarded with the silver medal of the Society; and Jermyn, who already possessed the bronze medal, with the clasp.

The second naval officer to gain the medal during last year was Lieutenant the Hon. W. Grimston, R.N., of Her Majesty's ship *Alexandra*. As the ship was steaming at the rate of four knots an hour off Beyrout on the 29th August, a man fell overboard. Mr Grimston saw the man's danger, and without delay dropped through a very small port into the water. He had to pass through the circle made by the double screw, which was then revolving, and succeeded in keeping the man above water until help came. Two seamen had also jumped overboard to their comrade's aid, and with their help he was saved. A silver medal was awarded to Lieutenant Grimston, and bronze medals to each of the seamen.

A pleasing feature in both the preceding cases is the ready manner in which help seems to have been given to the rescuer by his comrades. Here is another case, where the saving of life was due entirely to the efforts of one officer, Lieutenant James Startin of Her Majesty's ship *Minotaur*, then stationed at Portland. At eleven P.M. on the 7th July 1884, a shore-boat manned by three watermen came alongside the ship with two libertymen, both of whom were tipsy. In attempting to get on board, the two sailors capsized the boat, and all its five occupants were in an instant struggling in the water, the sailors helpless in their intoxication, and the watermen because they were unable to swim. Lieutenant Startin saw their danger, and running to the after-gangway, dived to their rescue. With great difficulty he succeeded in getting all five on board. The night was dark, with a fresh breeze and choppy sea. Any one who has witnessed the rescue of a drunken man from drowning, or that of a person unable to swim, will know how great the difficulty of rescuing these five men on a dark night and from a choppy sea must have been.

The sailors have not by any means a monopoly of the saving of life, for two soldiers are among those to whom the silver medals were awarded. One was an officer, Major Goodwyn, and the other Sergeant Peter Betts. Major Goodwyn's heroism was displayed under circumstances very similar to those which won the Stanhope Medal for Mr Cleverley. On July 29th last the steamship *Nubia* was running eleven knots an hour through the Red Sea, when a boy fell overboard. Without waiting to divest himself of his clothing, Major Goodwyn jumped into the sea, though that region is infested with sharks. Unhappily, his bravery was in vain; and, after swimming about for twenty minutes, he was picked up by the ship's boat. At the time of the accident the steamer was running under both steam and sail, and this made it more difficult to pick a man up.

Sergeant Betts earned his medal on land. A man who was sinking a new well in Kilkenny prison on November 15th last, found himself at a depth of sixty-five feet below the surface, being ingulfed in the clay and water, which was rapidly accumulating, until it rose above his knees. He signalled to the workmen above that he could not extricate himself, and Sergeant Betts gallantly volunteered to go to his aid. He descended the shaft, and, though exposed to the same risk as the man, and at one time in imminent danger of sinking, finally succeeded in rescuing him. Twice, however, he was obliged to be drawn to the top, because he was for the time exhausted; and it was not until the unfortunate workman had been nine hours immersed in the sand and water that the gallant sergeant's task was done.

Another rescue from the bottom of a shaft is reported from Ireland, this time from Kilcoole, County Wicklow. On the 7th October, two men were engaged in sinking a pump-hole, and had occasion to blast part of the rock by means of powder. A fuse was attached and lighted, and the men ascended. After the explosion had taken place, Morgan Byrne went down, and was overpowered by the foul air. After some little time had elapsed, James Keane also descended, and was in like manner overcome. An hour having intervened without tidings of either of the men, a man named William Whyte volunteered to go down. He was lowered, and finding the apparently dead bodies of the two workmen, gave the signal to those at the top to pull him up. As they were doing this, the rope gave way, and Whyte fell upon Byrne, arousing him to consciousness, and maiming himself. Wounded as he was, he managed to hold on to the new rope, and was drawn to the surface. As Byrne was conscious, he, too, was drawn up in safety. But his comrade Keane was still at the bottom of the shaft; and a labouring man named Patrick King now offered to go in search of him. He did so, and in the result Keane, too, was saved. Silver medals were awarded to Whyte and King.

On the 24th of September, a boy slipped off the training-ship *Wellesley*, then anchored in the Tyne. One of the boats was coming off from the shore, but could not get up to the boy because of the intervening cables. The officer of the boat sprang overboard, but could make no headway towards the boy, owing to the strong wind and tide. Seeing this, John M'Closkey, another boy from the training-ship, jumped overboard, swam to the sinking boy, and diving, after his comrade had sunk twice, succeeded in rescuing him. His bravery was very suitably rewarded by the Society's silver medal.

The next rescue was in connection with Sir Thomas Brassey's world-famed yacht *The Sunbeam*, and its hero was Mr Thomas Allnutt Brassey. On September 30th the yacht was lying in Loch Carron, Ross-shire. The cutter was proceeding to the shore, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, when, owing to the heavy sea, one of her timbers started, and she rapidly filled and turned over. Before this happened, Mr Brassey took off his coat, and advised the others to do likewise. Next he distributed the oars to those who were unable to swim. When the boat finally capsized, some of the men lost their oars, and one

in particular, Harry Tinnworth, was in danger of drowning. Seeing his plight, Mr Brassey swam to him, gave him his own oar, and supported him against the heavy waves until another of *The Sunbeam's* boats rescued them all. At one point, Mr Brassey lost his hold of the man, and only regained his grasp by diving for him.

One more instance, and the tale of the silver medallists of 1884 is complete. On November 10th last the water was being discharged through the double sluices between the inner and outer harbours at Ramsgate. A lad fell into the water, 'which was rushing out with the force of a cataract,' and he was whirled about like a cork. No boat could have lived in such a sea, yet Edward Grainger, a bystander, gallantly jumped into the dock and brought out the lad. This case, like the others, was rewarded by the silver medal.

In addition to the Stanhope Medal and the twelve silver medals, the Society issued for gallant acts during last year one hundred and twenty bronze medals, and ten clasps; one hundred and twenty-one testimonials on vellum, and ninety-one on parchment, with fifty-one pecuniary rewards. Among the recipients of these honours were ten women and girls and sixteen quite young persons. We wish that space would permit us to give particulars of the cases under these two last heads, but unfortunately this is not possible. No one pretends that this is a complete list of the gallant deeds of last year; most probably it represents no more than a tithe of them, yet these are certainly enough to answer our original question. For while Englishmen and Englishwomen are capable of such deeds as these, they are most assuredly not deteriorating, and can hold their own with any past generation, however noble and daring its deeds.

From *The Queen* we quote the following remarks upon a recent example of female heroism: 'In the roll of noble women who have sacrificed themselves to save the lives of others, no name should stand higher than that of the young servant-girl Alice Ayres, who recently imperilled and unhappily lost her own life in the successful effort to rescue the children of the family in which she resided from death by fire.* On appearing at the upper window of the burning house, the lower part of which was on fire, she was called on to make the hazardous attempt to save her own life by leaping to the ground. But with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, and an amount of noble courage above all praise, she had determined to make the attempt to rescue the children of her mistress. To throw them on to the pavement from the height at which she was placed, would have been fatal; so, returning into the room, she dragged a bed to the window, and with some difficulty forced it through. Having thus provided the means of breaking their fall, she went back for the children, one after the other, and threw them out on the soft bed below. Before she had rescued the third, she was herself nearly suffocated by smoke and flame, and the child was so much burnt that it has since died in the hospital. It was not until she had rescued all the children that this noble girl thought of her own life. Exhausted by the efforts she had made, blinded by the smoke and fire, she leaped from the window, but unhappily missed the means of safety she had provided for others, and falling on the hard pavement, injured her spine to so great an extent that from the first hour of her admission into Guy's Hospital her case was deemed hopeless, and she died on Sunday morning.

'It is impossible to imagine a finer example of female heroism. True nobility of soul is confined to no sex nor age, nor to any condition of life. We have here a poor servant-girl, one who might be spoken of with disdain by many vastly inferior to her in all that ennobles human beings, displaying an amount of coolness in danger, thoughtfulness for others, and a courageous disregard of her own safety which transcends all praise, but which should not be allowed to pass away without recognition. The heroine herself is beyond our aid, but the body that was the tenement of such a noble soul should not be permitted to lie in a nameless grave.

'The British public take strange fits of virtuous sympathy. If a noble action has anything of the romantic or picturesque about it, they are touched deeply. Grace Darling, some forty-five years ago, rowed out with her father to rescue some shipwrecked sailors, and the deed has never been forgotten. The boat in which it was accomplished has been treasured as a precious relic, and was shown at the recent Fisheries Exhibition. But the courage, resolution, strength of purpose, and disregard of her own safety, as shown by Alice Ayres, was even greater than that exhibited by the light-keeper's daughter. Granted that Alice was but a poor servant-girl in a squalid part of the town; but if one has been celebrated in verse and received a well-earned renown, it should surely not be sufficient for the other to dismiss her, perhaps to a pauper's grave, with only a line in the daily papers to record her death.'

* At Mrs Chandler's, 194 Union Street, Borough, London.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs Cavendish lived in one of the great houses in Portland Place which fashion has abandoned. It was very silent, wrapped in that stillness and decorum which is one of the chief signs of an entirely well-regulated house, also of a place in which life is languid and youth does not exist. Frances followed her mother with a beating heart through the long wide hall and large staircase, over soft carpets, on which their feet made no sound. She thought they were stealing in like ghosts to some silent place in which mystery of one kind or other must attend them; but the room they were ushered into was only a very large, very still drawing-room, in painfully good order, inhabited by nothing but a fire, which made a little sound and flicker that preserved it from utter death. The blinds were drawn half over the windows; the long curtains hung down in dark folds. There were none of the quaintnesses, the modern æstheticisms, the crowds of small picturesque articles of furniture impeding progress, in which Lady Markham

delighted. The furniture was all solid, durable—what upholsterers call very handsome—huge mirrors over the mantel-pieces, a few large portraits in chalk on the walls, solemn ornaments on the table; a large and brilliantly painted china flower-pot inclosing a large plant of the palm kind, dark green and solemn, like everything else, holding the place of honour. It was very warm and comfortable, full of low easy-chairs and sofas, but at the same time very severe and forbidding, like a place into which the common occupations of life were never brought.

'She never sits here,' said Lady Markham in a low tone. 'She has a morning-room that is cosy enough. She comes up here after dinner, when Mr Cavendish takes a nap before conning his briefs for the ensuing day; and he comes up at ten o'clock for ten minutes and takes a cup of tea. Then she goes to bed. That is about all the intercourse they have, and all the time the drawing-room is occupied, except when people come to call. That is why it has such a depressing look.'

'Is she not happy, then?' said Frances wistfully, which was a silly question, as she now saw as soon as she had uttered it.

'Happy! Oh, probably just as happy as other people. That is not a question that is ever asked in Society, my dear. Why shouldn't she be happy? She has everything she has ever wished for—plenty of money—for they are very rich—her husband quite distinguished in his sphere, and in the way of advancement. What could she want more? She is a lucky woman, as women go.'

'Still she must be dull, with no one to speak to,' said Frances, looking round her with a glance of dismay. What she thought was, that it would probably be her duty to come here to make a little society for her aunt, and her heart sank at the sight of this decent, nay, handsome gloom, with a sensation which Mariuccia's kitchen at home, which only looked on the court, or the dimly lighted rooms of the villagers, had never given her. The silence was terrible, and struck a chill to her heart. Then all at once the door opened, and Mrs Cavendish came in, taking the young visitor entirely by surprise; for the soft carpets and thick curtains so entirely shut out all sound, that she seemed to glide in like a ghost to the ghosts already there. Frances, unaccustomed to English comfort, was startled by the absence of sound, and missed the indication of the footstep on the polished floor, which had so often warned her to lay aside her innocent youthful visions at the sound of her father's approach. Mrs Cavendish coming in so softly seemed to arrest them in the midst of their talk about her, bringing a flush to Frances' face. She was a tall woman, fair and pale, with cold gray eyes, and an air which was like that of her rooms—the air of being unused, of being put against the wall like the handsome furniture. She came up stiffly to Lady Markham, who went to meet her with effusion, holding out both hands.

'I am so glad to see you, Charlotte. I feared you might be out, as it was such a beautiful day.'

'Is it a beautiful day? It seemed to me cold, looking out. I am not very energetic, you know—not like you.—Have I seen this young lady before?'

'You have not seen her for a long time, not since she was a child; nor I either, which is more wonderful. This is Frances. Charlotte, I told you I expected'——

'My brother's child!' Mrs Cavendish said, fixing her eyes upon the girl, who came forward with shy eagerness. She did not open her arms, as Frances expected. She inspected her carefully and coldly, and ended by saying, 'But she is like you,' with a certain tone of reproach.

'That is not my fault,' said Lady Markham, almost sharply; and then she added: 'For the matter of that, they are both your brother's children—though, unfortunately, mine too.'

'You know my opinion on that matter,' said Mrs Cavendish; and then, and not till then, she gave Frances her hand, and stooping, kissed her on the cheek. 'Your father writes very seldom, and I have never heard a word from you. All the same, I have always taken an interest in you. It must be very sad for you, after the life to which you have been accustomed, to be suddenly sent here without any will of your own.'

'O no,' said Frances. 'I was very glad to come, to see mamma.'

'That's the proper thing to say, of course,' the other said with a cold smile. There was just enough of a family likeness to her father to arrest Frances in her indignation. She was not allowed time to make an answer, even had she possessed confidence enough to do so, for her aunt went on, without looking at her again: 'I suppose you have heard from Constance? It must be difficult for her too, to reconcile herself with the different kind of life. My brother's quiet ways are not likely to suit a young lady about town.'

'Frances will be able to tell you all about it,' said Lady Markham, who kept her temper with astonishing self-control. 'She only arrived last night. I would not delay a moment in bringing her to you. Of course, you will like to hear. Markham, who went to fetch his sister, is of opinion that on the whole the change will do Constance good.'

'I don't at all doubt it will do her good. To associate with my brother would do any one good—who is worthy of it; but of course it will be a great change for her. And this child will be kept just long enough to be infected with worldly ways, and then sent back to him spoilt for his life. I suppose, Lady Markham, that is what you intend?'

'You are so determined to think badly of me,' said Lady Markham, 'that it is vain for me to say anything; or else I might remind you that Con's going off was a greater surprise to me than to any one. You know what were my views for her?'

'Yes. I rather wonder why you take the trouble to acquaint me with your plans,' Mrs Cavendish said.

'It is foolish, perhaps; but I have a feeling that as Edward's only near relation'——

'Oh, I am sure I am much obliged to you for your consideration,' the other cried quickly. 'Constance was never influenced by me; though I don't wonder that her soul revolted at such a marriage as you had prepared for her.'

'Why?' cried Lady Markham quickly, with

an astonished glance. Then she added with a smile: 'I am afraid you will see nothing but harm in any plan of mine. Unfortunately, Con did not like the gentleman whom I approved. I should not have put any force upon her. One can't nowadays, if one wished to. It is contrary, as she says herself, to the spirit of the times. But if you will allow me to say so, Charlotte, Con is too like her father to bear anything, to put up with anything that'——

'Thank heaven,' cried Mrs Cavendish. 'She is indeed a little like her dear father, notwithstanding a training so different.—And this one, I suppose—this one you find like you?'

'I am happy to think she is a little, in externals at least,' said Lady Markham, taking Frances' hand in her own. 'But Edward has brought her up, Charlotte; that should be a passport to your affections at least.'

Upon this, Mrs Cavendish came down as from a pedestal, and addressed herself to the girl, over whose astonished head this strange dialogue had gone. 'I am afraid, my dear, you will think me very hard and disagreeable,' she said. 'I will not tell you why, though I think I could make out a case.—How is your dear father? He writes seldomer and seldomer—sometimes not even at Christmas; and I am afraid you have little sense of family duties, which is a pity at your age.'

Frances did not know how to reply to this accusation, and she was confused and indignant, and little disposed to attempt to please. 'Papa,' she said, 'is very well. I have heard him say that he could not write letters—our life was so quiet: there was nothing to say.'

'Ah, my dear, that is all very well for strangers, or for those who care more about the outside than the heart. But he might have known that anything, everything would be interesting to me. It is just your quiet life that I like to hear about. Society has little attraction for me. I suppose you are half an Italian, are you? and know nothing about English life.'

'She looks nothing but English,' said Lady Markham in a sort of parenthesis.

'The only people I know are English,' said Frances. 'Papa is not fond of society. We see the Gaunts and the Durants, but nobody else. I have always tried to be like my own country-people, as well as I could.'

'And with great success, my dear,' said her mother with a smiling look.

Mrs Cavendish said nothing, but looked at her with silent criticism. Then she turned to Lady Markham. 'Naturally,' she said, 'I should like to make acquaintance with my niece, and hear all the details about my dear brother; but that can't be done in a morning call. Will you leave her with me for the day? Or may I have her to-morrow, or the day after? Any time will suit me.'

'She only arrived last night, Charlotte. I suppose even you will allow that the mother should come first. Thursday, Frances shall spend with you, if that suits you?'

'Thursday, the third day,' said Mrs Cavendish, ostentatiously counting on her fingers—'during which interval you will have full time—— O yes, Thursday will suit me. The mother of course conventionally has, as you say, the first right.'

'Conventionally and naturally too,' Lady Markham replied; and then there was a silence, and they sat looking at each other. Frances, who felt her innocent self to be something like the bone of contention over which these two ladies were wrangling, sat with downcast eyes confused and indignant, not knowing what to do or say. The mistress of the house did nothing to dissipate the embarrassment of the moment; she seemed to have no wish to set her visitors at their ease, and the pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece and the occasional fall of ashes from the fire came in as a sort of chorus or symphony, loud and distinct, to fill up the interval, was half painful, half ludicrous. It seemed to the quick ears of the girl thus suddenly introduced into the arena of domestic conflict, that there was a certain irony in this inarticulate commentary upon those petty miseries of life.

At last, at the end of what seemed half an hour of silence, Lady Markham rose and spread her wings—or at least shook out her silken draperies, which comes to the same thing. 'As that is settled, we need not detain you any longer,' she said.

Mrs Cavendish rose too, slowly. 'I cannot expect,' she replied, 'that you will give up your valuable time to me; but mine is not so much occupied.—I will expect you, Frances, before one o'clock on Thursday. I lunch at one; and then if there is anything you want to see or do, I shall be glad to take you wherever you like.—I suppose I may keep her to dinner? Mr Cavendish will like to make acquaintance with his niece.'

'Oh, certainly; as long as you and she please,' said Lady Markham with a smile. 'I am not a medieval parent, as poor Con says.'

'Yet it was on that ground that Constance abandoned you and ran away to her father,' quoth the implacable antagonist.

Lady Markham, calm as she was, grew red to her hair. 'I don't think Constance has abandoned me,' she cried hastily; 'and if she has, the fault is—— But there is no discussion possible between people so hopelessly biased as you and I,' she added, recovering her composure.—'Mr Cavendish is well, I hope?'

'Very well.—Good-morning, since you will go,' said the mistress of the house. She dropped another cold kiss upon Frances' cheek. It seemed to the girl, indeed, who was angry and horrified, that it was her aunt's nose, which was a long one and very chilly, which touched her. She made no response to this nasal salutation. She felt, indeed, that to give a slap to that other cheek would be much more expressive of her sentiments than a kiss, and followed her mother down-stairs hot with resentment. Lady Markham, too, was moved. When she got into her brougham, she leant back in her corner and put her handkerchief lightly to the corner of each eye. Then she laughed, and put her hand upon Frances' arm.

'You are not to think I am grieving,' she said; 'it is only rage. Did you ever know such a?—— But, my dear, we must recollect that it is natural—that she is on *the other side*.'

'Is it natural to be so unkind, to be so cruel?'

cried Frances. 'Then, mamma, I shall hate England, where I once thought everything was good.'

'Everything is not good anywhere, my love; and Society, I fear, above all, is far from being perfect—not that your poor dear aunt Charlotte can be said to be in Society,' Lady Markham added, recovering her spirits. 'I don't think they see anybody but a few lawyers like themselves.'

'But, mamma, why do you go to see her? Why do you endure it? You promised for me, or I should never go back, neither on Thursday nor any other time.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, Frances, my dear! I hope you have not got those headstrong Waring ways. Because she hates me, that is no reason why she should hate you. Even Con saw as much as that. You are of her own blood, and her near relation, and I never heard that *he* took very much to any of the young people on his side. And they are very rich. A man like that, at the head of his profession, must be coining money. It would be wicked of me, for any little tempers of mine, to risk what might be a fortune for my children. And you know I have very little more than my jointure, and your father is not rich.'

This exposition of motives was like another language to Frances. She gazed at her mother's soft face, so full of sweetness and kindness, with a sense that she was under the sway of motives and influences which had been left out in her own simple education. Was it supreme and self-denying generosity, or was it—something else? The girl was too inexperienced, too ignorant to tell. But the contrast between Lady Markham's wonderful temper and forbearance and the harsh and ungenerous tone of her aunt, moved her heart out of the region of reason. 'If you put up with all that for us, I cannot see any reason why we should put up with it for you!' she cried indignantly. 'She cannot have any right to speak to my mother so—and before me.'

'Ah, my darling, that is just the sweetness of it to her. If we were alone, I should not mind; she might say what she liked. It is because of you that she can make me feel—a little. But you must take no notice; you must leave me to fight my own battles.'

'Why?' Frances flung up her young head, till she looked about a foot taller than her mother. 'I will never endure it, mamma: you may say what you like. What is her fortune to me?'

'My love!' she exclaimed; 'why, you little savage, her fortune is everything to you! It may make all the difference.' Then she laughed rather tremulously, and leaning over, bestowed a kiss upon her stranger-child's half-reluctant cheek. 'It is very, very sweet of you to make a stand for your mother,' she said, 'and when you know so little of me. The horrid people in Society would say that was the reason; but I think you would defend your mother anyhow, my Frances, my child that I have always missed! —But look here, dear. You must not do it. I am old enough to take care of myself. And your poor aunt Cavendish is not so bad as you think. She believes she has reason for it. She is very fond of your father, and she has not seen him for a dozen years; and there is no telling whether she may ever see him again; and she thinks it is my fault. So you must not take up arms on my behalf till you know better. And it would be so much to your advantage if she should take a fancy to you, my dear. Do you think I could ever reconcile myself, for any *amour propre* of mine, to stand in my child's way?'

Once more, Frances was unable to make any reply. All the lines of sentiment and sense to which she had been accustomed seemed to be getting blurred out. Where she had come from, a family stood together, shoulder by shoulder. They defended each other, and even revenged each other; and though the law might disapprove, public opinion stood by them. A child who looked on careless while its parents were assailed would have been to Mariuccia an odious monster. Her father's opinions on such a subject, Frances had never known; but as for fortune, he would have smiled that disdainful smile of his at the suggestion that she should pay court to any one because he was rich. Wealth meant having few wants, she had heard him say a thousand times. It might even have been supposed from his conversation that he scorned rich people for being rich, which of course was an exaggeration. But he could never, never have wished her to endeavour to please an unkind, disagreeable person because of her money. That was impossible. So that she made no reply, and scarcely even, in her confusion, responded to the caress with which her mother thanked her for the partisanship, which it appeared was so out of place.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

II. *ABOUT MARRIAGE.*

PERSONS pretending to be clergymen, although they have not been ordained, have occasionally brought trouble upon innocent persons; not substantial trouble, but anxiety, which for the time being amounts to the same thing in effect. We have frequently had occasion to advise persons who were in doubt as to the validity of their marriage, because the person who officiated as clergyman on the occasion was not really what he pretended to be. We may at once say that marriage is far too sacred a thing in the eye of the law to be left dependent upon the chapter of accidents for its validity. If two persons, who are free to enter into a matrimonial engagement, and are not within the prohibited degrees, go through the marriage ceremony in good faith, they become legally husband and wife, notwithstanding any defect on the part of the Church which has assumed to unite them in holy matrimony.

On 18th July 1823, an Act of Parliament was passed for amending the laws respecting the solemnisation of marriages in England; and by this Act—which is still in force as to church marriages by license or after banns—it was enacted that if any person shall knowingly and wilfully

consent to or acquiesce in the solemnisation of a marriage by any person not being in holy orders, the marriage of such persons shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever. It will be seen that this enactment puts the matter upon its proper footing. Innocent parties are not affected by the fact of the marriage having been performed by an impostor; but if they were aware of the fact before the ceremony is performed, the marriage is very properly void, because they were parties to the wrong-doing.

The punishment provided by this Act for those who take upon themselves to perform the sacred offices of the Church in the celebration of matrimony without being legally qualified to do so, is sufficiently severe, being fourteen years' transportation, now replaced by the same term of penal servitude. When the Sheffield sham-clergyman was convicted at Leeds assizes recently, the judge who presided at the trial considered that he had no option, and this rigorous sentence was pronounced; but it was afterwards found that a subsequent enactment more general in its terms covered the offence in question, and the sentence was reduced to five years' penal servitude, which may well act as a deterrent, as the offence is one which is very likely to come out sooner or later. By the Marriage Act of 1836, which applies more especially to marriages at register offices and in nonconformist places of worship, and to marriages in churches when the certificate of the superintendent registrar is substituted for the publication of banns, there are some provisions for the punishment of any person who shall unduly celebrate any marriage either at an unauthorised time or in an unauthorised place; and any marriage unduly celebrated with the knowledge of the parties thereto is to be void. Thus churchmen and dissenters are placed upon the same footing.

When any person under the age of twenty-one years—not being a widow or widower—intends to get married, the consent of the parent or guardian of the 'infant' is necessary; and before the necessary license or certificate can be granted, or banns published, a declaration or affidavit must be made to the effect that the requisite consent has been given; or, that the parties are respectively of legal age; or, that there is no person who can give a valid consent to the marriage of the minor. When a false declaration is made, the offence is the same in its legal consequences as perjury. We shall have something to say on the subject of perjury in a subsequent chapter on 'Kissing the Book.' Now, the penalty for perjury is not entirely nominal, being not more than two years' imprisonment with hard labour, or seven years' penal servitude; and we should think that a young man must be rather far gone who would risk this punishment, rather than wait until his girl attains the age of twenty-one years, if her father or guardian will not consent to their being married previously. We have put the matter in this shape, because the natural course appears to be that the man should take the risk upon himself, if it is to be run at all. Practically, however, we think that in the majority of cases—judging from our own observations during a long official experience—the young lady has to take the hazardous post of false swearer or declarant, and there may be a reason for this which removes it from the censure of selfishness on the part of the male; or the supposition that all the courage possessed by the couple is monopolised by the female. When a prosecution is instituted, the father of the young lady is generally the prosecutor; and it is easier for him to overlook the offence when the success of the prosecution would result in consigning his own daughter to a prison, than when the prisoner would only be his son-in-law.

The offence now under consideration is frequently spoken of as venial, and indeed as being of so trifling a nature as scarcely to be worth calling a crime; but this is a fallacy. As we have shown, it is a crime which may be punished very severely; but it has also civil consequences of a serious character. Whenever any marriage is accomplished by means of a false oath or statutory declaration, the guilty party thereby forfeits all pecuniary advantage which he might otherwise have derived from the marriage; and certain notorious fortune-hunters have had occasion to regret their ignorance of this legal point. We do not say that they might not have evaded it, if they had known then their danger; but the probability is that in avoiding responsibility as principals, they might have rendered themselves liable as accessories; or as being the instigators of the crime perpetrated by their lady-loves, afterwards their respective wives.

Whether this offence will ever be altogether abolished or not, is very doubtful; though it might be an advantage to some of the parties concerned to remember that a career begun in falsehood and perjury is not likely to end well. But it is not our province to preach. If it were, probably we should do no good to the lovers.

Dangerous delusions are numerous, but few are more widely spread, or entail more pernicious consequences, than the one next under consideration. A man deserts his wife, with or without just cause for doing so; and after he has been away seven years or more, the deserted wife enters into what she believes to be a legal marriage with another man. Supposing the husband to be alive at the time that the second ceremony of so-called marriage is performed, it is absolutely void; the parties live together without being lawfully married; and if they should have any children, such children are illegitimate, and could not be made legitimate, even in Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of their parents, because, when the children were born, the parents were not free to enter into the state of matrimony with each other. In England, as we have before had occasion to observe, the status of a child as to legitimacy or otherwise is irrevocably fixed at the moment of its birth.

These irregular connections are so frequent, that it appears desirable to explain the law on the subject clearly. When two persons are married, they become husband and wife for their joint lives, unless the marriage should be dissolved by the appointed court in which the power of granting relief from the burden of marriage is vested. Whatever either party may have to complain of, the mutual relationship continues; they took each other for better, for worse, and

they must endure the worse as well as enjoy the better, unless the union be legally dissolved.

The origin of the 'seven years'' delusion is not involved in any obscurity, and therein it differs from some other popular legal fallacies. Marrying any other person while actually married already is a criminal offence, punishable with penal servitude not exceeding seven years; or imprisonment with or without hard labour for not exceeding two years. But no person can be convicted of this offence if at the time of the commission thereof his wife or her husband shall have been continually absent for the space of seven years then last past, and shall not have been known to have been living within that time. Hence, some wiseacre jumped to the conclusion, that if there was no danger of conviction for bigamy, a valid marriage might be contracted; and as error is more readily propagated than truth, this fallacy became extensively spread abroad and acted upon, the consequence being a large increase to the illegitimate portion of the population of the kingdom.

We have reason to know that the evils arising from this mistake are to be found in abundance wherever the false impression has taken root. It is natural that a person who has found matrimony a failure should wish to try again, in the hope of drawing a prize next time; and many deserted wives—and husbands also—who would not on any account knowingly become the parents of children that were not legitimate, fall into the trap inadvertently; and when the mischief is done and cannot be remedied, they find, to their unutterable dismay, that, while they have been most severe in their reflections on the depraved who live a life of sin, they have themselves unwittingly been doing the very thing which has been the subject of their reprobation. We have known ladies upon whom the discovery of their illegalised position has even had a fatal effect; although the great majority survive the terrible disclosure, and thenceforth pass through life as blighted beings, who only desire to live because they cannot bear the thought of leaving their children to face the sneers of the world alone.

Be the consequences what they may, absence for seven years is quite a sufficiently valid excuse with many for re-marrying; and if within that time they have heard that the lost sheep was still wandering in the wilderness of this world, they ignore the information, and enter into a second alliance which might expose them to the pains and penalties incident to a conviction for bigamy. It ought never to be forgotten that absence alone is not sufficient to avoid the danger, if the erring one has been known to be alive within the stipulated time, and his death has not been known to have occurred subsequently.

The consequences of these void marriages to the offspring thereof may be more serious than the unpleasantness to which the parties themselves are subjected. One instance will suffice to illustrate this. A gentleman in the west of England, who was possessed of large estates, married a lady who was supposed to be a widow, her husband having left her many years before, and died—it was thought—abroad. After several years of married life, the second husband, as he was believed to be, died intestate, and soon afterwards the lady also died. Then the brother and heir-at-law came forward and claimed the estates; and his claim being resisted, on behalf of the children of the deceased, the marriage was proved to be void, by the production of the lady's husband, with whom the brother of his successor had been in communication for many years. The husband, it appeared, had in the first instance come back to England in order to claim his wife; but having been met with by the unprincipled heir, the latter persuaded him to make no sign, but to subsist upon a weekly allowance from him (the heir), in order that the supposed husband might go to his grave in the belief that he was the lawful husband of the mother of his children; for the brother knew that no will had been made, and feared that if his elder brother—then a hopeless invalid—knew of the invalidity of his marriage, he would make a will in favour of his children and their mother. This scheme was successful; the gentleman died without making a will, a neglect which is always foolish, and often wicked. The heir succeeded to his brother's estates, both real and personal, being the sole next of kin as well as heir-at-law; and the poor children were left utterly destitute.

Many similar cases have come to our knowledge; but it would be useless to repeat incidents so common and so sad. We can only strive to impress upon our readers that such things are happening around them through the means of a delusion which is believed in as implicitly as gospel truth by many thousands of our fellow-country men and women. The neglect to dispose of property by a will is a subject to which we intend to devote a future chapter; but we cannot close this without drawing attention to the irreparable mischief which was occasioned in the instance under notice by neglecting this simple duty.

SWEET GILLIAN.

A TALE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

Edward Trent, the most unpopular man in the little east-county village of Hingleton, swaggered up the street one bright morning in the month of April, in the year 1815. His brows were bent, his head was cast down, and he was slashing savagely in the air with his stick, so that the business he had on hand—and he was rarely seen abroad except on business—was evidently of an unpleasant nature. Not a bad-looking man at a casual glance was Edward Trent. He was tall, well built, hair and eyes dark; but a closer observation revealed that the eyes were furtive, and that the lips were thin and relentless. Unpopular he undoubtedly was. Firstly, because he was a lawyer, and rustics were as distrustful of lawyers at the beginning of this century as they are now. Secondly, because he was unsociable, overbearing, and, being town born and bred, regarded rustic folk and rustic institutions as beneath contempt. Thirdly and chiefly, because he was rumoured to be the future husband of Miss Ramsden of the Hall, known far and wide, from her gentle manner and winning ways, as Sweet Gillian. He appeared to notice

nothing as he hastened along the village street; but under his black brows he could see very well the scowling faces and the pointed fingers in the windows and doorways of the houses, and strode on, past the old gray church and its red parsonage; past the trim house of the doctor; past the almshouses, the pound, and the stocks, until he came to the *Gaskell Arms*, inn and posting-house, round the corner of which he struck into a pleasant path which crossed the tiny stream known by the villagers as 'the River,' and was in the open country.

Beautiful as the fields were in their fresh, bright garb of spring, they had no apparent attraction for the absorbed lawyer. He went on, crushing sweet flowers beneath his feet, scaring early butterflies from their resting-places on the blossom heads, and slashing relentlessly with his stick at any bit of colour which showed itself above the rest—straight towards the stately demesne of Hingleton Hall. The lodge-dame opened the gate to him as to a privileged person, but did not drop a courtesy; the gardeners at work knew that he was passing, but did not raise their heads. He who had never had a kind nod or a cheery word for any one, was not the sort of man to be made obeisance to, thought these sturdy toilers. He went on, under the avenue of tall elms, yet but sprinkled with young leaves, skirted the broad velvety lawn, and paused not to bestow a glance on the exquisite, typically English scene spread around him, until he arrived at the quaintly carved oak portal of the Hall, above which appeared in stone the arms of the famous old family of Gaskell of Hingleton.

The servant who admitted him ushered him without introduction into a snug little room, of which the sole occupant was a fresh-faced, gray-haired man of fifty, who was seated at a table strewn with papers, and who was John Ramsden, squire of Hingleton.

'Ha, Trent!' exclaimed the squire, rising and offering his visitor a broad, sunburnt hand. 'Punctual, as usual.'

'Yes; it's a professional virtue,' said the lawyer in a low, soft voice, which properly should have belonged to the most amiable of men. 'You sent for me?'

'Yes,' said the squire, returning to his chair and wheeling himself round so as to face his visitor. 'I sent for you because I felt that it was time some clear and definite conclusion should be arrived at between us.'

The relationship existing between the two men was sufficiently expressed by their respective manners. The big, burly, cross-country-looking squire of Hingleton was almost deprecating in his tone and manner of speech; the lawyer spoke boldly and confidently, although in a low, soft voice. The lion was evidently at the mercy of the mouse.

'I thought that was settled a long time ago,' said the lawyer.

'Yes; so I thought,' said the squire, hesitatingly; 'but—well, in short, there seem to be some little difficulties in the way.'

'How can there be difficulties?' asked Trent. 'It's all as clear as noonday. Look here. I got you this position of squire of Hingleton.'

'So you did; confound it!' muttered the squire.

'Confound it! why, "confound it?"' exclaimed the lawyer. 'It's been a precious good bargain for you, and a cheap one. You were poor and ambitious; now you're rich and independent, and the price you pay is to marry your daughter to me. Many hundred men would think themselves lucky to get such a bargain at such a price.'

'Yes, that sounds right enough,' said the squire, more firmly and determinedly; 'but I wish I'd never made this marvellous bargain, all the same. It was very mean, to begin with, to take advantage of poor old Gaskell's mental prostration, and get him to re-indite his will as he did.'

'Don't say mental prostration,' interposed Trent. 'When he made that will, giving Hingleton to you as his next of kin, he was as right as you and I are.'

'Well, at anyrate, he was almost heart-broken at the news that young Lionel was killed at Talavera,' said the squire; 'and when a man's heart's broken, his mind can't be over-strong. What I mean is, that he was taken advantage of. I don't blame any one more than myself. I was hungry after Hingleton, and ready to consent to anything you proposed. And, say what you like, it was mean, unmanly, un-English. And to crown all, I sell—yes, I sell you my daughter, because you bring me the certificate of Lionel Gaskell's death. Pah!'

The lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and raised his black eyebrows, muttering something about the end justifying the means, and asked: 'But surely, squire, the difficulty isn't one only of conscience? Men of the world can't afford to be bothered with too much conscience—at least lawyers can't.'

'Right for you,' said the squire quietly. 'It isn't one of conscience entirely. How would matters stand were Gillian to refuse you?'

The lawyer was apparently startled at the suggestion of this eventuality. 'Refuse me!' he exclaimed. 'Why, the thing's impossible! She's been taught, I believe, for the last five years that I'm to be her husband. She can't—she daren't refuse me!'

'Why dare she not?'

'Because she knows—that is to say, she ought to know, if you've kept your promise to me—that if she doesn't marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace you, by publishing the means by which you became squire of Hingleton,' replied Trent.

'One moment,' said the squire, placing his hand on the lawyer's knee. 'Don't you think that by such a move you would be tarring yourself with the same brush?'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Trent. 'I only negotiated the old gentleman's change of will; I only'——

'Who suggested the idea to me? Who obtained with extraordinary alacrity a certificate of the death of Lionel Gaskell, the rightful heir to the estate?' asked the squire.

'I did,' replied Trent. 'I've loved Gillian far longer than you think. She didn't care

for me. I knew that young Lionel had almost broken his father's heart with his excesses and extravagance, and finally with his running off and enlisting. I saw a chance. If I could do you a service, you would buy it. I named my price, and you accepted it. The youngster's dead—there can't be a doubt of it, or he'd have turned up before now.—But look here, squire; what makes you think that Gillian would refuse me? Has she any personal objection to me? Does she love any one else?'

'I don't think she loves any one else—no,' replied the squire evasively.

'Well, I'll find out for myself. Where is she?' asked Trent.

'In the garden, I believe.'

The lawyer, without another word, left the room, passed through the Hall, and out by an open door into the pleasant, formal, old-fashioned garden, a favourite haunt of Gillian's. He soon espied her, seated on a quaintly carved stone bench at some distance, deeply engrossed in a book: a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked girl, with curly brown hair. She heard his footsteps, and closing her book, rose and turned away. Trent, however, was not thus to be baffled by the caprice of a mere country girl; so, taking a short-cut, he presently confronted her.

'Good-morning, Miss Ramsden.'

'Good-morning, Mr Trent,' she replied, with the slightest possible inclination of the head.

'That must be an interesting work, to keep your eyes off the beauties of nature on this bright morning,' he continued.

She made no answer.

So he continued: 'Miss Ramsden, could you spare me a few moments?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you any feeling for me, Miss Ramsden?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; a most profound feeling.'

'That emboldens me'—— he began.

'I really don't think it should,' she interposed.

Trent, unheeding the interruption, went on: 'I am a lawyer; but I can't beat about the bush in matters which pertain to a very different court from that of justice.'

Gillian merely raised her eyebrows, as if puzzled by his ambiguous mode of speech.

'Do you know that you are beloved very dearly?' he continued.

'Yes; I believe my father'—— she began.

'No, no; I don't mean by your father,' said Trent warmly. 'Of course he loves you; it would be strange if he didn't; but some one else'——

Here Gillian, shutting her book, stopped short in her walk, and looking him straight in the face with her honest brown eyes, said: 'Mr Trent, you are going to tell me that you love me, and to ask me to be your wife. Please, spare yourself the trouble, for I have never loved you, and I never can. I want to tell you this as kindly and as gently as possible.'

For a moment the lawyer stood irresolute and silent. He was not crushed, for he had never expected any other answer from the girl, with whom every young squire in the neighbourhood was in love. But he said: 'Is that your final answer, Miss Ramsden?'

'Quite final.'

He stepped forward and caught her by the arm. 'Can't you unsay that, Miss Ramsden?'

'Mr Trent, I have answered you. If you really love me, you will take that answer, and release my arm.'

'I won't take the answer, and I won't let go your arm,' said the lawyer, with so marvellous a change of voice that a stranger might have been excused for doubting if it was the same person speaking as before. 'Look here!' he went on. 'If you refuse to marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace both you and your father.'

'Ruin and disgrace me—and papa!' repeated Gillian, amazed. 'What do you mean, Mr Trent?'

'What I say—every word of it.'

'Don't insult me, please, Mr Trent,' said the girl, struggling to be free. 'My father never was disgraced, and never can be. And now, let me go.'

She struggled hard; but the lawyer's grasp was firm, and only when his mocking laughter taunted her to greater efforts did she get loose, leaving a piece of her dress in his hand. Then she ran on, straight into the arms of a tall, soldierly man, whose bronzed face was furrowed with anger. 'Hillo!' he cried; 'what does this mean? Sweet Gillian and Lawyer Trent!—Why, man, what have you been doing?'

Edward Trent, so far from being abashed and confused, replied with perfect coolness: 'And pray, what is that to you, colonel?'

The old soldier made a step forward with uplifted cane. 'Why, you mean, petty, skulking attorney, how dare you make such an answer to me—to Colonel Adamthwaite of His Majesty's Service? I see this poor girl struggling to get away from you; I ask you what it means, and you tell me that it is no business of mine! Egad, man, I've a good mind to give you the soundest caning you ever had in your wretched career, and I daresay you've had several.'

'Yes,' said Trent quietly; 'and I made the performers pay for it.'

'O yes, of course, you're a lawyer; I forgot,' said the colonel. 'That, and that alone, prevents me from hiding you.' So saying, the colonel linked Gillian's arm with his own, and turned towards the Hall, leaving Edward Trent smiling, as if the interview had been of the pleasantest character possible, and saying softly to himself:

'All right, all right, my gray-haired veteran! All right, my haughty beauty! But it will be a strange thing if I'm not squire of Hingleton before long, nevertheless! What a neat little case it would have been, if he'd struck me.'

Colonel Adamthwaite and Gillian went straight to the Hall, the girl telling him, with the freedom of an old friend as they went, all that had taken place. The old soldier pushed into the squire's study, and without any preliminaries, launched out into characteristic invective against that 'rascally land-shark,' as he called Trent, and a denunciation in no measured terms of his conduct towards Gillian.

The squire listened without any remark or any token of astonishment. When the colonel paused, he rose, and said: 'John, we have been friends since boyhood. Don't say anything more

about this, because—because I wish Gillian to marry Edward Trent.'

The colonel uttered a forcible expression of amazement. Gillian uttered a cry, and sank upon the couch.

GLIMPSES IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THERE is at least one spot in this country in which I have always found the 'intelligent foreigner' respectfully disinclined to depreciate the surrounding evidences of our national good sense. I always like to accompany him thither and listen to his remarks. Underneath the Ionic portico of the noble building in Bloomsbury, through the entrance hall, past the watchful attendants, who exclude unauthorised intruders, through the swing-doors. Ah! The first sight of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not soon forgotten. How many thousand visitors from every part of the world must think so every year, when they stand on the threshold, just beneath the great dome—inferior in diameter by only two feet to the Pantheon of Rome—and catch sight of the eighty thousand volumes which line the walls, and suggest some idea of the space required to house the million and a half volumes stored in the library beyond.

There is much to be seen and much to be learnt in this centre of study and research. Authors and bookworms, compilers and scribblers, with students and observers from every quarter of the world, rub sleeves with each other in the studious silence beneath the dome. To my mind, there are few more interesting sights, and none calculated to leave a more vivid impression on the mind of the immense mental activity of the time. Consider that you are in the centre of one of the greatest collections of books which the world has seen; that you are in contact with an organisation which brings within your reach at a few minutes' notice any book of importance which the world produces. Then watch the attendants at the platform in the centre of the room as they hand out the books on every subject under the sun which have been applied for by the long lines of readers, representing every important nationality in the world, and you will admit that the scene is an impressive one.

The history of the library itself is the history of a remarkable revolution which has taken place within the last two or three generations. One hundred and thirty years ago it originated in the purchase of Montague House to store the Sloane collection of antiquities, books, manuscripts, &c. purchased by the nation. Soon after, the trustees of the collection set apart the first reading-room for the accommodation of such as they chose to admit to the privilege of inspecting their treasures. The resolution in which this step is recorded is interesting to read at this date. It is dated December 8, 1778, and by it the trustees ordered 'that the corner room in the base story be appropriated for the Reading-room, and that a proper wainscot table, covered with green bays in the same manner as those in the libraries, be prepared for the same, with twenty chairs of the same kind with those already provided for the several departments of the house.'

In those days and for long afterwards, the company was very select. But few were admitted, or indeed cared to be admitted, to the Reading-room; and the twenty chairs for long continued to be more than sufficient for the accommodation of the distinguished persons to whom alone the trustees awarded tickets of admission. The poet Gray, in a letter dated July 23, 1759, gives an amusing account of a visit to this Reading-room. He says: 'I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row, and though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement.' Describing his first visit and the company he met there, he says: 'We were —a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr Barton of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany or Dr Peacock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and only sold fourscore; that they have nine hundred pounds a year income, and spend thirteen hundred pounds, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in the winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.'

Things have greatly improved since Gray's time. The present Reading-room, finished in 1857, was the result of a happy idea of the late Mr Panizzi. For many years previous to that date, it had become evident that the accommodation provided for readers was altogether insufficient. Various plans for enlarging the building had been proposed from time to time; but principally on account of the large expense which they would all entail, nothing had come of any of them. At last it occurred to Mr Panizzi to propose that a circular building should be erected in the inner quadrangle of the Museum to serve as the Reading-room. This admirable suggestion was immediately accepted; and parliament being at length induced to grant the necessary funds, it resulted in the present Reading-room. It would be difficult to conceive a more noble structure so entirely suited to the purpose to which it is devoted. The building was completed in a few years at a cost of about one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and it has undergone little alteration since. The dome of the room is one hundred and forty feet in diameter, being one foot in excess of that of St Peter's at Rome. Of the eighty thousand volumes in the Reading-room, some twenty thousand are within immediate reach of the reader, and can be consulted at pleasure; they consist principally of the standard works in all the various branches of learning. For any other book in the library which the reader wishes to see, he has only to fill up a printed requisition form, taking the particulars from the catalogue of the library, and the book is brought to his seat in a few minutes by one of the attendants.

To my mind, by far the most interesting study in the Reading-room is the readers themselves.

Every one who writes much feels the need of being in or near a centre of books and information, such as London especially is; and there are few within the radius of London who write at all to whom the interior of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not familiar. Regard that studious-looking man in spectacles with the high cheek-bones and hair brushed back from his face. He is the most conspicuous member of his row, with his heap of manuscripts before him, and the floor and table around heaped with books. You fancy you have seen his face before somewhere. Very likely you have. That tall gentleman with his hat on, leaning against his table, and speaking to him with his hands in his pockets, is the head of one of the leading publishing houses in London. The chair opposite is occupied by a bilious-looking youth. He has a pile of manuscript before him too; but he is not adding to it; he is deep in the volumes before him. As he turns over his work, you notice a little collection of newspaper cuttings among his treasures. How self-confident he looks—even a little bit conceited, you think; but if you are an old *habitué*, you will not feel offended, for there may be a warm corner in your heart where you keep green the memory of a time when you felt somewhat like that yourself. Here at the end of the row is a swarthy visage underneath a fez cap, which is familiar to you. Where have you seen it before? Ah, yes—at Professor Brown's lectures on Roman Law. Its owner is, however, not engaged in the study of law at present; he is, like many of his compatriots who frequent the room, deep in familiar volumes in Telugu and Sanskrit. Here is a passing visitor, who has just looked in to consult some book of reference; and here is a humble follower of the law making copious notes from the law Reports which he has taken from the shelves beside him.

But all these are but the ordinary and scarcely interesting frequenters of the room. Here is a remarkable-looking old man, upon whom your eyes involuntarily linger. Every day for years he has elbowed his way to this seat. He is always here surrounded with his old volumes, all carefully marked in places, and kept for him from day to day. Poorly dressed, thin and worn he looks, his long damp wisps of hair straggling down his neck and over his shabby coat collar. What a face! one of those you do not forget; with the fine forehead, still handsome, despite the furrows in the pinched cheeks. The features might suggest those of George Eliot's Bardo de' Bardi. Watch the long thin fingers glide through the sheets of neatly written manuscript, some newly finished, but most of it yellow and faded. What is it all about? you wonder. He is going away now. He draws on his thin overcoat, carefully wraps his heap of papers with a brown sheet, and glides softly out, with his head bent, and the precious bundle under his arm. He is but one of many such which haunt the room. As you look after him, you begin to realise what such a figure might become under Dickens's wonderful hand; and it is with an effort that you check your fancy as it accompanies the old man on his lonely way down the main street, aside from the stream of humanity, up some dark staircase, to his cobwebbed den, where he toils on in the belief that the rude, proud world, which has passed him by and forgotten him, will one day stop to listen to him.

How different is the vocation of many of the readers. Here is a youth taking notes from Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, who was a moment ago engaged on Herodotus and a classical atlas. He is only cramming for the London University examinations. Here is a dusky native pastor from Jamaica writing the history of his country amid the London fogs, and it will be all the better for that; and here is a student from Japan deep in the literature of the East, which he has unearthed in this treasure-house of the West.

There are pretty faces here too. How sweet those pouting lips and rosy cheeks look among the dusty tomes. How bewitching does yon fair worker look amid her papers and books. You cannot help reading the titles as you pass: Holden's *Anatomy*. Ugh! Why is it that when young ladies who have brains chance to be pretty, they are usually doctors or professors? and yet another question: why is it that the plain-looking spinsters who take possession of the row 'for ladies only,' are so unsociable to all the owners of pretty faces?

I like to watch certain books and study the persons who use them. A little while ago I was standing near the entrance as two foreigners came towards me. One of them at least was evidently a German; he might have been a professor from his appearance; and the smooth-faced youth who accompanied him looked like a pupil. He was evidently pointing out to the younger man the principal features of interest in the room. As they passed me, my interest was excited by overhearing the remark in English: 'Now we will see where the English keep their national copy of the greatest book of the century.' I followed the strangers with my eyes as they went round the room past shelf after shelf until they stood still in front of the section devoted to philosophy and science. Then my curiosity got the better of me, and I followed them, determined to see what in the opinion of the German was the great book of the age. He was taking out the end volume in the fifth row from the top. I saw them look at it thoughtfully, and turn over the leaves without reading; then they put it respectfully back in its place. When they had gone, I drew the little volume from its resting-place, where it seemed lost in the immensity around. It was Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I took the book to my seat, for the remark of the German had given a new interest to its familiar pages. As I turned over the well-thumbed leaves of 'the national copy,' stained and worn by many fingers, there were many thoughts in my mind; and as I took it back to its place, I was thinking that if I were a poet, I might indeed choose many a meaner theme for inspiration than that same small item of the great national collection.

How the books accumulate here! The Museum is one of the five libraries in the kingdom to each of which is secured by law a copy of every publication the copyright of which is registered at Stationers' Hall; the other libraries being the Bodleian at Oxford, the public library at Cambridge, the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin. Authors and publishers often feel it a hardship to be compelled to present copies of their books to some or all of the other

libraries; but rarely do they grudge the copy which goes to the great national library. For the year 1883, the number of accessions to the library obtained in this way was ten thousand six hundred and twelve volumes, besides many parts of volumes, pamphlets, music, maps, &c. But this represents but a small proportion of the yearly additions to the library. For the same year there were presented, two thousand six hundred and ninety-two volumes; and purchased, twenty thousand three hundred and fifty volumes, these latter being principally publications in foreign countries. The gross total of additions of all sorts for the year was ninety-four thousand three hundred and six. Some idea of the extent of the library may be gained from the size of the general catalogue, consisting of over two thousand volumes, most of which are still in manuscript, although a beginning was made in 1881 with the labour of printing it. The amalgamation of the several catalogues from which it is compiled has taken years to complete. About a fifth of the task was finished when the present Reading-room was built, and now, nearly thirty years after, the work is only on the eve of being completed.

There are seats in the room for three hundred and sixty readers; but the number of persons who frequent the library continues to increase every year, and already on many days it is hard to find a vacant seat. In the year 1883, the number of books delivered for the use of readers—irrespective of those consulted at pleasure from the shelves of the Reading-room—was four hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of readers was one hundred and fifty-two thousand nine hundred and eighty-three.

There are few items in the national expenditure which can be regarded with such warm satisfaction as that for the support of the British Museum library. It is silently doing a great national work. It throws open its doors and its treasures to every comer; and the number of busy workers which it attracts, shows how keenly the privilege is appreciated. The gain to the nation must be correspondingly large.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THEY were talking of brotherhoods the other day at Lloyd Fenton's, and extolling the good deeds done by them, especially by that fraternity called in Italy the 'Misericordia.' Each one had some experience to relate—a tale of benevolence or courage—but I sat silent. At length Fenton asked me a direct question: 'Why do you say nothing, Cuthbert? You have been in Italy so long, you must have heard much of the brethren.'

'I have heard something of them,' was my answer, 'and indeed have had an experience of treatment at the hands of one of them; but as it is directly at odds with all of yours, it seems a pity I should mention it.'

'O no'—'Tell us'—'You must'—'We want a shadow to all this light,' was the chorus raised immediately. And this is what I told them.

Five years ago I was poor enough, and was thankful to take what work came to hand; so, when my rich cousin, John Harper, sent me to Florence to copy pictures for his great house at Eastmere, I gratefully accepted the munificent offer he made me, started off at once for Florence, and set up my easel in the 'city of flowers' early in October. By February I felt as if I had lived there for years, and had made acquaintance with nearly all its pictures, palaces, and churches. After making copies of some well-known works—'Madonna,' by Raphael; 'Madonna and Two Saints,' by Andrea del Sarto; 'Pietà,' by Fra Lippi—I thought I would change my ideas by having a face that was not a saintly one to gaze at; so I betook myself to the Sala di Venus in the Pitti Palace, and took up my brushes in front of the 'Bella Donna' of Titian. As the face and form grew under my pencil, I could not but learn from the favourable remarks continually made upon it in my hearing, that I had succeeded somewhat better than usual in transferring a portion of the beauty of the original to my canvas. The picture was all but finished, and I was one day adding a stroke here and there to the gold embroidery of the dress, when I heard the steps of two gentlemen pause behind me, and one of them exclaimed: 'Per Bacco, non c'è male!' He began to talk about my work; soon learned that I was English, and intending to go homewards shortly; and before our interview was over, he asked me to copy for him a picture in his gallery, the original of which he wished to part with. He was good enough to say that he had been seeking some one who would catch the intention of the painter sufficiently well to supply the copy he wanted; and he thought I might be able to render the meaning of the original without supplementing it by fancies of my own. He let me fix my own time for work, so I arranged to begin early in the following week. With the usual formal salutations, we parted; and on looking at the card left by my new patron, I found him to be the 'Principe Gherado Schidone,' of whose small but exquisite collection of pictures I knew well the reputation.

On presenting myself at the Palazzo, I was shown into the library. The tall man in livery who opened the massive door moved so quietly across the thickly carpeted floor that the Prince did not hear his approach, and I had time to take note of the apartment and its inhabitant before he was informed of my presence. He was writing, and I observed his high narrow forehead and projecting chin almost unconsciously. His eyes were dark, and rather hard, the nose and mouth beautifully formed. When he raised his head and a friendly smile brightened his face, the Prince was decidedly a handsome man. He was about thirty; and I had heard of him as being extremely clever, somewhat of a *dévôt*, and unquestionably poor. After a few minutes' chat, he proposed to conduct me to the gallery, whither he said my painting-things would have been already taken. We walked down a corridor hung with tapestry, and scantily furnished with ancient seats, dower chests, and antique vases, after the manner of such places; and turning sharply to the right, ascended a marble staircase, from the landing at the top of which a door on the left admitted us to the picture-gallery. The rooms I had already seen were

rather shabby, and looked as if a good round sum might be expended on their re-decoration with advantage; but the two apartments which contained the collection of paintings were in excellent preservation. The decorations of wall and ceiling were fresh and bright; the polished floor was covered in the centre with a thick carpet; huge logs flamed on the hearth; and the place had the cheerful air of being cared for, which in my experience was not usual in the Palazzi of Florence.

The Prince allowed me to look at the masterpieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor, and then paused before a striking picture—the one of which he told me he desired the most faithful copy in my power to produce. He further added that the subject of the portrait was an ancestress of his, and that it was by Morone, that prince amongst portrait-painters.

My admiration of the work seemed to make Prince Gherado think he should account for parting with it; and with something of a frown on his handsome face, he said: 'The lady was a Bandinelli; and her family having long wished for the portrait, I have at length decided they shall possess it.'

I bowed, and was soon left alone. Placing my easel in the most favourable position, I studied the portrait attentively for a good half-hour, and came to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned me. The picture represented a girl of about twenty, and was entitled simply 'Amaranthe.' It was of three-quarter length; and the lady's appearance fascinated me at first sight; but her charm became less the more the features were studied. She wore a dress of dark amethyst velvet, with curious gold ornaments. About the throat and wrists there was some lovely lace, and she carried a fan of feathers in her hand. The face was of a delicate paleness, and beautifully formed; the mouth rather large, and with firm, clearly-cut lips. A well-modelled nose and marked eyebrows gave it character. The forehead was broad and low; the eyes of an exquisite gray, with lashes so dark and long they seemed to give a violet shade to the pupils. And most noticeable of all was the magnificent wealth of golden hair, which hung down without band or ribbon, being loosely plaited from the shoulders. As I studied the picture, I came to believe that the lady had been one who would be more admired than beloved, and who would be a cold friend and a remorseless foe. I may have wronged 'Amaranthe;' but the portrait had all the life-like charm that the best pictures by Morone possess, and I believe revealed her character.

Prince Gherado took great interest in my work, coming often to watch its progress, and giving me hints which showed him to have a great knowledge of the technical part of the artist's profession. He used to come at all times, and never twice together entered by the same door, till at length I had an uncomfortable idea that he watched me, and that these unexpected appearances were to test my industry. He was, however, always extremely polite, and expressed nothing but satisfaction with my work.

One morning I chanced to be earlier than usual at the palace, and found the windows had not been uncovered. The servant who followed me went to one of them, and I to the other, and when the heavy blind was raised, I remained a few moments looking out. The window was rather high in the wall, and standing on the floor, one could not see into the garden below. I knelt on the broad window-seat, and from my elevation looked down into the inclosure, gay with flowers, and with a fountain splashing in the centre. Facing me was a wall, then another garden, and a long low range of white buildings. As I watched, a door in the centre of these opened, and out trooped a bevy of nuns. They looked like merry school-girls as they frisked round and round the garden-walks. Their dress of black and white was oddly finished off by an enormous flapping straw hat, tied down with black ribbon, completely concealing the face, and as unlike as possible to the head-gear of any order of nuns when seen outside their dwelling.

'What convent is that?' I inquired.

'It belongs to the order of St. Caterina,' was the man's answer; and as he passed me to leave the room, he said in a subdued voice: 'It was from there that the Princess came.'

The Princess! I had not heard of her, and I found myself once or twice wondering what manner of lady she was.

That afternoon, as I was working away at the hair of Amaranthe, the door on my right opened, and the rustling of a dress betokened the presence of a visitor. I rose from my seat as the Prince entered with a lady, from whose face I could not withdraw my eyes, so strangely did she resemble the portrait I was copying. How well I knew the features! But the face of the living Amaranthe bore only a sweet, amused expression as she said: 'See Gherado; the Signor is struck with the likeness!' and advancing to me, she continued with a merry laugh: 'That Amaranthe Bandinelli was my ancestress. Are we not alike?'

I stammered some reply, but the words did not come quickly. To sit for days in front of a canvas copying the lineaments depicted thereon till you know every curve and line, and then to find beside you the picture come to life!—without a word of warning—this was so strange an experience that it took away my self-possession for the moment.

The Princess was about to tell me more, and began, saying: 'That Amaranthe was not a'——when the Prince interfered, saying: '*Basta!* you must not interrupt the Signor.—Do you like his work? Look at it.'

His voice was harsh, peremptory; and the young wife's face changed; a hard look came into it, and the likeness to the picture was intensified. She spoke no word, but gazed fixedly on my work for a few moments; then, with a stately step, crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, and disappeared. The Prince followed, and I was again alone.

My work was progressing well; and in the bright spring afternoons I began to leave it, and go to the Cascine to watch the crowds driving up and down—the Russians with their low carriages, spirited horses, with scarcely any harness, and fur-caped coachmen; the eccentric American with his team of fourteen ill-matched

steeds; the sober English, heavy Germans, and brilliant Italians, all driving or riding according to their various nationalities and in their special fashions. I sometimes saw Prince Schidone and his lovely wife; they were invariably alone; and the carriage was never drawn up at the side of the avenue with a crowd of loungers encircling it, as was the case with the other vehicles. One of my Italian friends, Luigi Savelli, told me the Prince was jealous, and that he allowed his wife no liberty, adding, that she had run away from her convent to marry him. I remembered the footman's words, and began to believe the statement, notwithstanding my knowledge of the watchful care with which the Church guards her children.

When I thought my work nearly done, Prince Gherado became fastidious about the dress, and objected to the colour of the fan and my treatment of the lace. It seemed as if he did not wish the picture finished. I began to weary of the alterations; and after repainting the portions twice, told him I did not consider the work improved, and that I must decline more changes.

I went one morning early to try for the last time at the lace, when, on taking up my palette, I noticed on it a large patch of green paint, which I certainly had not left there, and on it, traced in black letters, were the English words: 'Help me. Stay till six.—A.'

This was strange. It savoured of an adventure. Who was 'A.?' What did he or she want? Could it be the Princess? Her name perhaps was Amaranthe. I would certainly stay till six. Before that hour the door close to my right hand opened; the rustle of a dress again heralded the entrance of the Princess. I had a large open tin box by my side, and as the lady was passing it, she dropped her fan; it fell behind her, and the Prince stooped to pick it up. At that instant a tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box; and I perceiving it, closed the lid as I rose to salute my visitors. The Princess spoke no word to me, but made some rapid and not favourable criticisms on my work in Italian. I spoke to the Prince in the same language, as I feared his wife might not know I understood her remarks, which were not of the most polite description. She did not appear to heed this, in fact continued her strictures, the gist of which I found to be her displeasure with the hair; she thought it required much more careful finish. I reminded the Prince that I must leave for England in a fortnight; therefore, my work at the picture must soon cease, and that I did not think I could improve it. He was quite satisfied, and told his wife that when it hung in the place of the original she would confess it was well done.

I did not dare to read the note till I arrived at my rooms; but once there, I speedily made myself master of its contents. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:

I trust you, for your face is good and kind, and you are English. I am a most unhappy woman, a prisoner and a slave. I *must* return to the convent. There I shall be able to communicate with my uncle, Cardinal Bandinelli. Here, I can never speak to him of my wrongs, I am so watched. Will you help me? If so, write 'Yes' on your palette, and I will tell you what to do.—A.

This was startling certainly. I pondered on the request, and was greatly disturbed. Why should I, peaceable Cuthbert Ainsley, mix myself up with the family troubles of an Italian household? Then, on the other hand, the lady might really be unhappy—ill-treated even; and at all events it did not seem very wrong of her to wish for free speech of her uncle, or even to go back to the convent for a time. I knew Cardinal Bandinelli well by sight and name; he was said to be a most amiable prelate, and he looked gentleness personified. Perhaps Amaranthe only wanted me to take him a letter. Anyhow, the love of adventure, the idea of succouring beauty in distress, combined to determine me to accede to the lady's request; and before leaving the Palazzo next day, I traced in small black letters on a red patch the word 'Yes,' which would not be noticed unless sought for, as it looked like idle touches of the brush.

The following day, on uncovering my canvas, I found pinned round the edge a little slip of paper, on which was written: 'Thank you. The day before you go, leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long, with a strong hook attached. Send by a safe hand the note you will find addressed to my uncle.'

I hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had I done so, when the door on my left opened and admitted the Prince. He was pleasant, as usual. I trusted he perceived no confusion in my manner. He crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, which faced one on my right hand, and went out. There was a quaint old-fashioned mirror hung rather high, which tipped slightly forward, and in which I could see the reflection of the wall behind me with its two doors. A few minutes after the Prince left, I bent to take something from my box, and as I raised my head, I saw in the glass above me the reflection of his face gazing fixedly at me through the open door, with so intense, wicked, and cruel an expression, that the features seemed transformed! I turned sharply; but he was gone.

TWO ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM AN OLD NOTE-BOOK.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, nearly one hundred years ago, the lieutenant-general of the police of Paris had upon his register the names of no fewer than two thousand suspected and depraved characters, whose pursuits were known to be of a criminal nature; yet by making the department of police the immediate object of the close and uniform attention of one branch of the executive government, crimes were much less frequent than in England, and the security extended to the public with regard to the protection of life and property against lawless depredation was infinitely greater. The following narratives were authenticated by an English magistrate at the time; and a record of them, written at the commencement of this century, is now in the possession of the present writer.

A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit Paris upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of the French metropolis, a genteel-looking man opened the door of the carriage and addressed him to this effect: 'Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine.'

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what M. de Sartine wanted with him, adding that he had never committed any offence against the laws, and that the police could have no right to detain him. The messenger declared himself ignorant of the cause of the detention, and said that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartine, he should have executed his orders. After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the police official.

M. de Sartine received him with great politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, to his astonishment described his portmanteau, and told him the exact amount in bills and cash which he had brought with him to Paris, where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which he had conceived were known only to himself. Having thus excited his attention, M. de Sartine asked him: 'Sir, are you a man of courage?'

The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of this interrogatory, demanded the reason why such a question was put, adding that no man had ever doubted his courage.

M. de Sartine replied: 'Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night. If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour. But be careful not to fall asleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed, or into the closet which is in your chamber. You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and betray no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure some one who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead.'

The merchant being convinced that M. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, refused to be personated, and resolved to follow literally the directions he had received. He accordingly drove to the hotel, and went to bed at his usual hour, eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve—the time mentioned by M. de Sartine—the door of his bedchamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark-lantern, daggers, and pistols. The merchant perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. Hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be supposed he was under great perturbation of mind during such an interval of suspense. When at the moment the villains were preparing to take the merchant's life, four police officers, who were concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out, and seized the offenders with the property in their possession. The consequence was that the perpetration of the murder was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartine's intelligence thus enabled him to prevent many cases of murder and robbery.

The second story is as follows. The Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., having in the year 1787 formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil affairs, and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of M. de Sartine's police having been found superior to his own, notwithstanding the pains he had bestowed on that department of his government. A notorious Austrian offender, who had committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation in Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by His Majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice. M. de Sartine acknowledged to the imperial ambassador that the person he inquired after had been in Paris; that, if he wished it, he would inform him where he lodged, and the different gaming-tables and other places of resort which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambassador insisted that this offender must still be in Paris, otherwise the emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application.

M. de Sartine smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and replied to the following effect: 'Do me the honour, sir, to inform the emperor your master that the person he looks for left Paris about the 10th of last month, and is now lodged in a back-room, looking into a garden, in the third story of a house, No. 93 in —— Street, in his own capital of Vienna; where His Majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him.'

It was literally as the French minister had stated. The emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the superiority of the French police.

A SONNET.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—
The large design, from which each trifling dole
But goes to make the long much-wished-for goal:
So do we seek to penetrate the doom
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece.
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completeness: here but God's eyes see
What death shall show us when our life shall cease.

J. E. Panton.

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CELTIC SUPERSTITION.

Despite the existence of a Society for the collection of well-authenticated ghost-stories, dreams, omens, and such like, it is little better than a commonplace to remark that the age of superstition is for Europe well-nigh past. Doubtless, in remote nooks there yet linger fragments of eerie tradition; the fortune-teller yet meets with a credulous maid, or an isolated instance of revenge for supposed bewitchment or effects of the evil-eye may be recorded; but the educated mass of the people simply smile at or bewail such antiquated belief. No phantom dare remain to alarm and perplex the era of electricity. It is with races and nations as with man in the particular: in their early childhood there is a wondering awe of nature and her forces; the wind and the sea, the river and the waterfall, are either superior beings to be reverenced and worshipped in themselves, or they are the haunts of spirits and of gods. As for the children, of certain races, there exist fairies and gnomes; the world is inhabited by numberless denizens other than mortal; everything is regarded with strange amazement. These beliefs are doubtless affected by the surroundings and nature of the people. The character and the superstitions of the Saxons, for example, harmonise thoroughly; a savage, warlike race, mighty and pure, the product of the stern North. And so in the ancient legends we are told how, in the beginning, all sprang from two regions—Niflheim, the frozen, and Muspell, the burning. Into the chaotic chasm the giant Ymir, the frozen Ocean, is born; his children the whirlwinds and the barren mountains are the foes of the life-giving Sun. He is slain, and the earth is formed from his flesh. Then succeeds war between 'the monsters of winter and the luminous fertile gods.' It is all a personification of the tremendous struggle of man in those dreary northern regions against the elements. There follows a time of fairy tales, the time when deeds of heroic romance are performed, when such legends as the Arthurian and Fingalian have their birth, and 'all the land is fillèd full of faerie.'

These particular legends are the vague and dim expression of some mysterious conflict, at the origin of which and of the combatants we can but guess. But for the British people, the wonderland of childhood has long been left behind; spirits no longer haunt the streams and the meres; the dryads were banished centuries ago from their forest homes in the sunny south; the fairies fled at the sound of the steam-whistle; the pixies of Cornwall died with the old speech. Only in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, and in the forlorn isles set 'far amid the melancholy main,' does a general acceptance of belief in the unseen appear at all possible.

It is a truism that the race which is brought into most direct contact with the mighty agencies of nature is more superstitious than that which inhabits a fertile and populous region. The least imaginative dweller in a great city probably feels something akin to awe in the solitude of the mountains or out on the vast ocean by night, with the dome of the throbbing sky above, and the heaving and tumbling waters beneath. Or passing through the pine-woods of Culloden in the gathering gloom, he might find come upon him with strange vividness and force the old Celtic belief—the belief which Ossian chanted in his lonely despair—that the souls of the heroes are abroad on the breeze that murmurs in the gloaming athwart the field where they fell. And so it is that fisher-folk and Highlanders were ever the most superstitious of human beings. Now that the phantoms are fleeing before the standards of the School Board, it is in those parts of the Highlands furthest removed from contact with the new order of things that the richest field lies open for inquiring into old-world legends and credulities. Those lonely isles amid which the tourist sails during his summer voyage on the western coast of Scotland are inhabited by a race as far apart from

his own as twilight is from the glare of noonday. Familiarity with nature in her wildest moods never breeds contempt. Something of the desolation of the isles has entered into the islanders. There broods a silence there that is at first awful, broken only by the scream of the seabird. The sadness that envelops them like the mist on the hills is reflected in the pathos of the songs, such as that of *Macleod of Dunvegan!* or in laments like that of M'Crimmin; it is present in the faces of the natives. The maidens croon ballads as old as Ossian, and as pathetic as his story. The tales that are told in the bothies around the peat-fires are of lights dancing on the waves where the boat is to go down; of shrouds appearing in the moonlight; of second-sight; of fairies and ghostly pipings; of water-snakes and kelpies. 'The dreamy grief of the gray sea' has entered into their nature. Yet the Celt fears death less than most. He has thought so much of it, that it has lost its terrors for him. It is a common salutation to wish one a decorous and peaceful departure, instead of the good health which in the Lowlands and the south country is the expression of courteous interest.

A tale of the supernatural loses or gains by its surroundings. That which is regarded as a jest in a brilliantly lit London drawing-room, becomes something very different when recapitulated in a thatched cottage by one for whom every word of the narration is as true as his New Testament. The glow from the peat-fire in the middle of the floor only serves to make the shadows lurk more duskily in the corners; the winds are raging without; a drop of rain is blown now and again upon the window. Nature wears her most awe-inspiring aspect in the Hebridean Isles. The mists drift in strange shapes along the hillsides, rifting and gathering capriciously, now revealing a yawning chasm, now hiding the torrent that roars from the linn. Mile upon mile of dreary moorland stretches away, untrodden by human foot, or without trace of human presence, save where a cairn tells of 'far-off old unhappy things and battles long ago.' The seas are as awe-inspiring as the isles. Between the islands of Scarba and Jura, boils and roars the Atlantic maelstrom—the whirlpool of Corryvreckin. Many a gruesome legend hangs over it, dating from the day when the Scandinavian Prince wagered to sail across, and was whirled round and round, then went down into the depths. Can there be any cause for astonishment at the superstition of the Gael? 'The Celt is the most melancholy of men; he has turned everything to supernatural uses, and every object of nature, even the unreasoning dreams of sleep, are mirrors which flash back death upon him. He, the least of all men requires the reminder that he is mortal. The howling of his dog will do him that service.' So wrote one who studied long and lovingly the Celtic character, and to whom the Isle of Mist was very dear.

The melancholy and superstition of the Celtic race may be due in part to the unsuccessful struggle which it has maintained against the advance of a slowly but surely conquering power. Speech, custom, the race itself is being slowly overcome; soon in its separate and distinct form it will have passed for ever. But incorporated with the other elements which go to make up the British people, its influence, ennobling and refining, will last with the English.

There is a similarity in the superstitions of all times and countries. The legend of Fraoch Eilan in Loch Awe, of the golden apples guarded by a dragon, is but the story of the fair Hesperides over again. It is curious also to note that the powers ascribed by Adamnan to St Columba, in his biography of the missionary of Iona, coincide with those attributed to witches, seers, and other intermediaries between the visible and the invisible in the Highlands. The Gaelic woman who divines the success of a mission by the direction which the smoke takes in issuing from the chimney of her cottage, is simply following the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The custom of opening the Bible at random to guide one in an enterprise or deliberation is but a repetition of the *sortes Virgilianæ*.

Gael and Cymri alike had intercourse with the fairies, whom they called by any other name than their own; hence the designation of 'the men of peace,' 'the hunters in green,' 'the good people,' &c. The fairies of the Highlands were not by any means the fairies of Shakspeare. There is little affinity with the revellers in the wood near Athens on midsummer night. Rather they were represented as a discontented and fretful folk, easily offended, delighted when opportunity afforded to annoy mortals, whom they seem to regard with envy and hate. On Friday, the Celt's aversion to naming them was increased tenfold, for on that day their powers are greatly augmented. To wear their favourite colour, green, was an unpardonable insult. Rites of a complex nature were gone through to protect the unbaptised infant and its mother from their clutches. Even as True Thomas of Ercildoune was spirited away to fairyland, so Ossian falling asleep on a *shian* (green fairy knoll) is kept a prisoner there for twenty years. One of our oldest ballads—as it chances, a Lowland production—tells of the rescue of Tamlane from his fairy captors. A certain minister of Balquhidder was less fortunate, for, if legend is to be credited, he remains still in the halls of his enemies, notwithstanding that an opportunity for obtaining his release was presented. Did space permit, hundreds of similar tales might be recounted. The flag of wondrous virtue which is kept in the castle of Dunvegan on the coast of Skye was given to Macleod by the fairy whom he courted on the green braes by the sea, and whose story is similar to that of the mermaid, whom, on moonlight nights, the sailors still hear crooning sad laments on Colonsay. A Gaelic poem, one of many on kindred themes, tells how a maiden—a milkmaid—met in secret with the Hunter in Green. But on going to confession on the eve of St Agnes, she revealed her love, and received from her ghostly adviser instructions to slip under her lover's vest a cross that St Columba had blessed. She did so; and lo! instead of the Hunter in

Green, there was only 'a brown withered twig, so elf-twisted and dry.'

The urisks were a sort of intermediary race between spirits and mortals, and acted the part ascribed to the brownies of England and of Lowland Scotland. If kindly treated, they might render service to the family to which they had joined themselves. Often the guidwife found her kitchen put to rights, and the fire blazing cheerily when she awoke. But unkindness drove them away at once. A tale is told of an urisk whose customary bowl of milk was one morning forgotten, and who fled with a wild shriek never to return.

The urisks are not to be confounded with the ghostly retainers who guard the fortunes of many an old Scottish family. The phantom drummer of the Bonnie House o' Airlie, beating his blood-curdling roll, is well known. Like old castles and mansions everywhere, those of the north countrie are mostly haunted. A spirit lingers in deserted Duntulm, for instance. The M'Donalds dwelt there till the ghost of Donald Gorm drove them out. While yet his body lay in Edinburgh, his ghost wandered through Duntulm. Unearthly voices re-echoed along the passages, shadowy tartans waved, there were heard wailing and moaning. A rash youth dared to 'beard the lion in his den' with the aid of sword and Bible; but in vain, and so the eerie ruin crumbles away. The Highlanders are indeed constantly receiving messages from the unseen. Thus, it has been revealed to them that another conflict will be fought on dark Drummossie Moor; for often, while crossing it in the gloaming of a summer evening, has the Gael found himself in the midst of the smoke of battle. He has seen the tartans waving, he has seen the broadswords flashing, and though he cannot explain the reason, he still believes that his vision is prophetic.

But a hundred little incidents which by others would pass unheeded are for him fraught with the most solemn meaning. The cock which crows at midnight conveys the intelligence of a death in the neighbourhood. Itching of the nose or ringing in the ears bears the same message. If his cattle die, the evil-eye has gazed upon them. The boat that drifts empty out to sea has been pushed from its moorings by the fairies. Deeply confident in these beliefs is the Gael.

More even than in the Highlands of Scotland, is the influence of the age felt in Wales. 'They're changing everything nowadays, aren't they, sir?' was the remark addressed to the writer by an old Welsh woman in the oldest of churchyards in the oldest and quaintest of walled cities. The nineteenth and the thirteenth centuries come very close together in Conway. The train dashing out through the tube and under the walls of the castle is the spirit of utilitarianism; the mouldering towers and battlements of the mighty castle of Edward I. and Eleanor his queen embody the ancient chivalry. The sound of the old woman's words rings on like the voice of a passing bell; and as it tolls, lo! the stately dames and gallant knights pass out through the arched gateways into the mist, and return never more; the castle waxes old and crumbles; the navvy comes with his pick and undermines it; snorting fire, a shrieking monster dashes up—as he comes, all the old beliefs, all the simple manners and customs, fly disgusted into the mountains, there to linger.

But among the hills there are wondrous legends floating about: the nineteenth century has receded into the dim vagueness of a dream. Merlin chanting his incantations; Llywarch Hen singing sad dirges for Gwenn; Taliesin, the chief of bards: these are nearer you there. In the Cardigan mines, the knockers are still heard, indicating where a rich lode may be expected. It is yet believed that if you cut a turf from St David's and stand upon it, you will see the Islands of the Blessed. The stones of Helog-ab-Cunog have their weird story; many a cottage in the lonely uplands is haunted. Witches were consulted and believed in so lately as 1826. The Cymri of Wales have their giant too, the good Foulkes Ty Du, who is always helping them. When evil, on the other hand, is about to overtake them, the Tybiath (=German *Ahnung*) or presentiment forebodes it. No singer can be a true bard unless the divine *Awen* has descended upon him. Cader Idris is famous for its inspiring influence. Legend has it that to sleep upon its summit makes a man a poet or a madman.

We cannot better conclude than in the words of one of Mary Howitt's Welsh heroines: 'I believe that there are two great realms in nature, the outward and the inward, the one being as real as the other. Science can and does penetrate the one, the outward, and will in time lay bare all its mysteries; but at present—whatever science or even intellect may do in time to come—they now lead away from and are antagonistic to the inward, which is the realm of spiritual life. We Welsh people, like all primitive and simple nations, as yet retain our hold upon the realm of spirit; it has not quite gone from us yet, and there are many living amongst us to whom more or less of the inward, the spiritual, is revealed.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FRANCES had not succeeded in resolving this question in her mind when Thursday came. The two intervening days had been very quiet. She had gone with her mother to several shops, and had stood by almost passive and much astonished while a multitude of little luxuries which she had never been sufficiently enlightened even to wish for, were bought for her. She was so little accustomed to lavish expenditure, that it was almost with a sense of wrong-doing that she contemplated all these costly trifles, which were for the use not of some typical fine lady, but of herself, Frances, who had never thought it possible she could ever be classed under that title. To Lady Markham, these delicacies were evidently necessaries of life. And then it was for the first time that Frances learned what an evening dress meant—not only the garment itself, but the shoes, the stockings, the gloves, the ribbons, the fan, a hundred little accessories which she had never so much as thought of. When you have nothing but a set of coral or amber beads to wear with your white frock, it is astonishing how much that matter is simplified. Lady Markham opened her jewel-boxes to provide for the same endless

roll of necessities. 'This will go with the white dress, and this with the pink,' she said, thus revealing to Frances another delicacy of accord unsuspected by her simplicity.

'But, mamma, you are giving me so many things!'

'Not your share yet,' said Lady Markham. And she added: 'But don't say anything of this to your aunt Cavendish. She will probably give you something out of her hoards, if she thinks you are not provided.'

This speech checked the pleasure and gratitude of Frances. She stopped with a little gasp in her eager thanks. She wanted nothing from her aunt Cavendish, she said to herself with indignation, nor from her mother either. If they would but let her keep her ignorance, her pleasure in any simple gift, and not represent her, even to herself, as a little schemer, trying how much she could get. Frances cried rather than smiled over her pearls and the set of old gold ornaments, which but for that little speech would have made her happy. The suggestion put gall into everything, and made the timid question in her mind as to Lady Markham's generous forbearance with her sister-in-law, more difficult than ever. Why did she bear it? She ought not to have borne it—not for a day.

On the Wednesday evening before the visit to Portland Place, to which she looked with so much alarm, two gentlemen came to dinner at the invitation of Markham. The idea of two gentlemen to dinner produced no exciting effect upon Frances so as to withdraw her mind from the trial that was coming. Gentlemen were the only portion of the creation with which she was more or less acquainted. Even in the old Palazzo, a guest of this description had been occasionally received, and had sat discussing some point of antiquarian lore or something about the old books at Colla, with her father without taking any notice, beyond what civility demanded, of the little girl who sat at the head of the table. She did not doubt it would be the same thing to-night; and though Markham was always *nice*, never leaving her out, never letting the conversation drop altogether into that stream of personality or allusion which makes Society so intolerable to a stranger, she yet prepared for the evening with the feeling that dullness awaited her, and not pleasure. One of the guests, however, was of a kind which Frances did not expect. He was young, very young in appearance, rather small and delicate, but at the same time refined, with a look of gentle melancholy upon a countenance which was almost beautiful, with child-like limpid eyes, and features of extreme delicacy and purity. This was something quite unlike the elderly antiquarians who talked so glibly to her father about Roman remains or Etruscan art. He sat between Lady Markham and herself, and spoke in gentle tones, with a soft affectionate manner, to her mother, who replied with the kindness, easy affectionateness, which were habitual to her. To see the sweet looks which this young gentleman received, and to hear the tender questions about his health and his occupations which Lady Markham put to him, awoke in the mind of Frances another doubt of the same character as those from which she had not been able to get free. Was this sympathetic tone, this air of tender interest, put on at will for the benefit of everybody with whom Lady Markham spoke? Frances hated herself for the instinctive question which rose in her, and for the suspicions which crept into her mind on every side and undermined all her pleasure. The other stranger opposite to her was old—to her youthful eyes—and called forth no interest at all. But the gentleness and melancholy, the low voice, the delicate features, something plaintive and appealing about the youth by her side, attracted her interest in spite of herself. He said little to her, but from time to time she caught him looking at her with a sort of questioning glance. When the ladies left the table, and Frances and her mother were alone in the drawing-room, Lady Markham, who had said nothing for some minutes, suddenly turned and asked: 'What did you think of him, Frances?' as if it were the most natural question in the world.

'Of whom?' said Frances in her astonishment.

'Of Claude, my dear. Whom else? Sir Thomas could be of no particular interest either to you or me.'

'I did not know their names, mamma; I scarcely heard them. Claude is the young gentleman who sat next to you?'

'And to you also, Frances. But not only that. He is the man of whom, I suppose, Constance has told you—to avoid whom, she left home, and ran away from me.—Oh, the words come quite appropriate, though I could not bear them from the mouth of Charlotte Cavendish. She abandoned me, and threw herself upon your father's protection, because of'——

Frances had listened with a sort of consternation. When her mother paused for breath, she filled up the interval: 'That little, gentle, small, young man!'

Lady Markham looked for a moment as if she would be angry; then she took a better way, and laughed. 'He is little and young,' she said; 'but neither so young nor even so small as you think. He is most wonderfully, portentously rich, my dear; and he is very nice and good and intelligent and generous. You must not take up a prejudice against him because he is not an athlete or a giant. There are plenty of athletes in Society, my love, but very, very few with a hundred thousand a year.'

'It is so strange to me to hear about money,' said Frances. 'I hope you will pardon me, mamma. I don't understand. I thought he was perhaps some one who was delicate, whose mother, perhaps, you knew, whom you wanted to be kind to.'

'Quite true,' said Lady Markham, patting her daughter's cheek with a soft finger; 'and well judged: but something more besides. I thought, I allow, that it would be an excellent match for Constance; not only because he was rich, but *also* because he was rich.—Do you see the difference?'

'I—suppose so,' Frances said; but there was not any warmth in the admission. 'I thought the right way,' she added after a moment, with a blush that stole over her from head to foot, 'was that people fell in love with each other.'

'So it is,' said her mother, smiling upon her. 'But it often happens, you know, that they fall in love respectively with the wrong people.'

'It is dreadful to me to talk to you, who know so much better,' cried Frances. 'All that *I* know is from stories. But I thought that even a wrong person, whom you chose yourself, was better than'——

'The right person chosen by your mother? These are awful doctrines, Frances. You are a little revolutionary. Who taught you such terrible things?' Lady Markham laughed as she spoke, and patted the girl's cheek more affectionately than ever, and looked at her with unclouded smiles, so that Frances took courage. 'But,' the mother went on, 'there was no question of choice on my part. Constance has known Claude Ramsay all her life. She liked him, so far as I knew. I supposed she had accepted him. It was not formally announced, I am happy to say; but I made sure of it, and so did everybody else—including himself, poor fellow—when, suddenly, without any warning, your sister disappeared.—It was unkind to me, Frances; oh, it was unkind to me!'

And suddenly, while she was speaking, two tears appeared all at once in Lady Markham's eyes.

Frances was deeply touched by this sight. She ventured upon a caress, which as yet, except in timid return to those bestowed upon her, she had not been bold enough to do. 'I do not think Constance can have meant to be unkind,' she said.

'Few people mean to be unkind,' said this social philosopher, who knew so much more than Frances. 'Your aunt Cavendish does, and that makes her harmless, because one understands. Most of those who wound one, do it because it pleases themselves, without meaning anything—or caring anything—don't you see?—whether it hurts or not.'

This was too profound a saying to be understood at the first moment; but Frances had no reply to make to it. She said only by way of apology: 'But Markham approved?'

'My love,' said her mother, 'Markham is an excellent son to me. He rarely wounds me himself—which is perhaps because he rarely does anything particular himself—but he is not always a safe guide. It makes me very happy to see that you take to him, though you must have heard many things against him; but he is not a safe guide.—Hush; here are the men coming up-stairs. If Claude talks to you, be as gentle with him as you can—and sympathetic, if you can,' she said quickly, rising from her chair, and moving in her noiseless easy way to the other side. Frances felt as if there was a meaning even in this movement, which left herself alone with a vacant seat beside her; but she was confused as usual by all the novelty, and did not understand what the meaning was.

It was balked, however, if it had anything to do with Mr Ramsay, for it was the other gentleman—the old gentleman, as Frances called him in her thoughts—who came up and took the vacant place. The old gentleman was a man about forty, with a few gray hairs among the brown, and a well-knit manly figure, which showed very well between the delicate youth on one hand and Markham's insignificance on the other. He was Sir Thomas, whom Lady Markham had declared to be of no particular interest to any one; but he evidently had sense enough to see the charm of simplicity and youth. The attention of Frances was sadly distracted by the movements of Claude, who fidgeted about from one table to another, looking at the books and the nicknacks upon them, and staring at the pictures on the walls, then finally came and stood by Markham's side in front of the fire. He did well to contrast himself with Markham. He was taller, and the beauty of his countenance showed still more strikingly in contrast with Markham's odd little wrinkled face. Frances was distracted by the look which he kept fixed upon herself, and which diverted her attention in spite of herself away from the talk of Sir Thomas, who was, however, very *nice*, and she felt sure, most interesting and instructive, as became his advanced age, if only she could attend to what he was saying. But what with the lively talk which her mother carried on with Markham, and to which she could not help listening all through the conversation of Sir Thomas, and the movements and glances of the melancholy young lover, she could not fix her mind upon the remarks that were addressed to her own ear. When Claude began to join languidly in the other talk, it was more difficult still. 'You have got a new picture, Lady Markham,' she heard him say; and a sudden quickening of her attention and another wave of colour and heat passing over her, arrested even Sir Thomas in the much more interesting observation which presumably he was about to make. He paused, as if he, too, wanted to hear Lady Markham's reply.

'Shall we call it a picture? It is my little girl's sketch from her window where she has been living—her present to her mother; and I think it is delightful, though in the circumstances I don't pretend to be a judge.'

Where she has been living!—Frances grew redder and hotter in the flush of indignation that went over her. But she could not stand up and proclaim that it was from her home, her dear loggia, the place she loved best in the world, that the sketch was made. Already the bonds of another life were upon her, and she dared not do that. And then there was a little chorus of praise, which silenced her still more effectually. It was the group of palms which she had been so simply proud of, which—as she had never forgotten—had made her father say that she had grown up. Lady Markham had placed it on a small easel on her table; and Frances could not help feeling that this was less for any pleasure it gave her mother, than in order to make a little exhibition of her own powers. It was, to be sure, in her own honour that this was done, and what so natural as that the mother should seek to do her daughter honour? but Frances was deeply sensitive, and painfully conscious of the strange tangled web of motives, which she had never in her life known anything about before. Had the little picture been hung in her mother's bedroom, and seen by no eyes but her own, the girl would have found the most perfect pleasure in it; but here, exhibited as in a public gallery, examined by admiring eyes, calling forth all the incense of praise, it was with a mixture of shame and resentment that Frances found it out. It produced this result, however, that Sir Thomas

rose, as in duty bound, to examine the performance of the daughter of the house; and presently young Ramsay, who had been watching his opportunity, took the place by her side.

'I have been waiting for this,' he said with his air of pathos. 'I have so many things to ask you, if you will let me, Miss Waring.'

'Surely,' Frances said.

'Your sketch is very sweet—it is full of feeling—there is no colour like that of the Riviera. It is the Riviera, is it not?'

'O yes,' cried Frances, eager to seize the opportunity of making it apparent that it was not only where she had been living, as her mother said. 'It is from Bordighera, from our loggia, where I have lived all my life.'

'You will find no colour and no vegetation like that, in London,' the young man said.

To this Frances replied politely that London was full of much more wonderful things, as she had always heard; but felt somewhat disappointed, supposing that his communications to her were to be more interesting than this.

'And the climate is so very different,' he continued. 'I am very often sent out of England for the winter, though this year they have let me stay. I have been at Nice two seasons. I suppose you know Nice? It is a very pretty place; but the wind is just as cold sometimes as at home. You have to keep in the sun; and if you always keep in the sun, it is warm here.'

'But there is not always sun here,' said Frances.

'That is very true; that is a very clever remark. There is not always sun here. San Remo was beginning to be known, when I was there; but I never heard of Bordighera as a place where people went to stay. Some Italian wrote a book about it, I have heard—to push it, no doubt. Could you recommend it as a winter-place, Miss Waring? I suppose it is very dull, nothing going on?'

'Oh, nothing at all,' cried Frances eagerly. 'All the tourists complain that there is nothing to do.'

'I thought so,' he said; 'a regular little Italian dead-alive place.' Then he added after a moment's pause: 'But of course there are inducements which might make one put up with that, if the air happened to suit one. Are there villas to be had, can you tell me? They say, as a matter of fact, that you get more advantage of the air when you are in a dull place.'

'There are hotels,' said Frances, more and more disappointed, though the beginning of this speech had given her a little hope.

'Good hotels?' he said with interest. 'Sometimes they are really better than a place of one's own, where the drainage is often bad, and the exposure not all that could be desired. And then you get any amusement that may be going. Perhaps you will tell me the names of one or two? for if this east wind continues, my doctors may send me off even now.'

Frances looked into his limpid eyes and expressive countenance with dismay. He must look, she felt sure, as if he were making the most touching confidences to her. His soft pathetic voice gave a *faux air* of something sentimental to those questions, which even she could not persuade herself meant nothing. Was it to show that he was bent upon following Constance wherever she might go? That must be the true meaning, she supposed. He must be endeavouring by this mock-anxiety to find out how much she knew of his real motives, and whether he might trust to her or not. But Frances resented a little the unnecessary precaution.

'I don't know anything about the hotels,' she said. 'I have never thought of the air. It is my home—that is all.'

'You look so well, that I am the more convinced it would be a good place for me,' said the young man. 'You look in such thorough good health, if you will allow me to say so. Some ladies don't like to be told that; but I think it the most delightful thing in existence. Tell me, had you any trouble with drainage, when you went to settle there? And is the water good? and how long does the season last? I am afraid I am teasing you with my questions; but all these details are so important—and one is so pleased to hear of a new place.'

'We live up in the old town,' said Frances with a sudden flash of malice. 'I don't know what drainage is, and neither does any one else there. We have our well in the court—our own well. And I don't think there is any season. We go up among the mountains, when it gets too hot.'

'Your well in the court!' said the sentimental Claude, with the look of a poet who has just been told that his dearest friend is killed by an accident, 'with everything percolating into it! That is terrible indeed.—But,' he said, after a pause, an ethereal sense of consolation stealing over his fine features—'there are exceptions, they say, to every rule; and sometimes, with fine health such as you have, bad sanitary conditions do not seem to tell—*when there has been no stirring-up.* I believe that is at the root of the whole question. People can go on, on the old system, so long as there is no stirring-up; but when once a beginning has been made, it must be complete, or it is fatal.'

He said this with animation much greater than he had shown as yet; then dropping into his habitual pathos: 'If I come in for tea to-morrow—Lady Markham allows me to do it, when I can, when the weather is fit for going out: will you be so very kind as to give me half an hour, Miss Waring, for a few particulars? I will take them down from your lips—it is so much the most satisfactory way; and perhaps you would add to your kindness by just thinking it over beforehand—if there is anything I ought to know.'

'But I am going out to-morrow, Mr Ramsay.'

'Then after to-morrow,' he said; and rising with a bow full of tender deference, went up to Lady Markham to bid her good-night. 'I have been having a most interesting conversation with Miss Waring. She has given me so many *renseignements*,' he said. 'She permits me to come after to-morrow for further particulars.—Dear Lady Markham, good-night and *à revoir*.'

'What was Claude saying to you, Frances?' Lady Markham asked with a little anxiety, when everybody save Markham was gone, and they were alone.

'He asked me about Bordighera, mamma.'

'Poor dear boy! About Con, and what she had said of him? He has a faithful heart, though people think him a little too much taken up with himself.'

'He did not say anything about Constance. He asked about the climate and the drains—what are drains?—and if the water was good, and what hotel I could recommend.'

Lady Markham laughed and coloured slightly, and tapped Frances on the cheek. 'You are a little satirical!—Dear Claude! he is very anxious about his health. But don't you see,' she added, 'that was all a covert way of finding out about Con? He wants to go after her; but he does not want to let everybody in the world see that he has gone after a girl who would not have him. I have a great deal of sympathy with him, for my part.'

Frances had no sympathy with him. She felt, on the other hand, more sympathy for Constance than had moved her yet. To escape from such a lover, Frances thought a girl might be justified in flying to the end of the world. But it never entered into her mind that any like danger to herself was to be thought of. She dismissed Claude Ramsay from her thoughts with half resentment, half amusement, wondering that Constance had not told her more; but feeling, as no such image had ever risen on her horizon before, that she would not have believed Constance. However, her sister had happily escaped, and to herself, Claude Ramsay was nothing. Far more important was it to think of the ordeal of to-morrow. She shivered a little even in her warm room as she anticipated it. England seemed to be colder, grayer, more devoid of brightness in Portland Place than in Eaton Square.

HERBS AND SOME OF THEIR USES.

BY AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSEWIFE.

When I am busy with my herbs, I often think of the pretty name which was told me by a friend as a Polish title for the sweet old-world work of the herbalist, 'La Pharmacie du Ciel.' It is a pretty and appropriate description of the fragrant science. In olden days, when every great house had its 'still-room,' it was one of the principal occupations of the good 'huswife' to make remedies of all sorts, and for every ill, from herbs and flowers; and the ladies of those days were also clever in searching for the plants required in their useful work, and in gathering the rose-leaves and elder-flowers and other blossoms for making decoctions in the 'still.' I think that there are many who would take a double delight in their garden, and a keener interest in their country walks, if they knew some of the properties of the plants they see, and how to use them; indeed, the whole occupation, from the first search for the herbs to the final bottling and potting of one's various compounds, is so engrossing, that it needs no excuse in bringing the subject before my readers.

Oh, the delight of an afternoon spent, with one's basket and knife as sole companions, in a search for some precious plant—the all-pervading sweet scent of bank and grove and tangled hedge! Not only the flowers seem sweet, but there is a strange fragrance in the very leaves as they unfold their tender sheaths; and from each red earthy bank, even where the green things will not grow under the thick beech-trees, there is sweetness; and there is over all in nature such a continual whisper of life, and promise of growth and beauty still to come, that the silent woods become at last like enchanted ground to those who will yield themselves to this sweet communion with nature.

I am not going to teach the art of making the strong potions and 'soveraine waters' that played such a large part in the household physics of two or more centuries ago; but am merely going to describe how to make simple things for external application, which may be safely used.

Any plant that is to be used should be gathered before its flowers expand, as then it possesses its qualities in the strongest degree. Flowers should be gathered the day they open, and, like leaves or herbs, should be plucked in the early morning, just as the dew dries off, and before the rays of the sun have had time to extract any of the virtues. From seven to nine is the best time for herb or flower gathering. Each fair pharmacist should provide herself with a basket, scissors, a good apron, one or two good-sized china bowls, some spatulas, and above all, some of those useful tin saucepans fitted with earthenware pots inside. They are the safest and best vehicle for heating oil or wax, and I never knew any accident happen when using them.

The first preparation I should like you to learn to make is called Hypericum oil and ointment. It is made from one of the numerous family of St John's wort. It is a difficult matter to identify the right flower until one becomes thoroughly acquainted with it, as there is another plant of the genus which flowers at the same time, and is generally found growing in the same locality, and is in many points similar to the one we require. The *Hypericum perforatum* is generally found growing on some tangled hedge-bank, a tall graceful plant, with its bright, starry-yellow blossoms peeping out from amongst the luxuriant growth of long grass and brambles. Pick off first a leaf. If it is the right plant, you will find, if you hold it against the light, that it is full of little holes, as if it had been pricked with a pin. To make assurance doubly sure, take one of the golden flowers and squeeze it with your fingers; the right sort will leave a deep purple stain. Pick as many blossoms as you can, for they are only to be got in July and August. The flowers should at once be put in a large open-mouthed bottle, and the best salad oil poured on them until they are covered. A bladder-skin should then be tied over the mouth of the bottle, which must be placed so that the rays of the sun will fall upon it until the oil becomes of a rich red colour. This does not generally take place until about December. If by that time the oil is not sufficiently coloured, place the bottle for a time by a fire. The oil should then be strained from the blossoms, and is fit for use. It is invaluable as a preventive of bedsores, and even for healing wounds. It should be applied with a feather.

In some cases, it is easier and preferable to

use an ointment made of the same, which should be made thus: Melt together in the little earthenware pot I have mentioned, two drachms of finely shred spermaceti; four drachms white wax; three and a half ounces of the red oil. When thoroughly melted, place the pot in a vessel of cold water, and stir with a spatula till it becomes cold. The ointment can then be put in pots for use.

A charming preparation to make is 'Bellis,' as a remedy for sprains, bruises, and contusions. The first blossoms of the common daisy should be picked. Probably in early summer we should get the most abundant supply. Pound the blossoms in a mortar until they are reduced to a mass of a yellowish-green colour, which mass must then be squeezed in muslin until the juice is extracted. Put this in a clear bottle, and add to it one-third of best spirits of wine. But if, after standing for a few hours, it is perceived that the sediment rises to the surface instead of sinking to the bottom, the quantity of spirits of wine must be increased. It is usually better to allow the bottle of the mixture to stand for some months with the sediment, as that adds considerably to the strength of the lotion. Before application, however, the Bellis should be strained off, and will remain of a clear brown colour. A linen rag steeped in the lotion and applied to the part affected, is the usual mode of application; or if it is preferred, the Bellis may be rubbed in. This lotion has many of the virtues of arnica, without the danger which in some cases accompanies the use of that plant.

We often find slight burns or scalds that demand a cooling application which can be made and used without delay. On many old roofs and walls in the country you will find growing large plants of the green fleshy-leaved stonecrop (*Sempervivum tectorum*). Take a handful of these; beat in a mortar; add a tablespoonful of cream; and if you have a coarse sieve, pass the mixture through it. Lay a thick covering of the soft cool mass on the hurt part; bind on gently, but carefully, with a bandage of linen. This quickly lessens the pain and abates inflammation.

The various 'green ointments' which were much in vogue at one time are many of them very cooling and healing. I will describe one which I have found very useful in many forms of cutaneous diseases. Take a handful of fresh groundsel, and the same of chickweed (*Stellaria media*), just as they are on the point of flowering; place these in a large iron saucepan with about four tablespoonfuls of best fresh lard. Stir and squeeze the juicy stalks with a wooden spoon into the lard as it gradually melts. When it is all dissolved, let the pan stand in a safe warm place for a couple of hours; then turn the mass into a coarse cloth, and squeeze quickly and carefully the green liquid ointment into a basin. This must be stirred a little as it cools, to prevent its getting too hard.

A useful ointment for external bruises may be made of the wild Solomon's seal (*Polygonatum*). This plant is not common; but you will find it sometimes growing in rather damp shady hedgesides, about eighteen inches high, with large oval leaves, and its great peculiarity, the little hollow flowers, hanging from *under* the long flower-stalk. Gather the leaves; bruise them thoroughly in a mortar with half a pound of fresh lard; put them into a well-covered earthen jar, and set it in a warm place for five days. Take it out; boil it a little; strain and press it; then add to this liquor another handful of bruised leaves and a little more lard, and let it stand as before. If you want the ointment very strong, you can repeat this process several times. The last time of boiling, add while hot, to every pound of the ointment, two ounces scraped yellow beeswax.

A delightful fresh ointment can be made for cooling inflammations, from violets and their leaves; but I have found these more effectual when gently simmered in milk and used as a poultice, although that seems rather an unpoetic use to make of these lovely blossoms.

Every one must be acquainted with the common *Galium aparine*, that grows in every untrimmed hedge, with its long, weakly, clinging stalks, covered with whorls of green leaves, and so rough that if you pick it, it adheres to your gloves. This plant is known by many aliases—goosegrass, cleavers, bedstraw, &c., and is much prized in country districts for its virtues. The juice is a styptic for arresting bleeding; and the infusion, made with lukewarm water, is a valuable medicine. Its nature is so delicate that it must not be boiled nor subjected to great heat, or the goodness is destroyed. An ointment for removing swellings can be made by simply pounding and crushing the whole plant in a mortar with some cold fresh lard, and then expressing the juice with a little heat applied—just sufficient to melt the lard.

Amongst the plants which possess special virtues, I may name the mallow (*Malva sylvestris*), as being useful in almost every case where hot fomentations are called for. Chamomile for the same purpose is well known.

A favourite plant in many places for medicinal uses, both internal and external, is the pretty hyssop (*Hyssopus officinalis*). This plant is so useful in many ways, that it should be gathered every spring as it is beginning to flower, carefully dried, and kept for use. One old-world remedy for wounds was made from the green herb, bruised and made into ointment, with a little sugar added; but that I have never tried. It makes an invaluable gargle in quinsy, boiled with figs, and used warm.

Now we must have something sweet to make! and what so delicious as Pot pourri? There are numerous recipes in my old book of herbalists for making this; but I will only give two, which I have proved and found excellent. If placed about a house in large open china bowls, these will keep equally fragrant for two years, if occasionally stirred. None of our preparations depend more than does Pot pourri upon the ingredients being picked at the right time. If the leaves are the least wet, the Pot pourri turns mouldy; and if the rose-leaves are picked in the evening after the heat of the day, the best of their perfume is lost. Therefore, go out early on a fine morning to the garden, and bring in a basketful of freshly opened rose petals, and also from every flower the yellow stamens, as they contain a great deal of the perfume of the flower. Pick an equal quantity of lavender

blossoms, and put them all in a large earthenware bowl; add half a pound crushed orris-root, which can be bought at a chemist's; and then to every two pounds add two ounces of bruised cloves, and the same of cinnamon, allspice, and common salt. Let the whole stand for about a fortnight, turning it over carefully, and thoroughly mixing it every day with your hands, and then it will be ready for use.

A second recipe for Pot pourri, but which I do not like so well for keeping, though it is wonderfully fragrant at first, is made in the same way, but with equal parts of rose-leaves, violets, jessamine, and musk flowers. Naturally, the violets must be picked in the early spring, dried, and then mixed with the other flowers later. To this recipe also add the rind of two Seville oranges cut in slices and stirred amongst it.

If you want a really fragrant plant to lie amongst your clothes, so that they shall smell of new-mown hay and dried violets, come down with me to this deep woodland glade where the tall trees grow, making a dark still shade, mossy banks on either side, with ferns here and there growing in luxuriant beauty. Every old tree-stump in the cool shade bears lovely mosses and graceful fronds of ferns, mostly the *Polypodium vulgare*. One notices, too, the tall stiff spikes of the *Blechnum boreale*, with the low growing carpet of leaves that form the whole plant. Down here, where the wood is thick and the interlacing branches of the trees make pleasant shade in summer, you will find, in the early summer months, a slender delicate plant about a foot high, the leaves in whorls of six up the stalk, and an insignificant little white blossom; but oh, so sweet! This is the *Asperula odorata*, or sweet-scented woodruff, and has always been a favourite with housewives to lie amongst their stores of linen and to keep away moths.

In this slight sketch of herbalist's work, I have only just touched the borders of what is both a useful and an entertaining study; but I will gladly add another paper at a future time.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was only one passenger by the *Comet* coach, which condescended to stop at the little village of Hingleton on its way eastwards from the metropolis, one bright morning a few days after the occurrences related in the last chapter. This was a tall, stoutly-built, young man of five-and-twenty, clad in regimentals, with a corporal's chevron on his coat-sleeves, his face bronzed by foreign suns, and his general appearance bearing that stamp of smartness which is only to be remarked upon men who have seen service, and who have got to regard the habit of smartness as second nature. He seemed anxious to escape observation when the vehicle pulled up at the *Gaskell Arms*, and jumping down on the off-side, turned swiftly down the lane leading to the fields, and not until he was well clear of the houses did he pause to gaze around him. 'It seems as if I had never left the old place,' he soliloquised, 'although it's six years almost to a day since I went away. There's the old church; and there's the parsonage, and the avenue of elms; and old Polly Grimmer's linen hanging out to dry, as if it had been hanging all this time. And there'—here he turned his face in the direction to which he was steering—'there's the old home. I don't suppose the old gentleman will be particularly glad to see me, for, heaven knows, I did little enough to win his affection. Yet his heart may warm when he sees the red coat, and knows that I've been trying to wipe out the disgrace by fighting my country's battles. So here goes.' Thus saying, he strode onwards towards where, amidst a pleasant stretch of tree-dotted green, a fine old Tudor mansion reared its gray, weather-beaten gables. There was no one about on this fair April morning, so that the young man, as he briskly stepped out on the well-known path, could indulge without interruption in the reveries natural to a man returning after long years of adventure and suffering to an old home. There was a new face at the window of the little lodge cottage, a fact which struck the young man at once with a faint foreboding that changes of one sort or another had taken place; but he walked resolutely in and asked if Squire Gaskell was at home.

'Squire Gaskell!' exclaimed the lodge-keeper, with a look of no great friendship at the young soldier. 'Squire Gaskell's been dead this four years or more.'

The young man turned pale—trees, lodge, distant house, and all seemed to swim before him, and he had to lean for support against the stone gatepost before he could utter a word. 'Squire Gaskell dead!' he murmured. 'Then—then who lives here now?'

'Why, Squire Ramsden sure-ly,' replied the man; 'and I'm thinking he wouldn't be over well pleased to see a soldier prowling about. We've had too many soldiers about since the war was stopped; and there ain't a man hereabouts who owns a chicken what wouldn't be precious glad never to see a red coat again.' So saying, he turned into the cottage and slammed the door after him.

A sickening feeling came over the young soldier as he stood there, irresolute what to do or where to go. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have resented practically the insolence of a menial at the very gate above which were sculptured his own family bearings, and through which in past days he had never gone without respectful salutes and courtesies from all who met him. But the bitter thought came over him that he was an alien—that he had broken his father's heart by his extravagances and wild doings, and that he had been punished for so doing by disinheritance. He turned slowly and sadly up the lane which he remembered as being famous in old times for butterflies and birds' nests, unwilling to tear himself away from a spot endeared to him by a thousand memories of happy child-life, although he felt that he had no further practical interest in it. Clambering up the bank, rich with wild clematis, elder clusters, and bunches of nodding foxglove, when he had got well out of sight of the lodge and

its surly janitor, he peered over the fence for a moment, vaulted lightly on to the other side, and was amidst the fresh, sweet, flower-dappled grass of what he remembered as the Park Meadow. He had eyes simply for the old house away in front of him, externally the same old house he had left, yet sadly, utterly changed to him within the last ten minutes. And here, heedless of all else, of blue skies above, of glad, bright young foliage all around, he threw himself down, and recalled in his mind scenes and incidents associated with every window and every gable of the old house, from the earliest memories of childhood to that last fatal morning when, with angry words and a flushed face, he defied his father, and flung himself out of the house to tempt fortune in the service of his country. Perhaps he had been thus for a quarter of an hour, when he caught sight of a book lying open in the grass not many yards in front of him. He rose and picked it up. Turning naturally to the title-page, he saw that it belonged to John Ramsden. As he listlessly turned over the leaves, he was aware, by a hurried rustling through the grass, that some one was approaching, probably in quest of the forgotten volume; and looking up, he espied a young lady, with rosy cheeks, and an agitated expression on a very pretty face, that belonged to no other than Sweet Gillian. Astonished at the apparition of a red-coated stranger, she uttered a little cry, and seemed uncertain whether to advance or to retreat. Lionel, on his part, conscious that he was a trespasser, although upon his own property, coloured up, and stood with the book in his hand, looking first at the girl and then at the book, as much as to say: 'I expect you've come after this book; but, for the life of me, I don't know how to explain my presence here, or to return you your property gracefully.'

The girl, however, came to his rescue, for, although, from the number of disbanded soldiers then wandering over the kingdom in search of employment which none could give them, the appearance of a red coat in country districts was hailed rather with terror than with enthusiasm, poor Lionel looked so very sheepish and unmartial, that Gillian was assured; so she said: 'I left a book here about an hour ago'——

There was something in the tone of her voice which put the young soldier in turn at his ease, so, handing the book to her, he said: 'I'm very sorry; I believe I am trespassing, but I couldn't help it; and I found this book lying here. It belongs to'——

'To papa—that is, to my father, Squire Ramsden; and, thank you so much, for he is so particular about his books,' interposed Gillian.

'Then I am speaking to Miss Ramsden, I presume,' said the young soldier; 'and I'm glad to be able to explain why I am trespassing.'

'Yes, you certainly are trespassing,' she said, smiling. 'But—I—I don't think you look as if you would do much harm; only, if papa were to see you, he might be very disagreeable, for he can't bear the idea that any one should come on to his property.'

'Perhaps he wouldn't mind so much, if he knew who I was,' said the young man.

'Oh, it wouldn't matter a bit,' said Gillian; 'he turns anybody off, and has given instructions to all the men to do the same. Even the new clergyman got turned off, before papa knew who he was.'

'Well, I haven't much heart to do harm, Miss Ramsden,' said he. 'A man who is revisiting his home after an absence of long years, doesn't, as a rule, feel inclined to do harm; he's too glad to get back.'

'Is Hingleton your home, then?' asked Gillian.

He shook his head, and replied: 'I haven't a home now anywhere; but when I had, it was at Hingleton.—No; I'm not giving hints for alms, Miss Ramsden; I've more money than I can possibly find use for.'

Gillian, who had pulled out her purse when Lionel had said that he was homeless, looked at him strangely at this remark.

'I wish you would allow me to ask you a few questions, without considering that I am taking a liberty, Miss Ramsden,' said the young soldier.

'Certainly.'

'Have you lived here very long?' he asked.

'About four years,' replied the girl.

'Squire Gaskell lived here before, did he not?'

'Yes; I believe so; but I really know very little about it. I was at school at the time; but I remember something being said about the house having been in the old family for three hundred years.'

'Then the squire died, I suppose, and there was nobody to succeed him?'

'I believe that was the case.'

'Did you never hear that he had a son?'

'No. We came here very suddenly; and papa never talks to me about business matters. But there is a lawyer here who knows all about it, a Mr Trent; he would give you all information.'

'Edward Trent, by Jove!' muttered the young man; 'the fellow I thrashed at Bonham fair.' He paced up and down for a few seconds in silence, then he stopped short and said: 'Miss Ramsden, I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I tell you that I am Lionel Gaskell, son and heir of the old squire?'

Gillian turned pale, and her eyes rested on the corporal's stripes on the young man's coat. 'You—a soldier, not an officer, the son of the squire whose family owned the Hall for three hundred years! Of course, if you tell me so, I should believe it. But is it not very extraordinary?' she asked.

'It is very extraordinary, perhaps; and it will seem all the more extraordinary to you when I ask you, as a favour, not to say a word about my being here. I have only one proof about me. Do you remember what the coat of arms over the gate over there is?'

'Yes,' replied Gillian; 'there are two boars' heads, then a bar, and a third boar's head underneath, and the motto is *Invicta Veritate*.'

Lionel quietly stripped up his sleeve, and displayed punctured on his arm the arms as described by Gillian, with the initials L. G. beneath.

The girl was evidently much agitated. 'Mr Gaskell,' she said, 'I must ask your pardon for behaving so strangely to you as I have; but

in truth I was rather frightened at first, as there are so many strange characters wandering about now, especially old soldiers; and naturally, perhaps, when I came suddenly upon you as I did'——

'Oh, please don't say a word,' said the young man. 'If you call your ready acceptance of what I have just told you as truth—and remember, Miss Ramsden, my proof is not very much after all—if you call that strange behaviour in the sense of being rude, I should be curious to see you when you are what you would consider amiable.' He was very little in the mood for bandying compliments with any one just then; but the fascinating manner of Gillian, which had won for her the epithet 'Sweet,' had even driven temporarily from his mind the sudden blow he had received in the news of his father's death, and he was drawn towards her by an unaccountable, inexpressible magic.

She, in turn, believed all that he said about himself, for in the course of the conversation which ensued upon the avowal of his identity, he displayed an intimate acquaintance with every nook and corner of the old Hall and its neighbourhood, such as could not have been picked up by an impostor. Moreover, she asked herself what object could he have in falsely passing himself off as the son of the late Squire Gaskell? Most of all, perhaps, she was won over to belief in him by his manner and bearing, which, although he had lived six years in rough company, were eminently those of a gentleman; and although her woman's penetration saw that he admired her, she observed that even after he had declared and proved himself to be Lionel Gaskell, he treated her as the mistress of Hingleton Hall, and in no single speech or gesture seemed to forget that he was a trespasser and interloper.

The sound of mid-day booming from the stable clock warned her that it was time for her to return homewards.

'Miss Ramsden,' said Lionel as he took her proffered hand, 'before we part, I have but two favours to ask of you—one is, that you remember your promise not to say a word about my presence here; the other is, to give me permission to see you again.'

'Consider both favours, if they are favours, as granted, Mr Gaskell.'

The young man pressed her hand; and in a few seconds was wandering slowly back over the fields, his heart full of conflicting emotions, prominent amongst which was admiration for this fair alien, who was mistress of the Hall, which had known no owner but a Gaskell during three hundred years. And yet, alien as she was, he seemed to know the name of Ramsden; he seemed to remember having heard his father speak of 'poor Jack Ramsden;' but of Gillian herself he had never heard. Perhaps she did not belong to the neighbourhood. He resolved, however, to see Edward Trent at the first opportunity, not so much with an idea of finding out if he had been actually disinherited, but to learn about his father's death and about Gillian.

The notion was in his mind, when the man himself came along the path in the direction of the Hall; he did not appear to recognise Lionel, and would have passed on, had not the young soldier sung out: 'Hillo, Trent! So you've forgotten an old friend!'

The lawyer stopped, looked at Lionel keenly under his black brows, and said: 'I have no friends to forget, and never had; you're making a mistake; good-morning,' and hurried on, in spite of Lionel's declaration of his identity.

'Don't want to see me—that's about it,' thought Lionel, as he resumed his way, not towards the village, but across the fields parallel with it, for he was unwilling to return before dusk.

But Edward Trent had recognised him, and his feelings may be imagined as he knew now, unless he was rapid and sure in the blow he dealt, all that he had plotted and planned and worked for during the past six years would be discounted. Indeed, he had now to re-arrange matters entirely, and instead of turning in to the lodge gate, he walked slowly up the lane, meditating deeply as to how affairs, now thrown out of the channel he had carefully scooped out for them by the sudden re-appearance of Lionel Gaskell, could be readjusted. His resolution was soon taken, and suddenly changing his slow step for a brisk stride, he regained the fields, and looked about for the conspicuous red coat of Lionel. The quick eyes which could be quite blind if occasion required, and which took in every inch of a man's person without apparently looking at it, soon descried the young soldier. Trent coming up with him, greeted him with well-affected heartiness. 'Why, Lionel, old fellow, I am glad to see you! I really didn't recognise you just now; but I immediately afterwards recollected you.'

'Well, Trent,' said Lionel, 'so many sad changes have taken place here, that I was hardly surprised that my old friends shouldn't know me.—So the poor old father's dead, and there are new folk at the Hall, and I almost wish that I hadn't come back to so much misery.—But you're looking thriving, Trent!'

'Yes, I can't complain; it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The Hall connection is of course a very valuable one for me.'

Lionel could have knocked him down for this speech; but his object in seeing the lawyer would have been defeated by such a summary proceeding; so he said quietly: 'Were you not my father's solicitor at the time of his death?'

'Yes; I succeeded my senior in the firm, old Tom Blennerhasset, whom you remember. It was a painful business.'

'What was?' asked Lionel. 'Remember, you're speaking to a man who has been away for six years, and who knows nothing more of what has happened since his absence than that the poor old father was dead.—What was there painful about it?'

'Why,' said Trent, putting his leg over a stile, leaning his elbow upon it, and looking at the ground, 'the way the poor old gentleman went on about you.'

'Grief or anger?' asked Lionel.

'Anger. Vowed that you'd broken his life and his hopes; and finally added the codicil to his will which cut you adrift from the inheritance.'

'Well,' said Lionel, 'I suppose it was a just punishment.—But tell me, Trent, who are these Ramsdens?'

'Old Ramsden was a sort of cousin of your father's, poor as a church-mouse, and lived in a dingy hole in London. All of a sudden he learned that the Hall and twenty thousand pounds had been left him.'

'Lives here all alone with his daughter then?' said Lionel.

The lawyer gave the young soldier one of his keen penetrating looks at the mention of the word daughter. 'Yes,' he answered. 'Girl's engaged to be married.' Lionel's heart sank, and his face flushed just in time for Trent to see it. The lawyer went on: 'Why, have you seen her?'

'Yes; I met her by accident this morning.—Well, Trent, I've nothing more to say, except that I don't wish my presence here to be known. But, pray tell me, who witnessed the codicil to my father's will?'

The lawyer was a little confused for a second, but immediately recovering himself, he replied: 'Who witnessed the alteration? Why, Colonel Adamthwaite of the Grange, and Simson the steward.'

'Thanks.—Good-bye. We may meet again; but as my interests here are so small, I shall be on the move again soon.'

They shook hands with apparent cordiality, and parted, each occupied with strange thoughts, which took the shape of muttered remarks—Lionel's, to the effect that he believed Trent was a liar and a rascal; Trent, a strong expression of disgust that the young soldier had added to the crime of returning to his native village, that of having seen and spoken to Gillian Ramsden; and, for reasons of his own, a determination to prevent the squire from knowing that Lionel Gaskell had reappeared on the scene.

From motives best known to himself, Lionel Gaskell did not choose to sleep in Hingleton, so he walked the three miles between that place and Bonham, the nearest market town, and having purchased a suit of civilian clothes, settled down at the famous *Cock Inn and Posting-house*, where nobody remembered him, and where his movements were free and unobserved. He had a good deal to think over after this, perhaps the most eventful day of his life; and to facilitate the operation, he lit his pipe after his evening meal, and, attired in his new clothes, sauntered forth into the town. What Trent had told him about Sweet Gillian's engagement was naturally uppermost in his mind. For some reason or other, he did not believe it; for, in the eyes of Lionel, who had had some experience in the ways of the fair sex, she had not the air of a girl who was betrothed; and, strangest evidence of all in the young man's mind, she had granted willingly the favour he had asked her of being allowed to see her again.

Edward Trent's momentary confusion when asked about the added codicil to Squire Gaskell's will, had struck Lionel as remarkable. Of course, it was not impossible that the poor old gentleman, irritated, grieved, and insulted by his son's behaviour, and especially by the disgrace he had brought upon the family by openly enlisting as private in a marching regiment, should have taken such a step; yet Lionel remembered his father to be a very different man; indeed, the recollection of his patience and forbearance under great provocation added in no small degree to the sting which the young man felt at the news of his death.

The idea suddenly flashed across his mind, what if Edward Trent himself was an aspirant for the hand of Miss Ramsden? He was roused from the train of thought by the sounds of excited voices and the trampling of many feet. Looking in the direction whence the sounds came, he beheld, in the dim light of the oil-lamps, a soldier in uniform, bareheaded, his coat torn and bespattered, dragged along by four officers of the law, and followed by a small crowd, amongst whom were half-a-dozen men who looked like gamekeepers. In answer to his inquiry, a bystander told him that the man was one of a gang of poachers who had long been the terror of the neighbourhood, and who had been taken literally red-handed by Squire Ramsden's watchers.

'And,' added the man, 'he won't get off under two years, if the colonel's on the bench and Lawyer Trent has anything to do with it.'

Encouraged by his informant's respectable manner and appearance, Lionel asked him some questions about Trent, and learned what was then the popular report, that the young lady at Hingleton Hall was going to be made Mrs Trent before long, hence the reason that the lawyer was so active and eager in his persecution of poachers on the Hingleton estate.

With a sad heart, the young man turned in to his inn, resolved, however, that he would be in the Park Meadow early the next morning, and that, if possible, he would learn the truth from Miss Ramsden herself.

WITH THE CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE.

So few people nowadays are without relatives or friends who, crowded out of the fierce race for wealth in this country, are tempting fortune in the colonies, that the following extracts from a letter giving certain incidents in the life of a private in the Canadian mounted police, will doubtless be read with considerable interest, especially by those who have friends in that force. After some remarks on the slowness of promotion and the difficulty of getting a commission, certain of the writer's personal experiences are given.

'And now I will tell you,' he writes, 'a few of my experiences in this country. I joined the force some eighteen months ago, and was immediately forwarded to this post, where I had, as a recruit, to work with the others for two months from nine A.M. to five P.M. building the present barracks. The thermometer all that time registered between forty and fifty degrees below zero. However, with the exception of a few frost-bites, I stood the intense cold very well. Directly we had finished building the barracks, I was forced to go with another man to cook for the troop for a month. You may imagine they did not live very well, for I had never cooked a thing in my life before. At the end of the month, it happened that the sergeant-major required a clerk; and my writing having been seen, I obtained the position,

which I held for four months. I was then ordered to go on the R—— Detachment, which consists of three men, of whom, being the senior, I had the charge. Beer or alcoholic liquor of any kind is not allowed in the Territories except by permit from the lieutenant-governor, so our duties consisted chiefly in putting down the illicit liquor traffic, which is carried on to a great extent. I remained on the Detachment for eight or nine months, and during the first six months, made many important arrests.

'The worst time I had was about a month before I left the Detachment, when I received orders to proceed to a place called M—— Creek, a distance of three hundred miles. On this trip there were one officer and two men besides myself, escorting the Indian treaty money—ninety thousand dollars, all in one-dollar bills—to be handed to the officer in charge at M—— Creek. There are so many "rough" characters in the country, that these expeditions are always attended with great danger. As we almost expected, on the second night of our journey, towards midnight, when we had pitched our tent, posted a man as sentry, and turned in, we were alarmed by a challenge from our sentry. The next moment a shot was fired, and we had only time to get out of our tents, when we were charged by a body of ten mounted men. We had no time to get to our horses, and had to open fire immediately upon the gang. We carry the Winchester repeating rifles, which hold nine cartridges; we also had revolvers, so we managed to pepper them. In less than five minutes, eight of the marauders were out of their saddles; the remaining two made their escape. Our sentry was shot through the thigh at the first onset, and was a long time before he recovered. At the commencement of the fight, I took up a kneeling position near the tent, and never moved until the last man had disappeared. On attempting to rise, I fell; and when the officer came up, I discovered I had been shot in my right leg, about three inches above the ankle. The officer—who was uninjured—set off at daybreak to the nearest spot for assistance, and by mid-day returned with a wagon and some men, who lifted us in, and despatched us on our return journey to R——. I was laid up for three weeks, but got all right again, with the exception of a scar, which will never disappear.

'These skirmishes are so frequent in the force, that this one was not looked upon as anything particular. Beyond being complimented for our behaviour, the matter dropped. When I was able to get about again, I managed to obtain the position in the supply store which I have kept since. I could give you numerous incidents of minor importance that occurred to me during my stay on the Detachment, but I am afraid you will be tired of reading these particulars of my adventures in the north-west.'

In a postscript, the writer adds: 'A terrific storm just ceased here; wind travelled at the rate of sixty-one miles per hour, and temperature thirty degrees below zero. Imagine it, if you can.'

Another passage gives us an idea of the pay, &c., of the Canadian mounted police: 'Should I be fortunate enough to obtain the rank of a quarter-master sergeant, I should be in a comparatively good position, for it would entitle me to private quarters, use of stoves, coal, and light, clothing and rations all free, together with forty-five dollars per month (about nine pounds), out of which, as a single man, I should certainly be able to save something.'

There is one point in the letter well worthy of notice: By the aid of Winchester repeating rifles—weapons which can be fired nine times without stopping to reload—three men, though taken by surprise, were able to defeat a gang of ruffians ten in number and presumably well armed. The result of the skirmish is certainly strong evidence of the value of the weapon in cases where the enemy is in overpowering numbers, and the fighting quite, or almost, hand to hand.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE day before I was to give up work at the Palazzo, I took with me a coil of rope, wrapped as a parcel, much wondering what Amaranthe would do with it. The incident of the reflected face of her husband haunted me, and determined me to have no hesitation in fulfilling the Princess's request, as I felt that he possessed undoubtedly great capacity for cruel deeds. He came to talk to me in the afternoon, and conversed with his usual urbanity; but with my recollection of what his face *could* be, I wondered I had ever thought him handsome, the eyes were so hard, and the long chin and massive jaw betokened obstinacy; still, when he smiled, or when, as to-day, he spoke of the ennobling effect of religion on art, he looked almost saintly. Standing before a 'Pietà' of Sassoferato's, he said: 'Why have we no painters now who can so bring before us the realities of our faith?'

'Perhaps because we ourselves are faithless,' I answered lightly.

'Ah, no; faith is not dead,' he replied seriously. 'She only slumbers in our hearts, and it needs but little to rouse her to active life.'

Surely this man was a strange compound of good and evil! I wished I had been able to study his character more, and half repented of the coil of rope, the notes, the promise to his wife. As if in answer to my unuttered wish for his acquaintance, he said: 'Will you drive with me to-morrow? I am going to inspect some antique jewels I hear are for sale, and I should like you to see them.'

'Willingly. I shall have finished my work here at four, and shall be quite at your service.'

'At half-past four to-morrow, then,' he said, 'I will call for you at the Palazzo Macchiavelli—that is where you live, I think?'

'Yes,' I answered; but I was a little surprised, for I had only told him I lodged in the Via Santo Spirito, and had not given him the name or number of my residence. I thought a good

deal about the increased friendliness of the Prince, while I was putting the finishing touches to my work, and felt uneasy as to my share in the doings of his wife; but nevertheless I placed the parcel of rope in my box, which of course I did not lock. Leaving little but the varnishing to do to my picture on the morrow, I took my departure.

Once again I strolled to the Cascine, drinking in the gaiety of the scene and watching the gay throng of passers-by; and on my way home, gazing with fresh wonder at the beauty of the Campanile, touched at its top with the lovely hues of sunset, and standing out against the clear sky more like some exquisite building in a dream, than one that has watched the changes of the city below for five hundred years and more. At the *Cafe Rossini*, where I went for dinner, I heard the friendly voice of Savelli calling me to go to his table, and promising to order a proper meal for me, a feat he never considered me capable of performing for myself.

'You are leaving us soon, I hear,' he said. 'How have you succeeded with your picture?'

'Tolerably well; but it was a difficult one to copy, as all Morone's are.'

'Have you made acquaintance with the Princess?' was his next query.

'I have seen her once or twice, when the Prince has brought her to look at my work. How lovely she is! and how like the "Amaranthe." She told me the lady of the portrait was her ancestress; but I understood Prince Gherado to say she was *his*. How is that?'

'The families of Bandinelli and Schidone have intermarried for three centuries, I believe, so the lady may easily be the ancestress of both Prince and Princess,' was his answer. 'They were cousins, I know; but not of course within the degree prohibited by our Church. Their marriage was notorious enough without that!'

'Notorious! How?'

'Why, all Florence knows that the Princess was at the convent of St. Caterina, the garden of which joins that of the Palazzo Schidone. The Bandinelli are poor; and the Princess had many brothers and sisters; she was destined for the cloister. During her probation, however, she became in some manner acquainted with the Prince; and as her father declined to alter his family arrangements and allow her to leave the convent, Gherado took the matter into his own hands, and persuaded her to elope with him.'

'Was there not a great scandal?'

'The cardinal's influence was invoked; by his aid the affair was hushed up and the young people forgiven; but I have heard that not only did the Prince forego any claim to dowry with his wife, but that he has consented to part with some of the treasures brought into the family by former Bandinelli, now to be returned as peace-offerings. Your picture perhaps?'

'Perhaps,' I replied, not liking to say I knew it was so.

'I doubt if the Princess is happy,' pursued Luigi, for whom the subject seemed to possess an interest. 'Gherado comes of a hard and cruel race; and in spite of his piety and his devotion to the poor, there are many tales afloat of his tyranny when thwarted, and he has never been supposed to be a *cavalier des dames*.'

'Does the Princess appear often in society?'

'Very seldom, and *never* without her husband. It has been remarked that she is never out of his sight in the presence of a third person. She must find it dull.'

'Not so dull as the convent, I imagine,' was my reply.

We soon left the dinner-table and sauntered towards the Ponte Vecchio on the way to my rooms, where Savelli wanted to see some of my sketches. As we came to the Via Condotta, a company of the 'Misericordia' were passing along it bearing a covered litter, in which they were taking some poor wretch to the hospital. We waited to let them pass before we crossed the road, and raised our hats as the captain of the company advanced. The figure in the strange black garments, bearing his taper, turned towards me; and with the thrill that is always given by a look from eyes behind the two pierced holes in the brother's mask, came to me the idea that the leader of the band was Gherado Schidone. I mentioned this to my companion.

'Likely enough,' was his careless answer. 'Gherado is one of the fraternity, I know. He never shirks his turn of duty.'

The weird procession went on. It was past nine and an exquisite night. The moon had not long risen, and the tapers of the receding brethren made patches of yellow in the soft moonlight. Savelli and I sat talking far into the night, and I made a sketch of the little scene that had so impressed itself on my mind.

Next morning, I prepared for my last visit to the Palazzo with a slight fluttering of the nerves, and an idea that 'something might happen' before I returned to my rooms. The picture-gallery, however, bore its usual aspect of peace and comfort; a splendid fire lent cheerfulness to the apartment, and everything was as quiet as heretofore. On opening my tin box I found a sign of Amaranthe's presence, not only in the absence of the rope, but also in a square letter sealed with a large coat of arms, and directed to 'His Eminence the Cardinal Bandinelli.' This I put carefully in my pocket-book; and in the afternoon I placed my now finished picture on a dower chest; and with a farewell glance around the room, and specially at the 'Amaranthe,' whose face I had studied so long, I summoned the attendant to carry my impedimenta, and jumped into the carriage he called for me.

At the appointed time the Prince's little English groom called for me at my lodgings and informed me that his master awaited me; and I descended to the street. Here I found a little low carriage drawn by a pair of ponies; and during our somewhat long drive, I admired the way in which Gherado guided the spirited little animals through the crowded streets, till, after passing down the Lung' Arno and crossing the river by the Ponte alle Grazie, we skirted the Duomo, then turned in the direction of S. Maria Novella, and finally, in a small

street leading out of the Via del Giglio, paused in front of a large Palazzo, where we halted.

After being conducted through the usual dreary saloons and galleries, we came to the room in which were the antiques for sale; and they were shown us by their owner. I did not think much of the display, and found very few things I could advise the Prince to purchase. It seemed to me that he must have been misinformed as to the value of the collection. He expressed no disappointment, however, chose one or two bits of inlaid jewellery, and we prepared to leave. I had noticed a lovely chased cup by Benvenuto Cellini, and recommended the Prince to buy it; but he refused, and as we were on our way to his carriage, he explained that he did not believe it to have been worked by Cellini, but copied by one of his pupils; and he added: 'The original, I claim to possess; and if you can spare the time, I should like to show it you. Will you return with me?'

I gladly acquiesced; and we were speedily driving into the courtyard of the Palazzo Schidone. The Prince ran lightly up the broad staircase, and entering the library in which I had first seen him, led me through it to a small but exquisitely furnished apartment, where he said he kept his few treasures. Here I spent, I think, the most enjoyable hour I had passed in Florence. The collection was small; but the tazzi, intaglios, cameos, and enamels were perfect of their kind, and to each a tale of interest was attached. I was fascinated by the charm of Gherado's manner, as he directed my attention to them and told their histories. At length he brought me the Cellini vase: it was a cup shaped like a nautilus-shell, of exquisitely chased gold. On the rounded portion of the back was a winged Mercury poised on a ball of onyx. In the one we had previously seen, the figure was placed on a silver globe, which spoilt the effect, and it was, besides, of far inferior finish. The Prince asked me if I would like to make a sketch of the vase, as I was so much impressed by its beauty; and I took out my little pocket-book for the purpose. The Prince gave me a cigar, rang for some coffee, and while returning his treasures to their various stands and cabinets, also began to smoke. The servant entered with the coffee, which he placed on a table behind me, and retired. My companion rose to replace in a jewel-case a ring left out, while I went on with my sketch. Presently he handed me my coffee, and drinking some himself, sat down and continued his delightful talk, to which I listened eagerly. The delicious coffee was in a cup of rather larger size than those in which the beverage is usually served. I was tired, and sipped it gladly.

Gradually I found a curious sensation stealing over me. I was strangely unable to go on with my sketch, and dropping the pencil, listened to the Prince. I felt contented, satisfied—but stilled. My head fell gently back against the cushioned chair, and languidly I watched the Prince. His talk appeared to grow more rapid, then he paused. Presently he laughed—a low wicked laugh, and his face assumed the evil expression I remembered so well; but I was incapable of the smallest effort. Suddenly he rose from his chair, leaned over me, and hissed in my ear: 'Fool! I know all! Death is thy doom!' Then he crossed the room, pushing the furniture out of his way, rang a bell violently, and came back to my side. When the servants rushed in, he cried: 'See, Giovanni; the Signor is ill—dying, I fear. He just now put his hand to his heart, sprang from his chair, and fell back like this! Go instantly and fetch il Dottore Monte. —Meanwhile, you bring me a cordial, water, a fan,' he continued, turning to another servant; and then to his valet: 'Unfasten his collar.'

While the terrified footmen were hurrying hither and thither, I still had consciousness enough left to feel that I was now in the hands of a remorseless foe, who meant that I should die. Still I seemed not specially distressed or grieved, but more as if I were outside my body as a spectator. Slowly even this recognition of outward things failed me; and while Gherado and the valet were trying to unfasten my tie and placing cordial on my lips, their faces and voices receded, and became fainter and dimmer, till all things faded from my consciousness, and I remembered no more.

COMPRESSED AIR.

THE employment of compressed air in sinking foundations has considerably extended of late years, and has been accompanied by a corresponding advance in the construction and manipulation both of pneumatic appliances and pneumatic apparatus. The sensations experienced on first entering a chamber charged with compressed air, and the impressions, both mental and physical, produced by such novel conditions, deserve some passing notice.

A rough sketch of the end in view and the means employed in its attainment will be readily followed. Over the site of the proposed structure—harbour-wall, bridge-pier, or light-house—which has to be founded beneath the surface of the water, a 'caisson' is floated out and sunk. Constructed indifferently of wood or iron, and varying in shape and size with the requirements of the work in execution, it is not easy to define with accuracy what is meant by a 'caisson.' Suffice it, therefore, to fall back on the literal translation from the French, 'a box or coffer;' adding, that the floor is placed several feet above the bottom, and divides the structure into an upper and lower compartment. The latter, filled with air, pumped in by machinery, forms nothing less than a large diving-bell. In this chamber, the workmen are employed, excavating the material beneath their feet; the caisson gradually sinking by its own weight into the hollow excavated beneath it. A sufficiently firm bottom having been reached, nothing remains to be done save to fill the air-chamber with masonry, the men building their way upwards till high-water level is reached, when the works can proceed as if they were on dry land. The caisson is sometimes left in position, forming part of the permanent structure; at other times it is removed.

Ingress and egress to the air-chamber are obtained by means of an air-lock, which prevents the escape of the air, and is similar in its mode of action to that on a canal. The air-lock entered

and the door closed, communication with the outer air is cut off. A valve is now opened, admitting compressed air from the chamber below, which rapidly fills the air-lock. This enables the door leading into the shaft to be opened. The visitor can now descend to the air-chamber, where the task of excavation is being carried on.

On the admission of the compressed air to the air-lock, the visitor will experience a sharp sensation of pain in the ears, which will continue to increase with the pressure. He must at once, swallowing the air, force it into the nostrils, which should be closed by the hand. This will drive the air into the ears, and afford considerable relief, due to the equalisation of pressure on both sides of the drums. This should be repeated as the pressure increases, and until the peculiar sensation of oppression in the ears has abated. If the pain increases, the visitor should leave the air-lock, rather than expose himself to the pain and risk to which he is unsuited; for one of the most marked characteristics of compressed air is the immunity enjoyed by some persons inhaling it, as compared with the inconvenience it causes to others.

One or two curious effects resulting from a denser atmosphere may now be noted. On one occasion, a visitor to the air-chamber of a caisson, anxious to compensate for any loss of tissue occasioned by his exertions, opened and emptied his flask, carefully screwing on the stopper. On coming to the surface, he came again under ordinary atmospheric conditions, and the flask at once exploded, owing to the removal of the outside pressure. Whistling can be performed only with difficulty in compressed air; whilst effervescing wines, as champagne, though they are as palatable as ever, open flat and insipid.

PROTECTION AGAINST CHOKE-DAMP.

After a colliery explosion at Unsworth in March last, Mr C. S. Lindsay showed great endurance and heroism in endeavouring to save the lives of two fellow-explorers who were overcome by choke-damp. Mr Lindsay is said to have carried iron nails in his mouth, which he sucked, and was thus enabled to resist the effects of the choke-damp longer than his companions. The explanation given was, that the carbonic acid gas coming into contact with oxide of iron, formed insoluble carbonate of iron, and so was rendered innocuous. F. R. S., writing to the *Times* with reference to this explosion, says that the quantity of carbonic acid absorbed by the adoption of this plan is inappreciable, as might indeed be expected, and suggests a respirator filled with cotton-wool and slaked lime or caustic soda, to absorb the carbonic acid gas or choke-damp; 'or, better still, a cylinder filled with the same material, carried on the back, with a flexible breathing tube and mouthpiece, will enable an explorer to remain for some time in an atmosphere charged with choke-damp which would be at once fatal if inspired directly.' The foregoing is precisely on the principle of the Fleuss apparatus, by means of which divers can remain below for hours and move about freely; or by which firemen can penetrate dense smoke with impunity.

SISTERLY SYMPATHY.

What shall I say to soothe thee, sister mine,
Now that stern Death has robbed thy little nest
Of the sweet bird, whose every song was thine,
Whose downy wings thy loving bosom prest?
How shall I soothe thee, now those wings are crushed,
Now that the pleasant, twittering voice is hushed?

Lift the stray locks from off the dear, dead face;
Let the bright wavelets with their mates unite;
These lovely snowdrops in her fingers place,
Like to her dimpled bosom, pure and white;
Deck well the casket round our rare white pearl,
Our sweet, sweet Margaret, our baby girl.

Weep not so bitterly, O sister dear;
Cling not so blindly to that wee dead hand;
Think of it, worn and cramped with toiling here,
Smeared, like the shells beneath the ocean sand.
Think, had she lived, Care would have lined that brow;
Those eyes would weep, as thine are weeping now.

Not as in troubled sleep our darling lies;
No cruel dreams disturb her calm repose.
The blue-veined lids that veil her peaceful eyes,
'Neath thy fond kiss may never more unclose;
Nor shall the lisping accents plead in vain
To her that may not ease the racking pain.

Dear, let this thought alone console thy heart—
Such grief as thine, thy child shall never know.
Think, how the tears unto thine eyes would start,
As moved the feverish fingers to and fro,
Lovingly creeping 'neath the kerchief, where
They burned the breast that loved to feel them there.

We almost trace upon the cottage floor
The faint impressions of her pretty feet;
Young voices wander through the open door;
Some are discordant; some are low and sweet;
And some are like the voice we cannot hear,
Only not half so sweet—not half so dear.

The crumpled pillow where her fair head lay
Like sunbeam glinting on a seagull's wings,
Thy hand shall fondle when the gloaming gray
On thy bowed head its tender shadow flings;
Her pillow oft thy loving lips shall seek,
Because it nestled 'neath her soft, round cheek.

Let the blue ribbons that she wore the last
In loops, coquettish, on her shoulders tied,
With other relics of the hallowed past,
Be neatly folded, kissed, and laid aside.
Look, they are tangled! Shall we loose them? No!
Tangled *she* left them—we will leave them so.

The daisy meek shall fold its crimson tips
In modest beauty on her humble grave,
Pouting for kisses, like her smiling lips!
Lifting its bonny head, as if to brave
The scorn of sculptured tombs, that seem to lower
On the poor earth where blooms the simple flower.

Her soul, dear sister—as the captive bird
Longs for the sunshine, panteth to be free—
Yearned for such music as *we* never heard,
Dreamed of such beauty as *we* never see.
Mourn we that she has broken her prison bars,
Knowing that, free, she soars beyond the stars!

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WHAT IS PRIVATEERING?

Many people were and still are of opinion that privateering, as between European powers at least, was abolished many years ago, and it may be of interest to see on what foundation this opinion rests.

In 1856, the plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris sat in conference, and on the preamble that 'maritime law in time of war had long been the subject of deplorable disputes,' they adopted a solemn Declaration, which has since been known as the 'Declaration of Paris,' and of which the first article is the following: 'Privateering is and remains abolished.' By this Declaration, those states who signed it were of course bound; and all civilised states have since acceded to it, except the United States, Mexico, and Spain. One might think that nothing could be more explicit than the terms of this article; yet subsequent events have proved that the want of a definition of the first word in it has raised grave doubts as to what operations at sea are actually abolished.

A privateer is a vessel which belongs to a private owner, but sails under a commission granted by a responsible government, and carrying authority to the grantee to wage war according to the usages of naval warfare against the power specified in the commission. With the commission there are issued instructions for the guidance of the holder; and the government may require the deposit of a certain sum or the delivery of a bond as security against the violation of those instructions. The government may further withdraw the commission, if it has been misused, or if the instructions it contains have been disregarded; and when such commissions were wont to be issued by this country, our law held that the owners of the vessels commissioned might also be held liable in damages for the consequences of such misuse or disregard. The war-ships of neutral powers are entitled to visit a privateer and demand exhibition of her commission, in order that they may satisfy themselves of its legality; and the reason for this exception to the rule of international law which declares that vessels of war cannot be visited, obviously is, that a privateer does not bear a public character, as a war-ship does. All these safeguards have been devised, or at least all these usages have gradually become recognised by civilised nations, with a view to the prevention of very obvious risks. So long as naval discipline is exercised on board a ship, and so long as her movements are really controlled by the state to which she belongs, some security is afforded that the laws of war as understood between the belligerent powers will be observed. But neither of these conditions has been fulfilled in the case of privateers. The annals of the eighteenth century tell terrible tales of the excesses committed by privateers on the high seas. These vessels having got beyond the reach of any control which the war-ships of their own country could exercise over them, and being manned often by desperate men, spared neither life nor property, and sometimes made but small discrimination between the ships of the enemy and those of neutral countries. Hence the article of the Declaration of Paris which has been quoted was hailed at the time as a humane regulation, and has ever since been regarded as a canon of international law.

But an incident of the Franco-German war showed that there might arise very nice questions as to what 'privateering' exactly is, and that the decision of these questions would determine whether that article was as comprehensive and effectual as it appeared to be. In July 1870, a Prussian Decree ordered the creation of a voluntary naval force, and appealed to private individuals to place themselves and their ships at the disposal of the government. The Decree stated shortly the conditions under which these vessels and their crews would be accepted for the service of the Fatherland. The vessels were to be owned by private individuals; the crews would indeed enter the federal navy for the duration of the war, but were to be hired

by the owners; the officers were to receive a patent of their rank, and were assured that in case of extraordinary service rendered, their ship might at their request be permanently established in the navy. The object of the force was to attack and destroy French ships of war; and as a reward for this service, premiums were to be granted according to the importance of the vessels. The distribution of these premiums in proper proportions amongst the crew was to be intrusted to the owners. The French Minister, stating in a *note verbale* that his government viewed the German proposal with great apprehension, as being virtually a return to privateering in a disguised form, laid the matter before the English government for consideration. The advice of our Crown lawyers was taken on the point, and they gave an opinion which justified Lord Granville in making to the French government the reply that there were 'substantial distinctions between the proposed naval volunteer force sanctioned by the Prussian government and the system of privateering which the Declaration of Paris was intended to suppress.' The inference to be drawn from this reply of course was, that England could not undertake to represent to Prussia that the execution of her scheme would be regarded as a violation of the Declaration. In the end, the proposal of the Prussian government was not carried out, and the volunteer navy was never formed.

Now, it is perfectly true that, at the outset at anyrate, these vessels were to be employed against war-ships only; but this restriction of their operations would have been but temporary, because the announcement made at the commencement of the war, that Prussia would not capture private property at sea, was afterwards withdrawn. It has been well pointed out that the reason for this announcement being made at all was obviously that Prussia hoped thereby to induce France to adopt a similar policy, and that by this step the commerce of the former, which she was powerless to protect, would be spared, and the strength of the latter on the sea in a great degree rendered useless.

Now that a cool judgment may be formed on the subject, it may be said with safety that it is difficult to see any real difference between the volunteer vessels as proposed to be organised and the privateers which it was intended to eliminate from European warfare. Both classes of vessels are owned and equipped by private persons for the sake of gain; in both, the crews and officers are employed by private persons; and in both cases the result of this practice will inevitably be, that the acquisition of that gain which prompts the enterprise will be pursued even though it involve the disregard of the rules of naval war. Besides this, the French government pointed out, with great acuteness, that the clause in the Decree which provided for the distribution of the premiums by the owners effectually stamped the enterprise as essentially private. It is to be admitted, indeed, that a volunteer navy is under naval discipline, while privateers are not; but this is a difference of degree only, for even a privateer would recognise the authority of the admiral, at least while within his reach; and the scheme of the Prussian government does not show that the naval control of these volunteers would be so close and complete as to guarantee obedience to naval commands.

It is improbable that a similar attempt will be made by any of the states who acceded to the Declaration of 1856 to evade the execution of its first article; but it is not unlikely that one of them may boldly assert that, like another famous international agreement, this Declaration has suffered 'the modifications to which most European transactions have been exposed;' and with that preliminary justification, may proceed to open violation of the stipulations which it has undertaken to observe. In such a case, it is probable that the governments of Europe would join in remonstrance against such a proceeding; and it is certain that the power to whose special prejudice the violation was committed would take an early opportunity of considering how far she on her part was bound by agreements entered into with a state so faithless.

It has been seen, then, that the essential characteristic of a privateer is that, though owned by private individuals, she is commissioned by a responsible government; and it is scarcely necessary to apply that description so as to distinguish her from pirates on the one hand and from merchant-vessels incorporated in the navy on the other. Pirates are those who, without any authority from any sovereign or state, commit depredations by sea or land; and as no single state is responsible for their acts, so every nation may seize and punish them. The incorporation of part of the mercantile marine of a nation in its regular navy is of course wholly legitimate; the vessels are as much subject to naval control as regular war-ships, and are in just the same intimate connection with the state itself.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRANCES went to Portland Place next day. She went with great reluctance, feeling that to be thus plunged into the atmosphere of the other side was intolerable. Had she been able to feel that there was absolute right on either side, it would not have been so difficult for her. But she knew so little of the facts of the case, and her natural prepossessions were so curiously double and variable, that every assault was painful. To be swept into the faction of the other side, when the first impassioned sentiment with which she had felt her mother's arms around her had begun to sink inevitably into that silent judgment of another individual's ways and utterances which is the hindrance of reason to every enthusiasm, was doubly hard. She was resolute indeed that not a word or insinuation against her mother should be permitted in her presence. But she herself had a hundred little doubts and questions in her mind, traitors whose very existence no one must suspect but herself. Her natural revulsion from the thought of being forced into partisanship gave her a feeling of strong opposition and resistance against everything that might be

said to her, when she stepped into the solemn house in Portland Place, where everything was so large, empty, and still, so different from her mother's warm and cheerful abode. The manner in which her aunt met her strengthened this feeling. On their previous meeting, in Lady Markham's presence, the greeting given her by Mrs Cavendish had chilled her through and through. She was ushered in now to the same still room, with its unused look, with all the chairs in their right places, and no litter of habitation about; but her aunt came to her with a different aspect from that which she had borne before. She came quickly, almost with a rush, and took the shrinking girl into her arms. 'My dear little Frances, my dear child, my brother's own little girl!' she cried, kissing her again and again. Her ascetic countenance was transfigured, her gray eyes warmed and shone.

Frances could not make any eager response to this warmth. She did her best to look the gratification which she knew she ought to have felt, and to return her aunt's caresses with due fervour; but in her heart there was a chill of which she felt ashamed, and a sense of insincerity which was very foreign to her nature. All through these strange experiences, Frances felt herself insincere. She had not known how to respond even to her mother, and a cold sense that she was among strangers had crept in even in the midst of the bewildering certainty that she was with her nearest relations and in her mother's house. In present circumstances, 'How do you do, aunt Charlotte?' was the only commonplace phrase she could find to say, in answer to the effusion of affection with which she was received.

'Now we can talk,' said Mrs Cavendish, leading her with both hands in hers to a sofa near the fire. 'While my lady was here, it was impossible. You must have thought me cold, when my heart was just running over to my dear brother's favourite child. But I could not open my heart before her; I never could do it. And there is so much to ask you. For though I would not let her know I had never heard, you know very well, my dear, I can't deceive you. —O Frances, why doesn't he write? Surely, surely, he must have known I would never betray him—to *her*, or any of her race.'

'Aunt Charlotte, please remember you are speaking of'——

'Oh, I can't stand on ceremony with you! I can't do it. Constance, that had been always with her, that was another thing. But you, my dear, dear child! And you must not stand on ceremony with me. I can understand you, if no one else can. And as for expecting you to love her and honour her and so forth, a woman whom you have never seen before, who has spoiled your dear father's life'——

Frances had put up her hand to stay this flood, but in vain. With eyes that flashed with excitement, the quiet still gray woman was strangely transformed. A vivacious and animated person when moved by passion is not so alarming as a reserved and silent one. There was a force of fury and hatred in her tone and looks which appalled the girl. She interrupted almost rudely, insisting upon being heard, as soon as Mrs Cavendish paused for breath.

'You must not speak to me so; you must not —you shall not! I will not hear it.'

Frances was quiet too, and there was in her also the vehemence of a tranquil nature transported beyond all ordinary bounds.

Mrs Cavendish stopped and looked at her fixedly, then suddenly changed her tone. 'Your father might have written to me,' she said—'he might have written to *me*. He is my only brother, and I am all that remains of the family, now that Minnie, poor Minnie, who was so much mixed up with it all, is gone. It was natural enough that he should go away. I always understood him, if nobody else did; but he might have trusted his own family, who would never, never have betrayed him. And to think that I should owe my knowledge of him now to that ill-grown, ill-conditioned—— O Frances, it was a bitter pill! To owe my knowledge of my brother and of you and everything about you to Markham—I shall never be able to forget how bitter it was.'

'You forget: Markham is my brother, aunt Charlotte.'

'He is nothing of the sort. He is your half-brother, if you care to keep up the connection at all. But some people don't think much of it. It is the father's side that counts.—But don't let us argue about that. Tell me how is your father? Tell me all about him. I love you dearly, for his sake; but above everything, I want to hear about him. I never had any other brother.—How is he, Frances? To think that I should never have seen or heard of him for twelve long years!'

'My father is—very well,' said Frances, with a sort of strangulation both in heart and voice, not knowing what to say.

'"Very well!"—Oh, that is not much to satisfy me with, after so long! Where is he—and how is he living—and have you been a very good child to him, Frances? He deserves a good child, for he was a good son. Oh, tell me a little about him. Did he tell you everything about us? Did he say how fond and how proud we were of him? and how happy we used to be at home all together? He must have told you. —If you knew how I go back to those old days! We were such a happy united family. Life is always disappointing. It does not bring you what you think, and it is not everybody that has the comfort we have in looking back upon their youth. He must have told you of our happy life at home.'

Frances had kept the secret of her father's silence from every one who had a right to blame him for it. But here she felt herself to be bound by no such precaution. His sister was on his side. It was in his defence and in passionate partisanship for him that she had assailed the mother to the child. Frances had even a momentary angry pleasure in telling the truth without mitigation or softening. 'I don't know whether you will believe me,' she said, 'but my father told me nothing. He never said a word to me about his past life or any one connected with him; neither you nor—any one.' Though she had the kindest heart in the world, and never had harmed any one, it gave Frances almost a little pang of pleasure to deliver this blow.

Mrs Cavendish received it, so to speak, full

in the face, as she leaned forward, eagerly waiting what Frances had to say. She looked at the girl aghast, the colour changing in her face, a sudden exclamation dying away in her throat. But after the first keen sensation, she drew herself together and regained her self-control. 'Yes, yes,' she cried; 'I understand. He could not enter into anything about us without telling you of—others. He was always full of good feeling—and so just! No doubt, he thought if you heard our side, you should hear the other. But when you were coming away—when he knew you must hear everything, what message did he give you for me?'

In sight of the anxiety which shone in her aunt's eyes, and the eager bend towards her of the rigid straight figure not used to any yielding, Frances began to feel as if she were the culprit. 'Indeed,' she said, hesitating, 'he never said anything. I came here in ignorance. I never knew I had a mother till Constance came—nor any relations. I heard of my aunt for the first time from—mamma; and then to conceal my ignorance, I asked Markham; I wanted no one to know.'

It was some minutes before Mrs Cavendish spoke. Her eyes slowly filled with tears, as she kept them fixed upon Frances. The blow went very deep; it struck at illusions which were perhaps more dear than anything in her actual existence. 'You heard of me for the first time from—— Oh, that was cruel, that was cruel of Edward,' she cried, clasping her hands together —'of me for the first time.—And you had to ask Markham! And I, that was his favourite sister, and that never forgot him, never for a day!'

Frances put her own soft young hands upon those which her aunt wrung convulsively together in the face of this sudden pang. 'I think he had tried to forget his old life altogether,' she said; 'or perhaps it was because he thought so much of it that he could not tell me—I was so ignorant! He would have been obliged to tell me so much, if he had told me anything.—Aunt Charlotte, I don't think he meant to be unkind.'

Mrs Cavendish shook her head; then she turned upon her comforter with a sort of indignation. 'And you,' she said, 'did you never want to know? Did you never wonder how it was that he was there, vegetating in a little foreign place, a man of his gifts? Did you never ask whom you belonged to, what friends you had at home?—I am afraid,' she cried suddenly, rising to her feet, throwing off the girl's hand, which had still held hers, 'that you are like your mother in your heart as well as your face—a self-contained, self-satisfying creature. You cannot have been such a child to him as he had a right to, or you would have known all—all there was to know.'

She went to the fire as she spoke and took up the poker and struck the smouldering coals into a blaze with agitated vehemence, shivering nervously, with excitement rather than cold. 'Of course that is how it is,' she said. 'You must have been thinking of your own little affairs, and not of his. He must have thought he would have his child to confide in and rely upon—and then have found out that she was not of his nature at all, nor thinking of him; and then he would shut his heart close—oh, I know him so well! that is so like Edward—and say nothing, nothing! That was always easier to him than saying a little. It was everything or nothing with him always. And when he found you took no interest, he would shut himself up. —But there's Constance,' she cried after a pause —'Constance is like our side. He will be able to pour out his heart, poor Edward, to her; and she will understand him. There is some comfort in that at least.'

If Frances had felt a momentary pleasure in giving pain, it was now repaid to her doubly. She sat where her aunt had left her, following with a quiver of consciousness everything she said. Ah, yes; she had been full of her own little affairs. She had thought of the mayonnaises, but not of any spiritual needs to which she could minister.—She had not felt any wonder that a man of his gifts should live at Bordighera, or any vehemence of curiosity as to the family she belonged to, or what his antecedents were. She had taken it all quite calmly, accepting as the course of nature the absence of relations and references to home. She had known nothing else, and she had not thought of anything else. Was it her fault all through? Had she been a disappointment to her father, not worthy of him or his confidence? The tears gathered slowly in her eyes. And when Mrs Cavendish suddenly introduced the name of Constance, Frances, too, sprang to her feet with a sense of the intolerable, which she could not master. To be told that she had failed, might be bearable; but that Constance, Constance! should turn out to possess all that she wanted, to gain the confidence she had not been able to gain, that was more than flesh and blood could bear. She sprang up hastily, and began with trembling hands to button up to her throat the close-fitting outdoor jacket which she had undone. Mrs Cavendish stood, her face lit up with the ruddy blaze of the fire, shooting out sharp arrows of words, with her back turned to her young victim; while Frances behind her, in as great agitation, prepared to bring the conference and controversy to a close.

HOW TO REGULATE A PATIENT'S DIET.

ALMOST of equal importance with the administration of remedies to a patient is the question of his feeding and diet; indeed, sometimes this becomes *the* point of consideration, and the amount of nourishment taken may make the difference between life and death. Unhappily, it is just such cases that are beset with difficulty. The patient may be exhausted, and refuse food; or he may be unconscious, and hardly able to swallow; or delirious, and violently averse to being fed. If the nurse is not impressed with the vital importance of getting the prescribed amount of food down, she is very likely to give up the attempt, and let her patient sink; yet patience, perseverance, and tact can often conquer what look like insurmountable obstacles. I remember one case where the family doctor, after consultation with a physician, had only this

comfort to give: '*If* he can take nourishment, he may pull through;' but so great was the weakness, nausea, and aversion to food, that it seemed a hopeless case. But the patient's nurse had taken in the situation, and by dint of tea-spoonfuls of milk and beef-tea, with occasional doses of brandy and pieces of ice, she succeeded in getting the prescribed amount taken, and retained; and it is not difficult to picture the satisfaction of thus rescuing a dear one from the very gates of the grave.

In another case, the patient, a heavy, powerful woman and violently delirious, absolutely refused to touch the stimulants on which the doctor declared her life depended. On leaving at night, he remarked to a friend who had come to inquire: 'I can do no more. If she cannot be got to take a certain [and large] amount during the next twenty-four hours, she must die.' The friend, a frail little woman, quite unable to cope with the patient in strength, hit upon the device of putting a small quantity of brandy in beef-tea into a teacup. As she approached the bedside, the patient shrieked out: 'Go away! I've told the doctor and nurse, I won't take any of their nasty beef-tea or brandy. Go away! I tell you.'

'Very well,' was the quiet answer. 'But you know I would not give you anything nasty; and what I have in this cup is particularly nice; but if you don't want it, I can take it myself.'

'Oh, you needn't do that. If it's really nice, I don't mind a taste.' Then, after a sip: 'That's the queerest coffee I ever tasted, but it is not bad; I don't mind finishing it.' In a little while came the welcome remark: 'I don't mind having a little more of that coffee; only I won't have her [the nurse, who had given up in despair] come near me.'

This kind of thing continued through the night; and by the morning, the patient had taken a new lease of life, thanks to the tact and perseverance of a woman of wit.

It so happens that in both these instances success was achieved by amateurs; but as a rule, such grave cases need professional care, and the inexperienced nurse will only have to battle with milder forms of difficulty, and by keeping to the following simple rules, much of the difficulty will vanish:

1. *Try to be punctual.*—I say try, because it is not always possible to keep exactly to specified times; but as far as practicable, regularity in meals should be observed. In convalescence especially, it is important that the patient should never be kept waiting. All should be ready at the proper time, and the meal served without any questioning as to whether the invalid is 'inclined' for food. If asked, the chances are ten to one he will refuse, when, if given as a matter of course, he will take it without grumbling. Breakfast should be served as soon after the patient's waking as possible, and before the tidying-up process commences.

2. *See that the food is properly served.*—By this I mean that china, plate, and linen should be spotlessly clean, and free from smear or stain, and that everything likely to be wanted should be ready to hand. If the patient is fond of flowers, two or three laid on the cloth will be welcome; and a nurse should bear in mind that a daintily served meal is far more likely to be attractive than a tray of food put together 'anyhow.' That the cooking shall be good, is of course a necessity; and whatever is put before a delicate appetite should be either cold or hot, never in the lukewarm state that demands hunger as sauce.

3. *Never give much food at a time.*—This is a point on which an inexperienced nurse is very liable to make mistakes; in her anxiety to induce the patient to take the nourishment so essential to his recovery, she is very apt to offer him a heaped-up plateful, which he contemplates with a shudder; whilst a small quantity of the same food would be received without a murmur. It follows, therefore, that in such cases the number of meals must be increased in proportion to the amount of nourishment to be taken. In severe cases, it is sometimes necessary to give food every half-hour, or even oftener; and it is then advisable to make a list of the amount of nourishment, medicine, and stimulant to be taken in the twenty-four hours, and of the times at which they should be given. If each item is scored through as taken, and a mark put against the things omitted, the doctor will be able to see at a glance how far his orders have been carried out. Of course this plan is only needful in bad cases.

4. *Vary the diet.*—This is another of the many points frequently neglected, and unfortunately, not by the home-nurse only. It is wonderful how seldom even the professed nurse remembers that it is possible to have too much of such a good thing as beef-tea made only in one way; yet I should say there are few people who pass through a lengthy illness without thoughts anything but friendly towards the inventor of that beverage.

Space prevents our dwelling on the subject of invalid cookery, important as it is; but beef-tea is in such universal request, that every nurse should remember that it may be made with water in at least four or five ways, each having its specific flavour; it may also be varied by using half-beef, half-veal, or by combining beef, veal, and mutton. Some invalids will take it more readily as jelly, which may be varied in strength and flavour to almost any extent. In convalescence, the addition of rice, lentils, or fresh vegetables (as allowed) will make a pleasant change; and by taking a little thought and care, a nurse can save her patient from the loathing of food, and consequent irritability, so frequently associated with the nourishing treatment. Should the patient be unable to finish a meal, the remains must be at once removed, and not allowed to stand about, on the chance of being taken later on. The chances are greatly more in favour of what remains being finished, if it is taken away immediately and freshly served on the next occasion. Indeed, no food of any kind must be allowed to remain in the sickroom, for the patient will be constantly throwing off impurities, readily absorbed by both solids and liquids, which, if allowed to remain any length of time, become actually poisoned and quite unfit for use. At the same time, a nurse should be able to lay her hand on food and drink at a moment's notice; and for this purpose it is of advantage to have a slab or shelf outside the door. If this convenience is not to be had, a small table or ordinary bedroom chair may be used, and the

food covered with a piece of gauze or muslin. Stimulants must be given only under medical orders, and should be as carefully measured as medicine. When a certain amount is ordered, the nurse should be particular in ascertaining whether it is to be taken through the night, and whether with food. As a rule, stimulants are given diluted with water according to the patient's taste; brandy may be put into either milk or beef-tea if liked, and in warm weather, ice will be found a welcome dilutant.

If the patient is well enough to sit up, he will be more likely to take kindly to food if he is comfortably propped up with pillows and the meal daintily served on a bed-table, a simple and very useful contrivance, which any carpenter will make for a few shillings. If the patient is too weak to sit up, his food had better be given in a feeder, a sort of covered cup with a curved spout; and the nurse will best be able to support him by passing her arm under the pillow and raising his head on that, instead of merely putting her hand at the back of his neck. It is curious how some patients will object to a feeder, in spite of its cleanliness and comfort. Unreasonable as is the fancy, it had better be humoured, and a china tea-pot with an upright spout substituted. If this fails to give satisfaction, a tumbler or tea-cup may be tried; but it must not be more than half-filled, and even then, some portion of the contents will very likely get spilled, so that a clean napkin should always be tucked under the patient's chin before commencing.

In cases of extreme exhaustion, it is better not to let the patient raise his head. He must then be fed with a teaspoon, and the food given slowly and with care. If much milk is being taken, it is a good plan to put it in a tumbler, and let the patient suck it through a glass tube bent to the right angle. These tubes can be procured at any chemist's, and are a comfort equally to patient and nurse.

Such are the general rules for sickroom diet and feeding; but each case will have its special features, and the good nurse will always be ready to adapt herself to circumstances, and to yield implicit obedience to the doctor, in this as in all things, even though he give instructions that cut at the root of all her preconceived ideas.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning, Lionel was off on his quest. He found Gillian already at the appointed spot, and although at a distance she did not know him in his civilian garb, when she recognised him, he felt a thrill to see what he naturally fancied to be a flush of pleasure cross her face. Still, she was Miss Ramsden of the Hall; and he, whatever he might have been before, was but a corporal in a line regiment, so that, although he was already smitten by her grace and beauty, he maintained the demeanour of a privileged inferior.

'You must have thought it very presumptive of me, Miss Ramsden,' he said, 'to ask you to give me another interview; but I know no one else here on whom I can depend to give me the information I want. I met Trent after I left you yesterday. All he could tell me was that my father died in great anger with me, and disinherited me in favour of your father.'

'And I fear I can add very little to what Mr Trent has told you,' said Gillian. 'Simply, Mr Gaskell, I would warn you against him, if any old grudge still exists between you; and although I avoid speaking ill of any one as a rule, I do not think I should believe all he said.'

A feeling of joy thrilled through Lionel. If this bright-eyed, honest-speaking girl was really engaged to Edward Trent, most assuredly she would not speak of him in this manner.

'I know, or, rather, I remember enough about him,' said Lionel, 'to be enabled to place a correct value on what he says, Miss Ramsden; for instance, he told me one thing which I did not believe, about you.'

'About me? What did he say?'

'He said you were engaged to be married.'

'I am glad you did not believe it, Mr Gaskell,' said Gillian. 'But you will hear it often. Indeed, I believe it is regarded as a fact by many people who ought to know me better than to think that I should swear to love, honour, and obey a man for whom I have the greatest contempt.'

'I am so glad to hear you say so!' exclaimed Lionel, unable to repress his feelings. 'I mean, I should be so sorry to think that you should throw yourself away on him.'

'But,' said Gillian, 'where there is smoke there is fire. I don't know why it is, Mr Gaskell, but I feel that I may confide in you.'

'Oh, that you may, Miss Ramsden!' enthusiastically exclaimed the young soldier.

'He is ceaseless in his efforts to get me to accept him,' continued the girl. 'I have no peace from him, although I have firmly refused him, and the worst of the matter is that papa himself wishes me to marry him.'

'Squire Ramsden wishes his daughter to marry a pettifogging country attorney, who ten years back was sweeping out an office in Lincoln's Inn!' exclaimed Lionel. 'How can he possibly think that such a marriage would be happy and in keeping with your position here? You amaze me, Miss Ramsden!'

'You will be amazed still more, Mr Gaskell,' continued Gillian, 'when I tell you that, to strengthen himself and to weaken my resistance, Mr Trent told me that unless I accepted him, he would ruin and disgrace us.'

'How could he do that?' asked Lionel. Then, after a pause: 'Miss Ramsden, if he says he can ruin and disgrace you, and your father urges you to accept him, depend upon it that there is some secret between them—please, do not interpret my words into derogation of your father—which is at the root of the whole affair. But I feel certain that in course of time something will be found out that will astonish us and every one but the principal agent. I cannot believe that as a punishment for what were mere boyish excesses at the worst, my father, who loved me as being the nearest human tie which bound him to earth, should have disinherited me; and I cannot believe that his last feelings towards me were of anger. I should not have suspected anything at all, I think, if you had not told me

that your father wished you to marry Edward Trent. Why should you be doomed to a man who, unless he has improved out of recognition of late years, has not a single attractive feature in his character?'

They were sitting side by side on the fallen trunk of a huge oak, and as the cheery sun slanted through the trellis-work of young leaves upon the graceful figure of the girl, Lionel felt that what seemed to be merely an accident was in reality a merciful intervention of Providence, which had sent him here to shelter from coming evil so fair a creature.

'Did you never hear of me, Miss Ramsden, before you came to Hingleton?' he asked.

'Never. I was at school when this great change in our station occurred; and although I had heard my father speak of "old Tom Gaskell," I hardly knew who he was or where he lived.'

'Hush! Miss Ramsden. I hear voices close by. I would not have you discovered here with me for worlds. You must return home, and—— May I see you again to-morrow? I feel, somehow or other, as if I had been sent to ward off a terrible evil from you; and I don't know how to thank you for your kindness in making a confidant of me.'

'Mr Gaskell, I am only a simple country girl,' said Gillian, 'yet I intuitively know whom I can trust and whom I cannot.—Good-bye, until to-morrow.'

This time, Lionel Gaskell raised the girl's hand to his lips. He watched her active form disappear in the plantation, then listened. The voices seemed to be in the lane immediately underneath him, and one of them he recognised to be that of Edward Trent. Creeping noiselessly along, he arrived at the paling which separated the meadow-land from the lane, and which stood at the top of a high, thickly grown bank, and peering through a fissure, he saw Edward Trent talking to a rough-looking man clad in a velveteen coat, and corduroy trousers tucked into leggings. Trent was saying: 'Very well, Nehemiah. Mind, the risk is all mine, and the gain yours. The squire and the colonel are determined to stop poaching; and they both, finding that keepers and watchers are of no good, have given me full powers to act. Of course, I know you and all your lot well enough; I know all your haunts, where you sell the game, even your gibberish and watchwords.'

'Blest if I doan't think you know 'most everything, Master Trent,' said the man.

'No; I'm not so perfect as that; but I know that a poacher fears a lawyer more than he does all the keepers in the county.'

'That's true for you,' mumbled the man.

'Well,' continued Trent, 'if you manage what I say, it will be worth your while, and not a bit of harm shall come to you. Don't be up to any jobs until you hear from me. I'll write to you at the old place.'

Then they separated; the rough-looking man taking the field-path in the direction of Hingleton, Edward Trent going towards the park gate. He went straight to the squire's study, and found the colonel with a London paper in his hand, holding forth to his friend the squire about the situation in Europe.

'Well, Mr Trent,' said Colonel Adamthwaite, 'so those blackguards the poachers are still at it, in spite of all your sharpness and activity. However, I'm determined to put a stop to it, and I will, even if I keep a company of my regiment on the watch all night with loaded muskets.'

'I admit that my efforts haven't as yet met with much success, colonel,' said Trent; 'but if in a short time I don't bring the ringleader before you at petty sessions, I'll throw up the job and admit myself beaten. I've had my eye on him for some time, although he doesn't belong to these parts, and I've got the trap nicely adjusted for him to walk into.'

'Well, I wish you success,' said the colonel; 'and you may depend upon it that if I'm on the bench, he'll get a sentence that will frighten his mates for some time to come.—Hillo! It's eleven o'clock, and the *Comet* calls at the *Arms* at half-past. I must be off.' So, after shaking hands cordially with the squire and nodding slightly to Trent, the old soldier left the room. Outside, he met Gillian, fresh-cheeked from her run across the park. 'Well, Sweet,' he said, 'how go things? Your precious adorer is inside. Nice man he is! Trying to worm himself round the poor old squire by turning poacher-trapper. Almost hope he'll fail in some new dodge he's up to, although I am hot against the vagabonds. Has he been bothering you lately?'

'Yes, colonel; he doesn't give me much peace.'

'Impudent scoundrel!' exclaimed the colonel. 'I've half a mind to haul him out and give him a thrashing. Some day I will, and risk the consequences of hammering a lawyer.—Well, I'm off to London; Bonaparte's at his old tricks again.'

'Oh, and then there will be more battles and killing!' sighed Gillian. 'How horrible! But, colonel, you won't go?'

'I must go if I'm under orders,' said the old soldier. 'But good-bye; I've got to catch the coach; and when I return, I'll bring you all the news and something pretty from London town.' As Gillian watched him striding down the avenue, she thought not only of the blank which would be caused in her life if misfortune should overtake him in case of war, but of another who would be obliged to go across the sea to fight his country's battles—of the poor corporal, who already occupied so large a place in her heart.

Edward Trent and the squire meanwhile were talking earnestly.

'You say she is still firm in her refusal, Trent?' asked the latter.

'Yes,' replied the lawyer, almost savagely. 'She avoids me when she can, and treats me like an utter stranger.'

'Very well, then,' said the squire, rising and plunging his hands deeply into his breeches' pockets; 'matters must take their course. I'm not going to force the girl against her will. Rather than do so, I would leave Hingleton to-morrow, and face the ruin and disgrace with which you threaten me.'

The lawyer stared at the squire with mouth and eyes wide opened for a few seconds; but

he quickly recovered himself, and said: 'Think again, squire, before you decide upon such a course. Mind, I want to do things as pleasantly as possible; but a bargain's a bargain. Remember, also, I have your letter dated during Mr Gaskell's illness, in which you say: "I am the next of kin to Thomas Gaskell, now that his son is as good as dead. If you can get Hingleton for me—and as a lawyer, you will not find much difficulty in doing so by proving to the old gentleman that his son is dead—you may name your own terms."—Very well. You came here with Gillian, who was then sixteen. I fell in love with her at first sight, and I determined that the price of my efforts on your behalf should be her hand. I was successful, and I claim my reward. Mind, no one but you and I knows anything about the certificate of death. The colonel and Simson only witnessed the new will. I give you a week to decide, squire.—Good-morning.' So saying, he left the room.

The squire stood against the mantel-piece the very picture of misery and despair. Either of the courses open to him was fraught with unhappiness. If he persuaded his daughter to marry Trent, he sacrificed her to his own mean and selfish motives. If he stuck to his last resolution of letting matters go, Trent would expose him as one who had in fact ousted the rightful heir from his property by working on the disturbed mind of a dying man. He would be disgraced and ruined. But if Gillian and Trent were married, the secret would remain buried for ever; and in the now improbable event of the appearance of Lionel Gaskell upon the scene, he would simply be told what was the universal belief, that he had been disinherited for his extravagances and escapades.

John Ramsden was a weak man, and although, in ordinary mundane matters, a generous, honourable man, the conflict between duty and inclination was severe within him. As often as he decided on the side of duty, the hideous phantoms of disgrace and ruin rose before him. Finally, his weakness prevailed, and he resolved that Gillian should marry Trent.

When Lionel met Gillian the next morning, he told her of what he had overheard in the lane. She could offer no explanation of it, and did not appear to attach particular importance to it, remarking that Trent was constantly engaged in mysterious operations about the place, and that in all probability he was laying a plot for another poacher, upon the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief.

A week passed—the happiest week of Lionel's life, for he saw Gillian every day. Every day their intercourse became less strained and formal, every day ripened the mutual respect and admiration into a firm bond of intimacy. At the end of the week they were 'Gillian' and 'Lionel' to each other; and yet, what was to be the issue of it all? On the twentieth day of their acquaintance, on a bright sweet morning in mid-May, they were sitting together on the trunk of a fallen tree. For the first time during their acquaintance they seemed to have nothing to say to one another, the fact being that the one knew well how much the other had to say. Then Lionel broke the ice, and without any preliminary fanfaronade of rhetoric and eloquence, asked Gillian if she could give him her heart. The girl had no words to form into an answer, but simply threw her arms round his neck and nestled her face against his; and in this appropriate position they remained for some exquisite moments, whilst a blackbird piped out a pæan of joy from a bough hard by, and a straining, horrified human face peering over the fence drank in the scene greedily. The face, of course, belonged to Mr Edward Trent, who had for some days suspected the regular daily absences of Gillian from home, and who, after many fruitless attempts, had at length hunted down his prey. He watched the happy, blind couple for some moments, then slipping quietly down, hastened away towards Hingleton. And the happy, blind couple remained there long after he had gone, until the old clock chimed mid-day, and Gillian rose to return home. 'And now, Sweet,' quoth Lionel, 'I am going to call you Sweet, as every one else does—we are bound together, and the one question remains, what is to be done? Certainly, I shall proclaim myself to your father; but before I do so, I must have an interview with your good old friend the colonel, who, I am sure, from what you say, will help us through all difficulties.'

A parting embrace, and they went unwillingly their separate ways, their hearts filled with the greatest happiness, in spite of the prospect of difficulty and delay which was open before them.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the next morning, a note was handed to Lionel as he was at breakfast. As the address was written in a delicate female hand, his heart bounded within him. Then he opened it gently and read:

My dearest Lionel—Edward Trent has found out all about us; and I am in momentary expectation of being summoned to an interview with father in the study. It may be better, perhaps, to keep the affair quiet for a little time, so I will ask you to meet me to-night at eight o'clock at the White Coppice stile, which you know well, instead of at our usual time and place, and we can then arrange our plans, secure from interference. I have so much to tell you.—Ever your affectionate, Gillian Ramsden.

The young man read this note a dozen times, and a dozen times imprinted his lips upon the paper, then folded it away carefully next his heart, and waited for the long weary hours to pass until he should again be side by side with the being he loved most in the world. It was a little strange, he thought, for Gillian to make an appointment at such a time and place, but he had such implicit confidence in her sense, that he knew she must have some sufficient reason for so doing.

In the meanwhile, tremendous news had shaken Europe from one end to the other. On the night of the 19th of March, Louis XVIII. had fled from Paris to Lille before the advance of Bonaparte from the south. On the 20th, Napoleon entered the Tuileries; and by the middle of May, had, by incredible efforts, gathered around him an army of one hundred and thirty thousand men. The

British Cabinet had met in hot haste; recruiting officers were hard at work plying their vocation throughout the British empire, for the cream of the army, the veterans of the Peninsula, were frittering away their strength in unproductive campaigns against the Americans. Bonham was in a state of great excitement, for the headquarters of the county regiment were there, and the one topic of conversation on everybody's lips was its probable instant departure for the seat of war. Every one indeed was smitten with the war-fever, although prayers for peace had been universal for long months past, and the difficulty the sergeants had to contend with was, not the bringing of recruits, but the selection of the best men amongst the hundreds who presented themselves. Lionel had seen enough of war, and this abundance of fighting material gave him hope that his services with the Fenshire Regiment might be dispensed with; for, with so dangerous an enemy as Edward Trent about, he dare not leave Gillian alone with a father prejudiced against her.

The long day at length drifted into night, and Lionel, full of joy and hope, started for the White Coppice to meet his beloved. He had not felt so careless and light-hearted since he had trod this same road, in the reverse direction, at the same hour of night, six years before on his way to enlist; and never before had nature seemed so beautiful as now, when the rising moon cast all sorts of weird shadows over fields and hedges. White Coppice he remembered well as being reputed haunted, and therefore the goal of many a secret expedition undertaken by him and other adventurous youths in quest of the gray spirit of a murdered tramp. It was a great deal more than a coppice, being, in fact, an extensive corner of thick wood, almost impenetrable by daylight, absolutely Cimmerian at night, a favourite haunt of poachers, and, for the reason above stated, generally shunned by the superstitious country-folk.

When Lionel arrived there a few minutes before eight, he could not help wondering why Gillian should have named such a spot for a trysting-place, so weird and uncanny it seemed in its absolute stillness and almost impenetrable gloom, rendered perhaps more solemn by the pale light of the moon shining on the tall white columns of scattered beech-trees. However, he swung himself on to the stile which announced a faint path through the coppice, and sat listening for any sound which might herald the arrival of his love. Eight o'clock boomed simultaneously from the Hall stables and old Hingleton belfry. No Gillian. A quarter-past, half-past. Lionel grew impatient and suspicious, and was on the point of plunging boldly into the wood in the direction of the Hall, when a slight noise amongst the bushes arrested him. He remained motionless. The sound continued; but Lionel knew the coppice to be a happy hunting-ground for rabbits, and went forward; then he heard a distinct low whistle, and muttering the word 'Poachers,' he stooped, as if to screen himself from observation. Scarcely had he done so, when he felt a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and recognised in the moonlight the face of the man he had seen talking to Edward Trent in the lane. His first impulse was to shake him off roughly and demand his business; but when he saw appear from the gloom like so many phantoms half-a-dozen other wild-looking figures, he felt that, as he was unarmed, discretion was the better part of valour.

'Ha!' said the man; 'so you're the chap as sneaks about and watches of us, and gets us lagged without showin' hisself, is you! Just caught you proper, my young buck. And now, you'll jes' be one of us, and if we're lagged, you'll be lagged too, and get a taste of what you've caused a score o' better men than you to get.'

'I assure you'—— began Lionel, but was stopped short by a broad, unsavoury hand being clapped over his mouth.

'Hush, you fool! Don't yer twig the watchers! Down you go!'

Lionel looked in the direction indicated by his captor, and espied in the bright moonlight four men, clad as keepers and armed with guns. His idea was to shout for help; but he was forced down behind a bush by his powerful captor. Such precaution, however, was useless so far as the poachers were concerned, and with a loud shout the keepers bore down on the group. In a very few seconds, what was apparently a desperate fight was kept up. One of the poachers, probably mistaking Lionel for a keeper, commenced a violent attack upon him; and in self-defence, Lionel was compelled to pick up a gun lying by and return blow for blow. This he did with some success, until a tremendous blow on the head, seemingly from behind, stretched him on the ground, and he fell senseless. When he recovered, he was in a rough cart, in company with two keepers, jogging painfully along the road to Bonham. He was conscious of a throbbing pain in the head, and the moonlight shone upon great dark patches on his clothes, which could only be blood.

'What am I brought like this for?' he asked. 'Where are you taking me?'

'What are yer brought along here for, and where are we a-taking of you?' repeated the keeper addressed in a surly voice. 'Why, you've been caught poachin', and we're a-takin' of you to Bonham lock-up. You're a deep un, you are, and you've given us a dance for some weeks; but you're done for this time.'

'But I'm not a poacher,' said Lionel. 'I'm Lionel Gaskell, son of Squire Gaskell, who died five years ago.'

'Well, you'd better tell all that to the justices to-morrow at the sessions, and see if they'll believe it,' said the man. 'That ain't our business. We've found you with this yer gun about you, along with Nehemiah Buck's gang; and if you can get out of it, yer can.'

So Lionel had to submit to be pushed into a dark, damp, evil-smelling hole known as Bonham lock-up. During the long hours of that night, the young man had ample leisure to put two and two together, and attribute the whole affair, not to accident, but to a mature plot of Edward Trent's. The missive he had so fondly kissed and pressed as coming from Gillian, no doubt was a forgery prepared by Trent. The consolation he had was that he would at any-rate get justice done him on the morrow, and a fitting opportunity would be afforded him for proclaiming his identity. Then, wearied with

pain and loss of blood, he fell asleep in the small-hours of the morning, and was only awakened by the opening of his cell-door and the gruff announcement that he was wanted at the Sessions House. The market-place as he passed through was full of soldiers; and that further news of great import had arrived was evident from the excitement everywhere prevalent, the unusual crowds, and the universal absence of all signs of business. He recognised a great many of his old companions in arms, but nobody noticed him, and he passed through the crowd in the custody of a stalwart constable, and followed by the two keepers, without even attracting a remark concerning his woful appearance.

The Sessions House was almost empty, and there were but two justices on the bench. One of them he did not know; the other was Squire Ramsden, whom he recognised from Gillian's description. Two or three cases of theft and drunkenness were disposed of, and he was placed at the bar.

'So you're one of those rascals who can find no better means of gaining a livelihood than by stealing other people's game, are you?' said Squire Ramsden; 'and I'm instructed that you're the leader of a desperate gang, after whom we've been for weeks past.'

'I'm nothing of the kind,' said Lionel, colouring up. 'I'm Lionel Gaskell, son of the late Squire Gaskell of Hingleton.'

The other justice smiled, and said something about 'brazen-faced impudence to pass off for a man who had been long dead;' but Mr Ramsden turned for a moment deadly pale, although he managed to stammer out: 'Nonsense, my man. Don't try to come that gibberish over us.—Keeper, detail the circumstances of his arrest.' So the keeper related what we already know; and when he had finished, Squire Ramsden, without giving Lionel a chance to reply, said: 'Well, the case is clearly proved. This gun was found in your hand, and you had been using it violently. My brother justices and I are determined to stamp out this wholesale system of poaching, which has too long remained unchecked all about here; and as a warning, you are sentenced to two years' imprisonment.—Remove the prisoner. Next case!'

'Sir, Mr Ramsden!'—— began Lionel.

'Remove the prisoner immediately, jailer,' thundered the squire; and Lionel was about to be forcibly taken away, when an officer in uniform stepped up to the bench, saying: 'One moment, sir, if you will pardon my intrusion. This man whom you have just sentenced I recognise as John Hall, a corporal in my company. He is one of the smartest non-commissioned officers we have, and we sadly want non-coms. If you will allow him to exchange the jail for foreign service, I shall deem it a favour.'

'Well, sir,' said the squire, 'as you know, it's an interference with the course of justice; but under the circumstances, I accede to your request.—Prisoner, you are discharged.'

The regiment was ordered to parade after dinner, at one o'clock, and to start soon after *en route* for London and Dover. Lionel would just have time to arrange matters at the inn, and to send off a note to Gillian, but no more. With another hour to spare, he could have posted over to Hingleton and contrived to bid her farewell; as it was, he could only inform her of his position, so that at anyrate she might get a passing glimpse of him. Before they left the court, Lionel went up to the captain who had extricated him from his predicament, and said: 'Captain, I have to thank you for your opportune kindness. If we arrive home again, I hope that you will not deem it presumption if I ask you to bear witness about my enlistment, in case I should wish to establish my identity as Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton.'

The captain looked astonished at such an announcement from a man who ten minutes before had stood convicted of poaching.

Lionel continued: 'I was wrongfully arrested, through the agency of Lawyer Trent, who has conceived a deadly hatred to me because I love the girl he wants to make his wife.'

'Why,' said the officer, 'Lawyer Trent is engaged to Miss Ramsden of the Hall.'

'No, sir; he is not, and never has been. But I am.'

'You—a corporal in a line regiment, engaged to Miss Ramsden!' exclaimed the captain.

'Why not, sir? I am as well born as she is, although I am but a corporal in a line regiment,' said Lionel. 'At anyrate, sir, if we have the good-luck to come back, I hope you will bear out my assertion, which I intend to make publicly, about the circumstances of my enlistment.'

'Certainly I will.'

Lionel saluted, and hastened to pay his reckoning at the inn, and once more to don his regimentals.

There was such excitement in Hingleton as had not been for many years, when it was known that the regiment would pass through the village on its way to the seat of war. Flags and decorations were brought out from closets and lumber-rooms; the country-folk came pouring in from all directions; such business as the little place boasted was suspended, and long before the expected hour, every coign of advantage was occupied by a chattering, excited crowd. At the first crash of distant music, the excitement swelled into a loud murmur of 'Here they come!' and when a crowd of urchins, keeping step to the famous old air of *The Girl I left behind me*, swept round the corner of the street, popular feeling culminated in a tremendous rolling volley of cheers. Long Tom of Chelmsford, brandishing his tremendous gold-nobbed staff, led the way, and was by no means, in his own estimation, the most insignificant feature of the pageant. To him succeeded the fifes and drums; then the gray-haired colonel on horseback; and then the regiment, seven hundred strong, the sergeants with their pikes on the flanks, the tattered regimental colours, upon which were just distinguishable the Sphinx and the word 'Badajos' in the midst, borne by two beardless youngsters, who had seen more service than their appearance warranted. Young men, the rank and file certainly were; many of them mere boys; but their square shoulders and sturdy limbs showed that they were of the right stuff, and every face bore an expression of joyful

enthusiasm at the prospect of having another hit at the French.

The squire, Gillian, and Edward Trent were on the steps of the parson's house; all three were looking for the same corporal of the same company, but with very different feelings. Lionel saw Sweet Gillian long before she saw him; and as he marched past, his earnest salute of departure was eagerly and tearfully returned by his betrothed. She saw no more: the brave young faces glowing in the bright May sun passed by rank after rank, the bayonets glistened and swayed, the music grew fainter and fainter; and when the last red coat was dimly visible in the cloud of dust raised by the tramp of many hundreds of feet, and the regiment had passed, she realised for the first time in her young life a sense of utter loneliness.

AN HOUR AMONG THE COLLIERS.

THROUGH the earth's crust into a coal-mine! Will you come? Take first a glance round the pit-top; peer down the black hole you are to descend; look up at the huge wheels overhead, and comfort yourself with the thought that the ropes, though they seem so like spiders' threads, are made of steel and will bear thirty tons. Take this lamp, unless you prefer a candle stuck in your hat, collier-fashion; and as the cage—so the platform is called in which men and coal alike are conveyed—clicks on the catches, step in, clutch the iron rod which runs along its top to steady yourself, and prepare to drop a quarter of a mile in no time! A bell rings, and we are off. Before the qualmy sensation, so suggestive of sea-sickness, is fully realised, with a rattle and jerk the cage stops, and you find yourself bewildered and helpless; for the candles cast so dim a glimmer as merely to render the darkness visible. We will sit on this bench for a minute, till—as the phrase is—we 'get our pit eyes;' and then start, escorted by the courteous manager, to see such objects of interest as naturally attract a novice's attention.

First of all—while we are waiting for our carriage to drive up—let us pay a visit to the stables; capital stalls, cut out in the solid rock, at present untenanted, save by swarms of mice, which scamper off in all directions as we bring our lamps to bear on the well-stored mangers. Surprise number one. Wonderingly, we ask: 'How did *mice* get here?'

'Brought down in the hay, you know; and they multiply so alarmingly, that we keep cats, and pay them weekly wages, that they may wash down with milk their monotonous mousy diet. We shall see some of the horses as we go our rounds.' So our guide informs us, and adds: 'Come now; it is time we started for our drive.'

Accordingly, we return to the spot, whence divers small tunnels of impenetrable blackness radiate; each of us crams himself into an oblong box on wheels; and a train of a dozen or so of 'trams,' as they are called, is at once set in motion by a plump powerful horse. He has not seen daylight for eight years, we learn in answer to our questionings. The uniform temperature—warmer in winter, cooler in summer than on the surface—suits the equine constitution wonderfully; and then there is no rain underground. Dark as it is, our Dobbin has sense enough to step outside the tram-rails at any stoppage, and so the trams pass without touching him. Doubtless, many a whack on the heels has taught him this lesson, for the string of carts is drawn by a loose trace-chain only.

Don't omit, while going along this road cut through rock and coal, to keep a good lookout for any curiosities we may pass; only hold your head well down, or it will come in painful contact with the timber props which support the roof, and which rest at each side on stout upright posts. See! there is a perfect *Lepidodendron*, standing just as it grew, when these dark places of the earth constituted a swampy forest, densely covered with reeds and ferns, and trees of which the ornamental Monkey-shrub (*Araucaria imbricata*) is perhaps the best representative among our country's present-day growths. How many thousands of years have elapsed since this trunk—a core of stone within, but without, the actual bark with its seal-like markings stamped out in solid coal—waved its spiky branches beneath the open canopy of heaven! And yet, through all these æons, pressed as in a girl's album, fern fronds of most fragile and exquisite forms, delicate as lacework, as if photographed on stone, lie beneath the enormous mass of superadded strata, perfect as when they shot their graceful stems up into the steaming air in which our coal-measures were laid down in such lavish profusion. Verily, there be 'sermons in stones.'

'Show us where they are digging out the coal,' is naturally our first request as we leave our uncomfortable vehicle.

But if riding was bad, walking is worse; if that can be called walking, where, with bent neck and stooped shoulders, tall men progress with frequent head-bumpings along a road of a painfully low pitch. Soon we come where, by the dusky light of a flickering 'dip,' we see a half-naked collier lying on his side, the better to drive his pick into a narrow seam of coal; while, near by, others are hard at work on thicker veins, hewing out big blocks of shiny blackness, interspersed with cataracts of small coal, which other men shovel rapidly into trams, for conveyance to the upper regions. It is a busy scene, for all these honest fellows are on piecework.

As we go on to visit other workings, our guide stops at a point where a disused road runs down to the right, 'deeper and deeper still,' to tell us this odd story: 'This spot is believed by the miners to be haunted. They are, you know, very superstitious, and now, none of them will come this way without company. It seems that a carter, whose duty it was to push trams of coal along here to the horse-road we have just left, one day heard footsteps as of a man approaching him from the opposite direction. He stopped, to avoid a collision, and distinctly heard the stamping of heavy boots, and a sound as of some one scraping mud off them on the rails. He shouted to him to hurry up, but got no reply.

He held out his candle at arm's length—but saw nothing. He went on to the spot whence the sounds had proceeded; but there was no one there. Incontinently, he bolted to the nearest workings and told his weird tale to sympathising ears. The story has been corroborated again and again by strangers, who had never heard of it.—Hush! there it is! Can't you hear it?'

(Our lamps had been taken from us under the pretence of trimming them, and at this instant they went out, and we were in the blackness of darkness. Few people know what absolute darkness is.)

'Yes,' we faltered; 'we do hear a strange noise. How do you account for it?'

'I can't,' was the reply. 'It may be water in the abandoned road there. It may be an unexplainable echo. Sounds are audible at enormous distances underground. We had a similar scare years ago.' (Here the bailiff succeeded in relighting the lamps, to our great relief.) 'In another part of the mine, the men were constantly hearing mysterious knockings, which they quickly put down to Satanic agency. So I took careful measurements of the spot, and found it to be just under an iron foundry, where a steam-hammer was at work four hundred yards overhead. But the colliers stick to their own theory still.'

A little farther on we were told to climb on all-fours up a steep, low, and narrow cutting, technically called a 'gug,' up and down which a small boy was dragging, apparently with the greatest ease, a wicker basket, fastened by a chain to a rope round his waist. At the top, he filled it with the coal which a collier was hewing; at the bottom, he emptied it into a tram such as we have described.

'This was the work which the last woman who worked underground had to do. Her son is employed here now. Just think what a change has taken place in the last thirty or forty years. At the present time, there is not, so far as I know, a single woman at colliery-work either underground or at the surface in the west of England, though, in other parts of the country, female labour is still used at the pit top.' Such was the manager's comment.

Again we march on in Indian file, stopping here and there to watch some swarthy giant—the dim light makes them look immense—drive in his pick with a dull thud and bring down avalanches of 'black diamonds;' or to notice how, with sledge-hammer and drill, holes in the rock are bored to receive the charge of powder; or hurry past, half choked by the pungent smoke, where the shot has just been fired, and the pleased workmen are shovelling up the copious results of their skilful blasting.

We have already noted some of the fossils of the vegetable life of long-past ages. Here we catch sight of living, and apparently thriving, spiders; though they are colourless and diaphanous, presumably from lack of light, and perhaps also through insufficient nutriment—for what *can* they find to eat? Not so the fungi, which hang, like huge puff-balls, from long threads rooted in the roof. But they, too, are pale and almost substanceless, so that if you hold a candle, or even clap your hands, against them, they crumble to powder. Looking at this strange growth, we think of that imprisoned miner, who, when he was rescued, after many days of starvation, well-nigh dead, was found to be covered all over—face and hands and all—with a kindred plant. Oh, the horror of the quietness and stillness in which a fungus could thus root itself, and flourish on a living man!

'Now for an adventure, if you are venturesome,' our guide cries, as we reach the top of a long steep 'incline' worked by a steam-engine and an endless rope. 'Did you ever try "tobogganing" on snow? This is a good substitute—these bits of plank I have had made with a groove to run on one of the rails. Sit on it so, and off we go!'

'Off we go,' exactly described what happened; for we kept tumbling over, either on the rope at one side, or else against the rough, rocky wall of this narrow passage. If the charm of 'tobogganing' consists in a judicious mixture of speed and danger, this method of going down a colliery incline doubtless resembles it closely. But for all that, I should prefer to walk another time.

Arrived at the bottom, bruised and shaken, we find ourselves in a sort of dome of coal. Its height is perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet; and, in our inexperience, we at once exclaim: 'Ah, this is more like the real thing!'

'No!' the manager answers; 'you are mistaken. This is only a "fault," and will soon narrow down again to its normal thickness of five or six feet. You fancy it is easier to hew the coal here; quite otherwise. There are narrow bands of "shale" every here and there in these walls of coal; and it requires considerable skill and care to keep *this* out of the trams. While, if the "hewer" fails to send up his coal reasonably clean, it is condemned, and he gets no pay for it. Then there is greater danger from falling stones when the roof is so high. For example, not long ago we had an accident here, not without a comic side to it. One of the colliers was endowed with an immensely long nose. While he was at work, a sharp stone fell in front of him. It fortunately missed his head, and would have dropped clear of any ordinary mortal; but the projecting feature came in the way, and from *it* a good, thick slice was cut clean off! The man suffered much pain, and was laid aside for a long time; but on his return to work, he was complimented on the vast improvement in his appearance, and his nickname, "The Beak," fell into disuse.'

But for all that, we agreed we would choose this open, well-ventilated, and roomy place to work in, if we were colliers; especially after we had been exposed to the faint, close odour which another vein hard by gives out.

When we complained of nausea and begged to be taken away, we were told that strangers had been known to vomit, after standing by the face of this seam of coal for a few minutes.

'The smell serves one useful purpose, in indicating at once what strata we are working; for, as far as I know,' our guide informed us, 'this is the only stinking vein in the district. It is quite safe; there is no choke-damp or other noxious gas. I can't explain how it is so; it is only one of the many puzzles that confront the mining engineer. Another of them is, where

the water comes from we constantly have to contend with. Look at that hole, about big enough for a hen to go through. You'll hardly believe me, when I tell you that a few weeks ago there was a road five feet high running down there. One Sunday evening the deputy-bailiff was going his rounds, to see that all was right for the night-men—who repair the roofs and keep the roads good—to come down, when he found this five-foot way contracted to a height of only *two* feet. He crawled through to see what had happened, and fortunately got back safely before a flood of water burst through the spongy, fireclay floor, which it had crushed up in such a remarkable manner. All the workings below this point were flooded, and are not yet in a fit condition for coal-getting. How much worse it must be in fiery mines, where gases rush out in the same, or rather in a far more, sudden manner, dealing death to scores of hapless colliers, you may now easily realise. We have no such awful perils in this pit, thank God! Yet our men have ample hardships and dangers to face. Now that you have seen them at work, don't omit, when occasion serves, to say a good word for those who do so much for England's prosperity—our colliers.'

With which parting words, our obliging cicerone put us under the care of a subordinate, who led us back safely by the way we had come, and brought us up out of the horrible pit into the cheerful light of day.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

A STRANGE droning noise, an atmosphere heavy with incense, and a feeling of imprisonment, are the memories that come back to me when I recall the first moment of returning consciousness. A dull heavy pain in my head, a sensation of numbness, a feeling that I did not care to know where I was or how I came there, are the next things I remember. Then suddenly and with a bound I seemed to regain control of my brain, and gazed about me with full awakening. My surroundings gave me ample food for thought. I was in the chapel of the Misericordia; the priest was chanting a mass for the dead, and six of the brethren in their black dresses were kneeling round me holding tapers in their hands. I was dressed in grave-clothes, and in the coffin, which, with a curious recollection of detail, I knew to be a gorgeous one, and remembered that it would, when I reached the burial-ground, be exchanged for a wretched shell, resembling an elongated egg-box, and be sent back to serve for the repose of other still forms, whilst I should be sleeping under the sod. The bier was a low one, and as the head of my coffin was somewhat raised, I commanded a view of the altar, where stood the officiating priest, and the acolytes swinging censers.

An agony of horror possessed me. My first impulse was to cry out and warn the worshippers that this mockery must cease. Then one of the brothers stirred, and the certainty that my would-be murderer was there, watching till I should be safely entombed, made me restrain the sound that rushed to my lips. I closed my eyes and tried to grasp my position. From what I knew of Italian customs, I was aware that not more than twenty-four hours had been allowed to elapse since my supposed death; and as it was dark, and I must have been with Schidone till nearly seven in the evening, I surmised it to be some time between midnight and dawn, and that the brethren were waiting for daylight to convey me to the cemetery. They watched all night, I knew, and celebrated midnight mass for those whose friends were able and willing to pay for the ceremony, and I guessed that Prince Gherado had charged himself with these cares on my behalf. Slightly unclosing my lids, I gazed at each kneeling figure in turn. They were of course facing the altar, and my only clue to their identity would be gathered from the hand of each as he held his taper, and from what I could see of his feet. Of the six, four displayed rough, coarsely made shoes, and hands accustomed to labour; one had new boots, but his hands, though white and shapely, were heavy and large. The sixth figure, the one on my left, nearest the altar, was, I knew, Schidone. He was as still as a carved image, his head bowed, his hands grasping a heavy candle; but it did not need the gleam of a great stone in a ring he habitually wore, to tell me it was my enemy. I recognised at once the long thin fingers of his white hands, and felt I could trace the shape of his head beneath the black drapery. How helpless I was—how entirely in his power! If I interrupted the service and for the moment escaped, I knew I should not leave Italy in safety; a man so unscrupulous and so powerful for evil as he was, would not be balked of his prey so easily. A cold sweat bedewed my body, as grim thoughts chased each other through my brain. I was so weak, and every now and then a strange dizziness overpowered me, I felt as though I could not regain my liberty unaided.

The minutes as they passed seemed hours; and yet they flew all too fast, for I could invent no scheme for escape. A moonbeam shone through one of the upper windows, and I thought how lovely it must be outside, how the soft light would be glorifying the Campanile, how deep would be the shadow in the Bigallo, how black would show the inlaid marble of the Duomo! Should I ever see it all again? My eyes wandered round the chapel; I gazed at the picture of St Sebastian over the altar; then at the acolytes and murmuring priest; and then at the long lace-trimmed altar-cloth, which touched the ground on either side. Surely my eyes were at fault, or was that black spot a smouldering cinder from out the censer the boy had swung so carelessly? With rapt intensity I watched the linen with the coal on it, and the little puff of smoke arising therefrom. A few seconds more, and a red line of fire ran up and along the cloth, and the artificial flowers on the altar were ablaze! A shout from the brethren, who seemed to rise simultaneously from their knees, and confusion reigned. Then the voice of Gherado arose calm and clear. 'Save the picture!' was the command to two of his companions, who immediately obeyed.—'Call the firemen,' he said to another.—'Quick, put the treasures and relics into a place of safety,' was

his command to the priest. But his coolness only availed for a few minutes; for as the flames seemed to take possession of the building, priest, acolytes, and brethren disappeared in a panic, leaving their black robes on the floor.

Gherado stood for a moment with the ghastly light of the flames shining on his face, and then advanced to my side. I feared his piety would cause him to carry me out for proper burial, and with a sickening dread I held my breath and allowed no muscle to quiver; but he only muttered: 'È meglio cosi—fire hides as well as earth,' and walked out of the flaming building.

As his receding footsteps died away, and with the noise of the advancing crowd in my ears, I sat up, then crept from the coffin, and seizing one of the long robes of the brethren, put it on, drew the hood closely over my face, and escaped by the door leading into the Via Calzaioli, whence I sped, barefooted as I was, across the bridge and down the street of the Santo Spirito. The excitement of the numerous people I met was great; but after the first few minutes, I dreaded attracting attention, and had the sense to refrain from running, trusting that the sight of a 'Misericordia' walking barefoot would not excite remark. Several persons gazed at me curiously, but no one spoke; and I arrived at the door of my dwelling in safety. Then I paused. If I entered, there would be danger of questions and inquiries, much talk and confusion, and my escape would certainly reach the Prince's ears. It would be better for me to go elsewhere, and I determined to seek Savelli.

When he was aroused, and had listened to my tale, he promised every aid in his power, but strongly advised me not to return to my lodgings, or to remain in the city longer than was necessary. Together we made plans for my safety and for the help of Amaranthe, for whose welfare I had the greatest anxiety, and for whom I had grave fears. Savelli gave me food and wine and a much needed change of raiment; and I thankfully flung myself on a sofa for a few hours' repose. At the appointed time my friend aroused me; and by nine o'clock we were on our way to the dwelling of Cardinal Bandinelli, in pursuance of our design to invoke his aid in our difficulty. The old porter was hard to persuade that we ought to be admitted; but it occurred to Savelli to request him to send for the cardinal's secretary, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Then we were allowed to go up the great staircase, and pass behind the heavy curtains at the top, whence we were ushered into a plainly furnished apartment, semicircular in form, and with three open windows, commanding a glorious prospect. Here, after waiting a few minutes, we were joined by the secretary, to whom Savelli told enough of the truth to enable him to judge that an interview with the cardinal was imperative. He conducted us to the study, where we found His Eminence seated in a huge armchair and clad in his purple cassock. His little red cap and the large ring he wore were the only indications that his rank was higher than that of a 'Monsignor.' A cup of chocolate was on a table beside him, and a little book of devotion open on his knee.

'Your Eminence will pardon me,' said the secretary as we advanced, 'but these gentlemen have news for your private ear.'

'Ah, my children, the tidings are bad, I fear, since you come so early; good news can always wait,' said the amiable old man.

We unfolded our tale. It was grievous to speak of the evil deeds of one near him to this benevolent personage; but he showed the ready acumen of a man of the world in dealing with the subject.

'I presume you have no wish to bring an accusation of attempted murder against the Prince?' he said.

'No,' I answered, somewhat unwillingly.

'You must be aware that your interference in the affairs of the Prince's household was most unwarrantable,' he said severely; 'and besides, you would, I think, be unable to bring any proof of such an attempt that would satisfy a judge. The servants would bear witness to his great anxiety about you, and to the statement he made to them as to your illness.—See,' he added, 'here is the newspaper with an account of the affair.'

I took the sheet he handed me, and read that an English artist, 'Cuthberto Anslej,' had died suddenly of heart-disease at the Palazzo Schidone, after returning from a long drive with the Prince, during which he appeared to be in excellent health. Doctor Monte was mentioned as having been in attendance soon after the event.

'To-morrow,' said the old prelate, 'there will be another paragraph stating that the body of the before-mentioned artist was burned in the fire at the chapel of the Misericordia.'

'Will the Prince believe that?' I asked.

'What matters it? He will not care to question it; and as for you, your departure from the city had best be speedy. I will see that Signor Savelli has unquestioned liberty to pack your effects and forward them to you.'

'Did your Eminence receive a letter from the Princess? I posted one to you from her just before my drive with the Prince,' I ventured to say.

'*Davvero!*' returned he, 'I had the envelope. There was nothing in it but a sheet of blank paper.'

We did not dare to insist on the unhappiness of his niece and the danger she might be in. He promised to take immediate steps for her welfare; but his manner forbade further speech on the subject, and we were dismissed with his Eminence's blessing, a grace craved by Savelli.

Two days afterwards, I arrived, wearied, exhausted, dazed, but safe and sound, at the hospitable house of my cousin at Eastmere. My adventure interested him immensely, and he warmly seconded my wish that Luigi Savelli, to whom I felt so greatly indebted, should be invited to come to England and stay with us for a while. The invitation I wrote procured the following response:

AMICO MIO—I thank you with all my heart for your amiable letter, and your cousin for his most kind invitation. I will come! Yes, my friend, I will visit your green island when your fogs are gone and your sun is come. I will look in your face once more, as I did the night

you came to me from the tomb, like another Ginevra degli Amieri, and we will talk of the pleasant days in Florence.

Since you left us, we have had a tragedy. The Prince Schidone is dead—died by his own hand, say some; died by his wife's hands, say others. It is true he is dead; how, I know not. His valet found him lifeless in the early morning, and there was an empty chloroform phial beside him, and also a lady's kerchief. Amaranthe is also dead, one may say, for she is gone into the convent of the 'Sepolte Vive' in Rome, which is indeed a living death.

Of more cheerful subjects we will speak when I grasp your hand in the summer.—*Sempre a te.*

LUIGI SAVELLI.

A NEW PROTECTIVE AGAINST TORPEDOES.

WHEN, some years ago, the masonry of the quays in the Seychelles Islands was found to be constantly needing repairs at great expense, in consequence of the deterioration due to violent seas, a plan was devised of protecting the portions exposed to the action of the waves by a palisade of bamboo-canes, the space between which and the structure of the quay itself was filled in with the fibre forming the husk of the cocoa-nut. This cellulose, or cofferdam, as it is called, was found to behave like a sponge, and offer the most effectual shield to the masonry of the quays. The great success of this expedient has led to some experiments, which have just been conducted at Toulon, with a view of utilising cofferdam as a protective against projectiles, shells, and torpedoes in naval warfare, and with a result that seems to indicate what may become a very extensive employment for the cocoa-nut fibre, which has already found so many uses in commerce, and the trade in which has recently been largely developed in the South Sea Islands.

Cofferdam, copra, or coir are various commercial terms for the ligneous envelope of the cocoa-nut. This is disintegrated and comminuted by various mechanical processes, which we need not here describe. The cellulose itself is one of the lightest substances known, weighing about five times less than cork. The material used for the experiments was in every case a mixture of fourteen parts of pulverised cellulose and one part of fibres, the latter acting like hair in mortar or cement as a binder. This mixture was compressed so as to form a kind of felting, of the density of one hundred and twenty kilogrammes to the cubic metre, and thus condensed was placed in a case, which was covered with boarding about five inches thick, the depth of the cofferdam being about two feet. These particular thicknesses were chosen as of dimensions practically applicable to vessels which it might be desired to protect by this means.

The first experiment was designed to test the effect of an ordinary projectile which was fired from a cannon of nine inches calibre, at a distance of only sixty yards, against the case of cofferdam above described. The projectile pierced the case through and through, carrying away a quantity of the cellulose, but a remarkably small quantity, when the cubic content of the projectile is considered. The most important feature, however, of this experiment was that, immediately after the shot, the perforation was found to be filled up by the cofferdam, so that it was impossible for a man to thrust his arm through the place penetrated by the projectile. It was then attempted to force water through the place where the shot had passed; but even after several minutes, only drops were found to ooze through. In proportion as it absorbs liquid, the cellulose augments in volume and density, and tends thereby to withstand the further entrance of water.

The next experiment was made with a view to show the incombustibility of the cofferdam, and its power to resist or extinguish explosive projectiles and shells. First, a portion of its contents was removed from the above-mentioned case, and a large quantity of burning charcoal was placed in it, and covered with the cellulose to the depth of from three to four inches, when the charcoal was speedily extinguished. Next, from the former distance of sixty yards, shells of nine inches in diameter were shot into the case of cofferdam and burst there—the fragments nearly all remaining in the cellulose, into which no water was found to have entered. Moreover, the material is said to have offered such obstruction to the few splinters of the shell which passed through it, that they would scarcely retain velocity enough to be dangerous. The third experiment was one for testing the resistance of the cofferdam to the effects of torpedoes. Here the case used to contain the cellulose was of sheet-iron. The torpedo was attached to it on the under side, and exploded. In this instance the effects were more violent—a side was blown off the case, and the mass of the cofferdam was found to have been pierced through and through with a small longitudinal perforation. But even in this case it is considered that the force of the blow inflicted by the torpedo was considerably attenuated. The question is now under serious consideration, whether vessels of war should not have a protecting envelope of this cofferdam, which, in conjunction with water-tight compartments, would, it is thought, prove the best defence against all kinds of artillery.

BEE AND ANT PHENOMENA.

VERY important and highly interesting discoveries have been lately made on this subject, which enable us easily to account for hitherto unexplained phenomena in bee-life. It is well known that the honey of our honey-bees when mixed with tincture of litmus acquires an unmistakably red tint, a fact no doubt owing to the subtilised formic acid it contains; the presence of which acid likewise imparts to the raw honey its power of 'keeping' for a considerable length of time. Honey which has been clarified by means of water and exposure to heat—the so-called 'sirup of honey'—spoils more easily than the ordinary kind, because the formic acid in it has in a great measure been expelled. The honey of very fierce tribes of bees has a peculiarly acrid taste and pungent smell; this is

due to the excess of formic acid contained in such honey.

Till lately, complete ignorance prevailed as to the manner in which this so essential component of honey, formic acid, found its way into the substance secreted from the stomach or 'honey-bag' of the busy workers; recent discoveries have, however, enlightened us on this point. These show us that the sting serves the bee not only as a means of defence, and sometimes of offence, but possesses likewise the almost more important power of infusing into the stored-up honey an antiseptic substance, not subject to fermentation. It has been lately observed that bees in hives, even when left undisturbed, from time to time rub off against the honey-comb, from the point of their sting, a tiny drop of 'bee-poison;' in other words, formic acid. This excellent preservative is thus little by little introduced into the honey. The more irritable and vicious the bees are, the greater the quantity of formic acid conveyed into the honey by them; a sufficient admixture of which is essential to the production of good honey.

The praise, therefore, that has been so often lavished by adepts in such things on that indolent member of the bee-tribe, the Ligurian bee, which hardly ever stings, is in point of fact misplaced. The observation just made above will explain, too, why the stingless honey-bee of South America collects but little honey; for it is notorious that when trees have been felled which have been inhabited by the stingless 'Melipone,' but little honey has been found in them. And indeed, what inducement have the bees to store up honey that will not keep, since it contains no formic acid? Of the eighteen different kinds of North Brazilian honey-bees known to the naturalist, only three possess a sting.

A very striking phenomenon in the habits of a certain species of ant is now amply accounted for. There exist, as is well known, various tribes of grain-collecting ants. The seeds of grasses and other plants remain stored up by them, often for years in their little granaries, without germinating. In India there is a very small red ant which drags into its cells grains of wheat and oats. But the creatures are so tiny, that, with their utmost efforts, it takes from eight to ten of them to carry off even one single grain. They move along in two separate rows, over smooth or rough ground, as the case may be, and even up and down stairs, in steady regular progression. They have often to traverse more than a thousand metres to carry their booty into the common storehouse. The celebrated naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their granaries, the seeds in the granaries began to sprout. The same thing happened in storehouses that had been abandoned by them. We must infer, then, that ants possess the means of suspending or arresting the action of germination without destroying or impairing the actual vitality of the grain, or without impairing the vital principle that lies latent in the grain.

The famous English scientist, Sir John Lubbock, in his work entitled *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, relates these and similar facts, and adds that it was not yet known how the ants prevented their provision of grain from sprouting. But now it has been proved that this is due simply to the preservative power of the formic acid, the effect of which is so powerful that it can either arrest the process of germination, or destroy it altogether in the seed.

We will further mention that there exists among us a kind of ant that lives on seeds and stores them up. This is our *Lasius niger*, which, according to the statement made by Wittmack at the meeting of amateur naturalists at Berlin, carries seeds of violets, and likewise of ground ivy (*Veronica hederæfolia*), into its cells. In his description of an Indian ant (*Pheidole providens*), Sykes relates that the above-mentioned kind collects large stores of grass-seeds. He notices likewise that after a monsoon storm, the ants bring their stores of grain out of their granaries, in order to dry them. It seems, therefore, that excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of the formic acid; hence this drying process.

We see, then, that the winter provision of honey for the bees, and the store of grain which serves as food for the ants, are preserved by means of one and the same fluid—namely, formic acid. The use of formic acid as a means of preserving fruit, and the like, was first suggested by Feierabend in the year 1877.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Life may hold sweetness yet: I would not die;
For He might come with smiles upon his lip;
Then from my heart the weary years would slip,
And I should greet him with a joyous cry,
Forgiving and forgetting all the past,
Just for the sake of love come back at last.
Oh, life may yet be sweet: I would not die.

Child, Fate has not been kind to you and me;
Your baby kisses could not ease my pain;
While in that other face I looked in vain
For signs of what I knew could never be.
Often I drew away your clinging grasp,
To seek again that cold and careless clasp.
No; life has not been kind to you and me.

And Death is coming. Ah, will Death be kind?
Will he, some day, bring me my truant love?
Or shall I float in ether pure above,
Passionless, sexless, and not hope to find
Him who made life a blessing and a curse?
Will Death bring better, happier times, or worse?
Ah, Death is coming fast: will he be kind?

Love, have you never known one bitter hour?
Never looked back with tender, sweet regret
To that past happy summer when we met,
When first I knew my beauty—fatal dower!—
Had chained your roaming fancy? What a chain!
Woven in madness from despair and pain,
And idly worn to kill an idle hour.

Child, listen to me: Love is worse than Death;
For Death takes all, but Love takes fruit and bloom,
And leaves the worthless husk to rot in gloom.
It takes the crown from life; the weary breath
Must labour on until Death brings relief,
And blots out all the weariness and grief.
Ah, Love is cruel: merciful is Death.

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NORTH ATLANTIC ICEBERGS.

In the daily papers, at intervals, more or less widely separated, we may see notices of icebergs passed by ships on their passages to and from the ports of North America. Not unfrequently a thrilling account reaches us of shipwreck, suffering, and sad loss of life, caused by some ill-fated vessel colliding with an iceberg and sinking in mid-ocean. Occasionally, some noble ship, replete with all modern improvements, under the command of a skilful navigator, carrying a precious freight of eager hearts and willing hands to their Eldorado of the Far West, sails from our shores. Nothing more is heard of her. In a little while she is posted at Lloyd's as missing, and a total loss. Her insurance is paid; and except to a few hearts at home bewailing their loss, her fate fades away in oblivion.

Few landsmen would, however, be able to infer from these necessarily crude and fragmentary paragraphs of the newspapers the great risks which are run in all seasons of the year by passengers and crews in the North Atlantic. The most important dangers are icebergs, fogs, and derelict vessels. Icebergs are more especially to be met with in this ocean from the middle of February to the commencement of July. The barrier of northern ice is broken up by the increasing power of the sun's rays as he marches onwards in his apparent path towards the summer solstice, attaining day by day a greater northern declination. Far to the north, in those awful ice-bound regions within the arctic circle where so many brave men have perished, each glacier protrudes an icy mass beyond the land and resting on the water. In course of time the extremity is wrenched violently off by the upward-bearing pressure of the sea. After a few convulsive somersaults, the resulting iceberg, in all its grandeur, floats placidly in its new element, and is now free to be acted on by the forces of wind and current. The bergs are borne southward by the Great Arctic or Labrador current, which vast body of water washes the east coast of North America from Labrador to Florida, and constitutes what is known to meteorologists as the 'cold wall.' Huge masses of ice or ice-islands are borne along on its broad bosom, mixed with smaller icebergs and field-ice. Icebergs and field-ice are formed in quite distinct ways. A berg, as we have seen, has its origin as a glacier probably far inland, and moves downward to the sea as a component part of the glacier; whereas field-ice is formed on the surface of the sea during the polar winter. Side by side with the arctic current flows the warmer water of the Gulf-stream. The direction of the Gulf-stream is, however, opposite to that of the arctic current, and it is more remote from the American coast. So sudden is the change in the temperature of the sea-surface when crossed by these currents, that the temperature of the water at the extreme ends of a vessel has been found to differ by from twenty to thirty degrees.

The influence of these two great rivers in the ocean is very noticeable when we compare the climates of two places, both equally distant from the equator, but separated from each other by the wide expanse of the Atlantic. The Americans have the cold current hugging their coast, thus increasing the severity of their winter; while the warmer water of the Gulf-stream stretching across in a north-easterly direction from about Cape Hatteras towards the west coast of Ireland, tends directly or indirectly to ameliorate the rigour of our climate. In March 1883 the Dundee whalers reached a point in latitude seventy-four degrees thirty minutes north, longitude four degrees thirty minutes east; while at the same time the harbours of America were impenetrable by reason of ice even as low down as the latitude of Bordeaux. Icebergs have been observed aground on the Banks of Newfoundland where the deep-sea sounding lead showed that bottom had been reached at a depth of six hundred and fifty feet.

During the past two or three years, many large icebergs and much field-ice, hundreds of miles in extent, have been met with in latitude forty-two degrees north. Many of these bergs attained a height of three hundred feet above the level of the sea. When we remember that but one-ninth of the volume of a berg is exposed to view, it would appear that the total altitude may have been, roughly speaking, about two thousand seven hundred feet. They have been fallen in with in the North Atlantic as early as January and as late as September. In March, a vessel has been jammed so firmly in the ice in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude forty-five degrees west, as to enable her master to enjoy the luxury of a walk on the ice in mid-ocean. Icebergs have been seen richly laden with stones, earth, and other substances, which they deposit gradually on the bed of the ocean, perhaps for geologists of future ages to ponder over.

Occasionally, icebergs are the carriers of more interesting objects. In June 1794, Her Majesty's ships *Dædalus* and *Ceres* passed a very high and dangerous ice-island on which a ship was stranded. In June 1845, in latitude forty-six degrees north, longitude forty-seven degrees west, the *Perthshire* passed an ice-island thirty miles long, and on the north end was a ship high and dry with her crew; but no assistance could be afforded them. In April 1851, the *Renovation*, in latitude forty-five degrees thirty minutes north, on the edge of the Grand Bank, passed a very large berg, on which were two three-masted ships high and dry. They had apparently been made snug and secure at some previous time for winter-quarters in the arctic regions. These two vessels were supposed by some to have been the *Erebus* and *Terror* of Franklin's long-lost expedition, though later tidings do not support this supposition. In May 1883, the *City of Lincoln* passed twenty-seven large bergs in latitude forty-four degrees north, longitude forty-eight degrees west, with many polar bears on them. The *Magdalene*, ten days previously, but two degrees farther to the eastward, had passed tremendous bergs, like islands, with many arctic animals on them. In April, a large berg was seen with a hut on it; and on the 28th of the same month, the *Glamorgan* passed more than one hundred bergs with numerous bears on them. The ice was two hundred and sixty miles in width. Probably, these animals would exist on fish and seals. Dr Scoresby once counted five hundred bergs at one time in the polar seas. A steamer has passed as many as three hundred during her passage across the Atlantic.

There is scarcely anything more grandly beautiful and majestically impressive than a large berg seen under favourable conditions. It is a sight hardly to be reproduced on the canvas of the painter or to be portrayed in words. Its stately domes, its glittering pinnacles, its fairy-like architecture, its peculiar sea-green tint, the miniature cascades, all conspire to hold captive the senses with a feeling of awe. They are, however, as treacherous as beautiful, being extremely dangerous to approach except at a respectable distance. Owing to the constant melting of the ice, the bergs are always changing their form. Their centre of gravity becomes displaced; they topple over, and woe betide the unfortunate vessel close at hand! If the bergs were easily distinguishable, the mariner would have little to fear. This is not the case. They are generally shrouded in mist, and are met with in latitudes where dense fog is prevalent. The thermometer gives but imperfect indications of the presence of ice. With the utmost vigilance, bergs are close to the ship before being seen. The passenger in his warm berth can hardly realise the intense strain on the senses of the captain and officers at such times.

The Meteorological Office is informed, by telegram from America, of the exact position of bergs passed by steamers on their outward passage to New York. This information is published in the daily papers for the immediate benefit of the mariner. The Admiralty place on their charts the limits within which ice is likely to be met; whilst the American government publish monthly charts in which they embody all the reports of ice met with up to date of going to press. It is a matter of wonder and sincere thankfulness that in this iron age, when time is more than ever money, out of the large number of vessels carrying passengers across the tracks of these unwelcome pests of the deep, so few casualties occur.

This year, icebergs have been unusually numerous and very far east for the time of year. At Quebec, on the 10th of May, as many as three steamers were behind time, owing to the fact that the unprecedentedly heavy ice had blocked the entrance to the Gulf of St Lawrence. Such an occurrence has hitherto been unknown in the annals of the port. Six sailing-ships bound for Quebec were totally lost, and eight steamers seriously damaged, by collision with icebergs. The barque *Maranee* foundered with all hands except the captain and two seamen. The survivors, with a few biscuits to sustain life, were eighteen days in an open boat, surrounded by icebergs, and exposed to the inclemency of an almost arctic sky. The screw steamer *Sarmatian* got in the ice on the 1st of May, and remained fast till the 6th. The ice was solid as far as the eye could see, extending completely across the entrance of the Gulf of St Lawrence. The screw steamer *City of Berlin*, at thirty-five minutes past three A.M. on the 19th, ran stem on to an immense berg, doing damage estimated at five thousand pounds. Many tons of ice fell on her deck, crashing through into the hold. A dense fog prevailed at the time. On the 28th, the screw steamer *Brooklyn* collided with a large iceberg in a thick fog, when much ice fell on deck, though happily no one was injured.

Some hours after, the fog being still dense, it was discovered that the ship had passed between two large bergs. The whole of these steamers escaped foundering, owing to their being divided into water-tight compartments.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

'If that is what you think,' she said, her voice tremulous with agitation and pain, pulling on her gloves with feverish haste, 'perhaps it will be better for me to go away.'

Mrs Cavendish turned round upon her with a start of astonishment. Through the semi-darkness of that London day, which was not much more than twilight through the white curtains, the elder woman looked round upon the girl, quivering with indignation and resentment, to whom she had supposed herself entitled to say what she pleased without fear of calling forth any response of indignation. When she saw the tremor in the little figure standing against the light, the agitated movement of the hands, she was suddenly brought back to herself. It flashed across her at once that the sudden withdrawal of Frances, whom she had welcomed so warmly as her brother's favourite child, would be a triumph for Lady Markham, already no doubt very triumphant in the unveiling of her husband's hiding-place and the recovery of the child, and in the fact that Frances resembled herself, and not the father. To let that enemy understand that she, Waring's sister, could not secure the affection of Waring's child, was something which Mrs Cavendish could not face.

'Go—where?' she said. 'You forget that you have come to spend the day with me. My lady will not expect you till the evening; and I do not suppose you can wish to expose your father's sister to her remarks.'

'My mother,' said Frances with an almost sob of emotion, 'must be more to me than my father's sister. Oh, aunt Charlotte,' she cried, 'you have been very, very hard upon me. I lived as a child lives at home till Constance came. I had never known anything else. Why should I have asked questions? I did not know I had a mother. I thought it was cruel, when I first heard; and now you say it was my fault.'

'It must have been more or less your fault. A girl has no right to be so simple. You ought to have inquired; you ought to have given him no rest; you ought'——

'I will tell you,' said Frances, 'what I was brought up to do: not to trouble papa; that was all I knew from the time I was a baby. I don't know who taught me—perhaps Mariuccia, perhaps, only—everything. I was not to trouble him, whatever I did. I was never to cry, nor even to laugh too loud, nor to make a noise, nor to ask questions. Mariuccia and Domenico and every one had only this thought—not to disturb papa.—He was always very kind,' she went on, softening, her eyes filling again. 'Sometimes he would be displeased about the dinner, or if his papers were disturbed. I dusted them myself, and was very careful; but sometimes that put him out. But he was very kind. He always came to the loggia in the evening, except when he was busy. He used to tell me when my perspective was wrong, and laugh at me, but not to hurt.—I think you are mistaken, aunt Charlotte, about papa.'

Mrs Cavendish had come a little nearer, and turned her face towards the girl, who stood thus pleading her own cause. Neither of them was quick enough in intelligence to see distinctly the difference of the two pictures which they set before each other—the sister displaying her ideal of a delicate soul wounded and shrinking from the world, finding refuge in the tenderness of his child; the daughter making her simple representation of the father she knew, a man not at all dependent on her tenderness, concerned about the material circumstances of life, about his dinner, and that his papers should not be disturbed—kind, indeed, but in the easy, indifferent way of a father who is scarcely aware that his little girl is blooming into a woman. They were not clever enough to perceive this; and yet they felt the difference with a vague sense that both views, yet neither, were quite true, and that there might be more to say on either side. Frances got choked with tears as she went on, which perhaps was the thing above all others which melted her aunt's heart. Mrs Cavendish gave the girl credit for a passionate regret and longing for the father she loved; whereas Frances in reality was thinking, not so much of her father, as of the serene childish life which was over for ever, which never could come back again with all its sacred ignorances, its simple unities, the absence of all complication or perplexity. Already she was so much older, and had acquired so much confusing painful knowledge—that knowledge of good and evil, and sense of another meaning lurking behind the simplest seeming fact and utterance, which when once it has entered into the mind, is so hard to drive out again.

'Perhaps it was not your fault,' said Mrs Cavendish at last. 'Perhaps he had been so used to you as a child, that he did not remember you were grown up. We will say no more about it, Frances. We may be sure he had his reasons. And you say he was busy sometimes. Was he writing? What was he doing? You don't know what hopes we used to have, and the great things we thought he was going to do. He was so clever; at school and at college, there was nobody like him. We were so proud of him! He might have been Lord Chancellor. Charles always says so, and he is not partial, like me; he might have been anything, if he had but tried. But all the spirit was taken out of him when he married. Oh, many a man has been the same. Women have a great deal to answer for. I am not saying anything about your mother. You are quite right when you say that is not a subject to be discussed with you.—Come down-stairs; luncheon is ready; and after that we will go out.—We must not quarrel, Frances. We are each other's nearest relations, when all is said.'

'I don't want to quarrel, aunt Charlotte. O no; I never quarrelled with any one. And then you remind me of papa.'

'That is the nicest thing you have said. You can come to me, my dear, whenever you want to talk about him, to ease your heart. You can't do that with your mother; but you will never tire me. You may tell me about him from

morning to night, and I shall never be tired.—Mariuccia and Domenico are the servants, I suppose? and they adore him? He was always adored by the servants. He never gave any trouble, never spoke crossly. Oh, how thankful I am to be able to speak of him quite freely! I was his favourite sister. He was just the same in outward manner to us both; he would not let Minnie see he had any preference; but he liked me the best, all the same.'

It was very grateful to Frances that this monologue should go on; it spared her the necessity of answering many questions which would have been very difficult to her; for she was not prepared to say that the servants, though faithful, adored her father, or that he never gave any trouble. Her recollection of him was that he gave a great deal of trouble, and was 'very particular.' But Mrs Cavendish had a happy way of giving herself the information she wanted, and evidently preferred to tell Frances a thousand things, instead of being told by her. And in other ways she was very kind, insisting that Frances should eat at lunch, that she should be wrapped up well when they went out in the victoria, that she should say whether there was any shopping she wanted to do. 'I know my lady will look after your finery,' she said; 'that will be for her own credit, and help to get you off the sooner; but I hope you have plenty of nice underclothing and wraps. She is not so sure to think of these.'

Frances, to save herself from this questioning, described the numberless unnecessaries which had been already bestowed upon her, not forgetting the pearls and other ornaments, which, she remembered with a quick sensation of shame, her mother had told her not to speak of, lest her aunt's liberalities should be checked. The result, however, was quite different. Mrs Cavendish grew red as she heard of all these acquisitions, and when they returned to Portland Place, led Frances to her own room, and opened to her admiring gaze the safe, securely fixed into the wall, where her jewels were kept. 'There are not many that can be called family jewels,' she said; 'but I've no daughter of my own, and I should not like it to be said that you had got nothing from your father's side.'

Thus it was a conflict of liberality, not a withholding of presents, because she was already supplied, which Frances had to fear. She was compelled to accept with burning cheeks, and eyes weighed down with shame and reluctance, ornaments which a few weeks ago would have seemed to her good enough for a queen. Oh, what a flutter of pleasure there had been in her heart when her father gave her the little necklace of Genoese filigree, which appeared to her the most beautiful thing in the world. She slipped into her pocket the cluster of emeralds her aunt gave her, as if she had been a thief, and hid the pretty ring which was forced upon her finger, under her glove. 'Oh, they are much too fine for me. They are too good for any girl to wear. I do not want them, indeed, aunt Charlotte!'

'That may be,' Mrs Cavendish replied; 'but I want to give them to you. It shall never be said that all the good things came from her and nothing but trumpery from me.'

Frances took home her spoils with a sense of humiliation which weighed her to the ground. Before this, however, she had made the acquaintance of Mr Charles Cavendish, the great Q.C., who came into the cold drawing-room two minutes before dinner in irreproachable evening costume, a well-mannered, well-looking man of middle age, or a little more, who shook hands cordially with Frances, and told her he was very glad to see her. 'But dinner is a little late, isn't it?' he said to his wife. The drawing-room looked less cold by lamplight; and Mrs Cavendish herself, in her soft velvet evening-gown with a good deal of lace—or perhaps it was after the awakening and excitement of her intercourse with Frances—had less the air of being like the furniture, out of use. The dinner was very luxurious and dainty. Frances, as she sat between husband and wife, observing both very closely without being aware of it, decided within herself that in this particular her aunt Charlotte again reminded her of papa. Mr Cavendish was very agreeable at dinner. He gave his wife several pieces of information indeed which Frances did not understand, but in general talked about the things that were going on, the great events of the time, the news, so much of it as was interesting, with all the ease of a man of the world. And he asked Frances a few civil and indeed kindly questions about herself. 'You must take care of our east winds,' he said; 'you will find them very sharp after the Riviera.'

'I am not delicate,' she said; 'I don't think they will hurt me.'

'No, you are not delicate,' he replied, with what Frances felt to be a look of approval; 'one has only to look at you to see that. But fine elastic health like yours is a great possession, and you must take care of it.' He added with a smile, a moment after: 'We never think that when we are young; and when we are old, thinking does little good.'

'You have not much to complain of, Charles, in that respect,' said his wife, who was always rather solemn.

'Oh, nothing at all,' was his reply. And shortly after, dinner by this time being over, he gave her a significant look, to which she responded by rising from the table.

'It is time for us to go up-stairs, my dear,' she said to Frances.

And when the ladies reached the drawing-room, it had relapsed into its morning aspect, and looked as chilly and as unused as before.

'Your uncle is one of the busiest men in London,' said Mrs Cavendish with a scarcely perceptible sigh. 'He talked of your health; but if he had not the finest health in the world, he could not do it; he never takes any rest.'

'Is he going to work now?' Frances asked with a certain awe.

'He will take a doze for half an hour; then he will have his coffee. At ten he will come up-stairs to bid me good-night; and then—I dare not say how long he will sit up after that. He can do with less sleep than any other man, I think.' She spoke in a tone that was full of pride, yet with a tone of pathos in it too.

'In that way, you cannot see very much of him,' Frances said.

'I am more pleased that my husband should

be the first lawyer in England, than that he should sit in the drawing-room with me,' she answered proudly. Then,. with a faint sigh: 'One has to pay for it,' she added.

The girl looked round upon the dim room with a shiver, which she did her best to conceal. Was it worth the prize, she wondered? the cold dim house, the silence in it which weighed down the soul, the half-hour's talk (no more) round the table, followed by a long lonely evening. She wondered if they had been in love with each other when they were young, and perhaps moved heaven and earth for a chance hour together, and all to come to this. And there was her own father and mother, who probably had loved each other too. As she drove along to Eaton Square, warmly wrapped in the rich fur cloak which aunt Charlotte had insisted on adding to her other gifts, these examples of married life gave her a curious thrill of thought, as involuntarily she turned them over in her mind. If the case of a man were so with his wife, it would be well not to marry, she said to herself, as the inquirers did so many years ago.

And then she blushed crimson, with a sensation of heat which made her throw her cloak aside, to think that she was going back to her mother, as if she had been sent out upon a raid, laden with spoils.

(To be continued.)

A SHIP-RAILWAY.

Probably at no period of the world's existence has a greater feat of engineering been attempted than that of enabling ships to pass across the Isthmus of Panama. Every one has heard of the Panama Canal, which has been commenced under the direction of the great French engineer, M. de Lesseps; but it is not generally known that there exist two rival schemes: a canal across the Nicaraguan portion of the Isthmus, and a ship-railway from the Gulf of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific. A few words as to the first of these, namely, the Panama Canal, will not be altogether out of place.

Many conflicting statements have been made as to the time when we may reasonably expect it to be completed. A few months ago, at a public dinner, M. de Lesseps fixed 1888 as the date of completion; but at the present rate of progress it would take thirty-three years to connect the two seas. One of the greatest difficulties in connection with this particular scheme is the Chagres River, which frequently floods the surrounding country for miles. To meet this difficulty, a dam some hundred and fifty feet high will probably be erected, and in connection with it a large canal several miles in length. It is not difficult to comprehend the severity of the floods in that country, when we remember that the rainfall sometimes reaches six inches in twenty-four hours. The original estimate for the canal was thirty millions sterling; but as, owing to the badness of the climate, the men have refused to work except for considerably increased wages, it is highly probable that the total cost of the undertaking will reach fifty million pounds. When finished, the canal will certainly bring a large revenue to the Company; and so much money has been already spent on the works, which would be lost were they abandoned, that there can be but little doubt the canal will be ultimately completed.

With regard to the Nicaraguan scheme, little need be said. It was probably started on political grounds, which are not suitable for discussion here; and not long since, the United States Senate refused to ratify the treaty which it was proposed to conclude with the republic of Nicaragua with reference to the construction of the canal.

The Ship-railway, which may appear the greatest and most difficult undertaking of all three, will, it is said, cost but fifteen million pounds—just half the sum originally estimated for the canal. Though the scheme is only now coming to the front, so long ago as 1881, Captain James Eads, the well-known engineer of the Mississippi navigation works, secured from the Mexican government, on favourable terms, the right to construct a ship-railway and to hold it for ninety-nine years. Should the railway ever be completed, Captain Eads, for his services to the country, will receive a grant of one million acres of land. The lifting of large ships out of the water is no novelty, and is done in the docks of most or all maritime nations. For this purpose, a number of pontoons are placed round the vessel to be lifted, and filled with water to such an extent that they sink below the level of the ship's keel. Strong beams are then placed under the vessel, their ends resting on the pontoons, after which pumps are set to work; and as the water is exhausted from the pontoons, they rise, and with them the great ship, until it is high and dry, with every part from bulwarks to keel above the water. By a system such as this, Captain Eads proposes to raise vessels and place them on a huge 'trolly,' running on twelve parallel rails. On these twelve lines of metal, six engines, each capable of drawing two thousand tons, will work, and the six, or fewer, according to the burden, will—so it is anticipated—slowly drag huge ships from one sea to another, across the hundred and thirty-four miles of land. Perhaps the greatest difficulty will be in providing against any straining or breakage of the ship, owing to the weight of the cargo or ballast. When a vessel is in the sea, the pressure of the water supports the sides of the hull, and enables it to contain a heavy cargo; but out of water, the condition is changed, and some artificial support must be provided. As the ships are raised, therefore, they will have to be placed in cradles, and a great number of these will be required, to accommodate the varying size of vessels.

The scheme is a bold one, but is certainly not a mechanical impossibility. As to the question whether it will be remunerative or not, that would depend to a great extent on the Panama Canal. Should the ship-railway be successfully completed many years in advance of the canal, it will during these years produce a large revenue. Even after that period, presuming that much less capital is spent on the railway than on the canal, the former would no doubt successfully compete with the latter, and the rivalry which would exist would greatly benefit ship-owners. It has been expressly agreed

between America and England, that if any canal should be made across the isthmus, England should have an equal voice with America in its control. This treaty would probably not apply to the ship-railway, of which America would, it is believed, have the sole control. America being greatly interested in the matter, there is little doubt that in a few years' time this piece of engineering will be an established fact.

SWEET GILLIAN.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

At six o'clock on the evening of the famous 18th of June 1815, just as the setting sun was for the first time penetrating the heavy masses of rain-clouds, Lionel's regiment formed one of the thirteen red-coated squares of English infantry which had for nearly half an hour been steadily receiving the furious charges of Milhaud's cuirassiers on the plateau of Mont St Jean. Of these thirteen squares, seven were but mere fragments, groups of desperate men round a tattered standard fighting over a breast-high rampart of dead bodies. Lionel's regiment, although it had had plenty of work, was still comparatively intact, and the enthusiastic flush which had lightened up the faces of the young recruits as they tramped through Hingleton village three weeks before, was still as vivid, although fury and excitement had taken the place of the joy which was then on every face. At one moment, indeed, matters had looked bad for them. A squadron of the enemy's dragoons had driven the side of the square in until it formed a semicircle. Some of the youngsters were losing their heads, were striking wildly, and breaking the rank. Lionel, smoke-begrimed, bleeding, his shako torn off, and one of his buff epaulettes hanging by a shred, saw an officer cut down by a blow aimed at him, and only the thundered commands of the old colonel prevented the temporary confusion from being something worse. Suddenly, a ringing cheer was heard above the roar of battle: the cuirassiers heard it too, and turned bridles; the semicircle straightened itself again, and but one word was wanted to send the impetuous youngsters rushing down the terrible hill upon the discomfited foe.

The smoke lifted, and Lionel for the first time saw something of what had been going on around him. He had seen Badajos, Salamanca, and Vittoria, but nothing to equal in horror the scene which was spread before his eyes along the undulating ridges of the plateau. The square on his right had suffered more severely than his own; indeed, the number of bodies seemed to exceed the number of survivors; but his attention was diverted from the contemplation of horrors by the appearance of the commanding officer, a gray-haired veteran like his own, whose face seemed familiar to him. He had, however, but a few seconds to look about him, for the blare of bugles again broke the lull, and the word was passed that the retreat of the enemy had been but a feint, and that the two squares were to reunite. Scarcely had the movement been effected, before the hurricane of horses and men was on them again; but the recruits had had breathing-time; now, it was no mere passive, wall-like resistance; they dashed out in spite of commands and entreaties, met the enemy half-way, discharged their muskets, and fell to with butt-end and bayonet, only pausing to open back and allow the artillery to fire. In ten minutes the finest cavalry of France—Kellermann's dragoons and Milhaud's cuirassiers—were in flight, for, in addition to the red-coated infantry in front, Somerset with his heavy cavalry had burst on their flank. The squares rushed forward with such a cheer as had not been heard that day. Nothing could hold them in, nothing could hold against them; here and there, some of the enemy's horsemen made a desperate plunge to recover lost ground; but it was of no avail—they were shot, dragged down, bayoneted, trampled under hundreds of feet. In the midst of the fury of pursuit, Lionel felt a sharp sting in the left shoulder, and at the same moment a huge French cuirassier with a smoking pistol in hand fell pierced to the brain, and crushed young Gaskell in the fall.

Extricating himself with difficulty, and suffering intense pain, Lionel saw the regiment sweep past him, bugles sounding, drums beating, men cheering wildly, into the deepening dusk after the flying foe. Suddenly he heard a voice exclaim: 'Help! Englishmen, help!'

Straining his eyes in the direction whence the shout came, Lionel saw an officer on horseback sorely beset by three French dragoons, who had doubtless ridden through the squares and were striving to return. Seizing the sabre of the dead cuirassier, Lionel shouted with all his strength: 'All right, sir! Keep on a minute!' and dashed into the midst of the assailants, who, imagining that a formidable rescue had come, put spurs to their horses and fled. Lionel was just in time; for the poor old soldier, whom he now recognised as the colonel of the next square, whose face seemed familiar to him, was exhausted, and sank into his arms.

'Thanks, thanks!' murmured the colonel. 'Can't see your face; what's your name? I'll remember you. Go on; leave me here; I shall be all right.'

'I am Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton,' replied the young soldier.

The colonel raised his eyebrows. 'Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton!' he said faintly. 'Why, I thought he was dead long ago!'

Lionel remained beside the colonel on that awful field until evening became night, and a faint, watery moon threw a weird light upon the ghastly scene. In spite of his own pain, he contrived to bandage the colonel's arm, which had been slashed to the bone, and at intervals to moisten his lips with the contents of his water-bottle. In an hour's time, the country carts came and carried away the wounded into Brussels.

As the bell of St Gudule boomed midnight, one of these carts, into which the colonel had been lifted together with a dozen other groaning, writhing, mangled human beings, rolled through the Namur Gate into the city, Lionel walking by its side. Although midnight, there was more movement and noise than at mid-day; every

house was illuminated, from the hotels—now converted into hospitals—to the poorest beershops, wherein groups of native soldiers, who had rushed away at the first onset from the field of battle, were endeavouring to explain away the news they had brought of the utter overthrow of Wellington and Blücher! The streets were crowded with eager, excited, chattering, gesticulating townsfolk, amongst whom were soldiers of every branch of the English service, wandering about in search of their regiments, from which they had been separated in the rush and excitement of the final pursuit.

The cart in which was the colonel stopped at the church of the Augustines, now the post-office. Here the lamps and candles, which had been lighted for a grand thanksgiving mass, threw a soft glow upon a strange impressive scene—upon writhing forms, upon ghastly upturned faces, upon the figures of black-draped Sisters, who moved noiselessly amongst the heaps of ensanguined straw; and of surgeons busy at their dreadful work. Eleven hundred men, who had marched out at daylight full of hope and enthusiasm to the inspiring strains of military music, lay crowded here in every conceivable attitude of agony—moaning, shouting in their delirium strange battle-cries, sobbing like children, striking out as if in actual conflict—some of whom would sob and shout and strike no more. The scene at the Augustines was being enacted in every other public building of the city, for the long lines of country carts still rolled in, bringing friend and foe, Englishman and Frenchman, Prussian and Hanoverian; the boy recruit and the grizzled veteran, the humble drummer and the medalled staff officer, the gigantic Guardsman and the light *voltigeur*, until there was no room for more, and the dead man whose last breath had just been gasped, was hustled away to make room for the mangled living.

Lionel asked the colonel, who had somewhat recovered, if he had friends in Brussels, and receiving a faint negative shake of the head in reply, placed him gently on a heap of straw just vacated by a French lancer, and directing the attention of a Sister to him, went to the surgeon's table and had the ball extracted from his own shoulder. He was returning to the colonel's side, when a gentle hand was placed on his arm, and a soft voice uttered his name. Turning round with a start, he beheld—Gillian! There was no time for more than an astonished exclamation; but the eyes of the lovers thus strangely brought together spoke more eloquently than the most burning words.

'I am at the *Hôtel du Parc*,' she said hurriedly. 'I have been driven from home; but we shall meet again.'

Lionel could not speak. He felt that the girl had come hither for him, and for him alone; his heart was full, and tears blinded his eyes. But duty having recalled him to a sense of what was due to others, he conducted the girl to where the colonel was lying, and bidding her a whispered *au revoir*, hurried away to discover the whereabouts of his regiment.

Early the next morning, he called at the *Hôtel du Parc*, and found Gillian. On the sunlit veranda they sat and talked with all the glad enthusiasm of lovers re-united after a long sickening suspense. Gillian told him how since the departure of the regiment Edward Trent had been unceasing in his persecution, and how he had persuaded the squire to force a marriage—how she had fled from home, and alone had made her way to Brussels as a Sister of Mercy. Lionel, in turn, told her about the poaching affair and the trial, and asked who the old colonel was whose life he had saved, although he of course made no allusion to the act. And when Gillian replied that he was Colonel Adamthwaite, an old friend of the dead squire's, and her own protector and champion, the young man felt that, after all his weary waiting and ill-luck, the clouds were rifting.

'You will return home with him, Gillian, will you not?' asked Lionel. 'But do not allude to me. Edward Trent must be brought to justice; and if the colonel should mention my name, he would be warned, and enabled to escape. We are already under orders to return home, I believe; but you will probably be there before me. One more thing, dearest. You will hear of our arrival, and on the first day after, will you be at the old place at the old time?'

'I faithfully promise.'

Then they separated—Gillian to her work of mercy, Lionel to his regimental duties.

Three weeks after these events, Edward Trent and the squire were together in the study at Hingleton Hall. Matters between them were evidently not of an amicable nature, for the squire was striding up and down the little room, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, as was his wont when annoyed, his usually beaming genial face dark as thunder; whilst the lawyer, with a quill-pen crushed between his fingers, was standing with his teeth set and his eyes flashing.

'Very well, Trent,' said the squire, stopping short; 'you've heard my answer. Now clear off, and do your worst; or I shall risk the consequences, and put you out. You've driven my daughter away. God knows where she is!' Just as he said these words, through the open windows came the sounds of cheering, growing more and more distinct. Edward Trent turned pale. The squire's angry look brightened into one of joy; he rushed to the door. In a few moments there was a sound of many feet on the gravel-path and the roar of deafening cheers; and a carriage, dragged by a score of stalwart rustics, appeared, in which were seated Sweet Gillian and Colonel Adamthwaite.

There is no need to detail the scene which followed: how it was with the greatest difficulty that the squire could make his way through the crowd of enthusiastic villagers, all eager to shake hands with the squire's daughter and the old colonel; how the appearance of Edward Trent was greeted with a volley of hisses and groans; how, when silence was with difficulty restored, the colonel made a short, vigorous speech, thanking the folk for their reception, and informing them that it was by the merest chance that he was there to do so; how he described the gallantry of the old regiment in general, and of one hero, whom he dared not name yet, in particular. Then Sweet

Gillian, flushed with excitement and pleasure, but seeming ill and fatigued, leaning on the squire's arm, had to make a speech; and the steward brought out barrels of ale; and the cheering and health-drinking went on until some one with sharp ears declared that he heard distant music, whereupon a general rush was made for the village just in time to meet the head of the returning regiment as it swept round the parsonage corner.

Early the next morning, Gillian, who was unusually flushed and excited, said to the colonel, who was staying at the Hall for a few days: 'Colonel, shall we take one of our old walks together across the Park Meadow and back by the stables?'

'Yes, my dear, with all my heart,' replied the old gentleman. 'It will be quite a treat to smell a little pure, fresh English country air, and to see green hedges, after the atmosphere of Brussels.'

So they linked arm in arm, and crossing the lawn, struck straight down to the Park Meadow.

'I daresay the poachers have had some fine games since you've been away, colonel,' said Gillian.

'Confound them! Yes; I daresay they have, although at this time of the year there's precious little to be had worth the risk of two years in jail.—Why, dash my straps and buttons, if there isn't—— But I won't be hard on him.' So saying, he clenched his cane, and strode off straight to where a man clad in red uniform was reclining on the grass. Gillian followed, her heart almost leaping within her, for she knew very well who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had come.

At the colonel's appearance, the man, instead of bolting over the fence, arose, sprang to attention and saluted.

The colonel's old anti-poacher feeling was too strong for him to treat with calmness this cool impertinence. In spite of the generous sentiments he had just expressed concerning poachers, he walked up to Lionel Gaskell—for he of course it was—and in a voice of thunder said: 'Confound you, sir, what do you mean by trespassing on other people's property—and in uniform too, and with a sergeant's stripes! Why, you can't have been in the place half a day, and yet you are up to your old tricks again! Look here; I'll'——

'I beg your pardon, colonel,' interposed the intruder with a smile. The smile irritated the colonel beyond measure, and he again uplifted his cane.

'Hear what he has to say, colonel,' whispered Gillian, who was longing to spring forward into the arms of her lover.

'I was only going to remark, sir, that you don't appear to remember me,' said Lionel calmly.

'Remember you! Not likely, when I've sent scores of sham soldiers like you to prison for poaching!' said the colonel.

'Ah; it was quite dark when you left the field of Waterloo,' said Lionel.

The colonel started, and the cane dropped from his hand. 'Why—what—how—explain yourself!' he stammered. 'Surely you can't be'——

'Lionel Gaskell of Hingleton, at your service,' said the young sergeant, again bringing his hand to the salute.

'Why, I'm in a dream. Lionel Gaskell was killed at Talavera; I've seen his death certificate,' said the colonel. 'Yet, the brave fellow who saved my life said his name was Lionel Gaskell.'

Gillian could restrain herself no longer, but rushed forward and threw herself into Lionel's arms, whilst the colonel looked from one to the other with the utmost perplexity.

'Yes, colonel,' she said, 'this is Lionel Gaskell, and he it was who saved your life; and, colonel, I may as well admit that I am betrothed to him.'

'Well, it's a most wonderful world,' exclaimed the old soldier. 'First of all, a man who has been killed at Talavera comes to life again; and then a girl who used not to stir from home, declares she's betrothed to him!'

'Oh, but I've known Lionel a long time, colonel,' said Gillian; 'and this is the very spot where we met and fell in love with each other.'

'But how about that death certificate?' asked the colonel.

'Perhaps Mr Trent can tell you more about it than I can,' said Lionel. 'At anyrate, I'm Lionel Gaskell, and Miss Ramsden is my betrothed.'

'Well, sir,' said the colonel, 'all I can say is that I heartily congratulate you, not only upon winning such a good, true, kind-hearted lass, but upon having saved her from the clutches of that sneaking, soft-speaking, double-dealing rascal of a lawyer. I owe you a debt that I can never repay; but if you never have another friend in life, you'll have one in me.—And now, let's go home and astonish the squire.'

'One moment, colonel,' said Lionel. 'You said just now that you owed me a debt you could never repay. If you will not broach the subject of my father's will to the squire, I shall consider it as full payment, if I can call a return made for doing what any other man would have done under the circumstances, payment.'

'But, my dear sir, justice must be done. That rascally lawyer has deceived the squire and all of us.'

At that moment, a dark figure came between the talkers and the sunlight, and Squire Ramsden stood before them. 'No, colonel,' he said, 'Trent did not deceive me. Now that all is over, I may unburden myself of a terrible weight, which has oppressed me unceasingly during the past five years, and yet which I have not had the moral courage to throw off. I have been all this time a wretched impostor, occupying a position which is no more mine than it is yours. The man before you is the original Lionel Gaskell, who was reported dead. I have only seen him once since his return from the Peninsula, and that was a month ago, when I sentenced him to two years' imprisonment for a crime he did not commit.—Don't spare me. Trent is wicked, but I have been as bad. It was he who suggested to me, when I was a poor struggling clerk, that I might succeed to the inheritance of Hingleton if I allowed him to pull the wires. He named his price—the hand of Gillian—and I agreed. He produced a certificate of the death of Lionel

Gaskell. The news almost broke the heart of the poor old squire, who had been fretting about his only son ever since he enlisted and went abroad; and he altered his will in my favour. That is the whole of the disgraceful story, except that the poaching affair was a trap laid by Trent to get Lionel into our hands. I've no more to say. My Gillian will be happy with the good brave husband she has chosen, and I can go away and hide myself from the world.' As he spoke these words, his stalwart frame shook with emotion, and tears filled the eyes that had never been dimmed since the death of his wife long years before.

'No, no, papa!' said Gillian, embracing him. 'We all forgive you. No one need know any more about the matter, and we can all be happy together.'

'Amen!' cried the colonel. 'But that blackguard lawyer—he mustn't be allowed to get off. I should never cease reproaching myself, if he didn't get his deserts.'

'Don't trouble about him, colonel,' said Lionel; 'it isn't worth his while to show himself in Hingleton. They half-killed him last night by drenching him under the pump and pelting him through the streets.'

That the wedding of Lionel Gaskell with Sweet Gillian was celebrated with such festivities and rejoicings as the oldest Hingleton inhabitant could not recall, need not be said. Edward Trent disappeared from the place, and was never seen or heard of again in these parts; and although the squire could not be the same man that he was, he showed himself as affectionate a father to the young married couple as Colonel Adamthwaite proved himself a trusty friend. Lionel's name appeared in the papers as gazetted to a commission 'for distinguished gallantry in the field;' but his future military duties were confined to work with the Fenshire militia, and he settled down as a country gentleman of the most popular type.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Any thoughtful visitor to the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington will soon perceive that it fulfils a great want. There are hundreds of useful inventions which are patented every year, but which the majority of persons only read of in paragraphs in the daily journals. It is true that much more can be learnt about them by reference to the technical periodicals; but after all, the readers of such papers are comparatively few, and fewer still are they who seriously take the trouble to understand what they read, unless the matter be of particular importance to their own welfare. But at an Exhibition like this, the various inventions are seen, and in most cases in actual operation. People are interested in spite of themselves, and in this way an Exhibition like the present becomes a powerful aid to that kind of solid education which is seldom acquired until long after school-days are past.

It is a melancholy sign of the times that one of the first things to arrest attention upon entering the doors of the Exhibition is a collection of weapons of war. Here we see huge guns of the latest construction, together with specimens of their deadly charges. Gunpowder in its various forms is here, from the polished grain as fine as mustard-seed, to the heavy lumps, nearly as large as an egg, which are used as food for Woolwich 'infants.' As we look upon these things, we remember with something approaching to awe that they are infants indeed compared with the giant guns now being constructed for naval warfare. There are now being manufactured at Woolwich some one-hundred-and-ten-ton guns for Her Majesty's ship *Benbow*, the projectile of which will be sixteen and a quarter inches in diameter, and will weigh nearly two thousand pounds. The charge which will be employed to send this enormous mass of metal on its terrible mission will be nearly one thousand pounds of powder. These new guns will be the most powerful ever made, and will considerably eclipse the celebrated one-hundred-ton guns made some time ago for the Italian navy.

Among the far more pleasant inventions to contemplate—those relating to the arts of peace—may be noticed a working model of the Telpherage System. The object of this invention, as stated in the prospectus, is to convey minerals, ores, slate, grain, roots, manures, or in general any goods easily divisible into parcels of from two to five hundredweight, at a speed of about five miles an hour, and at a cost greatly less than that of cartage. In this system a wire-rope is suspended on uprights at short intervals. Hanging to it and resting upon it by grooved wheels is an electric motor, drawing a train of vehicles, whose principal feature is a metal-receiver for the reception of the material conveyed. In the model, the little train runs round hour after hour on its endless railway, and demonstrates most effectually the efficiency of the system. We understand that an experimental line of about a mile in length is in course of construction, and we shall look forward with much interest to the results obtained by it.

We have before referred to the Patent Agricultural Engine for burning straw and other vegetable substances as fuel. In addition to this engine, Messrs Ransomes, of Ipswich, exhibit an apparatus for chopping, bruising, and softening the straw for hot countries, adapted to a steam thrashing-machine. We may explain that in all hot countries, hay is but little grown, and the cattle are fed almost entirely upon straw, which, being much harder than that grown in colder countries, cannot be converted into fodder in the usual way by a chaff-cutter, as the sharp edges produced injure the mouths of the animals. Until the introduction of this invention, it was therefore found impossible to use steam thrashing-machines in these countries, and farmers had to adhere to the process of thrashing out the grain from the straw by driving cattle over the sheaves placed upon the earth. The results produced by this invention enable the farmer to obtain all the advantages attending the employment of steam for thrashing, in point of speed and economy, in addition to which he secures a better price for his corn, owing to its being perfectly

clean; the cattle also thrive better on the straw bruised by this apparatus, on account of its freedom from dirt, which cannot be obtained by the old process of treading out the grain with horses or cattle.

An interesting feature of the Exhibition is the prominence given to various new methods of burning gas. Several of the new burners are on the regenerative principle, first introduced by Dr Siemens, in which the gas and air are heated before being consumed, and the products of combustion are also consumed. The light given is beautifully pure and white. The heat given off by some of these burners we fancied was rather excessive; but it is a heat uncontaminated with any noxious fumes, and would be an advantage during that time of the year when gas is most required. We some months ago commented in this *Journal* upon the advantage of placing an ordinary gas-burner at an angle, so that its flame should be almost horizontal instead of vertical. It is noticeable that most of the new burners adopt the principle of the inverted flame, thereby securing a better light and doing away with troublesome shadows cast by the fittings.

One little unpretending contrivance called the 'Air-brush' particularly attracted our attention. It is intended as an aid to artists, and it gives with very little manipulation the same effect that would require much work with the stump and chalk. It consists of a foot-blower to maintain a steady stream of air, attached to which is an india-rubber tube in connection with the brush. This last contains a receptacle for liquid Indian-ink, which is blown upon the drawing-paper in a fine stream, which can easily be regulated by the pressure of the finger upon a loose plate. The work done with this brush is very soft and beautiful; and we can only regret that we failed in obtaining the name of the inventor, or any other particulars regarding his ingenious production.

An Italian doctor has lately asserted that the workmen in borax factories appear to possess a charm against the attacks of cholera. During the terrible epidemic of 1864-65, the workmen in seven contiguous factories in Italy were quite free from the disease which killed off one-third of the population of a village in their immediate neighbourhood. He recommends the internal administration of borax as a specific for cholera in doses of five grammes (seventy-seven grains) each day. He believes that it not only destroys the microbes in the intestinal canal, but also in the blood.

An old subscriber maintains that in cases of cholera one of the best disinfectants known is the oil of tar, which is obtained by distillation from the tar of the pine-tree, and is that portion of the oil that contains medicinal creosote, having the property of preventing putrefaction. The tar in the crude state is used in the fever hospitals on the continent, and as it is neither poisonous nor unhealthy, no one need fear to use it. If during the early stages of cholera, a mixture of laudanum catechu and kino is administered, in most cases the patient recovers.

According to a writer in the *Scientific American*, the casting of oil upon troubled waters can often be seen in some districts as an operation of nature. There is a fish called the 'Menhaden,' which is, like the pilchard of Cornwall, of an extremely oily nature. It forms the food of the blue-fish, the shark, and many other denizens of the ocean. These will follow their prey for miles, and as the victims are bitten through, the oil rises to the surface of the sea, and makes large patches of smooth water. The fishermen are thus advised where to cast their nets; and the writer asserts that he has seen more than one thousand fish taken at a single haul from one of these patches of oil-covered water. He also states a case in which a stranded whale, rubbed by the action of the breakers against the sand and shingle, has parted with enough oil to make a smooth track out seawards more than a mile in breadth.

A curious discovery is said to have been made in the heart of the town of Dumfries. Some workmen excavating the ground at the gas-works came upon a bed of peat containing various trunks of trees, including a Scotch fir six feet in height, with the bark still upon it. Nuts, cones, broken antlers, and other remains were also found in the peat. Some of the smaller plants have been placed in moss under glass, and have actually begun to germinate after being hidden for untold centuries. The peat rests upon a bed of conglomerate in which large pieces of red granite have been found, although no rock of that description is common to the neighbourhood. It is believed that in past ages the spot was the site of a loch.

Two scientists at St Petersburg have published the conclusions at which they have arrived relative to the augmentation of the earth's mass by the meteors which are attracted to it from space. They assert that a single observer will see on an average ten meteors every hour; but as such an observer only can review a very small portion of the sky above his horizon, this number must be but a fraction of the entire quantity which reach the earth. They place the total number at four hundred and fifty thousand per hour, and the weight at nearly five thousand pounds. According to this estimate, the earth is receiving hourly a present of more than two tons of foreign material; an addition indeed, which, when compared with the mass of the globe itself, is quite inappreciable.

The correspondent of a New York paper gives an instructive account of the manner in which a steam-boiler may be seriously injured by the presence of certain kinds of grease within it. In the case alluded to, a comparatively new boiler was found suddenly to exhibit a bulge in one of its plates. The matter was at once inquired into. It was found that the boiler had been cleaned the previous week, and that in the process a quantity of black oil of unknown composition had been thrown into it. Examination showed that the boiler was saturated with grease produced from this oil, and that the grease had caused the bulge, which would have been a fracture if the plates had not been made of first-class material. The theory suggested is this: the oil did not dissolve, nor did it mix with the water, neither did it remain floating on the surface. But it formed into thick masses of sticky material, which eventually attached themselves to the boiler-plates, and made a varnish-like coating upon them. The plates, therefore,

not being touched at all by the water, became overheated and softened. The pressure of the steam then caused one of the plates to exhibit an outward bulge, which was luckily detected before an accident occurred.

Some special apparatus has been constructed at the Paris Observatory for obtaining celestial charts by means of photography. The results of preliminary trials of this apparatus have been reported to the Academy of Sciences; and it is said that the problem of making celestial charts of undoubted accuracy, which will include all stars down to the fifteenth magnitude, has been most satisfactorily solved. It will interest many to know the different times of exposure of the gelatine plate necessary for stars of different magnitude. Thus stars visible to the naked eye will impress their image on the sensitive plate in less than one second of time. This period is gradually increased for the fainter orbs, until we reach those of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitude, which require the photographic lens to remain uncovered for about an hour and a half.

In Mr Sophus Tromholt's new and interesting work on Lapland, *Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis*, may be found the best and most exhaustive account of auroral phenomena which has yet been published. He tells us that Southerners have the most exaggerated idea of the light emitted by the aurora, and that it is quite a mistake to suppose that it greatly assists the dwellers in northern climes either on their journeys or in their work. The greatest amount of light emitted by the aurora may be compared to that of the moon two days and a half after full when twenty-five degrees above the horizon and the sky clear. Bearing this in mind, it will excite no surprise to learn that every attempt made by Mr Tromholt to photograph the aurora utterly failed. Although he used the most sensitive dry plates and exposed them for long periods of time, he did not succeed in obtaining the very faintest trace of a negative. The author of this well-written book is a skilful photographer, and his work is abundantly illustrated with pictures taken direct from his photographs by a process that does not need the intervention of the engraver.

Professor Milne, of the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokio, Japan, has once more published the results of some of his valuable observations concerning the effects of earthquakes upon buildings, together with some suggestive remarks upon the type of building which should be adopted in earthquake countries to withstand earthquake shocks. In a recent number of this *Journal* (page 224) we gave some results of his observations for the past year. He has now published the results of some additional observations, in which he noted the effects produced upon an experimental earthquake-proof house, the chief feature in which was the peculiarity of its foundations. At each corner of the house was a plate of iron with a depression in it like an inverted saucer. Underneath these four depressions were four large cannon-balls, which formed feet for the house to stand upon. For many reasons, one of which was the movement produced by a high wind, Professor Milne has abandoned this model, and has now had his house so arranged that at each contact with the earth it rests upon a handful of cast-iron shot, the size of buck-shot. The result gained is that during an earthquake shock the motion to which the house is subjected is only one-tenth of what is experienced by its surroundings.

We have already alluded to the praiseworthy attempts which have been made during the past year to stimulate the invention of original designs for the different fabrics which come under the head of Irish lace. We are now glad to report that prizes to the value of seventy guineas are offered for a competition at South Kensington Museum. The prizes are to be given for seven different classes of Irish lace or linen-work, and the whole scheme is under such distinguished patronage that the worthy object for which it was devised is likely to be fully realised.

Mr W. Powell's account of *New Britain and the Adjacent Islands*, recently read before the Society of Arts, London, was full of information about a part of the world of which few people knew even the existence, until annexation by Germany made it famous. According to the lecturer, we need not envy a friendly power her acquisition, for the climate of the islands is such as to forbid Europeans making a residence there without contracting malarious fevers. The chief interest of the paper centred in the details given concerning the manners and customs of the inhabitants. A husband has there absolute command over the wife he has purchased; and a case was related in which the wife of a chief who would not work was killed, cooked, and eaten by her affectionate spouse! The native doctors bleed for every ailment, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a native covered all over with memorials of their work. When sufficient blood has been drawn, the gashes in the flesh are stopped up with burnt lime!

Another paper of a very different kind was brought before the Royal United Service Institution by Mr Gower, who is well known in connection with the form of telephone which bears his name. The object of Mr Gower's paper was to show that the torpedoes which form such an important part of naval warfare can be used by armies in the field. For this use they must be transferred from the water to the air; and balloons are the means suggested for carrying them over and dropping them into an enemy's lines. In the discussion which followed the reading of the paper, the lecturer's ideas did not meet with much encouragement. Sir F. A. Abel, whose duty it was as chairman to sum up the pros and cons of the system advocated, showed that the area of destruction of the explosives recommended was exceedingly limited; and as a proof of the truth of this, he pointed to the recent dynamite outrages in London.

In the *American Chemical Journal*, Messrs Chittenden and Cummins describe some experiments which they have been making with a view to determine the relative digestibility of various foods. They employed as a digester an artificial gastric juice composed of hydrochloric acid and pepsine. Expressing the digestibility of beef by one hundred, the other meats

experimented upon have the following figures attached to them: mutton, ninety-two; veal, ninety-five; chicken, eighty-seven; salmon, ninety-two; mackerel, eighty-six; haddock, eighty-two; trout, seventy-eight; lobster, eighty-eight; cod, seventy-two. The experiments showed that raw meat was more digestible than cooked, and that, with few exceptions, light meat was more so than dark meat.

We have to record the establishment of a new association which has been formed under the title of 'The Society of Medallists,' to encourage and cultivate the art of making medals. The Committee include several well-known gentlemen whose names are familiar at the Mint, the Royal Academy, and the British Museum. The Society will shortly contribute an exhibit of Modern Machinery and Appliances for making Medals to the Inventions Exhibition, where space has been placed at their disposal.

Last February, the steamer *Alphonse XII.* struck on a reef of rocks at Las Palmas (Canary Islands) and became a total wreck. The ship, which carried the large sum of one hundred thousand pounds in specie, now lies in thirty fathoms of water. An attempt will presently be made by divers to recover the precious freight. A number of English divers have left Liverpool for the scene of the wreck, and every hope is entertained that they will be successful in their work. Their great difficulty will be the enormous pressure to which their bodies will be subjected at the depth of one hundred and eighty feet, a distance from the surface of the water considerably greater than that to which divers usually descend.

The extension of business likely to accrue to the Post-office from the introduction of sixpenny telegrams is estimated to be thirty per cent. for the first year. The change of tariff has called for additional lines, which have already been laid at a cost of half a million of money; but this sum includes the erection of sundry buildings and plant of various kinds. The increase of the staff throughout the kingdom will amount to more than two thousand, half being messengers, and the other half telegraphists.

The Report of the Committee appointed to consider the law relating to telegraph and telephone lines has been received. The Committee consider that the alleged danger of overhead wires has been greatly exaggerated, but admit that such wires should be placed under better supervision. They fear hampering the extension of telephonic communication, which is of such great public importance, by recommending any course which would interfere too greatly with the present system of fixing wires. Here they are undoubtedly right; for it is clear to every impartial mind that telephonic communication is already so hampered with restrictions, that the numbers of persons availing themselves of it are few in comparison to what they might be. 'There are more subscribers to the telephone system in New York and its neighbourhood than in the whole United Kingdom, notwithstanding that the charge in New York is about double what it is here.' This is an extract from the evidence of Mr Preece given to the above-named Committee. It needs no comment, for it shows most conclusively that there is a screw loose somewhere which requires adjusting.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr William Sturrock, jeweller and watchmaker, St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, exhibited an automatic twenty-four hour dial for clocks and watches, invented by himself and Mr John Meek, his assistant. It showed the disc of an ordinary dial, having slots and a movable disc behind, on which were the hours from 0 to 24 alternately. It was explained that during the first part of the day 0 to 12 were shown on the dial, which then changed automatically, and the hours from 12 to 24 were shown. When the end of this second period of time was reached, the dial went back to its original position; and it was claimed that this simple arrangement prevented confusion in reading the time. A new escapement for electric time-indicators was also shown by Mr Sturrock.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities in Copenhagen has just been enriched by a remarkable discovery, made at a small place near Thisted, on the west coast of Jutland, Denmark. Two men digging in a gravel pit in the neighbourhood of an old burial-mound, called Thor's Mound, struck an earthen vessel with their picks, disclosing a number of gold pieces. On examination, it was found that an earthen vessel, of about seven inches diameter at the rim, and covered with a flat stone, had been buried about a foot and a half below the surface, and this had contained about a hundred little golden boats, curiously worked, varying in size from three to four and a half inches. A gunwale and frames of thin strips of bronze had first been formed, and these had been covered with thin gold plates, some of which were further ornamented with impressions of concentric rings. The boats, of which only a few are in a fair state of preservation, are tapered at both ends, and resemble the Danish fishing-craft of the present day.

This discovery, which may be regarded as a deposited treasure of votive offerings, and belongs doubtless to the close of the Bronze Age, proves that frame-built vessels were already known at that time, and that man was not satisfied with the hollowed-out trunks of trees. The gold of which these little fishing-models are composed was valued at twenty-seven pounds sterling, which amount, together with a gratuity, has been forwarded to the finders, who are both poor men.

An ingenious invention is reported from the Cleveland Machine Company, United States, and that is an auger which will bore two-inch *square* holes. This machine works on the same principle as the auger used for round holes. Instead of having a screw or bit at the end, it has a cam-motion which oscillates a cutter mounted on a steel rocking-knife which cuts on both sides. The ends of the cutter are provided with small semicircular-shaped saws, which help the cutting out the square corners, and prevent the splintering or splitting of the wood. Much time and labour will be saved by this clever process, for a square mortise can be cut by this plan in no more time than was required to cut a round one.

The *Standard* correspondent at Madrid says:

'The defence of Dr Ferran and his inoculation as a preventive of cholera has been very warmly taken up by a majority of the newspapers and by some medical men, who consider the conduct of the government arbitrary. Dr Ferran began inoculation in March, and operated upon six thousand five hundred persons; other surgeons inoculated a large number. He believes that a single inoculation is often a sufficient preservative, but he recommends a second, and even a third experiment, as not a single person who has been inoculated has died of cholera. The greatest care must be taken to examine the virus used, with a microscope, to ascertain if it is sound, and if no other element or microbe has got mixed with the cholera vaccine. Dr Ferran expressed the belief that the incorrect local reports, and his well-known opposition to antiquated sanitary rules and quarantines, had led the Home Office and the Supreme Board of Health for the present to suspend inoculation; but he will accompany the Royal Commission when it is sent to Valencia. Should further experiments be stopped, Dr Ferran will visit Paris and London. His earnest desire is to be allowed to go to the East, and especially to British India and the Ganges Valley, to try his experiments in the cholera-stricken districts in those lands.'

MY VEILED CLIENT.

At the time of the incident I am about to relate, I was a young solicitor, with no very considerable practice, and therefore not always so discreet as I might have been, had I been able to pick and choose my clients. My business hours were ostensibly from ten to five; but the fact of my house adjoining the office made me subservient to the wishes of the public beyond the time stated on the brass plate at my office-door. In fact, it was generally after business hours that my most profitable clients came; and though I can say I refused many a time the agency of some shady business, still, I must confess with regret that once or twice I found myself unwittingly involved in transactions which I would have much rather left alone. One of these I have occasion to remember too well, and I can never think of it but I thank Providence for saving me from becoming an accomplice unwittingly in a most audacious piece of imposture.

I was interrupted one night at tea by the servant entering and saying that a lady wished to see me. Hastily finishing the meal, I hurried into my business room. As I entered and bowed, a lady rose, made a slight courtesy, and remained standing. I begged her to be seated, and asked of what service I could be to her. It was a little time before she answered, and then it was in a nervous, frightened way, glancing round the room as if she were afraid somebody else was present. I saw that, although she was dressed in good style, she had not the air of a lady; but as she wore a thick veil, I could not distinguish her features, though I made out a gray hair here and there.

'I suppose I had better explain who I am and what I want,' she began. 'I am Miss Howard of Graham Square, and I want you to make out my will.'

I started involuntarily, for this elderly person, though I had never seen her before, had been the subject of many a surmise and many a gossip with the neighbours. She was reported to be very wealthy; but had apparently abandoned the world, for, during the last five years, she had shut herself up in her house, seeing no one but her servants. My curiosity was therefore piqued at the idea of making out this old eccentric's will. Taking up a pen, I asked her to give me the particulars of how she wished the property disposed of.

'That is very simple,' she said. 'I wish my whole property to go to Mr David Simpson of Stafford Street here. I have never been married; and I want the will framed so as to cut off any heir who might claim relationship to me. I also wish you to act as my executor in seeing my will carried into effect.'

I made a note of the instructions, and asked when it would be convenient for her to call and sign the deed.

'If you could have it written out by to-morrow night, I could call then and sign it. I would like if you could arrange to have a doctor present to be a witness to my signing—a young doctor, if possible.'

'Certainly, madam. To-morrow night at this time will suit, and I will arrange about a doctor being present.—Is there nothing else you wish mentioned in the will?'

'No; nothing,' she said, rising. 'But be sure you make it so as to cut off all relations.'

I assured her everything would be as she desired; and after assisting her into the cab which was waiting, noticing the while that she had a slight limp in her walk, I retired to my study to frame the will in accordance with my instructions. Next night, punctual to a minute, she called; and as I had a doctor present, the ceremony of signing was soon over, the doctor signing as a witness along with my clerk, and appending a certificate of sanity, as desired by my client; and the deed was consigned to my safe.

The affair had almost completely passed from my mind, when I was startled one morning by receiving a note from Mr Simpson the legatee in the will, informing me that Miss Howard was dead. I immediately proceeded to the house, performed the usual duties devolving upon a solicitor in such circumstances, and made what arrangements were necessary. After the funeral, I had a meeting with Mr Simpson, and explained to him the position of affairs—that he was sole legatee, and that I was executor. He seemed to take the matter very coolly, I thought, but was anxious that everything should be realised as soon as possible. Our interview was very short; and I came away with a strong feeling of dislike for the man, who, I found, had acted as a sort of factor for the deceased lady.

Acting within the duties of my executorship, and also with a desire to find out if possible the relations the old lady had been so anxious to cut off, I inserted a notice of her death in most of the leading newspapers in the kingdom. This had the desired effect; for in the course of a few

days I was waited upon by a young gentleman, Edward Howard, who informed me he was a nephew of the late Miss Howard, and had called upon me, having got my name and address from the office of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the advertisement. During my interview with Mr Howard, I was much impressed with his bearing on my telling him the position of affairs, as he was much more concerned at his aunt's death than at the purpose of her will. He told me that five years ago he had married against his aunt's wishes; she had refused to recognise his wife; and though he had written her several letters, he had never heard from her in reply. He thanked me for my information, and said he would likely see me again, as he was coming into town to a situation he had just been offered.

Some weeks after this, as I was returning home in the evening from a consultation, my attention was arrested by the figure of a woman in front of me. She was hurrying along as if trying to escape observation; but there was something in her style and the limp which she had, that struck me as familiar, though I could not remember where I had seen her. Just as she was passing a lighted part of the street, she happened to look round, and the face I saw at once explained to me the familiarity of her figure —both face and figure being an exact counterpart of my late client's, Miss Howard! Somehow or other, a suspicion flashed across my mind; my instinct told me something was wrong, and I determined to follow her and see where she went to. Pushing my hat well over my brow and pulling the collar of my coat well up, I followed through two or three streets, and was almost at her heels when she suddenly turned into a public-house, when, so close had I followed her, I heard the attendant say in answer to an inquiry by her, 'Number thirteen, ma'am;' and I saw her disappear into the back premises. I immediately followed, heard the door of number thirteen shut, and glancing at the numbers, quietly opened number twelve, and after giving an order for some slight refreshment to the attendant who had followed me, I took a hasty look around the room.

I found it was divided from the next one only by a wooden partition, which did not reach the ceiling, and that, by remaining perfectly quiet, I could hear that a whispered conversation was being carried on in the next room. The entrance of the attendant with my order disturbed my investigations; but on his departure, and regardless of the old saying that listeners seldom hear anything to their own advantage, I did my best to make out the conversation. I distinguished the voices to be those of two men and one woman. The latter I at once recognised, or at least my imagination led me to believe to be the voice of the person who had called on me a year ago to make her will. The voice of one of the men was strange to me; but after the discovery I had already made, I was not greatly astonished at recognising the voice of the other man to be that of Simpson, the legatee in the will. The whole thing flashed upon me at once, and I saw I had been made the innocent machinery for carrying through a clever and daring piece of imposture. I, however, listened attentively to the conversation, in order to fathom the whole affair.

The first sentence I made out came from the stranger: 'I told you young Sinclair was the very man to do the work for you. These young lawyers never ask any questions as long as they get the business.'

'Well, well,' said Simpson, 'that is all right now. But the present question is, what is to be done in the way of hurrying him up with the realisation of the estate without exciting suspicion? The sooner we all get away from this, the better. I am glad that young fellow Howard didn't ask any questions. But one thing's certain, we must get the old woman away from this immediately, or she's sure to get recognised. She's been keeping pretty close lately; but I daresay she's getting tired of it.—Aren't you, old lady?'

'Indeed,' was the reply, 'I would be glad to get away from this place to-morrow, if I could. I'm sure I only wish you could have been content with half of the estate with Mr Edward, instead of burning the will, when you found it was to be divided between you and him, and getting me to do what I did. I'm sure it's a wonder my mistress doesn't rise from her grave to denounce us all.'

'Keep that cant for another occasion, old woman; it's no use getting religious now.—But I'll tell you what—I've got an idea.'

Here the conversation got so low, that I could not catch more than an occasional word, and what that idea was I never found out, as he never got the chance to try it on me, for I had heard enough to know that next door to me were three of the most daring conspirators I had ever come across, who had duped me, and made me, though unwittingly, the chief actor in the conspiracy. My first idea was to lock the door of the room they were in, and go for help; but as that was likely to cause a disturbance, I determined to slip out and trust to being back in time for their arrest. As luck would have it, nearly the first man I met outside was a detective, whom I had known very well in connection with some criminal trials in which I had been engaged. A few words explained my purpose; and signalling to the nearest policeman, he placed him at the door of the shop, and both of us walked in. He nodded familiarly to the bar-tender, and leaning over the counter, whispered in his ear. The shopman started, and gave vent to a long low whistle.

'You'll do it as quietly as you can, for the credit of the house,' said he.

'Of course,' said the detective. 'Show us in.'

In another minute we were inside the room, with our backs to the door, the detective dangling a pair of steel bracelets and nodding smilingly round the room. The woman fainted. We had no difficulty in securing the men; and in half an hour we had them safely housed in jail.

Before their trial came on, we had worked out the whole story. The woman who had called on me and signed the will was Mrs Simpson, Miss Howard's housekeeper, the mother of Simpson in whose favour the will was made; and the other man was a lawyer's clerk who

had suggested to them the feasibility of such a scheme. The fact of Miss Howard's self-confinement and my own imprudence had nearly made the plot a success, but for my accidental recognition of the housekeeper. Each of the prisoners offered to turn Queen's evidence; but as we had no difficulty in proving the case, this was refused, and they were sentenced to various periods of penal servitude. I had then the pleasure of handing over the estate to the rightful heir, young Edward Howard, who, notwithstanding that I had nearly been the means of depriving him of his inheritance, made me his agent.

The estate turned out to be much larger than I had at first thought, as I succeeded in proving that a large number of investments in Simpson's name really belonged to Miss Howard, and the management of so large a property fairly put me on my feet as regards business. I have had many good clients since then, but I have often thought that my Veiled Client was my best one, as she was the means of giving me my first lesson in prudence, and my first start in life.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIQUID FUEL FOR MARINE PURPOSES.

Liquid fuel, in the shape of petroleum waste, is extensively used instead of coal on Russian railways, and the steamships in the Caspian use nothing else. Crude petroleum, after a few days' exposure to the air, can be used with safety for the same purpose. At Baku, on the Caspian, there are about four hundred petroleum wells; and this waste fuel can be delivered at Batoum at twenty-six shillings a ton. Weight for weight, petroleum goes nearly three times as far as coal; the latter being dear and the former cheap, is good reason for its extended use in the neighbourhood of the Caspian. Petroleum and its products have been successfully used in the United States as fuel in the manufacture of iron; and in the valley of the Euphrates near Mosul, petroleum is used in burning lime. Illuminating oil and naphtha stoves are in common use; owing to their dangerous character, however, some are of opinion that naphtha stoves should be prohibited. Mr Marvin, in his account of the petroleum region of the Caspian (*The Region of the Eternal Fire*, 1884), says 'so simple is the fuel to use, and so reliable is the action of the pulveriser (a jet of superheated steam), that the English and Russian engineers running the steamers from Baku to the mouth of the Volga, having turned on and adjusted the flame at starting, concern themselves no more about the fires until they reach their destination in a couple of days' time.'

Recently, at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, a paper was read by Admiral J. H. Selwyn on the subject of the substitution of liquid fuel for coal on ships at sea. Admiral Selwyn reminded the older members of the Institution that twenty years ago he drew attention to the enormous value of liquid fuel for the royal and mercantile marine, and said that he had the mortification of seeing the subject, which was neglected by this country, taken up by other nations, especially Russia. He stated that by the use of liquid fuel a vessel could carry twice as much power of propulsion as a vessel with coal; and he commented on the disadvantages which would arise to British vessels in having to meet opponents which could use double powers in escaping without the aid of resorting to a fuel station. He related the results of experiments, and proceeded to state that his object was to enforce a greater economy of fuel, which could be effected without any of that large expenditure often a necessary concomitant of radical changes. To burn liquid fuel instead of coal required no change in engines or boilers, and only such adaptation of the furnaces as could be readily carried out in each ship by her own artificers and engineers. At the same time, it removed the necessity for a whole army of stokers and coal-trimmers. It enabled a ship to receive her fuel with the greatest facility at sea or in harbour, while proceeding under steam or even sail; was without nuisance of dust or ashes; and was not liable either to spontaneous combustion or deterioration by time, heat, or moisture. If the ship got on shore, it could be run out to lighten her, or pumped out into lighters with a speed and facility unapproachable with coal; and lastly, if, as he believed, forty-six pounds of water could be evaporated with one pound of fuel, full steaming for twenty-four days could be carried on where now it was limited to four. Thus each ship would be six times as effective as now. In conclusion, he pointed out that the annual vote for the navy amounted to about eighteen millions, of which six millions would be devoted to the ships and their crews. If each ship was made twice as efficient—that was to say, could remain on her station twice as long as before, by reason of a change in her fuel which gave her that power—this might be considered as affecting the value of the whole fleet to the extent of twelve millions per annum.

ASTRONOMICAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

The use of photography (says a correspondent of the *Times*) by the astronomer may be said to have begun in 1850, when G. P. Bond took pictures, by the daguerreotype process, of the moon and some of the brighter stars with the large refractor of the Harvard College Observatory in America. Within the last eight years, the great improvement in photographic processes, resulting in the gelatine dry plate, and the perfection to which this dry plate has been brought, have so changed and increased the power of photography, that the astronomer has now within his reach a new method of observation and record of such marvellous power, that had it been suddenly brought forward, instead of being the growth of years, it would have been hailed with almost as much delight and enthusiasm as the invention of the telescope itself.

There are many ways in which this new method could be most advantageously used. All the existing nebulæ might be photographed; direct enlargements of the planets and many double stars and of the whole surface of the

moon might be made on a large scale that would be most valuable. There are also investigations that could be undertaken, and there is one very interesting question that photography might be able to answer—that is, whether those spaces in the heavens where the eye and most powerful telescopes cannot see any stars, are really quite devoid of stars or not. By suitable means not very dissimilar to the ordinary camera and lens, or by a proper arrangement of reflectors to the same end, it would be possible to take pictures covering five degrees square, and including with the naked eye stars—all those that have yet been catalogued or charted—at such a rate that the whole heavens could be done in a few years. Experiments already made have shown that on a very small scale stars of 9·8 magnitude are distinctly shown with fifteen minutes' exposure with a relation of focal length to aperture of eight to one.

A comparison of the old and the new method can only be imagined. Professor Peters, of Clinton, has lately published some twenty charts, each covering about five degrees square. These charts have cost years of labour of the hardest kind, and it was during their construction that he found so many of the minor planets. Now, these charts could be made, and more accurately made, in as many hours as Professor Peters has taken years; and by repeating the photographs at intervals of time, and by direct comparison of the pictures with each other, *the minor planets would discover themselves by their motion in the interval.*

IRON AS FIRE-RESISTING.

Some interesting and instructive experiments have been lately undertaken by Professor Bauschinger, of Munich, in reference to the safety of cast-iron columns when exposed to the action of great heat. The professor, having arranged some cast and wrought iron columns heavily weighted, exactly as they would be if supporting a building, had them gradually heated, first to three hundred degrees, next to six hundred degrees, and finally to red-heat; then suddenly cooled them by a jet of water, just as might happen when water is applied to extinguish a fire. The experiments showed that the cast-iron columns, although they were bent by the red-heat, and exhibited transverse cracks when the cold water was applied, yet they supported the weight resting on them; whilst the wrought-iron columns were bent before arriving at the state of red-heat, and were afterwards so much distorted by the water, that re-straightening of them was out of the question. In fact, if supporting a real building, they would have utterly collapsed under the weight they had to sustain. The professor therefore concludes, as the result of his experiments, that cast-iron columns, notwithstanding cracks and bends, would continue to support the weights imposed upon them; whilst wrought-iron columns would not. In experimenting on pillars of stone, brick, and cement-concrete, the last was found to be the best. Cement-concrete pillars withstood the fierce action of the fire for periods varying from one to three hours; brick pillars, as well as those of clinkers set in cement mortar, displayed great resistance; whilst natural stone—granite, limestone, and sandstone—were not fireproof. It would therefore appear that, of the several materials for pillars supporting weights, the best for fire-resisting purposes were the cast-iron and cement-concrete.

POISONS.

Regarding an article on Poisons that recently appeared in our pages, a correspondent writes: 'Too frequently, it seems to me, death from poisoning occurs for want of the proper remedy being quickly applied. Those on the spot are ignorant of it, and while excitedly hunting for it in some medical book, or waiting for the doctor's arrival, the chance of saving life is lost. I would suggest that no poison should be retailed without being accompanied by clear indications of the appropriate remedies to be used in case of mishap, and the treatment to be adopted during or prior to their administration. These instructions might form an integral part of the label in some cases, and where the bottle was too small, could be folded in a small cardboard pill-box sort of appendage, to fit like a cap—or, rather, like a shoe—on the base of the bottle, and which could be made to fit very tightly, or be gummed on the bottle itself. I have heard of the effects of certain poisons being neutralised by swallowing the mortar scraped from the walls, and others by swallowing white of egg; but in too many cases these expedients are known nothing about until it is too late.'

We agree with our correspondent in deeming it expedient that their antidotes, or amelioratives, ought in every case to accompany poisons that are vended to the public. It should be imperative.

LOVE'S SLEEP.

Deep within my lady's eyes
Sleeping Love in ambush lies;
Ne'er before have been invented
Means to make him so contented.
Dost thou dare the lad awake
At thy peril? He will take
Vengeance for his broken sleep,
And thy heart for ever keep.
He hath found a fitting nest,
Let the world awhile have rest.
Have a care, and turn away,
Lest he seize thee for his prey;
If thou rouse him, thou wilt rue it,
And a single glance will do it:
He who meets those wondrous eyes,
By Love's shaft that moment dies.

J. Williams.

The Conductor of Chambers's Journal begs to direct the attention of Contributors to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, All Manuscripts, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* in full.

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THE BANK PICKET.

The guard—for as a guard it is considered by some regiments—which proceeds every evening to the Bank of England, presents an example of several somewhat unique military duties that fall to the lot of the men of the Foot-guards; and whether this party be regarded as a guard or as a picket, its duty differs in more than one respect from that of the ordinary guards mounted at palaces or public offices in the metropolis. The men engaged in the protection of these latter buildings are relieved every twenty-four hours. Sentinels are continually maintained both by day and by night at certain points, or 'posts,' as their positions are technically termed; and as many of them are more for ornament than for other objects, the men are frequently placed in pairs in the daytime. The Bank Picket, however, only remains on duty from sunset to sunrise in winter; and in the summer season it is within the precincts of the Bank during a similar number of hours. As the place is vacated by the picket in the busy hours of the day, its protectors cannot be said to be 'relieved' at all, in the proper military signification of that word, for it implies the immediate substitution of fresh men in the places of those removed, whether in relation to a whole guard or to a single sentry. In at least one further matter the picket varies from the stereotyped guards, which form a great item in the occupation of the soldier, and this is in the payment of its members for their services by the Bank authorities. In short, to soldiers the Bank Picket is equivalent to what policemen call 'special duty.'

This picket, or guard, is of immemorial origin; perhaps it is contemporaneous with the existence of the Bank itself. It has at least been kept up without a break since the great riots in 1780, known as the Gordon riots. The number of soldiers employed in this duty has no doubt varied in the course of a century or more; but for many years past, the picket has been composed of the same representatives of each rank as at present. One subaltern officer commands the whole party. The latter consists of two sergeants and two corporals, together with twenty-nine private soldiers and a drummer-boy. These soldiers, forming in every respect a properly arranged guard, reach the Bank from five to seven o'clock in the evening, according to the season of the year; the latter hour being the time of 'mounting' in midsummer. They have to march some miles through the busy streets, and along the Thames Embankment, which intervene between the barracks at Chelsea or St James's Park and their destination at the Bank of England. Some officers, who wish to expedite this journey or to avoid getting drenched in wet weather, conduct the party by train on the Underground Railway. This, however, is prohibited in some regiments; and is not a frequent occurrence in others, except in returning to the West End in the morning, when the easier and quicker mode of travel is very beneficial, especially in winter.

Having arrived at the Bank, each member of the picket receives his remuneration, which varies in amount according to the rank of the payee. The officer, soon after he 'mounts' duty, has dinner provided for him; and he is permitted to invite one friend—usually a comrade-officer—to dine with him within the Bank. Supplementary to the dinner is an allowance of wine, consisting either of one bottle of port, or of an equal quantity of sherry, according to the choice of the officer. He is also recompensed pecuniarily for bearing the responsibility of protecting the building and its contents for the night; but we have been unable to ascertain the exact sum paid to him. Each sergeant is presented with half-a-crown; the corporals with eighteenpence; and every private soldier gets a shilling. The drummer-boy, like his comrades of greater stature, is also entitled to a shilling. Popular rumour asserts that these shillings are invariably brand-new coins, fresh from the Mint. It is commonly supposed that they have not previously been in circulation: but this seems to be a

mistaken impression, for the writer has received many a shilling when 'on Bank' which bore evident traces of having passed much of its existence beyond the walls of the Bank. Perhaps the men may in some former period have been paid with new coins, and the tradition of the custom still retain a place in the minds of our civilian friends.

When the ceremony of receiving the money from a Bank official is completed, a blanket is issued to each man, in which, while not on sentry during the night, he can envelop his limbs, and try to court repose on the somewhat hard form of couch offered by the wooden guard-bed. A certain number of greatcoats are also brought forth from a sort of cupboard, for the use of the sentinels. These garments are decorated with very large buttons, each of which bears stamped upon it the words 'Bank of England' in very legible characters. Being of an antiquated cut and appearance, the coats form a rather incongruous addition to the uniform of a Guardsman of modern times. That they have been worn by many generations of pickets is made apparent not only by their obsolete pattern, but also by their display of patches and of other mending arts of the tailor. After all, the coats are not in great requisition; for the majority of the sentries are under cover, and not exposed to cold, being posted in various apartments in the interior of the buildings.

The guardroom is situated in what may be described as a subterranean region, the descent to which is accomplished by the aid of several flights of steps. Lofty buildings, pierced by but few windows, rise above and around the entrance to this place, leaving a very circumscribed portion of the sky open to the view of a sentry, who paces round a few square yards of pavement below, and takes charge of the 'guardroom door,' a duty of some moment to a private soldier. Though not essentially different from other apartments designed for similar purposes, the guardroom is on the whole a very gloomy example of its species, chiefly on account of its somewhat unfavourable position. Hardly any daylight can find its way in, and the room has to be illuminated by numerous gas jets. It is sometimes thought by the men of the Guards that so great a profusion of gas is injurious. Frequently, one of their first steps on taking possession is to reduce the extent of the supposed evil by turning off most of the lights. Whether or not they thus render the guardroom more salubrious, the apparent effect of their efforts to make it so is the conversion of the place into what reminds one forcibly of a dungeon. But the darkness is not so impenetrable as to conceal from view the more permanent black inhabitants of this part of the Bank. These are beetles of extraordinary proportions, which make nocturnal rambles, probably in quest of the crumbs left from the evening repast of the picket. In winter, great fires are kept blazing through the night, which tend to give the guardroom a more cheerful aspect. A selection of books, embracing a considerable variety of literature, is supplied for the diversion of the men during their vigil; and there is also a small library for the use of the officer. The former collection has existed for a long time, and has no doubt proved a great boon to the picket, compelled as it is to remain most of the time in the guardroom. The well-thumbed condition of the greater part of the volumes testifies to the amount of handling they have been subjected to; and the renewal of those which degenerate into a tattered state, shows that the Bank authorities are desirous of rendering the occupants of their guardroom as comfortable and contented as possible.

The officer in command is accommodated in rooms adjacent to the quarters of his men. They are furnished with every regard to convenience and comfort. His servant, who arrives close on the heels of the armed party, attends to him during his term of occupation. The officer, like the remainder of the picket, can on no pretence whatever leave the Bank premises until his tour of duty is finished. This is an exception to the rule of other like duties in London, for there, officers are not so much restricted in their movements, though at certain times they are bound to be present with their guards.

With the necessary object of ministering to the more material wants of the men of the Bank Picket, a canteen or shop on a small scale is opened by a vendor, who is—or was recently—a Jew, well known to the brigade of Guards from his not too modest tariff. He exposes his materials for supper in a cellar-like recess in the wall of a dark passage not unlike a miniature railway tunnel, which leads to regions unexplored by the picket. Having a sufficient stock of eatables, together with a cask of porter, this man does an extensive business till near midnight, when he departs, carrying with him a large proportion of the shillings paid to the soldiers. It is erroneously thought by some uninitiated persons that these refreshments are the gift of the Bank to its nocturnal guardians; whereas everything procured from the canteen-man has to be paid for by the soldiers themselves, and, so far as we are aware, this has always been the case.

But before this store is thrown open, one of the sergeants reads the 'orders' for the regulation of the duty and general conduct of the picket. These chiefly relate to the rules to be observed by the sentries—how they are to act in certain exigences, such as an outbreak of fire, or the like. One paragraph limits the allowance of porter to two pints per man; another regulation prohibits members of the picket from removing their belts, pouches, or ammunition from their persons while within the Bank. The latter is a law on all guard-duty. It is, however, not so strictly enforced at the Bank as elsewhere, the shelter of the blankets allowing a man some latitude in the arrangement of his accoutrements while lying on the guard-bed. A third rule has for its object the suppression of gambling, and also the prevention of soldiers 'working at their trade' while 'on Bank.' The former of these decrees was probably called into existence by attempts to organise card-parties in retired corners of the guardroom; the latter is a universal order on all guards in the metropolis.

In regard to the amount of sentry-duty demanded of the men, the Bank Picket can scarcely be said to be exacting. On the contrary, the majority of the soldiers are only once called upon to perform 'sentry-go,' and then it merely lasts for one hour. The limited number of men who are required a second time have some hours of an interval, during which they may

generally enjoy a fair night's rest. The sentries are posted chiefly, as we have already noted, inside rooms in the buildings. One man, as already stated, is placed at the foot of the shaft-like opening to the top of the structures in front of the guardroom entrance. An important item of his duty is to notice the expiry of the hour, and to apprise the next relief of this fact by shouting out 'Sentry-go!' so as to rouse those who may be dozing within the room. Another sentry paces up and down a court where it is reported that the bank-notes withdrawn from circulation are burned; at all events, there are numerous furnaces there. A third man is posted in a circular hall called the 'rotunda,' which is devoted to some part of the business of the Bank. These sentries are increased by additional ones in the middle of the night, who remain till the departure of the picket in winter, and till daylight arrives in summer. The officer goes his 'rounds' at eleven o'clock, when he visits each sentry, and having heard all of them cry out 'All's well,' he retires to his rooms, and probably to bed. He is seen no more till the picket parades to 'dismount' in the morning. Besides the soldiers, there are many officials on duty in the Bank by night. Capacious chairs are provided for these functionaries; and they appear to sleep comfortably—and sometimes audibly—in them for hours together, long practice having accustomed their senses to the noise of 'changing guard.'

The picket leaves the Bank at six o'clock in the morning in summer, and at seven, or a little later, in the depth of winter. The men within the guardroom are usually by these times sound asleep. On the drummer summoning them to fall in, by means of a few strokes on the sheepskin of his instrument, there ensues great activity in adjusting knapsacks, or performing hasty ablutions at the neighbouring pump, which is situated in the tunnel we have alluded to. An official arrives to take over the blankets and greatcoats, and also the library; and the senior sergeant completes his 'report' by inserting a clause therein affirming that these articles are 'present and in good order.' This done, he takes it to the officer for signature, and finally hands it to the drummer-boy to leave at the Horse-guards, as the party passes through Whitehall on its homeward march. The men having meantime been drawn up by the remaining sergeant, the officer draws his sword and marches them out of the Bank.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE were voices in the drawing-room as Frances ran up-stairs, which warned her that her own appearance in her morning dress would be undesirable then. She went on with a sense of relief to her own room, where she threw aside the heavy cloak, lined with fur, which her aunt had insisted on wrapping her in. It was too grave, too ample for Frances, just as the other presents she had received were too rich and valuable for her wearing. She took the emerald brooch out of her pocket in its little case, and thrust it away into a drawer, glad to be rid of it, wondering whether it would be her duty to show it, to exhibit her presents. She divined that Lady Markham would be pleased, that she would congratulate her upon having made herself agreeable to her aunt, and perhaps repeat that horrible encouragement to her to make what progress she could in the affections of the Cavendishes, because they were rich and had no heirs. If, instead of saying this, Lady Markham had but said that Mrs Cavendish was lonely, having no children, and little good of her husband's society, how different it might have been. How anxious then would Frances have been to visit and cheer her father's sister! The girl, though she was very simple, had a great deal of inalienable good sense; and she could not but wonder within herself how her mother could make so strange a mistake.

It was late before Lady Markham came upstairs. She came in shading her candle with her hand, gliding noiselessly to her child's bedside. 'Are you not asleep, Frances? I thought you would be too tired to keep awake.'

'O no. I have done nothing to tire me. I thought you would not want me down-stairs, as I was not dressed.'

'I always want you,' said Lady Markham, stooping to kiss her. 'But I quite understand why you did not come. There was nobody that could have interested you. Some old friends of mine, and a man or two whom Markham brought to dine; but nothing young or pleasant.—And did you have a tolerable day? Was poor Charlotte a little less gray and cold? But Constance used to tell me she was only cold when I was there.'

'I don't think she was cold. She was—very kind; at least that is what she meant, I am sure,' said Frances, anxious to do her aunt justice.

Lady Markham laughed softly, with a sort of suppressed satisfaction. She was anxious that Frances should please. She had herself, at a considerable sacrifice of pride, kept up friendly relations, or at least a show of friendly relations, with her husband's sister. But notwithstanding all this, the tone in which Frances spoke was balm to her. The cloak was an evidence that the girl had succeeded; and yet she had not joined herself to the other side. This unexpected triumph gave a softness to Lady Markham's voice.

'We must remember,' she said, 'that poor Charlotte is very much alone. When one is much alone, one's very voice gets rusty, so to speak. It sounds hoarse in one's throat. You may think, perhaps, that I have not much experience of that. Still, I can understand; and it takes some time to get it toned into ordinary smoothness. It is either too expressive, or else it sounds cold. A great deal of allowance is to be made for a woman who spends so much of her life alone.'

'O yes,' cried Frances, with a burst of tender compunction, taking her mother's soft white dimpled hand in her own, and kissing it with a fervour which meant penitence as well as enthusiasm. 'It is so good of you to remind me of that.'

'Because she has not much good to say of me? My dear, there are a great many things that you don't know, that it would be hard to explain to you: we must forgive her for that.'

And for a moment Lady Markham looked very grave, turning her face away towards the vacancy of the dark room with something that sounded like a sigh. Her daughter had never loved her so much as at this moment. She laid her cheek upon her mother's hand, and felt the full sweetness of that contact enter into her heart.

'But I am disturbing your beauty-sleep, my love,' she said; 'and I want you to look your best to-morrow; there are several people coming to-morrow.—Did she give you that great cloak, Frances? How like poor Charlotte! I know the cloak quite well. It is far too *old* for you. But that is beautiful sable it is trimmed with; it will make you something. She is fond of giving presents.' Lady Markham was very quick, full of the intelligence in which Mrs Cavendish failed. She felt the instinctive loosening of her child's hands from her own, and that the girl's cheek was lifted from that tender pillow. 'But,' she said, 'we'll say no more of that to-night,' and stooped and kissed her, and drew her covering about her with all the sweetness of that care which Frances had never received before. Nevertheless, the involuntary and horrible feeling that it was clever of her mother to stop when she did and say no more, struck chill to the girl's very soul.

Next day Mr Ramsay came in the afternoon, and immediately addressed himself to Frances. 'I hope you have not forgotten your promise, Miss Waring, to give me all the *renseignements*. I should not like to lose such a good chance.'

'I don't think I have any information to give you—if it is about Bordighera, you mean. I am fond of it; but then I have lived there all my life. Constance thought it dull.'

'Ah yes, to be sure—your sister went there. But her health was perfect. I have seen her go out in the wildest weather, in days that made me shiver. She said that to see the sun always shining bored her. She liked a great deal of excitement and variety—don't you think?' he added after a moment, in a tentative way.

'The sun does not shine always,' said Frances, piqued for the reputation of her home, as if this were an accusation. 'We have gray days sometimes, and sometimes storms, beautiful storms, when the sea is all in foam.'

He shivered a little at the idea. 'I have never yet found the perfect place in which there is nothing of all that,' he said. 'Wherever I have been, there are cold days—even in Algiers, you know. No climate is perfect. I don't go in much for society when I am at a health-place. It disturbs one's thoughts and one's temper, and keeps you from fixing your mind upon your cure, which you should always do. But I suppose you know everybody there?'

'There is—scarcely any one there,' she said, faltering, remembering at once that her father was not a person to whom to offer introductions.

'So much the better,' he said more cheerfully. 'It is a thing I have often heard doctors say, that society was quite undesirable. It disturbs one's mind. One can't be so exact about hours. In short, it places health in a secondary place, which is fatal. I am always extremely rigid on that point. Health—must go before all.—Now, dear Miss Waring, to details, if you please.' He took out a little note-book, bound in russia, and drew forth a jewelled pencil-case. 'The hotels first, I beg; and then the other particulars can be filled in. We can put them under different heads: (1) Shelter; (2) Exposure; (3) Size and convenience of apartments; (4) Nearness to church, beach, &c.—I hope you don't think I am asking too much?'

'I am so glad to see that you have not given him up because of Con,' said one of Lady Markham's visitors, talking very earnestly over the tea-table, with a little nod and gesture to indicate of whom she was speaking. 'He must be very fond of you, to keep coming; or he must have some hope.'

'I think he is rather fond of me, poor Claude!' Lady Markham replied without looking round. 'I am one of the oldest friends he has.'

'But Constance, you know, gave him a terrible snub. I should not have wondered if he had never entered the house again.'

'He enters the house almost every day, and will continue to do so, I hope. Poor boy, he cannot afford to throw away his friends.'

'Then that is almost the only luxury he can't afford.'

Lady Markham smiled upon this remark. 'Claude,' she said, turning round, 'don't you want some tea? Come and get it while it is hot.'

'I am getting some *renseignements* from Miss Waring. It is very good of her. She is telling me all about Bordighera, which, so far as I can see, will be a very nice place for the winter,' said Ramsay, coming up to the tea-table with his little note-book in his hand.—'Thanks, dear Lady Markham. A little sugar, please. Sugar is extremely nourishing, and it is a great pity to leave it out in diet—except, you know, when you are inclining to fat. Banting is at the bottom of all this fashion of doing without sugar. It is not good for little thin fellows like me.'

'I gave it up long before I ever heard of Banting,' said the stout lady, for it need scarcely be said that there was a stout lady; no tea-party in England ever assembled without one. The individual in the present case was young, and rebellious against the fate which had overtaken her—not of the soft, smiling, and contented kind.

'It does us real good,' said Claude, with his softly pathetic voice. 'I have seen one or two very sad instances where the fat did not go away, you know, but got limp and flaccid, and the last state of that man was worse than the first.—Dear lady, I think you should be very cautious. To make experiments with one's health is really criminal.—We are getting on very nicely with the *renseignements*. Miss Waring has remembered a great deal. She thought she could not tell me anything; but she has remembered a great deal.'

'Bordighera? Is that where Constance is?' the ladies said to each other round the low tea-table where Lady Markham was so busy. She smiled upon them all, and answered 'Yes,' without any tinge of the embarrassment which perhaps they hoped to see.

'But of course as a resident she is not living among the people at the hotels. You know how the people who live in a place hold themselves

apart; and the season is almost over. I don't think that either tourists or invalids passing that way are likely to see very much of Con.'

In the meantime, Frances, as young Ramsay had said, had been honestly straining her mind to 'remember' what she could about the Marina and the circumstances there. She did not know anything about the east wind, and had no recollections of how it affected the place. She remembered that the sun shone in at the windows all day; which of course meant, as he informed her, a southern exposure; and that in all the hotel gardens, as well as elsewhere, there were palms growing, and hedges of lemons and orange trees; and that at the *Angleterre*—or was it the *Victoria?*—the housekeeper was English; along with other details of a similar kind. There were no balls; very few concerts or entertainments of any kind; no afternoon tea-parties. 'How could there be?' said Frances, 'when there were only ourselves, the Gaunts, and the Durants.'

'Only themselves, the Gaunts, and the Durants,' Ramsay wrote down in his little book. 'How delightful that must be.—Thank you so much, Miss Waring. Usually, one has to pay for one's experience; but thanks to you, I feel that I know all about it. It seems a place in which one could do one's self every justice. I shall speak to Dr Lull about it at once. I have no doubt he will think it the very place for me.'

'You will find it dull,' said Frances, looking at him curiously, wondering was it possible that he could be sincere, or whether this was his way of justifying to himself his intention of following Constance. But nothing could be more steadily matter-of-fact than the young man's aspect.

'Yes, no doubt I shall find it dull. I don't so very much object to that. At Cannes and those places there is a continual racket going on. One might almost as well be in London. One is seduced into going out in the evening, doing all sorts of things. I think your place is an ideal place—plenty of sunshine and no amusements. How can I thank you enough, Miss Waring, for your *renseignements?* I shall speak to Dr Lull without delay.'

'But you must recollect that it will soon be getting very hot; and even the people who live there will be going away. Mr Durant sometimes takes the duty at Homburg or one of those places; and the Gaunts come home to England; and even we'——

Here Frances paused for a moment to watch him, and she thought that the pencil with which he was still writing down all these precious details, paused too. He looked up at her, as if waiting for further information. 'Yes?' he said interrogatively.

'Even we—go up among the mountains where it is cooler,' she said.

He looked a little thoughtful at this; but presently threw her back into perplexity by saying calmly: 'That would not matter to me so much, since I am quite sincere in thinking that when one goes to a health-place, one should give one's self up to one's health. But unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, Miss Waring, England is just as good as anywhere else in the summer; and Dr Lull has not thought it necessary this year to send me away. But I feel quite set up with your *renseignements,*' he added, putting back his book into his pocket, 'and I certainly shall think of it for another year.'

Frances had been so singled out for the purpose of giving the young invalid information, that she found herself a little apart from the party when he went away. They were all ladies, and all intimates, and the unaccustomed girl was not prepared for the onslaught of this curious and eager, though so pretty and fashionable mob. 'What are those *renseignements* you have been giving him? Is he going off after Con? Has he been questioning you about Con? We are all dying to know. And what do you think she will say to him if he goes out after her?' cried all, speaking together, those soft eager voices, to which Frances did not know how to reply.

ARSENIC-EATERS.

In 1875, at the forty-eighth annual meeting of the German Society of Naturalists and Physicians, which was held at Gratz, Dr Knapp, practising in Styria, introduced two male arsenic-eaters to the assembly. One of these men consumed in their presence above six grains of white arsenic—that is, enough to poison three men—without suffering the slightest inconvenience; and it was stated that he had been accustomed to this sort of thing for years. He was by calling an ox-herd, and after the custom of his countrymen, had administered to the cattle under his charge a daily dose of arsenic, for the purpose of rendering their hair glossy and of otherwise improving their appearance. He had been so far successful that he was led to argue that what was good for the oxen was good for himself; and that he was to a certain extent justified in his conclusions was proved by the fact of his being in the enjoyment of robust health. Dr Knapp's other subject partook of rather more than four grains of the yellow arsenic—that is, of orpiment—and he, too, had done the same with impunity for years. This man stated, that having to enter a house in which fifteen persons had died of typhus fever, he prepared himself for the attempt by taking a dose of less than half a grain of orpiment. This caused some disagreeable results; but the unpleasantness having worn off, he repeated the dose, entered the house without contracting the disease, and was so pleased with the success of his experiment, that he had continued to take arsenic ever afterwards. He, too, was in the enjoyment of robust health.

We believe that it was Mr Heisch, a teacher of chemistry at the Middlesex Hospital, who first brought the subject of arsenic-eating prominently before the notice of the profession in this country. This was some time about the year 1822; but since then, the fact has again and again been demonstrated by the researches of medical men and of travellers, so that now there are few persons who would venture to

express any doubt on the question. Indeed, it has long been acknowledged by the best authorities that arsenic-eating is extensively practised in the south-west corner of Austria—that is, in Upper and Middle Styria—especially in the districts of Hartberg, Lamprecht, Leoben, and Oberzeirung—also in Carinthia, Salzburg, the Tyrol, Lower Austria, and the Erzgebirge. It is to a certain extent acknowledged that these people attain a green old age; and it is even suggested that in some sort they owe their longevity to the baneful practice, though there is room for the gravest doubts on this score. When arsenic-eating was first brought before the notice of the world, it was treated as a gross imposture would be; and the stories about it were classed with those of Welsh fasting-girls and universal remedies; indeed, the profession confidently asserted that these Styrian peasants partook of nothing more unwholesome than a piece of chalk, for it was deemed utterly impossible that a man could, unscathed, consume enough poison to affect a dozen people, and certainly enough to kill three.

Fact, however, is stranger than fiction, and a fact so strange as this could not lie unnoticed in the region of myths. In 1851, Tschudi brought the matter again prominently forward; and since that time, it has been so clearly demonstrated, with all the requirements of scientific research, that it would be absurd to deny it to be a sober reality. But all the world takes poison in some form or other every day—ether, alcohol, opium, hashish, nicotine, essences, and so on, and that without calling forth any particular expression of wonder. It is so common a habit, that with some people this taking of poisons has become a condition of existence. Medical men, too, derive some of their best remedies from poisons, and are as a rule well justified by results. But while one man may take his daily dose of some narcotic, and another his of medicinal poison, a third man, unfortunately, is only able to still the cravings of his appetite by swallowing a substance which has probably cost more lives than any other drug, whatever it may be—namely, arsenic.

The arsenic-eater may, it is true, be fortifying himself against the machinations of a secret poisoner; and he may be—indeed, after many years' use of it, he very likely is—administering a dose of something absolutely necessary to his existence; thus giving some sort of colour to the claim of the Styrian that it lengthens life. At the best, however, it is a playing with danger, a tempting of Providence most reprehensible; and it is a habit so degrading, that it makes us feel sorry for human nature. It is, however, well known among medical men that arsenic taken internally is useful in many diseases, more especially such as affect the skin; and under the form known as Fowler's Solution, it is often enough prescribed in small doses. The veterinary surgeon administers it to horses and cattle; while in some instances, in a somewhat rough-and-ready way, it is given by stablemen and herdsmen in many parts of Europe, especially in Austria, to the animals under their care. Nor can the stablemen of this country be said to be entirely innocent of this charge; for it is a well established fact that this drug improves the appearance of the skin and hair, making it sleek and glossy, besides rendering the animal plump and strengthening its breathing organs. What wonder, then, that such men finding, as we have already said, these results, begin to argue that what is good for an ox or a horse is, in smaller quantities, good for a man. They actually do so argue; and to the daily use of arsenic they attribute several good results, such as clearness of complexion, and increased powers of digestion as shown by solidity of flesh; they say it strengthens their respiratory organs and enables them, laden with heavy burdens, to climb mountains without fatigue; and some even declare it increases their courage—which may be true, if the aforesaid good results follow its use, for courage is often only an effect of conscious strength, as timidity is of conscious weakness.

It must not, however, be supposed that any one takes to *Hedri* or arsenic-eating quite openly. On the contrary, it is generally begun in secret and at the increase of the moon—and in some villages with superstitious observances. A very small dose is at first taken once a week—bread and butter is the favourite medium—then twice a week, and so on, until, when the individual arrives at a dose daily, the dose itself is increased till as much may be taken as in ordinary circumstances would kill two or three individuals. But it must not be understood that those people can consume the drug altogether with impunity. When they first begin with their very small doses, they are seized with nausea and burning pains in the mouth, throat, and stomach, and are probably very much more uncomfortable than a boy who has taken his first cigar. But one peculiarity of arsenic-eating is this, that when a man has once begun to indulge in it, he must continue to indulge; for if he ceases, the arsenic in his system poisons him; or, as it is popularly expressed, the last dose kills him. Indeed, the arsenic-eater must not only continue his indulgence, he must also increase the quantity of the drug, so that it is extremely difficult to stop the habit; for, as sudden cessation causes death, the gradual cessation produces such a terrible heart-gnawing, that it may probably be said that no genuine arsenic-eater ever ceased to eat arsenic while life lasted.

It is curious that while, on the one hand, the human organism is so remarkably sensitive to arsenic, a man may, on the other hand, indulge in these poisonous doses for years. This is probably owing to the fact that arsenic acts on the skin, and thus is being constantly carried out of the system; and also because it is readily eliminated by the kidneys. Now, this prevents any accumulation going on in the tissues, and thus, what might seem almost mythical, is at least brought within the range of possibility. It has been calculated that this process of elimination has to be carried on for fourteen days before a given dose is entirely removed. But yet the fact remains that these Austrian peasants can swallow arsenic to an extent and with an

impunity unprecedented in the annals of toxicology. For the solution of the problem, we may offer the following considerations. First of all, the human organism may become accustomed to most if not all poisons, if they are administered at first in exceedingly small doses; and in this way a poison, as is well known, may become a 'mithridate' to itself. Secondly, though the human organism is extremely sensitive to arsenic, yet some constitutions may be less so than others; thus, for instance, the arsenic-eaters of Styria are all of them robust mountaineers, whose forefathers have eaten arsenic from generation to generation, so that, as may be supposed, each generation has become more arsenic-proof than the one before it. Thirdly, like most mountaineers, the Styrians consume large quantities of milk and butter, as well as other food rich in fats, when the oily matters to a certain extent unite with the arsenic, forming an arsenical soap, which does not so readily enter into the blood, so that the total amount of arsenic actually assimilated is proportionally small. From this we see that if the Styrian partakes of an unusual amount of this deadly drug, he is at the same time not only less susceptible to its influence by his hereditary descent and his habits, but his food supplies him with some sort of an antidote.

One other fact may be noticed in connection with arsenical poisoning—namely, that the preliminary symptoms of accidental poisoning have often resulted from the apparently insignificant cause of the use of the flimsy, bright-green tarlatan ball-dresses so much in vogue a few years back, as also from sleeping in rooms papered with hangings containing the beautifully brilliant colour known as Scheele's green. The dangerous activity of the very minute quantities of arsenic which under such circumstances enter the system may probably be explained by the fact that the poison in all such cases acts directly through the lungs, and not through the stomach, where it would be subjected to the modifying influences already mentioned.

These last points bring us to the treatment of a person suffering from arsenical poisoning. This poison is so frequently the cause of death both by accident and design, that it is important that every one should know the proper remedies to be used in such circumstances. Until a medical man arrives, the vomiting which generally occurs when an overdose of arsenic is swallowed, should be freely encouraged, followed by demulcent drinks, switched eggs, cream, oil, or better still, a mixture of equal parts of oil and lime-water. In recent years, a more strictly chemical antidote than any of the foregoing has been employed with very great success—namely, hydrated peroxide of iron. This antidote, it cannot be too well known, may be extemporised in a very efficient manner by adding ordinary carbonate of soda to tincture of iron—better known as steel drops—of pharmacy. A tablespoonful of soda may be added to each fluid ounce of the tincture with water, and as this mixture has no injurious effect on the system, it may be administered as largely and as quickly as possible.

The whole subject is of great interest; for it seems passing strange that the delicate framework of our bodies, which may be annihilated with two grains of a white powder, may be so far changed as to require, nay, even to crave for a daily heavy dose of this very same poison.

WALTER DREW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'I WILL take my letters now, Marjory,' said my father, the Rev. Henry Charlton, laying down his knife and fork and settling himself back in his chair with a sigh.

My Aunt Marjory, who had long occupied my poor mother's place at the head of our household, insisted that her brother should never begin the perusal of his correspondence until he had breakfasted, averring that to do so was to rob him of his appetite. There was a strong spice of truth in the bitter statement; for such letters as he received were seldom of an inspiriting character, the contents consisting in the main of charitable appeals, parish business, or, worse still, of that class of 'reminders' which make a sensitive and honourable man, who has heavy pecuniary liabilities, dread the arrival of every mail.

I recall that particular morning vividly. The sunshine streamed through the half-opened windows, and the shadows from the trees on the lawn fell tremulously upon the curtains and athwart the floor. My aunt's fox-terriers, Tom and Gip, lay coiled up on the hearth, now and then blinking and moving their stumps of tails in a half-hearted way whenever a chair was stirred. My father sipped his last cup of coffee at intervals as he opened and read one after another of the pile of many-shaped and various-coloured letters. I watched the careworn, venerable face with unusual interest. It was the last breakfast I was to partake of at Brierleigh Rectory for some time; and my heart yearned with exceptional fervour towards the gentle, simple-hearted being, whose hand trembled visibly every time he took up a fresh envelope. I was going to visit London, in the hope of getting into practice as a doctor; and I inwardly recorded a vow that all the energy I possessed should be dedicated to the task of redeeming his long-lost peace of mind, by placing him beyond those pecuniary anxieties which had pressed upon him ever since I could remember. While these things shaped themselves in my mind, I was startled by a joyous exclamation from my father.

'Who would have thought it?' he cried. 'How good of the dear old fellow!' And he pushed his spectacles on to his brows, as he rose and walked to the fireplace.

'Who is your correspondent, Henry?' asked my aunt.

'Ay, to be sure, who is he?' said my father, rubbing his hands and smiling.

'Come, Henry dear, let us share your good news,' said Aunt Marjory, stealing softly from her place to my father's side. She was a small-framed, active little woman, some fifty years of age, with bright, intelligent, affectionate-looking brown eyes.

'Who is he?' said my father, as if in answer to her first query. 'Why, my old friend,

Charlie Stanton. Best bat and best goal-keeper at Rugby; second wrangler at Cambridge, *facile princeps* in everything. But—bless me!—he must be my own age. Ah! time slips by.'

My aunt had by this time gently taken possession of the letter, and with a significant smile, to which my father responded in the affirmative, she proceeded to read it aloud. Its contents bear so directly on the events I have to record, that I make no apology for giving the text in full.

MY DEAR CHARLTON—You will no doubt glance first at the signature of this letter to help your memory; but even then, I fear you will have to think more than once before you can recall your old school fag and fellow-student, Charlie Stanton. Thirty years have come and gone since we parted; and all we know of each other's history during that period is what you or I may have gleaned from the newspapers or the world's gossip regarding our several destinies.

I have been placed on the shelf at my own request with the rank of colonel; and now I mean to devote myself to the task of seeing my only child Alice settled in life. I have bought a small estate in Warwickshire, Elmdrove Manor, so that you and I will soon be near neighbours; but meantime, as this is my daughter's first season, I must retain my London establishment a little longer. Although I can't come to you at present, therefore, you, my dear Charlton, may be able to look us up in London. I confess I am extremely anxious to see you, for the sake of our old friendship, as well as for other reasons which I cannot very well make clear to you by letter. Your son, too, shares largely in my interest, on account of the high terms in which I hear him spoken of; and I trust that if your official duties prevent your visiting us personally, you will at least make your boy your deputy at an early date.

I am unhappily a widower, as I regret to learn you are also. My brother Sydney—you remember him, of course—died some two years ago, so that I have scarcely a near relative living. There is, however, a nephew of my late wife in whom I take a strong interest; a clever, harebrained, good-hearted, irreclaimable scapegrace, I fear. You, I have no doubt, would take kindly to him, for he is an artist of considerable ability, and might, I am told, have a great career, did but his industry keep pace with his talent.

In concluding, I beg to remind you of my unalterable determination to keep henceforth in touch with you both by letter and in the flesh. Let me hear from you, therefore, my dear fellow, at once, and tell me on what date I may order rooms for you at Grosvenor Square, where you and your son shall have a hearty welcome from—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES STANTON.

The faces of my father and Aunt Marjory as the latter finished reading the colonel's letter, formed a study for the poet if not the painter, so full were they, as their eyes met, of reciprocal gratulation and sympathetic delight.

'It is so like old Charlie to write so warmly,' said my father. 'Ah, how delightful it will be to talk over old times, when he comes to Elmdrove. Strange that I should never have thought of *him*, when I heard that a Colonel Stanton was to be our new neighbour.'

'And then,' said Aunt Marjory thinking kindly of me, 'it will be such a valuable introduction for John. Why, with Colonel Stanton's friendly recommendation, he might soon have a large and fashionable practice.'

'Yes, to be sure,' answered my father in a voice from dreamland.

'Is Colonel Stanton a very rich man, Henry?' asked my aunt, as she stooped to fondle Tom and Gip alternately.

'Rich? O yes; certainly. His was a wealthy family; and as Charles says, Stanton *primus* died some years ago—a banker and a bachelor, I have heard, and Charles was his heir.'

'His daughter will be a great heiress, then,' said his sister, looking at me suddenly with a merry, meaning glance. 'I wonder what sort of a creature this nephew is?' she added immediately, with something like a sigh.

'Nephew? O yes; the artist.—But that reminds me, Marjory, I must go and finish that Madonna.'

My father stepped into the hall, took his Panama hat from its peg, and went out across the lawn with a brisk step, humming cheerfully some long-forgotten air. His studio, towards which he now bent his steps, was a tiny palace of glass, standing under the southern garden wall, curtained within, ventilated by sliding panes, and warmed in winter by a small American stove of graceful design. A stranger would have mistaken it, by its outer aspect, for a conservatory or for a photographer's den. It was, however, the home-within-home of its owner; the spot in which beloved labour chased away care; it was there he spent every hour not dedicated to his clerical duties; and in which he worked with a diligence prompted, alas! by necessity as much as by artistic zeal. Yes, it was there he worked out, patiently and unmurmuringly, the penance of his infatuated friendship for one who had long since 'gone before.' He was heart and soul an artist, but one only of that vast crowd so designated whose powers of flight fall short of their heaven-directed aspirations. He worked for the picture-dealers.

My Aunt Marjory now invited me to keep her company in one of her favourite garden retreats, under a magnificent red-flowered hawthorn, then in full blossom. There was a springiness in her step, a gaiety of expression about her movements, and a vivacity in the soft voice, that told of the gladness which the matutinal ordeal of letter-reading had for once brought with it.

'I consider it very opportune, John—very fortunate indeed, this letter from Colonel Stanton. You are going to London to seek out a suitable practice. No doubt, money will enable you to do that; or, on the other hand, it will give you time to create one for yourself; but in either case, the patronage of one in Colonel Stanton's position will be of great advantage. I would not wish you to accept any other kind of consideration from him; nor is it necessary, as you know. My lawyer has full instructions to pay on your behalf to the extent of half my little fortune for the

objects we have in view; and I know, dear, you will use it wisely and well, and be a credit to your old aunty.' After a pause: 'By the way, John, have you quite forgotten that romantic nonsense about the "fair unknown?"'

As Aunt Marjory popped this query suddenly at me, she burst into a cheery laugh, her brown eyes dancing with merriment the while. I felt my cheeks tingling as I tried to join in the laugh, the attempt, however, being a miserable failure. I stammered some incoherent answer; but my mind was filled with the image she had invoked—that of the charming girl whom it was my good fortune to restore to life after she had been taken from the water senseless and pulseless. I had imprudently mentioned the incident to my aunt shortly after its occurrence, and in such terms, I suspect, as to excite her curiosity beyond its usual bounds. At anyrate, she made it the text for a good deal of good-natured but very unwelcome banter. I was uncommonly sensitive, and especially vulnerable to ridicule on that very tender subject.

'There, John; don't be vexed with aunty; I shan't tease you any more. But I want you to be a sensible fellow, and fall in love with Miss Stanton.'

'Why, aunt, that's a more sorry jest than the—the other,' I said, smiling. 'A sensible fellow indeed I should be to fall in love with a great heiress whom I have never seen.'

'Well, I don't see where the jest comes in,' replied Aunt Marjory demurely. 'You *do* know *her* name, at anyrate, and who and what she is, and may see her any day you choose after to-day. And as to her being a great heiress, why, are you not to be a great physician?'

My aunt was too shrewd and practical not to be conscious of the ludicrousness of her argument, and consequently joined me in a hearty laugh at her own expense. The subject dropped when we had ceased laughing, and the rest of our conversation was occupied with the discussion of my father's affairs. To make these intelligible, I must furnish the reader with the main facts of a strange history.

My father had taken holy orders while at Cambridge, in accordance with the expressed wishes of my grandfather, a retired lawyer, in affluent circumstances. But while doing no violence to his own feelings or opinions in consenting to this step, my father entertained an ambition of an altogether different kind, which he feared would interfere with the discharge of his duties as a placed clergyman. He had the tastes and aspirations of the true artist, and had devoted the freshest of his hopes and energies in the race for distinction as a painter. He declined to accept a curacy, and for several years after leaving college, continued his artistic studies under the best masters both at home and abroad. On his return home, he was successful in getting a few of his pieces exhibited; the favourable opinions of friendly critics still further concealed the truth from him for a time. But the revelation dawned upon him slowly and painfully, that he had overrated his natural gifts; that he possessed talent, not genius; that, with considerable skill as a draftsman and colourist, he lacked breadth of imagination—the creative faculty; and that, in a word, he had, like thousands of others, mistaken his mission in life. It was while in the condition of despondency engendered by such reflections that he was induced, at the urgent desire of his parents, to accept the curacy of the country parish in which they resided.

From an object of ambition, then, painting gradually became to him merely a graceful pastime. His new duties soon acquired a strong interest for him, while art remained the solace of his leisure. He spent his holidays in wanderings with his sketch-book throughout Wales, Scotland, or the Lake Country, in quest of fresh health and fresh scenes for artistic contemplation. It was during one of these summer tours in the Highlands that he formed an acquaintance with a young man of remarkable abilities, who had already earned fame as a painter in water-colours. The simple-hearted, enthusiastic curate soon came to regard this man with an esteem partaking of veneration, and was so enchanted with his society and conversation as to express a wish to continue his journey in his company. Walter Drew—the young man was so named—gave a cheerful assent; and the strangely assorted pair resumed their progress together. Drew was a scholar and a gentleman, had travelled much, was well versed both in classical and modern literature—a poet and musician as well as a painter; and when it is added that these versatile accomplishments sat lightly and unaffectedly upon a man of handsome exterior and frank and agreeable manners, small surprise need be expressed that my trusting, ardent, unsophisticated father came early to regard him as a modern Crichton. A strong friendship sprang from this casual introduction, and Drew accompanied my father into ——shire, where he was received with open arms by my grandparents, and spent a month at their home.

Time went on. Drew's fame as a painter in oils became the theme of every tongue. Far from feeling jealous, my father appears to have translated his own aspirations after renown into an absorbing interest in the rising glories of his friend's career. My father had been some three years curate of ——, when both his parents died within a short period of one another, leaving my father the bulk of their fortune, with a sum of five thousand pounds to my Aunt Marjory. The following year, my father married the rector's daughter, a delicate, amiable, and lovely but penniless bride. The first five years after their union were passed in all the happiness which competence, simple habits, charitable actions, mutual marital affection, and graceful tastes could scarcely fail to yield. Three children were born during that period, of whom I was the youngest, the two elder being girls, who inherited their mother's beauty along with her delicacy of constitution. With such tranquil surroundings, my father's dreaminess increased, his simplicity and unbounded faith in his kind became confirmed, and his child-like nature became immovably his special characteristic.

What had been the fortunes of Walter Drew during these years? His genius, I have said, placed him early in the possession of a name—one neither capriciously awarded nor unlikely to stand the test of time. But his glorious powers appeared to be satisfied with

their own display. He had assured himself and the public of his transcendent capabilities in the realm of art, just as he had previously done at school and college in every arena of intellectual gladiatorship; and now, as then, he rested supinely with the laurels in his hand, disdaining to place them on his brows. He revelled in the exhibition of his versatility, preferring to create wonder by the variety of his powers, to directing any one of them towards a definite and useful end. He had vast energy, with scant continuity of will.

Accepting as his right the reputation of a fashionable artist, Drew now conceived the new ambition of shining as a man of fashion. His connection by birth with several good families, his splendid physique, the subtle charm of his presence and address, rendered the task an easy one. He soon had the *entrée* to the houses of the leaders of rank and fashion; and, to hasten the remarkable tale, in less than a year led an earl's youngest daughter to the altar. During the succeeding two years, Drew and Lady Cecilia became themselves the leaders of a certain section of the 'world,' but at such a pace of ill-regulated expenditure, that in little over two years, in spite of repeated assistance and the intervention of friends, the record of their folly was duly published; and a retreat to the continent became imperative. Lady Cecilia died soon after in giving birth to a son; and Drew, thus cut off from the sphere of fashionable display, philosophically resumed his palette and brush.

During these years, my father had seen little of Drew, and had heard but seldom from him. The year after his wife's death, however, that irrepressible once more arrested the attention of the world by the exhibition of two pictures, which, with uncommon unanimity, the critics pronounced to be master-pieces. My father hastened to London—saw, and worshipped. He met Drew, whose *dégagé* appearance had more of the traditional artist than he had ever before affected; was charmed with the cordiality of the great man's reception of him, and spent much time in his society. Upon my father's return to the country, he carried Drew's autograph in his pocket-book, for the possession of which he had parted temporarily with two thousand pounds. Soon after this, and according to arrangement, my father and his erratic friend made a tour together through Worcester and Gloucestershires. The artist was a companion to whom the most fastidious could not object, his conduct and conversation being those of a gentleman and man of culture. A disdain of the world's applause was indeed sometimes traceable in his manner and remarks; but the impression made on my father's mind by this indifference to what men usually long for, was such as rather to enhance his respect for his fellow-traveller. I find many circumstances noted in Mr Charlton's diary at this period which go far to redeem Drew's name from the charge of original or premeditated heartlessness, even discounting them at the high rate demanded by my father's utter want of knowledge of the world. He was both good-hearted and open-handed, and capable, as many incidents showed, both of self-sacrifice and magnanimity. But the sequel proved that the unhappy man's moral fibre was scarcely strong enough for the strain to which his insatiable desire to dazzle exposed it.

For Drew had still another and as yet unbent string to his bow. He did not at once give up his studio or his painting; but he now sought more and more constantly the society of men on 'Change—merchants, brokers, and Company promoters, and appeared less and less in the coteries of art. His new associates soon recognised his consummate capacity as a financier; and Drew's name began to figure on the directorate of first one and then another Company of the very best repute. He then commenced to finesse with stocks and shares—his caution at first being equal to his judgment, with the result of giving him once more the command of considerable sums of money; with these he continued to speculate, till in a few years he had repaid my father, set up once more a handsome establishment, and kept his carriage and riding-horses. Everything he put his hand to seemed to flourish; and it is evidence of his ability as well as honesty of purpose, that every one of the Companies he was personally instrumental in floating has proved a commercial success. His hand, however, was getting weary holding this cumbrous mercantile plough. He sought to amass wealth speedily, and then seek 'fresh woods and pastures new' for the exercise of his genius. In short, he began to plunge, now successfully, now disastrously. His transactions demanded frequent accommodation, which he at first obtained readily, then with difficulty, at last—on no consideration. What representations he made to my father to obtain possession piecemeal of his entire fortune, I know not, but I do know that it was swallowed up in the desperate attempts Drew made to break his fall by Stock Exchange gambling. The crash came at last, and this gifted but infatuated man disappeared for ever from English society, to die poor and alone in a humble lodging at Rome.

My father was a ruined man. He had not only lost every shilling of his money, but stood, at the time of Drew's flight, responsible for bills to the extent of several thousand pounds. His friends advised him to seek immunity through the courts; but he stolidly declined. The presentation to the living of Brierleigh came opportunely. My father then entered into an arrangement to pay interest on the debt with a portion of his revenue, and to reduce the capital as circumstances would allow, meantime undertaking to maintain policies of assurance to cover the amount, in the event of his death. He refused my Aunt Marjory's generous offer to place the whole of her own money at his disposal to relieve himself of the terrible incubus. 'It was a debt of honour and friendship,' was his only formula to every protest. And for over twenty years, that little studio under the southern garden wall was the scene of a sustained and heroic, if quixotic, struggle to acquit the memory of his unstable friend, regarding whom to the end he spoke only with sorrowful pity and regretful admiration.

My mother's health, I have said, was never robust; she gradually declined, and left myself and sisters orphans before I had reached my

tenth year. My sisters both died in their teens. And Aunt Marjory, who had taken my mother's place, devoted her entire income to educating me for the profession of my choice.

FEEDING THE FISHES.

A NEW-JERSEY EPISODE.

Deep in the heart of the New Jersey pine-forest lies a lake, some two hundred acres in extent, whose clear bosom, tinged, by the cedar swamps through which its tributary streams flow, to a rich amber colour, reflects with the faithfulness of a mirror every shade of the luxuriant autumn colouring of the sumach, gum, maple, and dwarf-oak which fringe its banks. On its north shore is the only break in the broad belt of forest by which the lake is surrounded, and here a trim little frame-cottage peeps out over the water from amid a cluster of Virginia creepers, climbing roses, and magnolias. The garden which surrounds it forms a quaint combination of the useful with the beautiful, shade-trees, shrubs, and flowering plants being intermingled with wide-spreading grape-arbours loaded with luxuriant bunches of Concords and Delawares, apple and pear trees whose branches bend beneath their load of ripe fruit, and water-melon vines, whose luscious green-coated produce looks all the more inviting for the close proximity of a stream of clear ice-cold water, in which one or two monster melons are already immersed, waiting for dinner-time.

A quarter of a mile away, the railroad threads its way through the pinewoods, and a little wooden hut by the track serves as 'depôt' for the rare arrivals of passengers or freight. Here my friend X., the owner of the cottage, met me one steaming day in the autumn of last year; and as we strolled through the woods on our way to his bachelor quarters, I had reason to congratulate myself on the change from the hot dusty city, and on the invitation he had already given me to repeat my visit a month later, when the 'close-time' for quail was over, and the little brown bunches which took flight almost from under our feet should be fair game for the gun.

'At present,' said X., 'I have nothing to offer you in the way of sport better than an evening among the pike; but the water is in good condition, and I think you will agree with me that they are not to be despised.'

We had just reached the edge of the lake as he spoke; and looking out over the picturesque little sheet of water, I felt that he must be difficult to please who could not be content to spend an afternoon among its ripples, with pipe and chat to while away the hours, and rod in hand to give a show of occupation to his idleness.

'I have ordered dinner at one, so as to secure a long afternoon. That gives us a spare hour now; so we will have a cigar, and then I'll show you one of my hobbies,' said X. presently.

We then sauntered to a part of the shore where, in a little recess, stood the boathouse, with a pretty snuggery above it, used in summer as a smoking and writing room. By the side of the boathouse, a small landing-stage reached some thirty feet into the water; and from its further end a platform of wood, supported on planks driven endwise into the sandy bottom, ran at right angles to the stage, meeting a projecting point of the bank, and so cutting off a tiny bay, and making an inclosed basin about forty feet by thirty in extent. The planks which supported both landing-stage and platform were placed sufficiently close to one another to prevent the passage of a fish between them, while allowing the water to circulate freely.

'There,' said my friend, 'you see one of my pet "divarsions." Like Chaucer's Frankeleyn, I like my fish both fresh and plump, and for that purpose keep "many a pike and many a luce in stewe."'

I looked down into the water of the basin, and perceived his meaning. Closely huddled together beneath the shade of the platform were two dark wriggling crowds of fish, which on closer inspection revealed themselves as pike and catfish respectively; the former lean and hungry-looking as compared with their plump round-headed companions, but withal of comely proportions, and giving promise of development should time and circumstances permit.

'Your pike run small,' I said. 'Are those of average size for this lake?'

'About the average,' X. replied, 'when left to themselves. Those you are looking at are a recent catch, and have not yet had time to fatten. But look yonder;' and he pointed to the roots of a cypress which had been left standing in the middle of the basin.

I followed the direction of his finger; and there, patient, silent, and grim as fate, lay three veritable monsters, whose evil eyes and savage protruding jaws sufficiently explained the huddling together and the respectful distance of the smaller fry. Here and there, paddling awkwardly about in search of food, or lifting their comical little heads above the surface for a breath of air, were half-a-dozen fresh-water terrapin, a kind of small turtle, destined, like their finny comrades, to grace my friend's table after a due season of confinement and good living.

'It is about fish-feeding time,' said X. 'If you care to see the process, take a seat on that log, while I get their dinner. I always see to it myself,' he added; 'and I believe my protégés get to know me after a time.' So saying, he turned to the house, and presently reappeared with a large piece of fresh meat, a knife, and a long bamboo fishing-pole, from the end of which dangled eight or ten feet of fine twine. Cutting the meat into narrow strips four or five inches long, he proceeded to attach one of them by a running noose to the end of the string. The fish seemed to be watching this process from their shady retreat, and one or two of the bolder spirits had left their corners and gradually approached the side of the basin at which my friend stood. He advanced a step nearer, and holding out the pole at arm's-length, waved the tempting morsel two or three times across the inclosure, a few inches above the water. This had the effect of bringing more of the pike from their retreat; and it was interesting to notice

how they would move into position by almost imperceptible degrees, and then lie motionless beneath the surface, eyeing the swinging meat, but apparently unconcerned about its ultimate destination. Some few of the new-comers still remained, shy or sulky, under the shadow, merely turning their bodies so as to keep an eye upon the actions of their more adventurous companions.

Suddenly lowering his hand, X. allowed the piece of meat to touch the surface, and drew it sharply across the basin. In an instant the assumed unconcern vanished, and with a fierce dash, half-a-dozen pike made for the meat, one of which, outstripping his rivals, snatched it crosswise between his jaws, and with a flick of his tail jerked it from the noose, and retired to the further end of the basin to gorge his prize. Then another strip was substituted, and the process repeated with a similar result. One after another, even the most timid fish were lured to dinner, and a lively scramble ensued as each piece of meat touched the water. Now and then, the noose failed to hold, and the morsel sank to the bottom before it could be seized. These pieces were at once secured by the catfish, which lurked round for such windfalls; and a grand mêlée followed, all the other catfish and the turtles joining in pursuit, and not unfrequently wresting part, if not the whole, from its original captor. I was surprised to see that the pike took no part in these tussles, and asked my friend for an explanation.

'Pike are dainty feeders,' he replied, 'and will touch nothing that they believe to be dead; so I am obliged to resort to my rod-and-line tactics to humour them. The catfish are less particular; any kind of garbage suits their taste; but fortunately, there is nothing of the sewage order in the lake, and when clean fed, they are as delicate eating as any fish that swim.'

The feeding process continued till the pike seemed satisfied and relaxed their efforts. Then, gathering up the fragments, my friend threw them in here and there for the catfish and turtles. All this while the monsters under the cypress-tree had maintained their attitude of proud indifference, not betraying by so much as the quiver of a fin the smallest interest in all that was going on around them.

'How about your big fish?' I asked. 'Have you any sleight-of-hand in store for them?'

'Ah, those fellows dine later,' replied X., with grim meaning; 'as some of these gluttonous young ones will find to their cost before evening.'

'And don't they trouble the catfish?'

'Certainly not. Nature has provided against that by furnishing the catfish with the most prickly and indigestible headgear any fish could desire. No pike ever tackles them a second time, if indeed hereditary tradition does not warn him against a first attempt.—But look here a moment. Have you ever seen a snapper before?'

He directed my attention to a small deep tank, dug out close by the side of the pond, and lined with boards, in which I saw a large turtle, and two or three little fellows hardly bigger than turkeys' eggs.

'How do they differ from the terrapin?' I asked.

For answer, my host picked up a short stout stick, and thrust it into the water a few inches in front of the large turtle's nose. Quick as lightning his jaws closed upon the stick; and X. hoisted him right out of the tank and held him out at arm's-length. He shook the stick; but the 'snapper' still held on; nor did he relax his jaws till he found himself once more in his native element.

'You may cut their heads off when they have once taken hold, and the jaws will remain as firmly closed as ever,' said X. 'I saw a lady last summer who walked from the river to the bathhouse, a distance of fifty yards, with a small snapper hanging on to the skirt of her bathing-dress, and they had to prise his teeth open with a knife to set her free. Those little fellows are a mystery to me,' he added. 'I have had them in there for four months now, feeding them regularly, and they don't seem to have grown an atom.—But hark! there's the dinner-bell; and in the afternoon we'll see if we can't add a few specimens to my aquarium.'

OUR MYSTERIOUS RECRUIT.

'BUGLER, sound "orderly sergeants,"' cried the sergeant-major, popping his head out of the door of the orderly-room.

The small boy who was officiating in this capacity on the guard, hurriedly left a group of juvenile comrades off duty, whom he had been wistfully watching while engaged at an exciting game of marbles, and promptly made the barracks resound with the 'call.'

Thus summoned, the orderly sergeants soon made their appearance, and proceeded to the orderly-room, which the colonel in command, accompanied by the adjutant, had just entered. Something was on hand, apparently of importance, as a mounted orderly, bearing a despatch for the commanding officer, had arrived from the brigade office a few minutes before. This news spread with rapidity over the barracks. The canteen, library, and barrack-rooms were speedily deserted by their occupants, the men swarming into the barrack square. In a few minutes the sergeants emerged from the orderly-room and hurried off in the direction of the quarters of their respective companies.

'What's up, sergeant?' we shouted eagerly to a corpulent knight of the chevrons who was puffing past with an expression of extreme importance depicted on his face.

'The route's in,' was the sergeant's laconic reply.

'Where to?' we asked.

'Ireland, in a week.'

'Oh, bother it!' I cried; while my comrades indulged in much stronger language; and soon loud expressions of disapprobation were heard over the barracks.

The time of which I write was in the end of 1867, and the Fenian agitation in Ireland had broken out afresh, after a rather delusive lull of a month or two. The men of the gallant —th, to which I belonged, had good reason to grumble at the prospective change of locality, as the regiment had returned from India only nine months before, after sojourning in that

country for nearly eleven years, having been despatched thither from the Crimea at the termination of the war. We had looked forward to having a pleasant time of it in the quiet town in the south of England in which we had been quartered since our return from the East; therefore, the order to proceed to Ireland was specially unwelcome. Perhaps there is nothing more distasteful to the men of the British army than to be stationed in the sister isle during any troublous period. The hardships arising from heavy marches and exposure to the elements are in some cases almost as bad as those of a campaign. The work, too, has its perils, without, of course, any of the inspiriting feelings that are engendered while engaged in real warfare, not to speak of the subsequent glory attached to success.

Although personally I should have preferred to remain in England, I soon made up my mind to face the inevitable; besides, I thought a little excitement infinitely better than the insufferable routine of a garrison town. Rough work was nothing new to me, as I had served with the regiment in the Crimea and during the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, and subsequently in one of the frontier expeditions.

After the usual bustle and topsy-turvy confusion, we were ready to march at the time appointed. Embarking in a troop-ship, we set sail, and after a smart run, landed at Cork, in which city we were located for about a month. Shortly after our arrival, a batch of recruits joined the regiment from the depôt at St George's Barracks, London. Most of them were of the ordinary ragamuffin type, for the embryo Tommy Atkins, whether of urban or rural extraction, commonly presents, when he joins, a rather dilapidated spectacle. They comprised stolid yokels from the agricultural districts attired in smock-frocks; ragged sharp-featured Londoners, quick-witted, and possessed of a copious vocabulary of strange oaths; low-looking roughs from the provincial towns; a few clerks out at elbows; and one or two respectably dressed young men, who had probably enlisted in a spirit of adventure. One member of this recent addition to the strength of the regiment, by name Coghlan, was distinctly, in point of appearance and manner, a long way above the average type of recruits. Tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, he had pleasing features and a most polite manner. He was a native of Ireland, as was shown by his slight brogue. He was posted to my company; and I was detailed by the colour-sergeant to show him how to clean his traps, make his bed, and perform other duties connected with the barrack-room.

I speedily found that my duty was a sinecure, as Coghlan did not require much tuition; on the contrary, he took to his work as if 'to the manner born,' and displayed such an aptitude in learning his drill, as to point to the suspicion that he had worn the cloth before, that, in fact, he had deserted from another regiment. He was a very civil and obliging young fellow, always ready unsolicited to assist any comrade; but there was one thing about him which puzzled us all—he never alluded in the slightest degree to his antecedents, unlike the ordinary Tommy Atkins, who, when the recollections of the ragged toggery in which he joins the army have somewhat subsided, turns out, by his own showing, to have been in civil life a rather important member of the community.

Coghlan was frequently 'chaffed' by his comrades, who, suspecting that he was a deserter, made frequent inquiries about his last 'regimental number;' but he merely smiled in reply to any such observations.

One morning we suddenly received orders to march inland; and Coghlan had made himself so far proficient in drill that he was put in the ranks to perform the duties of a trained soldier. My company, together with other two, was sent to garrison a small town of about a thousand inhabitants. The barracks were situated on the outskirts; they were of very small size, just containing the requisite accommodation for the three companies. For a time after our arrival we observed extreme vigilance, night-sentries being posted outside all round the walls. The prevailing agitation, however, seemed to affect every district except that in which we were stationed; the townspeople were civil, though not over-cordial; and after a while our extreme precautionary measures were relaxed, and the guard reduced to nine men, under command of a sergeant.

Although, as I have said, the inhabitants of the town were anything but sociably inclined, they were not aggressive in manner to the military, and time passed without any mishap occurring that was conducive to strained relations between the garrison and the civilians. Acting on a hint from the police, however, the major in command placed several of the public-houses usually frequented by the lower orders of the population 'out of bounds'—that is, it was considered a breach of military discipline to enter them; and any soldier who infringed this regulation ran the risk of being severely punished for disobedience of orders. One of these houses was the *Irish Harp*, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently.

The senior colour-sergeant was appointed acting sergeant-major of the detachment; while our colour-sergeant, a smart, well-educated Irishman, by the name of O'Neill, was deputed to act as quarter-master-sergeant. O'Neill had charge of my room, and occupied a bunk at the end next the door. Besides Coghlan and myself, there was quartered in the room a young Irishman named Curran, who was reported to be very well connected. Before we had been many days in barracks, it was noticeable that the colour-sergeant and he appeared to be more intimate than their respective positions warranted, as they held long conferences in a low tone of voice two or three times a day. Curran received numerous letters, bearing the post-marks of different towns in England and Ireland, which he always took the first opportunity of submitting for O'Neill's inspection, after having perused them himself. Occasionally, after the receipt of one of those missives the pair seemed considerably elated—at other times seriously concerned.

One thing struck me forcibly: I felt by a species of instinct that their every movement was being closely watched by Coghlan. Quiet and unassuming in manner as he habitually was, there was a mystery about the man that I

could not fathom. O'Neill and Curran were seemingly oblivious or careless of the fact that their intimacy excited any attention. While on duty, I may mention, however, they rigidly preserved the distance prescribed by military rule regarding their respective ranks.

One night I was out in town, and suddenly discovered, with the instinct of an old soldier, that there was something wrong in my attire. I had forgotten to put on my waist-belt before going out—in fact I was, in military parlance, 'improperly dressed.' This seemingly trifling omission, from a civilian's point of view, is yet an offence for which a soldier is usually smartly punished. Perceiving the garrison picket at a distance, I naturally decided to elude the observation of the lynx-eyed sergeant in command; and turning up a dark lane by the side of the *Irish Harp* inn before alluded to, secreted myself among some carts in the back-yard. While approaching this retreat, I was surprised to see a man rush from the window of a room in the inn from which the sound of voices was proceeding, and disappear in the recesses of the yard; but, owing to the darkness, I could not distinguish what sort of character he was. Curiosity impelled me to observe for myself what was of evident interest to the man, so, stepping cautiously to the window and peeping through the aperture between the leaves of the clumsily constructed shutters, I had a good look at the interior, and saw Colour-sergeant O'Neill and Curran seated beside about a dozen civilians, seemingly belonging to different classes of the community. Some were common town roughs; while others, more respectable in appearance, looked like tradesmen and sons of neighbouring farmers. I was greatly puzzled by this spectacle in a proscribed public-house; but decided to keep my own counsel, as I had a great liking for O'Neill; so, walking away softly on tiptoe, I reached the street; but as the picket was still in sight, I hung about the entrance to the lane for a while, and looking back, saw my position at the window re-occupied by the person who had run away at my approach, whom, by the ray of light shining through the space between the closed shutters, I recognised as the recruit Coghlan!

I returned to barracks racking my brain for a solution of the strange proceedings I had witnessed, and walked past the sentry at the gate, *minus* my belt, without attracting his attention.

The following morning a letter bearing the Dublin postmark was received by Curran, the reading of which seemed to put him in a state of great excitement; and at once entering the bunk, he communicated to the colour-sergeant its contents, which caused O'Neill to exhibit as much agitation as the private. Coghlan was engaged at the time sweeping out the room, and approaching the bunk, seemed to bestow great pains to insure the cleanliness of the floor in its vicinity, in order, as I thought, to listen to the conversation within. A minute or two afterwards, the bugle sounded 'colour-sergeants,' and O'Neill left the room, returning, after a brief interval, with the news that a telegram had reached the commanding officer containing an intimation that the long expected consignment of the new Snider rifle had been despatched from Dublin for the use of the garrison; and ordered me—as my name was first on the roll for duty—to form one of an escort of twenty men which was to proceed to a railway station about six miles away, to guard the wagon that was to convey the arms and ammunition to barracks. I soon got ready, and noticed, as I was about to leave the room, that Curran was writing at the table. Before going, I requested Coghlan to give me a 'brush down;' and while he was thus engaged, O'Neill approached Curran and whispered: 'To-night, after the arms are stored—not later!' Curran seemed to add this remark to his letter as a kind of postscript; and when he had finished, he handed O'Neill the note. 'Yes,' said the colour-sergeant, when he had glanced it over; 'that will do.'

Late in the afternoon, while we were slowly accompanying the wagon over the rough country-road, snow began to fall heavily, and by the time we reached barracks, it lay an inch or two deep. The arms and ammunition were safely deposited in the quarter-master's store, the door of which was locked, and O'Neill retained possession of the key. Shortly afterwards, while at dinner, I was ordered to go on guard, to supply the place of a man who had taken ill on sentry, and who had gone to hospital. Most unwillingly, I got ready, as I was tired after my day's march, and proceeded to the guardroom. Curran and Coghlan were on guard, and I found that my post was on the gate. I went on sentry at eleven, and soon afterwards, to my great annoyance, was attacked by my old enemy the toothache. Snow fell unceasingly during my turn of duty, and at one I was relieved by Curran. Brushing the snow from my greatcoat and running an oiled rag over my rifle and bayonet, I lay down on the guard-bed next to Coghlan. Sleep for me was out of the question, so I lay awake, like Iago, 'troubled with a raging tooth,' and listening to Curran's measured tramp outside.

About half an hour after I had been relieved, I fancied I heard a low whistle; and immediately afterwards the sentry, Curran, glanced in at the door. Apparently satisfied that all the occupants of the guardroom were asleep, he entered softly, the snow adhering to the soles of his boots enabling him to walk as noiselessly as if he wore list slippers. He took the key of the outer gate from the peg on which it was hung, stole out of the guardroom, and walked straight over to the solitary gas lamp opposite the door, where, reaching up with his bayonet, he turned out the light. Then I heard a 'click' as the key was turned in the lock of the gate, and several dark figures entered the barracks, the intense whiteness of the drifted snow, which had completely covered the wall opposite, making them easily perceptible from where I lay.

Curran's movements had apparently been watched by another individual besides myself; for Coghlan, shouting lustily: 'Guard, turn out!' sprang from the guard-bed, and rushing out, wrested Curran's rifle from his grasp, and going to the open gate, blew a whistle. In a second or two the barracks were entered by a party of the Royal Irish constabulary, a few of whom pursued and captured the persons whom Curran had admitted.

'This way!' shouted Coghlan, and dashed off in the direction of the quarter-master's store. About a dozen of us followed him; but when we got to the store, we found it securely locked; while the untrodden snow in its vicinity bore incontrovertible testimony to the fact that no one could recently have been there. The major in command, who had been rudely awakened from his sleep by the din and turmoil in the barracks, now approached us, and perceiving Coghlan directing our movements, cried to him: 'Aw—who are you, sir?'

'I belong to the Dublin detective department, sir!' was Coghlan's reply.

O'Neill was searched for, and was found asleep in bed, but looked terribly dismayed and astonished when Coghlan arrested him on a charge of complicity with the Fenian agitators.

By this time all the sleepers in barracks were awakened, and turned out in a strange variety of costumes to witness the upshot of this unwonted nocturnal episode.

Following O'Neill, between two of his captors, we were proceeding in the direction of the guard-room, when we came across the group of constables in charge of the men who had gained admission to the barracks in the mysterious fashion before described, and who were making most vehement protestations of innocence. To our relief and most intense amusement, we found that they were no other than a few officers' servants who had been having a spree in town, and who had arranged beforehand with Curran to let them in on the quiet; hence the mystery attached to the sentry's movements.

The affair had now a most ludicrous aspect. Peal after peal of laughter arose from the constables and the men of the detachment; and the over-sharp detective-recruit Coghlan looked remarkably sheepish in the face of the fierce fire of 'chaff' with which he was assailed from all quarters. Still, much had to be explained in connection with the meetings at the *Harp*, which Coghlan, anxious to make a case, reported to the major; so that officer, amid suppressed laughter, ordered O'Neill and Curran under close arrest, and the men back to bed. At the suggestion of the police inspector, the major granted Coghlan leave of absence, and he left barracks with the detachment of constabulary.

The next morning the prisoners were taken before the major; and the landlord of the *Harp* having, at O'Neill's request, attended to give evidence, proved in the most satisfactory and conclusive manner that the fancied conspirators who frequented his house were nothing more nor less than a few betting-men, who were more concerned about 'backing the winner' than troubling themselves about the wrongs of their country; and while Coghlan imagined they were engaged in plotting the overthrow of Saxon rule in Ireland, they were merely discussing the 'odds' on the forthcoming races at the Curragh.

Curran explained that the mysterious missives that reached him from time to time were simply sporting 'tips'—most likely of very doubtful value—which he had received from betting-men residing in different parts of the country.

O'Neill and Curran, it appeared, had both most pronounced 'horsey' tastes, and in pursuit of their hobby, had made no scruple of defying military regulations by venturing 'out of bounds.' Their conversation of the previous morning had confirmed a suspicion within Coghlan's mind that they were in league with the Fenians, and that they intended stealing the arms with the assistance of civilian confederates; to which the action of Curran in surreptitiously admitting the servants readily gave colour. As it was, the remark 'After the arms are stored' merely referred to the time when O'Neill would be disengaged to meet a member of the betting fraternity outside. Coghlan, who had all along been in communication with the police authorities, had at once arranged to have a party of constabulary within hail.

The major, with an absurd attempt to screw his face into an expression of extreme severity, sharply reprimanded O'Neill and Curran, and released them, after threatening them with all the pains and penalties of military law if they came before him again on a similar charge.

Then the landlord of the *Harp* spoke out, and complained of the injustice done to his house, which, he maintained, had been always conducted in a respectable manner. The result was that the major removed the ban from the hostelry, and the *Irish Harp* was read out in regimental orders as having been admitted 'within bounds.'

The men of the company, with whom colour-sergeant O'Neill was very popular, carried him shoulder-high to his quarters when he left the orderly-room. The captain, overjoyed at his acquittal from the serious charge against him, gave the men a sovereign to drink his health, which O'Neill supplemented with another; and when I came off guard, an exceedingly 'rough-and-tumble' jollification was being held in the barrack-rooms.

Whether Coghlan had received instructions to join the service in order to unearth the Fenians who were supposed to be in the army, or whether it was a speculation of his own, we were never able to discover. After a while, his name was read out in regimental orders as having been discharged at his own request, on payment of twenty pounds—a statement which occasioned a great deal of tittering among his late comrades. What became of him, I cannot tell, for, though we remained a year or two in Ireland, we never again heard of our Mysterious Recruit.

ROSE-CULTURE IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

FROM A SOUTHERN CORRESPONDENT.

WITHIN the last few years, the culture of roses for the Paris and London markets has developed with extraordinary rapidity. Hundreds of boxes are forwarded by the mail-trains every day. The buds are picked just as they are breaking, and carefully packed in small boxes holding one hundred and upwards. The packing is a work of art. Generally, cotton-wool is placed between each layer of buds; but in one case we know of, the sender envelops each bud separately in silver-paper. The forwarding season commences

in November. The trees having been pruned in August or early in September, before the usual rains have fallen, burst out into prolific bearing early in November, and continue until March.

The culture of roses in the south of France has in many instances taken the place of the vines that have perished from disease. There is, however, so much trouble and nicety of arrangement required, that only the more intelligent of the cultivators have entered into the rose-trade. The daily picking, the selection of the buds at the right period of their development, the packing and forwarding, the formalities at the railway, are all difficulties that require skill and patience, combined with intelligence, to overcome.

Perhaps the best way of explaining this industry will be to describe two properties that are engaged in it, which we visited, one being on a large scale; the other a little plot. We will describe the larger one first. It consists of ten acres devoted to roses, planted four yards between the rows, and the plants are twenty inches apart in the rows. The proprietor said that force of circumstances was the cause of this distance of four yards, there having been vines between, which are now dead from Phylloxera. If he were planting anew, one yard between the rows would suffice. The *Saffranos*, or tea-rose, of which there are several varieties, is almost the only rose cultivated for export, though a few of the Gloire de Dijon and La Noisette de la Marque are occasionally sent off.

The cultivation is as follows: The ground is trenched thirty inches deep, and plants reared from cuttings are planted at about eighteen months old. They are left alone throughout the summer, during which, owing to the absence of rain, vegetation is almost dormant; and at the end of August or beginning of September, just before the rains come, the trees are pruned. The cuttings are all planted in the nursery. A great proportion of them seem to fail, from some cause or other. Early in November, the plants begin to bear, and the exportation commences. The old plan of cotton-wool has been superseded on this property by the following method of packing: Shallow oblong boxes, ten inches long by six broad, and three inches deep, have a large sheet of white paper put in the bottom, with the ends projecting on either side. On this, layer after layer of rosebuds is placed, one on the other, until one hundred and fifty are carefully arranged. Then a layer of damp moss is put on the top, the white paper is folded over, and the top is nailed down. Three of these boxes are tied together, making about eleven pounds in weight, the specified allowance for parcels.

The charge from Southern France to Paris is one shilling, the distance being about six hundred miles; and this charge is advanced very little for any place upon the continent. But on from Paris to London, for a distance of two hundred miles, the charge is over three shillings. Indeed, we ought to have said from Calais or Boulogne to London, for the French rate is the same to any part of France.

The cultivation of the rose is exceedingly simple, though by no means inexpensive. First the deep trenching; secondly, a good dressing of stable-manure is required every second year; thirdly, there must be water at command, not merely water supplied by a can, but water in sufficient quantity to run in a good stream and thoroughly flood the plants. In good soil where water is available, simple cuttings are preferred; but on the higher ground, especially on the limestone, they should be grafted on the brier. Such are much hardier, and resist the drought in a surprising manner.

The smaller garden we visited was one managed and worked entirely by the owner. The plants were about one yard apart in the rows, and some two yards between the rows. Constant attention to hoeing, the strongest liquid and solid manure applied to each plant separately, were the chief features of this little plot. The owner sold his rosebuds on the spot to an *expéditeur* or forwarder, the price from November to March being one halfpenny per bud, by contract for the season.

The wholesale price in Paris and London during November is generally from sevenpence to a shilling per dozen buds. We have stated enough to show that there are over two thousand plants to the acre. As we write, many of these plants have fully thirty buds, and you may cut and come again. Now, as the price to the larger owner per bud ranges from one halfpenny to twopence-halfpenny, the returns must be handsome indeed. No doubt the outlay is great; but the master was outside directing, and the mistress was inside working with four other packers. We do not feel justified in publishing the returns the owner voluntarily gave us; suffice it to say they amount to something more than we ever heard of as the results of any crop. The smaller owner gave one shilling and threepence per plant as the probable return to him; but it must be remembered that he sells at home, and never gets beyond one halfpenny per bud. The fear now is that too many are going into the trade, and that the market will be overstocked; but at anyrate, those who began a few years ago have made some very good hay while the sun has very brightly shone for them.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

A CHILD lay dying; but still her brow was clear.
Sad faces drooped around; but on her own
No shadow darkened. Was the end unknown
To her young heart? And struck with sudden fear
Lest death should take her by surprise—'My dear,'
Her mother whispered, 'thou wilt soon be gone;
But oh, my lamb will not be left alone:
Thou art in death's dark vale; but He is near.'

The child looked wondering in her mother's face.
'I am in no dark vale,' she said, and smiled.
'I see the light; it is not dark at all!'
Love, thou didst light death's valley for that child;
And to the child-like soul that trusts thy grace,
Thus wilt thou come when death's dark shadows fall!

P. W. B.

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TO CHINA IN HALF AN HOUR.

In attempting a chatty description of a voyage to China made by the writer, by steamer from London, a difficulty befalls him at the outset; for it is impossible to adequately describe the 'all-gone' sensation that pervades your bosom as the steamer is hauled out of dock and you feel yourself slowly receding from familiar faces, which you are not to see again, perhaps, for many years—perhaps never; still within speaking distance, almost within reach of hands that have given yours the final grip, and yet, as you know and feel, fairly on your voyage to the other side of the globe. This is a trying moment, and we will not dwell on it, but wave our handkerchief for the last time, light a cigar, and try to pretend it is no more than an every-day occurrence.

The 'chops' of the Channel have been so often made the subject of description and vilification, that we need not enlarge upon them here. Having coasted round France and the Spanish Peninsula, we enter the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, and here experience our first spell of 'weather,' the sea being very rough and the vessel rolling heavily. The much-dreaded Bay of Biscay had disappointed us by being as calm as a millpond, save for the inevitable swell from the mighty Atlantic, which, however, was very gentle; but we now find almost a raging sea, the consequence of a high wind, whereby we are greatly distressed in mind—and stomach. Gibraltar is our first 'sight,' and we are determined not to miss it; so we manfully fix ourselves in odd corners where there is something to cling to, and where the wash of the sea—which sweeps the lower deck every minute—cannot carry us away, and prepare to have a good look at the famous Rock. It is indeed a rare sight and worth a drenching to witness, if you are lucky enough to pass it by daylight. Towering fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, bold and abrupt in its outline, its formidable rows of teeth—British guns—menacing the passing vessel in a most unmistakable manner, the Rock of Gibraltar leaves a more vivid and lasting impression on the beholder's mind than any of the other sights throughout the long voyage. The passage or strait is entirely commanded by the artillery, which can be relied on to attack successfully any vessel passing through, a fact which has given to this fortress its familiar name, 'the key of the Mediterranean.'

We continue our course down the Mediterranean, signal Malta as we pass, and in due time arrive at our next point, Alexandria, where we are to go ashore for the first time. 'Going ashore' involves disrobing yourself of the old garments you are wearing aboard ship, and a careful get-up in raiment proper to the occasion; so you retire in good time to the semi-privacy of your so-called stateroom—the name by which the steward dignifies the few cubic feet of space you are sharing with another passenger—preparatory to coming out in the most un-European guise your wardrobe permits of. For, while you are somewhat in the dark as to what you *ought* to put on, your ideas are quite fixed as to what you ought *not*—namely, the clothes you have been wearing at home. So it occurs that the result of the elaborate care bestowed by our passengers on this their first go-ashore toilet is generally striking, if not altogether satisfactory; and it is noticeable that the outfit most in favour usually includes a straw hat with a pugaree round it—the distinguishing badge of the foreign tourist, and, as we presently discover, worn by no one else. Having more or less successfully contended with the difficulties of dressing in a space occupied by two human beings, but only about half big enough for one, we are ready to take our places in the little boat that waits at the foot of the gangway in charge of the dragoman we have engaged to conduct us through the interesting city it is now our privilege to visit.

And truly, Alexandria is, or was, worth going all the way to see. Its crowded harbour; its busy, thronged streets; its magnificent square—

since looted and destroyed by the rebels in the late disturbances—its markets, villas, and gardens; its Cleopatra's Needles, of which there are still several dotted about, apparently to be had for the fetching; its bright, continental appearance, toned down, however, and modified by the unmistakable signs of antiquity which strike the observation and impress the mind of the beholder at all points; its strangely garbed inhabitants; its camels and donkeys, and—its dust: these all render Alexandria worthy of a longer visit than that afforded by a mere stay of a few hours; but we must make the best use of our eyes as our conveyance rolls along the dusty streets, and be grateful for a glance at people and things we would fain linger over. Pompey's Pillar, the Catacombs, and the Viceroy's Palace Garden duly visited, we make a purchase of green figs, dates, and other indigestibles at one of the shops, and then make the best of our way down to the boat that is waiting to convey us back to our steamer, whose whistle warns us she is going to make a move, and that we had better get aboard, if we don't want to be left behind in Egypt. Our destination being China, we obey the summons; and are not sorry to be out of the unfamiliar bustle of a strange city, with its throng of backsheesh-yelling beggars—the pest of all these places—and once more to set foot on the deck that we have now learned to look upon as home, and from which point of vantage we can take a parting look at scenes which will soon become only a memory of the past.

About a day's steam from Alexandria brings us to the mouth of the Suez Canal at Port Said, where we are to make another call. The steamer is moored alongside and tied fast, and two bridges or gangways of planks are set up from the wharf over the vessel's side and giving access to the ship's bunkers. Along the whole length of the said gangways is a line of dusky figures, each bending under a heavy load, contained in a kind of basket borne on the shoulders, the procession going at a dog-trot up one plank into the ship, and returning down the other. Your first bewilderment overcome, the clouds of black dust which assail your eyes and nose help you to realise the actual state of things: the vessel is taking in coal; and the dusky figures referred to are fetching it from a shed at the back of the wharf, each tipping his hundredweight or so into the bunker as he arrives there, and then filing off behind his comrades to fetch another load. There is no waste of time here; moments are precious in the trip of a steamer anxious to make a good passage; and the coolies—for such is the generic appellation of these hewers of wood and drawers of water—are kept to their work, not certainly by the slave-driver's whip, but by some other means apparently as efficient, for they go at a positive run with their tremendous loads, and are soon panting and perspiring in the most distressing manner.

Let us look a little closer at them, for the sight of such creatures is a novel one to people fresh from a country where the working-man lives like a human being, has a vote, and goes to franchise demonstrations. The sight, though painful, is full of interest for us. There they go, close behind one another, 'working like niggers' as they are, black as the coal they carry, almost naked from head to foot, perspiration literally dripping from chin and elbows, panting, breathless as driven beasts, utterly undistinguishable one from another, except where a streak of gray hair betokens a wearer grown old in the service and only able to carry half a load, all clothed in the same livery—coal-dust, and every one straining himself to the uttermost to fulfil his toilsome task. These, then, are the miserable creatures whose bread is earned, literally and truly, by the sweat of their brows, and without whose aid the multifarious manufactures and products of England and the continent could never find their way to the distant markets of the Far East.

The Suez Canal is disappointing. Having read that nineteen million pounds sterling was sunk in making it, one expects to see something imposing, if not picturesque, for the money. Nothing of the kind. It is only a cutting through the sand, without embankment, except a little bit at one end, which is said to have cost an amount of money quite disproportionate to its utility. Although represented as almost a straight line on the maps, the canal is very sinuous throughout a part of its length; and as one cannot see round the corners, this gives a very singular effect to the spectator from the deck of a vessel going through. The banks are for the most part low, and a long stretch of desert is visible, so we have sand in front, sand behind, sand all around, and in fact seem to be sailing through sand on a veritable ship of the desert, and can hardly realise at times that we are on a sea-voyage. The view is monotony itself; and as progress through the canal is necessarily very slow, this part of the journey is wearisome in the extreme, and the two or three days our vessel takes in performing it hang very heavily on our hands. To make matters worse, we suffer from one of the plagues of Egypt, flies, which pestiferous insects invade the vessel from stem to stern. We likewise experience our first mosquito, which makes us, as Mark Twain says, 'think over a few bad words we heard in our youth.'

At last we are past Suez and running down the gulf; the Red Sea entered upon, and our sight-seeing at an end for a time. We begin to feel once more that we are fairly booked for a distant land, and settle down as comfortably as possible for the rest of the voyage. We now, one and all, consider ourselves old travellers; our conversation is seasoned (or tainted) with such bits of seafaring slang as we have been able to pick up, and our nearest friends would hardly know us in the disguises we think it the right thing to assume in the way of clothing. The heat is becoming demonstrative, and we even talk of sleeping on deck, or in hammocks out of doors. Sun-hats and helmets are brought out, and they are needed too, for although the upper deck is protected by an awning, it is unsafe to be abroad without a sufficient head-covering. They tell us this is the hottest part of the voyage, and we hope it is.

We do not call at Aden, our steamer having taken enough coal on board at Port Said to last as far as the next port of call, Singapore. Indeed,

for a week or two we might as well be in a coal-ship, for the fuel is piled on the deck each side of the engine-house, and of course the ship is in consequence plentifully besprinkled with dust from one end to the other. In the words of Tom Hood's mariner:

> Our ship, says he,
> Is black, d' ye see,
> Because we carry coal.

This is necessitated by the length of the trip; and the marvel is that enough can be stowed away in a vessel already overfull of merchandise, to last out the run.

Through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, the immense Indian Ocean is now before us; and our life is of the most uneventful description. Days expand into weeks with scarcely anything to break the monotony, and the pages of one's diary are beautifully clean. If a steamer passes near enough for us to read her name or distinguish the captain on the bridge, it marks an epoch in the profitless days and nights we are now frittering away. If a whale bumps against our keel—as whales will do—and makes us think we are discovering a new world, that causes a sensation for which we are devoutly thankful. We start a paper—the *Ocean Times*, of course—and its one solitary issue is almost learned by heart; but somehow, nobody has energy enough to get up a second number. Of course the company has long been divided into cliques, which have all quarrelled with one another about everything, and even that diversion is at an end. We are as limp, aimless, miserable an aggregation of human beings as one would wish to see: shut up together in the same house, as it were, yet withal thoroughly tired of each other's society. Deck-quoits, as an outdoor amusement, is languidly indulged in, and consists of trying to throw a ring made of a rope's end into a bucket, generally for a wager. This results in the discovery that the mouth of a bucket is not so large at a distance of ten feet as it is close to; and the issue of each bout is chiefly remarkable from the number of quoits that are strewed about the deck and their amazing distance from the goal. A few of the most athletic among us even attempt to climb a rope; but that is soon voted a bore.

And thus the time crawls by. A cup of tea and a biscuit brought into your cabin at six o'clock in the morning by the steward, then a walk on deck, with no particular garments on, till the bell advises you to dress for breakfast. After breakfast, a smoke, lounge, and 'snooze' till tiffin or lunch-time. Tiffin over, another smoke, lounge, and snooze, till dinner, the one event of the day, claims your attention at six o'clock. Dinner finished, a sense of rest—and indigestion—takes possession of the traveller's soul; and as he lights the post-prandial pipe of peace, he gazes upwards at the great blinking stars with a look of pious gratitude. Night fairly set in, the passengers one by one disappear into their cabins; some to reappear in pyjamas—the 'no-particular garments' of the early morn—in which they loom about the deck for coolness' sake; and some to lie awake listening to the tattle of others in the saloon, and wondering if the steward is ever going to put the lights out and send those people off to bed. At last we are all in our bunks, inhaling carbonic acid gas by the quart—for the sleeping berths are most confined, unwholesome cribs—and shall presently fall asleep to the lullaby of the mighty propeller, whose throb-throb sends us 'off' now as effectually as it formerly kept us awake.

Occasionally, perhaps, we sail into a shower of rain, which we can see for some time before we reach it; and its concomitant of cool air amply compensates for the attendant inconveniences. By the way, when it rains in the tropics, it pours. The nights are almost as hot as the day, yet we are afraid of sleeping out of doors because of the heavy dew. Tried it one night, however, trusting to the awning to protect us; but in the darkness we ran into one of the aforesaid showers of rain, and the sleep of the just was rudely disturbed. Why we should subsequently have attempted to arrange ourselves on and underneath the saloon table that night, instead of going to bed decently and comfortably, no one seemed to know; but when Briton's sons are abroad, their behaviour is at times eccentric.

If we were not, one and all, as ignorant as people usually are about astronomy, the appearance of the new sky overhead would interest us more than it does; as it is, we are limited to showing one another the splendid Southern Cross, which shines in these latitudes, and is conspicuous, even to an ordinary observer, among all the other constellations of the star-spangled heavens. It may be our imagination, but the moon and stars seem larger than we are accustomed to see them; still, we are prepared for anything now in the way of strange sights, and are vain enough to conceal our ignorance under a show of indifference.

The course taken by our steamer precludes her calling at Ceylon, and we are deprived, to our disappointment, of sniffing the 'spicy breezes' that are said to blow there. Our next sight of land, in fact, is Acheen Point, island of Sumatra; and we presently find ourselves running down the Malaçca Straits, where there is plenty to feast the eyes upon after their long fast. In due time Singapore is reached, and our steamer gaily sails up alongside the Tanjong Pagar Wharf about breakfast-time of one of the hottest days on record. We go ashore, of course; and many a strange spectacle greets us, and many a strange experience is ours as we make our way on foot, or preferably in the small carriages they call *gharries*, up the hot, dusty, three-mile road that leads from the quay to the settlement.

Time and tide and steamboats wait for no man; and after one night in the harbour of Singapore—which is about enough, for the mosquitoes are terrible—we bid adieu to the land of the exotic and palm tree, and proceed on our course northward up the China Sea to our ultimate destination. In exchange for the passengers we left behind us at Singapore, our steamer has taken on board some hundreds of Chinese, who swarm the lower deck during the day, and at night are carefully secured under hatches in one of the upper holds. Beyond a spasm of seasickness experienced by some of our company, and doubly disgusting to them because unexpected at the *end* of a long voyage, there is nothing to

record of the seven days' run that will bring us to our journey's end. Past Saigon in Cochin-China, where the French have got a foothold, and again, farther north, past Tonquin, where they are trying to get one, until at length we find ourselves in a maze amongst a group of islands which we remember are called the Ladrones, and of which Hong-kong is, to us at all events, the chief. Threading her way in and out, our steamer finally rounds the last point, and brings us past Stonecutter's Island into the magnificent harbour between Hong-kong island and the mainland. The town presents a very picturesque appearance, being built in a series of terraces, owing to the hilly formation of the island. It bears the original name of Victoria; and the sound of the church bells ashore, besides reminding us that it is Sunday evening as our good ship comes to anchor off the coast of the Flowery Land, helps us to realise that we are still within the limits of the British Empire, though more than ten thousand miles from home.

And now, having brought the reader to one of England's most distant territorial possessions, the author takes his leave of him with a very respectful chin-chin.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRANCES became accustomed to the presence of young Ramsay after this. He appeared almost every day, very often in the afternoon, eager for tea, and always disposed to inquire for further *renseignements*, though he was quite certain that he was not to leave England till autumn at the earliest. She began to regard him as a younger brother, or cousin at the least, a perfectly harmless individual, with whom she could talk when he wanted her with a gentle complacence, without any reference to her own pleasure. As a matter of fact it did not give her any pleasure to talk to Claude. She was kind to him for his sake; but she had no desire for his presence on her own account. It surprised her that he ever could have been thought of as a possible mate for Constance. Constance was so much cleverer, so much more advanced in every way than herself, that to suppose she could put up with what Frances found so little attractive, was a constant amazement to the girl. She could not but express this on one of the occasions, not so very frequent as she had expected, on which her mother and she were alone together.

'Is it really true,' she said at the end of a long silence, 'that there was a question of a—marriage between Constance and Mr Ramsay?'

'It is really quite true,' said her mother with a smile. 'And why not? Do you disapprove?'

'It is not that I disapprove; I have no right to disapprove; it is only that it seems so impossible.'

'Why? I see nothing impossible in it. He is of suitable age; he is handsome. You cannot deny that he is handsome, however much you may dislike him, my dear.'

'But I don't dislike him at all; I like him very much—in a kind of way.'

'You have every appearance of doing so,' said Lady Markham with meaning. 'You talk to him more, I think, than to any one else.'

'That is because'——

'Oh, I don't ask any reason, Frances. If you like his society, that is reason enough—the best of reasons. And evidently he likes you. He would, no doubt, be more suitable to you than to Constance.'

'Mamma! I don't know what you mean.' Frances woke up suddenly from her musing state, and looked at her mother with wide open startled eyes.

'I don't mean anything. I only ask you to point out wherein his unsuitability lies. Young, handsome, *nice*, and very rich. What could a girl desire more? You think, perhaps, as you have been so simply brought up, that a heroine like Con should have had a Duke or an Earl at the least. But people think less of the importance of titles as they know Society better. Claude is of an excellent old family—better than many peers. She would have been a very fortunate young woman with such an establishment; but she has taken her own way. I hope you will never be so hot-headed as your sister, Frances. You look much more practical and reasonable. You will not, I think, dart off at a tangent without warning or thought.'

Frances looked her mother doubtfully in the face. Her feelings fluctuated strangely in respect to this central figure in the new world round her. To make acquaintance with your parents for the first time when you have reached the critical age, and are no longer able to accept everything with the matter-of-fact serenity of a child, is a curious experience. Children, indeed, are tremendous critics, at the tribunal of whose judgment we all stand unawares, and have our just place allotted to us, with an equity which happily leads to no practical conclusions, but which no tribunal on earth can equal for clear sight and remorseless decision. Eighteen is not quite so abstract as eight; yet the absence of familiarity, and that love which is instinctive, and happily quite above all decisions of the judgment, makes in such an extraordinary case as that of Frances, the sudden call upon the critical faculties, the consciousness that accompanies their exercise, and the underlying sense, never absent, that all this is unnatural and wrong, into a complication full of distress and uncertainty. A vague question whether it were possible that such a conflict as that which had ended in Constance' flight, should ever arise between Lady Markham and herself passed through the mind of Frances. If it should do so, the expedient which had been open to Constance would be to herself impossible. All pride and delicacy of feeling, all sense of natural justice, would prevent her from adopting that course. The question would have to be worked out between her mother and herself, should it ever occur. Was it possible that it could ever occur? She looked at Lady Markham, who had returned to her usual morning occupation of writing letters, with a questioning gaze. There had been a pause, and Lady Markham had waited for a moment for a reply. Then she

had taken up her pen again, and with a smiling nod had returned to her correspondence.

Frances sat and pondered with her face turned towards the writing-table, at which her mother spent so much of her time. The number of letters that were written there every morning filled her with amazement. Waring had written no letters, and received only one now and then, which Frances understood to be about business. She had looked very respectfully at first on the sheaves which were every day taken away, duly stamped, from that well-worn but much decorated writing-table. When it had been suggested to her that she too must have letters to write, she had dutifully compiled her little bulletin for her father, putting aside as quite a different matter the full chronicle of her proceedings, written at a great many *reprises*, to Mariuccia, which somehow did not seem at all to come under the same description. It had, however, begun to become apparent to Frances, unwillingly, as she made acquaintance with everything about her, that Lady Markham's correspondence was really by no means of the importance which at the first glance it appeared. It seemed to consist generally in the conveyance of little bits of news, of little engagements, of the echoes of what people said and did; and it was replied to by endless shoals of little notes on every variety of tinted, gilt, and perfumed paper, with every kind of monogram, crest, and device, and every new idea in shape and form which the genius of the fashionable stationer could work out. 'I have just heard from Lady So-and-so the funniest story,' Lady Markham would say to her son, repeating the anecdote—which on many occasions Frances, listening, did not see the point of. But then both mother and son were cleverer people than she was. 'I must write and let Mary St Serle and Louisa Avenel know—it will amuse them so;' and there was at once an addition of two letters to the budget. Frances did not think—all under her breath, as it were, in involuntary unexpressed comment—that the tale was worth a pretty sheet of paper, a pretty envelope—both decorated with Lady Markham's cipher and coronet—and a penny stamp. But so it was; and this was one of the principal occupations evidently of a great lady's life. Lady Markham considered it very grave, and 'a duty.' She allowed nothing to interfere with her correspondence. 'I have my letters to write,' she said, as who should say, 'I have my day's work to do.' By degrees Frances lost her respect for this day's work, and would watch the manufactory of one note after another with eyes that were unwillingly cynical, wondering within herself whether it would make any difference to the world if pen and ink were forbidden in that house. Markham, too, spoke of writing his letters as a valid reason for much consumption of time. But then, no doubt, Markham had land agents to write to, and lawyers, and other necessary people. In this, Frances did not do justice to her mother, who also had business letters to write, and did a great deal in stocks, and kept her eyes on the money market. The girl sat and watched her with a sort of fascination as her pen ran lightly over sheet after sheet. Sometimes Lady Markham was full of tenderness and generosity, and had the look of understanding everybody's feelings. She was never unkind. She never took a bad view of any one, or suggested evil or interested motives, as even Frances perceived, in her limited experience, so many people to do. But, on the other hand, there would come into her face sometimes a look—which seemed to say that she might be inexorable, if once she had made up her mind: a look before which it seemed to Frances that flight like that of Constance would be the easiest way. Frances was not sufficiently instructed in human nature to know that anomalies of this kind are common enough; and that nobody is always and in all matters good, any more than anybody is in all things ill. It troubled her to perceive the junction of these different qualities in her mother; and still more it troubled her to think what, in case of coming to some point of conflict, she should do? How would she get out of it? Would it be only by succumbing wholly, or had she the courage in her to fight it out?

'Little un,' said Markham, coming up to her suddenly, 'why do you look at the mother so? Are you measuring yourself against her, to see how things would stand if it came to a fight?'

'Markham!' Frances started with a great blush of guilt. 'I did not know you were here. I—never heard you come in.'

'You were so lost in thought. I have been here these five minutes, waiting for an opportunity to put in a word. Don't you know I'm a thought-reader, like those fellows that find pins? Take my advice, Fan, and never let it come to a fight.'

'I don't know how to fight,' she said, crimsoning more and more; 'and besides, I was not thinking—there is nothing to fight about.'

'Fibs, these last,' he said. 'Come out and take a little walk with me; you are looking pale; and I will tell you a thing or two.—Mother, I am going to take her out for a walk; she wants air.'

'Do, dear,' said Lady Markham, turning half round with a smile. 'After luncheon, she is going out with me; but in the meantime, you could not do better—get a little of the morning into her face, while I finish my letters.' She turned again with a soft smile on her face to send off that piece of information to Louisa Avenel and Mary St Serle, closing an envelope as she spoke, writing the address with such a pre-occupied yet amiable air—a woman who, but for having so much to do, would have had no thought or ambition beyond her house. Markham waited till Frances appeared in the trim little walking-dress which the mother had paid her the high compliment of making no change in. They turned their faces as usual towards the Park, where already, though Easter was very near, there was a flutter of fine company in preparation for the more serious glories of the Row, after the season had fairly set in.

'Little Fan, you mustn't fight,' were the first words that Markham said.

She felt her heart begin to beat loud. 'Markham! there is nothing to fight about—oh, nothing. What put fighting in your head?'

'Never mind. It is my duty to instruct your youth; and I think I see troubles brewing.

Don't be so kind to that little beggar Claude. He is a selfish little beggar, though he looks so smooth; and since Constance won't have him, he will soon begin to think he may as well have you.'

'Markham!' Frances felt herself choking with horror and shame.

'You have got my name quite pat, my dear; but that is neither here nor there. Markham has nothing to do with it except to put you on your guard. Don't you know, you little innocent, what is the first duty of a mother? Then, I can tell you: to marry her daughters well; brilliantly, if possible, but at all events *well*—or anyhow to marry them; or else she is a failure; and all the birds of her set come round her and peck her to death.'

'I often don't understand your jokes,' said Frances with a little dignity, 'and I suppose this is a joke.'

'And you think it is a joke in doubtful taste? So should I, if I meant it that way, but I don't.—Listen, Fan; I am much of that opinion myself.'

'That a mother—that a lady——? You are always saying horrible things.'

'It is true, though—if it is best that a girl should marry—mind you, I only say if—then it *is* her mother's duty. You can't look out for yourself—at least I am very glad you are not of the kind that do, my little Fan.'

'Markham,' said Frances, with a dignity which seemed to raise her small person a foot at least, 'I have never heard such things talked about; and I don't wish to hear anything more, please.—In books,' she added, after a moment's interval, 'it is the gentlemen'——

'Who look out? But that is all changed, my dear. Fellows fall in love—which is quite different—and generally fall in love with the wrong person; but you see I was not supposing that you were likely to do anything so wild as that.'

'I hope not,' cried Frances hurriedly. 'However,' she added, after another pause, colouring deeply, but yet looking at him with a certain courageous air, 'if there was any question about being—married, which of course there is not—I never heard that there was any other way.'

'Brava, Fan! Come, now, here is the little thing's own opinion, which is worth a great deal. It would not matter, then, who the man was, so long as *that* happened, eh? Let us know the premises on either side.'

'You are a great deal older than I am, Markham,' said Frances.

'Granted, my dear—a great deal. And what then? I should be wiser, you mean to say? But so I am, Fan.'

'It was not *that* I meant. I mean, it is you who ought—to marry. You are a man. You are the eldest, the chief one of your family. I have always read in books'——

Markham put up his hand as a shield. He stopped to laugh, repeating over and over again that one note of mirth with which it was his wont to express his feelings. 'Brava, Fan!' he repeated when he could speak. 'You are a little Trojan. This is something like carrying the war into the enemy's country.' He was so much tickled by the assault, that the water stood in his eyes. 'What a good thing we are not in the Row, where I should have been delivered over to the talk of the town. Frances, my little dear, you are the funniest of little philosophers.'

'Where is the fun?' said Frances gravely. 'And I am not a philosopher, Markham; I am only—your sister.'

At this the little man became serious all at once, and took her hand and drew it within his arm. They were walking up Constitution Hill, where there are not many spectators. 'Yes, my dear,' he said, 'you are as nice a little sister as a man could desire;' and walked on, holding her arm close to him with an expressive clasp which spoke more than words. The touch of nature and the little suggestive proffer of affection and kindred which was in the girl's words, touched his heart. He said nothing till they were about emerging upon the noise and clamour of the world at the great thoroughfare which they had to cross. Then 'After all,' he said, 'yours is a very natural proposition, Fan. It is I who ought to marry. Many people would say it was my duty; and perhaps I might have been of that opinion once. But I 've a great deal on my conscience, dear. You think I 'm rather a good little man, don't you? fond of ladies' society, and of my mother and little sister, which is such a good feature, everybody says? Well, but that's a mistake, my dear. I don't know that I am at all a fit person to be walking about London streets and into the Park with an innocent little creature such as you are, under my arm.'

'Markham!' she cried, with a tone which was half astonished, half indignant, and her arm thrilled within his—not, perhaps, with any intention of withdrawing itself; but that was what he thought.

'Wait,' he said, 'till I have got you safely across the Corner—there is always a crowd—and then, if you are frightened, and prefer another chaperon, we 'll find one, you may be sure, before we have gone a dozen steps.—Come now; there is a little lull. Be plucky, and keep your head, Fan.'

'I want no other chaperon, Markham; I like you.'

'Do you, my dear? Well, you can't think what a pleasure that is to me, Fan. You wouldn't, probably, if you knew me better. However, you must stick to that opinion as long as you can. Who, do you think, would marry me if I were to try? An ugly little fellow, not very well off, with several very bad tendencies, and—a mother.'

'A mother, Markham?'

'Yes, my dear; to whom he is devoted—who must always be the first to him. That's a beautiful sentiment, don't you think? But wives have a way of not liking it. I could not force her to call herself the Dowager, could I, Fan? She is a pretty woman yet. She is really younger than I am. She would not like it.'

'I think you are only making fun of me, Markham. I don't know what you mean. What could mamma have to do with it? If she so much wanted Constance to marry, surely she must want you still more, for you are so much older; and then'——

'There is no want of arguments,' he said with

a laugh, shaking his head. 'Conviction is what is wanted. There might have been times when I should have much relished your advice; but nobody would have had me, fortunately. No, I must not give up the mother, my dear. Don't you know I was the cause of all the mischief—at least of a great part of the mischief—when your father went away? And now, I must make a mess of it again, and put folly into Con's head. The mother is an angel, Fan, or she would not trust you with me.'

It flashed across Frances' memory that Constance had warned her not to let herself fall into Markham's hands; but this only bewildered the girl in the softening of her heart to him, and in the general bewilderment into which she was thus thrown back. 'I do not believe you can be bad,' she said earnestly; 'you must be doing yourself injustice.'

By this time they were in the Row in all the brightness of the crowd, which, if less great than at a later period, was more friendly. Markham had begun to pull off his hat to every third lady he met, to put out his hand right and left, to distribute nods and greetings. 'We'll resume the subject some time or other,' he said with a smile aside to Frances, disengaging her arm from his. The girl felt as if she had suddenly lost her anchorage, and was thrown adrift upon this sea of strange faces; and thrown at the same time back into a moral chaos, full of new difficulties and wonders, out of which she could not see her way.

THE FUTURE OF TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.

Dwellers near Cheapside, London, may have observed during the past year the gradual growth of the new story which has been added to the Central Telegraph Office. The work has now been finished; an enormous extra weight of stone and iron has been superimposed upon the burden borne by the foundations at St Martin's-le-Grand; and a vastly increased space has been placed at the disposal of the postal authorities. But the whole of the new space has already been filled with the overflow of the operators, who, with their instruments, have been crowded together in what has hitherto been the upper story of the building; and when the sixpenny rate, promised for the first of August, is introduced, a still further expansion and a renewed cry for space may be expected. There seems to be no limit to the steady growth of a system which, fifteen years ago, when the telegraphs were taken over by the government, was even then considered gigantic.

Only sixty-eight years have passed away since Sir Francis Ronalds erected two huge wooden frames upon a lawn or grass plot at Hammersmith. Upon each frame he placed a number of insulating loops of silk, and backwards and forwards from frame to frame he stretched a thin iron wire, which covered in one continuous length a distance of rather more than eight miles. Electro-magnetism had not then been discovered; but by means of static discharges, which caused the divergence of two pith-balls suspended side by side at the other end of the wire, he succeeded in transmitting signals with rapidity and accuracy. Firmly convinced of the superiority of his new system as compared with the clumsy semaphores of the Admiralty, which wielded their ungainly arms on all the hill-tops between London and Dover, he wrote to the Admiralty, suggesting its adoption; and received from Mr Barrow, the secretary, the memorable answer, 'that telegraphs of any kind were then wholly unnecessary, and that no other than the one then in use would be adopted.' The electric telegraph returned to obscurity for twenty years; but now, of all the ancient semaphores, only one or two are preserved as curiosities.

So much have times altered in the last fifty years, that the electric telegraph itself, which now reaches its thin arms into more than six thousand offices, is threatened in its turn with serious rivalry at the hands of a youthful but vigorous competitor, the telephone. At present, the progress of telephony in England is slow; but its advantages are such that its ultimate popularity cannot be a matter of doubt. It is no small benefit to be able to recognise voices, to transact business with promptitude by word of mouth, to get a reply, 'Yes' or 'No,' on the spot, instead of having to rush to the nearest telegraph office. These are claims to recognition which cannot fail to make themselves felt in the course of time. The small progress made at present may be set down to a number of causes, the chief of which are, briefly, as follows: First, the monopoly of the Post-office, which requires the telephone Companies to pay a royalty of ten per cent. on their gross receipts; second, the large sums expended in buying up patent rights; third, the reckless speculation on the part of the promoters of certain Companies, the uncomfortable relations between the parent and the affiliated Companies, and the consequent inflation of stock; and last, our old enemy, the climate of the British Isles, which, with its fogs, its rains, and its sudden changes, plays havoc with the delicate electrical currents employed in telephony.

But it has already become evident that these difficulties will soon be smoothed away. It is not many months since the late Mr Fawcett and the Chancellor of the Exchequer removed several of the restrictions which the previous state of the law had compelled the Post-office to impose; and among other things, the important privilege was conceded of connecting any two towns, without limitation, by means of trunk wires. The ruinous results of undue speculation can only be corrected by time. Year by year new improvements are made in the wires and the apparatus; more and more distinctness is attained in the transmission of articulate sounds; and the resources of science in overcoming the effects of our deplorable climate are far from being exhausted. Moreover, there is much to be expected from the education of the public in the use of the telephone. Thus, in the Royal Exchange of Glasgow, any one can communicate with any telephone subscriber in the city and vicinity, on payment of threepence, three minutes' conversation being allowed for that sum.

A great future is doubtless in store for the telephone. At present, in the United Kingdom the owners of telephones number not more than ten or twelve thousand; but in the United States,

the fatherland of the new invention, more than a hundred and thirty thousand have already been enrolled. In France and Italy, the numbers are about the same as in England. In Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands, there are not so many. But there is no reason to doubt that the example of development shown by America will be followed in other countries, and the question arises: To what extent will the telephone supplant the telegraph in England, and how far will the revenue of the telegraph department be affected?

On the whole, it is probable that the telephone will find its chief sphere of utility in establishing communications between inhabitants of the same town, and that the telegraph will maintain its superiority where long distances are concerned. But the telephone Companies will undoubtedly erect trunk wires between large towns, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow, or Liverpool and Manchester; and this being so, they cannot fail to divert from the Post-office a large share of its business. On the other hand, it must be remembered that mercantile transactions cannot be conducted entirely by word of mouth; and a telegram has this advantage over a telephonic message that it is a record or voucher which, like a letter, can be produced at any time as evidence. We may conclude, therefore, that the telegraph will not be extinguished by the telephone, although its business will probably be somewhat reduced; as their functions become differentiated, the two will coexist, and each in its proper sphere supply a definite want. As for the national revenue, so long as the Companies continue to pay an annual royalty of ten per cent. on their gross receipts, it can hardly be seriously affected.

Now comes a question of policy which can only be decided by parliament. The charge for a telegram is fixed by statute. The charge for a communication by telephone must depend upon the cost at which the Companies will be able to provide wires and instruments for their customers; and inasmuch as a large portion of the cost of the telegraphs consists of the wages of the operators—and in the case of the telephones this cost will be saved, because the customers will work the instruments themselves—it is very probable that in the end telephony may prove the cheaper agency of the two. It may happen, therefore, that an inhabitant of Edinburgh wishing to communicate with a friend in Glasgow will have a choice between two different rates of charge. Now, the main object of the governmental control of the telegraphs is to secure a uniform rate of charge throughout the country; and apparently a state of things will soon come to pass under which that object will to some extent be defeated. Whether under the circumstances it would be right for parliament to purchase the telephones as it purchased the telegraphs, is a question which must be left to the future; but if so, it is to be hoped that the bargain may be effected on more reasonable terms.

In the meantime, there is doubtless much scope for the development of the Post-office telegraph system as a means for the rapid transmission of written—as compared with oral—communications, not only between distant towns, but also between different parts of the same town. In particular, the conveyance of letters through tubes by means of compressed air is worthy of consideration. Years ago, there existed in London a subterranean passage about two feet wide, extending from Cheapside to Euston Square, along which a train of trucks containing mail-bags was blown at a surprising rate. At the present time, all the telegraph offices in the neighbourhood of the General Post-office are connected with the central office by leaden tubes from one and a half to two and a quarter inches in diameter. Messages packed into cylindrical carriers are blown or sucked through these tubes with great velocity by air-pumps, which are worked by four huge steam-engines of fifty horse-power each. The same system is applied on a much smaller scale in Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow; but in all four places the engine-power is concentrated at one spot from which the tubes radiate, and the tubes carry nothing but telegrams. In Paris and Berlin, there are engine-stations in various parts of the town, and the tubes are used for blowing letters and postcards, as well as telegrams, at a very moderate charge. In this matter, as on a former occasion we hinted, there seems to be no reason why we should not borrow a leaf from the books of our neighbours.

There is one portion of the telegraph business which is not likely to be in any way affected by the rivalry of the telephone, and that is, the transmission of news for the newspapers. Our readers may not be aware that the charges for newspaper telegrams are not the same as those for ordinary telegrams. The charge for the newspapers during the night-time is one shilling for every hundred words; and if the same message is sent to more than one newspaper, the charge for each newspaper, after the first, is twopence for every hundred words. It is easy to see, therefore, that by a little combination and arrangement, a newspaper can secure all its news at a charge, for every hundred words, not much exceeding twopence. It would be interesting to know whether the Post-office makes any profit out of this department of its business; but in any case it must be a long time before the telephone Companies can venture to compete with it, so long as the charge remains unaltered.

WALTER DREW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE morning after the arrival of Colonel Stanton's letter, and that on which I was to set out for London, dawned brightly and cheerfully. Aunt Marjory intrusted me, of course, with several small commissions which would have been better executed at Coventry; but then what woman ever could resist saddling a friend going to the metropolis with a few trifling responsibilities? My father, who retained some of the cheerfulness inspired by the colonel's letter, gave me a line of introduction to his old companion, which my aunt insisted on seeing placed carefully in my pocket-book, and the pocket-book securely deposited in the inner breast-pocket of my coat; which done, she laughingly patted me on the shoulder, saying: 'There, John; take care of that; it is your fairy passport to love and fortune.—You needn't

frown at aunty; many a true word is spoken in jest, you know.'

There was plenty of food for reflection during my journey to town. The main object of my mission—the arranging for the purchase of a physician's practice; or, failing that, the selection of a locality in which I might make one for myself—was the chief subject of my thoughts as I whirled along. But my meditations were not wholly fixed upon this topic. As I looked out on the fields, in which the hay was fast ripening under a brilliant sun, my thoughts, by a strange train of associations, reverted to a former memorable scene, and the face of the 'fair unknown' flitted between me and the outside world on which I looked. My errant fancy took me again to North Wales, to that last day of my last year's brief holiday, when I wandered aimlessly along the banks of the beautiful Conway. My steps were arrested by a sudden scream higher up the river. Hastening onwards for several hundred yards, I saw an upturned boat in the water, and the tawny head of a man who was swimming strongly from the shore. On rushing to the scene, I found a young, dark-haired female seated on the bank, her dress disordered and wet, who, with clasped hands and eyes staring at the river, was uttering scream after scream. The owner of the tawny head dived several times, and at last brought to the surface with one hand the figure of a second female, while with the other he seized hold of the boat. One glance, and I was swimming towards them. In a few moments I had relieved the exhausted Welshman, and brought the rescued one to shore. Life appeared to be quite extinct, even to my professional eyes. But I had strong faith in the doctrine of perseverance in such cases; and, to be brief, my first patient, after a long and almost hopeless struggle, was at last restored to life and consciousness. On the arrival of the local doctor, a vulgar, fussy individual, who appeared to deprecate any interference, I retired, and that night was on my way to Brierleigh Rectory. I had learned only two small facts concerning the young ladies—that the name of the dark-haired one was Miss Winter—and that they were the same whom I had often met in my rambles, when the fair face, violet eyes, and sunny hair of her companion, the rescued one, had given to my musings the first colouring of romance with which they had ever been tinged. My reverie was only shattered by the dashing of the train into Euston Station.

I had scarcely reached the platform, when a loud peal of thunder warned me that my chance of a cab depended on the exercise of a little extra activity. By the opportune help of a porter, I got a four-wheeler for self and luggage, and was soon clear of the bustle, altercation, and scrambling which a plump of rain on the arrival of a train usually produces. We had turned into Euston Road, when the sky was lit up by a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a loud and prolonged peal right overhead. As I watched the rain descend in sheets, turning the channels into muddy brooks, and driving the pedestrians helter-skelter under cover, my attention was attracted by the plunging of a pair of spirited bays harnessed to a green brougham, which stood on the opposite side of the road, a little in advance. The cabman, with professional curiosity, slackened speed. There was little occasion for alarm, however, seeing that the horses' heads had already been seized by two grooms from a neighbouring mews; and I was just on the point of closing the window, when, on the cab coming abreast of the carriage, I distinctly saw—in the occupants of the latter—the two beings who had so lately occupied my day-dreams. The cab was well ahead before I had collected my dazed senses. The insane idea for a moment flashed into my mind of turning back and following the carriage until I had seen it to its destination; but on second thoughts, I abandoned the idea, and told the cabby to drive straight to the hotel.

Arrived at the *Tavistock*, I soon arranged for my stay, got rid of my travel-stains, and sauntered into the coffee-room, where I at once ordered a chop, and took up a newspaper to pass the time till its arrival. I was unable, however, to fix my attention for more than a few moments at a time; the incident of my drive thither *would* obtrude itself in spite of me. An unexpected source of distraction at last caused me to forget the green brougham for a time at least. Glancing up from the paper, I was curiously attracted by the full-length reflection of a stranger as seen by me in one of the pier-glasses. He was standing on the hearth at the opposite end of the room, quietly engaged in the kill-time occupation of trimming his finger-nails. He was over six feet in height, erect and strongly built; but the figure was if anything a trifle too portly for one of his apparent age, which might be some twenty-four years. He was dressed neatly and with evident care. His head was well shaped, well poised, and surmounted by short clustering dark-brown curls. The face was round, healthy-looking, and jovial; lit up by a pair of fine large hazel eyes, brimful of *bonhomie* and good-will.

As I gazed, the stranger's face seemed to suggest to me the likeness of some other face with which I had long been familiar. Every one has experienced the tantalising feeling of looking on a countenance which he vainly strives to identify with some one he has known or previously met, how it haunts him, and will not be shut out, and how the effort to associate it with some time, place, or circumstance, proceeds even against the will, and if by any chance interrupted, will renew itself the moment the mind is again at liberty. Such was my case. Where had I seen that face? I became every moment more and more certain that this stranger resembled some one I had known.

The arrival of the waiter with my lunch caused me to change my seat for one from which the stranger could no longer be observed; and when I had eaten my modest meal and prepared to go out, I found he had already left the room. I now proposed to devote the afternoon to executing Aunt Marjory's little commissions, as also one my father had charged me with respecting some pictures. I should thus, I thought, free my hands for commencing in

earnest next day the prosecution of my own proper plans. My aunt's business occupied but a short time; at the end of which, the day being again bright and fine, I sauntered leisurely westward through the crowded Strand to the address of a well-known picture-dealer, for whom my father had worked for many years.

Mr Shadrach was a civil-spoken, sunny, cheery, affable little fellow. He professed great pleasure at meeting the son of his 'good friend,' whom he was pleased to consider a 'very nice, decent gentleman,' and a 'very fair workman.' I was too well accustomed to the commercial aspect of my father's 'studies' to affect any surprise or take any offence at the little man's style of speech, and was soon engrossed in divers details relative to the 'business.' Trade was bad, very bad; man and boy, Shadrach had never known things worse: thirty by twenty-four landscapes English, twenty-four by sixteen sea-pieces, were moving a little: large canvases hopeless: some demand certainly for Highland glens with deer: and so forth. In prattle of such a sort, half an hour slipped by, when Shadrach invited me to look at some of his more valuable stock. I gladly accepted, and was shown into a long well-lighted room, furnished with a number of chairs and lounges, and containing a really excellent collection. How many were the genuine product of the masters whose names they bore, I attempted not to discriminate. Nor did my guide have much to say on the intrinsic merit of the works themselves; although he was voluble enough as to their reputed histories, the hands through which they had passed before coming into his, and the great sales at which some of them had figured—and figured so highly, too, as he was pleased to add, with a chuckle. I was gazing intently on a modern battle-piece, when my attention was arrested by the sound of a loud, ringing, cheerful voice behind me, exclaiming: 'How do you do, Mr Shadrach. I hope I find you well?'

'Ah! my very good friend, Mr Drew; enchanted to see you!' answered Shadrach, bowing politely, and shaking hands with the new-comer. 'I am quite well, thank you. And—I suppose I need not ask after the state of your own health, you young Samson!'

The first glance had told me that I was face to face with the stranger of the *Tavistock*, whose physiognomy had so exercised my memory.

'Allow me to introduce you two gentlemen,' said the picture-dealer without further ceremony. 'You ought to know one another, and be good boys together.'

The stranger held out his hand with hearty frankness and politeness. 'Glad to meet you, sir, I am sure,' said he, his fresh-looking face and fine eyes beaming with good-nature. 'But I trust,' he added with a laugh, 'you are not going to enlist under Shadrach's colours. It's all fight and no pay, let me tell you, even as it was with the Turks you have been admiring. —You know that's the truth, and nothing but the truth, don't you, Shadrach?'

'Ha, ha! You will always make the big jokes, Mr Goliath,' returned the Jew, smiling blandly.

'Well, well,' laughed Mr Drew, 'I will give you a chance to redeem your character presently. I have just dropped in to afford you the pleasure of making out a little cheque, payable to yours truly.'

'Ho, ho! You make Mr Charlton believe anything you like,' grinned Shadrach, a trifle disconcerted.—'Have the goodness, then, Mr Samson, to point out one or two of your mountain pieces to my young friend, and we shall rejoin him presently.'

Mr Drew, with a good-humoured smile, placed me in front of a large picture, and then went out after Mr Shadrach. In the picture was some mountain scenery very cleverly painted. A noble-looking hound lay panting among the rocks by the loch-side, which formed the foreground, at a short distance from a wounded and dying stag, which it had evidently followed long after its fellows had given up the pursuit, and until it saw the quarry drop, when its own overtaxed strength had collapsed. The painting was certainly an admirable one, though with traces of a hasty execution. I was turning away from it, when my eye caught the imprint, 'Walter Drew, Junior.' I can compare the shock this conjunction of Christian and surname gave me to nothing more apt than a first experience in handling an electric eel. There was no room, no necessity for reasoning. Instinctively I knew that this gigantic, jovial, unartist-like artist was the son of the man who had caused my father's misfortunes, and probably altered the whole tenor of my own career. The face, too, that had so haunted me—was it not like, and yet strangely unlike, the portrait of the fashionable Mr Drew which hung in my father's study, and which I could remember so well? It was the same head rather than the same face; for, with the exception of the brows and the expression of the eyes, which were common to both, the elder Drew was by far the handsomer man.

I continued standing, with my eyes fixed on the picture, without seeing it, a strange medley of thoughts passing through my mind. My first impulse, when they reverted to my new acquaintance, was quietly to disengage myself from any further familiarities; to bid him a civil good-bye, in fact, and depart. But after all, what had passed was a mere interchange of courtesies, that would naturally cease with the occasion. Nor could I repress a strong feeling of curiosity to know something more of this singular young fellow, arising partly, perhaps, from an innate fondness for character-study, but more from a desire to know what manner of man the son of such a father might be. My name evidently awoke no memories for him; it was certain, therefore, he knew nothing of that part of his father's history which was so painfully bound up with my own. I concluded, therefore, to let matters take their own course; and had scarcely done so, when Shadrach and Drew returned, both apparently in good-humour.

'I hope, Mr Charlton,' the latter said, 'you have not been doing penance all this while before that pot-boiler of mine. Mr Shadrach has just been telling me that you have had the good sense to let the fine arts alone.'

'The good sense, you mean, to avoid what I have not a vestige of talent for,' I answered, smiling.

'Be grateful, sir—be grateful. Believe me, a man had better be born with a wooden leg—with a wooden head even, than with the notion that he can paint.—By the way, am I mistaken in thinking I saw you at the *Tavistock* to-day?'

'I am staying there for the present.'

'That's jolly!' exclaimed Drew. 'I also "find my warmest welcome at an inn;" and as it happens we lodge at the same caravansary, we can trot thither in company, you know, if you are not otherwise engaged.'

There was no resisting him. After bidding Shadrach a formal good-bye, I found myself in the street with the son of Walter Drew. There was a magnetism about the fellow which I could not repel; a charm in his super-abundant good-health and gay spirits; a spell in his conversation, which was quaint without being vulgar; a glamour, in short, about the whole man, which made me think more than once of the singular influence his father had exercised over mine. Long before we had reached our hotel, I had agreed to dine with him, and afterwards to accompany him to the theatre in the evening.

That same afternoon, I wrote to my father on the subject of my visit to Shadrach, but, for various reasons, avoided for the present all allusion to my new acquaintance and to my belief as to his parentage. I also wrote at some length to my Aunt Marjory anent her various commissions, telling her jestingly that I would defer the pleasure of proposing to Miss Stanton until I had found a field for my industry and a home to which I might transfer her. Needless to say, I avoided all reference to the day's adventures—the very thought of aunty coming to know of the green brougham made me wince. No; I would make no more confidences on that score. I inquired of course for the welfare of Tom and Gip, and wound up my somewhat hastily written epistle with a few sincere expressions of hope that I should be able to give a good account of myself and prospects in the course of a few days.

A NIGHT IN A LOG-HUT.

Long lines of Atlantic rollers ruffle the surface of the sea as far as the eye can pierce the twilight, and gathering force and velocity as they approach the shore, curl their crests at last, and break upon the sandy beach with a violence which sends clouds of spray high into the air. The ceaseless voice of the surf drowns all other sounds, though at a hundred yards' distance the grasshoppers and crickets are chirping shrilly in the still summer night, the locusts are buzzing, and the tree-frogs murdering sleep with their strange whistling croak, while the gloom of the pinewoods is illumined by the flashing of countless myriads of fireflies. It is one of those heavy sultry summer nights, when even a breeze from the ocean fails to cool the oppressive atmosphere, and when a desultory stroll on the beach, or the lazy ease of a hammock in the dim moonlight, is preferable to bed, with its hypothetical sleep, and more than hypothetical mosquitoes.

Now and then, the semi-darkness is pierced by the flare of an ascending rocket, or a shower of coloured stars from the humbler 'fire-cracker;' for the 'Glorious Fourth of July' is at hand, and the patriotic American youth is squandering his substance in anticipation of that festal anniversary. But far away to the north-west there are fireworks visible which defy the pyrotechnist's puny efforts at imitation, and many a midnight stroller pauses on his way to admire the wonderful effects produced by the lightning, which plays almost incessantly through the dense bank of clouds on the horizon. The spectacle is unusually grand even for this country of grand atmospheric effects. Piled up as it were upon the extreme edge of the visible earth is a rugged mass of vapour in the otherwise cloudless heaven. It presents an appearance of absolute ponderous solidity, a panorama of mountain and chasm, of overhanging crags and towering cliffs, crowned with forest trees; while here and there is the semblance of massive turrets and vast piles of masonry, peeping from among dense forest growth. And again, as the vivid blue flashes play through the mass, one sees that there are really two separate banks of cloud between which the storm is raging, the further serving as a dark background to the picture, while the intense light reveals in the nearer a yet more fantastic landscape of wild mountain scenery. It is a scene such as Doré's weird imagination loved to portray; and one almost expects to descry opposing hosts of Titan forms, peopling the cloud-world, and hurling thunderbolts against the pinnacles and battlements, whose outlines stand forth in such bold relief against the clear midnight sky.

From a more practical and prosaic point of view, there is the greater satisfaction in witnessing this magnificent spectacle owing to the consideration that it lies far away to the north-west, while our sea-breeze comes from a south-easterly direction; and the reflection that 'They are having a tremendous storm somewhere up-country,' adds a sort of relish to the stray remarks on the beauty of the night, dropped from time to time as one after another of the strolling couples passes our gate on the homeward way.

'One more pipe before turning in,' is the unanimous resolution among the party assembled on the broad piazza surrounding the 'log-hut' in which we have taken up our summer quarters. The calumet is filled, and is fairly under weigh, when a sudden exclamation from more than one of the circle rouses us from our semi-somnolence.

'By Jove, the wind has gone round!'

True enough; the steady light sea-breeze, which has been vainly striving all evening to cool us, has suddenly dropped, and in a moment its place is taken by a fitful rush of sulphurous air from the land-side. Only those who have had experience of the abruptness of such changes on the west coast of the Atlantic, and of the stifling oppressiveness of the land-breeze as it sweeps over miles of sterile sun-baked sand, can realise what that change meant to us. Just now we had been abusing the gentle zephyr for its lack of cooling properties. Now we were ready to vow that it had been a veritable 'blizzard,' compared with the stove-like atmosphere which had succeeded. And almost before we were able to realise the fact of the change, an equally sudden

transformation had taken place in the appearance of the night. The distant cloud-bank had assumed gigantic proportions and swept across the whole visible sky; the crescent moon had vanished; the advancing tide meeting the wind, had commenced to lash the shore with double fury; the lightning no longer played in the far distance, but now flashed in broad sheets from side to side of the horizon; and the idle saunterers were hastening with considerably accelerated pace to the shelter of their own roofs.

There is no further talk of last pipes among our party, the advisability of making things taut suggesting itself as a matter of far more pressing importance. Storm-shutters are quickly closed, hammocks and rocking-chairs snugly housed; and after a spell of hard labour, we at last disperse to our respective rooms, with a comforting sense of being better prepared for coming events than most of our too confiding neighbours.

The rapid advance of the clouds seems for the time to have arrested the actual outbreak of the storm. Now and again a vivid flash makes itself visible in spite of shutters and blinds; but the sullen roar of the thunder is slow to follow, and but for the oppression in the air and the moaning of the storm-gusts among the pines to landward, one might fancy that the clouds were even yet going to blow harmlessly over. But the delusion is too pleasing to last long. A more protracted spell of darkness than usual is suddenly broken by a glare of light, compared with which the former flashes were but as the flickering of a candle. Instantly, almost before darkness has re-covered the earth, follows a crash as of falling masonry, short, abrupt, and intensely resonant. Then there is a momentary silence, and then—it rains! As I write that word, I cannot help smiling to think of its impotence, its utter inadequacy to describe that down-pour. The real fact is that it does not stop to rain, as the word is understood in England. The clouds simply dissolve and come down, not in drops, nor in the fine slanting lines with which thunder-showers are depicted in wood-engravings, but *en masse*, a homogeneous liquid deluge. Instantly from every projecting edge of the roof a sheet of water is precipitated to the ground below; and as the wind rises from a mere fitful breeze to a stiff nor'-wester, tugging at the shutters, and whistling among the supports of the piazza, the flood begins to spy out the weak spots in our defences; and through every chink and cranny, beneath the doors, between the window-sashes, and wherever the planks have shrunk during the recent long spell of dry summer weather, a series of rivulets begin to make their way indoors. Mingled with the flashing of the storm and the moan of the wind is now to be heard a steady drip, drip, drip from ceiling to floor. By-and-by, two or three early-to-bed occupants of the upper rooms are heard stamping about overhead, searching for leaks, and for the wherewithal to stop them temporarily at least. Presently, one after another steals down-stairs, with a long face and piteous appeals for assistance. One has a miniature water-spout descending upon his pillow; a second has retired leaving the skylight open over his toilet-table, and has awoke to find his brushes and his dressing-case converted into mere islands in a swamp; a third finds his stock of boots and shoes half-filled with water, owing to the loss of a shingle from the roof; while a fourth, after a long search for the weak spot, has discovered it in the outer wall of his hanging-closet, where his reserve of clothing is being rapidly reduced to a state of sodden pulp. Each has his grievance to relate; but while sympathy is plentiful, aid is not so readily forthcoming. It is *sauve qui peut*. Each has suffered alike, and each is engaged in a purely personal salvage-enterprise, or in taking additional precautionary measures, which allow him no leisure to alleviate the distresses of his fellow-sufferers.

But at length all present disasters are in a fair way to be remedied, and once more the party disperses, to snatch what sleep we may between the paroxysms of the storm, with the comforting thought that things are already so bad that they can hardly become worse, unless the wind rises sufficiently to remove our roof bodily. The worst of the leaks are plugged, and all available basins and cans have been utilised to catch the water from the lesser chinks, so nothing is left but to wait for morning's light to reveal the full measure of our disasters. Again and again during the hours of darkness do the elements seem to gather all their malice and vent it upon our frail tenement. But the uprights stand firm, the beams are staunch, and the doors and shutters resist every assault of wind and rain. Shortly before daylight the storm abates, and the lull allows of an hour or two of quiet sleep, while the clouds disperse, and the sun comes up into a serene vapourless sky; and when we assemble at the breakfast table, and each has leisure to recount his own experiences, we have reason to congratulate ourselves that our 'log-hut' has suffered no more serious damage than a few hours in the hands of the local carpenter will suffice to repair.

THE ELEPHANT-TAMER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE TAMING OF SHAITÁN.

'WILL the Sahib shoot it as it stands in the stable, or shall we take it outside the kheddah to be shot?'

'I'll shoot it in the stable, jemadar. It would be dangerous to attempt to move it. Maharája and Sundara could easily drag the body outside, afterwards. See that the two are ready harnessed to-morrow morning.'

'At what time will the Sahib shoot it?'

'About eight o'clock. And see that half-a-dozen men are ready with axes and knives to take out its tusks and to cut off its feet.'

'Very well, Sahib. It has been very furious to-day. It nearly killed Soojah the mahout,* as he was throwing a bundle of fodder to it. It chipped a great piece out of one of the posts with its left tusk as it thrust at him.'

'Is the tusk damaged?'

'Not seriously, Sahib, I believe. I have not seen it myself; but Soojah reports that a small piece is broken off the tip.'

'I would like to see it: the tusk may be cracked.'

* Elephant-driver.

So saying, Captain Eaton put on his sun-helmet, and accompanied by the old jemadar, stepped out of his office into the elephant-yard.

Captain Eaton was in charge of the government elephant kheddah or depôt at Jehanabad. It was a responsible and important post, for there were more than one hundred elephants in the kheddah, and several hundred men were employed as mahouts and fodder coolies and in other capacities to look after them.

Standing in rows in several huge and lofty sheds, supported by ponderous wooden posts, were the kheddah elephants, taking their noon-day rest. They were of all sizes and sexes, from the stately high-caste tusker to the little newly-born calf with its hairy head and short undeveloped trunk. They were all busily engaged in munching their fodder, consisting of great bundles of grass and green leaves and pieces of sugar-cane. All were in incessant motion, swaying their bodies backwards and forwards, shifting their legs uneasily, swinging their heads and trunks, and flapping their ears. Near by sat the mahouts and other attendants smoking, and watching their elephants feeding. As the Sahib entered the yard, they all rose quickly and salaamed to him profoundly.

Having walked through the sheds and glanced at the elephants, and given a few orders to the mahouts, Captain Eaton proceeded across the yard to a small shed in one corner, where, tethered by itself, stood a huge tusker. It was evident there was something wrong with the animal, for its legs were secured by huge chains, fastened to posts buried deep in the ground. A heavy chain was wound round its neck, behind its ears, but the ends had become unfastened, and were hanging loose.

'Shaitán,' or the Demon, for that was the elephant's well-deserved name, was a peculiarly dangerous brute. During the past three or four years he had killed several men, and had of late become so vicious that for several weeks he had not been taken out of the stable. He was kept heavily chained, and was constantly watched. His food was thrown to him from a distance, no one daring to go within reach of his long tusks or trunk. The torn-up floor, the splintered woodwork of the stable, and the great raw wounds on its legs caused by the chains in its struggles, showed to what fits of fury it was liable. It was now under sentence of death; for Eaton having reported that it was unserviceable, and also unfit for sale on account of its savage disposition, had received orders to shoot it.

The elephant was of great size; but its long legs, roach back, small head, and other bad points, showed it to be a low-caste animal. It had a pair of long, white, scimitar-like tusks, the points of which nearly touched the ground. It was mottled, especially about the forehead, ears, and fore-legs, with pale flesh-coloured patches, giving it a most unpleasant appearance.

As Captain Eaton, followed by the jemadar and some other men, approached, the elephant, which had been restlessly swaying itself backwards and forwards, stopped for an instant, cocked its ears viciously, and looked at its foes malevolently with its little pig-like eyes. Then it resumed its restless movements, as if unconscious of their presence, nevertheless keeping a sharp lookout for an opportunity of striking at any one coming within reach. When the Captain had approached as close to it as he thought safe in order to examine the injured tusk, the elephant struck furiously at him with its trunk; and as he stepped back to avoid the blow, he heard a deep voice behind him say: 'Salaam! Sahib.'

Turning sharply, Captain Eaton found standing behind him a tall gaunt Afghan, clad in dirty and tattered clothes, and carrying in his sinewy right hand a heavy iron *ankrus* or elephant driving-hook. He was evidently an extremely powerful man; and his face was in keeping with his stature, for it was a somewhat uncommon one. He was very dark for an Afghan, and had a huge hooked nose like the beak of a vulture. The expression of his mouth, partially concealed by a flowing black moustache and beard, was hard and stern. Under his bushy eyebrows gleamed a pair of dark sunken eyes, painted round with henna, keen, fierce, and unflinching, like those of a wild beast. As Eaton glanced at him, he thought he had never seen so forbidding a face.

'Who are you?' he asked.

'I am named Bux Khán; I am a Kandahári,' replied the man, in a voice of singular depth and power.

'What are you?'

'I am an elephant-tamer.'

'An elephant-tamer!' echoed the captain with a laugh. 'Would you like to try your hand on this specimen?'

'If the Sahib will permit,' was the quiet reply.

'By all means.'

Without a word, the Afghan tightened his waistcloth and settled his turban firmly on his head. Then grasping his driving-hook, he stepped fearlessly up to the elephant, and seizing it by one ear, shouted: 'Kneel down!'

Instead of immediately seizing him with its trunk, or attempting to drive its tusks through him, as all who saw it expected, the elephant shrank from the Afghan as far as it could, in evident fear. 'Kneel down!' thundered the Afghan again.

To the amazement of the lookers-on, the elephant slowly bent its knees and lowered itself in a crouching attitude. But the low rumbling noise it made, and the quick movement of its ears and fierce little eyes, showed that though overawed and startled, its savage nature was not subdued. Seizing the trailing ends of the chain round its neck, the Afghan made them fast. Then, to the horror of all who were looking on, he deliberately commenced to unfasten the chains by which the elephant was tethered.

'What are you doing? Let those chains alone!' shouted Captain Eaton.

The Afghan took no notice of the order.

'By Allah, I believe the man is mad!' exclaimed the old jemadar.

'Gracious powers, the brute will be loose in another moment!' ejaculated Captain Eaton, horror-struck at the impending danger. Stepping forward, he was about to seize the Afghan, in order to drag him out of the stable, when the elephant suddenly rose to its feet. It was too late. Its fore-legs and one hind-leg were free, and the Afghan was busy uncoupling the chain on its other leg. Shouting, 'Run, run all of

you!' Captain Eaton darted out of the stable, and ran at the top of his speed to his bungalow, outside the kheddah, to get his rifle, in the hope of being able to shoot the elephant before it did any damage. Another moment, and the huge beast was free. As the last chain fell from its leg, the Afghan sprang forward, and seizing the animal again by the ear, shouted in stentorian tones: 'Kneel down! kneel down!'

With a muffled rumble, half of fear and half of rage, the elephant knelt for a moment on its hind-knees. Leaping on to its bent leg, the Afghan clambered on to its back, and in another moment was firmly seated on its shoulders, with his legs securely twisted into the chain round its neck. A moment later, Shaitán strode out of the stable into the open yard with the Afghan on its back, and with head erect, extended trunk, and fiery eyes, ready to do battle with all creation. Its first effort was to get rid of its rider. Standing in the open, with one leg uplifted, it endeavoured to shake the Afghan off. But though his turban flew one way and his knife another, and his waistband was shaken loose, the Afghan kept his seat through the grip he had of the neck-chain with his legs. The instant the elephant stopped its efforts to shake him off, the Afghan raised his driving-hook, which he had never let go, and dealt some blows on Shaitán's head. Confused and maddened, Shaitán turned round and round, squealing with rage and fear.

Meanwhile, the whole kheddah was in the utmost confusion, and the uproar tremendous. All the elephant-attendants had fled, some outside the kheddah, and others into the buildings in the yard, dragging their wives and children with them; while the rest had climbed on to the roofs of the sheds or on to the walls. The elephants tethered in the sheds, excited by Shaitán's furious bellowing, were trumpeting shrilly in response, and straining heavily at their ropes and chains. The trembling elephant-attendants, looking on from places of safety, expected every moment to see some huge tusker break loose, and what would happen then, they knew only too well—a battle-royal between it and Shaitán.

Suddenly, with an ear-piercing trumpet, Shaitán rushed across the yard to where, tethered with two others, stood a sick elephant, quiet and listless. With one blow, Shaitán knocked it down flat on its side. It then lowered its head, to drive its tusks into the prostrate elephant; but upon being chastised by its rider the Afghan, it recoiled, and again attempted, though unsuccessfully, to shake him off. Another attempt to attack the other elephants in the shed was frustrated by the Afghan in a similar way. All at once, with head up, ears cocked, and tail stiff out behind, Shaitán turned and made straight across the yard for the great gate of the kheddah. By Captain Eaton's order, the gate had been shut, and ponderous wooden bars drawn across it. Seeing the elephant coming, the men on the top of the walls and sheds shouted, in order to try and turn it. It went straight for it, however. There was a tremendous shock, a loud crash, and the next moment Shaitán was outside the kheddah, and careering down the street into the town with Bux Khán still on its back.

A few seconds later, Captain Eaton appeared, running from his bungalow, carrying his heavy rifle. A glance at the shattered gateway showed him he was too late; but he determined to follow the elephant and shoot it as soon as possible. Calling on a couple of his men to follow him, he set off in the direction the elephant had taken. He had no occasion to ask the way; the crowds of excited natives that he met on the road showed the sensation that Shaitán had created as he passed. As Eaton neared the town, his anxiety lest he should be too late to shoot the animal before it had done some dreadful damage, became intense. To his great relief, however, he found that it had gone through the whole length of the town without injuring anything or anybody. In answer to his inquiries, the natives told him that it was going at full speed as it passed, and that the Afghan was still on its back. Captain Eaton followed the elephant for several miles beyond the town, but without overtaking it. At length, he gave up the pursuit, and returned to the kheddah, where he immediately ordered several fleet elephants to be got ready, and sent them off in charge of a number of steady picked men, whom he armed with rifles, to look for the escaped elephant. He determined to follow them as soon as he had seen to the elephant that had been attacked and thrown down by Shaitán, and had restored order in the kheddah.

About two hours later, while the captain was hard at work in the kheddah, a mahout, greatly excited, rushed in, exclaiming: 'Sahib, Sahib! Shaitán is coming back, and that madman is still riding him.'

'Has he been caught? Is he coming with the other elephants?'

'No, Sahib; he is coming alone, and that mad fellow is still on his back;' whereupon Eaton caught up his loaded rifle, which was leaning against the wall, and ran to the gate. He arrived there just as Shaitán entered the kheddah. But instead of a furious mad creature striding wildly along and trumpeting with rage, there entered a quiet, silent, subdued elephant with hanging head, limp trunk, and slow, weary step. As Eaton raised his rifle to shoot it, the Afghan shouted: 'Do not fire, Sahib. It is quiet now. I will take it to the stable and tie it up.'

Though greatly inclined to do so, Captain Eaton did not fire, but keeping at a safe distance, with his eye on it, determined to shoot it dead at the first sign of intended mischief. Guided, however, by the Afghan, the creature walked slowly and quietly to its stable, and knelt at his order. The Afghan then descended from its back and made fast its legs with the chains. Having next ordered it to rise, he walked round it several times and patted its sides, speaking encouragingly, as it shrank from him in evident terror. Then, having arranged his disordered garments, Bux Khán stepped quietly up to where Eaton stood and made his salaam.

For the last three hours, the captain had been boiling over with rage. That a strange Afghan—insane, as he supposed—should have come into the kheddah, released a mad elephant, and ridden off with it, after endangering the lives

of all the people and elephants in the place, was an occurrence so extraordinary that he could scarcely find words to express his surprise and wrath. But when the same Afghan proved to be a sane man and brought the elephant back safe, quiet, and amenable to orders, his wrath changed to admiration. The man's great stature, his striking though forbidding face, his iron nerve and coolness, and the strange power he seemed to possess, impressed the Anglo-Indian greatly.

'Well, friend,' he said, as the Afghan salaamed, 'you have given us a great deal of trouble this afternoon, and put the lives of many people in danger.'

'The Sahib gave me permission to try and tame the elephant,' replied the man quietly.

'That is true,' said Captain Eaton; 'but had I supposed for a moment that you were going to set it at liberty, I would never have given you permission. However, you seem to have been successful. Will the lesson you have given him be permanent? Will he remain quiet?'

'While I am with him, he will, Sahib.'

'Would it be safe for me to go up to him now?'

'No, Sahib. Though he fears me, and will not attempt to attack me, it would not be so in your case. It will be dangerous for you or any one but myself to go near him for the present.'

'What brought you here to-day?'

'I came to apply for work, Sahib.'

'Well, as you have been so successful in taking the fiend out of that creature, you had better remain in charge of it till I have decided what is to be done.' So saying, Eaton turned to the jemadar, and ordered the Afghan's name to be entered on the roll of mahouts at the same rate of pay as that drawn by Shaitán's former mahout, who was given other work.

After having given various other orders and had a good look at the conquered Shaitán, the captain walked off to his bungalow. The result of his meditations that evening over the strange events of the afternoon was that next morning he wrote a long report to government, detailing what had happened, and strongly recommending that the elephant should not be shot, as ordered, but left in charge of Bux Khán, the elephant-tamer. He, however, requested permission to shoot it at once, without waiting for the sanction of government, in the event of its breaking out again.

A NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT.

It is seldom that a private commercial concern is opened by the Lord Mayor of London, yet such was the case with the new Safe-deposit constructed by Mr Thomas Clarke in Chancery Lane, London, which was formally opened by the Lord Mayor in presence of an influential company on the 7th of May. Although, as the Lord Mayor remarked, this is a purely business undertaking, it is one of importance to the community, and one in which nearly all are interested, it being a provision for securing the property of individuals, the aggregate of which forms the collective wealth of the nation. In these days, when burglary has become almost a science, and fires are so much more to be dreaded in our large cities and towns, owing to the ever-increasing denseness of their population, such institutions as that constructed by Mr Clarke, where cash, jewellery, plate, and valuable documents may be deposited in security, are much needed. There are, however, but few of them in this country, although in America there is scarcely a town of any importance that does not possess one.

The idea of constructing a public Safe-deposit occurred to Mr Clarke after reading accounts of the River Plate Bank frauds, and of the abstraction of deeds, and the like, in other cases; and that idea he has, it must be confessed, carried out in a thorough and practical manner. The Safe-deposit which he has constructed is situated in the basement of the block of chambers and offices called New Stone Buildings, recently erected by him in Chancery Lane; and the entrance from the street is under a handsome archway of polished red granite. The strong-rooms are approached by a broad staircase paved with white marble and mosaic, and are well guarded by massive iron gates, besides numerous attendants, whose business it is to identify persons as depositors or renters before allowing them to enter. After passing through the inner gates of the lobby, the internal, or safe, vestibule is arrived at. On the right hand is a strong-room for the deposit of plate, which will no doubt be well filled as the London season draws to a close. To the left is the strong-room for cash-boxes, which may be deposited in the evening and taken away next morning; for the convenience of customers in this department, there is a *grille* into the sub-manager's room from the lower external vestibule, through which the boxes may be passed and received again. On the side of the vestibule opposite the lobby are the strong-rooms, four in number, for documents and other valuables. These rooms weigh five hundred tons, with doors of two tons each, and are divided into five thousand separate iron safes, or 'integers' as they are called, none of which can be opened without both the key of the depositor and that of the custodian being used at the same time.

All the strong-rooms are lined with boiler-plates, having steel plates between them, and are built on iron columns, and completely isolated from any external walls; this arrangement allowing patrols to walk around, over, or under them, so that no one can possibly approach unobserved. In connection with each of the doors there is an ingenious clockwork arrangement which renders it impossible for them to be opened after being locked at night until the hour on the following morning for which the clockwork locks are set. On Sunday, it is arranged for one day to be passed over, so that the doors cannot be opened until the Monday morning. Thus it will be impossible for any one, even those connected with the place, to get into the strong-rooms during non-business hours.

The safes, which have been made by the Messrs Milner, are all constructed on the best known principles, every improvement in connection with safe-manufacture having been utilised by them.

Ample accommodation is provided for the customers of the Safe-deposit in the shape of well-furnished rooms, where depositors may examine the contents of their boxes at leisure, and the premises are lighted throughout with electricity (with gas in reserve). Altogether, the Chancery Lane Safe-deposit is certainly the best and most complete structure of its kind in this country, no expense apparently having been spared in its construction. We doubt not it will be well appreciated, as the want of such a place has long been keenly felt.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW BUILDING MATERIAL.

One of the most recent American inventions of any importance is a building material, which may possibly not only supersede bricks but also wood and stone; for its inventors claim for it most of the qualities belonging to those substances. In America, timber is usually spoken of as 'lumber,' and this new material is called Terra-cotta Lumber. It is composed of clay and sawdust or spent tan bark well mixed together, moulded into the form of bricks, and burnt in a kiln. By this treatment the combustible portion of the mixture is destroyed, and a light and porous, but hard and durable brick is the result. It has somewhat the appearance of a rusk. The cost of its manufacture in America is about the same as that of timber, and it has the great advantage of being absolutely fireproof. The various influences so destructive to timber, such as fire, frost, gases, acids, and age, are said not to affect the new material; and it is a bad conductor of sound, heat, and electricity. Compared with bricks or stone, it is very light, so that not only will it effect economy in labour and carriage, but also in supports, more particularly in high buildings. Terra-cotta lumber can be sawed or chiselled like timber, and holds nails well. So bad a conductor of heat is it, that a slab an inch and a half thick may be heated to a red heat on one side, while on the other side a piece of paper can lie in safety. It will on this account probably be used for roofing in hot climates. If the material is found in practice to possess the foregoing qualities, a great future is doubtless in store for it; though whether it is sufficiently durable and water-proof to be used as a building material in this country, is a question which time alone can prove. There can be no doubt, however, that for inside walls and other sheltered situations, it would answer extremely well.

WOODCOCKS IN LONDON.

'London,' says a writer in the *St James's Gazette*, 'is almost the last place in the world where we should expect to find strange and rare birds; and yet, as a matter of fact, London is still the haunt of a large number of the British ornithological fauna. To take a single instance: the woodcock is almost everywhere a rare bird. It is shy in its habits; it flies high, and it is extremely wary and suspicious; and yet it seems that for years past the woodcock has not been uncommon in London. The correspondent of a weekly journal which interests itself warmly in all questions of natural history has collected authenticated instances of the appearance of the woodcock in London within the last few years. The bird, it seems, has been seen at Clapham, at Holloway, in St James's Park, in the Regent's Park, in St John's Wood, on the banks of the Serpentine, in Eaton Place, in Portland Place, in Kensington Park Gardens, and in Kensington Gardens. It has been found in the Strand, where it was killed by flying against a telegraph-wire; in the Junction Road, Holloway, where it was shot; at the South Kensington Museum, and in Upper Clapton, where in each case it dashed itself to death against a window; in the St John's Wood Road and upon Ludgate Hill, where it was taken up in an exhausted condition. Now, for every woodcock that is either seen or captured, there clearly must be dozens that escape notice altogether; for Londoners, even when loitering in the parks, are not in the habit of looking out for strange birds.'

We shall be glad to add to this a list of any further stray birds that our readers may at any time have noticed in the metropolis.—Ed. *Ch. Jl.*

A WAIF.

'Humboldt once saw in South America a parrot which was the only living creature that could speak the language of a lost tribe.'—Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

Sad fate is thine, most desolate of birds,
Left lonely 'midst the strangers in the land,
Repeating still the old familiar words,
That none can understand:

Words soft with love or plaintive with regret,
Fierce battle-cries and songs dead poets sung;
The voices of a nation linger yet
Upon thy tuneless tongue.

Words that once, haply, as with trumpet-call,
Could thrill strong hearts, or draw forth prayer through tears,
Now, in a vain, unmeaning jargon, fall
Harsh on our alien ears.

Who were they, that lost people of the past,
Whose speech has fallen to a parrot's tone,
Whose name and memory have sunk at last
To syllables unknown?

I hear thee answer, speaking evermore
That strange forgotten language of the dead,
But only dwellers on the shadowy shore
Can tell what thou hast said.

They come not at thy call, the vanished faces,
Nor any answering voice from out Time's wrack!
Vain is thy waiting in these vacant places
For those who come not back.

Wait on, poor waif; the ways of Time are strange:
Men like a dream will pass, nor come again;
But firm, 'midst all the tides of Chance and Change,
Thy story shall remain.

D. J. R.

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FRANK BUCKLAND.

'Imagine a short, quick-eyed little boy, with a shock-head of reddish-brown hair—not much amenable to a hairbrush—a white neckcloth tied like a piece of rope with no particular bow, and his bands sticking out under either ear as fancy pleased him—in fact, a boy utterly indifferent to personal appearance, but good-natured and eccentric, with a small museum in his sleeve or cupboard, sometimes a snake, or a pet mouse, or a guinea-pig, or even a hedgehog. A born naturalist.' This was Francis Trevelyan Buckland at Winchester, described by one of his school-fellows in a charming biography, *The Life of Frank Buckland*, written by his brother-in-law, Mr George C. Bompas, and recently published by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co.

Frank was no exception to the rule that the child foreshadows the man. He was born at Oxford in 1826, and at four years of age began collecting specimens of natural history, and at seven commenced a journal. About 1830 a clergyman travelled from Devonshire with some very curious fossils to show Frank's father, Dr Buckland (afterwards Dean of Westminster), who was an eminent geologist. The fossils were referred to the boy of four, who, without hesitation, lisped out to the astounded visitor that they were the vertebræ of an ichthyosaurus. The dumbfounded clergyman is said to have returned home crestfallen. Frank no doubt inherited his love of nature from his parents. In Dr Buckland's house at Christ Church were numbers of rare geological specimens. In the hall were cages of snakes; in the dining-room, green frogs. The stable was a menagerie. Among such surroundings, it is not strange that Frank's tastes for natural history and geology developed themselves rapidly; and wherever he might be in after-life, at Winchester, Oxford, Westminster, the cavalry barracks at Knightsbridge, or in Albany Street where he died, he had always around him a curious and mixed collection of animals.

Buckland was elected a scholar of Winchester when twelve years old; and at William of Wykeham's noble college he passed a life that probably no schoolboy had ever passed before. Having chosen the medical profession, he enthusiastically dissected every animal he could obtain for the purpose; and when the warden's mastiff died, he dissected its eyes. One day he caught an adder, removed its fangs, and the reptile lived inside the roomy waistcoat of a school-fellow for many days. At school and through life he pursued visible facts, and not abstract ideas.

His great delight was to study the habits of live animals, and to examine their structure when dead. Skulls, bones, and muscles he carried to the top of the chapel tower to bleach; and when warranted sweet, they were brought down and ranged at the foot of his bed. The bed became quite a 'lion;' master, warden, and porter often took visitors to see the strange medley of animal remains there exhibited. One of Frank's school-fellows wrote thus of his character: 'His own natural disposition was one of the sweetest and gentlest. I never saw him in a passion, though he often used to get teased for his untidiness. But he always had a bright smile amidst it all, and was ready to do anything for anybody immediately afterwards.'—'Good-humoured, full of spirits, and uniformly amiable and obliging,' wrote another.

In 1844, Buckland entered Christ Church. He had rooms on the ground-floor of Fell's Buildings; and during his college course, pursued his zoological and surgical studies with equal energy and originality. The quadrangle became a menagerie, containing a bear, a monkey, an eagle, and a jackal; besides marmots, guinea-pigs, squirrels, a chameleon, frogs, &c. Twice the eagle got loose, and each time made its way to the chapel. On the first occasion it held the door, attacking all who attempted to enter; on the second, with wings outspread, it advanced up the chancel while the Te Deum was being sung.

At Christ Church, Lord Dufferin had started a debating club, to which Frank belonged. Besides debating, the members had to furnish essays on rather heavy subjects. Frank's first essay was on the question, 'Are Rooks beneficial to the Farmers or not?' After the essays usually came discussions; but Lord Dufferin with all his versatile talent could not make much of the rooks.

Many are the good tales told of Buckland and his zoological collection during his stay at Oxford. His 'coach' for the *smalls* relates how he (the coach) would sit with his legs on the sofa, to be well out of the way of the jackal. One evening he heard the animal quietly munching something under the sofa. After work was over, he remarked on this to his pupil. 'My poor guinea-pigs!' exclaimed Buckland; and it was discovered that no fewer than five of them had fallen victims.

In 1845, Frank left Oxford for three months, to study chemistry at Giessen, under Professor Liebig. Returning to the university, he took his degree in 1848. It was unfortunate that the natural sciences were not taught to any extent at that time in Oxford, for there is no doubt that if Buckland had found proper instruction in physiology there in his youth, he would have taken his place as one of the greatest teachers of the science. He was one of the most popular men at Christ Church; but the reality and value of his studies, industrious as they were irregular, were never quite understood by his brother undergraduates. Beneath the surface of a character which bubbled over with fun, says his biographer, there flowed a deep stream of earnest purpose. 'My object in studying medicine (and may God prosper it),' he wrote in his journal, 'is not to gain a name, money, and high practice, but to do good to my fellow-creatures and assist them in the hour of need. My object in life is to be a great high-priest of nature and a great benefactor of mankind.'

From Oxford, Buckland went to St George's Hospital. Of one of his patients, an old woman, he used to tell a droll tale. She came to him with a cough, which she declared nothing would cure but some very sweet and luscious mixture which another out-patient had received. She was given a bottleful of the mixture, but returned again and again for more. Buckland grew suspicious, and had his patient watched, when she was discovered selling the compound outside Chelsea Hospital in halfpenny tarts.

'Another reminiscence of St George's was connected with the practice of tattooing, which, as he used to tell, "is sometimes adopted by the fair sex of the present day. Ladies who are about to have the initials of their sweethearts permanently engraved on their arms should be careful to make up their minds not to change their sweethearts unless the same initials will suit. When house-surgeon at St George's, a charming creature came to me in great distress. She said there was nothing the matter with her, but she was in great trouble because her young man had been faithless. He had persuaded her to allow his initials, with a true-lovers' knot, to be tattooed on her arm. She had quarrelled with him, and was now anxious to erase all traces of their attachment. The design on the arm was too big for any operation; and the girl, for aught I know, still continues to carry about a fine specimen of the art of tattooing."'

In 1852 Mr Buckland began to put his experiences of animal life into literary form. This came about by a kind of happy accident. 'In 1852,' writes an old friend, 'when calling at the Deanery (Westminster), Frank asked me to go down-stairs and see his rats. I am not particularly partial to those animals; but down we went to a sort of cloister, in which probably a dozen rats were encaged: these Frank took out one by one, and described in a most interesting way the habits and peculiarities of each. Presently a large black rat bolted. "Look out! he bites!" said Frank; but the black gentleman was speedily secured by a bag being thrown over him. When I had seen all that was to be seen, I said: "Frank, just you put down on paper all that you have told me about these rats; add what you please; let me have the manuscript, and I will see whether something cannot be made out of it." Frank demurred, saying that he did not think he could write anything worth reading. After some encouragement, he promised to comply with my request; and in due time the manuscript arrived. Having touched it up a little, I took it to Mr Richard Bentley, with whom I was well acquainted, and said: "Mr Bentley, I am going to introduce a new contributor to your *Miscellany;* one who will strike out quite an original line." Mr Bentley was not greatly impressed by what I said, but accepted the manuscript, which appeared as an article in the *Miscellany* of the following August; and thus commenced the interesting series, subsequently collected and published as *Curiosities of Natural History.* Frank often said that the "honorarium" he received from Mr Bentley for "Rats" was the most delightful surprise he had ever had.'

While at St George's, he commenced a series of highly popular lectures on natural history. About the same time he nearly died by poison taken in under his finger-nail when handling a rat which had been killed by a cobra. In August 1854, he was gazetted assistant-surgeon to the Second Lifeguards, and in the same month was elected a member of the Athenæum Club. In 1858, he edited a new edition of his father's *Bridgewater Treatise;* and the result, to use Professor Owen's words, was the best elementary book on geology and palæontology.

Frank Buckland's aim was to make science practical. To this end he rendered valuable assistance in founding the Acclimatisation Society in 1860. His connection with this Society led to his turning his attention to fish-culture, for he saw that whatever might be the result of the endeavour to introduce new animals useful for food, the multiplication of the natural food-supply of the country was an object of equal or greater national importance. He therefore began to devote his energies to pisciculture; and this was, undoubtedly, the most important epoch of his life. Though artificial fish-culture had been practised on the continent for some years, and in China for generations, it was but little known in England; and to Frank Buckland, therefore, must be given the credit and honour of having introduced it into this country. In

1863, disappointed of promotion, he resigned his commission in the Lifeguards, and immediately threw himself with renewed ardour into the work he had now chosen for life. Fish-culture was henceforward his chief pursuit. His many successes and few failures, we cannot here record; suffice it to say that, thanks to his endeavours, artificial fish-rearing has now become one of the industries of the country, and there has been a marked increase in the produce of many of our salmon-rivers. To him is due the credit of having been amongst the first, if not *the* first, to introduce salmon and trout into Australia and New Zealand.

In 1863, Buckland married Miss Henrietta Papes, having shortly before taken a house in Albany Street, Regent's Park, where he resided until his death in 1880. Soon after his marriage, he became connected with *The Field*, and until he transferred his attention to *Land and Water*, the columns of which teemed with curious correspondence and discussions, he acted as natural-history editor for the first-named paper. It is said of him that every contributor seemed to find a friend in the genial and courtly editor. In 1866, to his unaffected delight, he was appointed, with Mr Spencer Walpole, Inspector of Fisheries, and thus realised the wish of his life. Previous to his appointment, the decline of English and Irish salmon fisheries had become notorious; but in a few years his devotion to his duties effected a remarkable change. He was no mere enthusiast, and his unresting energy was balanced by a sound practical judgment. Everything he did was thorough. He carefully examined all the principal salmon rivers of the United Kingdom, and his annual Reports contained a mass of valuable matter which formed the basis of much useful legislation.

As Buckland became well known to the general public, he had many strange visitors on strange errands. The chief rabbi sought his advice whether Jews might lawfully eat oysters, he being doubtful whether or not they were 'creeping things.' The inspector pondered the question, 'Do oysters creep?' and finally decided against the oysters.

In the winter of 1878, Buckland, while attempting to net salmon for breeding purposes in the North Tyne, was subjected to great exposure. For hours he was wading about the river, and afterwards remained in wet clothes under a railway arch during a storm of rain, sleet, and snow. This laid the seeds of disease in his strong constitution. It was his last journey to collect salmon-eggs. In January 1879, he went to the docks and remained for some time in an icehouse packing ova. The result was inflammation of the lungs. In the autumn of the same year, further exposure combined with overwork led to a lingering illness, which terminated in his death on December 19, 1880, he then being but little past the prime of life. His death was a sacrifice to duty.

Buckland's last work, sent to press two days before his death, was the preface to the *Natural History of British Fishes*, in which he insisted on the national importance of British fisheries. By his will he bequeathed to the nation his valuable collection of casts of fish, and other objects illustrating the science of fish and oyster culture. They are now to be seen at the Inventions Exhibition. On the death of Mrs Buckland, a sum of five thousand pounds will go to found a lectureship on fish-culture in connection with the Museum at South Kensington.

The remarkable popularity of the piscicultural Exhibitions held at Norwich, Edinburgh, and London are evidence of the interest Frank Buckland excited in his favourite science. It will undoubtedly be as a benefactor to the salmon and other fisheries of this country that he will be best known to posterity. Quoting from his biography: 'To trace the power of the Creator in His works, and to increase the use of His creatures to mankind, were to Frank Buckland the chief ends of natural history, and the chief purpose of his life.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DAY or two after, they all went to the Priory for Easter.

The Priory was in the Isle of Wight, and it was Markham's house. It was not a very great house, nor was it medieval and mysterious, as an unsophisticated imagination naturally expected. Its name came, it was said (or hoped), from an old ecclesiastical establishment once planted there; but the house itself was a sort of Strawberry-Hill Gothic, with a good deal of plaster and imitated ornament of the perpendicular kind; that is to say, the worst of its kind, which is, unfortunately, that which most attracts the imitator. It stood on a slope above the beach, where the vegetation was soft and abundant, recalling more or less to the mind of Frances the aspect of the country with which she was best acquainted—the great bosquets of glistering green laurel and laurestina simulating the daphnes and orange-trees, and the gray downs above recalling in some degree the scattered hilltops above the level of the olives; though the great rollers of the Atlantic which thundered in upon the beach were not like that rippling blue which edged the Riviera in so many rims of delicate colour. The differences, however, struck Frances less than the resemblance, for which she had scarcely been prepared, and which gave her a great deal of surprised pleasure at the first glance. This put temporarily out of her mind all the new and troublesome thoughts which her conversation with Markham had called forth, and which had renewed her curiosity about her step-brother, whom she had begun to receive into the landscape around her with the calm of habit and without asking any questions. Was he really bad, or rather, not good?—which was as far as Frances could go. Had he really been the cause, or partly the cause, of the separation between her father and mother? She was bewildered by these little breaks in the curtain which concealed the past from her so completely, that past which was so well known to the others around, which an invincible delicacy prevented her from speaking of or asking questions about. All went on so calmly around her, as if nothing out of the ordinary routine had ever been; and yet she was aware not only that much had been, but

that it remained so distinctly in the minds of those smiling people as to influence their conduct and form their motives still. Though it was Markham's house, it was his mother who was the uncontested sovereign, not less, probably more than if the real owner had been her husband instead of her son. And even Frances, little as she was acquainted with the world, was aware that this was seldom the case. And why should not Markham at his age, which to her seemed at least ten years more than it was, be married, when it was already thought important that Constance should marry? These were very bewildering questions, and the moment to resume the subject never seemed to come.

There was a party in the house, which included Claude Ramsay, and the Sir Thomas, the elder person in whom Lady Markham had thought there could be nothing particularly interesting. He was a very frequent member of the family party, all the same; and now that they were living under the same roof, Frances did not find him without interest. There was also a lady with two daughters, whose appearance was very interesting to the girl. They reminded her a little of Constance, and of the difficulty she had found in finding subjects on which to converse with her sister. The Miss Montagues knew a great many people, and talked of them continually; but Frances knew nobody. She listened with interest, but she could add nothing either to their speculations or recollections. She did not know anything about the contrivances which brought about the marriage between Cecil Gray and Emma White. She was utterly incompetent even to hazard an opinion as to what Lady Milbrook would do *now;* and she did not even understand about the hospitals which they visited and 'took an interest' in. She tried very hard to get some little current with which she could make herself acquainted in the river of their talk; but nothing could be more difficult. Even when she brought out her sketch-book and opened ground upon that subject—about which the poor little girl modestly believed she knew by experience a very little—she was silenced in five minutes by their scientific acquaintance with washes, and glazing, and body colour, and the laws of composition. Frances did not know how to compose a picture. She said: 'O no; I do not make it up in my head at all; I only do what I see.'

'You mean you don't formulate rules,' said Maud. 'Of course you don't mean that you merely imitate, for that is teaboard style; and your drawings are quite pretty. I like that little bit of the coast.'

'How well one knows the Riviera,' said Ethel; 'everybody who goes there has something to show. But I am rather surprised you don't keep to one style. You seem to do a little of everything. Don't you feel that flower-painting rather spoils your hand for the larger effects?'

'It wants such a very different distribution of light and shade,' said the other sister. 'You have to calculate your tones on such a different scale. If you were working at South Kensington or any other of the good schools'——

'I should not advise her to do that—should you, Maud?—there is such a long elementary course. But I suppose you did your freehand and all that, in the schoolroom?'

Frances did not know how to reply. She put away her little sketch with a sense of extreme humiliation. 'Oh, I am afraid I am not fit to talk about it at all,' she said. 'I don't even know what words to use. It has been all imitation, as you say.'

The two young ladies smiled upon her, and re-assured her. 'You must not be discouraged. I am sure you have talent. It only wants a little hard work to master the principles; and then you go on so much easier afterwards,' they said. It puzzled Frances much that they did not produce their own sketches, which she thought would have been as good as a lesson to her; and it was not till long after that it dawned upon her that in this particular Maud and Ethel were defective. They knew how to do it, but could not do it; whereas she could do it without knowing how.

'How is it, I wonder,' said one of them, changing the subject after a little polite pause, which suggested fatigue, 'that Mrs Winterbourn is not here this year?'

They looked at her for this information, to the consternation of Frances, who did not know how to reply. 'You know I have not been long—here,' she said: she had intended to say at home, but the effort was beyond her—'and I don't even know who Mrs Winterbourn is.'

'Oh!' they both cried; and then for a minute there was nothing more. 'You may think it strange of us to speak of it,' said Maud at length; 'only, it always seemed so well understood; and we have always met her here.'

'Oh, she goes everywhere,' cried Ethel. 'There never was a word breathed against—— Please don't think *that*, from anything we have said.'

'On the contrary, mamma always says it is *so* wise of Lady Markham,' said Maud; 'so much better that he should always meet her here.'

Frances retired into herself with a confusion which she did not know how to account for. She did not in the least know what they meant, and yet she felt the colour rise in her cheek. She blushed for she knew not what; so that Maud and Ethel said to each other, afterwards: 'She is a little hypocrite. She knew just as well as either you or I.'

Frances, however, did not know; and here was another subject about which she could not ask information. She carried away her sketch-book to her room with a curious feeling of ignorance and foolishness. She did not know anything at all; neither about her own surroundings, nor about the little art which she was so fond of, in which she had taken just a little pride, as well as so much pleasure. She put the sketches away with a few hasty tears, feeling troubled and provoked, and as if she could never look at them with any satisfaction, or attempt to touch a pencil again. She had never thought they were anything great; but to be made to feel so foolish in her own little way was hard. Nor was this the only trial to which she was exposed. After dinner, drawing aside, which she did with a sense of irritation which her conscience condemned, from the neighbourhood of Ethel and Maud, she fell into the

hands of Sir Thomas, who also had a way of keeping very clear of these young ladies. He came to where Frances was standing in a corner, almost out of sight. She had drawn aside one edge of the curtain, and was looking out upon the shrubbery and the lawn, which stood out against the clear background of the sea, with a great deal of wistfulness, and perhaps a secret tear or two in her eyes. Here she was startled by a sudden voice in her ear. 'You are looking out on the moonlight,' Sir Thomas said. It took her a moment before she could swallow the sob in her throat.

'It is very bright; it is a little like—home.' This word escaped her in the confusion of her thoughts.

'You mean the Riviera. Did you like it so much? I should have thought—— But no doubt, whatever the country is which we call home, it seems desirable to us.'

'Oh, but you can't know how beautiful it is,' cried Frances, roused from her fit of despondency. 'Perhaps you have never been there?'

'O yes, often.—Does your father like it as well as you do, Miss Waring? I should have supposed, for a man'——

'Yes,' said Frances, 'I know what you mean. They say there is nothing to do. But my father is not a man to want to do anything. He is fond of books; he reads all day long, and then comes out into the loggia with his cigarette—and talks to me.'

'That sounds very pleasant,' said Sir Thomas with a smile, taking no notice of the involuntary quaver that had got into the girl's voice. 'But I wonder if perhaps he does not want a little variety, a little excitement? Excuse me for saying so. Men, you know, are not always so easily contented as the better half of creation; and then they are accustomed to larger duties, to more action, to public affairs.'

'I don't think papa takes much interest in all that,' said Frances with an air of authority. 'He has never cared for what was going on. The newspapers he sometimes will not open.'

'That is a great change. He used to be a hot politician in the old days.'

'Did you know my father?' she cried, turning upon him with a glow of sudden interest.

'I knew him very well—better than most people. I was one of those who felt the deepest regret'——

She stood gazing at him with her face lifted to him with so profound an interest and desire to know, that he stopped short, startled by the intensity of her look. 'Miss Waring,' he said, 'it is a very delicate subject to talk to their child upon.'

'Oh, I know it is. I don't like to ask—and yet it seems as if I ought to know.' Frances was seized with one of those sudden impulses of confidence which sometimes make the young so indiscreet. If she had known Sir Thomas intimately, it would not have occurred to her; but as a stranger, he seemed safe. 'No one has ever told me,' she added in the heat of this sudden overflow, 'neither how it was or why it was; except Markham, who says it was his fault.'

'There were faults on all sides, I think,' said Sir Thomas. 'There always are in such cases. No one person is able to carry out such a prodigious mistake. You must pardon me if I speak plainly. You are the only person whom I can ask about my old friend.'

'Oh, I like you to speak plainly,' cried Frances. 'Talk to me about him; ask me anything you please.' The tears came into her voice, and she put her hands together instinctively. She had been feeling very lonely and home-sick, and out of accord with all her surroundings. To return even in thought to the old life and its associations brought a flood of bitter sweetness to her heart.

'I can see at least,' said Sir Thomas, 'that he has secured a most loving champion in his child.'

This arrested her enthusiasm in a moment. She was too sincere to accept such a solution of her own complicated feelings. Was she the loving champion which she was so suddenly assumed to be? She became vaguely aware that the things which had rushed back upon her mind and filled her with longing were not the excellences of her father, but rather the old peace and ease and ignorance of her youthful life, which nothing could now restore. She could not respond to the confidence of her father's friend. He had kept her in ignorance; he had deceived her; he had not made any attempt to clear the perplexities of her difficult path, but left her to find out everything, more perhaps than she yet knew. Sir Thomas was a little surprised that she made him no reply; but he set it down to emotion and agitation, which might well take from so young and innocent a girl the possibility of reply.

'I don't know whether I am justified in the hope I have been entertaining ever since you came,' he said. 'It is very hard that your father should be banished from his own country and all his duties by—what was, after all, never a very important cause. There has been no unpardonable wrong on either side. He is terribly sensitive, you know. And Lady Markham—she is a dear friend of mine; I have a great affection for her.'

'If you please,' said Frances quickly, 'it is not possible for me to listen to any discussion of mamma.'

'My dear Miss Waring,' he cried, 'this is better and better. You are then a partisan on both sides?'

Poor little Frances felt as if she were at least hemmed in on both sides and without any way of escape. She looked up in his face with an appeal which he did not understand, for how was it possible to suppose that she did not know all about a matter which had affected her whole life?

'Don't you think,' said Sir Thomas, drawing very close to her, stooping over her, 'that if we two were to lay our heads together, we might bring things to a better understanding? Constance, to whom I have often spoken on the subject, knew only one side—and that not the difficult side. Markham was mixed up in it all, and could never be impartial. But you know both, and your father best.—I am sure you are full of sense, as Waring's daughter ought to be. Don't you think'——

He had taken both Frances' hands in his

enthusiasm, and pressed so closely upon her that she had to retreat a step, almost with alarm. And he had his back to the light, shutting her out from all succour, as she thought. It was all the girl could do to keep from crying out that she knew nothing, that she was more ignorant than any one; and when there suddenly came from behind Sir Thomas the sound of many voices, without agitation or special meaning, her heart gave a bound of relief, as if she had escaped. He gave her hands a vehement pressure and let them drop; and then Claude Ramsay's voice of gentle pathos came in. 'Are you not afraid, Miss Waring, of the draught? There must be some door or window open. It is enough to blow one away.'

'You look like a couple of conspirators,' said Markham.—'Fan, your little eyes are blinking like an owl's. Come back, my dear, into the light.'

'No,' said Claude; 'the light is perfect. I never can understand why people should want so much light only to talk by.—Will you sit here, Miss Waring? Here is a corner out of the draught. I want to say something more about Bordighera—one other little *renseignement*, and then I shall not require to trouble you any more.'

Frances looked at Markham for help, but he did not interfere. He looked a little grave, she thought; but he took Sir Thomas by the arm, and presently led him away. She was too shy to refuse on her own account Claude's demand, and sat down reluctantly on the sofa, where he placed himself at her side.

'Your sister,' he said, 'never had much sympathy with me about draughts. She used to think it ridiculous to take so much care. But my doctrine always is, take care beforehand, and then you don't need to trouble yourself after. Don't you think I am right?'

She understood very well how Constance would receive his little speeches. In the agitation in which she was, gleams of perception coming through the chaos, sudden visions of Constance, who had been swept out of her mind by the progress of events, and of her father, whom her late companion had been talking about—as if it would be so easy to induce him to change all his ways, and do what other people wished!—came back to her mind. They seemed to stand before her there, both appearing out of the mists, both so completely aware of what they wanted to do—so little likely to be persuaded into some one else's mode of thought.

'I think Constance and you were not at all likely to think the same,' she said.

Ramsay looked at her with a glance which for him was hasty and almost excited. 'No?' he said in an interrogative tone. 'What makes you think so? Perhaps when one comes to consider, you are right. She was always so well and strong. You and I, perhaps, do you think, are more alike?'

'No,' said Frances, very decidedly. 'I am much stronger than Constance. She might have some patience with—with—what was fanciful; but I should have none.'

'With what was fanciful? Then you think I am fanciful?' said Claude, raising himself up from his feeble attitude. He laughed a little, quite undisturbed in temper by this reproach. 'I wish other people thought so; I wish they would let me stay comfortably at home, and do what everybody does.—But, Miss Waring, you are not so sympathetic as I thought.'

'I am afraid I am not sympathetic,' said Frances, feeling much ashamed of herself.—'Oh, Mr Ramsay, forgive me; I did not mean to say anything so disagreeable.'

'Never mind,' said Claude. 'When people don't know me, they often think so. I am sorry, because I thought perhaps you and I might agree better. But very likely it was a mistake.—Are you feeling the draught again? It is astonishing how a draught will creep round, when you think you are quite out of the way of it. If you feel it, you must not run the risk of a cold, out of consideration for me.'

RECENT PYRAMID-WORK.

Few English explorers for many years have done better work among the monuments of Egypt than Mr W. Flinders Petrie, of which he has published an account in his interesting book on the *Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*. The first edition of this work having been rapidly exhausted, a cheap edition has recently been brought out, which places the results of his researches within the reach of the ordinary reader, the more abstruse mathematical calculations concerning the triangulation of the Pyramid and such high matters being omitted. Enough, however, remains to make the book one of special interest to the mathematician, architect, and engineer; while those who take pleasure in following a close chain of reasoning, will admire the mental processes which supplement Mr Petrie's keen observation of facts.

One might think that the Great Pyramid had been visited, inspected, measured, re-measured, and written about so often that it was completely worked out. There are no fewer than forty-eight different theories about its original intention; and those of Professor Piazzi Smyth, the Astronomer-royal of Scotland, in particular, still exercise an extraordinary fascination over many minds. The professor, moreover, has the credit of having been the first to take measurements of the Great Pyramid which had any pretensions to scientific exactness. But Mr Petrie brought to the work more delicate instruments of measurement than had ever been used on the Pyramid before; and in order to obtain accurate measurements, he uncovered parts of the building, which had been covered for ages. Consequently, his observations on this well-trodden field have almost the interest of fresh discoveries.

Mr Petrie's survey was no holiday task. He worked at measurements or triangulation for about eight hours in the blazing sun every day; then, after cooking his own dinner in the tomb which he had made his temporary abode, and washing up the dishes—for he had no trust in

Egyptian cleanliness—he worked on till about midnight in reducing his observations, and writing out results. During his investigations of the Pyramid, he often worked twenty-four hours at a stretch; for, as measurements inside could not be carried on until the day's tide of visitors had ebbed away, he worked outside until dusk, and then, after dinner, spent the night within the Pyramid measuring and observing till eight o'clock in the morning. Consequently, we now have a survey of the Great Pyramid which rivals, if it does not surpass all previous work in its accuracy; and we have also some most valuable observations on some of the other pyramids, temples, and tombs of the necropolis of Memphis, and concerning the tools and methods used by the ancient Egyptians in their wonderful works.

Mr Petrie is minute in his observations of the injury that the King's Chamber, the chamber containing the sarcophagus in the Great Pyramid, has sustained, apparently by an earthquake. The joints of the stones have been loosened on every side, and the great beams of the ceiling, weighing about fifty-four tons each, have been broken right through on the south side, and the chamber actually holds together only by the force of sticking and thrusting; its eventual downfall is, as Mr Petrie says, 'a mere question of time and earthquakes.' As one of these cracks and many of the joints have been daubed up with mortar, it seems that the injury must have occurred before the Pyramid was finished.

The sarcophagus, in which great interest was centred by Professor Piazzi Smyth's theory, as it was supposed to exhibit a standard for all the Pyramid dimensions, is found by Mr Petrie to be rather a careless piece of work. Marks of the saw, which still remain, show that the masons have more than once cut deeper than they intended, and have then tried to polish away their mistakes, but without wholly succeeding. The coffer was raised to see if there were any marks underneath it to indicate that it stood in its original place; but no such marks were found.

Mr Petrie gives some interesting details relative to the change that took place in the workmanship of the Pyramid in the course of building. The site was levelled with great care, and the base laid out with wonderful exactitude. The basalt pavement on the east side of the Pyramid and the limestone pavement on the other sides are splendid pieces of work, the blocks of basalt being all sawn and fitted together with the greatest accuracy. The lower part of the casing, of which Mr Petrie for the first time uncovered some blocks *in situ*, is exquisitely wrought, and so is the Entrance Passage; 'the means employed for casing and cementing the blocks of soft limestone, weighing a dozen to twenty tons each, with such hair-like joints are almost inconceivable at present, and the accuracy of the levelling is marvellous.' But the same excellence is not shown in the upper parts of the building: the upper part of the Great Gallery is much askew; in the Antechamber, bad stone has been employed, and its defects rudely plastered over; and in the King's Chamber, though it is composed entirely of magnificent granite blocks of admirable workmanship, there is an error in the levelling, causing a difference of two and a quarter inches between the courses on the north-east and the south-west, an error which, if not due to natural causes, is surprising in such a piece of work as the Great Pyramid. In many places the stone has been left in the rough, to be dressed down when it was put in position, but which has been left undressed. Mr Petrie suggests that the architect of the first period of the building died in the midst of his work, and was succeeded by one who exercised less careful supervision, and that thus the building was somewhat hastily finished. As the roofing-beams for the King's Chamber are all numbered, and marked for the north or south sides, Mr Petrie thinks it probable that they were all hewn in the lifetime of the first architect, and fitted into position outside the Pyramid, but were built into their place by the second and less careful architect.

It is well known that the only important chambers in the Great Pyramid are three in number: (1) The King's Chamber, so called because it still contains the coffer of red granite in which King Khufu or Cheops is supposed to have been buried—the room being lined throughout with splendid blocks of granite. (2) Another chamber at a lower level, built of limestone, and commonly called the Queen's Chamber; the most remarkable feature of which chamber is a niche in the eastern wall, about fifteen feet high. This name, however, is purely fanciful, as it was not usual for Egyptian queens to be buried near their husbands. (3) A subterranean chamber, which is not really in the Pyramid at all, but in the rock beneath, very roughly excavated, and evidently unfinished. We will now point out what light Mr Petrie's researches have thrown on the destination of these chambers and on the history of the Pyramid generally.

The tomb of important Egyptian personages consisted generally of three parts: (1) The Mastaba, a chamber which was always accessible to the family of the deceased, who came there once a year at least to present offerings and prayers. (2) The Serdab, a walled-up chamber in which was the statue of the deceased, which was supposed in some mysterious manner to represent him, and to receive the odour of the offerings through a hole in the wall of the mastaba. (3) The tomb proper, where the mummy was laid, often in a pit dug through the floor. In the case of kings, the mastaba was often separated entirely from the serdab and the tomb proper, and made into a temple, where the worship of sovereigns, who had ascended into the ranks of the gods, was regularly carried on. Thus the Ramesseum and the other splendid temples whose ruins still adorn the western shore of Thebes are only the chapels belonging to the tombs of the great

kings of the nineteenth and twentieth dynasties, whose bodies were buried in splendidly painted halls cut in the limestone hills far behind.

The Pyramids of Gizeh in like manner had their temples at a little distance from their eastern fronts, where the worship of the kings interred in them was carried on. The Granite Temple belonging to the Second Pyramid, which Mr Petrie considers to have been built after that Pyramid, and not before, as has sometimes been asserted, is still one of the wonders of the Pyramid-field. There are also remains of the temple belonging to the Third Pyramid. But the existence of a similar temple belonging to the Great Pyramid has been finally set at rest by Mr Petrie, who examined the wonderful basalt pavement on its eastern side which we have already spoken of, and found the large hewn blocks of granite and basalt which lie exposed to the east of it. These are sufficient in number to warrant the conclusion that they formed part of some large building, now totally destroyed, which was connected with the Pyramid by the splendid basalt pavement on which such careful workmanship was bestowed.

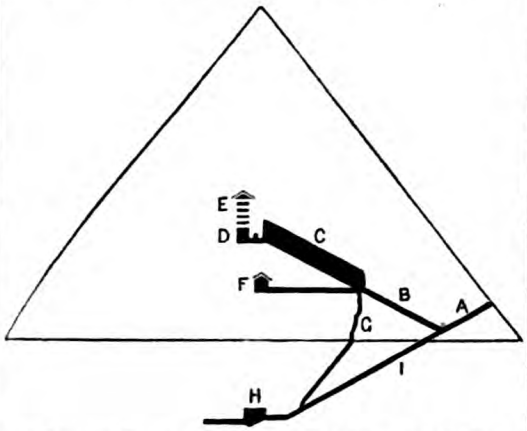
Supposing, then, that this was the mastaba of the Pyramid of Khufu, where was the serdab? The niche in the Queen's Chamber furnishes Mr Petrie with a reply. In that niche probably once stood the statue of Khufu. In 1638 a tradition was still current that it was 'the place for an idol;' and there is proof that the chamber was completely closed up, like other serdabs, even before the Great Gallery was closed. But further; in carefully searching among the rubbish which lies opposite the north face of the Pyramid, the side where the door is, Mr Petrie found several pieces of worked diorite, and innumerable chips of the same hard and valuable stone, which is seldom used except for statues. In a similar manner, countless fragments of diorite, which bear still plainer marks that they are fragments of statues, are found in the neighbourhood of the Second Pyramid; and at the bottom of a well belonging to the temple of that Pyramid, seven or eight statues of Khafra, the builder of that Pyramid, were found, all more or less mutilated. Finally, at the ruined Pyramid of Abu Roash, which, though lying five miles to the north of the Gizeh Pyramids, was probably built for a king of the same dynasty (the fourth), Mr Petrie found pieces of a granite coffin, and fragments of a diorite statue, which had evidently been smashed with all the carefulness which a malignant hatred could invent; 'the wrought granite has been mainly burnt and powdered; the surfaces of the statue were bruised to pieces before it was broken up; a block with a piece of the cartouche [the oval containing the king's name] on it had been used as a hammer, having a grove cut round it to hold a cord by which it was swung.'

Do not these evidences of a fixed purpose of destruction recall to our minds in a remarkable manner the words of Herodotus, who says that the Egyptians would not even pronounce the names of the kings who built the Great Pyramids, because they had aroused such a feeling of hatred that the very remembrance of them was detested? As Mr Petrie remarks, the details show that these acts of violence were committed long before the times of the Shepherd kings or of the Persians. The intense spite that is shown is more than that of a mere invader, and points to some revolution imbittered by religious or political feeling, such as may have taken place in the dark period between the seventh and the eleventh dynasties, of which so little is known, but which appears to have been a time of civil war and rival dynasties.

We will briefly sum up Mr Petrie's theory of the building of the Great Pyramid and the history of its closing, referring the reader to his book for the arguments and observations by which it is supported. He believes that the whole mass of limestone of which the Pyramid is built was brought from the quarries of Turra and Masara, on the other side of the Nile. The unskilled labour of transporting the stone and bringing it up to the Pyramid-field was performed by *corvées* during the three months of the inundation, when the peasantry are idle. One hundred thousand men—as Herodotus tells us—were employed at that time; while during the rest of the year a staff of skilled masons were busied in hewing the stone. Mr Petrie has discovered behind the Second Pyramid remains of the barracks which were used by the workmen while it was building; they would easily hold four thousand men. In this manner the Great Pyramid might have been built, as Herodotus says, in twenty years. Very much of the work was planned, course by course, on the ground; and after it was thus prepared, the unskilled labourers were probably employed, in the time of the inundation, in raising it into its place. This was done by the simple method of *rocking*, namely, 'resting the stones on two piles of wooden slabs, and rocking them up alternately to one side and to the other by means of a spar under the block, thus heightening the piles alternately, and so raising the stone. This would also agree with the mysterious description of a machine made of short pieces of wood.' The tools employed in working the granite which is used in the interior were 'bronze saws over eight feet long, set with jewels, tubular drills similarly set with jewels, and circular saws.' The jewel-points were either of diamond or corundum, most probably the latter. Mr Petrie has found cores evidently broken from a tubular drill-hole, which could only be explained by the use of a fixed jewel-point. Masses of masons' chips may still be seen to the north and south of the Pyramid, and are probably equal in bulk to more than half the building itself.

Our diagram of the Great Pyramid will explain Mr Petrie's surmises as to the history of its closing. The stone sarcophagus must have been placed in the King's Chamber before the roof was put on, as it is too big to have been brought along the passage. The large blocks which were used to close up the mouths of the Ascending Passage (B) must have stood on the floor of the Great Gallery (C) till they were wanted. The procession which brought in the body of Khufu—if he was really buried in the King's Chamber—must have passed over these blocks, or up the stone benches which line each side of the Great Gallery. Before or after the

funeral, the Queen's Chamber was closed, as the mouth of the passage leading to it had to be covered over with a continuous floor, in order that the blocks standing in the Great Gallery



A, Entrance Passage; B, Ascending Passage; C, Great Gallery; D, King's Chamber; E, Chambers of construction; F, Queen's Chamber; G, Shaft leading to subterranean passage; H, Subterranean chamber (unfinished); I, Descending Passage to subterranean chamber.

might be slid down to close the Ascending Passage. This having been done, the workmen retired by the shaft (G) leading to the subterranean chamber, and so up the Entrance Passage. This shaft Mr Petrie has shown to have been an afterthought, forced through the masonry of the Pyramid after it had been completed. The workmen probably closed up the shaft at each end by a plug-block not cemented in place. They went out by the proper door of the Pyramid, on whose construction Mr Petrie has thrown considerable light. Strabo says that the Great Pyramid, a little way up one side, has a stone which may be taken out, which being raised up, there is a sloping passage to the foundations. One of the Pyramids of Dahshur retains the casing round the doorway bearing signs of the kind of door described by Strabo—a stone flap, working on a horizontal hinge, which when closed would show no difference from the rest of the Pyramid-casing.

The secret of this door, and of the access to the King's Chamber by means of the shaft leading to the Great Gallery, would still be known at the time when the Pyramid was first violated, in the civil wars between the seventh and eleventh dynasties, so that no forcing of an entrance was necessary in order to enter the chamber and abstract the body from the sarcophagus; though probably at the same time the entrance to the Queen's Chamber was forced, and the statue of Khufu broken up and carried out to be smashed into chips on the hill opposite the door of the Pyramid. Subsequently to this, the secret of the shaft appears to have been forgotten; as it does not appear that in classical times people were able to do more than to enter by the door and descend to the subterranean chamber. In some mysterious manner, perhaps after the Arab conquest of Egypt, even the secret of the door was forgotten. The Calif Mamun forced a hole through the masonry, but was despairing of success, when the shaking made by his workmen caused a stone to fall, which concealed the plug-blocks at the bottom of the Ascending Passage. He then forced his way into the Entrance Passage, found the fallen stone, and ascertained that it covered the mouth of another passage. He worked round the impenetrable granite blocks, and entered the Ascending Passage. The way was then free to the Great Gallery and the King's Chamber, where of course he found the sarcophagus of Khufu empty. From that day to this the Pyramid has remained open to every intruder.

WALTER DREW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

On the morning after my arrival in London, in pursuance of my plans for finding a suitable field for my future labours, I betook myself to a medical agency. There was no lack of practices in the market. The list indeed was so heavy that I could not help marvelling that so many should be anxious to part with what I myself was so desirous of obtaining—that is, a 'profitable business in a flourishing and improving neighbourhood.' There was not a single ineligible opening in the whole lot. At length I arranged for a partnership in a large practice at Brompton; and only awaited the retirement of the outgoing partner to enter on the duties, which, however, I found could not be before a couple of months. I resolved, therefore, after paying my now overdue respects to Colonel Stanton, to return home to Brierleigh.

Early in the day after I had concluded my arrangements for the partnership, I sat in the coffee-room of the *Tavistock* reading two letters I had just received—one from my father, and one from my aunt. They were both on the same subject—my neglect to present myself to Colonel Stanton. My father wrote in his usual mild strain, saying that he had had a second letter from his friend, who informed him that he intended to leave London at once, on account of his daughter's health, which had suffered during the exertions and excitement of the season, and that he would be at Elmdrove in the course of a few days. My father added a slight expression of regret that I had delayed calling on the colonel, but supposed I had been legitimately engrossed with other matters. I looked at my watch, and resolved on ordering a cab at once. The bell-pull was in my hand, when the jocund voice of Walter Drew arrested it.

'Good-morning. Business or pleasure to-day, eh?'

I had seen a good deal of the young painter since the day we met at Shadrach's shop, and had come to entertain a warm liking for the clever, good-natured fellow. We had in no way sought one another's society, but had gravitated naturally towards one another. We often dined together, and now and then spent

an evening at the theatre in company, as on the night of my arrival. He evidently had the *entrée* to good society, for he referred occasionally to this or that 'crush' he had attended, to parties and balls at which he had been present, quoting the names of his hosts. I often wondered at his preference for a hotel life, and on one occasion hinted my surprise. With the usual magnificent frankness, he answered: 'I am too much of a Bohemian to be able to live *en famille* with strict propriety, and I hope too much of a gentleman to act the Bohemian before those I respect.' He spoke of his profession as a painter, of his immediate purposes and plans, even of his day-to-day movements, with all the openness of a child. But what struck me as strange was that he never referred to his family or connections, or in any way alluded, except episodically, to his own history. On reflection, I have concluded that my own desire to learn something of these subjects made me notice the omission, and that his silence upon them was due simply to the fact that they never crossed his mind. There was yet another matter which exercised me not a little in connection with him: when did he work at his profession? He turned up at all odd times and seasons, and looked as much at leisure one time as the other. His days were certainly not divided into hours, or his weeks into days, like other people's. In answer to a casual remark of mine, he once let drop that 'he worked only when the fit was on him, or when he stood in need of cash.' If this was not literally true—for I more than suspected that a genuine ambition now and then stirred his pulses—it tallied well enough with his actual habits to pass for such. *Where* he worked was still unanswered on the morning when he hailed me as described, in the coffee-room.

'Business or pleasure?' he again queried.

'Neither. I am just about to pay a visit of ceremony to a friend of my father's in Grosvenor Square.'

'Oh, you Goth! Would you perpetrate a solecism? Mayfair is still in its nightcap; you are too early by hours. And besides, as you are going into the country to-morrow, I want you to come and have a look at my workshop. I haven't been there myself for an age, and feel as if I couldn't face the den alone.—There, be a good fellow, and accompany me. I have some capital bottled stout there; and Flib—that's my rascal's name—will find you some oysters that can't be beaten in London. What say you?'

I knew my visit to Grosvenor Square was somewhat untimeous, and as I was beset with an indescribable curiosity to see the *atelier* of this man-of-the-world artist, it was with a mere show of hesitation that I agreed to his proposal. We were soon in the Strand, when Drew, hailing a passing hansom, as though time had suddenly become of importance, ordered cabby to drive with all his might to —— Street, in the neighbourhood of Euston Square. We were set down in front of a large house of respectable appearance, the door of which Drew opened with a latchkey, and immediately ushered me into a well-sized room at the end of the passage. This was his 'workshop,' by every unmistakable sign. He touched a bell-pull; and straightway appeared an undersized, cadaverous, but active-looking and quick-eyed lad, who silently assisted Drew to exchange his walking-coat and hat for a paint-stained blouse and smoking-cap. Following his master's eye, he next uncovered one of several canvases which stood on their easels, and set about arranging, as if by instinct, the necessary colours, brushes, &c., ready to the hand. The piece was a sketch of the trunk of a decayed oak. Casting a rapid glance over it, Drew proceeded to cover his palette. Meanwhile, on a signal to Flibbertigibbet, as he had dubbed his elf-like assistant, that silent youth brought in a table covered with a clean cloth, a tray with bottles, a couple of tankards, biscuits, and a corkscrew, cigars and lights, and a copy of the *Times*.

'Now, my dear fellow, when you feel tired looking round, you may either smoke, drink, or read the papers—all three were better. Flib will do the needful.' So saying, the artist turned to his work.

I elected for the present to look into the *Times*; but while snatching a stray item of news here and there, my interest was in reality centred upon the artist, who, with compressed lips and intent eyes, was rapidly covering the canvas with colour. I had never seen manipulation so swift and sure. In an incredibly short time, he had advanced the sketch as far as could be done till the colours again dried. At a hint to Flib, it was removed through folding-doors into a front-room which thus opened on to the studio. Another canvas was placed in position, and the appropriate materials set out as before. Before resuming work, however, Drew approached me with a smile, and proceeded to uncork a couple of bottles of stout, desiring me to pledge him. I then made some remark on the rapidity of his workmanship.

'Ah!' said he, with a sigh and a momentary earnestness of manner—'ah! that "fatal facility" has been my bane. Had I to plod, now, I should be more—more industrious; and if industrious, might produce something.—Bah! I will never be fit for anything but to make money for the Jews.—Good-health!' and he quaffed a tankard of stout with evident relish.

'Why, Drew, you ought to marry and settle down; it might supply the necessary stimulus.' I said this from sheer lack of anything more pertinent to say.

'Marry!' he answered slowly, while the hazel eyes looked softer, and the face lost its brightness in a far-off look, that sat strangely upon it—'marry! Ay, maybe, maybe.' Then he turned to his fresh canvas, and began to work with greater energy than before.

'He is in love,' thought I, and unconsciously sighed in sympathy with him.

'Hillo! are *you* in love, old fellow?' cried Drew, pausing. Our thoughts had evidently been keeping pace, just as though they had been given articulate expression.

'I confess.—And you?'

'Oh, ditto, you know.—But, I say, ain't I a pretty fellow to be in that fix?' He laughed one of his merriest laughs, and resumed his labours with vigour, humming the while the tag of an old ballad.

I was soon lost in a reverie, induced by these

glimpses of an inner life in this remarkable man; and began to speculate on the probable share his rearing and education might have had in making him the wayward, purposeless, drifting Bohemian he certainly was; though endowed with powers of no ordinary kind, and with much that I felt was manly and honourable in his nature and aspirations.

'Do you know, Charlton,' he said presently, again answering my thoughts, as if by some clairvoyant intuition, 'I have never envied any man anything but the quiet, orderly upbringing which you and most fellows have had? I have never missed any other thing, and—and perhaps that's the reason. It seems strange I have never had a home. My father died abroad, when I was quite a little chap. I only saw him a few times in all; my poor mother, never. My titled relatives placed me at school, but took no further notice of me, except to invite me to spend part of my holidays at their houses now and then. My father's only sister was in India with her husband. She, I feel sure, took a warm interest in me; for I was regularly visited by her agent in England; but still I had no home. On my leaving Oxford, my uncle, the present Earl of ——, expressed a wish that I should enter the army, in which event he would assist me in every reasonable way. But I had small reason to love him; and besides, the insane idea that I was born to be a great painter had already possessed me; so I declined. The only being who ever yearned towards me died in India. Had she lived, I might have been weaned of my nomadic habits by degrees; but it was not to be. Her husband, who is now in London, is the prince of good fellows, and would welcome me to his home as a son; but I should feel there like a fish out of water. —Heigh-ho, imagine such as I am turning Benedict!'

He had not ceased work while speaking. The piece, a sea-view in the Hebrides, grew rapidly under his dexterous touches. I could find no suitable terms in which to express my sympathy with what he had said—commonplaces would have been cruel. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to look the friendly interest I really felt. Drew caught my expression, and the soft far-off look came once more into his fine eyes. He gave a few more touches to the picture, and once more rang for Flib. That imp appeared like a flash.

'Put things straight here, Flib,' said Drew. 'Here is money to pay for the rent and your week's board.—Ha! you want some for yourself, you rascal.—There; keep sober, mind. I shall be here to-morrow same time.'

Flib executed a series of acrobat-like movements about the room, then, with a valedictory tug at his forelock, disappeared.

'Come now, Mr Charlton,' said the artist when he had resumed his walking attire; 'I will show you one or two of the things I hope to get "hung" some day.'

He conducted me into the front-room, where a pretty large assortment of canvases stood on the floor; while two large unframed paintings hung on the wall. Drew nodded towards the latter, by way of introducing them to my notice. The one was an historical piece; the other, a weird-looking study of a Highland tarn during a thunderstorm. Both possessed great merit; and I expressed my admiration in somewhat enthusiastic language, but received no response from the artist. I glanced at him, and was struck with the conviction that he had not been listening. There was a look of preoccupation about him—an air as of a man struggling with an impulse to say something which his judgment disapproved. After pacing up and down the room several times, he stopped full in front of me, his soft felt hat tilted off his broad forehead, and his hands stuck into the pockets of his waistcoat—a favourite attitude of his, by the way.

'I say, Charlton, I told you I had never coveted anything but a home. Well, I was wrong; for I have never had a friend. I mean of course a fellow of my own age. Few have a wider circle of acquaintances among such, than I have; and numbers of them, to do them justice, would, I believe, be ready to act the part of real friends at a pinch. But then, they all fight shy of such a self-ostracised fellow as I am. Because I keep aloof from my family connections, they think there is a screw loose with me somewhere, no doubt. Or perhaps in some cases it may be my apparent want of a career that makes the steady ones think me unsafe. Whatever the causes, I am without a friend. And now you are going away, I shall miss the chance I had hoped for, of at last making one.'

I have already admitted that I was strangely attracted to him; and now, though far from impulsive or effusive by nature, I found myself impelled to do what I then and there did. I grasped his hand cordially, but silently, in both of mine; his eyes were moist as he returned the pressure.

Drew once more moved about the room in a thoughtful way for a time. He stopped before a couple of easels the canvases on which were carefully shrouded, as if with the purpose of unveiling them, and then as suddenly appeared to change his mind. His movement attracted my attention. Drew, observing this, gave a cheery laugh, and said: 'Why, what an ass you must think me, Charlton! Here am I afraid to show you a pair of pretty faces, as though the act were sacrilege. Come, old fellow, I will have no half-hearted confidences. But there—shade your eyes!' said he with a most comical look, as he undid the strings of the wrappings round one of the pictures.

'Are you ready?—There!' and he deftly but tenderly revealed—the face of Miss Winter!

The caution to shade my eyes seemed not altogether unnecessary: my amazement had struck me not only blind, but dumb. I felt confused, excited. I knew Drew was regarding me with subdued surprise. Rallying myself, I tried to smile, but could not. Vexed, and determined to command myself, I remarked, without knowing what I said: 'Very like, indeed—a wonderful likeness.'

'What? You know Miss Winter, then?' said Drew in a quick tone.

'Yes—no: that is, I have met her,' I replied

in a more composed voice, conscious now of my ridiculous embarrassment.

'Then you perhaps know my cousin as well?' he said, approaching the second picture and proceeding to uncover it. It was not a presentiment, but a conviction that possessed me that I should now see the portrait of the fair unknown, limned by my newly acquired friend's hand. I watched his fingers as they unfastened the covering, and fancied they trembled a little. I was now quite collected and observant. Yes; there at last shone out the beautiful face, faithfully and tenderly portrayed. It was no hasty sketch, done by an indifferent or capricious hand, but a likeness into which all the painter's heart and soul had been thrown. A strange fear began to creep over my heart, rendering me mute. Was this the object of my friend's passion? His cousin! It was strange that, with the secret now within my grasp, I did not inquire her name. Drew evidently mistook my silence for non-recognition.

'Ah! you don't seem to know Alice. Is it not a divine face?' he said with a slight sigh, which, in my sensitive frame of mind, I construed into an expression of relief.

I was still silent; but I began slowly to feel that silence was a sin—that concealment of any kind was unmanly, and faithless to the still warm vow of friendship I had taken.

'This is your cousin then, Walter? Yes; I *have* seen her in Miss Winter's company.' I looked straight into the hazel eyes as I spoke. They expressed nothing but unalloyed pleasure at the statement. I felt a load slowly lifted from my heart.

'I am glad of that, do you know? I am sure you will like her when I introduce you, which of course I shall do some day. Had you not told me you were already in love, I should feel awfully jealous.'

My heart almost ceased to beat again, yet I asked frankly: 'Is this—is it your cousin you love?'

'Why, Charlton, I have been in love with her ever since she wore short dresses and lived at a boarding-school in Kensington, while her parents were in India. But, do you know I always preferred a dark beauty?—What is the matter? My dear fellow, are you ill?'

'No; it is nothing,' I answered. 'A little faintness only. Let us get outside.'

I do not remember the route by which we reached our hotel; all I know is, that I walked and felt like a man who has suddenly left the light and is bewildered. The sudden extinction of a glowing hope, and the shrouding of the mind in black despair, has its counterpart in our physical experience more complete and congruous than most analogies can boast. Our arrival at the *Tavistock* roused me somewhat. We chatted long and pleasantly of various matters. Drew was more serious than usual, and therefore failed to observe any added seriousness in my own manner. It was late ere we parted. While still grasping his hand, I said, smiling: 'By the way, I forgot to ask your cousin's name?'

'Oh, to be sure. Alice Stanton!'

Alice Stanton! That only was needed to complete the circle of surprises in which I had been whirling ever since I came to London. And yet, now that the story was complete in every chapter, I was struck with my own want of penetration in not having pieced it together earlier. The colonel's reference in his letter to his nephew, an artist; Drew's own story of his life; the Christian name of his cousin, which he had mentioned at the studio! It was all plain and coherent to the smallest detail. Still, I had not been reading a romance, and had not, therefore, been called upon to forecast, which makes a difference. It was all clear enough now, however. Alice Stanton!

Next morning, I rose late, wearied in body and mind, made an indifferent breakfast, and prepared for my journey back to dear old Brierleigh. I could not now face the idea of calling on Colonel Stanton; indeed, it was probably already too late to find him in London. I sat down and wrote him a note, in which I expressed my regret that business had so fully occupied my time as to prevent my paying him my respects until his purpose of going into the country had rendered my visit either inopportune or useless, and added, that I should have much pleasure in making the *amende* by coming to Elmdrove Manor on an early day. In a postscript, I said I had just discovered his nephew to be a friend for whom I had a great regard.

THE LIGHTS USED BY TRAWLING-VESSELS.

THE trawlers around our coasts number as many as eighteen thousand, and in their trade is employed a capital of about fifteen million pounds sterling. With the conspicuous exceptions of the mackerel and the herring, they supply us with nearly all our fish; and thus their importance cannot easily be overrated. Now, it appears that these men suffer from a genuine grievance. The lights which they are enjoined by law to use upon their vessels are, in their opinion, fraught with much danger; while, if they use the lights which they believe to be the safest and most convenient of any yet devised, they do that which is illegal, and are consequently not in a position to recover damages when it happens that they are the innocent and suffering parties in collisions at sea. It is, however, satisfactory to know that an assurance has been recently wrenched from officials of the government which justifies the supposition that this embarrassing state of things will not continue much longer.

The trawlers desire that they should carry a white masthead light, supplemented when necessary by a red flare; while the existing law requires the use of coloured side-lights or of a duplex, or, more correctly speaking, kaleidoscope lantern. It is a case in which the Board of Trade has been unable to harmonise the various interests concerned. On the one hand the trawlers have asked that they may use a certain light; and on the other, various interests have stepped in and said: 'No; do not let them have that light; it will be prejudicial to ourselves.' The Board of Trade has adopted a line of action which was meant to accommodate varying wishes, but which has failed to claim the sympathy of those directly concerned—the trawlers. The coloured side-lights enjoined

by law are peculiarly the lights of a vessel under control; and, as has been pointed out, a trawling smack with its fishing-gear down does not come under this definition, but is a vessel which drifts more or less with currents and the tide. Thus, an approaching ship would be misled, and, believing the craft ahead to be at the command of her helmsman, might steer to pass close by her, and thereby court collision and disaster. On the other hand, the pilots have come forward and emphatically protested against the use by the trawlers of the white masthead light, on account of its being their own special light; while, on different grounds, a large proportion of the mercantile marine and of shipowners, and several foreign countries have adopted a similar line of action.

Perhaps a brief history of the question may not be without interest. About the year 1875, the English trawlers found out for the first time that they were in a very unpleasant position. They learned, from cases tried at law, that the white lights they were using on their smacks were not legal lights, and that, consequently, they could not recover damages from the owner of any vessel which ran into them at sea. Under the leadership of Mr Edward Birkbeck, M.P., they immediately commenced an agitation to get the law amended. Meetings were held, petitions were signed, and deputations waited upon the government. One of the results of this agitation was that in 1880 a Select Committee of the House of Commons sat and considered the question of trawlers' lights. They recommended that trawlers should continue to carry the white masthead light they had been accustomed to. On the 31st of May 1881, Mr Birkbeck moved in parliament, 'That, in the opinion of the House, it is expedient that the recommendations of the Select Committee of last session on fishing-vessels' lights be carried out, in accordance with the Report of the Committee, so far as it affects trawlers' lights.' He pointed out that the red masthead light, which it had been suggested should be carried by trawling-smacks, would very much increase the risk of collision, as it would be impossible to see it, even in the best circumstances, at more than two miles' distance; while the posting of a white light somewhere on the gunwale—as had also been proposed—would be practically an impossibility. In replying to Mr Birkbeck, Mr Chamberlain said he could not agree that the Report of the Select Committee was to be regarded as a final settlement of the question. He asked that the motion should be withdrawn, and promised that, if this were done, the matter should be thoroughly considered. Mr Birkbeck accordingly withdrew his motion.

Months passed by, and no action was taken by government which satisfied the trawlers. On the 24th of July 1884, a deputation on the troublesome question waited on Mr Chamberlain, who then said that he should be happy to consider any solution of the difficulty which might come from the trawlers themselves. Acting upon the hint thus thrown out, they very shortly proposed to the Board of Trade that they should carry a white masthead light, supplemented when necessary by a red flare. At this point, a difficulty was raised in official quarters. The red flare, it was urged, could not safely be used, as it was liable to spontaneous combustion. A lengthy scientific inquiry, however, proved this to be a mistake. On the 30th of December, during the parliamentary vacation, the government took a decided step in the matter—they supplemented the coloured side-lights which trawling-smacks had to carry, by the duplex or kaleidoscope lantern. But this was a change which did not commend itself in any very great degree to the trawlers; and on the 16th of April last, a further deputation—consisting of fishermen from Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Plymouth, Brixham, Ramsgate, Scarborough, Hull, Grimsby, London, and other ports—waited upon Mr Chamberlain, and once more asked him to legalise the white masthead light, supplemented when necessary by the red flare. Mr Chamberlain this time replied emphatically that he could not take such a step, as it would be opposed by a large section of the mercantile marine, by the pilots, by a considerable proportion of shipowners, and by certain foreign countries. He, however, frankly admitted that the lights which the law at the present time rendered necessary were 'dangerous and inconvenient,' and said he was most anxious to meet the wishes of the deputation and secure to the trawlers a distinctive light. Such a light, he said, should distinguish a trawler from a pilot; should distinguish a vessel under weigh from one at anchor, or a light on shore; and should also, if possible, show in what direction a trawler was going. He suggested that a conference should take place—and as speedily as possible—between about half-a-dozen representatives of the trawlers' trade and the officials of the Board of Trade, with a view to arriving at some decision that would give general satisfaction. When that conference met, on the 14th of May last, there was an agreeable surprise in store for the trawlers. Despite what Mr Chamberlain had said to the deputation, the Board at once, through Sir Thomas Farrer, announced that they were prepared to recommend the legalisation of a white masthead light, to be used with a red flare, the duration of which was to be not less than thirty seconds, and which was to be employed, on the approach of any vessel, in sufficient time to prevent a collision.

THE ELEPHANT-TAMER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. II.—THE ELEPHANT-TAMER'S CHILD.

NEXT morning, Bux Khán entered on his duties as the mahout of the elephant Shaitán. According to his prediction, Shaitán, after the severe lesson it had received, remained quiet and made no attempt to attack him. The animal would not, however, allow any one else to approach it; and an unfortunate fodder coolie, who carelessly went within its reach while throwing it a bundle of grass, received a blow from its trunk that sent him to the hospital for several days. Bux Khán had consequently himself to do all the work connected with the elephant—to feed and bathe it, and to dress its sores and to clean

out its stable. He took it every day to work; and it wrought steadily and quietly, without evincing the slightest disposition to attack any of the other elephants. In fact Shaitán became to all intents and purposes a perfectly steady, hard-working elephant, with the single fault, that it was extremely dangerous for any person but its mahout to go near it.

The feat that Bux Khán had performed in subduing Shaitán made him, in the eyes of all who were employed at the kheddah, a sort of hero. None of them, however, could understand the strange power he seemed to exercise over the savage brute. Many of them attributed it to magic. An impudent fodder coolie ventured to ask him one day what was the charm he employed. But so fierce was the scowl with which the Afghan responded to the question, that the man turned hastily away, and never afterwards dared to speak to him. The peculiar temper and disposition of the elephant-tamer only served to confirm the opinion of his fellows that there was something uncanny about him. He was very taciturn, never speaking except on matters of business. Frequently, though addressed in a friendly manner, he would make no reply. When not at work, he would sit smoking for hours near his elephant, with his eyes on the ground, silent and motionless, and apparently oblivious of all surroundings. He would not associate with any of his fellow-mahouts, but cooked his own meals and ate them by himself. Bux Khán, however, won golden opinions from Captain Eaton by the way he did his work. Shaitán rapidly improved in condition and temper, and became as valuable and useful an animal as any in the kheddah.

About three days after his installation as Shaitán's mahout, Bux Khán applied one afternoon for an hour's leave of absence. On his return, he brought with him a little boy, about five years old, who was evidently his son, though as unlike him in many respects as it was possible to be. The child was exceedingly pretty, of a bright olive complexion, with an oval face, regular features, great soft black eyes, and long, dark curling hair, descending to his shoulders. He was dressed in bright-coloured clothes, and wore gold bangles and anklets. As Bux Khán entered the kheddah carrying the child, its beauty immediately attracted the attention of the people standing near, and many friendly remarks were made and salutations uttered. The Afghan, however, made no reply, and took no notice of anybody, but carried the child straight to his hut at the back of Shaitán's stable. There he remained undisturbed, every person in the kheddah having by this time learned better than to thrust his company or conversation on the elephant-tamer unbidden.

It very soon became evident that Bux Khán was passionately fond of his child, and also exceedingly jealous of any attentions paid to it. He resented unmistakably any attempt on the part of strangers to patronise or pet the child, and would not allow it to play with the other children in the kheddah, of whom there were many. He rarely let it out of his sight, and tended it as carefully and gently as a mother her first-born. The child was as fond of him as he of it, and would lie in his lap as he sat smoking, pulling his beard with its little hands and laughing in his face with childish glee. At such times, something like the ghost of a grim smile would pass over the elephant-tamer's rigid features, only to be exchanged for a dark frown, should any stranger pass by and witness the little scene.

Something which happened one day effectually put a stop to any further disposition on the part of the people in the kheddah to take notice of the child. Observing one of the elephant-attendants to be gazing very earnestly at the child as it was playing about, Bux Khán immediately concluded he was casting an evil eye on it. Starting to his feet, the Afghan seized a heavy cudgel and rushed at the man. Luckily for himself, the fellow was a nimble runner, and succeeded in escaping unhurt. The matter was reported to Captain Eaton, and he was at first disposed to punish Bux Khán for the unprovoked attack; but afterwards decided to pass it over, as the man attacked had not been hurt, and he thought it would do more harm than good to take notice of it. Nothing was known of the mother of the child; but there was a dark rumour current in the kheddah that Bux Khán had in a fit of jealousy murdered his wife, a young girl to whom he had been devotedly attached, and had since gone mad with remorse. One thing was certain, no one ventured to question him on the subject.

Several weeks passed away, and Captain Eaton had seen no reason to change the good opinion he had formed of the elephant-tamer. He was by far the best mahout in the kheddah; and his sobriety, steadiness, and regularity made him a model to all the others. His good conduct soon brought him an unexpected reward.

For some time past, Eaton had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the jemadar, his headman. He was getting very old, and being of an easy, kindly disposition, had allowed many irregularities to creep into the daily work at the kheddah, the consequence being that discipline was much relaxed. Another thing that troubled Captain Eaton was, that a batch of elephants had recently arrived at the kheddah from Lower Bengal, the mahouts and coolies in charge of which were the worst he had ever had to deal with. They were most of them low-caste Hindus, and were a noisy, drunken, turbulent lot, ever giving trouble, and taxing Eaton's patience to the utmost. Drunken orgies, followed by fights, had of late been of frequent occurrence; while several of the men being confirmed bang-smokers, were often incapable of work. Complaints of petty thefts in the kheddah had also become common. Captain Eaton had dismissed one or two and flogged others without improving matters much, and was now at his wits' end. He determined to pension off the old jemadar and appoint another man in his place, on whom he could rely to assist him in restoring order and discipline; nor had he far to look. In Bux Khán he had a man to his hand, whom all respected or feared, and whose giant strength, cool courage, and iron nature fitted him above all others to rule turbulent

and reckless characters. Though there were several elderly mahouts who, by right of seniority and good conduct, were entitled to the post of jemadar, Eaton was not long in making up his mind to appoint the Afghan. Having decided on this step, he sent for him at once.

'Bux Khán,' he said, when the elephant-tamer presented himself, 'I have sent for you to tell you that I am greatly pleased with the way in which you have conducted yourself since you entered my service.'

Bux Khán salaamed, but made no reply.

'I am therefore about to reward you, and to raise you to a post of great responsibility and trust: I intend to make you jemadar.'

Bux Khán salaamed again, but without any expression of surprise or pleasure.

'You know the trouble we have had recently with those Bengalees; I shall rely on you to put down all disturbances and irregularities.'

'Sahib!' replied Bux Khán, not boastfully, but with quiet conviction, 'I am one whom men obey. I will keep those Hindu dogs in order.'

So the elephant-tamer was made jemadar; and the wisdom of the appointment was soon manifest. At first, there was some natural grumbling and discontent; but it was soon recognised that Bux Khán was in his right place. So great was the respect all had for him, and so strong was the feeling among the bad characters of the kheddah that it was a proceeding of no ordinary peril to disobey or thwart the new jemadar, that in a few days the turbulent were overawed, the drunkards and bang-smokers frightened into keeping sober, and the petty thieves induced to drop their objectionable habits.

Something happened, however, one day to make Captain Eaton regret for the moment that he had made Bux Khán jemadar. He was standing in the hospital shed superintending an operation which was being performed on an elephant; and close by, within twenty or thirty yards, stood Shaitán in its stable. In front of it, but out of its reach, Bux Khán's little son was playing about, but, strange to say, Bux Khán himself was not in sight. He had suddenly been called away to attend to some important duty, and for once had let his child out of his sight, when suddenly one of the men who was assisting at the operation exclaimed: 'Sahib, Sahib! look at the child! Allah preserve it!'

Looking quickly up, Captain Eaton saw, to his horror, that Bux Khán's child had in his play approached within reach of Shaitán. Almost before he could realise the danger, he saw Shaitán stride forward to the full length of his chains, and stretching out his trunk, seize the child round the body. The child was but a mere feather-weight to the elephant, and with one twist of its powerful trunk, it threw him into the air over its shoulder into the stable behind. The little fellow fell on to a heap of fodder, and Shaitán was turning round to seize him, when Captain Eaton rushed to the child's rescue.

He was only just in time. Leaning up against the stable wall was an elephant-spear, with which he gave the brute a thrust, causing it to turn on him, and with one blow to strike the spear out of his hands. Before the elephant could strike again, Captain Eaton darted past it, and seizing the child by the arm, tried to drag him out of the stable. As he stooped to grasp the child's arm, the elephant kicked out violently, and the gallant rescuer was hurled heavily against the stable wall. He fortunately fell in such a position that Shaitán could not easily get at him. Nevertheless, the brute made a thrust sideways at him with its tusks, one of which passed through the loose part of his coat, grazing his side. Before Shaitán could repeat the thrust, a spear, thrown by one of the men who had hastened to their master's assistance, struck the ferocious animal. With a roar of pain, the brute threw its head up, whereupon Eaton seized the opportunity to roll sideways out of its reach, dragging the child with him. Having failed in its murderous intentions, Shaitán, after rumbling with rage for a few moments, commenced to eat again, as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile, the captain had carried the child to his office and examined him to see if he was hurt. To his surprise, he found him uninjured. His having fallen on the bundle of fodder, when the elephant threw him into the air, had saved the child from breaking any bones.

That evening, as Captain Eaton sat smoking in his veranda after dinner, Bux Khán stalked in, and standing before him, salaamed deeply two or three times without saying a word; then touching his master's knees and feet, and afterwards his own forehead, he salaamed again, and walked silently away. And the Englishman knew better than if Bux Khán had spent an hour in protestations, that he had in the jemadar a devoted follower, bound to him by the tie of a gratitude deep and lasting.

This new outbreak of Shaitán's decided Captain Eaton to get rid of it at once, as too dangerous an animal to keep in the kheddah. He determined to shoot it next day. But he was saved the trouble. Early next morning, before he went to his office, an old mahout presented himself at the bungalow. 'Will the Sahib please come down to the kheddah at once?' he said. 'We have something to show him.'

'What is the matter?'

'Shaitán is dead,' replied the man.

'Dead! What did he die of?'

'He has been killed,' was the reply.

Captain Eaton at once hurried down to the kheddah, and went straight to Shaitán's stable. There lay the elephant on its side dead, in a great pool of blood. An examination showed that it had received two deep thrusts behind the left fore-leg, both of which must have penetrated its heart. The spear with which the wounds had evidently been inflicted was lying on the floor of the stable. There was no occasion to ask who had done the deed. There was but one man in the kheddah who had sufficient strength and courage, as every one knew, and that was Bux Khán, the jemadar. He had clearly, during the night, taken vengeance on the elephant for its attack on his child. Eaton at once sent for him and taxed him with the offence. The

Afghan did not attempt to deny it, and his face darkened and his eyes gleamed as he said grimly: 'It is true, Sahib; *I* killed it.'

Captain Eaton spoke severely to him, pointing out to him the gravity of the offence he had committed; but in his heart he sympathised with the man, and was glad the dangerous creature had thus been disposed of. Bux Khán listened silently, and made no attempt to exculpate himself. It was well for him that the death of the elephant had already been decided on. He had merely forestalled the order which would have been given next day, and was consequently lightly punished by a trifling fine. Had any other man than Bux Khán been the offender, he would not only have been dismissed, but probably have been committed to jail. The jemadar was too valuable a man, however, to lose; and his English master was glad of any excuse to pass over the matter. He took care, however, to let every one employed at the kheddah know the reason for his leniency, warning them at the same time that any attempt to kill or injure any elephant in the future would be visited with the severest punishment.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TOUGHENED GLASS.

We learn from a contemporary that since the time when De la Bastie introduced his toughened glass, Mr F. Siemens, of Dresden, has not ceased to prosecute his investigations in connection with the tempering of glass. That substance is, as is too well known by some, very brittle, although hard; but if it could also be rendered tough, it would be immensely more useful than it is at present. De la Bastie found that by heating the glass to a certain temperature and immersing it in oil he increased its hardness and produced some degree of toughness; but the process was wrong in principle, because the 'metal' was put into a state of tension, and a slight scratch often led to the sudden dissolution of the article, which exploded into a thousand fragments. Mr Siemens heats his glass in a radiation furnace and cools it between metal plates in a press, by which means he enormously increases its strength, and, if desired, can make it so hard that a diamond will not abrase its surface. Only glass of the best quality can be so treated; but another process, called semi-hardening, in which the glass is cooled in the open air while held in an iron casing, yields a product having about three times the strength of the ordinary article. The most important discovery, however, is one which promises to provide a field of usefulness for the enormous heaps of blast-furnace slag which have been accumulating in this country for many years; for Mr Siemens has succeeded in producing railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, &c., in hard cast-glass, simply by running the molten 'metal' into moulds which have the same specific heat and conductivity as the glass itself.

It is obvious that if glass can be robbed of its brittleness and rendered tough as well as hard, its freedom from oxidation would make it a very useful material indeed. Many attempts have been made to utilise the slag-heaps in Cleveland, but at present they are of no commercial value. It is not impossible that the persistent efforts of Mr Siemens may point out the way to effect an industrial revolution in connection with the iron manufacture by utilising the slag as it runs from the blast-furnaces.

A LAUGHING PLANT.

This is not a flower that laughs, but one that creates laughter, if the printed stories of travellers are to be believed. It grows in Arabia, and is called the laughing plant because its seeds produce effects like those produced by laughing-gas. The flowers are of a bright yellow, and the seed-pods are soft and woolly, while the seeds resemble black beans, and only two or three grow in a pod. The natives dry and pulverise them; and the powder, if taken in small doses, makes the soberest person behave like a circus clown or a madman; for he will dance, sing, and laugh, and cut the most fantastic capers, and be in an uproariously ridiculous condition for about an hour. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor of these antics falls asleep; and when he awakes, he has not the slightest remembrance of his frisky doings.—*Vick's Floral Magazine* (American).

A NOVELETTE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A second's touch
Of hands—not much;
But listen:
A maiden sighs,
And see! her eyes,
They glisten!

A thrilling dance,
A killing glance,
A capture:
A snowy glove,
The pledge of love—
O rapture!

A twilight shade,
Where plans are made:
Delightful!
A fond embrace;
A prying face—
How spiteful!

A swift good-bye,
A stifled sigh:
Conjecture.
A mother's room,
A daughter's gloom:
A lecture.

CHAPTER II.

A hurried flight,
A darksome night
That covers:
A heartfelt prayer,
Breathed by a pair
Of lovers.

A sacred aisle,
An angel's smile,
A marriage;
A vow for life,
A happy wife,
A carriage.

CHAPTER III.

A mother's tears,
A father's sneers:
'Forget her!'
A postman's knock,
A dreaded shock:
A letter.

A new-found son,
Two parents won:
A dower!
A little cad—
Their nephew—sad
And sour.

CHAPTER IV.

A baby-boy,
Ma's precious joy,
Is sleeping:
A little girl,
Pa's priceless pearl
Is peeping.

A happy pair
Upon one chair
Conversing:
While grandpapa
And grandmamma
Are nursing!

J. R. Scott.

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HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

YOUNG AND OLD.

In treating the question of nursing, we have hitherto confined our attention to those general rules which are applicable to all forms of illness; we now propose dealing with a few of the more marked and special varieties of condition and disease.

As regards condition, the question of a patient's age plays a prominent part, and what would pass muster as ordinary care in the case of an adult, might be actual neglect in dealing with a child; for not only are children more delicate and sensitive, but they are also at a great disadvantage, in being unable to give proper expression to their feelings of suffering; and though, when a child complains of pain, we are quite sure the complaint is genuine, this is often about all the information inexperience can gather. In regard to infants, the difficulty is even greater, for almost the only guide we have is in a change of cry; and though most mothers quickly learn to distinguish between the cries of ordinary passing pain, of hunger, and of temper, there are few who can distinguish those subtler differences in a persistently altered cry, which to trained ears tell their own tale. But the most inexperienced may understand this, that if a changed cry continues, extra watching is needed; and should a warm bath fail to give relief and restore smiles, it will be safer to call in medical aid. In this connection, I cannot too earnestly warn mothers and nurses against the dangerous practice of perpetually dosing their children. In more than one nursery I could name, it is the rule, as soon as a child is 'tiresome,' to punish it with a dose of medicine, from which it turns in loathing, and about which the mother knows as little as she does of the wonderful and complex structure she is thus maltreating. Home-doctoring is bad enough when practised on the comparatively strong frame of an adult; but the delicate, finely poised mechanism of child-life may be so affected by the injudicious use of powerful drugs, that the innocent sufferer shall pay a lasting penalty for the presumptuous ignorance of its home-doctor.

Broadly speaking, if a child is ill enough to need medicine, it* is ill enough to need a doctor; but at the same time, a mother of ordinary intelligence may easily learn so much of the laws of health as, by judicious diet, exercise, clothing, and bathing, to avoid much unnecessary suffering in the nursery.

It is not within our present province to speak of the management of children in health; but in their case, acute disease is liable to run such a quick course, that warnings of danger should never go unheeded. There is one set of symptoms so grave, that even the most inexperienced may take warning of the near approach of danger. When an ordinarily lively child becomes suddenly, or gradually, listless and dull, turns away from its toys, and seeks only some place on which to rest its weary head, there is distinct threatening of trouble, and no time should be lost in seeking medical help. In such cases, it sometimes happens that a child will be much easier if held in the arms than if put to bed, where it loses the sense of comfort derived from a supporting arm. Should this necessity arise, it will greatly help a nurse if she can obtain a hammock-chair, an excellent invention, so contrived that the angle can be altered at will, and which, moreover, *gives* to the figure in such a way as to insure ease and support. Failing this, a low rocking-chair may be used, which, by the aid of a footstool or second chair, will allow the nurse to keep in a semi-recumbent position, which of itself is a great relief. It is also a comfort to have the weight of the child taken off, by passing a towel or shawl round the supporting arm and its burden, and then fastening the ends round the opposite corner of the nurse's chair.

* The word 'it' is here used for convenience-sake, and applies, of course, alike to male and female children.

Should the case be lengthened, or the nurse feel herself unequal to what is certainly trying work, she can best help her patient by placing it in bed, supported by one of those netted hammocks we referred to in a former paper. This will give a feeling of security; and by careful watching, the nurse should be able, at the instant of waking, to take its little hands in hers and speak soothing words, which shall dispel its terrors. If the face is a well-known one, the effect will be greater; and for this reason, home-nursing has a decided advantage; but where there is no excessive fright, it might almost be said that in the majority of cases most children have a better chance with any sensible stranger, than with mother or nursemaid; children are so very quick to find out who has to be obeyed, and are equally sharp in discovering the advantage to be taken of love unbalanced by wisdom. I have seen a small child, threatened with bronchitis, refuse to allow mother or nurse to give her her medicine, or the prescribed hot bath; and instead of being well wrapped up and poulticed, she insisted upon being carried about on a chilly night without extra covering; yet, with a kindly stranger, the same child became a model of propriety, and took her medicine without a murmur.

In home-nursing, there is sometimes difficulty in keeping a child who is not very ill, in bed; and I have heard it gravely said: 'Yes, I know Tommy ought to be in bed; the doctor was saying so this morning; but it's no good, for he won't keep there.' Imagine the work of a hospital ward, if the small patients wouldn't stay in bed! The plan in such places is, to let all the children who are well enough sit up in bed, well wrapped up, and with their toys on a sliding tray, pushed close up to them; and I would advise those mothers who spoil and pamper their children in illness, to pay a visit to any hospital, and see how happily even the tiniest will amuse themselves for hours, though the chances are ten to one those same children would whine and fret to any extent if by so doing they could draw attention to every whim and fancy. This applies, of course, to milder cases only. In serious illness, the child's utter helplessness demands the greatest care and watchfulness; and it must never be forgotten that a child is exquisitely sensitive to external influences, so that all we have said as to cleanliness, &c., applies with double force to the nursing and tending of children. It must also be remembered that the skin is very delicate, and many a child has been terrified beyond expression by a too hot application; indeed, so true is this, that *no* counter-irritant should be used to a child without express orders from a doctor. In preparing a poultice even, a nurse should be very careful not to apply it as she would to an adult, and she should test its heat by her own face. If using for the first time, it will be well to put a piece of flannel between the poultice and the skin, removing it as the child becomes accustomed to the warmth. As a rule, the comfort of the poultice will soon be felt, and there will be no difficulty over a second application.

The same difficulty sometimes occurs in giving a warm bath. I have known children shriek the whole time, and struggle so violently, that no possible good could result from what, properly managed, should be soothing and comforting. The trouble may arise from the memory of a too hot bath, or the rising steam may frighten a timid child. The best way of dealing with such cases is to prepare the bath out of sight, cover with a blanket, and gently lower the child into it, offering it at the same time a toy or cork to swim in the water; and it will be strange indeed if you have further trouble. But it is necessary, even with these precautions, to be very careful in getting the bath to the right temperature; this should be done by the use of a thermometer, according to the doctor's orders. Should a bath be needed in a hurry, the heat should be tested by the arm or elbow, never by the hand alone, which is far less sensitive than protected skin.

One word of warning in regard to the administration of remedies to children. If the nurse is asked whether the medicine is nasty or the blister will hurt, let the answer be the plain truth: 'It is disagreeable, but it will do you good,' and there may well be added the inducement of a harmless sweet or biscuit, if the medicine is well taken or the pain bravely borne. Apart from considerations of right and wrong, nothing is gained by attempting to deceive a child; you may succeed the first time, you certainly will not the second; and once lose a child's confidence, and you have lost your greatest hold upon it; whilst, if the child is quite sure you will not deceive it, it will trust you afterwards. Happy the nurse who so wins the love of her little charge, that an approving kiss or shake of the head shall be sufficient reward, or punishment.

In contrast to the special difficulties of nursing children, stand those which have reference to the aged. One or two things must be borne in mind in nursing old people. It generally happens that the faculties become more or less impaired, and the nurse must do her best to supply the deficiencies. With the deaf, she must cultivate a clear way of speaking, and be quick to prevent misunderstandings between her patient and his visitors. With dimmed sight, she must be careful to place everything that he will be likely to need within the patient's reach. And when the taste is affected, extra care will be needed in choosing and flavouring—as far as possible—in accordance with what looks like fancifulness. Elderly people and chronic cases often suffer from cold feet, and a good nurse will anticipate her patient's wants, and, by occasionally putting her hand under the clothes, will easily detect the approach of chilliness. A hot bottle, brick, or tin is generally used for cold feet; but in sickness, I much prefer an india-rubber bag, which is softer and more mouldable. Either variety should be provided with a flannel cover, which can be removed and washed.

In paralysis, insensibility, or great weakness, I advise the use of a good large piece of flannel, in preference to either of the above—to warm it, hold it out before a brisk fire till one side is thoroughly hot; then double it, hold it again to the fire, then fold again, so as to inclose the side just warmed. Repeat the process till the flannel is quite small; open at the bedside, and

you will find a thoroughly comfortable application, which will retain the heat for a considerable time.

Chronic cases are very trying to a nurse's spirits, health, and temper; and if possible, no unprofessional should continue such work uninterruptedly for any length of time. In all long-continued illness, there is a tendency towards the patient's becoming fretful and selfish; and in addition to ordinary sickroom work, the nurse will have to make special efforts to take the patient out of himself. Anything he may be able to do for himself, he should be encouraged to undertake; and it will be no little kindness to find him employment, such as reading, drawing, painting, making of scrap-books, fretwork, or easy needlework, according to his capacity and taste.

The furniture, and especially the pictures, should be changed, or at least the position altered, from time to time. If able to get up, there should be at least two or three easy-chairs and footstools of various heights; and if possible, the patient should be carried occasionally into a room with a different aspect.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXIX.

'SHE thinks I am fanciful,' he said.

He was sitting with Lady Markham in the room which was her special sanctuary. She did not call it her boudoir; she was not at all inclined to *bouder;* but it answered to that retirement in common parlance. Those who wanted to see her alone, to confide in her, as many people did, knocked at the door of this room. It opened with a large window upon the lawn, and looked down through a carefully kept opening upon the sea. Amid all the little luxuries appropriate to my lady's chamber, you could see the biggest ships in the world pass across the gleaming foreground, shut in between two *massifs* of laurel, making a delightful confusion of the great and the small, which was specially pleasant to her. She sat, however, with her back to this pleasant prospect, holding up a screen, to shade her delicate cheek from the bright little fire, which, though April was far advanced, was still thought necessary so near the sea. Claude had thrown himself into another chair in front of the fireplace. No warmth was ever too much for him. There was the usual pathos in his tone, but a faint consciousness of something amusing was in his face.

'Did she?' said Lady Markham with a laugh. 'The little impertinent! But you know, my dear boy, that is what I have always said.'

'Yes—it is quite true. You healthy people, you are always of opinion that one can get over it if one makes the effort; and there is no way of proving the contrary but by dying, which is a strong step.'

'A very strong step—one, I hope, that you will not think of taking. They are both very sincere, my girls, though in a different way. They mean what they say; and yet they do not mean it, Claude. That is, it is quite true; but does not affect their regard for you, which, I am sure, without implying any deeper feeling, is strong.'

He shook his head a little. 'Dear Lady Markham,' he said, 'you know if I am to marry, I want, above all things, to marry a daughter of yours.'

'Dear boy!' she said, with a look full of tender meaning.

'You have always been so good to me, since ever I can remember. But what am I to do if they—object? Constance—has run away from me, people say: run away—to escape *me!*' His voice took so tragically complaining a tone, that Lady Markham bit her lip and held her screen higher to conceal her smile. Next moment, however, she turned upon him with a perfectly grave and troubled face.

'Dear Claude!' she cried, 'what an injustice to poor Con. I thought I had explained all that to you. You have known all along the painful position I am in with their father, and you know how impulsive she is.—And then, Markham—— Alas,' she continued with a sigh, 'my position is very complicated, Claude. Markham is the best son that ever was; but you know I have to pay a great deal for it.'

'Ah!' said Claude; 'Nelly Winterbourn and all that,' with a good many sage nods of his head.

'Not only Nelly Winterbourn—there is no harm in her, that I know—but he has a great influence with the girls. It was he who put it into Constance' head to go to her father. I am quite sure it was. He put it before her that it was her duty.'

'O—oh!' Claude made this very English comment with the doubtful tone which it expresses; and added, 'Her duty!' with a very unconvinced air.

'He did so, I know. And she was so fond of adventure and change. I agreed with him partly afterwards that it was the best thing that could happen to her. She is finding out by experience what banishment from society and from all that makes life pleasant, is. I have no doubt she will come back—in a very different frame of mind.'

Claude did not respond, as perhaps Lady Markham expected him to do. He sat and dandled his leg before the fire, not looking at her. After some time, he said in a reflective way: 'Whoever I marry, she will have to resign herself to banishment, as you call it—that has been always understood. A warm climate in winter—and to be ready to start at any moment.'

'That is always understood—till you get stronger,' said Lady Markham in the gentlest tone. 'But you know I have always expected that you would get stronger. Remember, you have been kept at home all this year—and you are better; at all events, you have not suffered.'

'Had I been sent away, Constance would have remained at home,' he said. 'I am not speaking out of irritation, but only to understand it fully. It is not as if I were finding fault with Constance; but you see for yourself she could not stand me all the year round. A fellow who has always to be thinking about the thermometer is trying.'

'My dear boy,' said Lady Markham, 'everything is trying. The thermometer is much less offensive than most things that men care for. Girls are brought up in that fastidious way; you all like them to be so, and to think they have refined tastes, and so forth; and then you are surprised when you find they have a little difficulty—— Constance was only fanciful, that was all—impatient.'

'Fanciful,' he repeated. 'That was what the little one said. I wish she were fanciful, and not so horribly well and strong.'

'My dear Claude,' said Lady Markham quickly, 'you would not like that at all! A delicate wife is the most dreadful thing—one that you would always have to be considering; who could not perhaps go to the places that suited you; who would not be able to go out with you when you wanted her. I don't insist upon a daughter of mine: but not that, not that, for your own sake, my dear boy!'

'I believe you are right,' he said with a look of conviction. 'Then I suppose the only thing to be done is to wait for a little and see how things turn out. There is no hurry about it, you know.'

'Oh, no hurry!' she said with uneasy assent. 'That is, if you are not in a hurry,' she added after a pause.

'No, I don't think so. I am rather enjoying myself, I think. It always does one good,' he said, getting up slowly, 'to come and have it out with you.'

Lady Markham said 'Dear boy!' once more, and gave him her hand, which he kissed; and then his audience was over. He went away; and she turned round to her writing-table to the inevitable correspondence. There was a little cloud upon her forehead so long as she was alone; but when another knock came at the door it cleared by magic as she said 'Come in.' This time it was Sir Thomas who appeared. He was a tall man, with gray hair, and had the air of being very carefully brushed and dressed. He came in, and seated himself where Claude had been, but pushed back the chair from the fire.

'Don't you think,' he said, 'that you keep your room a little too warm?'

'Claude complained that it was cold—it is difficult to please everybody.'

'Oh, Claude.—I have come to speak to you, dear Lady Markham, on a very different subject. I was talking to Frances last night.'

'So I perceived. And what do you think of my little girl?'

'You know,' he said with some solemnity, 'the hopes I have always entertained that some time or other our dear Waring might be brought among us once more.'

'I have always told you,' said Lady Markham, 'that no difficulties should be raised by me.'

'You were always everything that is good and kind,' said Sir Thomas. 'I was talking to his dear little daughter last night. She reminds me very much of Waring, Lady Markham.'

'That is odd; for everybody tells me—and indeed I can see it myself—that she is like me.'

'She is very like you; still, she reminds me of her father more than I can say. I do think we have in her the instrument—the very instrument that is wanted. If he is ever to be brought back again'——

'Which I doubt,' she said, shaking her head.

'Don't let us doubt. With perseverance, everything is to be hoped; and here we have in our very hands what I have always looked for—some one devoted to him and very fond of you.'

'Is she very fond of me?' said Lady Markham. Her face softened—a little moisture crept into her eyes. 'Ah, Sir Thomas, I wonder if that is true. She was very much moved by the idea of her mother—a relation she had never known. She expected I don't know what, but more, I am sure, than she has found in me.—Oh, don't say anything. I am scarcely surprised; I am not at all displeased. To come with your heart full of an ideal, and to find an ordinary woman—a woman in society!' The moisture enlarged in Lady Markham's eyes, not tears, but yet a liquid mist that gave them pathos. She shook her head, looking at him with a smile.

'We need not argue the question,' said Sir Thomas; 'for I know she is very fond of you. You should have heard her stop me, when she thought I was going to criticise you. Of course, had she known me better, she would have known how impossible that was.'

Lady Markham did not say 'Dear Sir Thomas!' as she had said 'Dear boy!' but her look was the same as that which she had turned upon Claude. She was in no doubt as to what his account of her would be.

'She can persuade him, if anybody can,' he said. 'I think I shall go and see him as soon as I can get away—if you do not object. To bring our dear Waring back, to see you two together again, who have always been the objects of my warmest admiration'——

'You are too kind. You have always had a higher opinion of me than I deserve,' she said. 'One can only be grateful. One cannot try to persuade you that you are mistaken. As for my—husband'—there was the slightest momentary pause before she said the name—'I fear you will never get him to think so well of me as you do. It is a great misfortune; but still it sometimes happens that other people think more of a woman than—her very own.'

'You must not say that. Waring adored you.'

She shook her head again. 'He had a great admiration,' she said, 'for a woman to whom he gave my name. But he discovered that it was a mistake; and for me in my own person he had no particular feeling. Think a little whether you are doing wisely. If you should succeed in bringing us two together again'——

'What then?'

She did not say any more: her face grew pale—paled, it were better to say, as by a sudden touch or breath. When such a tie as marriage is severed, if by death, if by any other separation, it is not a light thing to renew it again. The thought of that possibility—which yet was not a possibility—suddenly realised, sent the blood back to Lady Markham's heart. It was not that she was unforgiving, or even that she had not a certain remainder of love for her husband. But to resume those habits of close companionship after so many years—to give up her own

individuality, in part at least, and live a dual life—this thought startled her. She had said that she would put no difficulties in the way. But then she had not thought of all that was involved.

The next visitor who interrupted her retirement came in without the preliminary of knocking. It was Markham who thus made his appearance, presenting himself to the full daylight in his light clothes and colourless aspect; not very well dressed, a complete contrast to the beautiful if sickly youth of her first visitor, and the size and vigour of the other. Markham had neither beauty nor vigour. Even the usual keenness and humorous look had gone out of his face. He held a letter in his hand. He did not, like the others, put himself into the chair where Lady Markham, herself turned from the light, could mark every change of countenance in her interlocutor. He went up to the fire with the ease of the master of the house, and stood in front of it as an Englishman loves to do. But he was not quite at his ease on this occasion. He said nothing until he had assumed this place, and even stood for a whole minute or more silent before he found his voice. Lady Markham had turned her chair towards him at once, and sat with her head raised and expectant, watching him. For with Markham, never very reticent of his words, this prolonged pause seemed to mean that there was something important to say. But it did not appear when he spoke. He put the forefinger of one hand on the letter he held in the other. 'I have heard from the Winterbourns,' he said. 'They are coming to-morrow.'

Lady Markham made the usual little exclamation 'Oh!'—faintly breathed with the slightest catch, as if it might have meant more. Then, after a moment: 'Very well, Markham: they can have their usual rooms,' she said.

Again there was a little pause. Then: 'He is not very well,' said Markham.

'Oh! that is a pity,' she replied with very little concern.

'That's not strong enough. I believe he is rather ill. They are leaving the Crosslands sooner than they intended because there's no doctor there.'

'Then it is a good thing,' said Lady Markham, 'that there is such a good doctor here. We are so healthy a party, he is quite thrown away on us.'

Markham did not find that his mother divined what he wanted to say with her usual promptitude. 'I am afraid Winterbourn is in a bad way,' he said at length, moving uneasily from one foot to the other, and avoiding her eye.

'Do you mean that there is anything serious—dangerous?—Good heavens!' cried Lady Markham, now fully roused, 'I hope she is not going to bring that man to die here.'

'That's just what I have been thinking. It would be decidedly awkward.'

'Oh, awkward is not the word,' cried Lady Markham, with a sudden vision of all the inconveniences: her pretty house turned upside down—though it was not hers, but his—a stop put to everything—the flight of her guests in every direction—herself detained and separated from all her social duties. 'You take it very coolly,' she said. 'You must write and say it is impossible in the circumstances.'

'Can't,' said Markham. 'They must have started by this time. They are to travel slowly—to husband his strength.'

'To husband——!—Telegraph, then!—Good heavens, Markham, don't you see what a dreadful nuisance—how impossible in every point of view.'

'Come,' he said, with a return of his more familiar tone. 'There's no evidence that he means to die here. I daresay he won't, if he can help it, poor beggar! The telegraph is as impossible as the post. We are in for it, mammy. Let's hope he'll pull through.'

'And if he doesn't, Markham!'

'That will be—more awkward still,' he said. Markham was not himself: he shuffled from one foot to another, and looked straight before him, never glancing aside with those keen looks of understanding which made his insignificant countenance interesting. His mother was, what mothers too seldom are, his most intimate friend; but he did not meet her eye. His hands were thrust into his pockets, his shoulders up to his ears. At last a faint and doubtful gleam broke over his face. He burst into a sudden chuckle, one of those hoarse brief notes of laughter which were peculiar to him. 'By Jove! it would be poetic justice,' he said.

Lady Markham showed no inclination to laughter. 'Is there nothing we can do?' she cried.

'Think of something else,' said Markham with a sudden recovery. 'I always find that the best thing to do—for the moment.—What was Claude saying to you—and t'other man?'

'Claude! I don't know what he was saying. News like this is enough to drive everything else out of one's head.—He is wavering between Con and Frances.'

'Mother, I told you. Frances will have nothing to say to him.'

'Frances—will obey the leading of events, I hope.'

'Poor little Fan! I don't think she will, though. That child has a great deal in her. She shows her parentage.'

'Sir Thomas says she reminds him much of her—father,' Lady Markham said with a faint smile.

'There is something of Waring too,' said her son, nodding his head.

This seemed to jar upon the mother. She changed colour a little; and then added, her smile growing more constrained: 'He thinks she may be a powerful instrument in—changing his mind—bringing him, after all these years, back'—here she paused a little, as if seeking for a phrase; then added, her smile growing less and less pleasant—'to his duty.'

Then Markham for the first time looked at her. He had been paying but partial attention up to this moment, his mind being engrossed with difficulties of his own; but he awoke at this suggestion, and looked at her with something of his usual keenness, but with a gravity not at all usual. And she met his eye with an awakening in hers which was still more remarkable. For a moment they thus contemplated each other, not like mother and son, nor like

the dear and close friends they were, but like two antagonists suddenly perceiving, on either side, the coming conflict. For almost the first time there woke in Lady Markham's mind a consciousness that it was possible her son, who had been always her champion, her defender, her companion, might wish her out of his way. She looked at him with a rising colour, with all her nerves thrilling, and her whole soul on the alert for his next words. These were words which he would have preferred not to speak; but they seemed to be forced from his lips against his will, though even as he said them he explained to himself that they had been in his mind to say before he knew—before the dilemma that might occur had seemed possible.

'Yes?' he said. 'I understand what he means. I—even I—had been thinking that something of the sort—might be a good thing.'

She clasped her hands with a quick passionate movement. 'Has it come to this—in a moment—without warning?' she cried.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME FURTHER USES OF OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.

THE use of oil to smooth the surface of raging seas has on more than one occasion been discussed in this *Journal*. The subject is, however, far from being exhausted. The increasing favour with which practical mariners regard the practice, which can only be looked upon as in its infancy, has caused a considerable number of appliances for the distribution of the oil to be invented. Two of these, of American origin, we believe, are deserving of mention. Those of our readers who read our article on the subject in our issue of January 31st may remember that, the oil being distributed from the ship, there was some difficulty, indeed an apparent impossibility, in getting it well to windward, and that this could only be done when the vessel was either at anchor, or lying to, or running before a gale. The object of the two appliances to which we have referred may be said, roughly, to be the distribution of the oil in any direction without regard to the wind. The first one is specially intended to spread the oil between two ships which wish to communicate with one another in bad weather. The apparatus consists of a mortar and a few shells filled with oil, which are fired to various points on the water between the two vessels, and burst, thus allowing the oil to spread. Should the distance between the two ships be so great that it cannot be covered with oil, the oil from each of the shells would nevertheless be of considerable use, forming little havens, into which the boat could go, and not only allow the men to rest and recover their strength for further battle with the wind and waves, but also furnish them with a place of comparative security during any exceptionally heavy bursts of the tempest. Under certain circumstances, this apparatus might be used for insuring the safety of the vessel itself. For instance, when about to pass through a dangerous and narrow channel in bad weather with wind against tide, a few oil-charged shells might be fired ahead of the vessel with considerable advantage.

The second appliance is specially intended to distribute oil on the sea between a stranded vessel and the shore in those cases where the vessel has no oil on board, and communication by boat is, with the assistance of the oil, practicable. It consists of a mortar and some hundred yards of fine light hose, to one end of which is attached a heavy iron cylinder, so shaped that it can be fired from the mortar. This apparatus is worked as follows: On a ship going aground near the shore, the cylinder is fired as near to it as possible. The cylinder of course sinks, and acts as an anchor to the hose, through which oil is pumped from the shore. The oil rises near the vessel, and being blown towards the shore—in most cases, vessels are wrecked on a lee-shore—forms a track of fairly smooth water for the boats to traverse. In cases where the whole volume of water rushes along and breaks, the oil has little or no effect, and consequently this apparatus would then be useless; but in ordinary broken water, the appliance would no doubt be of considerable service. Ships at anchor would find such an apparatus of great use in bad weather, as it would enable them to get the oil well to windward. The alternative thing to do, as described in our former article, would be to fasten a bag of oil by a light line to the anchor, over which it would float and intercept the broken waves.

It is not generally known that the sponge-fishers of Florida make considerable use of oil for the purpose of calming the surface of the water. During the greater part of the year the slight ripple on the water is easily overcome by that time-honoured device, the water-telescope. By the aid of that instrument, the fishers easily discern the sponges, and hook them up from the bottom. But it sometimes happens in the spring that the roughness of the sea prevents the handling of both hooks and telescopes. Then the sponger throws a spoonful of oil upon the waves, which produces a calm about his boat as long as he cares to drift about with it. The oil preferred by the spongers for this purpose is obtained from the liver of the 'nurse' shark. So effective is this oil considered, that as much as a dollar a gallon is paid for it. This species of shark abounds in the vicinity of the Florida reefs, and is very easily captured.

WALTER DREW.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

IT was breakfast-time once more at Brierleigh Rectory, some four weeks after my return from London. The windows were open; but the sunshine had not yet pierced the thin white haze that hung over the lawn and the fields beyond, giving promise of a sultry day. My father and Aunt Marjory sat in their accustomed places; Tom and Gip, too, were making their usual pretence of a nap on the hearth. Thus far, the grouping was the same as on the morning when I first introduced the reader to the rectory parlour. But other faces and forms now sat around the table, and other voices enlivened the morning meal. Colonel Stanton, his daughter,

and Miss Winter had arrived the day before; and Walter Drew had already been staying with us a fortnight. The conversation was sprightly and pleasant. I alone felt inclined to be silent, my mind being occupied with mixed reflections on all that had happened since that other morning when Colonel Stanton's letter had reached us.

My father looked ten years younger as he chatted delightedly with the colonel and Miss Stanton. It was evident—plainly evident—that his warm heart was flushed to the full with all that his old school comrade's presence could suggest.

To bring my story up to the day on which this chapter opens, I have to mention that I called at Elmdrove Manor, along with my father, the week after my return to Warwickshire, in order to make the promised *amende* for my apparent neglect to wait on the colonel when in London. I dreaded the ordeal of meeting Alice Stanton, but then the task was one of simple duty. The meeting proved to the full as trying as I had anticipated. Both Alice and Miss Winter recognised me the moment of presentation, Miss Stanton being much overcome with emotion. The explanation ensuing—the colonel's surprise, gratitude, and kindly interest—the congratulations between him and my father, together with my own contending feelings, formed a passage in my life too painful for more minute description.

When Aunt Marjory came to learn from my father the identity of the fair unknown with Miss Stanton the heiress, her surprise knew no bounds; and the knowledge led to many hints and one-sided pleasantries far from welcome to me in the frame of mind I then was. I had, it is true, resigned myself to the idea of a union between Walter and Alice—of which my worthy aunt knew nothing; but the wound was still tender, and her well-meant badinage pained me.

When, on my return to Brierleigh, I had told my aunt of the new friend I had made, and of the invitation I had given him to come and spend a few weeks in our quiet retreat, she shed tears of vexation, and uttered words of upbraiding of which I had never suspected her capable. But then the name—Walter Drew—had had such a lifelong penance attached to it in her little world of action and affection, that I ought not to have been surprised at its effects upon her. On her learning, however, that Walter was Colonel Stanton's nephew—the artist he had so half-hopefully referred to in that ever-memorable letter—her objections to the visit were less persistently urged, although against the visitor himself her prejudices remained as strong as ever, up to the day when he arrived in the dogcart with the cream-coloured pony, which I had myself driven over to the station to meet him.

My aunt's frigid courtesy of reception was instantly thawed into a smile and a hearty shake of the hand, under the influence of the fine natural sunlight of Walter's face. The terriers Tom and Gip vied in unsolicited attentions to him—the best credentials the visitor could have presented to Marjory. Before many days, he had completely ousted me from my position of cavalier in attendance. He accompanied her in her walks, tended her flowers, made spirited sketches of the dogs, came and went at her bidding—in fact, doing all with the unfailing good-humour, dexterous tact, and broad geniality which characterised him so essentially.

I need hardly say that the account of my London adventure in meeting young Drew and the disclosure of his relationship to Colonel Stanton were received by my father from the first in an altogether different manner from that of Aunt Marjory. He was unaffectedly delighted at the prospect of meeting the son of that old friend for whose sake he had suffered so much. It was touching, too, to watch the fatherly welcome he gave Walter. They spent many hours together in the little out-of-doors studio, and talked of art as only a young expert and an old enthusiast can. When one saw the two painters together in earnest conversation, the dissimilarity of their characters and the disparity of their years seemed to vanish in the air of mutual respect and common sympathies which surrounded them. My father, of course, needed no caution from me to avoid any reference to those circumstances which attended the close of his connection with the elder Drew; his own instincts sufficed.

That happy breakfast hour thus saw the reunion of many long-parted threads of social interest and affection. No wonder I was meditative and observant, rather than inclined to share very largely the conversation going on around. Nevertheless, there was still a lingering shade of melancholy in the contemplation of the happiness of that circle! I observed with a sigh that Miss Stanton talked to Drew with perfect freedom, while Miss Winter, although listening eagerly, addressed him but seldom. Had I possessed the perspicacity of a disinterested onlooker, I might have read these signs differently; but love, like jealousy, is blind. The most striking and interesting phase of the little panorama was after all, perhaps, the complete manner in which Drew's erratic, unconventional style blended fittingly and harmoniously with the chastened high-bred tone of the company. It was bizarre, and yet not bizarre; for his instincts enabled him, without effort or consciousness, to adapt himself at all turns to the prevailing feeling. I now felt sure that his lost hold of the world's ways had been regained, and that his path henceforth would be easy; and I may add that I formed this conclusion with a high sense of satisfaction. I never loved Drew better than at the moment when I anticipated he was to take from me that which was dearer to me than life.

Breakfast ended, my father asked Miss Marjory for his letters as usual. The ladies sought their rooms in order to prepare for a quiet day in and about the rectory grounds. The colonel remained with the *Standard* in his hands, awaiting my father's leisure. Walter and I stepped on to the lawn to enjoy the luxury of a cigar.

The haze had now almost disappeared, and the sun already gave a foretaste of its powers. Tom and Gip walked lazily along with extended tongues, as Drew and I sauntered round the shadiest side of the garden. We spoke little,

my mind being full of the incidents and conversation of the morning; while my companion was either similarly preoccupied or in the happy condition of having nothing to think about but his cigar. We looked over the quickset hedge at the rough hardy fellows busy in the cornfields. It is probable I thought of them and their work from my knowledge of both from childhood; it is equally probable that Walter saw only the colouring and grouping from an artistic point of view. We passed on at anyrate without exchange of confidence until we came to the entrance gate of the grounds, when a chaise drove rapidly through, its occupant being an elderly, thin-faced man clad in black, who saluted us in passing. Drew saluted the stranger in return.

'Who is he?' I asked.

'My uncle's lawyer, Mr Greig, by all that's mysterious!' he exclaimed, but with a smile that belied the mystery so far as he was concerned. 'What can have happened to bring old parchment here, above all places? There's something big on the board, that's certain.' And Drew gave a droll laugh that suggested an *arrière pensée*.

We continued our stroll along the southern wall till we reached my father's novel studio. I tried the door in a purposeless way. It was locked, and I knew my father always carried the key in his pocket; so we passed on, smoking indolently, till Drew suddenly stopping and facing me, said: 'Do you know, Charlton, I think it a most singular thing that your father and mine should have been such intimate friends as they appear to have been, and that the colonel should also be an old friend of your father's, whilst it was only by the chapter of accidents that you and I came together.'

'The reason seems simple enough,' I replied, smiling at his unwonted earnestness. 'My father was unaware that the colonel had married your aunt, if indeed he even knew of her existence. As for yourself, he was under the impression that you had died when a child.'

'Yes, yes; the reason is plain,' answered Walter. 'But—don't you think, now—the whole thing is like—like a leaf out of a romance, you know; strange, queer-like—eh?' His round jocund face had the odd, half-whimsical look which was its only expression for sentiment. He knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar, then eyed me from behind this mask till I could resist no longer, and laughed outright.

'Hang it, old fellow,' he said, 'you won't let me be serious when I would; but for all your laughing, there is something uncommonly queer in it all. Perhaps you wanted to enjoy a good joke or two at my expense; still, I can't help thinking, *mon ami*, that it was too bad of you not to let me know from the first that your good kind soul of a father was the friend of mine.'

What could I say? Had he learned anything of the history of that friendship? These thoughts were swiftly interrupted by Drew, who had again assumed his mask.

'Look here, John,' said he in a voice comically plaintive; 'you have not been quite frank with me on another matter. You saved my cousin's life; yet, when you came to know it was my cousin, you were mum on the subject. Now, I call that unfair.' He paused, as though to give me time to speak; but I dared not trust myself to reply. Had he looked ten times as 'serious,' I could not even have smiled. 'Ah, you know it is,' he continued. 'Well, I can forgive you for that; you were too genuine to chatter about what you had done. But while I may even admire your silence to me, I can't for the life of me see why you should be so stand-off-ish with my cousin Alice.'

'Drew!'

'Nay, John, I will speak. You know how much I prize your friendship, and can a real friend be blind? I know you love my cousin, and who has a better right? Why not, then, my dear fellow, make her and yourself happy by saying so?'

As he spoke, a slight vertigo seized me; I saw the trees and Tom and Gip following one another in a circle; the ground under me reeled curiously, and the figure of my friend expanded and contracted like a reflection in a moving mirror.

'Miss Alice!' I at last contrived to say. 'Why, I thought you'——

'Thought I was in love with her? There—you drop another secret, which I was shrewd enough to guess before. You are the prince of good fellows; but, don't you know—if I *did* love Alice, Alice did not love me. I can't make a speech like a fellow in a play. All I want to say is this—I can't have Alice, if I would; and you may, if you but ask.' And Drew, with the wistful look in his hazel eyes which I have remarked as a peculiarity of his when seized with emotion, took my hand and pressed it warmly. Then, with that singular elasticity of temperament which no one could credit unless in contact with him for some time, he relit his cigar, passed his arm through mine with the air and carriage of a man without a care, while we resumed our walk.

We had not gone far, when the new train of thoughts induced by the above incident was interrupted by a servant approaching us saying: 'If you please, Mr Charlton wishes to speak to you both in his study.'

I marvelled somewhat at this formal summons; but Drew seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world, as I could tell by his instantly hastened stride. We reached the house together and entered the study. There, seated at the table, with a variety of documents between them, were Mr Greig the lawyer—who had arrived in the chaise—Colonel Stanton, and my father. The lawyer and the colonel appeared to have been in pleasant converse, for, as we entered, their faces were still wreathed in smiles. My father, on the other hand, looked serious, if not a little agitated. The smile disappeared from the lawyer's face as though it had been snuffed out, but that on the old warrior's lingered into a kind of pleasing twilight. The former, who was evidently president of this conclave, waved to Walter and me to be seated.

'We have sent for you two young gentlemen,' he said in a professional tone, 'to make you jointly acquainted with matters which Colonel Stanton, my client, and Mr Charlton have already discussed. The late Mrs Stanton,

whose agent I had the honour to be, died possessed of a considerable fortune in her own right. This she naturally left to the free disposal of her husband, and so far the matter might have rested there. But Mrs Stanton took a strong interest in the career of her brother's only child—yourself, Mr Drew—and expressed a wish that Colonel Stanton should treat you as a son, and assist you out of her estate in any way, and to such extent as circumstances might suggest and warrant. That estate has remained untouched in my hands up to this time. Now, there were circumstances in the history of the late Mr Drew, which, had Mrs Stanton been aware of, would have caused her to dispose of a large portion of her means during her lifetime, seeing that he died without having the opportunity of—of putting his affairs straight himself. Colonel Stanton is quite certain on this point; and he has desired me to arrange, out of his wife's estate, a settlement in full of certain liabilities under which he has recently learned the late Mr Drew lay with respect to his friend the Rev. Mr Charlton. We have been altogether unable to obtain Mr Charlton's consent to accept any quittance beyond the strictly clear claim which pertains to certain bills he indorsed for Mr Drew, and for which he became liable on—on his friend's death. The colonel will now explain his intentions with respect to the remainder of the property.' And Mr Greig laid himself back in his chair with the air of a man who had discharged a duty to his own satisfaction.

'The fact is, young gentlemen,' said the colonel with military brevity, 'Mr Greig shall divide it equally, and place the sums to your respective credits.'

I was mute; nor can that be matter of surprise. I looked first at one, then the other, as though to read in their faces whether I had heard aright. The colonel and his lawyer conversed aside; my father sat in a kind of stupor; Drew looked happy enough for all the party put together.

'You will see, my dear Charlton,' at last said the colonel, taking my father's hand in his, 'that although I am bound to respect your scruples—over-refined as I consider them—neither Walter nor myself, nor, I may add, my daughter, could possibly rest under the reflection that your son had been practically disinherited by us. That hardship we are by this arrangement enabled to avoid. But what, except your own conscience, can ever repay you, my dear old friend, for the noble spirit in which you have borne this terrible burden so long!'

'God bless you, Charles!' was all my father could say, as, after wringing the colonel's hand, he rose to leave the room. Walter took his arm and led him gently out, and my heart went out towards my friend as I observed this simple action.

'I am delighted, John,' said the colonel, kindly addressing me, 'that you and Walter are such good friends. Your influence for good with him has already been immense. The friendship of a steady earnest character like yourself was really what he wanted to make him a little more thoughtful and amenable to ordinary social rules. I have great hopes of him yet. He is really an excellent fellow at bottom. You will be glad to hear, that when I told him, only a week ago, when he was over at the Manor, the sad circumstances of his father's connection with yours—which, by the way, I only gathered by accident from an old friend of my own and of your father—he was beside himself with grief, and vowed to make over his own income for the redemption of his father's name. I then told him—what I had from prudence hitherto concealed—that I considered him my wife's heir. He absolutely refused to touch a penny unless your father were first reimbursed. That was what I longed to hear, and what I am proud he was able to say.'

Thus had I two tokens given me in one day of Walter Drew's practical adoption of my father's formula of 'honour and friendship,' and thus had events happily compensated him who held it as a canon of conduct.

A laughing party stood in the porch of the rectory. The colonel gallantly offered his arm to Aunt Marjory, who, blushing and smiling, was led off down the garden path. Walter paired off with Miss Winter; my father and Mr Greig, who was to remain to dinner, trotted off in the direction of the studio; and I was left alone for the first time in my life with Miss Stanton. Her face was turned towards me, and I observed a warm blush and timid downward glance as she placed her tiny gloved hand upon my proffered arm.

Our friends were nowhere within sight. We followed the direction they had taken so far as we had been able to keep them in view, and then, purposely, I chose a path the least likely to lead us to them. The timidity of my companion's step made me conscious that she had divined my thoughts, and I hastened to converse as freely as my own agitation would allow on any subject that had the consideration to present itself. The attempt was a very unsatisfactory one, so much so, that by the time we had reached the honeysuckle arbour to which my steps had led, Alice nervously expressed a wish to turn in search of her father. It is too late, in this my last chapter, to record the details of what there and then transpired. Alice could probably narrate what occurred better than I can; but I may here mention, that before our return, 'the last of all that band,' to dress for dinner, we did so as affianced lovers, awaiting only the parental consent and benediction.

The dinner passed pleasantly. I was supremely happy, and thought every one else ridiculously dull in comparison, although for that matter their looks belied the impeachment of dullness. How it made my heart bound with gratitude to witness the smile, free from care, that sat on my father's venerable face, and to listen to his genial laugh, to the merry classical quips with which he entertained the colonel, or the graceful badinage with which he amused my aunt and her young friends. No more bitter wearing cares for him! Alice sat in silence, the silence of profound happiness. Walter's face shed a brighter lustre of smiles than ever. My good Aunt Marjory was probably the gayest of the party, and quizzed me with her brown eyes as often as she decently could; but, happily, I was now invulnerable.

That evening I sought an interview with Colonel Stanton, who gave his hearty consent to my union with his daughter. He said he could desire no better future for his child than to be the wife of one who had been an affectionate son and a magnanimous friend. He referred gratefully also to my earliest claim upon his daughter's interest. It thus came to pass that Aunt Marjory's prophecy was fulfilled, for, six months after that eventful day, Alice and I were married at Brierleigh Church. I must mention that on the same day and in the same church, Walter Drew led Miss Winter to the altar. His engagement had not been of long standing, but he insisted on the 'events' coming off together. It only remains to add that Walter and I remain fast friends, and that I am proud of his rapidly growing fame as an artist. At the colonel's express wish, my own professional career was nipped in the bud, and my ambition directed towards the field of politics.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Select Committee of the House of Commons on Irish Industries obtained some valuable information the other day from the evidence of Professor Howitz on the subject of tree-planting. This gentleman is superintendent of the Forest Conservatory in Copenhagen, and for twelve years held a somewhat similar post in Australia, so that he has had much practical experience of the subject upon which he spoke. He said that Ireland is so favourably situated that it is possible to grow there almost all necessary timbers. The remains of oak found buried in the bog-earth in such abundance show that one description at least should flourish there well. Osiers, too, will grow in Ireland; and if cultivated, would be ready for market in three years. Basket-making from osiers is easily learned; and big industries, such as have sprung up in France, might be established by our Irish neighbours. In one district of the Garonne, in consequence of extensive tree-planting, the population had increased by immigration in one generation from twenty-five thousand to five millions. From the trees, a prosperous people were now drawing their incomes, or rather from the industries which had arisen in firewood, charcoal, resin, tar, bark, &c. The Professor recommended that five million acres of Irish land should be planted at a cost of about twenty millions sterling, and he believes that the investment would pay well.

Professor Milne of Japan has been making further and very original experiments in that country, in order to study the effects of earthquake wave-movement in different soils. As he could not command earthquakes to come at his bidding, even in that earthquake-favoured land, he endeavoured to produce them artificially. This he did by subterranean explosions of dynamite, and by causing heavy weights to fall from a great height. The results recorded are most interesting, but far too complex in their nature to be detailed here. It is illustrative of the enlightenment of the Japanese administration that such startling experiments were not only permitted but encouraged.

In the course of Professor Milne's researches, he paid a visit to the Kurile Islands, which lie between Japan and Siberia. His object was to study the volcanoes there; but he incidentally gives us some information, which, if it came from a less authentic source, would be scouted as being incredible. It relates to the abundance of fish, principally salmon and salmon-trout, found round the coasts of these islands. 'They exist,' he says, 'in such numbers during the summer and autumn season, that their fins, sticking out of the water near the entrances to the rivers, look like tangled masses of kelp; while up the rivers it is but little exaggeration to say that some of the pools are mixtures of fish and water. With a rifle-bullet you may pierce four or five at a single shot. The shallows are often covered with dead fish, which in their struggle for existence have become so weak, that having once run themselves ashore, they are unable to return to deeper water. A single haul of a small seine-net upon the beach brought to land a huge heap of fish varying in weight from four to twenty pounds, the number of which we roughly estimated at five thousand.'

In the June number of the *Journal of the Royal Microscopical Society* there is a paper by Mr Edward Wethered which contains some new suggestions as to that much-disputed question, the origin of our coal-fields. Mr Wethered has for some time been busily engaged in making microscopical examinations of coal from Cannock Chase; and from these labours he is led to the conclusion, that coal was originally of aquatic habit, 'growing in a manner similar to modern bogs, but of much larger extent.' He believes that the fossil tree trunks found so often in collieries grew in the coal, but took no part in the formation of the coal.

M. Alluard has lately pointed out an instance in which the wind has helped in the local fertilisation of the soil. The valley of Limagne, in Auvergne, owes its marvellous fertility to the showers of volcanic ash which are carried from the Dômes during south and south-west winds. This ash contains lime, phosphoric acid, and potash, and is therefore highly beneficial to the soil. M. Alluard, from observations on the Puy-de-Dôme, estimates the annual deposit at about twelve ounces avoirdupois per square yard.

The Hydrographical bureau at Washington have published some results of a series of observations carried out by them with reference to the length, depth, and duration of ocean-waves. In the Atlantic storms, the waves extend to a length of five to six hundred feet, the largest observed being half a mile long. As to height, forty-eight feet seems to be the extreme limit; while thirty feet may be named as a fair average. These measurements refer to ocean-waves pure and simple, and do not take into consideration exceptional occurrences, such as earthquake-waves.

Lieutenant Chisholm-Battens' recent lecture before the United Service Institution on 'Electricity applied to Naval Purposes,' dealt with a subject of universal interest. However much the electric light may have proved impossible of application generally, it must be admitted that it has scored a success at sea. Many of the war-vessels, ocean-going passenger steamers, and

merchantmen, are now well lighted by electricity, without undue heat, and without danger from fire, which is inseparable from the use of candles and lamps. Moreover, the new light for shipboard is cheaper than the older illuminants; for the principal item of cost in electric installations—the motive-power to drive the dynamo-machines—is already established in the case of steamers for driving the ship. But beyond the mere lighting of vessels, there are many other uses for electricity on our ships of war. Among these, we may name the necessary search-light, which did such good service at Suakim; the firing of broadsides at any given moment, and even when the ship is rolling heavily; the firing of spar-torpedoes; and the steering, propelling, and firing of torpedoes of the fish-pattern. Lastly, we may name the firing of submarine mines. It will be thus seen that electricity plays an important role in modern warfare, and its introduction marks an era in naval history as important as that of armour-plated ships.

A correspondent of the *Times* points out very sensibly that the inclusion of the address in the sixpenny telegrams as matter that must be paid for is likely to have one salutary effect at least, in causing people to number their houses instead of giving them absurd names. The dwellers in suburban villas are the worst offenders in this respect. It may be gratifying to them to name their houses 'The Hollies,' 'The Ivies,' 'Torriano Villa,' &c.; but independently of the trouble caused to letter deliverers, it is a dreadful task to strangers who wish to find one of a row of houses, and who—possibly on a dark night—have to grope their way from end to end of a long road before the particular domicile is discovered. A tax on houses designated otherwise than by numbers would have a salutary effect.

The introduction of American fish into British waters has lately formed the subject of much correspondence in the *Times*, and it is curious to note the differences of opinion expressed by different writers. A, for instance, advocates the introduction of the cat-fish—first made familiar to Londoners through the medium of the Fisheries Exhibition; the next week, B protests against this 'forbidding, ferocious, uneatable, and all-devouring fish' being welcomed here, which, he says, as far as he knows, is eaten by no white man willingly. That the appearance of the fish is forbidding, is perfectly true, but we suspect that the rest of the strictures passed by B on the cat-fish are due to prejudice. For many months past the fish has been sold in the Farringdon fish-market, London, and we can speak from personal experience of its very acceptable flavour. We may add that it is sold headless and skinned, so as to disguise it, and that it is called 'ling,' 'Bell-rock salmon,' &c., according to the fancy of the vendor.

The *Gas and Water Review* publishes an interesting paragraph relating to the strange cause of a fire which occurred quite recently at Manchester. A girl at a restaurant going under some stairs with a lighted candle, a gas explosion took place and set fire to some woodwork. The outbreak was soon quelled with a few buckets of water, when it was found that the gas escape was caused by rats gnawing through the composition pipe. The superintendent of the fire brigade spoke of several instances which had come under his notice where fires had been caused in this way by rats. He had noticed that the rats always selected a bend or angle of the gas-pipe for their mischievous labours, and gave it as his opinion that they did so to get at the water lodging in such situations, and which they would hear bubbling in the pipe.

Twelve months ago, we gave some account of the Quicksilver Wave Amalgamator for the treatment of quartz reef and collection of its precious contents. We now learn that it has come into use in many auriferous fields, and that the saving of gold accomplished by it is astonishing. Under ordinary systems of reduction, it is calculated that for every ounce of gold won, an ounce is lost in particles too small to be retained. The new apparatus claims to save eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the gold present in the ore, and it stands to reason that if this be the case, many a mine which is struggling for bare existence would under the new conditions become a valuable property. The loss of gold for want of efficient apparatus in California alone during the past thirty-three years is stated at two hundred and fifty millions sterling.

Messrs Yarrow, the celebrated builders of boats for service on the Nile, have adopted a very curious but efficient method of sounding the treacherous waters of that river for obstructing rocks. The boat is provided with two poles, which extend for fifty feet on either side of the prow of the vessel. At the end of each pole hangs vertically an iron rod, the length of which is so calculated that the end under water lies about one foot deeper than the keel of the boat. These rods are in connection with suitable gearing, so arranged that directly a rock, sand-bank, or any other subaqueous obstruction is touched by either of them, the whistle is caused to sound a warning of the danger ahead. It is at the same time possible to know on which side of the boat the danger may be looked for, and avoided.

It is to be hoped that the recent fatal leap from the New York and Brooklyn Bridge will deter others from attempting feats of this foolhardy nature. The only chance of success is that a body falling from a height into water should assume the shape of a wedge, so as to cut into the fluid like the cut-water of a boat. For this reason, the experienced diver, even if he be only a few feet above the surface of the water, will form his arms and hands into a wedge-like point above his head, before making his plunge. In the Brooklyn case, the jumper went feet foremost; but before he touched the water, his body swerved from the perpendicular, and he struck the water sideways. Examination showed that the blow on the surface of the water had fractured the victim's ribs, and ruptured the internal organs.

It has long been deplored by tourists to Niagara Falls that that grand illustration of natural energy is being gradually spoilt by its surroundings. Unsightly structures of various kinds have been allowed to spring up round about, until the natural scenery, the framework of the unique picture, has been almost destroyed. Another grievance is that a visitor to the place,

before he can obtain access to any point from which the falls can be viewed, is subjected to a vexatious toll from some rapacious landowner. All this is now to be done away with. The contiguous lands are about to be purchased by the state, and are to be restored as soon as possible to their pristine condition. The whole region is to be preserved as far as possible in a state of nature, and will be thrown open freely to visitors from all countries.

Mr F. Sargent has chosen for his latest picture, now being exhibited in Bond Street, London, a subject of great interest to most people—'Her Majesty's Drawing-room.' The picture is full of portraits, which, thanks to the wide publication of photographs of celebrities, can be easily recognised as being most admirable likenesses. But this perfection of detail does not detract from the effect of the picture as a whole, the artist having been careful to preserve sufficient breadth of light and shade to prevent such a mistake. In a picture like this, containing more than a hundred portrait studies, it is very difficult to avoid the appearance of the figures having been cut out in paper and pasted in their places on the canvas. Mr Sargent's work is quite free from this defect. His models, too, are not all looking aimlessly out of the picture; many of the best portraits being those in which the faces are turned partially away from the spectator. Apart from its merit as a work of art, a picture such as this has an historical value which should ultimately secure it a place in one of our public picture-galleries.

At Woolwich, there is a certain gun which is fired twice daily, at one o'clock P.M., and again at 9.30 P.M. A sparrow has chosen the axletree box of that gun as a suitable place wherein to make her nest and hatch her young. Her behaviour has been watched with great interest by the gunners in charge, who record that the mother-sparrow, both while sitting on her eggs, and subsequently when covering her little ones, retained her position, as a rule, when the gun was being actually loaded and fired. Two of the brood have since died—presumably from concussion of the brain—one fell a victim to a dog; but the two remaining ones have grown to maturity.

Dr J. H. Stallard has recently exhibited before the San Francisco Microscopical Society a new apparatus called the 'Ether Spray Microtome.' Its use is to cut thin sections of soft tissues suitable for microscope-work, and it accomplishes this in the following manner: The tissue is placed in a zinc box, and is submitted to the action of ether spray until it is frozen into a hard solid mass. A knife sliding over two horizontal glass plates now comes into play, and cuts off the delicate slices required. It should be noticed that the tissue before being cut is soaked in a strong solution of gum. This does not show a crystalline structure when frozen, as would water alone, and the mass can be cut through like cheese. The process is applicable to such delicate organs as lung-tissue, the retina, &c., which are likely to be torn unless very special precautions be observed.

A handsome quarto volume, which is sure to be welcomed by lovers of music, is *The Songs of the North*, published by Field and Tuer, London. The songs are gathered from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, the editors being Miss A. C. Macleod and Mr Harold Boulton. The music is arranged by Mr Malcolm Lawson. The chief characteristic of the volume as a work of art is, that it contains above twenty illustrations in the shape of original drawings by known artists. Among those who thus contribute to the volume are Sir Noel Paton, E. Burne Jones, J. MacWhirter, George Reid, W. D. Mackay, John Pettie, &c. The songs have been selected with care, and the harmonies are in general pleasing and appropriate.

The cart for which Mr Thomas Briggs, Darwen, Lancashire, was awarded, at the Edinburgh Agricultural Show, the prize offered by the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was recently tested in Edinburgh. The cart was loaded to the extent of about two tons, and tried on the steep incline from Frederick Street to Queen Street. By the arrangement of the cart, the weight was taken off the horse's back, and the brake being applied simultaneously, the breeching strap was quite loose all the way down the hill. On the return journey, the weight was moved forward on to the horse's back, and assisted its ascent. The trial was very satisfactory, and those who witnessed it were favourably impressed with the value of the invention.

A correspondent brings under our notice a remedy for burns and scalds which he assures us is superior even to Carron oil, namely, a saturated solution of carbonate of soda. The mode of application is to cover the injured part with lint or soft cloth soaked in the solution, and never allowed to become dry. The chief advantage this treatment has over Carron oil is the marked relief in the pain which follows its application; the other advantages being its greater cleanliness and general pleasantness to work with—Carron oil being very disagreeable, and spoiling everything it touches. Again, burns and scalds treated with soda have less tendency to form granulations or 'proud-flesh,' this being kept down by the slight caustic action of the soda.

THE ELEPHANT-TAMER.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. III.—BUX KHÁN'S FATE.

ALTHOUGH it had been supposed that Bux Khán's child had escaped unhurt from the elephant, it soon proved that he had in some way been injured internally. From the day of Shaitán's outbreak and death, the little fellow began to pine away. Every day he grew worse, till it was clear to everybody in the place that he was dying. The only person who did not appear to be aware how serious was the child's condition seemed to be Bux Khán himself. That he was anxious and disturbed was evident, for, for the first time, he began to neglect his duties. He now never left the child day or night. His master tried to induce him to let the kheddah doctor prescribe for the boy; but Bux Khán respectfully but firmly refused. He appeared to have faith in certain nostrums and drugs, which he himself administered to the child. All that Eaton

could do was to excuse him from his duties, so that he might always be with his too surely dying child.

Most of the people in the kheddah sympathised sincerely, and would gladly have given what assistance and comfort they could; but they knew Bux Khán's peculiar temper too well to care to make any offer of help, or to express their sympathy. Consequently, he was left alone with his child, his only visitor being Captain Eaton, who frequently looked in to inquire how the child was. At length the little fellow became so ill, that Bux Khán, alarmed at last, smothered his jealous feelings, and procured the assistance of two women, the wives of mahouts, to help him to tend and nurse the child. But it was too late. One evening, as Eaton sat at dinner, his butler came in and reported that the child was dead.

The Englishman knew very well what child was referred to; so, after dinner, he repaired to the kheddah to see if he could do anything or be of any assistance. There was a dim light burning in Bux Khán's hut; and looking in at the door, Eaton saw the Afghan sitting cross-legged on the floor with the body of the child on his lap. He was not fondling it, but was sitting silent and motionless, looking down on the little dead face. There was an expression on the man's dark face which made Captain Eaton hesitate to address him, not from fear, but from respect for a strong man's agony. After looking on quietly for a few seconds, he stepped softly in and touching the jemadar gently on the shoulder, whispered: 'Bux Khán, remember what is written. Verily, children are as the flowers of the earth. Death as the hot wind cometh, and they wither and die. But they shall bloom again in the Paradise of the Faithful, saith the Merciful One.'

Bux Khán did not look up or make any reply, so the captain went quietly away.

That night, about two hours before dawn, the watcher at the kheddah gate saw the jemadar pass out, carrying his dead child in his arms and with a mattock over his shoulder. Guessing what he was about to do, the man followed him, carefully keeping out of sight. Bux Khán strode rapidly on till he came to a mango tope about half a mile from the town. In the centre of the tope stood the ruined tomb of a Mohammedan saint. Having laid the body of the child gently on the steps of the tomb, the Afghan, by the light of the stars, dug a deep grave at the back of the tomb. Then the watcher saw him take up the body of the child, and, without looking at its face or making any demonstration of affection or sorrow, place it in the grave and shovel the earth on it. When the grave was filled up, he collected together a number of heavy stones, and piled them on the spot, to prevent the jackals from digging up the body. While looking for the stones, Bux Khán approached near to where the watcher was standing behind a mango tree, and the man crouched and trembled, for he knew what to expect if the jemadar discovered him. Having buried his child, Bux Khán stood for a few moments silent over the grave, then turned slowly away and strode back to the kheddah.

Next day, the jemadar resumed his work as if nothing had happened. It was soon known throughout the kheddah what he had done with the child, and so no questions were asked. At first, there was little in his appearance or manner to show that he was much affected at the loss of his child. He went about his work much as usual, quietly and silently. But at the end of a week or two it became very plain to Captain Eaton, who was watching him anxiously, that there was something very wrong with him. He became gaunt and haggard. Some of the men reported that he hardly ever slept, and that he was accustomed to move restlessly about all night in his hut, or walk up and down the elephant-yard muttering to himself. One mahout declared that he had watched him walking about one night, and overheard him talking to himself, as if addressing a child by his side. It happened one day that Captain Eaton, accidentally glancing into his hut as he walked past, saw him sitting there on the floor gazing at something in his lap. A second glance showed it to be some of the dead child's clothes and ornaments. Bux Khán was regarding a pair of little gold anklets that lay in the palm of his huge brown hand, when he caught sight of the figure standing in the doorway. The mad glare in his eyes as he looked up and gazed fixedly at his master for a few seconds, as if he did not recognise him, convinced Captain Eaton that his suspicion that the man's reason was shaken was correct. Seeing in what mood the jemadar was, he walked on without a word.

The fear and awe with which the jemadar was regarded by everybody in the kheddah now reached such a pitch as to cause Eaton great annoyance and trouble. Not a man would speak to him except when it could not be avoided, and the mahouts and others constantly came to their master for orders and instructions for which they should have gone to the jemadar. The women and children in the kheddah fled when they saw him approaching, and hid themselves out of his sight, as if he had been a wild beast. He was universally credited with possessing all sorts of strange and malign powers, so that any person on whom the jemadar happened to look with his gleaming sunken eyes, immediately commenced to mutter charms, to avert the evil eye he supposed to be cast on him.

Several weeks passed, and the jemadar had not said or done anything that could be considered the act of a madman. Nevertheless, matters were in an unsatisfactory state, and Eaton was anxiously debating with himself what course he should take. One day he received a letter from government which assisted to help him out of his difficulty. He was ordered to break up his establishment, and to take all the elephants to Shoránpúr, a place about sixty miles from Jehanabad, and there to organise a new kheddah. The bustle and excitement of the next few days seemed to have the effect of rousing the jemadar, and he exerted himself to carry out his master's orders with such intelligence and promptness, that Captain Eaton was greatly pleased, and his suspicions as to the man's state of mind began to wear off.

Within a short time, the kheddah was removed to Shoránpúr. It was a small town,

not far from the frontier, and was a wild, unsettled, out-of-the-way place, the haunt of numerous dacoits, Afghan horse-thieves, and other bad characters. It was not long before Captain Eaton realised what a savage, lawless place it was. One evening, a week or two after his arrival at Shoránpúr, as he sat in his room counting over a large number of rupees which were to be paid away next morning, being the wages of the establishment for the past month, he heard some one enter the room, and looking up, saw Bux Khán.

'I have something to report, Sahib,' he said as he salaamed.

'What is it, jemadar?'

'As I was sitting in a shop in the bazaar this afternoon, I overheard two countrymen of mine, men from the mountains, plotting with some of our Bengalee mahouts to murder the Sahib to-night and to rob him of that money!' and he pointed to the heap of rupees on the table.

This was startling news. The Englishman looked steadily in the jemadar's face, thinking it might possibly be the delusion of a disordered mind. But there was nothing in his face or in the way he spoke to countenance the idea. He was perfectly quiet and composed, and his eyes were steadier and had less of the strange gleam in them that had before so impressed Captain Eaton.

'Did you recognise any of the mahouts? How many were there?' he asked.

'There were three; and I knew them at once by their voices, though I did not see them. They were Toolsee, Bannajee, and the old man Lál Dass.'

'Did you hear what their plan was?'

'Yes, Sahib. They intend to enter your room about midnight, and to cut your throat while you are sleeping, and then to carry off the rupees.'

'What do you think we ought to do, jemadar?' asked Eaton, after a pause, while he thought over this unwelcome piece of news.

'If the Sahib will permit me to sit in his room, I think we should wait for them, and receive them when they come.' And a look of grim satisfaction, almost a smile, passed over the jemadar's face.

'Will we two be strong enough to deal with the five, do you think?'

'Yes, Sahib,' was the reply. 'The Bengalees are cowardly dogs, and will not fight. I will manage my two countrymen, if need be.'

So it was decided, after a few more minutes' conversation, that Captain Eaton and the jemadar should sit up together armed, and arrest the villains in the act of breaking into the house.

About ten o'clock that night the jemadar presented himself at the window of his master's bedroom and was quietly admitted. Without a word, he took up his position in one corner, and having girded himself for action, squatted down on the floor with his *kúkri* or heavy convex-edged Afghan knife across his knees. Captain Eaton seated himself opposite to him on the other side of the window, laying his sword and loaded revolver on the table before him.

About midnight, the jemadar suddenly moved and whispered: 'Sahib, they are coming!'

Both men rose to their feet, and grasping their weapons, stepped back into the dark corners of the room. They heard whispering voices outside; the window was pushed open, and one by one the five robbers crept into the room. Suddenly there was a faint gleam of light. One of the men had taken a lighted lamp out of an earthenware pot in which he had been carrying it. The next moment there was a rush and a loud crash. The jemadar had sprung on to one of the Afghans and hurled him to the ground with stunning force. At the same moment, Captain Eaton sprang to the window, and swinging his sword and holding his revolver ready to fire, shouted: 'Drop your weapons!'

The next instant the captain was lying on his back. The other Afghan had rushed at him, and in stepping back to strike at him with his sword, Eaton had tripped and fallen. His revolver exploded harmlessly as he fell. The Afghan threw himself on him, and for some moments there was a furious struggle on the ground. Suddenly, the Afghan gasped and fell back, almost cloven in two. The jemadar having disabled and disarmed his man, had come to his master's assistance, and with one blow of his trenchant blade had struck the life out of the Afghan. Meanwhile, the rascally Bengalee mahouts, thoroughly scared by the suddenness of the attack and the report of the revolver, were grovelling on their faces, howling for mercy. Lights were soon procured, and also ropes, and the five ruffians, four alive and one dead, removed. When the news spread, the excitement in the kheddah was tremendous, and for the rest of the night, Captain Eaton's bungalow was crowded with his people, all anxious to hear the particulars of what had taken place, and to congratulate their master on his escape.

Next morning, after having sent his four prisoners off to the jail and handed over the body of the Afghan to the coroner, Captain Eaton called together all the people employed at the kheddah, and publicly thanked the jemadar for his fidelity, skill, and courage. Bux Khán acknowledged the honour with a salaam, but without remark and without a smile.

That same morning the jemadar came to his master and asked for leave of absence.

'Certainly,' said Captain Eaton. 'For how long do you want leave?'

A strange sort of expression passed over the jemadar's face as he said, after a moment's hesitation: 'Two days, Sahib.'

It was granted at once; and the jemadar left the kheddah a short time afterwards.

As Eaton was at dinner that evening, his butler spoke to him about some business connected with the kheddah, whereupon his master ordered that nothing should be done in the matter till the return of the jemadar.

The butler fidgeted about for some moments, and then said: 'Sahib, the jemadar will never return.'

'Never return! Why, he only asked for two days' leave.'

'Yes, Sahib, I know. But the jemadar will never return.'

'What do you mean? Do you think he has gone back to his own country?'

'No, Sahib.'

'Then what makes you think he will not return?' demanded Eaton impatiently.

'Sahib, he took his gun with him,' said the butler with a nod full of meaning.

'Took his gun with him!' repeated Eaton in surprise. Then a light broke in on him. 'Why, you don't mean to say he intends to destroy himself?'

'That is what everybody says, Sahib.'

'But why should he? I don't understand.'

'Sahib,' replied the butler earnestly, 'ever since the death of his child, the jemadar has been mad, if he was not so before. He would have killed himself before this, but for one thing.'

'What was that?'

'He owed you a debt of gratitude, Sahib, for saving his child from Shaitán, and until that was paid off, he did not feel at liberty to do as he wished. But that debt was settled last night, when he saved your life from those murdering dogs, and now he is free. You will never see the jemadar again, Sahib.'

Captain Eaton immediately sent for several respectable, elderly men connected with the kheddah, and having told them of his butler's suspicions, asked their opinion. They unanimously agreed that the jemadar would shoot himself. They also gave it as their opinion that he would first visit his child's grave at Jehanabad.

It was a sleepless night that the Englishman passed. He had taken a fancy to the wild, lawless, strange-natured man, and it was a shock to him to realise what was about to happen. He lay awake for hours, trying to think how he could avert the catastrophe, which he now felt would surely take place. He decided at length to start next morning and follow the jemadar to Jehanabad, and if he found him, to try and induce him to return to the kheddah at once. But he felt very little hope of succeeding.

About four o'clock in the morning he got up, and having roused his servants, ordered them to get everything ready for a five days' journey to Jehanabad. An hour before daybreak, he started, riding, accompanied by a couple of the fleetest and best elephants in the kheddah, carrying supplies and camp necessaries. They travelled as fast as they could all day, only halting for an hour at mid-day for rest and food. In the evening they arrived at a small village, having ridden more than thirty miles, and accomplished half their journey. As they rode along, Eaton inquired of the people they met and at the bazaars through which they passed whether any one had seen the jemadar. Bux Khán was a man of too striking an appearance to escape notice; and in answer to the Englishman's inquiries, many persons stated that they had seen a very tall Afghan carrying a gun, walking rapidly in the direction of Jehanabad, the previous afternoon.

Having passed the night in a native caravansera in the village, Captain Eaton very early next morning resumed his journey. He continued to inquire every now and then of the passers-by whether they had met the jemadar; and it soon became evident from their replies to the question as to when they had seen him, that he had walked straight on without stopping to rest or to eat or drink. As they neared Jehanabad, Eaton's heart sank within him, for he knew that the jemadar must have got there during the previous evening, and what had happened during the past eighteen hours, he shuddered to think. So anxious was he, that he would not stop to rest at mid-day, but pushed on and rode ahead of the elephants. It was early in the afternoon when he got to Jehanabad, and riding through the town, made his way to the mango tope where he knew Bux Khán had buried his child. He soon came in sight of it. It was quite deserted; not a soul was in sight. When he came in sight of the saint's tomb, however, his heart stood still, for a number of noisy crows were perched on the tree overshadowing it. The gallant Englishman drew rein and rode slowly up to and round the tomb. His worst fears were realised; for there, across the grave of his child, his empty gun by his side, lay Bux Khán dead.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW INSTRUMENT OF DEATH.

A WEAPON has been invented which adds fresh terrors to war. Hitherto, machine-guns—the Gardners, Gatlings, Nordenfelts, &c.—have been dependent upon hand-power for performing the various operations of loading, firing, and extracting the empty shells. This arrangement, besides having other drawbacks, has necessitated the constant exposure of the gunner to the fire of the enemy. But the happy notion has recently occurred to an American engineer, Mr Hiram S. Maxim, to utilise the force generated by the discharge of one shot for the discharge of another, and thus introduce an automatic principle into the firing of a gun. The idea has borne fruit; and members of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, as also representatives of the government, have made the acquaintance, in the Hall of the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, of the Maxim Automatic Machine-gun; while more recently still, it has been placed before the notice of visitors to the International Inventions Exhibition.

The principle of the gun—which is four feet nine inches long, and stands three feet upon its tripod—is briefly this: the power derived from the recoil of the barrel, the breech-block and the lock upon the first shot—which is fired by a hand-trigger—is employed for the purpose of firing the second, the force generated by the second shot being utilised for firing the third, and so on. The operations of detaching the cartridge-shell, reloading, and pulling the trigger are carried out with lightning swiftness, it being possible to fire as many as five shots per second; and as the mechanism is so constructed that the weapon feeds itself from a belt of cartridges which can be made of any length, and added to in sections at pleasure, it follows that the gun can be continuously fired for any length of time. Then, too, it can, even while shots are being discharged, be shifted and turned in all directions; so that—were such a proceeding at all desirable—a gunner could write his name with bullets on the wall of a fort or the hull of a

ship. It will not unnaturally occur to the reader that this constant firing will make the weapon hot beyond the endurance of metal; but Mr Maxim has provided against the difficulty in question. He has placed his gun in a metal case, and the space intervening between the two he fills with water. As regards the renewal of this water, it may be mentioned that thirty thousand shots have been fired by the gun without the water being replenished. Frequently the cartridges in the machine-guns at present in use 'jam' and 'hang fire;' and it is satisfactory to know that in the automatic gun they cannot 'jam;' and if one 'hangs fire,' the gun will wait for it. If a cartridge fails to go off at all, it can be abstracted by hand in the space of about half a second. We must not fail to mention two important features of the automatic gun. By means of a simple apparatus, the smoke from the barrel can be kept from entering the surrounding air, and thereby obscuring the vision of the gunner; and a felt-casing has been devised, which when placed over the weapon, makes it fire noiselessly. In order to obtain protection in different countries for the various parts of the gun, Mr Maxim has had to take out as many as one hundred patents.

With reference to the destiny of the weapon, some persons have asked: 'Why does not the English government take it up?' and in some quarters the answer has been supplied—though how far it is authorised by the facts of the case, we do not know—that 'the government have heard that Mr Maxim is now designing an improvement upon his invention, and would prefer to avail themselves of the more perfect instrument.' In truth, such an improvement is being constructed in Mr Maxim's workshop; and he confidently says that it will be much simpler than the present complicated form of weapon, and will have as few parts as any other single-barrel gun. It will be capable of discharging projectiles of one and seven-eighth inches in diameter, six inches in length, and three pounds in weight, at the rate of one hundred and fifty per minute. Mr Maxim further states that his Automatic Machine-gun will be capable of being constructed of almost any size.

SCAMPED AND DEFECTIVE PLUMBER-WORK.

One of the wealthy and important London Companies, having been awakened to a sense of duty, has decided to do something to justify its existence, and connect itself in a practical way with the trade from which it takes its name. Most proprietors and householders have at one time or another suffered from bad plumbing, with the attendant discomfort and danger to health of leaking gas-pipes, the presence of sewer-gas, or defective water-pipes. At the dinner of the Plumbers' Company held lately at Chingford, Epping Forest, the Master (Mr G. Shaw) made an interesting and important statement. He said very truly that plumber-work, as regards health, stands first among the crafts; but that, from some causes in recent years, the average of work done in many branches had distinctly deteriorated.

As a result of the investigations of the Plumbers' Company, and of a congress of plumbers and sanitarians held under their auspices, he tabled the following reasons for such being the case. The identity of the plumber's craft had been to a great extent lost or obscured through the merging or amalgamation of the various branches of the building-trade. Houses are built in large numbers without any sufficient definition of the plumber-work, and the natural consequence is that it is done 'anyhow,' and by persons who are not practical plumbers. Also, the system of apprenticing lads for a term of years to the trade having fallen off, it had caused an excessive influx of men not properly qualified plumbers. Much unsuitable material was being used, the standard quality of materials not being determined. Finally, that the public regulations which deal with certain details of the construction of new houses, and their connection with the public sewers, do not sufficiently recognise the importance of securing the efficiency of the plumber-work done in these houses.

As some protection to the public against scamped and defective work, the court of the Plumbers' Company intend to recommend and further a scheme for the registration of plumbers, both masters and journeymen, for giving technical instruction in plumbing, and for the inspection of plumber-work in new houses. This decision does not come a day too soon, as the amount of scamped and defective plumber-work, from one cause or another, throughout the country is enormous.

DEATH.

WEEP not that Death has bared his blade
And thrust it in the springing corn,
While bending stems that droop and fade
He marks and passes by in scorn.

Weep not that some make prayer in vain
To Death through all the weary days;
His sickle reaps the noblest grain,
And leaves the tares beside the ways.

Weep not to see his hand appear
And beckon o'er the western sea;
The gallant hearts to us so dear,
O Death, are dearer still to thee.

Weep not that strong young spirits lie
Of light and life and love bereft;
Nay, weep not for the good that die,
But for the evil that are left.

J. WILLIAMS.

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WHITSTABLE OYSTERS.

For some years the production of oysters has been declining. We by no means desire to convey the impression that they are becoming unobtainable. Huge shelly specimens, hailing from America, Portugal, and the North Sea, make a brave show in metropolitan markets. If the public are not above feasting upon these, fishmongers will long be able to supply the article at something like a reasonable price. But epicures, who will be content with nothing short of a real 'Whitstable native,' must not object to pay a high price for the gratification of their taste. During the season, these delicacies, without leaving any large profits to the fishmonger, are worth three shillings and sixpence per dozen. This practically limits their consumption to the wealthy.

Only sixty years ago, Whitstable oysters sold at nineteen shillings a bushel; and even twenty years since, the prices were so moderate that an oyster-supper in which 'natives' figured was by no means regarded as an unjustifiable extravagance. In those good old times, comparatively few of the bivalves were carried to London other than by boats. A regular fleet of swift, perfectly found, well-manned boats ran between Whitstable and Billingsgate; and capital stories of ruses adopted by the energetic captains are even now gleefully told by veteran salts who delight to 'fight their battles o'er again.' The trade was then a very different affair from what it has since become. A bushel of oysters was a thing worth buying; for the fish were piled and packed to a perfect cone, high over the rim of the measure. As if this was not enough, half a shovelful more was generally given, as a blessing, into the bargain.

The largest sale of oysters recorded was in the season of 1862–63, when upwards of sixty millions were sent into the market. 'Natives' were then two guineas per London bushel. The same quantity at the present time is worth seventeen pounds; and we need hardly say that measures are not heaped, nor half-shovelfuls thrown in. Even common oysters are now selling at considerably more than double the prices obtained for 'natives' half a century ago.

Of course we are proud of our oysters. They are veritable molluscan aristocrats. But we endeavour to improve the inferior sorts, and to impart, so far as we can, culture and refinement to shelly candidates from Essex, from France, from the North Sea, and even from Ireland. But these last, perhaps feeling their inferiority, prefer 'home-rule.' Still, it is for their good that they are taken from their rough-and-tumble life in the stormy ocean, and transferred to our rich and quiet estuarine waters. Here, like Jeshurun, they wax fat; but truth compels us to admit that we have never yet seen them kick. Yet, at their best, these can scarcely compare with the 'native,' which, while it thoroughly enjoys life, does as little in the house-building line as it possibly can. Free from all anxiety, and safely sheltered from every storm, it disdains to pile up its shell in huge coarse ridges and layers; and so it fashions a beautiful, perfectly formed, thin covering, the interior of which is of a nacreous iridescence, that in point of splendour treads closely at the heels of its tropical cousin, the pearl-oyster himself.

How is it that oysters are declining? A great 'spat of brood' was deposited in the Whitstable waters in the seasons 1858 and 1859. At that time the men reaped a rich harvest. The spat, or in other words the baby oysters, clustered everywhere, on the rocks, on the sides of the harbour, in the sluice, and in the very backwater itself. *Flatsmen* earned pounds—weekly, by collecting it; and the very children, without trouble or danger, obtained considerable sums in the same way. But since that time little 'spat' has been deposited. The causes of this failure are unknown. Notwithstanding all the means employed, the scarcity continues to increase. As yet, the brood cometh in scant measure. Not

a few persons—among them those gentlemen who are popularly supposed to know all about the matter—attribute the failure to 'over-dredging.' But we are assured by old men who have been on the ground upwards of sixty years, that some of the heaviest 'spats' have occurred at times when the fishery has been, comparatively speaking, denuded of stock.

According to popular opinion, an oyster should never be eaten unless the month has an 'r' in its name. The summer months are the unlucky ones. Then the oyster enjoys himself, or ought to do so. His human 'friendly foes' refrain from their onslaughts upon his small but well-nigh adamantine home. Why is this? Oysters, as a rule, spawn in May or June; and as the nature of the mollusc then undergoes an important change, its flesh is with reason regarded as unwholesome. The spawn—or 'spat,' as it is usually called—is at first of a cream-like colour and consistence; as it matures it assumes the appearance of slate-dust; and when the parent at length opens its shell and emits the 'spat,' the water becomes pervaded with a misty hue. Freed from their mother's watchful care, these gay young creatures—for such they are—plunge headlong into life, and revel in the poetry of motion. As yet, the dashing young bivalve is very rudimentary; but he possesses a pair of tiny shells, the very picture in miniature of those which his careless parents boast of; and he sports his own little mantle, to which are attached a number of cilia as minute as they are wonderful. By means of these little paddles, during the first three days of its existence the infant oyster moves freely from place to place, as bees flit from flower to flower. While this condition of freedom lasts, the tiny creature is exposed to the ravages of its many foes. It is, too, an anxious time for the dredgerman. Frequently the freely moving young 'spat' is swept far away from its breeding-grounds by storms, tides, and currents. Then, when it finally settles, and seriously undertakes the establishment of a home, it possibly does so on some deep-sea bottom. Thus, while the 'spat' is wholly lost to the cultivators, the colony formed remains undiscovered, and so is practically lost.

Should the young oyster escape infantine perils, and be spared to settle down in the vicinity of its phlegmatic parent, it attaches itself to some suitable quiet resting-place by its under shell. The cilia, no longer either useful or ornamental, disappear; and having no longer anything better to do, the juvenile mollusc begins to grow. Within a fortnight it has enlarged to the size of a pin's head; and within twelve months, supposing it to have escaped the attacks of star-fishes and other enemies of its race, it will be as big as a two-shilling piece. Not, however, until it has attained the mature age of four years, is it considered marketable.

Various indeed are the substances to which at the time of settlement frivolous young oysters attach themselves. Some of these curious materials, with the shells attached, are in the writer's cabinet; and very peculiar they are. Among them may be specially mentioned a piece of wood bored through and through by the *teredo*, or shipworm. Yet another is a fossil crustacean, washed out of the London clay. A portion of the tusk of *Elephas primigenius*, a mammoth's tooth, and a part of the bone of a rhinoceros, have also afforded foundations for colonies of oysters. A vase of beautiful Samian ware and several fragments of Roman pottery are more or less incrusted with well-grown shells. A large rough Roman roofing-tile, similar to those exhibited in York Museum, the same, too, as those which were anciently used in the construction of soldiers' graves, would appear to have afforded young oysters ample room for the display of their peculiar affections. Old Dutch bottles, tobacco-pipes of strange fashion, and other queer articles too numerous to mention, show that the succulent mollusc is not very particular where he pitches his habitation.

This account would be singularly incomplete if no reference was made to the awards at the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883. That Exhibition will be long remembered for the splendid success which it achieved. At the present time, no writer on fisheries or on pisciculture can any more avoid making reference thereto than Mr Dick could keep the head of King Charles I. out of his manuscript. The Whitstable Oyster Company was well represented at the Exhibition; and its aquarium, specially designed and arranged, attracted the attention of the hundreds of thousands of visitors. In this aquarium were exhibited the various species of oysters in the different stages of their growth; the soil of which the bed of the ground is composed; the dog-whelks, star-fishes, and other foes of the oyster; with algæ, zoophytes, sea-anemones, and other specimens of marine animal and vegetable life.

The Seasalter and Ham Oyster-fishery Company is another successful centre of the great Whitstable oyster-trade. Its name stands deservedly high in the metropolitan markets, and its products are held in reputation. It is an old fishery, dating back to an unknown period. Certainly the Seasalter fishery was granted to the Priory of Christchurch, Canterbury, before the time of the Norman Conquest. As long ago as the reign of King Henry VIII., the fishery was settled upon the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral. At the present time, the royalty of the fishery, the Seasalter portion of which is situated on a spit of ground called the 'Pollard,' is held by Messrs Austen of Canterbury. It is gratifying to be able to record that this important fishery was also admirably represented at the great Fisheries Exhibition; and that the enterprising owners carried off a fair share of the prizes and awards.

At the present time, upwards of thirty millions of young oysters are annually imported from various places in England and elsewhere by the two great Companies. Many of these are brought

from Arcachon and other French breeding-grounds; whilst Essex also furnishes large quantities of 'brood.' As this work of importation has increased, it has necessitated the creation of a considerable carrying fleet; thus altogether there are over one hundred boats employed in the trade in one way and another. Each boat is manned by from three to five hands. It will therefore be readily seen that these oyster-fisheries are the means of affording honest, profitable, and fairly constant employment to a very large number of men and boys, who in more senses than one really live by the sea.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE Winterbourns came next day: he to the best room in the house, a temperature carefully kept up to sixty-five degrees, and the daily attentions of the excellent doctor, who, Lady Markham declared, was thrown away upon her healthy household. Mr Winterbourn was a man of fifty, a confirmed invalid, who travelled with a whole paraphernalia of medicaments, and a servant who was a trained nurse, and very skilful in all the lower branches of the medical craft. Mrs Winterbourn, however, was not like this. She was young, pretty, lively, fond of what she called 'fun,' and by no means bound to her husband's sickroom. Everybody said she was very kind to him. She never refused to go to him when he wanted her. Of her own accord, as part of her usual routine, she would go into his room three or even four times a day to see if she could do anything. She sat with him always while Roberts the man-nurse had his dinner. What more could a woman do? She had indeed, it was understood, married him against her will; but that is an accident not to be avoided, and she had always been a model of propriety. They were asked everywhere, which, considering how little adapted he was for society, was nothing less than the highest proof of how much she was thought of; and the most irreproachable matrons did not hesitate to invite Lord Markham to meet the Winterbourns. It was a wonderful, quite an ideal friendship, everybody said. And it was such a comfort to both of them! For Markham, considering the devotion he had always shown to his mother, would probably find it very inconvenient to marry, which is the only thing which makes friendship between a man and a woman difficult. A woman does not like her devoted friend to marry: that is the worst of those delicate relationships, and it is the point upon which they generally come to shipwreck in the end. As a matter of course, any other harm of a grosser kind was not so much as thought of by any one who knew them. There were people, however, who asked themselves and each other, as a fine problem, one of those cases of complication which it pleases the human intellect to resolve, what would happen if Winterbourn died?—a thing which he was continually threatening to do. It had been at one time quite a favourite subject of speculation in society. Some said that it would not suit Markham at all, that he would get out of it somehow; some, that there would be no escape for him; some, that with such a fine jointure as Nelly would have, it would set the little man up, if he could give up his 'ways.' Markham had not a very good reputation, though everybody knew that he was the best son in the world. He played, it was said, more and otherwise than a man of his position ought to play. He was often amusing, and always nice to women, so that society never in the least broke with him, and he had champions everywhere. But the mere fact that he required champions was a proof that all was not exactly as it ought to be. He was a man with a great many 'ways,' which of course it is natural to suppose would be bad ways, though, except in the matter of play, no one knew very well what they were.

Winterbourn, however, had never been so bad as he was on this occasion, when he was almost lifted out of the carriage and carried to his room, his very host being allowed no speech of him till next morning, after he was supposed to have got over the fatigue of the journey. The doctor, when he was summoned, shook his head and looked very grave; and it may be imagined what talks went on among the guests when no one of the family was present to hear. These talks were sometimes carried on before Frances, who was scarcely realised as the daughter of the house. Even Claude Ramsay forgot his own pressing concerns in consideration of the urgent question of the moment, and Sir Thomas ceased to think of Waring. Frances gleaned from what she heard that they were all preparing for flight. 'Of course, in case anything dreadful happens, dear Lady Markham,' they said, 'will no doubt go too.'

'What a funny thing,' said one of the Miss Montagues, 'if it should happen in this house.'

'Funny, Laura! You mean dreadful,' cried her mother. 'Do choose your words a little better.'

'Oh, you know what I mean, mamma!' cried the young lady.

'You must think it dreadful indeed,' said Mrs Montague, addressing Frances, 'that we should discuss such a sad thing in this way. Of course, we are all very sorry for poor Mr Winterbourn; and if he had been ill and dying in his own house—— But one's mind is occupied at present by the great inconvenience—oh, more than that—the horror and—and embarrassment to your dear mother.'

'All that,' said Sir Thomas with a certain solemnity. Perhaps it was the air of unusual gravity with which he uttered these two words which raised the smallest momentary titter—no, not so much as a titter—a faintly audible smile, if such an expression may be used—chiefly among the young ladies, who had perhaps a clearer realisation of the kind of embarrassment that was meant than was expected of them. But Frances had no clue whatever to it. She replied warmly:

'My mother will not think of the inconvenience. It is surely those who are in such trouble themselves who are the only people to think about.—Poor Mrs Winterbourn'——

'Who is it that is speaking of me in such a kind voice?' said the sick man's wife.

She had just come into the room; and she

was very well aware that she was being discussed by everybody about—herself and her circumstances, and all those contingencies which were, in spite of herself, beginning to stir her own mind, as they had already done the minds of all around. That is one thing which in any crisis people in society may be always sure of, that their circumstances are being fully talked over by their friends.

'I hope we have all kind voices when we speak of you, my dear Nelly. This one was Frances Waring, our new little friend here.'

'Ah, that explains,' said Mrs Winterbourn; and she went on, without saying more, to the conservatory, which opened from the drawing-room in which the party was seated. They were silenced, though they had not been saying anything very bad of her. The sudden appearance of the person discussed always does make a certain impression. The gentlemen of the group dispersed, the ladies began to talk of something else. Frances, very shy, yet burdened with a great desire to say or do something towards the consolation of those who were, as she had said, in such trouble, went after Mrs Winterbourn. She had seated herself where the big palms and other exotic foliage were thickest, out of sight of the drawing-room, close to the open doorway that led to the lawn and the sea. Frances was a little surprised that the wife of a man who was thought to be dying should leave his bedside at all; but she reflected that to prevent breaking down, and thus being no longer of any use to the patient, it was the duty of every nurse to take a certain amount of rest and fresh air. She felt, however, more and more timid as she approached. Mrs Winterbourn had not the air of a nurse. She was dressed in her usual way, with her usual ornaments—not too much, but yet enough to make a tinkle, had she been at the side of a sick person, and possibly to have disturbed him. Two or three bracelets on a pretty arm are very pretty things; but they are not very suitable for a sick-nurse. She was sitting with a book in one hand, leaning her head upon the other, evidently not reading, evidently very serious. Frances was encouraged by the downcast face.

'I hope you will not think me very bold,' she said, the other starting and turning round at the sound of her voice. 'I wanted to ask if I could help you in any way. I am very good for keeping awake, and I could get you what you wanted.—Oh, I don't mean that I am good enough to be trusted as nurse; but if I might sit up with you—in the next room—to get you what you want.'

'What do you mean, child?' the young woman said in a quick, startled, half-offended voice. She was not very much older than Frances, but her experiences had been very different. She thought offence was meant. Lady Markham had always been kind to her, which was, she felt, somewhat to Lady Markham's own advantage, for Nelly knew that Markham would never marry so long as her influence lasted, and this was for his mother's good. But now it was very possible that Lady Markham was trembling, and had put her little daughter forward to give a sly stroke. Her tone softened, however, as she looked up in Frances' face. It was perhaps only that the girl was a little simpleton, and meant what she said. 'You think I sit up at night,' she said. 'O no. I should be of no use. Mr Winterbourn has his own servant, who knows exactly what to do; and the doctor is to send a nurse to let Roberts get a little rest.—It is very good of you. Nursing is quite the sort of thing people go in for now, isn't it? But, unfortunately, poor Mr Winterbourn can't bear amateurs, and I should do no good.'

She gave Frances a bright smile as she said this, and turned again towards the scene outside, opening her book at the same time, which was like a dismissal. But at that moment, to the great surprise of Frances, Markham appeared without, strolling towards the open door. He came in when he saw her, nodding to her with a look which stopped her as she was about to turn away.

'I am glad you are making friends with my little sister,' he said.—'How is Winterbourn now?'

'I wish everybody would not ask me every two minutes how he is now,' cried the young wife. 'He doesn't change from one half-hour to another.—Oh, impatient; yes, I am impatient. I am half out of my senses, what with one thing and another; and here is your sister—your sister—asking to help me to nurse him! That was all that was wanting, I think, to drive me quite mad!'

'I am sure little Fan never thought she would produce such a terrible result. Be reasonable, Nelly.'

'Don't call me Nelly, sir; and don't tell me to be reasonable. Don't you know how they are all talking, those horrible people?—Oh, why, why did I bring him here?'

'Whatever was the reason, it can't be undone now,' said Markham. 'Come, Nelly! This is nothing but nerves, you know. You can be yourself when you please.'

'Do you know why he talks to me like that before you?' said Mrs Winterbourn, suddenly turning upon Frances. 'It is because he thinks things are coming to a crisis, and that I shall be compelled'—— Here the hasty creature came to a pause and stared suddenly round her. 'Oh, I don't know what I am saying, Geoff! They are all talking, talking in every corner about you and me.'

'Run away, Fan,' said her brother. 'Mrs Winterbourn, you see, is not well. The best thing for her is to be left in quiet. Run away.'

'It is you who ought to go away, Markham, and leave her to me.'

'Oh!' said Markham, with a gleam of amusement, 'you set up for that too, Fan! But I know better how to take care of Nelly than you do. Run away.'

The consternation with which Frances obeyed this request it would be difficult to describe. She had not understood the talk in the drawing-room, and she did not understand this. But it gave her ideas a strange shock. A woman whose husband was dying, and who was away from him—who called Markham by his Christian name, and apparently preferred his ministrations to her own. She would not go back as she

came, to afford the ladies in the drawing-room a new subject for their comments, but went out instead by the open door, not thinking that the only path by which she could return indoors led past the window of her mother's room, which opened on the lawn round the angle of the house. Lady Markham was standing there looking out as Frances came in sight. She knocked upon the window to call her daughter's attention, and opening it hurriedly, called her in. 'Have you seen Markham?' she said, almost before Frances could hear.

'I have left him, this moment.'

'*You* have left him. Is he alone, then? Who is with him? Is Nelly Winterbourn there?'

Frances could not tell why it was that she disliked to answer. She made a little assenting movement of her head.

'It ought not to be,' cried Lady Markham—'not at this moment—at any other time, if they like, but not now. Don't you see the difference? Before, nothing was possible. Now—when at any moment, she may be a free woman, and Markham—— Don't you see the difference? They should not, they should not, be together now!'

Frances stood before her mother feeling that a claim was made upon her which she did not even understand, and a helplessness which was altogether foreign to her ordinary sensations. She did not understand, nor wish to understand—it was odious to her to think even what it could mean. And what could she do? Lady Markham was agitated and excited—not able to control herself.

'For I have just seen the doctor,' she cried, 'and he says that it is a question not even of days, but of hours. Good heavens, child, only think of it—that such a thing should happen here; and that Markham, *Markham!* should have to manage everything. Oh, it is indecent—there is no other word for it. Go and call him to me. We must get him to go away.'

'Mamma,' said Frances, 'how can I go back? He told me to go and leave them.'

'He is a fool,' cried Lady Markham, stamping her foot. 'He does not see how he is committing himself; he does not mind.—Oh, what does it matter what he said to you! Run at once and bring him to me. Say I have something urgent to tell him. Say—oh, say anything!—If Constance had been here, she would have known.'

Frances was very sensible to the arrow thus flung at her in haste, without thought. She was so stung by it, that she turned hastily to do her mother's commission at all costs. But before she had taken half-a-dozen steps, Markham himself appeared, coming leisurely, easily, with his usual composure, round the corner. 'What's wrong with you, little un?' he asked. 'You don't mind what I said to you, Fan; I couldn't help it, my dear.'

'It isn't that, Markham. It is—mamma.'

And then Lady Markham, too much excited to wait, came out to join them. 'Do you know the state of affairs, Markham? Does she know? I want you to go off instantly without losing a moment, to Southampton, to fetch Dr Howard.—Quick! There is just time to get the boat.'

'Dr Howard?—What is wrong with the man here?'

'He is afraid of the responsibility—at least I am, Markham. Think—in your house!—O yes, my dear, go without delay.'

Markham paused, and looked at her with his keen little eyes. 'Mother, why don't you say at once you want to get me out of the way.'

'I do. I don't deny it, Markham.—But this too. We ought to have another opinion. Do, for any favour, what I ask you, dear; oh, do it!—O yes, I would rather you sent him here, and did not come back with him. But come back, if you must; only, go, go now.'

'You think he will be—dead before I could get back. I will telegraph for Dr Howard, mother; but I will not go away.'

'You can do no good, Markham—except to make people talk. Oh, for mercy's sake, whatever you may do afterwards, go now.'

'I will go and telegraph—with pleasure,' he said.

Lady Markham turned and took Frances' arm, as he left them. 'I think I must give in now altogether,' she cried. 'All is going wrong with me. First Con, and then my boy. For now I see what will happen. And you don't know, you can't think what Markham has been to me. Oh, he has been everything to me! And now—I know what will happen now.'

'Mamma,' said Frances, trembling. She wanted to say that little as she herself was, she was one who would never forsake her mother. But she was so conscious that Lady Markham's thoughts went over her head and took no note of her, that the words were stifled on her lips. 'He said to me once that he could never—leave you,' she said, faltering, though it was not what she meant to say.

'He said to you once——? Then he has been thinking of it; he has been discussing the question?' Lady Markham said with bitterness. She leant heavily upon Frances' arm, but not with any tender appreciation of the girl's wistful desire to comfort her. 'That means,' she said, 'that I can never desert him. I must go now and get rid of all this excitement, and put on a composed face, and tell the people that they may go away if they like. It will be the right thing for them to go away. But I can't stay here with death in the house, and take a motherly care of—of that girl, whom I never trusted—whom Markham—— And she will marry him within the year. I know it.'

Frances made a little outcry of horror, being greatly disturbed—'O no, no!' without any meaning, for she indeed knew nothing.

'No! How can you say No?—when you are quite in ignorance. I can't tell you what Markham would wish—to be let alone, most likely, if they would let him alone.—But she will do it. She always was headstrong; and now she will be rich. Oh, what a thing it is altogether—like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. Who could have imagined, when we came down here so tranquilly, with nothing unusual—— If I thought of any change at all, it was perhaps that Claude—whom, by the way, you must not be rude to, Frances—that Claude might perhaps—— And now, here is everything unsettled, and my life turned upside down.'

What did she hope that Claude would have done? Frances' brain was all perplexed. She

had plunged into a sudden sea of troubles, without knowing even what the wild elements were that lashed the placid waters into fury and made the sky dark all around.

VERONA AS IT IS.

THE association of Verona with the name of Shakspeare, always intimate, has been intensified within the past few years by the revival, on a scale of exactness and magnificence never before aimed at, of the two plays of which the scenes are laid in the quaint old Italian city; and yet the English traveller, red-hot with the enthusiasm engendered by witnessing one or other of the representations, fondly expecting that the Montagues and the Capulets, Romeo and Juliet, Launce and Speed, will move with him in the midst of scenes almost unchanged during the lapse of centuries, prepared for the enjoyment of pleasant, romantic day-dreams in a prosaic age, is doomed to bitter disappointment. But the bitterness of the blow from his Shaksperean point of view is immeasurably softened by the other historical charms which surround Verona. Verona has but scant justice done her by the general traveller. A couple of hours are deemed amply sufficient to exhaust her attractions, whereas a week might be fully employed by the conscientious sightseer who has a higher object in view then the mere cramming of the greatest possible amount of 'doing' into the smallest possible space of time; whilst the artist and the antiquary must make up their minds to an even longer sojourn. And yet, even when we have been prepared for disappointment, the first association of Verona in our minds being with Shakspeare, our first duty is to see for ourselves how far short the real falls of the ideal; and we make our way to the house of the Capulets. There, in the mean, dark, narrow, evil-smelling Via Capello, stands the house; but alas! what a grimy, prosaic reality it is, even when presented to us after a due lowering of our ideal.

The armorial bearings—the cap—are still over the archway; but excepting them, there is not the remotest trace to remind us that it was here that the most beautiful love-scene in the world's drama was enacted. The carved balconies, the tracery, the ornamentation, all the outward symbols of a wealthy gentleman's town residence, have been torn away by local 'improvers' or relic-hunters. Where was Capulet's orchard is now a filthy stable-yard, much used by countrymen who bring the produce of their lands to the city market. There is nothing romantic about us as we stand in the crowded, gloomy street, but the glimpse of never-changing blue sky above us. The natives, doubtless wondering at what can occasion our curiosity, gaze with us at the sculptured cap, and read the inscription, as if these were new features in the surroundings of their daily life. Rather sad at heart, perhaps half-angry with Mr Irving for entrapping us into so enchanting an ideal, we make for Juliet's tomb. The road to it lies through some of the least delectable parts of the city; it is evidently a well-beaten road, for at every fifty yards or so we are accosted by an individual who wants to conduct us to the tomb. The invitations we decline; and at length find ourselves in front of a miserable-looking house, of which the plaster is battered and discoloured and the tiles torn away. We ring; and after an interval, the filthy head of a cook or scullery-maid, or some one whose lines in life are cast in unsavoury places, appears. Under a sort of tunnel, we pass, and are in what is now a convent garden, and what was, we are to believe, 'a churchyard; in it a tomb belonging to the Capulets.' Again the ideal is shattered.

After making all allowance for the wear and tear of four hundred years, we have, with reason, we think, brought ourselves to the expectation of being more intimately in the company of Shakspeare here than in the streets of the crowded city. But try as we may, the surroundings are uncongenial. Peace around, a calm blue sky above, but nothing more. Imagine the Bermondsey market-gardens—themselves the sole remnants of one of the richest religious demesnes in England—shut within four walls, and you have the 'churchyard' of Romeo and Juliet. Imagine a stone cattle-trough, built under the shattered remnants of what might have been once a dainty Gothic building, and you have the 'tomb belonging to the Capulets.' There are many visiting-cards in the cattle-trough; and it is a slight consolation to learn, by a perusal of the names on them, that Englishmen are not the only victims of this worthless sham.

We turn from 'Juliet's Tomb' gladly, and retrace our steps city-wards, in order to visit the 'open place' which is the scene of the commencement of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This is probably the 'Piazza delle Erbe,' which has been identified with the Forum of the ancient Roman city, and is a picturesque spot enough, especially on market-day, when the oblong is crowded from end to end with quaintly dressed vendors of luscious fruit, of grain, meat, and odds and ends of all sorts, each one under his or her huge white umbrella. The houses around, built upon arcades, and with frescoed walls, still wear an old-world look; and we can without much difficulty surround ourselves with Valentines and Proteuses, Tybalts and Capulets, Lucettas and Julias, in spite of the discordant harangues of energetic hucksters, and the prevalent odour of garlic and tobacco. A solitary column at one end reminds us of old Roman days; and an elevated erection in the centre, garnished still with chains and 'bracelets,' carries us to later days, when the market-place was the veritable centre of every medieval city.

But the glory of modern Verona is its amphitheatre. Man has worked harder, or at least more efficaciously, than Time in despoiling and disfiguring it; still it stands majestic, colossal, stalwart, pretty much as it stood eighteen hundred years ago. Here we may linger away many pleasant hours, either wandering about in the brilliant sunshine beneath the cloudless blue sky, amongst the tiers of white marble seats; ascending of course to the topmost tier, whence a wide panorama is seen

stretched around us of the quaint, red-tiled city with its domes and campaniles, its irregular jumble of towers and walls, far away beyond which glimmers the distant line of the snowy Alps; or we may descend through one of the many admirably arranged *vomitoria* to the regions 'behind the scenes,' into a damp, dark city of monster arches, huge columns, and colossal walls, amongst which may still be seen the cages wherein the gladiators rested or equipped themselves, or whence the wild animals were let loose upon the Christians awaiting their doom on the sunlit sand of the arena outside the gates. Many of these cages are used as receptacles for such fragments and remnants of the architectural decoration of the corridors as have been found too bulky to be transferred to the local museum. Others, from the deep accumulation of mud within them, have perhaps never been entered by a human being since the days of imperial Rome.

The arena itself owes much of its perfect and brand-new appearance to the energy and patriotism of successive rulers of Verona, and is still frequently used upon popular festivals for theatrical or gymnastic displays; but the corridors around it have, we are told, never been altered or repaired; and the work in them testifies, perhaps as plainly as any other in Italy, to the thoroughness, grandeur, and solidity of ancient Roman work. Until comparatively lately, the amphitheatre was hemmed in closely on all sides by mean, tumble-down dwellings, which completely hid from view its majestic proportions; but these erections have been swept away, and the grand open space created laid out as a public garden, and christened the Square of Victor Emmanuel. In the main street, called the Corso, are two very interesting Roman remains, consisting of a double-arched gateway by Vitruvius, still imposing, although robbed of much of its old embellishment, and disfigured on one side by a tawdry shrine to the Virgin; and a second, highly decorated archway, once spanning the street, now five feet below its level, and literally imbedded in the wall of a house.

What the Colonna and Orsini were to Rome, the Medici to Florence, the Grimaldi and Doria to Genoa, the Visconti to Milan, the family Della Scala, or as they are more generally known, the Scaligers, were to Verona. Hence, it is not remarkable that in every nook and corner of the old city we come across their once terrible crest, the ladder. The old Scaliger Palace, or, more properly speaking, the chief of their palaces, still exists, although shorn of much of its original splendour. But more interesting than the family palace is the family burial-ground; here, within a wonderfully wrought iron railing of fourteenth-century work, are the tombs of the most distinguished, and therefore the most wicked and unscrupulous members of the family. There is that of Can Grande the First, which he built for himself at a fabulous cost; of the first Scaliger, a quaint monument in the form of a ladder, surmounted by a grotesque equestrian figure; of two other personages—massive granite sarcophagi sculptured with the most ludicrous caricatures of men and animals; and there is, last but not least, a notice to visitors, printed in Italian, French, and English, which as a laughter-provoking composition may take rank far above comic literature of a more pretentious sort.

The cathedral is interesting, although for magnificence it does not compare with the church of San Zeno. The entrance in particular is striking, as it consists of a projecting balcony, supported by two curiously twisted pillars, which in turn rest on the backs of two winged monsters, bearing the ancient, mysterious, religious, wheel-symbol upon their flanks. On each side of the door stand the exceedingly quaint figures of Roland and Oliver. The church of Saint Anastasia, under the special protection of the Scala family—it being usual for churches in the great Italian cities to be under the patronage of prominent families, just as many of those in St Petersburg are under the patronage of certain regiments—is remarkable for the two grotesque holy-water basin-bearers known as the Gobbi—figures of mouthing beggars the size of life, in variously coloured marble.

But, apart from the usual traveller-sought 'lines' of Verona, there is much that is interesting, striking, and typical in the city itself, which retains its ancient characteristics, perhaps, to a greater extent than do most North Italian cities in this age of renovation and restoration. There are one or two modern streets of fair dimensions; but the charm of the place, to the sentimentalist and the antiquary, lies away from them, amidst the dark, tortuous, arcaded byways, of which no two houses resemble each other; whereinto the sun rarely penetrates, wherein reign unbroken stillness and darkness. Here the old-world illusion is heightened by the appearance of the heavily cloaked, big-hatted figures which glide noiselessly in and out of dark archways and quaintly sculptured doors; by the entire absence of anything approaching to repair or reconstruction; and above all, by the sad, decayed look which seems to be impressed everywhere. Here may be seen the palaces of the old Verona nobility, veritable Castles Carabas in their hugeness, sadness, and grandeur, still rich with broad, carved staircases, marble halls, frescoed walls, and gaunt, magnificent apartments; still with their 'pleasaunces' stretching away behind, once brilliant with gay flowers and flashing fountains, now overgrown with tangled weeds, battered and deserted. There are bridges crossing the rapid Adige which were ancient when Britain was a vast forest and morass, one of which, after having stemmed the current for ten centuries, had been swept away by an unusual rise of the river a few days before our arrival. These, and the picturesque water-wheels which dot the course of the river, and the curious jumble of ancient buildings climbing up the hillsides, may alone detain the artist for many a long summer day; whilst he who would seek pure air, rest, and quiet, may wander away through the embattled Byzantine gates of the city walls, along roads running straight as when they were mapped by the old Romans, and still lined by their milestones, into a country of fresh green pasture, fields of golden grain, and hills purple with the wealth of sweet grapes.

There is one serious drawback in Verona—the lack of a good hotel. But if the visitor does

not object to extortion and third-rate accommodation for a few days, he will be amply repaid for his temporary discomfort by the pleasure and instruction he will have derived from the exploration of that city which its natives still fondly call 'Verona la Degna.'

MR L'ESTRANGE.

A TALE OF AN ATLANTIC LINER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'My native land, good-night!'

I murmured Byron's line almost unconsciously, as the dark mass, that had been sinking into the green-gray waters, seemed suddenly to founder in them and to be replaced by a formless cloud. England had passed into shadow-land! Should I ever know it again as a real land? Was it and all that I loved passing into mere reminiscence? Was I, like millions before me, going into perpetual exile?

The green died out of the sea, the gray grew darker. It, too, died out; and the vast space over which my eye ranged became black, save where the waves broke into snowy rifts. A feeling of terrible loneliness came over me, and a strange fear of impending troubles. Everybody had descended from the deck to the saloon, at the sound of the dinner-bell; and I remained solitary, under the lee of the huge funnels that poured out wild ribbons of smoke. I was in no mood for eating, still less did I desire society.

For a long time I had been in weak health; and recent family matters had seriously lessened my strength. My father had died suddenly, leaving his affairs so confused that bankruptcy became inevitable. I was recalled from my legal studies in London, being the eldest son. But neither my knowledge of law nor my devotion to the family welfare could prevent the ruin which came upon us. In a few months, our changed social level was reached. A cottage replaced our pleasant country villa, the plainest food our former luxuries. My mother and sisters accepted this painful reverse of fortune with astonishing bravery. At least before me and my younger brother Theodore they appeared cheerful and resigned, and prophesied that we should again rise to the sphere from which we had fallen. Loving and united, capable and ambitious, we could not remain poor in a world where such traits led to wealth and social success. My career as a barrister was at an end, at least for a time; I must earn something for the good and gentle and heroic women who regarded me as the head of the family now. I had tried several paths that seemed suited to such talents and acquirements as I possessed; but I could not get even bread for my single self.

My health failed rapidly; and at times I feared my own death would be added to the calamities of the family. My brother Theodore had been in my father's office. He was thrown upon the world as helpless as a child. Although twenty years old, he was ignorant of everything that produces income in the lower middle-class grade to which we had fallen. He had played at business, as at everything else. A universal favourite, handsome as Apollo, courageous to folly, and with more health and high spirits than a dozen like me, Theodore, who *ought* to have jumped into a good position at once, could not get even the humblest clerkship. His belief in his 'luck' seemed to grow in proportion to his failures; smiling irresistibly in our anxious faces, he would say: 'Cheer up, cheer up, good people; my ship *will* come in; and when she does, her cargo will consist of pure gold; and all our fortunes will be made in one grand *coup*.'

At last matters became desperate. Curtailed to mere necessary food and housing, still our expenditure went on consuming the scanty wreckage of our means. My mother smiled rarely; my sisters went out on furtive errands, and generally came back looking wan and jaded. We all grew taciturn, except Theodore. Nothing damped his glowing heart. His belief in himself never faltered for an instant; but it had ceased to inspire us.

One day I counted the little sum that I had left—it was just over five pounds. My spirits sank into utter eclipse, and I remained in a state of torpid anguish for some hours. Then light broke upon me. I determined to place our situation before my mother's brother, Edward. A long estrangement had separated us. He disliked my father; and a dozen years before, a bitter quarrel had arisen between the two families. Though living in the same town, we did not even speak. My uncle was a hard and opinionated man, implacable in his aversion; and the mere thought of asking a favour from *him* made me grow white to the lips. But some inscrutable inspiration urged me to go to this man and to tell him how we were situated, and to ask him for help. I did not breathe my intention, when I left the house, to my mother and sisters; they would have protested that any humiliation would be preferable to begging alms from Uncle Edward.

My inscrutable inspiration proved to be no illusion. Uncle Edward received me with austere reserve. It melted as I went on telling my painful story; and at the end of it the hard man of the world was softened, as he had probably never been before. He was also alarmed for the reputation of his sister and her children. My statement that death, the workhouse, or the hospital would be the end for me, if things were not changed, quite disturbed the proud old man. The upshot of our interview was that I and Theodore should go to America, there to settle as farmers in the fruit-growing region of California. By such occupation I should have the best chance to recover my health, and a quick means of earning a livelihood for the family. While we boys were building up a home, Uncle Edward would make the women-folks a comfortable allowance; and when the home was ready, he would pay the cost of the voyage of my mother and sisters. An indefinite time was allowed for the repayment of the moneys advanced by my uncle. He thought that in five or six years we should be able to square the obligations against us, if Theodore and I were industrious and observant.

Hence it had come to pass that my young brother and myself were passengers on a

famous Atlantic liner, and speeding with many hundreds of fortune-seekers to the land of financial promise. Theodore had passed through the tribulations of parting, with his usual cheerfulness, and so wrought up the hopes of my sisters, that the poor girls were confidently expecting to join us in California in less than a year. Even my mother caught the infection of her gallant boy's assurances, and almost bade us good-bye with a smile. Nor could I resist the splendid audacity of the lad, who declared himself the new Columbus, going to discover a new golden world, and all, all, for his dear ones.

Sitting in the chill sea-air, and depressed by the gigantic gloom rolling over the shrinking horizon, I lost the buoyancy that had sustained me since we had left Liverpool. The first symptoms of *malaise* were upon me, and I began to fear that I should have to pass through that painful ordeal which few escape on a first ocean voyage. The whiffs of kitchen odours that passed across my face from time to time added to the repugnance I felt to go below.

'Ahoy! Charley! All hands to the soup-plates,' cried Theodore's merry voice behind me. 'Come, old fellow; you cannot remain here in the dismals, while fairyland is just under your feet. I've just been talking to the doctor about you; he's a splendid fellow, and will make you as sound as a bell before we reach New York. He says you must *eat* and not *think*, when you are at sea. I quite agree with him. Come along; and you'll be obliged to agree too. I'll bet you a new hat, to be settled in New York, that you never saw such a spread as there is in the saloon. Why, man, it beats any restaurant or hotel that I have been in. And such a swell company! Come, my dear Charley, I cannot dine, if you do not sit beside me.'

Theodore had not exaggerated, for once, in his description of the saloon. I was dazzled and bewildered by the glitter of glass and silver, and by the brilliant apparel and jewels of the ladies sitting under the effulgence of the electric light.

Theodore had become quite familiar with some of those sitting round our table, of which the ship's doctor was the president. We were hailed with smiles and nods and kind words. I was constrained to look pleased, and to take the soup recommended by the doctor, who assured me that sea-sickness arose partly from dread of it and partly from fasting.

'You are quite right in your opinion, doctor,' said a loud and emphatic voice opposite; 'sea-sickness arises simply from *thinking* of it.'

I looked at the speaker. He was a large, powerfully built man of forty or forty-five years, most fashionably dressed, and with an air of authority that quite impressed me.

'Do you speak from experience?' I asked, rather deferentially.

'I do.' He replied with emphasis. 'You would scarcely believe it,' he continued with a curious smile, 'but my first voyages were martyrdoms. Why, sir, I have been sick crossing the Hudson in a row-boat! The first six days I spent on the Atlantic nearly killed me. If I could have found a back-door out of the ship, I would have run to my mother's home in Connecticut, I can tell you, although I was going to heir my uncle's estate in England. But I was only a sickly boy in those days.'

Here the waiter came with a new dish, and my interlocutor suddenly ceased, and helped himself freely. I could not resist an envious sigh, as I watched his big strong hands loading the bilious-looking dainty on his plate. What animal force! what magnificent digestion! and I so womanly weak!

I pushed my half-filled plate away, and addressing him, asked: 'How did you conquer sea-sickness?'

'By *will*, sir,' he replied, after drinking a full glass of champagne—'by *will*. I got up one morning feeling that I was going to feed the fishes, instead of enjoying my uncle's estate; and I looked at the water rolling past the ship, wondering how big a hole I should make in it, when they pitched me overboard. All of a minute, something seemed to say to me: "You're a fool, young man; go and feed *yourself*." I said: "I *will* feed myself." Yes, sir, my mind was made up; my will was going like an engine. In less than five minutes, quite a quantity of food had got inside of me.'

The reminiscence seemed to recall him to present facts; for suddenly he began to eat again, and was oblivious of my presence. I sat thinking of the power of the will over human affairs, confessing that I had little of it, and wishing that I could induce a mysterious monitor to call me a fool, if that would make me similar to this resolute epicure before me.

In the meantime my brother Theodore was eating, drinking, talking, as if he were a maritime veteran; so busy was he that he quite forgot me, save when the new dishes came round; then he would urge me to take some more food, and finding me unwilling, would help himself copiously, saying, with a laugh, that he must do duty for both.

Very soon the poor dyspeptic finds himself 'left' on board ship. His glum face and brooding fancies scare away the gay, and alarm the too sympathetic with fears on their own account.

Who that has felt the solitude of the banqueting table can forget it?—the clash of knives and forks, the sharp rattling of plates, the clinking and chiming of glasses, the sudden laugh, the gurgling appreciation of a *bon mot*, the odours of meats, drinks, fruits, flowers, compounded and recompounded, until the olfactory sense is paralysed and beyond discrimination; the confidential buzz of waiters, the sighs of repletion, the grunts of impatience, the compliments of gallantry, and the light laughter of ladies' voices. I bore with this unsympathetic gaiety as long as I could; and then, in spite of Theodore's reproachful remonstrances, of the doctor's perfunctory behests 'to make myself comfortable,' and of the man of will 'to sit it out,' I left the saloon and its diners and staggered up on deck. As I went to the companion-door, I collided with a gentleman, who begged my pardon in a kindly manner. I apologised also, and looking into his face, recognised one that I had seen at a table near to ours. It was that of a youngish man, with an elderly, thoughtful expression, rather odd, if not peculiar. At sea, ceremony is often

suspended, and a sort of nautical sociability arises that one never finds ashore. Our collision brought myself and fellow-passenger into conversational touch.

'You are like me, I fear,' began the stranger, 'not able to stand the heat and noise of the saloon.'

'I am indeed driven from it,' I returned. 'I cannot eat and drink as most of our guests seem to do. What astonishes me most, however, is that delicate ladies dare indulge in so many kinds of rich food.'

'They'll all be ill to-morrow, and some of them will not get better before we sight Fire Island.' My companion laughed a quiet, low, introspective sort of laugh, as he uttered these predictions.

'Where is Fire Island?' I asked.

'Haven't you bin to America before?' The voice and accent of the gentleman seemed to change abruptly, becoming vulgar and eager.

'No; I am crossing the Atlantic for the first time.'

'Splendid country, America. You'll make your fortune quick over there.'

'I hope I may,' cried I, with a cheerful tone.

'Don't put it that way,' said the other advisingly. 'Say you *will* make your fortune, and you'll make your pile.'

'Why, you are of the same school as a gentleman I spoke with at dinner.'

'What school d'ye mean?' demanded the stranger, with another change of demeanour and in an almost agitated voice, while he scrutinised me narrowly in the faint light proceeding from the saloon window near us.

I was surprised, and remained a moment silent, during which the eyes of the questioner explored me keenly.

'I mean, simply, that the gentleman told me that will-power is a cure for sea-sickness.'

'Ha, ha! Funny philosophy, isn't it?' The laugh was a mixture of artifice and relief. 'So he told you that will-power cures sea-sickness?'

'Yes.'

'Do you believe it?'

'I am going to try it.'

'And you're in the right of it, sir. Will's everything in this world. I say, if you go to America with your mind made up to win, your fortune's made, dead-certain. But if you don't *will* it, then you had better take a ticket home again. That gentleman in the saloon is an American, you bet. What's his name?'

'I cannot tell you,' I replied, getting tired of the conversation, and feeling a growing dislike to the man.

'What sort of a man is he?' demanded he with irritating insistency.

'He is a tall, fine-looking, imposing gentleman.'

'With black moustaches and chin-beard?'

'Yes.'

'I believe he's a New York banker,' said my companion with a hushed respect. 'I heard the stewards talking about him. He's a millionaire. Did *he* tell you to use your will-power to cure sea-sickness?'

'Yes.'

'Then follow it, sir. When a millionaire gives advice gratis, a man's a fool not to take it.—But, I say, mister, it's getting cold; suppose we go into the smoke-room. A glass of whisky will do you good; keeps the chills off the stomach, and so keeps off sea-sickness. Do you smoke?'

'No; I do not,' I answered with a shudder.

'Well, then, let me advise you to begin right here. Smoking cured me of sea-sickness, when I was quite a little boy. Come along.'

'No, thank you; I dare not go into the midst of tobacco fumes; and I am almost a teetotaler.'

Something like a muttered oath seemed to pass into my ear; and then followed the words: 'Well, just as *you* like; but I must have a drink and a cigar.'

I had scarcely time to think of the man's queer ways, before Theodore came near me, arm in arm with the gentleman who had advised me to *will* so strongly. If he were a banker, as had been hinted, he was very companionable to a poor fellow like Theodore. Indeed, I was rather displeased at my brother's familiarity with a person so far beyond him in monetary position. They did not see me, in the shadow of the steering-house; and Theodore was saying as they passed: 'Yes, my father built up a big business, and might have made an immense fortune; but he was too timid to strike high.'

'That's just where the English fail,' said the other, coming to a stand and slapping Theodore on the shoulder. 'The Americans will soon have the trade of the world, because they are not afraid of attempting big things. Well, my young friend, you must not follow in your father's footsteps, if you go into business in my country. What are your plans?'

Theodore hesitated, as if ashamed to confess that he was going into the humble occupation of a fruit-farmer. 'We are going to California,' he said at length and in an evasive tone.

'California!' exclaimed the American. 'Then, young man, you must be ready for anything and everything. We are pretty wide awake in New York; but we are asleep compared with those fellows on the Pacific slope. Everybody speculates there. Do you speculate?'

'Well, that is just what I would like to do,' cried my brother enthusiastically; 'but I have had no chance, so far. I want to become rich by a few masterly operations, not by plodding and saving. I want my mother and sisters to live like elegant ladies; and my brother to be a wealthy amateur barrister, for the poor fellow has not strength to follow his profession as a means of winning a livelihood. He will be lost in a Californian orchard.'

'I like your style, young man,' said the American, with what I thought a tone of forced admiration. 'You will prosper amongst us. Plodding, as you English call snoring at business, has no chance in our country. We are wide awake, afraid of nothing, ready to make a causeway with the Rocky Mountains across the Atlantic, and run a railway over it at a hundred miles an hour. I tell you when our will-power gets started, we stop at nothing.—But we will talk more comfortably in the smoke-room, and I want a cigar. Will you join me?'

'With all my heart,' cried Theodore. 'You seem to know everything, and I am sure will be of great advantage to me.'

'If I can put you in for a good thing, I shall have much pleasure in doing it. I know several people in California.'

'Thanks, my dear sir; let us go into the smoke-room;' and Theodore seized the arm of the American, as if he had known him from childhood.

The conversation I had overheard disturbed me—why, I could not say. If Theodore was making a useful friend, he was already doing that for which we had left England. Fortune was our object. The sooner that was attained, the sooner joy would return to our desolated home. What harm could happen to Theodore by associating with a man of wealth, influence, and extensive knowledge? Suppose the ingenuous boy told more of our private affairs than was desirable to a casual acquaintance, what harm could arise? Frank, confiding, enthusiastic as he was, those qualities could do us no injury if unduly indulged. At most, our poverty and our plans would be revealed to a stranger. He might despise us, as the rich often do the unfortunate; or he might prove to be a powerful friend. Thinking my English shyness and reserve must be the cause of my dislike to the intimacy springing up between my brother and the stranger, I strove to remonstrate with myself. But I could not banish the feeling of vague alarm that beset me each time that I passed the smoke-room, on my weary promenade round the deck. I was alone again; the night was cloudy, and drifting showers came on at intervals.

At eight o'clock I had so fatigued myself that I could walk no longer, and as I felt better than I had done since leaving the saloon, I determined to get into bed without delay. I therefore went into the smoke-room to tell Theodore I was going below. I found him in the centre of a group of lively people, telling a humorous story, his blue eyes blazing with excitement, his golden curls gleaming in the smoky air, as if radiant with a nimbus. A glass of steaming brandy was beside him, and he had the appearance of having drunk freely. Now, he was not intemperate, and never had I seen him under the influence of drink; his looks and demeanour therefore alarmed me. I called him aside.

'Don't go to bed yet, Charley,' he pleaded. 'Come and enjoy yourself with us for half an hour, and then we will go together. You cannot imagine what a lot of nice fellows are with us; gentlemen of first-rate positions, and who have seen such wonderful things all over the world. Do stay, Charley.'

The smoke began to make me ill. I backed to the door, saying: 'I cannot stand this place, Theodore. Come to bed soon, and do not take any more drink. Are you forgetting yourself?'

'Don't be alarmed, old boy,' he returned with a saucy laugh; 'I am merely taking a glass of grog for the propitiation of Neptune. If you would only do likewise, you would feel jolly as I do. Upon my life, Charley, I never was so confoundedly comfortable before. I believe I'm a born sailor; and if we don't make our pile in California, I'll take to the sea. My mind is made up, anyhow. I'll never fall back into our English humdrum. Why, my dear lad, if you heard these gentlemen's conversation about poor old Britain, you'd be frightened! That country's going down hill, because we don't speculate and invent and drive along as the Americans do. After all, I believe it was a real good thing that poor old father did make a mess of it. We've been forced out of the old ruts, my boy; and I'll bet you what you like, that in five years we shall be millionaires, not in dollars, Charley—no; in pounds sterling. Oh, trust me, I am picking up a lot of notions, and I'll make your fortune as well as my own. But go to bed, old fellow; you are looking bad again.'

A CHAT ABOUT SOLICITORS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

VERY curious notions are sometimes entertained of the junior branch of the legal profession by that part of the public which has seldom or never been brought into contact with it. In the first place, there is very considerable ignorance as to what an English solicitor really is, or in what respect he differs from an English barrister. I have constantly met with persons, otherwise well informed, who entertained a rooted idea that the solicitor occupies a rank in the profession subordinate to that of the barrister—that he is a species of subaltern, and that if he is 'good and clever,' he may some day be promoted to be a barrister. I have found it also to be generally supposed that he is, as a matter of course, the possessor of considerable wealth, acquired by means frequently the reverse of reputable; and as a corollary to this proposition, that he is a creature of diabolical and unscrupulous cunning and ingenuity, which attributes are supplemented by the most powerful and comprehensive of intellects, and an instantaneously ready and entirely infallible knowledge of the law. True, he does not always impart this knowledge without reserve to those who consult him; but this is merely that he may not deter them, by too free a demonstration of the pitfalls and morasses which lie before them, from attempting that undesirable feat of gymnastics called 'running up a lawyer's bill.'

I am afraid that those of my readers who entertain such opinions as the foregoing will hardly be disposed to believe me when I assure them that the calling of a solicitor is quite separate and distinct from that of a barrister; that his duties are of an entirely different character; that a sudden transition from the one status to the other is impossible to him; but that if he be desirous of being called to the bar, he must have himself struck off the roll of solicitors three years previously. Also, that a solicitor who has acquired a large fortune by the practice of his profession is rather a rarity than otherwise; that in his business, as in most others, such fortunes are seldom built up but by wearily slow degrees, with much patient and painful toil and rigid self-denial, and often by

the successive labours of several generations. There are, alas! many very poor and miserable solicitors, both deserving and the reverse; and the excellent charitable societies which have been founded for the relief of the former class and those dependent on them find plenty of employment for their funds. Lastly, the solicitor, taken on the average, is neither better nor worse, neither cleverer nor more stupid, than his neighbours; his one advantage being, that whereas other business men are for the most part experienced only in their own special grooves, and their knowledge of life confined to that class of society in which they move, his experience takes a far wider range; for he is daily brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and is forced by the nature of his work to acquire some acquaintance with almost every trade, profession, and occupation under the sun. Even his legal knowledge, though sometimes wide, is generally superficial as regards theory and principles.

The difference between the solicitor and barrister may be illustrated by comparing them to the two ends of a speaking-tube, the solicitor being the end spoken into, and the barrister that from which the voice issues. Into the one end the aggrieved client pours his wrongs; from the other his wrongs issue in the words of the barrister, to whom Justice, often bored, but ever patient inclines her ear. To speak without a parable, let me endeavour to make my meaning clear by a rough sketch of the course of an ordinary action at law.

We will suppose, then, reader, that you have suffered grievous wrong and injury at the hands of your malignant and evil-minded neighbour, Smith. It may be that by the negligent driving of Smith or his servants you have been overthrown, with loss of dignity and cuticle, in the public streets, and have thereby suffered wounds and internal injuries which incapacitate you from following your very lucrative calling, to your loss and damage. Or, that the savage and ferocious dog of Smith, not being under proper control, has come upon your lands, and there set upon and worried and done to death your magnificent prize Manx cat, valued (by yourself) at fifty guineas. Then it is that you, suffering under the weight of your grievance, seek the consoling presence of your solicitor, being firmly impressed with the conviction that Smith is altogether in your power, and that he has not a leg to stand upon. Your solicitor listens with irritating impassiveness to your tale of woe; and when he has heard you to the end, proceeds, by means of a few rapid and searching questions, to extract the real story from the confused and probably one-sided statement of facts which you have put before him; for, with the usual fatuity of human nature, you will have enlarged upon and exaggerated all such circumstances as you consider to be in your favour, while carefully suppressing everything which may tell against you.

The next thing your solicitor does is to write a formal letter to Smith, setting forth the complaint, demanding immediate compensation, and threatening legal proceedings in default; which composition is technically called 'the letter before action,' and under the vague generalisation of 'a lawyer's letter,' is regarded with much dread and abhorrence by the world at large. Smith proving stubborn, the solicitor proceeds to fill up the Writ of Summons, which is merely a printed notice from 'Victoria, by the grace of God Queen, Defender of the Faith,' summoning the recalcitrant Smith within eight days to enter an appearance at your suit, failing which you may proceed to judgment and execution. This having been duly stamped at the proper office, a copy thereof is served upon Smith. We will assume that Smith by his solicitor causes an appearance to be entered in due season.

It is at this point that the barrister steps in. Your solicitor lays before 'counsel'—as the barrister is called*—a carefully prepared summary of the facts, and instructs him to prepare the Statement of Claim. This is simply a history of the circumstances, compiled with due regard to various technicalities, followed by a claim for a sum of money by way of damages. Counsel having drawn it up from the facts before him, it is printed, and a copy is delivered to Smith's solicitor, who replies with a Statement of Defence, also prepared by counsel. By this time it is to be hoped that the parties have managed between them to define pretty clearly what it is they are fighting about; otherwise, the 'pleadings,' which is the name given to these documents, may be continued indefinitely, until the matters at issue are evident. When such a state of things has been happily arrived at, your solicitor delivers a short 'joinder of issue'—that is, in effect, an allegation that what you say is true, and that what Smith says is the reverse.

Counsel is thereupon instructed to 'advise on evidence'—that is, to say what witnesses, documents, &c. will be necessary to prove your case. The solicitor then sets to work to get this evidence together; and here comes the most difficult and trying part of the whole business. Some witnesses are friendly and willing, and even anxious to do all they can to assist; they will attend with alacrity and punctuality at the solicitor's office, and will answer all his inquiries with the most unreserved fullness. They will not only tell him all they know, but also a great deal that they do not know, exaggerating and inventing as they go along in the most trying manner; not from any wish to deceive, but from sheer partisanship and anxiety that their friend shall not be beaten. They will keep back nothing except—unless sharply looked after—some trifling point of the utmost importance to the case, but which, as it seems to them, 'doesn't matter.' These are the most dangerous kind of witnesses; for unless the evidence which they are really able to give be carefully sifted out of them and driven well home into their minds beforehand, they will, when called upon to undergo the ordeal of the oath, infallibly unsay three-fourths of what they have privately

* In Scotland, the counsel is called an advocate, not a barrister.

stated, and qualify the remainder, thus giving a fatal aspect of weakness and deception to the whole case.

Other witnesses, again, delighted with the temporary importance suddenly conferred upon them, will augment that importance by every means in their power. They will not go to the solicitor—not they. 'If he wants them, let him come to them. They do not know when he can see them; they are very busy; they can make no appointment—he must take his chance.' Consequently, much precious time has to be wasted in repeatedly calling upon them and hunting them from place to place; and when at length brought to bay, they exhibit a maddening amount of hauteur and indifference. They don't remember this; they have but a meagre recollection of that; they don't know that they can swear to the other—in fact, they would much rather not have anything to say in the matter, and will only consent to do so under pressure and as a great favour. Add to all this that they are fond of little lunches and are dreadfully thirsty. Then there are the absolutely hostile witnesses, who must be compelled to appear and give evidence by legal process, and who in court must have the truth dragged out of them, and in the telling of it will do all the harm to your case that they conveniently can.

The evidence having been collected, the cause is set down for trial, and the Brief is prepared for counsel. This is simply your story of the case, followed by the name of each witness, and a résumé of the evidence he is prepared to give. When the cause is heard in court, the opposing counsel, speaking by their briefs, proceed to argue, examine their own witnesses, and cross-examine those of the other side, until each has done all he possibly can for his client. The jury then find either that you are a much injured man, and Smith the cause of it; or that Smith is a most estimable person, and that you are quite mistaken in supposing yourself aggrieved. Or—what is worst of all—perhaps they find themselves unable to come to any conclusion; in which case they are discharged without a verdict, and all the work has to be done over again—that is to say, provided you have the stomach for it, which will probably not be the case unless you are either very wealthy or very obstinate.

This rough outline of proceedings, far too complicated in their details to be set forth more fully, will sufficiently illustrate the difference between the functions of the solicitor and those of the barrister. It will be seen that the former deals directly with the public; the latter only through the agency of the solicitor; so that, although the standing of the barrister is considered to be superior to that of the solicitor, it is upon the good-will of solicitors that every barrister must depend for success in his profession.

The popular notion is that every time the solicitor is interviewed by his client, every time he puts pen to paper to indite a letter, indeed whenever he exerts mind or body in the slightest degree, he charges (and is paid) a fee, which is invariably put at six shillings and eightpence. And in support of this idea there is a little anecdote, which relates how a solicitor was walking down the street, when a client, meeting him, observed that the weather was fine, and inquired if the lawyer thought it would hold up; who replied that he considered there was every probability of its doing so. Some little time after, the client was astounded at receiving a bill as follows: 'Attending you on your consulting me as to the state of the weather—conferring and advising thereon—6s. 8d.' As a fact, the solicitor's fee is sometimes more, sometimes less than the above mystical amount; while in certain cases the law does not allow him to make any charge at all. The competition he has to face is tremendous, and the result of his insisting even on his full legal charges would simply be that he would lose three-fourths of his connection. Not only has he to compete with duly qualified members of his own profession, but he has also, in his efforts to acquire a practice, to run the gantlet of all sorts of unlicensed intruders. There is the accountant, the auctioneer, the 'general agent,' the 'private gentleman of fortune' who advances any sum at a day's notice, and who assures his victims that they will incur 'no legal expenses,' and a hundred others; each and all of whom are ready to transact, however imperfectly and unskilfully, business for which people formerly resorted to their solicitors. Many even dabble in matters which solicitors only are by law permitted to handle—some by boldly evading legal restrictions, others by keeping in their employ some unfortunate man of law who has suffered shipwreck in reputation or in pocket, and who, in consideration of a share, and a very small one, of the profits is content to lend such persons the shelter of his name.

Of these harpies, the public cannot sufficiently beware, being, as most of them are—for accountants and auctioneers of standing are seldom guilty of such practices—mere ephemeræ, here to-day and gone to-morrow; unlike solicitors, responsible to no court, restrained by no scruples, hampered by no professional etiquette, whose only rule of conduct is to get what they can, and whose sole possessions are a highly varnished but unstable set of second-hand office furniture. They are compelled to undergo no training, they pass no examination, and pay no expensive fees. It is competent to any man with enough ready-money to pay a quarter's rent in advance, to open an office and dub himself 'accountant' or what not; and without knowledge, education, ability, or indeed any business qualifications except a glossy exterior and a confident address, to apply himself to deceive, swindle, and impoverish whomsoever he may succeed in entrapping.

I have spoken strongly, perhaps, on the wrongs of my profession; but have I not some excuse? Is it not a little hard, after having undergone a training which has occupied from three to five years, and has cost in premium, fees, and maintenance during the time of apprenticeship about two thousand pounds, to find that irresponsible intruders have come in over the wall, and are on all hands plucking and devouring the fruit which he who has entered by the gate has striven so hard to win? We do not ask for sympathy or appreciation; we simply demand justice. Place our rivals under the same restrictions which hamper us, and we will undertake to hold our own against all comers.

But it will readily be imagined from the foregoing remarks that the acquisition of a large fortune is not a mere ABC to the solicitor, even if he were exempt, which he by no means is, from the runs of ill-luck and reverses of fortune which beset the rest of mankind. Moreover, the great road to success which is open to his non-professional rivals and to every other class of business man is closed, and very properly so, to the solicitor. He must not advertise; this the etiquette of his profession strictly forbids. He must depend for the increase of his connection upon the slow and wearisome process of contagion—he must wait while those whom he has succeeded in satisfying communicate to others with whom they come in contact a belief in their solicitor's talent. Like other folks, lawyers are liable to make little mistakes; and they are aware of this, and are forbearing with one another, none knowing when his day may come for need of such forbearance. But let a solicitor advertise, and he at once becomes an Ishmaelite. Every man's hand is against him. He cannot make a slip but instant advantage is taken of it to the fullest possible extent; and he soon finds that he must either withdraw his advertisements and wait until his fault has been forgotten, or abandon the practice of his profession. But we are generally saved from this by a feeling of what is due to our own dignity.

The honesty of the solicitor has always been more or less called in question; and this, curiously enough, appears to be quite compatible with the entire confidence which almost every man reposes in his lawyer. The common cause for these conflicting phenomena is not far to seek. They spring from the lamentable ignorance of the laws by which they are governed which is conspicuous in the majority of Britons. This ignorance compels them to place confidence, reluctantly but perforce, in the man whom they suppose to know the law, and at the same time disables them from perceiving whether he is imposing upon them or not. But let me assure them for their comfort, if they will take the word of one of the suspected tribe, that solicitors are better by far than they are painted. I could, if I had space, set out instances without number of kindness and self-sacrifice on the part of my brethren. You will be as safe in the hands of a solicitor of standing and repute as in those of any other person of similar position. He will not cheat you himself, neither will he allow others to do so. It would not *pay* such a man to be anything else than honest. Sooner or later his sin would find him out; and the consequences would be of considerably more importance to him than any ill-gotten gains he might have acquired. Or supposing him to have a good chance of escape, the risk would be far too serious. Sorry disclosures, no doubt, occasionally take place in public of the shortcomings of solicitors in point of honour and honesty; but do doctors never appear in the police-courts? are clergymen always immaculate? is the glorious profession of arms free from all stain on its brightness? And has any general distrust of soldiers, clergymen, or physicians arisen in consequence?

My advice, therefore, to the reader is, to select your solicitor with a due regard to his business and social surroundings; always to be candid, frank, and straightforward with him, when you may rest assured he will be equally so with you. Trust him implicitly, and he will give you no cause to regret your confidence.

VINE-GROWING IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

THE disease, as it is not very correctly called, that has destroyed the vineyards in many departments in France, has caused changes in the cultivation of the vine that may be useful to record. The enemy was an insect that burrowed and ate up all the fibrous roots, so that, when they were gone, the vine died from want of nourishment. It has been ascertained by experience that the insect known as Phylloxera had generally been at work some two years before the vines showed signs of failing. Then loss of power became apparent; the shoots became feeble and short, and in one or two seasons the plant died. Various chemical remedies were tried; one, of a sulphurous nature, being injected through a tube down to the roots. It was efficacious in killing the insect; but as it was dangerous also to the plant, the practice has been dropped. Very liberal manuring in some cases staved off the evil day, probably stimulating the vines to throw out fresh rootlets, which prolonged life for a time. It was at last recognised as inevitable that the old vines were bound to go; and new plants under different conditions must take their place. Happily, America—the country that sent the disease to France—supplied the remedy in vines, many of them quite wild vines, that are now restoring the vineyards of France.

We will first give a short account of the old system of vine-cultivation in the south of France, so as to show in what respects the new practice differs and improves upon it.

The old plan of cultivation was—rows of olive-trees eight to ten yards apart between, and six or seven yards apart in the rows. About a yard on each side of the olive-trees, a row of vines, making as it were double rows of vines, with vacant spaces, six or eight yards wide, between two double rows. These spaces were sown with corn or green crops every year, and the only manure applied to the land was that given to these crops. Now, as olive-trees and vines send their roots very far in search of food, the only hope of keeping such a system going would have been excessive manuring. This was not generally done; and, moreover, the produce in olives and grapes was taken off the land without any return in the shape of refuse to speak of. The vine-shoots, too, are cut off in winter down to two eyes, and the cut portions, when dry, used for lighting fires. This drastic treatment impoverished the soil, and rendered the vines too feeble to resist the attacks of the Phylloxera. Most of them succumbed at once. One vineyard proprietor we knew had about two hundred and fifty thousand vines. His cellar, running the whole length of his house, fully

twenty yards long, was filled with wine a few years ago. In two years, all was over, and corn had taken the place of vines.

The replanting of such an extent of land was too much to be undertaken; and except a small acreage planted with American vines for home-use, vine-culture has been abandoned on his property. Many kinds of American vines were imported—some that produced grapes useful for wine, others simply wild vines, only useful as stocks for grafts of the old vines of France. Some of them were non-resistant to the insect; others were disliked for one reason or other; and the favourite now seems to be the Jacquez, which produces a fairly good grape itself, and is also a good stock for French grafts. As a wild vine useful only as stock, the Riparia is most liked. It is a vine of great vigour, throwing out shoots of five to ten yards long in a season. There are many different modes of planting: some proprietors graft the two sorts together as cuttings, and plant them out; others strike them in a nursery, and when rooted, plant them out. After trying all methods, our own experience favours the plan of planting the American Riparia rooted, and in a year or two after, grafting the French vine on to it. From grafts made in March, we have had shoots yards in length, which have borne large bunches of grapes the first year.

The change in the mode of cultivation principally consists in doing away with the olive-trees and corn-crops before mentioned, and confining the plantation to vines alone. This is a great improvement; and as with it manuring is recognised, good results are already apparent. There is, however, we think, a tendency to plant the vines too close. Some are planted only a yard apart each way; while two yards between the rows seems to us little enough space. The expense of replanting has been very great. Of course, after the first year or two the larger proprietors formed their own nurseries, and struck the cuttings themselves. Our own practice was to buy the wild Riparia rooted, and the following winter to layer the long shoots on either side—if possible, forming new plants—at least a yard distant from the old one, and grafting as they became ready. All cuttings are carefully planted in the nursery, to be planted out the following year in the gaps where the layers had not fully completed a new row. So every year the vines increase, though, as an acre requires thousands under the new system of cultivation, the progress is comparatively slow as regards the extent of land.

Under the old system, one thousand vines planted an acre; now, four to five thousand vines are required. The number seems large; but it must be remembered that they are cut back to one or two eyes, that the shoots run very near the ground, and that each plant does not produce more than one or two quarts of wine. The vines in the south of France are not often staked, as in the central departments. The reasons are probably twofold—the one owing to the occasional violent winds that blow; and the other due to wood suitable for stakes not being plentiful. Thus vines that branch a little upwards and form a kind of curve before the end touches the ground, are preferred. The grape bunches coming chiefly near the stem do not touch the ground, and are handy for gathering. Vines that have shoots simply running along the ground, and bearing bunches of grapes resting on the soil, are undesirable; they get dirty, and are liable to be destroyed by insects and vermin, as well as to be rotted by rain.

The grape-harvest begins towards the end of August, and goes on through September. There are grapes that ripen in July; but these are for eating rather than for wine. The process of ingathering is very simple. As the grapes are gathered, they are placed in baskets, slung on each side of a mule or pony, and taken off to what we may call the squeezing-house. Here we find something like a large bath, built of masonry, and well cemented. On the top, loose planks are laid, and on them the grapes are placed. Men without shoes or stockings dance upon the grapes, and the juice runs through the cracks between the planks into the receptacle below. Then, from time to time, the skins and stalks are allowed to fall in by moving a plank. Nothing is then done for five days, during which period fermentation goes on. At this period, the wine is drawn off by a tap at the bottom of the *cuve*, and when the liquid is disposed of, the skins and stalks are taken out and put through a press, to get out all the colour of the grape. This last wine in the case of black grapes, is much darker than the other, and is mixed with it, so that the colour should be uniform. We should remember that the colour comes from the skin; and, paradoxical as it may appear, white wine can be made from black grapes, if the skins are kept out. The stalks contain a certain amount of tannin; and there is, without doubt, in good pure wine, over and above the alcohol, a certain amount of food. The natives of the country live chiefly on bread and wine; and although it is a question whether the amount spent on wine might not with greater advantage be spent on meat, the fact remains that they can work very well on the corn-and-wine, salad-and-oil diet.

After this digression, we return to the wine, which is put into casks, generally of two hundred and twenty-five litres—equal to the twenty-six dozen English bottles—and left for six weeks. The bungs being left out, fermentation continues, and skins and froth are constantly thrown off through the bunghole. Every two or three days the cask is filled up, and the process continues. When six weeks are completed, the bungs are knocked in, and all is finished.

We are speaking now of small properties. In large vineyards, the casks are of enormous size, built in the cellar. The cellar is not underground, as in England, but is on the north side of the house, on the ground-level. It often takes two stories of the house in height, and has a loft above it. The length is often twenty to thirty yards. The wine is racked in spring—that is, moved from one cask to another—the object being to get rid of all sediment and deposit and to have a clear bright wine. Then it may be bottled or not as convenient. We are not speaking of choice wines, when we say that this wine may be drunk at six months old, though it is better to keep it eighteen months. Nothing should be done to the wine—neither clearing

substance nor alcohol should be added. In fact, the treatment calls for no more trouble than the making of cider, cleanliness and care being the chief desiderata.

Wine may be kept for various periods; but good ordinary wine is never better than at three or four years old, though it may keep sound for twenty years. It is now very difficult to get pure wine. Water is often added at the time of pressing equal to the quantity of wine, and fermented with it; thus the two become blended, and pure alcohol added gives the strength. People used to pure wine can detect at once any adulteration. Once we added something to our own wine. There had been a very abundant crop of grapes, owing to an unusual amount of rain having fallen when the grapes were swelling. The amount of wine was more than one-third above the average, and though clear and pure, it seemed weak. We thought it could not stand a hot summer, and consulted a local authority, who recommended a bottle of brandy, or maybe two, to be added to each cask of about forty gallons. The advice was followed, and the wine was spoiled—that is to say, the pure taste of wine was gone, although it remained perfectly sound. It was no pleasure to drink it; and we consigned it to the domestics. A small cask that had not been doctored or fortified kept perfectly well, and turned out an excellent wine.

The best wine comes from high ground, but quantity gives way to quality. Stony ground—often old quarries—produces a high quality of wine—bright, light, and wholesome. In the plains below, you have quantity, but coarse and heavy wine. The taste of earth is often discernible, and strong manuring only increases this defect. Hillsides with a southern aspect are the best sites for vineyards.

If things go well, the cultivation of vines is a very pleasant occupation; but, like agriculture generally, the last few years have been disastrous, and hope is only now beginning to revive.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

I.

Oh! the deathly, dreary world—
Summer 's fled;
Oh! the cruel heart-despair—
Hopes are dead.
All the world is drowned in tears—
Tears of rain;
Night is o'er me; when will Dawn
Come again?
Dark without and dark within
Is my life;
When will Death, the crown of all,
End the strife?
Flowers have sadly died away—
Gentle friends;
Piercing wind with baleful power
Storms and rends.
Little warblers of the grove,
Silent all;
Winter covers heart and home
Like a pall.
Gloom and pain are all around,
Chilling aye;
Night is long, and sad, and drear;
Bright the day.
Not a gleam of light, but all
Gray and cold;
Low'ring clouds with ne'er a warm
Ray of gold.
Music hushed and laughter stilled—
Winter's reign—
Sunshine gone, and leaving only
Bitter pain.

II.

Summer friends have passed away,
All untrue;
Friendship could not bear the storms
As they grew.
Stand they by you, if you keep
In the sun;
Fortune frowns, then count your friends
One by one.
Let them go! they are not worth
Calling friend—
Word that means standing by you
Till the end.
Let them go! Cowards leave a
Sinking ship;
Not a friendship theirs of heart,
But of lip.
Let them go to pastures new,
Bright with gold;
Let them live their sunny life,
Shunning cold.
Friendship, like the hothouse flowers,
Just for show,
With no strength to brave the storms—
Let them go!

III.

Heart grows warmer with the thought,
I have *one*
Who will be a friend for aye,
Shade or sun.
Thought that wakes the dull, dead earth—
Past is night;
Through the eastern gates of morn
Breaks the Light.
Fled is now the dreary dream;
Day is here,
Songsters' voices trilling out
Sweet and clear!
Flowers awake in beauty fresh
Ope their eyes;
Dawn dispels the midnight grief,
Sorrow dies.
Yes, our Life is worth the living:
Rich are we,
If we count as friend one soul,
Frank and free.
Earth grows lovely as I think,
Such have I,
Who will true and faithful be,
Till I die.

Florence M. Fulton.

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SOME BIG SCHEMES.

In the development of railway schemes the present age is most prolific. Two of these are of colonial inception and of great magnitude—namely, the Canadian Pacific Railway from sea to sea of North America: and the Australian Trans-continental line, which is intended ultimately to connect Adelaide in the south with Port Darwin in the north. Yet there is nothing startling about these projects, because they are in familiar fields of enterprise and expansion, and because they seem not merely legitimate, but obviously necessary sooner or later.

A much smaller project, indeed, may seem much more extravagant; such, for instance, as Mr Stanley's scheme for a line of railway to unite the Upper with the Lower Congo, and so avoid the interruption to navigation caused by the Falls. This railway will not be very long, but it will be difficult to construct, and necessarily costly, from the distance which material and skilled labour will have to be conveyed. But it is one of the first things which will have to be done, and which doubtless will be done, before the attractive country which Mr Stanley has made known to the civilised world can be brought within the bounds of commerce and civilisation. A railway into Central Africa, indeed, is no new idea, and has been in part realised already by the French, who are engaged in making a line from their settlement on the Senegal to a place called Bammaku, on the upper reaches of the Niger. This railway will be some six hundred miles in length; and from its interior terminus, it is expected that Timbuctoo can be reached in less than a week by steam-launches. These schemes, then, if not great as engineering feats in comparison with others which we have to mention, are certainly 'big' with potentialities.

Of vast importance to the British empire, again, is the intention to expend some fifty millions in developing the railway system of India. It is known that a very large proportion of the wheat actually produced in India is wasted, because of the insufficiency of existing means of getting it to market. It is also known, by the careful reports of experts, that vast tracts which are peculiarly adapted to wheat cultivation are now lying useless, and that, although the present production of wheat in the empire is between two hundred and two hundred and forty million bushels annually, it could be almost immediately doubled were communication established. With an adequate development of the railway system, it is probable that India may vie with America as the granary of the world.

Then another thing necessary for the development of India and, through India, for an extension of our trade and influence, is the opening of direct communication with Western China and Tibet. To this end, Mr A. R. Colquhoun planned a line of railway from the coasts of British Burmah through Northern Siam and the Shan States to the south-west frontier of China. The whole line of route has been explored; and the reports of Mr Colquhoun have been confirmed by travellers who have followed him, especially by Mr Carl Bock, regarding the natural wealth of the countries to be traversed by the main line and its proposed feeders. It would bring Rangoon into direct connection with the populous towns of Zimmé, Raheng, and Bangkok, and in fact with the whole population of Siam and the Shan States, variously estimated as between thirty and forty millions. The only difficult part of this railway is said to be where it will have to cross the mountains between British Burmah and Siam; but even there the difficulties are not greater than have been encountered and overcome in many other parts of the world. The cost of construction at this point is estimated by Mr Colquhoun at fifteen thousand pounds per mile; but the main length, he thinks, could be constructed for a little over seven thousand pounds per mile. The total cost from Rangoon to Kiang-hseu, on the banks of the Mekong River, he estimates at a little over three millions sterling. This is certainly not a large

outlay for the advantages which may be expected to result; and this railway, or something like it, we shall probably see ere many years; but in the meantime Mr Colquhoun has turned his attention to other matters, and the scheme sleeps.

Another project to link our Indian possessions with the East is that of Mr C. H. Lepper, whose idea was to construct a short line of railway—about a hundred and fifty miles—from Makum in Assam to Mainla, on the Irrawadi. This would connect at Makum with the Assam Railway Company's line, whose terminus is to be at that place; and would, it is said, tap the trade of the province of Sze-chu-en, and thereafter that of Tibet and Western China. The western terminus of the Assam Railway is at Dibrugarh, on the Brahmaputra; and between that place and Calcutta the traffic is carried by steamers.

Whether or not these two schemes be carried to fruition, there are strong reasons for prosecuting a connection with Tibet. The chief difficulty heretofore has been the opposition of China, who has guarded with jealousy her rights of suzerainty over the rich and populous country of the Grand Llama. That jealousy has compelled us to employ Nepaul as the intermediary in what little trade we do with Tibet. Towards the end of last century, Nepaul was also made tributary to China; and as recently as 1816, a Chinese army occupied Khatmandu. Now, while the Chinese are essentially a nation of traders, the Pekin government is one excessively jealous of its own authority and prestige, and hence it is easy to understand the disfavour with which the efforts of Anglo-Indians have been regarded when they took a Tibetan direction. The recent expedition to the Lachen Valley, which was undertaken by Mr Macaulay, and some particulars of which have appeared in the *Times*, was an especial cause of disturbance to the Celestial mind. But now it is reported that the Chinese government has been pacified by the assurance that there is no intention on our part of opening up routes without their consent, and that so far from longer opposing, they are now prepared to facilitate our endeavours to form direct trade-relations with Tibet.

Such a trade-route was one of the dreams of Warren Hastings, who, as Mr Clements Markham tells us, 'opened a correspondence with the rulers of Tibet and Bhutan; succeeded in establishing friendly relations by the despatch of an embassy; by his liberal encouragement of trade, brought down crowds of mountaineers to his fair at Rangpur. He followed up his first mission by a second and third to Bhutan, with the object of cementing the recently formed friendship; and finally sent a fourth embassy to Bhutan, which extended its operations into Tibet.' But with all this excellent beginning, practically no advance has been made since, and Tibet remains to all intents and purposes a sealed land to British traders. It is surprising, in these days of exploring enterprises, how few Europeans have ever penetrated into the heart of Tibet; yet from what is known of the country, it would appear to present a splendid field for trade. It is conceivable that the Tibetans are already in a position to buy from us, and to pay for in kind, as many millions of yards of textile fabrics as Mr Stanley thinks the Africans may be able to do—some day. For our part, we should hope more from commercial relations with a clever Asiatic people, than with the backward races of the Dark Continent. At anyrate, some practical steps are being taken at last to realise the dreams of Warren Hastings and some of his successors.

The expedition lately sent out under the charge of Mr Macaulay was despatched by the lieutenant-governor of Bombay, in consequence of reports that the Tibetan authorities at Phari had interfered with the export trade. Mr Macaulay's mission was to visit the frontier, ascertain the real state of affairs, obtain the friendship of the independent Maharajah of Sikkim, and endeavour to open up a trade-road through the Lachen Valley. The expedition seems to have been successful in every respect, and to have brought back favourable reports of trade prospects by the Lachen route. This route has the advantage of never being closed by snow for any length of time, and Mr Macaulay has established friendly relations with the surrounding authorities. It has the further advantage of avoiding the tolls which are levied on the traffic passing through Nepaul; and this is a very important item, for the effect of these tolls has been to leave the trade between India and Tibet almost entirely in the hands of Nepaulese merchants. In consequence, it has yet attained but small dimensions, being represented by something under three hundred thousand rupees annually of imports from Tibet, and of under one hundred thousand rupees of exports thereto.

It has been pointed out as a remarkable fact, that within a hundred miles of Darjeeling there is a confirmed tea-drinking people which obtains all its supplies of the fragrant herb from the markets of China, more than a thousand miles distant. Darjeeling is the centre of the Indian tea-growing industry, and Darjeeling is now united with the railway system of the empire. The distance between Darjeeling and Kongralama was traversed by Mr Macaulay in nine days; and Shigatze, the capital of the province of Tsang, is but five days' journey further; while to reach Shigatze through Nepaul occupies several weeks. Once at Shigatze, the whole of Tibet is open to the trader; and the Tibetans are eager purchasers, when they can get the chance, of English broadcloths and coloured cottons and of hardware of various sorts. In return, they have to give gold, spices, cattle, and above all, wool of the finest quality and in unlimited quantity. We may look forward to the day, then, when the iron-horse will follow still more expeditiously the route marked out by the recent expedition, and enable us to beat down with the friendly arm of commerce the barriers on the western frontiers of China, even as we have surmounted those on the eastern.

But if we are in the prospect of having railway communication between India and China, is there any hope of the realisation of the dream of railway communication between England and India? Engineers say yes; and there are many others who agree with them. The subject has been receiving a great deal of quiet but close

consideration within the last year or two, not of dreamers, but of hard-headed, clear-sighted men of business.

There are several schemes; but it would take too long to explain them fully, and indeed any explanation must be imperfect without maps. We can but indicate briefly the most favoured projects, which, although they may have been already casually noted in these pages, may be now presented more in detail.

There is, first of all, what is known as the Euphrates Valley scheme. The idea of this project is to carry a railway through Asiatic Turkey to the shores of the Persian Gulf. The objections urged by some experts to this scheme are—(1) that it would be very costly; (2) that it is not by any means proved to be practicable throughout; (3) that it would either have to be carried along the river-side, and so be subject to inundation, or else taken inland through a desert country, which could afford no supporting traffic; (4) that even if constructed to the Persian Gulf, it could hardly be carried further, because the country between the mouth of the river and India is desert, crossed by high ranges of mountains, of intense heat, little water, and a scanty and marauding population; and lastly, it would not in any case afford an unbroken *land* communication between Europe and India.

Next, there is what is called the Tigris Valley scheme. This comprises a line from Scutari to Bagdad viâ the valley of the Tigris, and thence to India; while another proposes to run from Scutari through Ismid to Aleppo, thence by the Euphrates Valley to Bussorah, and thence to Kurrachee, on the Indian system. The objections mentioned against the Euphrates Valley scheme are understood to apply more or less to each of these, and especially in respect that not one of them would afford an unbroken land-line.

The scheme which has advanced most in favour is that which Sir Macdonald Stephenson framed upwards of thirty years ago, and has been recently revived. It takes Constantinople as its starting-point on the European system, and goes through Angora, Sivas, Van, Teheran, Meshdt, Herat, and Candahar to Sukkur, where it joins the Indian system. The total length of railway under this scheme is three thousand miles, of which one thousand would be in Turkish territory, twelve hundred in Persia, and eight hundred in Afghanistan. That is to say, as regards the main line; but the intention is to throw off branches at various points, to tap intermediate traffic. There would be some passes to cross in Persia, and also between Herat and Candahar; but the engineering difficulties are said to be quite surmountable without extravagant cost. Whatever the cost of an Indo-European line, it may be accepted that the through-traffic will never compensate for it, and that the local traffic must be relied on for interest and profit. That being so, the route proposed by Sir M. Stephenson seems to offer the best prospect of suitable returns. Negotiations, we believe, are actually in progress with the Sublime Porte for the necessary concessions and 'firmans' to enable the preliminary steps to be taken; and some day or other we may see the prospectus issued of the Constantinople and Sukkur Trans-continental Railway Company. By this route, it is said, one might go from London to Calcutta in a week!

Whether any of us now living shall live to see the day when such a journey is possible, may well be doubted; but it is surely within the range of probability that our children will look upon the Indo-European railway with as much complacency as we do upon the Suez Canal.

But if London to Calcutta by rail seems in the meantime something of a dream, what shall we say of the idea of going from London to New York by rail? At first thought, it seems impossible; but an American scheme suggests the possibility, if not the probability. A certain Major Kent has devised a project for constructing a railway from the United States to Asia—the existing lines of American railway to be brought into conjunction with the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific line at Fort Simpson. Thence a line of five hundred and twenty-five miles would have to be constructed along the coast to Mount St Elias, and thence about one thousand miles across the Alaska Territory to Behring's Straits, which would have to be bridged. The bridging is *said* to be an easy matter, as the straits are only about thirty miles wide at a point where is a cluster of islands so placed that the widest space to be crossed would be only two miles. From East Cape on the Asiatic side, the railway would follow the coast-line as far as possible, for the sake of the temperature, and would eventually join the Russian system of railways at Vladiovski. When the Russian system is complete, the connection with St Petersburg would be attained; and if with St Petersburg, then with all Europe, and with London viâ the Channel Tunnel!

There is a boldness about this idea worthy of the transatlantic mind; but for ourselves, we confess to not being prepared yet to grasp it; we can only ponder and wonder.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE crisis, however, was averted—'mercifully,' as Lady Markham said. Dr Howard from Southampton—whom she had thought of only by chance, on the spur of the moment, as a way of getting rid of Markham—produced some new lights; and in reality was so successful with the invalid, that he rallied, and it became possible to remove him by slow stages to his own house, to die there, which he did in due course, but some time after, and decorously, in the right way and place. Frances felt herself like a spectator at a play during all this strange interval, looking on at the third act of a tragedy, which somehow had got involved in a drawing-room comedy, with scenes alternating, and throwing a kind of wretched reflection of their poor humour upon the tableaux of the darker drama. She thought that she never should forget the countenance of Nelly Winterbourn as she took her seat beside her husband in the invalid carriage in which he was conveyed away, and turned to wave a farewell to the little group which had assembled to watch the departure. Her face

was quivering with a sort of despairing impatience, wretchedness, self-pity, the miserable anticipations of a living creature tied to one who was dead—nerves and temper and every part of her being wrought to a feverish excitement, made half delirious by the prospect, the possibility of escape. A wretched sort of spasmodic smile was upon her lips as she waved her hand to the spectators—those spectators all on the watch to read her countenance, who, she knew, were as well aware of the position as herself. Frances was learning the lesson thus set practically before her with applications of her own. She knew now to a great extent what it all meant, and why Markham disappeared as soon as the carriage drove away; while her mother, with an aspect of intense relief, returned to her guests. 'I feel as if I could breathe again,' Lady Markham said. 'Not that I should have grudged anything I could do for poor dear Nelly; but there is something so terrible in a death in one's house.'

'I quite enter into your feelings, dear—oh, quite!' said Mrs Montague; 'most painful, and most embarrassing besides.'

'Oh, as for that!' said Lady Markham. 'It would have been indeed a great annoyance and vexation to break up our pleasant party, and put out all your plans. But one has to submit in such cases. However, I am most thankful it has not come to that. Poor Mr Winterbourn may last yet—for months, Dr Howard says.'

'Dear me; do you think that is to be desired?' said the other, 'for poor Nelly's sake.'

'Poor Nelly!' said the young ladies. 'Only fancy, months! What a terrible fate!'

'And yet it was supposed to be a great match for her, a penniless girl!'

'It was a great match,' said Lady Markham composedly. 'And dear Nelly has always behaved so well. She is an example to many women that have much less to put up with than she has.—Frances, will you see about the lawn-tennis? I am sure you want to shake off the impression, you poor girls, who have been *so* good.'

'Oh, dear Lady Markham, you don't suppose we could have gone on laughing and making a noise while there was such anxiety in the house. But we shall like a game, now that there is no impropriety'——

'And we are all so glad,' said the mother, 'that there was no occasion for turning out! for our visits are so dove-tailed, I don't know where we should have gone—and our house in the hands of the workmen. I, for one, am very thankful that poor Mr Winterbourn has a little longer to live.'

Thus, after this singular episode, the ordinary life of the household was resumed; and though the name of poor Nelly recurred at intervals for a day or two, there were many things that were of more importance—a great garden-party, for instance, for which, fortunately, Lady Markham had not cancelled the invitations—a yachting expedition, various other pleasant things. The comments of the company were diverted to Claude, who, finding Frances more easily convinced than the others that draughts were to be carefully avoided, sought her out on most occasions, notwithstanding her plain-speaking about his fancifulness.

'Perhaps you were right,' he said, 'that I think too much about my health. I shouldn't wonder if you were quite right. But I have always been warned that I was very delicate; and perhaps that makes one rather a bore to one's friends.'

'Oh, I hope you will forgive me, Mr Ramsay! I never meant'——

'There is poor Winterbourn, you see,' said Claude, accepting the broken apology, with a benevolent nod of his head and the mild pathos of a smile. 'He was one of your rash people, never paying any attention to what was the matter with him. He was quite a well-preserved sort of man when he married Nelly St John; and now you see what a wreck! By Jove, though, I shouldn't like my wife, if I married, to treat me like Nelly. But I promise you there should be no Markham in my case.'

'I don't know what Markham has to do with it,' said Frances with sudden spirit.

'Oh, you don't know!—Well,' he continued, looking at her, 'perhaps you don't know; and so much the better. Never mind about Markham. I should expect my wife to be with me when I am ill; not to leave me to servants, to give me my—everything I had to take; and to cheer me up, you know. Do you think there is anything unreasonable in that?'

'O no, indeed. Of course, if—if—she was fond of you—which of course she would be, or you would not want to marry her.'

'Yes,' said Claude. 'Go on, please; I like to hear you talk.'

'I mean,' said Frances, stumbling a little, feeling a significance in this encouragement which disturbed her, 'that, *of course*—there would be no question of reasonableness. She would just do it by nature. One never asks if it is reasonable or not.'

'Ah, you mean you wouldn't. But other girls are different. There is Con, for instance.'

'Mr Ramsay, I don't think you ought to speak to me so about my sister. Constance, if she were in such a position, would do—what was right.'

'For that matter, I suppose Nelly Winterbourn does what is right—at least, every one says she behaves so well. If that is what you mean by right, I shouldn't relish it at all in my wife.'

Frances said nothing for a minute, and then she asked: 'Are you going to be married, Mr Ramsay?' in a tone which was half indignant, half amused.

At this he started a little, and gave her an inquiring look. 'That is a question that wants thinking of,' he said. 'Yes, I suppose I am, if I can find any one as nice as that. You are always giving me *renseignements*, Miss Waring. If I can find some one who will, as you say, never ask whether it is reasonable'——

'Then,' said Frances, recovering something of the sprightliness which had distinguished her in old days, 'you don't want to marry any one in particular, but just a wife?'

'What else could I marry?' he asked in a peevish tone. Then, with a change of his voice: 'I don't want to conceal anything from you; and there is no doubt you must have heard—I was engaged to your sister Con; but she ran

away from me,' he added with pathos. 'You must have heard that.'

'I do not wonder that you were very fond of her,' cried Frances. 'I see no one so delightful as—she would be if she were here.'

She had meant to make a simple statement, and say, 'No one so delightful as she;' but paused, remembering that the circumstances had not been to Constance' advantage, and that here she would have been in her proper sphere.

As for Claude, he was somewhat embarrassed. He said: 'Fond is perhaps not exactly the word. I thought she would have suited me—better than any one I knew.'

'If that was all,' said Frances, 'you would not mind very much; and I do not wonder that she came away; for it would be rather dreadful to be married because a gentleman thought one suited him.'

'Oh, I don't mean that would be so—in every case,' cried Claude with sudden earnestness.

'In any case, I think you should never tell the girl's sister, Mr Ramsay; it is not a very nice thing to do.'

'Miss Waring—Frances!—I was not thinking of you as any girl's sister; I was thinking of you'——

'I hope not at all; for it would be a great pity to waste any more thoughts on our family,' said Frances. 'I have sometimes been a little vexed that Constance came, for it changed all my life, and took me away from every one I knew. But I am glad you have told me this, for now I understand it quite.' She did not rise from where she was seated and leave him, as he almost hoped she would, making a little quarrel of it, but sat still, with a composure which Claude felt was much less complimentary. 'Now that I know all about it,' she said, after a little interval, with a laugh, 'I think what you want would be very unreasonable—and what no woman could do.'

'You said the very reverse five minutes ago,' he said sulkily.

'Yes—but I didn't know what the—what the wages were,' she said with another laugh. 'It is you who are giving me *renseignements* now.'

Claude took his complaint next morning to Lady Markham's room. 'She actually chaffed me—chaffed me, I assure you; though she looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth.'

'That is a little vulgar, Claude. If you talk like that to a girl, what can you expect? Some, indeed, may be rather grateful to you, as showing how little you look for; but you know I have always told you what you ought to try to do is to inspire a *grande passion*.'

'That is what I should like above all things to do,' said the young man; 'but'——

'But—it would cost too much trouble?'

'Perhaps; and I am not an impassioned sort of man.—Lady Markham, was it really from me that Constance ran away?'

'I have told you before, Claude, that was not how it should be spoken of. She did not run away. She took into her head a romantic idea of making acquaintance with her father, in which Markham encouraged her. Or perhaps it was Markham that put it into her head. It is possible—I can't tell you—that Markham had already something else in his own head, and that he had begun to think it would be a good thing to try if other changes could be made.'

'What could Markham have in his head? and what changes'——

'Oh,' she cried, 'how can you ask me? I know how you have all been talking. You speculate, just as I do.'

'I don't think so, Lady Markham,' said Claude. 'I am sure Markham would find all that sort of thing a great bore. Of course I know what you mean. But I don't think so. I have always told them my opinion. Whatever may happen, Markham will stick to you.'

'Poor Markham!' she said with a quick revulsion of feeling. 'After all, it is a little hard, is it not, that he should have nothing brighter than that to look to in his life?'

'Than you?' said Claude. 'If you ask my opinion, I don't think so. I think he's a lucky fellow. An old mother, I don't deny, might be a bore. An old lady, half blind, never hearing what you say, sitting by the fire—like the mothers in books, or the Mrs Nickleby kind. But you are as young and handsome and bright as any of them—keeping everything right for him, asking nothing. Upon my word, I think he is very well off. I wish I were in his place.'

Lady Markham was pleased. Affectionate flattery of this kind is always sweet to a woman. She laughed, and said he was a gay deceiver. 'But, my dear boy, you will make me think a great deal more of myself than I have any right to think.'

'You ought to think more of yourself.—And so you really do not think that Con——? In many ways, dear Lady Markham, I feel that Con—understood me better than any one else—except you.'

'I think you are right, Claude,' she said with a grave face.

'I am beginning to feel quite sure I am right. When she writes, does she never say anything about me?'

'Of course, she always—asks for you.'

'Is that all? Asking does not mean much.'

'What more could she say? Of course she knows that she has lost her place in your affection by her own rashness.'

'Not lost, Lady Markham. It is not so easy to do that.'

'It is true. Perhaps I should have said, fears that she has forfeited—your respect.'

'After all, she has done nothing wrong,' he said.

'Nothing wrong; but rash, headstrong, foolish. O yes, she has been all that. It is in the Waring blood!'

'I think you are a little hard upon her, Lady Markham.—By the way, don't you think yourself, that with two daughters to marry, and—and all that: it would be a good thing if Mr Waring—for you must have got over all your little tiffs long ago—don't you think that it would be a good thing if he could be persuaded to—come back?'

She had watched him with eyes that gleamed from below her dropped eyelids. She said now,

as she had done to Sir Thomas: 'I should put no difficulties in the way, you may be sure.'

'It would be more respectable,' said Claude. 'If getting old is good for anything, you know, it should make up quarrels; don't you think so? It would be a great deal better in every way. And then Markham'——

'Markham,' she said, 'you think, would then be free?'

'Well—then it wouldn't matter particularly about Markham, what he did,' the young man said.

Lady Markham had borne a great many such assaults in her life as if she felt nothing; but as a matter of fact she did feel them deeply; and when a probable new combination was thus calmly set before her, her usual composure was put to a severe test. She smiled upon Claude, indeed, as long as he remained with her, and allowed him no glimpse of her real feelings; but when he was gone, felt for a moment her heart fail her. She had, even in the misfortunes which had crossed her life, secured always a great share of her own way. Many people do this even when they suffer most. Whether they get it cheerfully or painfully, they yet get it, which is always something. Waring, when, in his fastidious impatience and irritation, because he did not get his, he had flung forth into the unknown, and abandoned her and her life altogether, did still, though at the cost of pain and scandal, help his wife to this triumph, that she departed from none of her requirements, and remained mistress of the battlefield. She had her own way, though he would not yield to it. But as a woman grows older, and becomes less capable of that pertinacity which is the best means of securing her own way, and when the conflicting wills against hers are many instead of being only one, the state of the matter changes. Constance had turned against her, when she was on the eve of an arrangement which would have been so very much for Con's good. And Frances, though so submissive in some points, would not be so, she felt instinctively, on others. And Markham—that was the most fundamental shock of all—Markham might possibly in the future have prospects and hopes independent altogether of his mother's, in antagonism with all her arrangements. This, which she had not anticipated, went to her heart. And when she thought of what had been suggested to her with so much composure—the alteration of her whole life, the substitution of her husband, from whom she had been so long parted, who did not think as she did nor live as she did, for her son, who, with all his faults, which she knew so well, was yet in sympathy with her in all she thought and wished and knew—this suggestion made her sick and faint. It had come, though not with any force, even from Markham himself. It had come from Sir Thomas, who was one of the oldest of her friends; and now Claude set it before her in all the forcible simplicity of commonplace: it would be more respectable! She laughed almost violently when he left her, but it was a laugh which was not far from tears.

'Claude has been complaining of you,' she said to Frances, recovering herself with an instantaneous effort when her daughter came into the room; 'but I don't object, my dear. Unless you had found that you could like him yourself, which would have been the best thing, perhaps—you were quite right in what you said. So far as Constance is concerned, it is all that I could wish.'

'Mamma,' said Frances, 'you don't want Constance—you would not let her—accept *that*?'

'Accept what? My love, you must not be so emphatic. Accept a life full of luxury, splendour even, if she likes—and every care forestalled. My dear little girl, you don't know anything about the world.'

Frances pondered for some time before she replied. 'Mamma,' she said again, 'if such a case arose—you said that the best thing for me would have been to have liked—Mr Ramsay. There is no question of that. But if such a case arose'——

'Yes, my dear'—Lady Markham took her daughter's hand in her own and looked at her with a smile of pleasure—'I hope it will some day. And what then?'

'Would you—think the same about me? Would you consider the life full of luxury, as you said—would you desire for me the same thing as for Constance?'

Lady Markham held the girl's hand clasped in both of hers; the soft caressing atmosphere about her enveloped Frances. 'My dear,' she said, 'this is a very serious question. You are not asking me for curiosity alone?'

'It is a very serious question,' Frances said.

And the mother and daughter looked at each other closely, with more meaning, perhaps, than had as yet been in the eyes of either, notwithstanding all the excitement of interest in their first meeting. It was some time before another word was said. Frances saw in her mother a woman full of determination, very clear as to what she wanted, very unlikely to be turned from it by softer impulses, although outside she was so tender and soft; and Lady Markham saw in Frances a girl who was entirely submissive, yet immovable, whose dove's eyes had a steady soft gaze, against which the kindred light of her own had no power. It was a mutual revelation. There was no conflict nor appearance of conflict between these two, so like each other, two gentle and soft-voiced women, both full of natural courtesy and disinclination to wound or offend; both seeing everything around them very clearly from her own, perhaps limited, point of view; and both feeling that between them nothing but the absolute truth would do.

'You trouble me, Frances,' said Lady Markham at length. 'When such a case arises, it will be time enough. In the abstract, I should of course feel for one as I feel for the other.—Nay, stop a little. I should wish to provide for you, as for Constance, a life of assured comfort. Well, if you will drive me to it, of wealth and all that wealth brings. Assuredly, that is what I should wish.' She gave Frances' hand a pressure which was almost painful, and then dropped it. 'I hope you have no fancy for poverty theoretically, like your patron saint,' she added lightly, trying to escape from the gravity of the question by a laugh.

'Mother,' said Frances, in a voice which was tremulous and yet steady, 'I want to tell you—I think neither of poverty nor of money. I am

more used, perhaps, to the one than the other. I will do what you wish in everything—everything else; but'——

'Not in the one thing which would probably be the only thing I asked of you,' said Lady Markham with a smile. She put her hands on Frances' shoulders and gave her a kiss upon her cheek. 'My dear child, you probably think this is quite original,' she said; 'but I assure you it is what almost every daughter one time or other says to her parents: Anything *else*—anything; but—— Happily, there is no question between you and me. Let us wait till the occasion arises. It is always time enough to fall out.'

ABOUT IRISH EGGS.

THE Irish export egg-trade is a great industry, of comparatively recent growth. It commenced with the running of 'cross Channel steamers, before which time it was almost unknown; now, its ramifications extend from Dublin to the most obscure village in the wilds of Kerry, the moors of Connaught, the highlands of Donegal, to every port from which a steamer leaves for England, Scotland, or Wales. Potatoes, pigs, porter, and whisky were formerly among the chief consumable exports from Ireland. As England was the land of roast-beef and plum-pudding, Scotland the land of cakes, Ireland was the land of whisky and potatoes.

Things have changed; the potato has never recovered since its total failure in 1846. The pig, although still a prominent export—tens of thousands being shipped annually, alive and dead—has met a most formidable opponent in its American cousin, the Chicago hog. We might add more on Irish exports in general, but wish to confine ourselves to the Irish export egg-trade in particular.

Seeing that some three-fourths of the whole population of Ireland are more or less connected with or engaged in agricultural pursuits, there is probably no question more often asked daily, by at least one million of the population of Ireland, than, 'What is the price of eggs?' From the moment the well-known 'Cluck, cluck' is heard from the hen, announcing the production of an egg, there is a rush made for it, which never ceases until the empty shell is thrown into the ash-bin. That egg is bartered and rebartered, sold and sold again, many times before it is introduced to the breakfast-table. Many lies are told about its age, some about its size, many more about its price. Eggs are bought by the dozen and by the hundred of six score. In some parts of Ireland, notably in Dublin market, the hundred counts one hundred and twenty-four.

The trade is divided mainly into two classes—buyers and shippers or exporters. The former are again subdivided into two other classes—dealers and shopkeepers. Buyers sell direct to the shippers; shippers export direct either to a customer in Scotland, England, or Wales, or to an agent or broker there, who sells for him on commission. The buyer is a man or woman owning, or in many cases hiring, a donkey, mule, or horse, and going from one farmer's house to another buying their eggs for money; or in many cases, giving goods, such as groceries, needles, thread, and other like useful articles, in barter for eggs. Dealers are a smaller class of buyers. They are mostly old women who have what is called a 'dealing,' that is, a small shop, which from ten to thirty shillings would stock; their husbands or children being of the labouring class. These poor dealers buy up from three to four hundred eggs weekly, mostly obtaining the same by barter. These they usually send in by a donkey-cart in a basket resembling a fish-woman's creel, once a week, to the town where the nearest shipper resides; or sometimes, if needy, will sell for a less price than would be had from the shipper, to a well-to-do buyer. Even in the humblest walks of life there is pride, and the poorest dealers will not sell to any one but a shipper, unless they are very badly off for ready-money.

The egg-trade differs from most others in this particular—the supply of eggs of good quality is limited, the demand unlimited. The grocer, the ironmonger, the druggist, and most other merchants buy in a lot of goods, stocking their shop or store, and then have perhaps a three months' supply. The egg-shipper or merchant is quite different; he has orders for twenty, fifty, or one hundred cases weekly. Casual orders may come in for more, so that he must always keep buying; and if his supply fails, he loses his custom and reduces his income. Consequently, the shipper with a good connection requires the most eggs; the more he can buy, the more money he makes; further, the margin of profit is so small after passing through so many hands, it only pays the shipper to export in quantity. It is most essential to the shipper to be able to procure as many eggs as he requires, and this leads to many practices utterly unknown in other businesses. To secure the custom of buyers and dealers who bring in a good sample of eggs, the shipper often advances money without interest in sums varying according to the 'strength' of the borrower, from one pound to twenty. This is lent without receipt, IOU, or any formality beyond asking one of the shipper's men to witness the transaction, and the writer has often known that evidence omitted. It is repaid by the borrower at so much a 'trip.'

Borrowers are often offered by opposition shippers threepence to sixpence per hundred over market price, and seldom, if ever, do they yield to this temptation without giving the man who lent them the money the preference; and except in case of death, or some heavy loss falling on the borrower, such as the death of a cow or horse or pigs, do these poor dealers or buyers fail in paying any money advanced them. These buyers and dealers procure these loans, similarly, to advance the money in smaller sums to the wives and daughters of the farmers who rear the fowl, thus guaranteeing to themselves a regular weekly supply. The dealers who receive the eggs from the 'grower' give as little as possible for them, saying they heard the price paid by nearest shipper was only so much per hundred on 'last Saturday'—the principal market day in rural Ireland. The dealer or buyer on reselling to shipper expatiates on the freshness and size of the article; and unless he holds shipper's money, would try every

egg-store in the town for a price, and would go miles out of his way for a penny or twopence per hundred extra. Dealers and buyers are, as a rule, scrupulously honest; but in the matter of truthfulness there is some room for improvement. The same must be said as regards some of the shippers. The bad habit of lying grows on those who are thrown into constant intercourse with those who lie, believing it a legitimate part of their trade. We will illustrate the case in point by a common trade incident.

Brian Finn is a strong 'buyer;' he comes in weekly with a horse-load—six or seven twelve-hundred cases—of eggs from a good district. (Egg-shippers know a good and a bad district of eggs, as a farmer would know good land, or a connoisseur in wines a vintage.) He usually draws up his horse at the shipper's store, or in some cases a few houses or even a street off—the cause of the latter my story will show—and asks, after the usual remarks about the weather: 'What are ye paying to-day?'

Shipper answers: 'Seven shillings for hens', and eight shillings for ducks'.'

Brian replies: 'I have already refused seven-and-two and eight-and-two; and because I thought you would be as good as another. Besides, I have'—and here Brian fumbles in the breast-pocket of his frieze-coat, or in his hat—'a letter from the new shipper, the Englishman, telling me not to sell until he sees me.' Whereupon Brian produces a note, soiled with dirt, from the Englishman, offering twopence per hundred more than any other shipper, for fresh, best quality eggs; and to be sure, as Brian said, to give him a call before selling.

Now, though, in all probability Brian's first statement of being offered seven-and-two and eight-and-two is untrue, his letter is authentic; the fact of the new English buyer advertising and sending out circulars being well known; and Brian thinks the written evidence will confirm the spoken.

If the shipper is badly in want of eggs, and the sample good, and he have orders without limit to price for really a first-class article, he will not lose Brian's eggs, and probably replies: 'Well, Brian, the highest I paid this week was six-and-ten, and you are not satisfied with seven shillings. However, I will not let the Englishman or any one else get your eggs when I want them; so I will give you the seven-and-two for the hens, and eight-and-two for the ducks, and a shilling a case allowance to yourself.'

This final offer usually concludes the bargain, unless dealer is pretty sanguine of doing better. If buyer accepts, the eggs actually cost shipper seven-and-three and eight-and-three in store.

The eggs are now removed from Brian's car by the shipper or his men. The eggs are all re-counted, and a good packer will keep two boys counting. Sixty eggs are placed on a flat wicker tray called a 'skip' by ten times taking up three eggs in each hand. Six eggs are called a *hand* (although the full of two hands). Eggs are usually packed in cases holding twelve hundred—eight layers of one-and-a-half hundred each. In other markets, eggs are packed in half-cases, holding each six or eight hundred; others in thirteen, fourteen, and twenty hundred cases; and for still again another market, huge boxes, weighing when full from five to ten hundred-weight, containing from thirty-eight to forty-four hundred of eggs. All eggs must be packed in the best and finest quality of oaten straw. When Brian's load is counted, packer calls out the return, say sixty hundred five hands and three eggs.

Rarely is the return of a packer in a respectable house called in question. Sometimes buyer may say he thought he had more; and then packer explains how and where his eggs were placed, which usually satisfies. As a rule, buyers are very accurate in the count they keep of the contents of their boxes, although mostly illiterate men. Packed irregularly, according as bought up, and the contents of no two boxes the same, they will tell almost to an egg what they have, before the shipper's men touch them. In paying, if the account come to twenty pounds and one penny, it is the custom of the trade for the shipper to pay the penny. Another peculiarity about the trade—the shipper makes the price, instead of, as in other trades, the owner of the goods making it. 'Actual growers' of eggs get the lowest price, both from the shipper himself, if they sell direct to him, and when selling through intermediate buyers. A dealer or buyer would refuse selling to a shipper, if he found out that shipper paid a farmer's wife as much as he got.

We have now traced the eggs into the shipper's hands, from whom Scotchmen and Englishmen purchase. He has usually a number of 'standing' orders (that is, regular) for each week, price open, on best terms. These orders he buys to fill. Casual orders drop in, for which casual lots must be bought. Scotch and English provision-merchants study their own interests best by giving standing orders to a respectable house which knows its customers' requirements. Some require cheap eggs to compete with foreign, others grudge no price in reason for large fresh eggs. Most shippers have relations, partners or agents, in nearly all the large towns; these latter sell—and guarantee the shipper against bad debts—for a commission of one penny per hundred.

Shipper's maximum average margin which he puts on his eggs is from threepence to fourpence per hundred—less than one halfpenny a dozen—out of which he has to pay for labour, straw, and commission. At times, of course, a larger margin is made. When eggs are scarce, and the demand increases, the Irish shipper knows how to 'lay it on.' But here, again, the very great opposition from foreign eggs and the ever-increasing number of shippers neutralise an exorbitant margin. Bad debts, loss of 'empties,' claims for excessive waste, are among the great drawbacks to the trade. As regards the last, the shippers, as a rule, sell their eggs at a certain price free on board packet solely at English or Scotch purchasers' risk. If packet sunk at one yard from the quay side, after shipper receiving a clear receipt from agents of steamship Company, the loss falls on 'cross Channel buyers, unless they are insured, which is rarely done.

Bad debts are largely incurred by shippers' reckless trading; speculating by buying largely without orders a perishable article; the market drops, and they must sell. They are then very liable to be tempted to fill orders from men

they know nothing at all about, whose circulars and nicely-got-up memorandum-forms tempt a struggling man with his stock daily diminishing in value. Others lose by the similar break-up of large 'cross Channel speculators in provisions, against whom the markets turn; and to owe a poor struggling or wealthy Irish shipper a few pounds or a few hundreds does not give them a second's thought.

The trade is a heavy one for small capitalists. Dealers, buyers, and shippers must all pay cash, or its equivalent, for every egg they ship. To 'cross Channel buyers, the terms are also cash; but all do not adhere to the rule, to their own loss, because the shipper charges a slow payer more for the eggs. To do a paying egg-trade, you must ship in quantity and get in your money promptly, because the profits are so very small, that many shippers up and down the country are acting like the rural shopkeepers, having a general store to supply their customers with goods, and then shipping the eggs at a mere fraction above cost price.

Events occur daily that influence other things, with which not even a remote connection can be traced. The opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has affected the Irish export egg-trade; quantities of Italian eggs of very fine quality are now before the English public, taking from and reducing the prices of Irish. Foreign competition in eggs from France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and Hungary has been keener than ever, the supply never having been larger, of better quality, or lower in price. An old shipper over forty years in the trade declared to the writer that unless things altered, the Irish export egg-trade must decline, labour is so much cheaper on the continent than in Ireland, or the raw material for work is not utilised there as it is done on the continent. Some foreign shippers are able also to allow half a hundred of eggs—out of a twelve hundred case—towards waste, and also to remove one of the greatest troubles of the trade by giving their egg-cases free.

The cheapest case that will hold and travel safely with twelve hundred of eggs costs in Ireland from two to three shillings; a matter of at least twopence per hundred on the eggs, to give it free. On having the same returned, it costs shipper at least sixpence; and a large percentage are lost, broken up, or stolen. The competition of the Irish dealers with the foreigners does not end here, for the latter go to the trouble of sorting their eggs according to size.

In the wholesale egg-markets in the large Scotch and English towns, a provision-merchant can buy almost any size, colour, or brand of foreign eggs, knowing what he will get without opening the case; just as in any other shop he orders a speciality regardless of price, and feels confident of getting what he orders, unless fraud is practised. But he cannot buy Irish eggs with the same confidence. This neglect can be remedied, and on this being done rests the only hope and future of the Irish trade. Irish eggs are better every way than foreign; and Scotchmen and Englishmen will do their utmost to see Paddy's empties safely returned; they will still buy his eggs at a certain price free on board boat; they will forgive him the half hundred of eggs per case; but he *must* sort his eggs. He must sell small eggs as such, and not be selling them as large ones.

The principal shipping ports for Irish eggs are Sligo, Derry, Belfast, Dundalk, Drogheda, Dublin, Waterford, Cork, and Bandon.

We believe the eggs which fetch the highest price in the Scotch and English markets are those 'grown' in the counties Kilkenny and Wexford and shipped at Waterford. At the same time, eggs of equal quality are and can be shipped from every other port. Eggs from rural districts as remote as possible from large towns, where a resident gentry or large farmers reside, are of the best quality, both in size and colour, the latter qualification being almost as much esteemed as the former. The reason for this is, that educated or well to-do-people improve their stock of fowls by introducing the best breeds, and where there is no town, the shopkeeper is not exposed to the temptation of retailing his best eggs. In poor districts, where new blood has not been introduced, the eggs, though numerous, are small.

Irish eggs are often spoken of disparagingly as 'crate eggs,' as a distinction between them and what are called 'new-laid eggs.' Up to the 1st of May, *all* Irish eggs are veritable new-laid eggs; they are bought on a falling market, and sold on a falling market; and every one connected with the shipping of Irish eggs in spring-time thinks he cannot get rid of them too quickly. To hold them over an unnecessary hour entails loss. The price of eggs is at its minimum about that date, and continues so with slight variations until the first or second week in August, when the price slowly, surely, and steadily advances from five-and-six per hundred till it attains its maximum, twelve-and-six, about the first week in December. The first three months of the year are a time of perplexity and anxiety of mind to the shipper; the price declines in jumps, far more rapidly than it advances; and a shipper is often caught with eggs for which he paid one hundred pounds one day, only worth ninety the next. The writer knew a shipper lose sixty pounds in two weeks in that way. At the end of March, or perhaps a little earlier, ducks' eggs begin to drop in, and then a separate price opens for them, which lasts about three months.

MR L'ESTRANGE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

A GOOD night's rest, calm weather, and the fair scenes of Queenstown harbour had a wonderful effect upon my health and spirits, when I went on deck the next morning. A run on shore, while we waited for the mails, still further exhilarated me, and I felt quite companionable at the lunch-table. At it sat the American banker, whose name I learned was L'Estrange. He was very sociable, and still emphatically recommended me to conquer my qualmish propensities by a strong will. Following his example, I did enjoy many of the good and tempting things set before me. Theodore was delighted,

and promised me a magnificent voyage, since I had begun to eat rationally.

'You know, Charley,' said he, 'that if you are enjoying yourself, it will give me a better chance to pick up ideas from our fellow-passengers. If you are sick and shut up in your cabin, I shall have to wait upon you; and that will be a loss of opportunities that cannot come again; so keep up, old fellow. And you won't mind if I leave you a good deal to yourself, will you? You are fond of reading; I don't want to touch a book while afloat; so keep up, Charley.'

Mr L'Estrange heard all this, though he seemed to be preoccupied with the bill of fare. It was a trumpery and quite personal conversation, yet it was not uninteresting to our neighbour. His ears almost pricked up like a terrier's when I said: 'Theodore, you are a mere boy, and yet you are assuming to pick up wisdom by the hatful, and on board a ship, of all places in the world! Don't be too self-confident; and don't believe in all you hear, even if it seems truth itself. We may have for fellow-passengers the wisest, best, most philanthropic beings alive; or the contrary. Do not let your rash credulity carry you too far. Certainly, I cannot see what great mischief could befall you by over-gullibility on the voyage; still, my good boy, be wary.'

As I finished, I looked right into the big, bold, hard eyes of Mr L'Estrange, who dropped the bill of fare almost simultaneously with his eyes, and he turned to me as he picked it up, with a factitious smile, saying: 'I see there is some pickled salmon set down here, dare you venture to try it?'

The question was wholly irrelevant, and the tone in which it was asked was forced to a degree. I simply shook my head, and turned to Theodore, who began to defend himself from my oblique reproof. I could feel that Mr L'Estrange was looking and listening intently. Not wishing to prolong our fraternal contention, I suddenly swung round the revolving chair upon which I sat, and faced the man with whom I had conversed on the previous night. I thought I detected in his eyes a correspondence with those of Mr L'Estrange behind me; for again wheeling back, I saw that person looking over my head.

Of course, the fancies of a sick man are often ridiculously wrong; and the suspicions of a cautious man are often vile accusations against innocence. I have been deceived many times by precipitate judgments. But I could no more avoid the feeling of possible mischief floating about me, than I could abdicate my personality. L'Estrange and the other man appeared, to my subtler perceptive faculty, to be bound together in some dangerous manner, and for some end in which my affairs were concerned. I wished that Theodore would drop the intimacy with the banker; I began to fear the man. Yet how monstrously absurd was this fantastic aversion! What *could* he do to injure us? He was ostensibly rich, superior to us in all that impels men to take advantage of men. Even if he were a plundering wolf in sheep's clothing, he could not despoil us. All our cash, amounting to some four hundred pounds, was in my keeping, safe in my trunk. Theodore never touched money. I was, and had been always, the financier of the family. I was going to buy the farm about which we had been in treaty while in England, for the owner was known to my uncle. Beyond a sovereign or two, Theodore had no money; therefore, he could not be robbed to any extent worth speaking of. Even had I been infatuated with L'Estrange, he would have had no opportunity to rob me, if I were disposed to enter into any speculations with him. Indeed, all this folly of suppositious robbers was very like madness; and I asked myself as I paced the deck if I were going lunatic. What justification had I for the conglomeration of charges that I was bringing against a gentleman of visible respectability, of reputed influence in the monetary world of America, and who had simply shown a little patronage to my brother, and given me advice rather egotistically? 'My good fellow,' I muttered to myself, 'you are an ass. Beware of committing some folly that will make the voyage a pain to yourself and a misery to Theo.'

I sat down upon my deck-chair, wrapping myself in a long rug, for the wind was chilly. I must have fallen into a sleep, for when I looked around, the ship was in motion; we had left Queenstown. After a while, my thoughts recurred to the subject which had agitated me so much; for I heard Theodore and L'Estrange talking and laughing, though I could not see them. Insensibly, I began to utter my thoughts aloud, a habit which I acquired when at school in France, and by which I attained to so rapid a knowledge of the language of that country, that I spoke it like a native ere my studies were finished. My soliloquy was arrested by a deep sigh. I turned my head, and saw reclining on a long couch the form of a woman, heaped up with furs, and the face covered by a thick veil. Where she had come from, I could not guess; whether she joined us at Queenstown or Liverpool, certainly she was not in her present position when I sat down. She murmured something that I could not catch. I looked more intently. She coughed, that deep exhausting cough which indicates but one cause, and which foredooms a fatal end. I could not avert my eyes from her.

When the coughing fit subsided, she moved her head uneasily, and in a low voice said: 'Etes-vous Français?'

'Non, madame,' I answered, astonished, and half rising from my chair.

'Why, then, do you speak in French?' she demanded, still using that language.

'I am not aware that I have been speaking at all,' I said. 'I am alone, as you see.'

'But you *have* been speaking, saying such sorrowful things of your mother, your sisters, your brother. And you speak French so naturally. Are you a Canadian?'

'No; I am an Englishman; but I was educated in France.—You are French, I perceive, madame.'

'No; I am an American, born at New Orleans. But my parents were French, and I have lived much in Paris and Brussels.'

'I am delighted to have the opportunity of conversing with you, madame,' I said. 'In France, I spent the happiest hours of my life; and I am passionately fond of its literature.'

For half an hour we continued our talk; and in that time I had told the lady the salient points of our family troubles, of my plans and prospects. These confidences were induced from the words I had let drop in my sleep or reverie, whichever condition I had been in. They furnished the subjects upon which the lady questioned me. To this hour, I do not know why I revealed myself to her so frankly; I am naturally reserved; illness had made me taciturn. But just as I had exposed our misery to Uncle Edward from an impulse that logic failed to justify, so, in telling this stranger lady my commonplace story, I acted from a feeling of trustfulness, that very few people could evoke in me.

Our conversation was interrupted by Theodore and L'Estrange coming up and proposing that I should join them in a game of deck-quoits. I was too much engrossed in the lady to be pleased with the proposal. Theodore continued to press me, using that boyish persuasiveness which made him irresistible and lovable to all he came near.

The lady watched him with eyes that I could see dilate, glisten, and gloom through the meshes of her veil. She did not speak at all; but I knew she was agitated to a degree, for her breast heaved and a convulsive cough seized her while Theodore urged me to the game. L'Estrange stood laughing and took not the slightest notice of the lady. Our dispute ended by the maid of the lady coming up and preparing to assist her back to her cabin. I took my leave of her, hoping to have the pleasure of many conversations during our voyage. She bowed, and walked slowly away.

'Who is that lady?' asked Theodore.

'I do not know,' I answered.

'She is a foreigner, it would seem,' said L'Estrange indifferently, as he tossed one of the rope-quoits dexterously in the air. 'What language did she speak? I only know English.'

'She spoke French.'

'It is a beautiful language, I am told,' continued L'Estrange; 'but I was always a dunce at school, and never could learn grammar of any kind.—What shall we play for?'

'I never gamble,' I said.

L'Estrange laughed. 'Gamble! What do you mean?'

'That I never play any game for money.'

'O Charley, you are altogether too strait-laced!' exclaimed my brother. 'Let us play for a shilling. There is no fun in playing for love.'

'Not for a cent will I play,' I cried angrily, for Theodore's words and manner irritated me.

L'Estrange laughed sardonically. 'Do not tempt the good young man to violate his principles,' he said with a pitying shrug to my brother. 'He will find few like himself in my country. Americans must have a motive for all they do. I could no more play a game without something on it, than I could keep a cigar in my mouth without putting a light to it.—Well, I am going to the smoke-room,' he added, wheeling round and moving away.

Theodore followed him for half-a-dozen paces; then he turned round, and seeing me looking after him, he came back.

'Are you annoyed with me, Charley?'

'Theodore, I do not like that man. He is a sinister, ill-principled man.'

'Ridiculous, Charley! You are getting into one of your old tantrums again. Mr L'Estrange is a perfect gentleman. Do you think he wanted to *win* a few mean shillings from you or me? Why, last night he flung twenty-dollar bills away like old rags. I never knew what profusion meant, until I saw him and other Americans spend and play. They must be awfully rich to live in such a style. I wish I could discover their plans for making money. They must coin it, Charley, to lavish it as they do.'

'That is a very equivocal explanation, Theo.,' I interjected grimly; 'perhaps we *have* some coiners or forgers with us.'

'Upon my life, Charley, your suspicions are simply infamous,' cried my brother in a temper. 'Because Americans find the secret of making colossal wealth and have the habit of princely extravagance, you condemn them like pickpockets. Such opinions are unworthy of you, and are gross libels upon those who will soon be our fellow-citizens.'

'Hush, boy!' I said quietly. 'Do not talk at random or go beyond the record. I am warning you against an individual, not against a nation. The gentleman may be a paragon of honesty, and I hope he is; but to me he is a Doctor Fell, whom I distrust; why, I cannot tell.'

'If you are going to take such prejudices as that against other Americans, because they are fond of speculations and excitements, we had better return to England again, for all are pretty much like Mr L'Estrange, Charley. The worst of puritans like you is, that they try to impose their notions of things upon everybody. You might as well ask that all animals should be peaceful sheep, as that all men should be strait-laced quakers of your stamp'——

'Have you done, Theo.?' I asked, for he stopped abruptly.

'Yes; it is no use talking; you will not think like a man of the world. Why did you not go in for the church, instead of the law? However, Charley, I am not a puritan; and I cannot go maundering about the ship with you. I must have some gay society. Whatever you may say or desire, I tell you candidly that I am going to pick up all I can from the gentlemen around me. Do not rate me quite with infants. I can take care of myself; perhaps, of you too. What can damage me on a ship? No one can hocus me and run away.'

'You are growing eloquent, Theo.,' I said with peevish derision—'eloquent in your own smartness. Nevertheless, you are only a boy, a provincial English boy, just liberated from mamma's apron-strings. You have the self-confidence of all young, inexperienced things, and are certain to win in the game of life, you think, because of your absolute ignorance of its procedure!'

'Upon my honour, Charley, you are too bad. If I had been proved an utter fool, you could not contemn me more. All for what? Because I wish to make hay while the sun shines! We are going to America to make a living,

a splendid one if possible, for mother and sisters' sake. We cannot do it without coming into contact with men, for I suppose *you* will have to buy and sell like common folks, when you are doing business. The sooner we learn what sort of people the Americans are the better.'

I looked in my brother's glowing eyes, admired his passionate earnestness, his superb assurance. He was indomitable, so strong, and I such a timorous valetudinarian.

'Dear boy,' I said, putting my arm on his shoulder lovingly, proudly, 'I cannot argue with you. All I have said was dictated from my fears that your confiding nature might be the means of leading you into those ambushes that are to be found wherever men meet men. A "something" has environed me like a baleful atmosphere; I have drawn alarm with every breath. It may be the crisis of my long mental misery that has arrived, and that I shall after this regain calm.'

Theodore examined me narrowly, then took my hand. 'Poor Charley! You cannot throw off the load of care, go where you may. How I wish you were like me!'

My heart trembled with love for Theo., as he went dancing away from me. How good and chivalrous he was; how shrewd also. Yes, Theo. was right to mix with the crowd, to sift its motives, learn its manœuvres, discern its tricks, and profit thereby. I was a pedantic old bachelor, fit only for my chambers at Gray's Inn, to ponder upon law, life, and destiny. From that quiet haunt, fortune had driven me forth into the world of action, to meet men in the fierce contention for this world's substantial things.

A good 'think' always pulls me together. The queer nervelessness and womanly vapourishness passed away; I got up, had a smart trot round the deck, exchanged some jovial remarks with one or two fellow-passengers whom I passed, and then went to dress for dinner. But all my hilarity and confidence melted as I saw Theodore and L'Estrange come in together. My brother's cheeks were scarlet, his eyes glittered, his very hair seemed to undulate with excitement. When he sat down to table, he appeared to be in an ecstasy of delight.

'What is the matter with you?' I asked anxiously.

'Nothing!—Matter? What do you mean? Do I look ill?'

'Yes, of a delirious fever. I never saw your cheeks so flushed; and your eyes blaze like a basilisk's.'

'What sort of a thing is that, Charley? I never saw one. But never mind what I look like; take your soup. It's real turtle; the head-steward told me so; and we don't get alderman's fare every day, even on board of this floating grand hotel. And I say, Charley, put off the quaker for to-night, and for my sake; that's a good brother. Let us have a bottle of champagne.'

'Champagne! Do you forget our empty purses?'

'There you go again! Always in the glums, if I propose to let daylight into your poor limping circulating fluid.'

I looked at him in blank amazement. 'Don't stare, Charley; order the "fizz." But don't think I want you to *pay* for it; no; I am going to give the treat.'

'Surely, Theodore, you have not been drinking since you left me an hour ago,' I whispered remonstratingly.

'Drinking! Not at all. I have had a glass or two of champagne with some friends over a little pastime.—Here, steward, bring a bottle of Roederer; and look sharp, there's a good fellow.'

A shiver passed through me. I stared at my brother as if he were an apparition.

'Ah! here is the wine.—Now, Charley, I will be as good as a nurse to you; better, for this beats all the nursing in the world. There! you have a bumper!—Why don't you drink?'

A deep sob almost stifled me. I dared not make a scene, for the eyes of many were upon us. Those of L'Estrange, like two fireflies, glittered as I met them. I would have left the table, but I was afraid that Theodore would take more wine than he should, and that some uproar would follow.

'All right, Theo.,' I said; 'I will drink your wine. Don't get excited.'

'That's a good fellow. Now I feel like myself again. You look a thousand pounds better already, *mon enfant*. Look here! You shall have some cham. every day. It will pick you up marvellously. You've gone down too low, Charley; you've gone down.' Theodore looked round the table with a proud patronising air, which made me blush for shame.

'Give me some more wine,' I said, to withdraw him from his silly pose.

He obeyed with joyful alacrity. 'Go ahead!' he cried; 'don't spare it; we'll have another bottle, if this is not enough.'

My ears still tingle as I recall that dinner scene. Every minute I feared Theodore would commit some extravagance, that would cover us both with ridicule. But nothing happened; and I was somewhat relieved to find that the judgment of those sitting at table was in approval of the youngster's wild jollity. Jokes flew about, fun ran faster than the wine, everybody was in exuberant spirits but me. The heat, the noise, the wine, and the agitation made me ill, and I had to leave Theodore, in spite of my alarm on his behalf.

'Do not distress yourself on my account,' he said soothingly, in answer to my admonitions. 'A cup of coffee will make me all square again.'

The weather had changed since I went down to dinner; an uneasy and peculiar roll seemed to undulate the deck, now longitudinally, now laterally. I almost stumbled as I attempted to walk.

'We are going to have a dirty night,' said a gentleman smoking under the lee of a lifeboat. The fume of his tobacco was blown into my throat by a sudden gust; a deplorable sensation came over me, a misery of body and spirit. I hurried to my cabin.

Of the march of time during that night I have no record; of events, only one clings to memory—that of Theodore waving a bundle of bank-notes close to my eyes, and saying: 'See,

Charley; our fortune is being made before we get to America.'

Had I been dying, that astounding incident would have held me a moment longer on the frontier of life. 'What do you mean?' I cried.

'That that sinister, dangerous *bête noire* of yours, L'Estrange, proves to be a babe at whist. I've won twenty pounds from him. Here they are in greenbacks—one hundred dollars' worth.'

SOME HINTS REGARDING CONSUMPTION.

If, as Dr Koch says, the seriousness of a malady be measured by the number of its victims, then the most dreaded pests which have hitherto ravaged the world—plague and cholera—must fall behind that of consumption. That scientist makes the statement that one-seventh of the deaths of the human race are due to tubercular disease; while fully one-third of those who die in active middle life die of consumption. The same authority, by his recent experiments, has placed it beyond doubt that the disease is communicable. The tubercles, as found in the diseased organs of men or animals, he discovered to be infested with a minute, rod-shaped parasite, which can be transferred and reproduced in other bodies by contagion. There are other authorities, however, who hold that the question of the infectiousness of the disease is still unsettled, and that Koch's theory is insufficient to account for it in all its varied forms.

In 1856, Dr B. W. Richardson, while a physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest, published an essay 'On the Hygienic Treatment of Pulmonary Consumption,' which did not gain much favour with practitioners and the public. He finds, however, that it agrees so closely with the most practical and enlightened treatment of consumptives at the present time, that he has reprinted the paper, with some revision, in his journal called *The Asclepiad* (Longman & Co.). In this article, he embodies certain rules which commend themselves as satisfactory to himself after a thirty years' experience.

His first rule is a supply of pure air for respiration. A 'nice cosy room' is the very worst possible thing for a consumptive patient, if there be no draught to carry off invisible impurities. So long as the patient is able to be out of doors, he is in his best and safest home. Even the inclemencies of the weather are not so much to be dreaded as confinement in a house. When indoors, the temperature of the room should be sixty degrees Fahrenheit; if there is a fire, it should be in an open grate, and the freest possible current of air should be kept circulating by the chimney vent. The way to obtain animal heat is not to shut out the air and roast the body, but by stimulating and conserving the natural heat made within the body. Stoves and heated pipes which make the air too dry, are injurious.

When possible, the bedroom should always be separate from the living-room; it should also be large, unencumbered by needless furniture, and thoroughly ventilated. Warmth of body is best secured by woollen bed-clothes; gas should not be burned during the night in the bedroom, and as few other lights as possible. The consumptive patient should also be the sole occupant of his bed and bedroom. Respirators can be made for the cost of a few pence out of a piece of fine wire-gauze, cut oval so as to cover the mouth and nose, and may be fixed in the centre of a small Shetland shawl, which serves to retain the heat thrown out in the expired air, and gives up this heat to the cold air that enters in inspiration.

Dr Richardson's second rule embodies the principle that 'active exercise is an essential element in the treatment of consumptives.' Walking is the most natural exercise, as leading to brisker circulation and more active nutrition; tricycling, as giving a more perfect change of air and scene, he has found of great benefit to some. If we might be allowed to add, aimless solitary walking, when the thoughts of the consumptive are turned in upon himself, cannot be so good as walking in cheerful companionship. The extent to which exercise can be carried varies with the stage of the disease; in some cases it would be positively injurious. In taking muscular exercise, the consumptive should never encumber himself, nor check the free movements of his body, by strappings, weights, loads of clothes, and the like.

The third rule enjoins a uniform climate as an important element in the treatment of consumptives. The main point to be attained in considering climate is to select such a part of the earth's surface as gives the nearest approach to an equality of temperature. In this country, as a matter of course, spring and the beginning of winter are trying times for the patient, when deaths from consumption are most prevalent. Indoors, the temperature may be so far equalised; in the open air, something can be done by attention to clothing and the use of the respirator. Dr Richardson is of opinion that the model resort for consumptives should be near the seacoast, and sheltered from easterly winds; the soil dry, water pure; the mean temperature about sixty degrees.

Rule four states that the dress of the consumptive patient should be adapted to equalise the temperature of the body, and worn so loosely that it will not interfere in any way with the animal functions. Flannel clothing is always required by the consumptive patient, and it should cover the whole body. It need not be heavy; that of a light and porous texture may be sufficient. He should also sleep in flannel; but not in the dress worn during the day. A waterproof india-rubber coat must never be worn by the patient, as it loads the under-clothes with moisture and causes chill. A corset, a strap, or belt round the waist is equally injurious.

Rules five to nine, amongst other matters, treat of the hours of rest of the consumptive, which should be regulated mainly by the absence of the sun. Profuse nocturnal perspirations may be avoided by this treatment, and the skin will assume a healthier action, owing to abundant exposure to sun and air. Indoor or sedentary occupations should be suspended if possible; but a certain amount of outdoor occupation may be advantageous. Of five hundred and fifteen cases of consumption at the Royal Infirmary, sixty-eight per cent. were persons following indoor

occupations. A case is mentioned in which a patient in the first stage of consumption, against the recommendation of his medical advisers (Dr Richardson among the rest), insisted on coming into town every morning from a considerable distance in the country, to look after his business, and return again in the afternoon. When expostulated with, he replied: 'My brothers and sisters have all died of consumption; they were coddled up, nursed, carried about, confined to bed, and bound in the cords of helplessness by the kindest hands, to the satisfaction of the doctor and all concerned. But they soon died. I inherit the proclivity to the same disease, and I too shall die; I know it. But my course is different, for I have made up my mind to die in harness.' This patient threw off the disease, and is still alive.

Excessive mental exertion should be carefully avoided, as well as all crowded assemblies. Reading aloud and singing have been found highly beneficial to some. Cuvier, the great naturalist, attributed his recovery from threatened phthisis to the delivery of some lectures. The amusements of the consumptive should combine, with the pleasure they afford, a moderate and equal degree of muscular exercise. A tepid, cleansing bath every morning will be found helpful, as, in either good health or consumption, moderate action of the skin is a relief to the lungs.

Dr Richardson's tenth and last rule relates to diet. 'The diet of consumptive patients should be ample, and should contain a larger proportion of the respiratory constituents of food than is required in health.' The quantity of food taken by the consumptive person should be small at each meal. Of animal foods, mutton is the best. Fatty and oily foods, which constitute the respiratory class, should predominate, and fresh butter and bread may be taken almost *ad libitum*, so long as it agrees with the stomach. Milk and cream are very suitable, of course, but Dr Richardson has seen no specific virtue in goats' or asses' milk. Tea can be taken in moderation; fresh vegetable diets are useful; and fruits, especially roasted apples, are always admissible. Alcohol he has only prescribed as a medicine, and snuff-taking and tobacco-smoking should be avoided.

FROG VITALITY.

A RECENT communication from America has reopened the old and vexed question of the vitality of the frog. We learn that a huge piece of ice left at a residence in Louisville was split open, and in the centre was a large frog. The animal was a black one, of the species known as the Michigan frog, and weighed two pounds or over. It is further stated that the ice had been in store for over four years, and therefore the frog had been a prisoner all that time in his cold quarters. After its release, it was quite lively, and was maintained for some time in an engine-house near. This case is very similar to one that occurred more than two years ago in Connecticut, where a frog had been imprisoned over seven months, and when found was alive and well.

Notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, the possibility of frogs existing for any length of time under these or similar conditions is still debated. It is well known, however, that not only frogs but other reptiles and insects can exist in a torpid state for months, and even years. The snail which woke up in the British Museum after a sleep of some years, is a case in point. A shell which had been picked up in the Egyptian Desert on March 25, 1846, was gummed on to a piece of cardboard, and sent to the British Museum. But, curiously enough, the shell unexpectedly contained a snail, which had retired to the inmost recesses of the whorls, and was consequently unseen. For nearly four years after this time the snail remained in a state of stupor; but on March 7, 1850, it showed signs of life. It was placed in a tepid bath, and immediately on touching the welcome moisture it showed increased signs of animation, and soon crawled to the top of the basin.

The mud-fish of West Africa—known as the *Lepidosiren*—affords another instance of long-continued existence in a state of torpor. This fish lives in the shallows of the Gambia River, which in the tropical season is quite dried up. By a marvellous instinctive power, it knows when the dry season is approaching, and digs deep in the soft clay at the bottom of the pools, and there lies in a torpid state for months together, although the surrounding mud be hardened into a cake. The natives dig these fish up while in this state, and consider them a great delicacy for the table. The mud-fish does not live without breathing, which is provided for by his leaving a small orifice or pipe open from his cell through the hard mud up to the upper air.

Experiments made in the past have generally demonstrated what is really the common-sense view, that the frog cannot live for any protracted period without air. Yet there cannot be the least doubt of frogs having been found alive under the most astonishing circumstances. In the centre of rocks, generally sandstone, and in the heart of trees, they have frequently been discovered. Ambrose Paré, chief surgeon to Henry III. of France, relates a fact of which he was an eye-witness. At his seat near the village of Meudon he was overlooking a quarryman, whom he had employed to break some hard and large stones. In the middle of one they discovered a 'huge toad,' full of life, although there was no visible aperture by which it could get through. On May 21, 1793, a mason named George Wilson, who was engaged in building a stone wall, came across a toad, which, out of sheer wantonness, he immured in the wall. Sixteen years afterwards, in 1809, it was found still alive. At Windsor, in 1790, a live frog was dug up from a depth of nine feet below the surface. At Castleton, in 1779, many frogs were found from five to six feet below the surface, apparently dead; but when exposed to the air they soon showed signs of animation, and became active and healthy. In 1788, some labourers in digging a well some twenty-five to thirty feet in depth threw out what appeared to be stones covered with earth. These, however, proved to be frogs, and were so numerous, that many of them were cut through with the spades. Being exposed to the air, they soon revived, but could not survive the direct rays of the sun.

A writer who witnessed this discovery considers they must have been covered up 'many hundreds of years.'

Early in 1862, a man in Tyr Nicholas Colliery, Cwm Tylery, near Newport, found in the nine-inch bed of coal a live frog. The hole it was found in was not more than three and a half inches in diameter. There was a slight hollow over the coal where it was found; and the frog when released commenced moving about, but seemed larger and more lively next day. This was two hundred yards below the surface. In 1731 a toad was found in the heart of an old oak near Nantz, without any visible entrance to its habitation. Near Caen, in an elm at about four feet above the earth and exactly in the centre of the tree, a live toad of middle size, but lean, was discovered. When an opening was made, it 'scuttled away hastily.' This tree is also said to have been firm and sound. Some twenty years ago, in course of the excavations that were made in connection with the Hartlepool waterworks, the workmen found a toad imbedded in a block of magnesian limestone at a depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. The toad's eyes shone with unusual brilliancy, and it was full of vivacity on its liberation. The creature continued for some time in the possession of Mr Spence Horner, the President of the Natural History Society, and for a long period was in as lively a state as when found. Similar instances might be quoted as having occurred at Selksworth near Sunderland, at Kilmarnock, at some quarries near Cheltenham, and in other places. Only three years ago there was published a well-authenticated instance of a frog having been discovered in the root of an oak-tree—at least two hundred years old—near Balham, Surrey.

How long it is possible for frogs to live without air and food, has been a matter of experiment many times; but in the face of well-established instances like those quoted, it is difficult to conduct experiments that will be considered as being of a conclusive character. That these creatures should be able to live not for centuries only but for ages, appears contradictory to all reason and common-sense. In some cases, frogs have been found in Cretaceous rocks. The oldest fossil toads and frogs occur in Tertiary rocks. If, therefore, those found in Cretaceous rocks had been there from their formation, it would be equivalent to saying that the live frog could be ages and ages older than its fossil relative. To most people, such a declaration would be the height of absurdity. If thoroughly inquired into, it would probably be discovered that in each case there was a fissure in the rocks or trees in which frogs have been found, large enough for the admission of water and the embryo frog which has developed there. It has been assumed by some that the frog naturally contains an acid, which by chemical action on the stone provides that the space at the frog's disposal shall be as large as its body. A second hypothesis is, that not the egg but the primary frog, scarcely larger than the egg itself, falls into the rock or tree, and continues to grow, deriving air and food in the form of small insects from the water that penetrates to its abode. Certain it is that frogs, when artificially secured in air-tight and water-tight vessels, speedily die. Experiments made by members of the French Academy a century ago proved this. Milne Edwards early in the present century inclosed frogs in vessels made impervious to air, and the creatures speedily perished. Three frogs were once inclosed in a close box for eighteen months, at the end of which time one was dead, and the remainder in a dying condition. Dr Macartney buried a toad in a vessel covered with a slate about a foot deep in the ground. At the end of a fortnight it seemed well and as plump as before. When, however, he inclosed the same toad in an air-tight vessel and buried it, it soon died, and at the end of a week was much decayed.

Dr Buckland made some experiments which are claimed as conclusive. He placed twelve toads separately in twelve holes cut in blocks of hard flinty sandstone. They were firmly sealed in. The imprisoned animals were buried three feet deep on November 26, 1825. At the same time, four toads were deposited in holes cut in the heart of an apple-tree and the opening securely plugged. Four others were also placed in plaster-of-Paris covered with luting. On December 10, 1826, all the buried toads were examined. All in the hard stone and in the tree, and two in the plaster-of-Paris, were dead. The remainder were dying; but some placed in a softer stone were in tolerably good health, and some were actually fatter than when placed in the holes. From this it would appear that in positions where water can penetrate, frogs may live, and even thrive, although buried at a considerable depth, entirely away from the light and any visible means of subsistence.

A YEAR'S WORK AT THE MINT.

THE recently issued Report of the Deputy-master of the Mint, the Hon. C. W. Fremantle, giving an account of the operations of that department for the year 1884, is a more than usually interesting document. From it we learn that the amount of gold coined during the year exceeded by more than a million the amount coined in 1883, while the silver coinage was but little in excess of the average. The coinage of bronze, however, was larger than in any year since 1875.

The total weight of metal melted down during the twelve months was 470 tons, made up as follows—a certain proportion of alloy being of course included—gold, 67 tons; silver, 198 tons; and bronze, 205 tons. The total number of coins struck out of this metal was 65,295,382, giving an average of more than 1,200,000 pieces per week throughout the year. Out of these, however, 8,932,081 pieces did not come within the limits of the standard legal weight, so that the number of pieces available for issue was reduced to 56,363,301, the value of these good pieces being, real or nominal, £3,157,966, 10s. 1d. Of this amount, £3,070,292, 10s. 5d. (41,093,301 pieces) consisted of imperial coinage, the remaining £87,673, 19s. 8d (15,270,000 pieces) being colonial coinage, for Canada, Jamaica, Hong-kong, &c. All this coinage, both imperial and colonial, has been executed at the Mint, its increased coining-power rendering it unnecessary that any portion of the work of coinage should be intrusted to private firms.

The greatest number of coins struck of any denomination was about 11,700,000, consisting, as will readily be supposed, of pence. Halfpence came next in point of numbers, nearly 7,000,000 of this coin being struck. The number of farthings struck was over 5,700,000, a seemingly large number, considering the present small general circulation of this coin. Of shillings, nearly 4,000,000 were coined; sixpences, over 3,400,000; threepences, over 3,300,000. Sovereigns and half-sovereigns were coined to the number of over 1,700,000 and 1,100,000 respectively. Of colonial coinages, that of bronze half-cents for the Straits Settlements was numerically largest, 4,000,000 of this coin being struck during the year.

The profit, or seignorage as it is termed, for the year on the coinage of silver amounted to the sum of £91,870, silver bullion being purchased by the Mint for coinage at an average market price of 4s. 2½d. per ounce, and issued in the shape of coin at the rate of 5s. 6d. per ounce, thus leaving a seignorage of 1s. 3½d. per ounce. The seignorage on bronze coinage was unusually heavy, amounting to £72,000, the very large amount of bronze coinage executed, and the cheap rate at which bronze bars were bought in the market, both contributing to this result. After disbursements were deducted, the net profit realised on the transactions of the Mint for the year was £87,700, this being the largest amount realised in the last thirteen years, with the exception of 1883, when it was £135,713, the average net annual profit for the thirteen years being £23,000.

In addition to the money coinages, over 10,000 medals of different kinds were struck at the Mint during the year, some 1100 of which, in gold, silver, and bronze, were for the International Health Exhibition.

The year 1884 was an exceptional one in respect to the importation of sovereigns from Australia. From 1875 to 1883 inclusive, the average yearly amount of sovereigns received from that country by the Bank of England was nearly 2,500,000; but last year the number was reduced to 284,040, or little more than a tenth of the usual amount. This is partly owing to the large loans raised in London by the Australian colonies, and the consequent exportation of sovereigns from this country. Another reason is that the reserves in the Australian banks were getting low, and it was found necessary to replenish them with gold from this country.

The number of prosecutions for counterfeit coining during the year was 258, and the number of prisoners 500; as compared with 236 prosecutions and 460 prisoners in 1883; but the increase is in connection with metropolitan prosecutions only, the country prosecutions showing a decrease.

The number of visitors admitted to view the Mint during the year was 8161.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

In the latest dramatic effort of Lord Tennyson, in that fine poem and stirring drama of *Becket*, there occurs in the Prologue a few words spoken by Queen Eleanor of Aquitaine referring to the 'golden violet,' which it may interest our readers to know had its origin with the troubadours of the thirteenth century. They established a tribunal called the Court of Love at Aix, in Provence, which was composed of ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank, who settled all questions relating to love and marriage with the greatest gravity. Rules were laid down for general observance, to which strict adherence was enforced; and so flourishing was this Society, that similar ones were soon established in the neighbouring provinces. The most remarkable of these in later years was at Toulouse, and numbered amongst its members the Countess de Bauffremont, the Marchioness de Saluce, the beautiful Brunissende, niece of Cardinal Talleyrand, and many other names, illustrious in the history of those times.

Madame de Genlis says that the first literary réunions in France owe their origin to these meetings. Their formation was a singular feature of the time; for at that period Europe was distracted by commotion and civil war, and the clangour of arms was heard everywhere. But women can distract themselves from such things, as they can also from the dominion of pain, and Frenchwomen of the highest rank and beauty contended for the prize of 'The Golden Violet,' which was given by way of encouragement to youthful competitors for the best composition either in poetry or prose. But poetry held the foremost place; nor were charades and enigmas considered unworthy of notice; and however trivial the subjects considered may at first sight appear, it must be remembered that the critical discussions took place between the chivalrous men of the middle ages, and by them the prize was awarded. This will explain the pride with which Eleanor of Aquitaine says: 'I speak after my fancies, for I am a troubadour, you know, and won the violet at Toulouse; but my voice is harsh here, not in tune—a nightingale out of season; for marriage, rose or no rose, has killed the golden violet.'

A PORTRAIT.

Dark eyes, from which a pure, calm soul looks out;
Brown hair, back-braided from a gentle face;
Lips ready aye to smile, but slow to pout;
A speech original, yet full of grace;
A buoyant walk, as if bright health did guide
Her tripping feet; a merry laugh, whose sound
Makes all the clear air ring; and at her side
A faithful worshipper, who with swift bound
Doth haste away, then quick again is found
Close to her side, where with a fond caress
The loving creature nestles to her feet,
Makes flying passes at her simple dress,
And follows, flying, all her movements sweet.
Woman and hound, in truth a gladsome sight,
Both beautiful, and things of life and light.

Nor is she frivolous this gleesome girl;
Her heart is open to the poor and sad;
And the bright smiles that round her lips do curl,
She uses oft to make the sorrowing glad.
God bless thee, dear! May life be full of charm
To thee, who art so fair; may Sorrow fly
Far from thy steps; and may no rude alarm
Haunt thy calm dreams nor wait thy pillow nigh.
Thy presence gladdens earth; may all things fair
Be thine own handmaids whilst thou dwellest there!

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ROUND FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

'Line-of-battle-ship, ahoy!'

The lusty hail rouses the skipper of the *Volsung* as he is reclining lazily in the well of the canoe, with his legs dangling picturesquely overboard, and his half-closed eyes dreamily watching the throat of the mainsail, from whose peak the burgee of the Royal Canoe Club flutters bravely; and meditates, as he listens to the music of the waters, upon the utter freedom and perfect gladness of a canoeist's life.

A coble is running free across our bows before a westering breeze, and the man at the tiller, with a broad grin on his jolly bronzed face, is nodding a cheery greeting. 'Morning, Bob. How much longer will the tide run?'

'An hour an' more yet, sir.—You'll make the Head easy!'

And on the *Trixie* rushes through the water, her white sides gleaming in the sun as she heads for the distant harbour of Bridlington, whilst the *Volsung* is steered for a speck out seawards which is bobbing on the waves.

'North Smithie buoy,' reports the pilot as we draw abreast the great red-and-white ringed cylinder, round which the tide is running like a millrace, as though it would tear it from its moorings twenty-seven feet below.

'Keep her away a couple of points,' is the order.

The rudder moves gently; the sheet is slacked off, and the little craft slips merrily onward towards the cliffs of Flamborough.

The muffled moan of the surf on shore away on the port beam grows louder, and our lookout-man catches now and again a long line of white where the rollers are breaking on the rocks. A toss, a plunge, and splash comes a burst of foaming water over the bows along the deck, and we are in a reach of broken waves; for there is an 'overfall' here—foul ground below, over which the currents eddy and swirl, especially at tide-turn, however calm a day it be. But the skipper has been through this before, and so goes straight at the crested surges steadily; and soon we are rocking on smoother waters, where the long swell comes rolling in from the open sea, and can look about at the glorious scene around. How grand the Head looks, towering straight out of ocean, as though it knows what an important point it is upon the seaman's chart, and how he shapes his course by its wave-worn front. A little back from the cliff-line stands the white tower of the lighthouse, shimmering in the rays of the sun, which, catching the glass walls of the lantern-room, flash them into a huge diamond of dazzling brightness. Flamborough Head light is one of the finest in the world, a revolving one, which shines once every half-minute, and can be seen twenty-one miles away.

Two whites to one red
Indicates Flambro' Head,

says the North Sea pilot-book, meaning that it shows two white lights in succession and then a red. It is a dioptric light, having one powerful lamp, round which a circular frame of six faces, composed of great glass prisms, revolves by clock-work; the third and sixth faces having sheets of ruby glass before them to give the red effect to the light. The cost of the lantern only was seven thousand pounds. When the sun has sunk behind the Yorkshire wolds, its work begins; the lamp is lighted, and the clockwork wound. Then the watch pacing steamer's deck, Jack Collier taking his 'trick at the wheel,' and the bluff yawlsman riding to his nets far out at sea, will see a tiny point of light grow and grow, until a brilliant beam of brightness flashes across the darkness, and then dies down again and leaves all black awhile. Then a ruby glimmer begins to show, and flashes into a star, which throws a crimson glare upon the waves.

To the right is the 'old lighthouse,' a tower of ancient date, surmounted by a flagstaff, from which a red-and-white striped pennant is flying. Long years ago, tradition says, it was used to burn a beacon, to warn the mariner from the dangerous coast; now, it is a signal-station, so

that the passing ship can send word of her whereabouts to her owners, at the other side of the Atlantic perhaps. To the left, at the edge of the point, is a battery, where, during fogs, a rocket is thrown up every ten minutes, which bursts high up with a loud report; whilst beneath is the opening to a long dark cavern, where the waters gurgle sullenly and lap the rocky walls in blackness invisible. Around us, the wavelets dance joyously in the sunlight, with 'Flamborough divers' and sea-parrots darting into them and out again; whilst steamers are screwing their way along, bound north, smoking bravely, and spouting the water from the engine-room ports, and 'Geordies' (or colliers), dirty schooners, and lumbering brigs, with now and then a smarter brigantine or trim barque, are working their way before the steady land-breeze. Farther out, a splendid four-masted ship, her snowy canvas drawing every stitch—with stun'sails alow and aloft—is gliding majestically southward, piling up a heap of sparkling water under her bows, which foams under her counter and streams away in a broad hissing track behind.

But whilst we have been watching the passing ships, the wind and tide have borne us onward, and we just get a glimpse of Silex Bay, where the sandy beach gives a landing for the coast-guards living in that group of white cottages up there, and whose entrance is guarded by 'Adam and Eve'—two rocks which stand out on either hand; then huge cliffs shut it in, and we sail under a grim wall of chalk towering two hundred feet above us into the sky.

Kittiwakes and gulls sun themselves in the ledges, and the shrill note of the curlew echoes from the land; whilst the warm sun is over all, bathing the glaring cliffs and shining upon green waters, until, far down, can be seen the long seaweeds waving over the sunken rocks, a very picture of peace and quiet. But a terrible place is this when the wild gale is lashing the North Sea into fury, and sending huge seas thundering against these cliffs, and whirling the foam-scud up into the black sky, and driving it far inland in big flakes. Then the ill-fated vessel caught by those breakers is lost, and the harsh scream of the seabird and shrieking storm-blast are the requiem of the doomed crew aboard. The breeze has died away inshore here, so we will get the canvas stowed snugly out of the way.

'Stand by! Ready! Hoist away! Belay!' The tiny blocks squeak musically; there is a flutter of white canvas, and then the sprit-mainsail is brailed up close against the mast.

'Out paddle! Easy ahead.'

Now a picturesque little bay breaks the cliff-line with two curious pillar-rocks, rising up some distance from the land amongst the waves, known as the 'King and Queen.' The King has a wide archway piercing his royal person, through which the *Volsung* darts; and then, as she slips round the Queen out into the open sea again, her majesty certainly bears a striking resemblance to a lady in all the glory of a modern 'dress-improver.'

All along the coast are openings in the rocks to tiny cavelets; and many a grim tale can the fisher-folk tell how, after fierce gales when gallant ships have disappeared, they have found crushed mangled bodies jammed in those clefts, or lying tangled in the 'oarweed' of the rocks below; and they will point out a cave some forty feet above high-water mark where once a desperate sailor, who had seen his mates sucked down by the greedy breakers, climbed, and was found all gashed and bruised long after by seagull-hunting fisher-lads.

Ten minutes' run brings us to one of the glories of Flamborough, the great 'Five-arch Cave.' A lofty pointed archway leads in from the sea; and paddling steadily under it, we are in a huge vaulted chamber, whose groined roof springs from one massive central column of ragged chalk, and whose floor is far down under the translucent emerald water, sixteen feet below. Two passages lead inward, and in the gloom the water sobs in unseen hollows as the *Volsung* cautiously works her way along the larger of the two, until a fear seizes the skipper lest, in the darkness, the tide, which has begun to flow, may lift the tiny craft on to some point of rock, and then surging back, cause her to heel over and roll the crew out into the black deep water; so he shouts the order, 'Go astern;' and she shoots out through the most northerly opening into the bright sunlight again.

Close by is 'Robin Lythe's Hole,' a spacious cavern, named after a famed smuggler, and having a roomy entrance from seawards, with a smaller leading to the right out into a bay round a point. At low water, this cave may be explored on foot from the upper end; but care must be taken not to be caught by the tide, for it fills at high water. Rounding the point, we get a fine view of the 'North Sea Landing,' a little cove bounded on either hand by bluff cliffs, and having a strip of sand and shingle for a beach, and then a steep slope leading up inland to the village. On this incline are drawn up long lines of gaily painted boats, the famed cobles which brave the rough North Sea.

The lifeboat house stands half-way up the cliff, doors open, showing the *Gertrude* on its 'skids' within; and under the lee of it, basking in the warm sunshine, are three or four old men, clad in reddish canvas trousers, blue guernseys, and battered sou'-westers; whilst not far off, half-a-dozen sturdy women in short blue serge petticoats and linen bonnets are at work on the boats, singing blithely a simple hymn-tune; one and another looking up now and again to cast an eye down to the beach, where a group of bare-legged youngsters are playing at the water's edge,

and helping a bronzed fellow to launch a coble, in which he and his boy in the bows are going to take a party to see the caves. These are fisher-folk of Flamborough—or 'Little Denmark,' as it has been named—members of a community exclusive yet in all its ways; they are still a colony to themselves, direct descendants of the old vikings who landed here when 'Ida the Flameman' came to conquer wild Northumbria long centuries ago. They speak of all outsiders as 'foreigners' to this day, and marry religiously amongst themselves. Tyburnia and Mayfair are not more exclusive than Flamborough town! There are no more daring or skilful boatmen to be found anywhere than real Flamborough men—big muscular fellows, with clear blue eyes and fair golden hair and beards. Sons following their fathers unquestioningly, take to the sea and the hard calling of a fisherman's life; whilst the daughters learn from their mothers to knit the warm blue guernseys, and gather and prepare the shellfish for bait. The hazel-eyed girl listens to the fisher-lad's bluff wooing; and when he has part share in the coble he helps to man, marries him, and shares his lot, paints his boat, mends his nets, and bravely helps him all she can. Many a night she will lie awake to listen to the hoarse howling gale sweeping up from the sea, and pray for a precious boat tossing far out upon the angry waters; and hasten down in early morning to meet the flowing tide, anxious to hear that 'blessedest, best sound, the boats' keels grating on the sand.' Like enough, there is a sad dark day in store for her, when the gallant coble comes in no more, and nought is known, until some wreckage floats ashore, or a dead man lies on the wan wet sands.

There is an old woman, worn and bent now by many a hardship, who will tell a tale as sad as ever told—How one night, years ago, a tempest swept the seas and burst upon the far-off fishing fleet; and in the cold gray dawn, women paced the beach searching with terribly eager eyes amongst the breakers. 'Ah, sir, it was a dowly day for me and mony ither. I got my poor bairn and his father up fra the rocks yan after ither and took 'em right hame ath'ort our donkey's back, the salt water dripping sairly all th' way. My man's face had an all unrestful look; belike he'd thowt o' me, and how I'd greet; but Ned's war all a smile. Ay, Lord! 'twas trouble then.'

They never speak of the lost husband or sweetheart here as drowned, but use an expression pathetically quaint and simple, and say, 'The sea gat him.'

Yet, though loss and sorrow too often are their lot, the Flamborough men are a cheerful, manly race, who do their work fearlessly without foreboding, ready alike to work their nets and lines, help put a crew aboard some disabled vessel, or man the lifeboat.

Crossing the bay, and standing well out to weather a reef of rocks which runs like a submerged pier from the northernmost point, we steer for a narrow lofty cleft in the chalk, where the tide rises and falls some two feet each time the swell rolls in. Watching a favourable chance, the pilot makes a dash between the lifts of the sea, and the canoe glides into the cool twilight of the 'Kirk Hole.' There is a wonderful echo here; and as our cabin-boy breaks into the chorus, 'Oh, we're three jolly, jolly sailor-boys,' the chords fluttering aloft are caught and flung back by the listening crannies in softer strains, until they die away in the distant hollows of the rocky dome overhead. The water swishing amongst the pebbles at the far end of the cave sounds like a song of coy maidens hiding in the purple seaweed; and as we follow the winding waterway out through another entrance, fancy can almost catch glimpses of laughing eyes peeping round the jagged points and edges, until a burst of sunlight streaming onward from 'Thornwick Bay' drives the enchanting visions of beauteous sea-nymphs back into the dim gloom behind.

A peep into the 'Smuggler's Cave,' whose deep sandy beach was of old often scored by the keels of swift boats as they ran their cargoes of contraband goods here from some saucy lugger in the offing, and whose long dry passage inland was a favourite 'hide' for 'dooty-free swag'—and we head northward again, skirting the bay with its golden patch of sand until we round a jagged spur of rock into 'Little Thornwick Bay.' A lonely awesome cove is this, with more gloomy caverns, and a wild chasm called the 'Devil's Washpot,' up which angry seas dash in fury, and then foam madly out through a well-like opening on to the cliff above, in seething spray. From here the ruggedness of the coast is lost, and 'Speeton Cliffs' show a smooth front of whiteness, which gradually grows darker in colour, until rich brown clay reaches in a great curve to Filey, and its famed Brig showing a line of black upon the water. Away beyond, half lost in purple haze, the old castle of Scarborough looks out from its bold headland over seas, and then the sky and ocean meet in a bond of sober gray.

But the afternoon is wearing on, and the weather is looking dirty to windward, and we ought to be laying a homeward course, or shall lose the best of the tide, which is setting strongly down the coast. Already, raindrops are beginning to plash into the water and hum upon the decks, so don sou'-wester and oilskin, and look alive, pilot!

''Bout ship.'

A dreary drizzle is wrapping the land and blurring the gliding panorama of cliff and caves as we paddle southward, on past the North Landing and the mist-shrouded 'King and Queen.' The wind is freshening fast, 'white-horses' are showing upon the heaving seas ahead, and the little boat plunges heavier into each following surge, shipping every now and again an awkward comber into the well.

'Look out, helmsman; starboard, hard!'

The paddle dips sharply twice, and she swings round just in time to meet a huge seething roller stem on; the next instant, her bows are buried deep under the hissing water, and then, with a gallant stagger, she shakes herself free, and flinging the glistening spray from off her arched deck, glides down into a hollow of the waves. It is too rough now to keep our course parallel to the coast, and we must stand out to sea and meet the wind-waves; for, to let her get broadside on, the end would be speedy. So the *Volsung*

turns away from the land, and faces the wild waste of tossing waters, struggling bravely ahead, though she quivers at each heavy sea, which dashes her bows under up to the swinging mast. But the constant deluge forward is beginning to tell, and so much water has come aboard, that she rolls uncomfortably, and lifts less readily to meet the waves. The skipper slips off his oilskin jacket and tucks it over the apron, to keep out the falling combers, and takes to baling with his sou'-wester, leaving one hand free to hold the paddle and keep her head up. But do all he can, the water does not lessen in the hold; and for a moment or two he loses heart, and is half-minded to let his ship drift before the waves; it will be very awkward, to say the least, if she fills and goes gunwale under, for though the land is only half a mile away, and a sharp swim might reach it, yet, there is no landing at the face of those cliffs where the surf is flinging the spray high; and besides, the brave boat, companion of many a pleasant voyage, will be lost. A glance seawards shows a big steamer forging past, so close, we can read the name on her bows, and see the faces of the passengers crowding her decks; and the officer on the bridge, who is looking at us through his glass, waves a cheering hand. In a second the skipper is himself again; the honour of the blue cipher burgee of the Royal Canoe Club is in his hands; and at it the *Volsung* goes again, with a secret feeling of joy that she is not quite alone now amongst the tumbling billows. By the time the *General Havelock* is growing small in the distance, we are off the Lighthouse Bay, determined to run ashore here, bale the canoe out, and leave her with the coastguards. Turning deftly on a wave-top, the pilot steers her cautiously before the seas; and soon the tired crew tumble out joyfully as she takes the beach on the back of a comber.

By the time she has been pumped dry, the wind has dropped, and the sea will soon go down considerably; spirits pluck up again, and we determine not to forsake the staunch little craft, nor leave her in strange quarters, but make a bold dash round and home to Bridlington Quay; so, through the surf she is launched again, and all hands, drenched but resolute, jump aboard, and out to sea again.

> Plunge, plunge, the spray flies high;
> Rush, rush, the foam spins by.

Yet we manage to round the Head at last, and with a good tide still under us, stand rapidly across Bridlington Bay; and soon the brown piers and red-tiled roofs rise up ahead, a welcome sight. A little later, and the *Volsung* is being carried into the coastguards' boathouse, and the skipper, who is at the bows, runs his head against a line of garments dripping in the gloom. 'Why, Roberts, what's all this?'

'Drownded men's clothes, sir! A coble has gone down in a squall this arternoon with her three hands, and it's only their kit here was saved.'

A feeling of gratitude to One aloft creeps into the skipper's heart as he thinks how the squall which gave the *Volsung* such a buffeting sent a stout boat to the bottom, and that three poor souls were fighting vainly for dear life with the pitiless sea, as, carelessly happy, he made his way safely through its tossing waters 'Round Flamborough Head.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NOTHING happened of any importance before their return to Eaton Square. Markham, hopping about with a queer sidelong motion he had, his little eyes screwed up with humorous meaning, seemed to Frances to recover his spirits after the Winterbourn episode was over, which was the subject—though that, of course, she did not know—of half the voluminous correspondence of all the ladies and gentlemen in the house, whose letters were so important a part of their existence. Before a week was over, all Society was aware of the fact that Ralph Winterbourn had been nearly dying at Markham Priory; that Lady Markham was in 'a state' which baffled description, and Markham himself so changed as to be scarcely recognisable; but that, fortunately, the crisis had been tided over, and everything was still problematical. But the problem was so interesting, that one perfumed epistle after another carried it to curious wits all over the country, and a new light upon the subject was warmly welcomed in a hundred Easter meetings. What would Markham do? What would Nelly do? Would their friendship end in the vulgar way, in a marriage? Would they venture, in face of all prognostications, to keep it up as a friendship, when there was no longer any reason why it should not ripen into love? Or would they, frightened by all the inevitable comments which they would have to encounter, stop short altogether, and fly from each other?

Such a 'case' is a delightful thing to speculate upon. At the Priory, it could only be discussed in secret conclave; and though no doubt the experienced persons chiefly concerned were quite conscious of the subject which occupied their friends' thoughts, there was no further reference made to it between them, and everything went on as it had always done. The night before their return to town, Markham, in the solitude of the house, from which all the guests had just departed, called Frances outside to bear him company while he smoked his cigarette. He was walking up and down on the lawn in the gray stillness of a cloudy warm evening, when there was no light to speak of anywhere, and yet a good deal to be seen through the wavering grayness of sky and sea. A few stars, very mild and indistinct, looked out at the edges of the clouds here and there—the great water-line widened and cleared towards the horizon; and in the far distance, where a deeper grayness showed the mainland, the light of a lighthouse surprised the dark by slow continual revolutions. There was no moon; something softer, more seductive than even the moon, was in this absence of light.

'Well—now they're gone, what do you think of them, Fan? They're very good specimens of the English country-house party—all kinds; the respectable family, the sturdy old fogy, the

rich young man without health, and the muscular young man without money.' There had been, it is needless to say, various other members of the party, who, being quite unimportant to this history, need not be mentioned here. 'What do you think of them, little un? You have your own way of seeing things.'

'I—like them all well enough, Markham,' without enthusiasm Frances replied.

'That is comprehensive at least. So do I, my dear. It would not have occurred to me to say it; but it is just the right thing to say. They pull you to pieces almost before your face; but they are not ill-natured. They tell all sorts of stories about each other'——

'No, Markham; I don't think that is just.'

'——Without meaning any harm,' he went on. 'Fan, in countries where conversation is cultivated, perhaps people don't talk scandal—I only say perhaps—but here we are forced to take to it for want of anything else to say.—What did your Giovannis and Giacomos talk of in your village out yonder?' Markham pointed towards the clear blue-gray line of the horizon, beyond which lay America, if anything; but he meant distance, and that was enough.

'They talked—about the olives, how they were looking, and if it was going to be a bad or an indifferent year.'

'And then?'

'About the *forestieri*, if many were coming, and whether it would be a good season for the hotels; and about tying up the palms, to make them ready for Easter,' said Frances, resuming, with a smile about her lips. 'And about how old Pietro's son had got such a good appointment in the post-office, and had bought little Nina a pair of earrings as long as your finger; for he was to marry Nina, you know.'

'Oh, was he? Go on. I am very much interested.—Didn't they say Mr Whatever-his-name-is wanted to get out of it, and that there never would have been any engagement, had not Miss Nina's mother?'——

'O Markham,' cried Frances in surprise, 'how could you possibly know?'

'I was reasoning from analogy, Fan.—Yes, I suppose they do it all the world over. And it is odd—isn't it?—that, knowing what they are sure to say, we ask them to our houses, and put the keys of all our skeleton cupboards into their hands.'

'Do you think that is true, that dreadful idea about the skeleton? I am sure'——

'What are you sure of, my little dear?'

'I was going to say, O Markham! that I was sure, *at home*, we had no skeleton; and then I remembered'——

'I understand,' he said kindly. 'It was not a skeleton to speak of, Fan, There is nothing particularly bad about it. If you had met it out walking, you would not have known it for a skeleton. Let us say a mystery, which is not such a mouth-filling word.'

'Sir Thomas told me,' said Frances with some timidity; 'but I am not sure that I understood. Markham! what was it really about?'

Her voice was low and diffident, and at first he only shook his head. 'About nothing,' he said; 'about—me. Yes, more than anything else, about me. That is how—— No, it isn't,' he added, correcting himself. 'I always must have cared for my mother more than for any woman. She has always been my greatest friend, ever since I can remember anything. We seem to have been children together, and to have grown up together. I was everything to her for a dozen years, and then—your father came between us. He hated me—and I tormented him.'

'He could not hate you, Markham. Oh, no, no!'

'My little Fan, how can a child like you understand? Neither did I understand, when I was doing all the mischief. Between twelve and eighteen, I was an imp of mischief, a little demon. It was fun to me to bait that thin-skinned man, that jumped at everything. The explosion was fun to me too. I was a little beast. And then I got the mother to myself again.—Don't kill me, my dear. I am scarcely sorry now. We have had very good times since, I with my parent, you with yours—till that day,' he added, flinging away the end of his cigarette, 'when mischief again prompted me to let Con know where he was, which started us all again.'

'Did you always know where we were?' she asked. Strangely enough, this story did not give her any angry feeling towards Markham. It was so far off, and the previous relations of her long-separated father and mother were as a fairy tale to her, confusing and almost incredible, which she did not take into account as matter of fact at all. Markham had delivered these confessions slowly, as they turned and re-turned up and down the lawn. There was not light enough for either to see the expression in the other's face, and the veil of the darkness added to the softening effect. The words came out in short sentences, interrupted by that little business of puffing at the cigarette, letting it go out, stopping to strike a fusee and relight it, which so often forms the byplay of an important conversation, and sometimes breaks the force of painful revelations. Frances followed everything with an absorbed but yet half-dreamy attention, as if the red glow of the light, the exclamation of impatience when the cigarette was found to have gone out, the very perfume of the fusee in the air, were part and parcel of it. And the question she asked was almost mechanical, a part of the business too, striking naturally from the last thing he had said as sparks flew from the perfumed light.

'Not where,' he said. 'But I might have known, had I made any attempt to know. The mother sent her letters through the lawyer, and of course we could have found out. It was thrust upon me at last by one of those meddling fools that go everywhere. And then my old demon got possession of me, and I told Con.' Here he gave a low chuckle, which seemed to escape him in spite of himself. 'I am laughing,' he said—'pay attention, Fan—at myself. Of course I have learned to be sorry for—some things—the imp has put me up to; but I can't get the better of that little demon—or of this little beggar, if you like it better. It's queer phraseology, I suppose; but I prefer the other form.'

'And what,' said Frances, in the same dreamy way, drawn on, she was not conscious how, by

something in the air, by some current of thought which she was not aware of—'what do you mean to do now?'

He started from her side as if she had given him a blow. 'Do now?' he cried, with something in his voice that shook off the spell of the situation and aroused the girl at once to the reality of things. She had no guidance of his looks, for, as has been said, she could not see them; but there was a curious thrill in his voice of present alarm and consciousness, as if her innocent question struck sharply against some fact of very different solidity and force from those far-off shadowy facts which he had been telling her. 'Do now? What makes you think I am going to do anything at all?'

His voice fell away in a sort of quaver at the end of these words.

'I do not think it; I—I—don't think anything, Markham; I—don't—know anything.'

'You ask very pat questions all the same, my little Fan. And you have got a pair of very good eyes of your own in that little head. And if you have got any light to throw upon the subject, my dear, produce it; for I'll be bothered if I know.'

Just then, a window opened in the gloom. 'Children,' said Lady Markham's voice, 'are you there? I think I see something like you, though it is so dark.—Bring your little sister in, Markham. She must not catch cold on the eve of going back to town.'

'Here is the little thing, mammy. Shall I hand her in to you by the window?—It makes me feel very frisky to hear myself addressed as children,' he cried with his chuckle of easy laughter.—'Here, Fan; run in, my little dear, and be put to bed.'

But he did not go in with her. He kept outside in the quiet cool and freshness of the night, illuminating the dim atmosphere now and then with the momentary glow of another fusee. Frances from her room, to which she had shortly retired, heard the sound, and saw from her windows the sudden ruddy light a great many times before she went to sleep. Markham let his cigar go out oftener than she could reckon. He was too full of thought to remember his cigar.

They arrived in town when everybody was arriving, when even to Frances, in her inexperience, the rising tide was visible in the streets, and the air of a new world beginning, which always marks the commencement of the season. No doubt it is a new world to many virgin souls, though so stale and weary to most of those who tread its endless round. To Frances, everything was new; and a sense of the many wonderful things that awaited her got into the girl's head like ethereal wine, in spite of all the grave matters of which she was conscious, which lay under the surface, and were, if not skeletons in the closet, at least very serious drawbacks to anything bright that life could bring. Her knowledge of these drawbacks had been acquired so suddenly, and was so little dulled by habit, that it dwelt upon her mind much more than family mysteries usually dwell upon a mind of eighteen. But yet in the rush and exhilaration of new thoughts and anticipations, always so much more delicately bright than any reality, she forgot that all was not as natural, as pleasant, as happy as it seemed. If Lady Markham had any consuming cares, she kept them shut away under that smiling countenance, which was as bright and peaceful as the morning. If Markham, on his side, was perplexed and doubtful, he came out and in with the same little chuckle of fun, the same humorous twinkle in his eyes. When these signs of tranquillity are so apparent, the young and ignorant can easily make up their minds that all is well. And Frances was to be 'presented'—a thought which made her heart beat. She was to be put into a court-train and feathers, she who as yet had never worn anything but the simple frock which she had so pleased herself to think was purely English in its unobtrusiveness and modesty. She was not quite sure that she liked the prospect; but it excited her all the same.

It was early in May, and the train and the court plumes were ready, when, going out one morning upon some small errand of her own, Frances met some one whom she recognised walking slowly along the long line of Eaton Square. She started at the sight of him, though he did not see her. He was going with a strange air of reluctance, yet anxiety, looking up at the houses, no doubt looking for Lady Markham's house, so absorbed that he neither saw Frances nor was disturbed by the startled movement she made, which must have caught a less preoccupied eye. She smiled to herself, after the first start, to see how entirely bent he was upon finding the house, and how little attention he had to spare for anything else. He was even more worn and pale, or rather gray, than he had been when he returned from India, she thought; and there was in him a slackness, a letting-go of himself, a weary look in his step and carriage, which proved, Frances thought, that the Riviera had done George Gaunt little good.

For it was certainly George Gaunt, still in his loose gray Indian clothes, looking like a man dropped from another hemisphere, investigating the numbers on the doors as if he but vaguely comprehended the meaning of them. But that there was in him that unmistakable air of soldier which no mufti can quite disguise, he might have been the Ancient Mariner in person, looking for the man whose fate it is to leave all the wedding-feasts of the world in order to hear that tale. What tale could young Gaunt have to tell? For a moment it flashed across the mind of Frances that he might be bringing bad news, that 'something might have happened,' that rapid conclusion to which the imagination is so ready to jump. An accident to her father or Constance? so bad, so terrible, that it could not be trusted to a letter, that he had been sent to break the news to them.

She had passed him by this time, being shy, in her surprise, of addressing the stranger all at once; but now she paused, and turned with a momentary intention of running after him and entreating him to tell her the worst. But then Frances recollected that this was impossible; that with the telegraph in active operation, no one would employ this lingering way of conveying news; and went on again, with her heart beating quieter, with a heightened colour, and a restrained impatience and eagerness of which she was half

ashamed. No, she would not turn back before she had done her little business. She did not want either the stranger himself or any one else to divine the flutter of pleasant emotion, the desire she had to see and speak with the son of her old friends. Yes, she said to herself, the son of her old friends—he who was the youngest, whom Mrs Gaunt used to talk of for hours, whose praises she was never weary of singing.

Frances smiled and blushed to herself as she hurried, perceptibly hurried, about her little affairs. Kind Mrs Gaunt had always had a secret longing to bring these two together. Frances would not turn back; but she quickened her pace, almost running, as near running as was decorous in London, to the lace-shop, to give the instructions which she had been charged with. No doubt, she said to herself, she would find him there when she got back. She had forgotten, perhaps, the fact that George Gaunt had given very little of his regard to her when he met her, though she was his mother's favourite, and had no eyes but for Constance. This was not a thing to dwell in the mind of a girl who had no jealousy in her, and who never supposed herself to be half as worthy of anybody's attention as Constance was. But, anyhow, she forgot it altogether, forgot to ask herself what in this respect might have happened in the meantime; and with her heart beating full of innocent eagerness, pleasure, and excitement, full of the hope of hearing about everybody, of seeing again through his eyes the dear little well-known world, which seemed to lie so far behind her, hastened through her errands, and turned quickly home.

To her great surprise, as she came back, turning round the corner into the long line of pavement, she saw young Gaunt once more approaching her. He looked even more listless and languid now, like a man who had tried to do some duty, and failed, and was escaping, glad to be out of the way of it. This was a great deal to read in a man's face; but Frances was highly sympathetic, and divined it, knowing in herself many of those devices of shy people, which shy persons divine. Fortunately, she saw him some way off, and had time to overcome her own shyness and take the initiative. She went up to him fresh as the May morning, blushing and smiling, and put out her hand. 'Captain Gaunt?' she said. 'I knew I could not be mistaken.—Oh, have you just come from Bordighera? I am so glad to see any one from home!'

'Do you call it home, Miss Waring?—Yes, I have just come. I—I—have a number of messages, and some parcels, and—— But I thought you might perhaps be out of town, or busy, and that it would be best to send them.'

'Is that why you are turning your back on my mother's house? or did you not know the number? I saw you before, looking—but I did not like to speak.'

'I—thought you might be out of town,' he repeated, taking no notice of her question; 'and that perhaps the post'——

'O no,' cried Frances, whose shyness was of the cordial kind. 'Now you must come back and see mamma. She will want to hear all about Constance.—Are they all well, Captain Gaunt? Of course you must have seen them constantly—and Constance. Mamma will want to hear everything.'

'Miss Waring is very well,' he said with a blank countenance, from which he had done his best to dismiss all expression.

'And papa? and dear Mrs Gaunt, and the colonel, and everybody?—Oh, there is so much that letters can't tell.—Come back now. My mother will be so glad to see you, and Markham; you know Markham already.'

Young Gaunt made a feeble momentary resistance. He murmured something about an engagement, about his time being very short; but as he did so, turned round languidly and went with her, obeying, as seemed, the eager impulse of Frances, rather than any will of his own.

HOW TO BECOME A PATENTEE.

By an Act passed in 1883, inventors are enabled to obtain letters-patent for their inventions for four years at a cost of four pounds; provided, of course, they take out the patent themselves without employing an agent. Previously to 1883, the fees were very heavy, and many useful but possibly unremunerative articles were, in consequence, left unpatented and unmanufactured. How great a success the Act has been, the following figures show: In the first nine months of 1883, four thousand six hundred and fifty-six applications for letters-patent were made; in the corresponding period for the following year, when the Act was in force, the number was thirteen thousand and twelve. Where the invention is of a very complicated nature, or likely to be of great commercial value, inventors should certainly employ patent agents; but in many cases there is no obstacle in the way of the inventor obtaining letters-patent himself without the intervention of an agent.

Before detailing the simple but necessary procedure connected with the Patent Office, it will be well to consider what inventions are patentable. Bare or abstract philosophical principles are not patentable; the principle must be embodied in a practical form; and the patent is taken out not for the principle, but for the mode of carrying it into effect. It is only the new part of the machine or apparatus which can be patented; and if any material part of the alleged invention should prove either not useful or not novel, the patent is void. Want of novelty is a fatal defect. The invention must be of real value, and must not have been used in public or by the public before the date of the patent. The thing may have been invented before; but letters-patent may be obtained for it, if it has not been used or sold publicly, or a description of it published in a printed book sold—but not necessarily published—in this country. Where the inventor is not quite certain that no patent has been taken out for such an invention previously, he should search through the specifications at the Patent Office, 25 Southampton Buildings, London, W.C. The specifications are classified, so that the search, though tedious, is of no great difficulty. If the inventor is unable to make the search, a patent agent will do so for a moderate fee.

Supposing, now, that our budding patentee has invented something which is novel, useful, and of value, his next step is to obtain through a district post-office or at the Inland Revenue Office, Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, W.C., the following forms: One application for patent; two provisional specifications. Before these forms —for which there is no charge—can be filled up, the title or name of the invention must be determined. The title must indicate generally the subject-matter of the invention. It must not be too large, uncertain, or at variance with the description given in the provisional or complete specifications. Samples of titles are: An Improvement in Locomotive Steam-engines; A Roller Skate; A New Apparatus for Sweeping Chimneys. The application must now be filled in, full instructions for which are given on the form. It must bear a one-pound stamp. At the end of it must be a declaration that the person applying for the patent is the true and first inventor, and this declaration must be made before a justice of the peace, or a person authorised to administer oaths, in any court in the United Kingdom. The fee on making the declaration is usually half-a-crown. The application form being now properly filled in, the inventor should fill in the form of provisional specification, attending carefully to the directions given on the form which do not require explanation. The provisional specification must describe the nature of the invention. Minute details need not be given; a general description is sufficient. The provisional specification is only intended to assume the identity of the invention, to disclose it in its rough state, and protect the inventor until such time as he can perfect its details. At the same time, every part of the invention, except details, must be foreshadowed. The application duly stamped, and the provisional specification, *in duplicate*—drawings must also be sent if the invention cannot be explained without them—should now be delivered or sent by post to The Comptroller, Patent Office, 25 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, who will examine them, and notify the applicant if they are accepted. The applicant is now in this position: for the next nine months, he may publish or publicly use his invention without losing his right of ultimately obtaining letters-patent; but during this time, any one else can manufacture and sell the invention without being in any way liable to the inventor. The only real advantage, therefore, of this provisional protection, as it is called, is, that for a period of nine months before obtaining letters-patent, the inventor is protected from any other person applying for and obtaining letters-patent for the same invention. It is a popular error to suppose that a patent can be obtained for nine months at a cost of one pound.

Now comes the final and most important part of the whole proceedings. Before the end of the nine months, the inventor must obtain from the Inland Revenue Office two complete specification forms, fill them up carefully according to directions, stamp one of them with a three-pound stamp, and send them—with drawings, if required—to the Comptroller at the Patent Office. One will be a counterpart of the other. In the complete specification the invention must be described clearly and fully, so that others, when the patent has expired, may work the invention if they desire to do so. The nature of the invention must be particularly described and ascertained, and in what manner it is to be performed. The inventor must disclose everything, for if he keeps anything back and does not act in good faith, he runs the risk of having his patent declared void. Care must be taken, in describing a machine part of which is new and part old, to state clearly how much is claimed as new. Every essential part of the invention must be mentioned, and the description must be intelligible to workmen of ordinary skill. In due course, the complete specification—if in order—will be accepted, and the patent sealed. If it so happens that the inventor has completed his invention, and has attained the maximum of simplicity with the minimum of cost, before taking any steps to obtain a patent, he should not trouble to obtain provisional protection at all, but send in at once a complete specification with the application. This is of course the simpler method; and the fees, or rather stamps, are the same, namely, a one-pound stamp on the application and three pounds on one of the complete specification. The inventor now possesses the sole right to deal with his invention for a period of four years. Should his invention prove of such value that he is desirous of extending his patent, he can do so for four years at a yearly cost of ten pounds; and for a still further two years at a yearly cost of fifteen pounds; and for a further four years at a yearly cost of twenty pounds.

It will be useful to inventors to know that the Patents Act of 1883 and the Rules can be obtained from 38 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, W.C.; also that the Patent Office, 25 Southampton Buildings, W.C., is open from ten to four every day except Sundays and public holidays. Complete specifications of existing and old patents are kept on sale there; and an old specification is often useful as a guide to the inventor in drawing up his own. A register of patents is kept at the office, which is open to the public. There is also a library, which is free to the public, where all the publications of the office are to be seen, and also the leading British and foreign scientific journals and text-books in various departments of science and art.

MR L'ESTRANGE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

THE reputation of the Atlantic Ocean has been so utterly lost, that no abuse of it by me can defame it. As the most whimsical, wrathful, spiteful of oceans, it is but too well known. It was my fate to be a victim of its temper for six days, during which I endured all that a poor nervous invalid can suffer. Storms blew all round the compass. I seemed to be rolling night and day unceasingly, now in this direction, now in that. My bed was like a billow, I like a log tumbling over it. The steward who attended to me coolly spoke of the string of tempests as spring gales of rather a gentle sort. I have the impression that I did not sleep during these six

days and nights; but this nobody will credit. I admit that I was often in a state of dull lethargy, incapable of using limbs or senses, yet conscious of what was going on near me.

Theodore was a born sailor; the more Boreas blew, the livelier he became. For the first two days, the kind fellow tended me like a woman; brought the doctor to see me, ministered to my humours, importuned me with the robust man's consolations. I begged him to leave me in peace. The third day he obeyed me almost literally; for on that day I do not remember seeing him, except when he came to bed. His berth was over mine, and he had that night a long struggle to get into it, which put me into a fever to witness. I thought it was the raging waters that made him so clumsy; I now know that he had been drinking champagne. On the fourth day I saw little of him; the fifth, he came into our stateroom several times and hurriedly. He always spoke to me, and appeared to look at me with a peculiar anxiety. Once the steward came to the door and could not open it. Theodore rose from the floor, and in an agitated voice asked what was wanted. He did not open the door, which he had bolted. I was getting a little better, and this incident struck me. Subsequent events no doubt intensified my remembrance. I seemed to know that something furtive was going on, and was uneasy, but too shattered by weakness to bestir myself.

The sixth day, Theodore remained in his berth until the afternoon. I heard him groan over my head several times and toss about uneasily. About four o'clock he got up, after drinking his fourth glass of brandy and soda. The steward eyed him very strangely, I thought; and then the man eyed me inquiringly, as he held the empty glass and talked about the improving weather. After dressing, Theodore sat on the sofa staring at the floor, as though looking right through the ship's bottom. He was pale, shivered from time to time, muttered to himself, but never took his eyes from the floor. I grew alarmed as I watched him. At first I thought he was going to be sea-sick after all; that his reckless indulgence in food, drink, and tobacco had found *his* point of gastric toleration. But the expression of despair which cut deeper and deeper into his face, making its whiteness more marble-like continually, was not that of a sickening man; or rather, it was the manifestation of a mind diseased.

'What ails you, Theodore?' I asked, in a tone so hoarse that I did not recognise my own voice. Illness had indeed changed me in every way.

He jumped up, as if he had been struck in the back; his eyes ran round the room, then rested on me, as if he did not know me. For a moment we stared in silence.

'How do you feel, Charley?' he said, advancing to me.

'How do *you* feel, Theodore?'

'Me?' rubbing his head with both hands energetically—'me, Charley? Why, you know I am always first-class.'

'Don't try to impose upon me, brother; you are ill—worse than I have been.'

'Impose! What on earth do you mean?' His face was scarlet; he shook, and he caught at the side of the berth, as if he were falling.

I got on to my elbow and tried to leave the bed, but the effort was too great; my head swam; I fell back helplessly. I lay still awhile. Theodore returned to his seat on the sofa, and again fixed his eyes on the floor as before. The dinner-bell rang.

'Are you not going to dinner, Theodore?' I asked.

He did not reply. I repeated the question. He looked at me, muttered, and began to move about.

Again I asked the question.

'No; I do not want to eat,' he said shortly.

'You have eaten nothing to-day.'

'I am not hungry.—Don't bother me, Charley.'

'Theodore, I insist upon knowing what has produced this extraordinary change in you. Tell me, or I will get up and bring the doctor. What has made you ill?'

'Really and truly, Charley, I am not ill at all; a bit out of sorts.—Lie still; you are as weak as a kitten.—What will *you* have for dinner?'

'I will not eat again, until you tell me what is preying upon your mind. You frighten me, Theodore. Only something of the most extraordinary nature could have metamorphosed you into the haggard, harassed wretch that you have become. You are a perfect wreck.'

He laughed, a wild, passionate, mocking laugh, and turned his face from me.

The steward knocked at the door, calling to ask if I would have some dinner.

'Do have something, Charley,' said Theodore, who became suddenly collected, 'and I will dine with you.—Here, steward, come in.'

The door opened, the steward entered, and with him the doctor. After a few inquiries regarding my health, the latter said to Theodore: 'I want to show you those things I spoke of in my cabin.'

My brother looked at him with intense surprise, then a flash of understanding shot into his eyes, and he said in a quavering voice: 'I will be with you in five minutes; I am not dressed.'

I had not been alone many instants, when the steward entered my room in a stealthy manner, and came close to me, whispering: 'Has your brother told you?'

'Told me! What?'

'Of the row in the smoke-room last night?'

'What do you mean?'

'Why, you see, he was playing cards and lost a lot of money—so it is reported, for of course I was not there; and it ended in him knocking a gentleman down.'

I groaned so deeply, that the man was frightened, and made clumsy excuses for mentioning the matter. I pressed his hand reassuringly, but I could not speak; then I motioned to him to leave me. How can I describe the abyss of despair into which the story hurled me? Theodore gambling, drinking, quarrelling, going to the bad already! Gambling! All at once recurred the scene of the bank-notes he had held before me when I fell ill. I had forgotten it. Then returned the boy's wild behaviour at the dinner-table. L'Estrange—— Ah! that evil being *had* justified my opinion of him. Oh, why had I been ill? My absence had permitted this terrible debasement of my brother.

Hours seemed to pass before Theodore returned. He did not speak, but began to pull off his clothes, as if going to bed. The light was turned down to a glimmer. He thought I was asleep.

'Do not undress, Theodore,' I said, as calmly as I could; 'turn up the light.'

'Do you want something, Charley?'

'Yes, I want to talk to you.'

'Put it off till morning; I'm so tired that I cannot talk.' He sighed wearily.

'No, Theodore; I must talk, however tired you are. Come here, unhappy boy, and tell me what you have been doing. Whom did you strike in the smoke-room?'

He recoiled from me and made for the door. I sprang out of my berth and caught him by the arm.

'Let me go, Charley, for mercy's sake! I cannot remain here; it will kill me.' His looks of horror, his mad efforts to tear my hands from him, his ecstasy of terror, for an instant stunned me. Then an icy quiet came over him. I knew that something supremely serious had happened, to have changed my brother so absolutely.

'Sit down!' I said authoritatively. 'Tell me the whole truth; I can bear it.'

He looked at me as the bird at the rattlesnake, half fearing, half confident.

I turned to increase the light, and he again became restless. 'Now, Theodore, out with it. No good can come from delay, and concealment is impossible; others will tell me. Let me know the extent of my shame from the author of it. What have you done?'

'Don't, don't speak like that, Charley; I can't bear it.'

'I thought you were a man, and afraid of nothing.'

'I was so once, my brother. I am not a man any longer; I am a villain, a fratricide. Oh, heavenly Father, why have I lived to commit such a crime!'

These dreadful words tore my soul as grape-shot ravages the flesh. I stared into the weeping eyes of the miserable boy; I placed my hands upon his head, to draw him nearer to me, looking into the deeps of his being. 'Explain yourself. Have you seriously injured L'Estrange?'

'L'Estrange, Charley!' Here he assumed an expression so utterly unlike what I had expected, that I believed he had gone insane.

'Yes, L'Estrange, the man you struck in your gambling quarrel.'

'I do not understand you, Charley,' said Theodore, in something like his ordinary manner.

'Did you not strike him?'

'No.'

'Did you not gamble with him?'

'No; that is, he was my partner.'

I put my head against the wall; the confusion of my mind was unbearable. 'Why are you so agitated, then? Why did you call yourself a fratricide? What is the meaning of all you have been manifesting for the last dozen hours?'

'Really, Charley, I cannot tell you—at least, not just now. In the morning.'

'Do you wish wholly to shatter my mind and body, Theodore? You have committed some deep wrong. My ignorance of the facts is a thousand times worse than the knowledge. If you refuse to tell me, I shall go to the smoke-room, if it is now occupied, and inquire from the attendant. If he is in bed, I shall waken him.'

'But he will only tell you that the gentleman is all right again. The doctor says I have not hurt him; and we have become good friends again.'

I listened to him as if he were talking in an unknown tongue. After a long silence, I said: 'Then you have been suffering from a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by drinking and gambling?'

He turned away from me, trembled, did not speak.

Again my fears returned. 'You are concealing something hideous from me, Theodore. It is infamy to do so. I ask for the last time, will you tell me what you have done? Answer, or I leave this cabin to return no more. If you have not confidence in me, your brother, your friend, then all is over between us. I shall not go to California, but will find some employment in New York. You must go your own way—we shall henceforth be strangers.'

A deep feeling of solemnity thrilled me as I spoke. Theodore did not answer; but he sobbed hysterically for a few minutes, and then threw himself at my feet, pulling my knees with convulsive anguish. 'I cannot endure my misery; it is too great, Charley. Would that I could atone by dying at your feet! O my broken-hearted mother!—my unhappy sisters!'

'This is the very height of folly or remorse,' I cried in a terrible agitation. 'Theodore, in the name of those dear creatures at home, what have you done, that you act thus?'

'I *will* confess, Charley,' he whispered, hiding his head in my breast and pulling me tightly. 'Do not forgive me, though; no; God himself cannot forgive me. I have—I have stolen the money from your box—we are beggars!'

The shock was supreme! The calamity was measureless, final! A cry of despair burst from my burning lips. Slowly at first, then quicker and quicker, I realised that I had duties to perform towards the lost creature, trembling at my feet, towards those helpless suffering women, dependent upon me for all things now. Though black ruin was crashing around me on every side, I must not despair; I must fight for them who had no champion but me. The hugeness of the misfortune began to steady me as I thought of it. We should reach New York more abject than the pauper emigrant. What *could* we do?

'Did you take *all* the money?' I asked Theodore in a quiet voice.

'All that was in the pocket-book,' he answered whisperingly.

'Have you lost it all?'

'Yes.'

'Who won it?' I demanded, a sudden curiosity arising in me. Up to this point, I had been oblivious of the history of Theodore's gambling transactions; now it seemed that I ought to know *how* the boy had gone wrong. In the effort to adjust myself to a new and calamitous situation, I must begin at the beginning.

'Who won the money from you?'

'A young man. He is named Barker.'

'Did L'Estrange win anything from you?'

'Not a shilling, Charley.'

'Tell me all about it. I am settling down. Besides, you have told me the worst.'

'O Charley, I do not know how I can expose my infamy to you without you spurning me from you, as the most cruel and infatuated man in the world.'

'Spare all that sort of talk, Theodore. Tell me the bare facts. Who is this man Barker? An acquaintance of L'Estrange?'

'No, no; they are total strangers, I assure you. L'Estrange has lost more than I have.'

'Enough of generalities; come to particulars. Tell me all, and from the beginning.'

'I will, Charley.—Well, I first played with L'Estrange, just we two. I won a lot of money from him, I don't know how. He almost seemed to be giving it to me. We played at whist, double-dummy. You remember how excited I was, and the champagne, and the greenbacks that I showed you. Well, from that I fell into a gambling fever, and I won from L'Estrange quite a hundred pounds. Then others began to play with us, the man Barker, and a young gentleman, the son of an English nobleman. This latter lost a great deal to L'Estrange; but L'Estrange lost it to me, and I lost it to Barker. Then we began to play at American games, that I never had heard of, quick games, over in a few minutes. It went on day by day. I was always in a state of excitement. I once had five hundred pounds in my pocket. I thought I was going to make our fortunes before we got ashore. It was not for the money, Charley—I swear it was not; it was to make us both rich, so that we might send for mother and sisters without delay. I really did think that I was destined to obtain a heap of money, and all at once'——

'Poor simpleton!' I interrupted. 'And did you believe that money so got could bring a blessing to us? Do you think that I would have shared in the fruits of gambling, Theodore?'

'Do not upbraid me, Charley; I loathe myself enough; ah! may you never know the awfulness of my remorse! Still, I did wish the money for all our sakes. I was not selfish; at least I am free from that. And you do not know what a fearful thing temptation is, Charley. I cannot tell you how the passion to win grew upon me; I could have sat up day and night playing incessantly. I wanted nothing to eat: drink, stimulating drink, was all I needed. Our stakes grew by degrees, until hundreds of pounds were won and lost in an hour or two.'

'And was there nobody sufficiently manly or sufficiently moral to protest against such a scandal?' I exclaimed indignantly. 'How could gentlemen witness a boy like you playing for hundreds without stopping the game?'

'Nobody knew what the stakes were but ourselves,' said Theodore earnestly. 'We played with counters, and the winnings were paid in the cabins of the players; we settled up three times a day. I was wonderfully lucky at first, and quite surprised at myself; the cards seemed to be charmed in my favour. Sometimes I lost nearly all my gains; but I always had a little left over from my first winnings to begin again, until yesterday. My luck quite deserted me. The young Englishman had lost all his money; and another gentleman took his place, who had never played with us before. L'Estrange and I were partners; Barker and the stranger against us. Between breakfast and lunch we did pretty well; but in the afternoon, fortune went quite away from me: I rose up at dinner-time having lost two hundred pounds. I was almost frantic, for I did not know what I should do to pay. I spoke to L'Estrange, who asked me all about our affairs.'

'Did he suggest that you should take the money from my portmanteau, Theodore?' I cried, all my suspicions of the man's evil character rushing back upon me.

'No, Charley; but he said that my spell of bad luck would be over perhaps, then, and that I would be sure to win heavily next time. Besides, he said, I was bound to settle up, or he would be disgraced as my partner; so the evil spirit led me to take your money, Charley. I put off the thing as long as I could; I stood looking over the side of the ship, and a trifle would have decided me to jump overboard; and then I thought of you and home, and I grew more desperate than to commit suicide; I determined to try the cards again; so I took the keys from your pocket, finding you asleep, and I hastened back to play. But bad luck went on; I lost and lost, until I was again some hundreds to the worse. I need say no more, Charley; I have ruined you and all of us.'

The miserable boy threw himself on the floor, as if he would annihilate the memory of his sin by dashing out his brains.

I lifted him up, and strove to comfort him. My tenderness made his anguish the more poignant.

'Do not be kind to me; I can bear anything but that,' he groaned.

'Who, then, shall lead you back to better ways but me, Theodore? You have fallen, poor boy; yet you must rise again. It is a frightful decadence at the threshold of life. But we will bear it together, my brother.—And now, tell me of your quarrel. Whom did you strike?'

'Barker. I could not pay the whole of my losses. He said something insulting, and I knocked him under the table.'

'Do you owe him something still?'

'Yes, fifty pounds. But the doctor and some other gentlemen have made things pleasant again. I am sorry I lost my temper. The doctor has assured me that Barker is quite well again. L'Estrange has promised to square my debt; and he says I can pay him at any time.'

'I am quite astounded at L'Estrange proving a friend, Theodore; I had the worst feeling against him that I have known in all my experience of men.'

'You have been altogether wrong, Charley; L'Estrange is a good fellow.'

Day had broken over the placid sea before our conversation terminated. Exhausted by so many agitations, and with leaden hearts, we fell into our berths like dying men.

I did not wake till noon. Theodore slept, or feigned to do so. I got up, and looked out of the porthole upon the dazzling waters. The weather was magnificent. I dressed quickly,

and left the cabin. I wanted to be alone, to ponder on the frightful position of our affairs. At the instant of waking, all had burst upon me afresh; but the repose had given my mind both strength and calm. In a few days we should be at New York, penniless, planless; something must be schemed before we were shot upon the quayside like human rubbish. Further, I must preoccupy Theodore's mind with the future, or the wretched boy would do further mischief. I knew how much he would suffer from the unappeasable torments of remorse, from the shattering of all his vain self-confidences, from the shame he had heaped upon himself and me.

The deck was crowded with passengers; for, with fine weather all the invalids had been brought from their cabins and placed on chairs and couches. I paid no attention to any one, but walked slowly, thinking as I had never done before, and resting against the bulwarks from time to time, when I grew faint with useless cogitation. No; I could not imagine any expedient in our case. Friendless, beggared, broken-hearted, dismayed, what *could* I do? I groaned in impotent agony, and stared at the glittering sea, though I saw it not.

'Etes-vous malade, encore, monsieur?'

I started and looked down, and saw, lying on a deck-lounge, the figure of a lady. Her veil was wreathed round her face, pale as death; two dark, burning, pitying eyes were fixed upon me.

'Do you not recall me?' asked the lady, still speaking in French.

A moment I was confused, then I remembered her, and replied: 'Pardon me, madame; I was preoccupied. I hope you are getting better. We have had rough weather.'

'You have suffered much, monsieur,' she rejoined, looking intently at me. 'What a change! Ah! the sea is terrible.'

'It is indeed, for poor weaklings like me, madame.' A bitter sigh followed my words.

'You are still very ill,' said the lady. 'I hope the weather will be fine until we reach New York; then you will be happy. We soon forget the discomforts of ship-life when we are on shore.'

A mournful smile was my only comment. What had I to expect ashore?

'You do not agree with me?' demanded the lady with surprise.

'I agree that I prefer the land to the sea; yet the land does not always bring happiness?'

'Happiness!' exclaimed she. '*Where* do we find happiness? It is a phantom, not a reality. —Were you seeking happiness in America?'

'Yes; like millions, I am going with that intent, or rather I was.' I stopped, for a sudden sob choked me.

'You have been *very* ill, monsieur. You are quite unmanned. I did not think that the strong sex suffered so much.'

The lady's voice was tender and pitying; it affected me in a surprising manner. I bent my head and turned from her in a paroxysm of grief. How long the fit of mental agony lasted, I do not know; I seemed to wake out of a dream, trembling and ashamed of the weakness I had shown. The lady was speaking to her maid. I rose from the seat I had fallen into quite unconsciously, but I was so weak that I sank down again.

'You are seriously ill,' said the lady; 'allow my maid to bring you something.' She then spoke rapidly to her attendant, who hurried away, and soon reappeared with a glass containing some sort of restorative. I drank it gratefully, and sank into a pleasant lethargy.

The lunch-bell rang; the deck became deserted; the lady and myself were alone. Gradually strength and calm returned, and I was able to thank the kind creature. Little by little our conversation expanded, until I had told her all about my plans being annihilated by my brother's folly. She was even more agitated than myself as I related the story; and at the close she got up from her couch, and begging me to excuse her hurried departure, left me.

MUSICAL INTERLOPERS.

WHEN stationed at ——, in India, I was asked to preside at the little church harmonium, and for several years I filled that pleasant post. The first instrument we had was decidedly peculiar, and it required a good deal of physical exertion and no little art to bring forth any sound. As long as the dry weather lasted, we got on pretty well; but as soon as the rains fell and damp affected its mechanism, the result was terrible to sensitive nerves.

On coming into church one day and beginning the voluntary, I discovered that more than half the notes would not come up after being struck. The result, of course, conveyed to the congregation was that I was permanently holding down several octaves of a chromatic scale! My husband was fortunately near me; and with his energetic help—picking up each note as I played it—we got through the service as best we could. Before the next Sunday, it had been repaired a little; but there was always a rather painful uncertainty that a note might not suddenly shriek out unbidden. One day I discovered, to my surprise, that the harmonium was inhabited by a mouse. It is possible that his establishment within, and the effects of his appetite on the felts and linings, may in some measure account for the surprising vagaries of the instrument. I had left my high seat and moved to a more comfortable one during the sermon, when I saw a little head with a pair of beady black eyes peeping out from under the pedals. After looking round and finding all was quiet, he sallied out, took a constitutional in the neighbourhood, and before the end of the sermon, had returned to his home. After this we used to see him nearly every Sunday.

One day, just after we had got to church, in came one of our dogs! She had been tied up when we left our house, which was about a quarter of a mile off; but guessing, probably from the sound of the bell, where we had gone, she followed us directly she was let go. The harmonium was fortunately near the door, so that she saw me the moment she came in, and being a thoroughly well-trained dog, lay perfectly still beside my chair. Of course, I was terribly anxious lest the poor mouse should appear, for Bessie, being a splendid ratter,

would without a doubt have given chase, and caused a scene. However, the little inmate of the harmonium was either 'out,' or displayed marvellous discretion. Not so a squirrel. During the sermon, one of these pretty creatures, so common in India, came in through a gap at the top of the 'chick'—a semi-transparent curtain hung in the outer doorways of all Indian houses, to keep out glare and flying insects—and proceeded to run up and down it within a few feet of us! Of course, Bessie had seen it at once; and there she sat with ears erect and straining eyes, shivering with excitement, watching its every movement. After we had endured several minutes of suspense, the unconscious object of our attention, with a whisk of the tail, jumped out through a hole in the chick, and we breathed freely once more.

About this time the Bishop of Calcutta came up to consecrate a piece of ground to be added to the cemetery—a very old one, where rest the bones of heroes who fell hard by, fighting under General Lake, at the commencement of this century. The harmonium had been taken over in a hand-cart, that I might accompany the hymns and chants. During the ceremony, the mouse stole out as usual, unconscious of the solemnity of the occasion. How he managed to get in again so as to be carried back to the church, I do not know; but there he was the following Sunday. Some months later, the new American organ arrived, and the old one, with its inmate no doubt, was sold, and we lost sight of it.

This was a harmless tenant. I heard of another and very dangerous one. A little boy we knew used to amuse himself by playing on an old harmonium. He found one day that the pedals had become very stiff, and he experienced great difficulty in working them. Soon after, a pianotuner who twice a year makes the round of all stations where he can find employment, happened to come to ——; and on taking the child's instrument to pieces to examine it, found a large cobra coiled up inside—dead! It is impossible to tell what induced it to seek such a strange and, at times, noisy abode. The explanation may possibly be found in the well-known love of serpents for music.

MR CHUCKLES'S CHICKS.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.—ACT I.

'A BAD one!' angrily exclaimed Mr Christopher Chuckles as he completed the chipping of his first egg at breakfast, at the same moment inhaling an aroma which strongly pointed to the conclusion that the albuminous product had been a very undesirable length of time an absentee from the nest.

'Try another, dear,' was the common-sense suggestion of the gentleman's better-half.

Her lord and master grumblingly complied; but almost shouted out in his wrath when he became aware of the unpleasant fact that egg number two was just as ancient a 'shopkeeper' as its predecessor. 'I will stand this sort of thing no longer,' he exclaimed; 'it is only by the merest chance I ever obtain eggs fit for a Christian to eat!'

'Papa, dear, how dreadful you are to be sure,' pouted pretty Mary Ellen, aged twenty-two, the sole offspring of the Chuckleses.

'Christopher,' remonstrated Mrs Chuckles, 'although you may have some slight grounds of complaint, I think it would be more seemly were you to restrain those violent outbursts of ill-temper.'

'Madam,' said Mr Chuckles, in his grimmest manner, 'I will not discuss with the illogical female mind the relative force of language; I had much rather discuss my breakfast—that is, of course, should I be fortunate enough to discover anything that is edible.' And the irate Chuckles proceeded with savage impetuosity to operate on egg number three, which, luckily for the further harmony of the family breakfast-table, turned out fairly satisfactory.

After a few moments had tranquilly sped their soothing course, Mr Chuckles suddenly threw himself back in his capacious chair, a radiant glow of satisfaction spreading over his by no means attenuated features.

'O mamma, dear,' gleefully ejaculated Mary Ellen, 'see how pleased papa looks! I shouldn't wonder if he were going to tell us that he will take us somewhere for a day's outing. I vote for Brighton by the express.'

Mrs Chuckles, though equally pleased with her daughter to see the 'wreathed smiles' on her husband's face, refrained from hazarding an opinion as to the probability of that worthy volunteering to escort his family upon a day's pleasure.

Mr Chuckles remained perfectly oblivious to the idea that he had raised any pleasing anticipations whatever in the minds of his wife and daughter, but, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, appeared to be solving a mental arithmetical question. At length he broke the silence by abruptly exclaiming: 'Yes, I'll do it!'

'Do what?' simultaneously and eagerly inquired his anticipatory auditors.

'Lay—my—own—eggs,' deliberately and with emphasis replied Mr Chuckles, the benign smile on his face giving place to an expression of calm authority.

'Really, Christopher,' said Mrs Chuckles in a deprecatory tone, 'how *can* you talk such rubbish?' whilst Mary Ellen stared in a manner that suggested a lurking doubt in that young lady's mind as to her father's sanity.

'Maria, when I announce my determination to produce my own eggs, I, of course, speak allegorically, and intend to convey to your intelligent mind that I merely meant to adopt such measures as shall insure for our table a regular supply of fresh-laid hens—I mean eggs. In short, my intention is to keep poultry.'

'Indeed,' was the monosyllabic remark of Mrs Chuckles, and that in a tone sufficiently icy to have frozen the cream in the jug.

'O papa,' remonstrated Mary Ellen, 'what will become of my nice flower-beds?'

'I don't know, my dear,' replied her father with callous indifference; 'most probably they will remain where they are.'

'Have you calculated the cost, Christopher

dear, of each egg when laid by one's own fowls?' asked Mrs Chuckles.

'Ah,' returned the intending poultry-farmer, 'I was expecting that question; it is a regular stock one, always trotted out with the intention of crushing the party to whom it is propounded. But I am not going to be crushed by it. You must be aware, Maria, that I have many acquaintances in the grain-trade; therefore, I see no difficulty in being able to procure at the merest trifle of cost, if any at all, the quantity of corn they will be expected to consume. Samples, samples, Maria!' and the wily schemer indulged in a quiet little laugh, and rubbed his hands together with subdued ecstasy. 'And,' he continued, 'when the birds have ceased to furnish the breakfast-table with the nourishing egg, we can make them serve us yet another turn by introducing them into the interior of a pie-dish. Chicken-pie, eh, Maria?'

'Chicken-pie!' exclaimed Mary Ellen, in a tone of voice not altogether devoid of incredulity.

'Ostrich-pie,' suggested Mrs Chuckles, 'would perhaps be a more appropriate name for the dish you have in view.'

'Maria, Mary Ellen, despite your covert sneers,' exclaimed the irritated Chuckles, 'I am fully determined to become a proprietor of cochin-chinas!'

At this moment a diversion to the family controversy was caused by the loud ringing of the street-door bell.

'The postman,' confidently predicted Mary Ellen.

'Ah!' said her father, 'I very much suspect you are anticipating the arrival of a letter from that jackanapes Frank Featherwell. But let me tell you this, once and for all, that that individual will not suit *me* for a son-in-law.'

'O papa, everybody says that Frank—I mean Mr Featherwell, is—is a—a nice young man; and I—I'—— 'Love him,' we suppose she was going to add, but the poor girl broke down, and sobs stopped her further speech.

'Dear, dear!' sympathisingly exclaimed Mrs Chuckles, 'see how you are distressing the poor child, Christopher; and I am sure you have no occasion to be so imbittered against Mr Featherwell, who, I am *quite* certain, is a most genteel person.'

'And pray, madam, how much per annum does he make by his gentility?' asked Mr Chuckles, as though he were propounding a conundrum which he well knew would be difficult to answer satisfactorily.

Before Mrs Chuckles could make a reply—that is, assuming she had one ready—Tiddlewinks, the 'buttons' attached to the Chuckleses' household, entered the room with a letter which had just been delivered by the postman. It was for Mr Chuckles; and that worthy, after carelessly glancing at the superscription, laid it conveniently to hand on the table, and then commenced the perusal of his morning paper, which had hitherto remained untouched.

Whilst his master was thus preoccupied, the page, who had been standing all the time with his right hand behind his back, commenced to make rapid signs to the fair Mary Ellen in order to draw her attention; and that quick-witted young lady was by no means slow in guessing that Tiddlewinks was desirous of opening private communications with her. The youth, after having thus 'caught her eye,' brought, by a well-executed rapid flank movement, his dexter hand into close proximity to the plump little palm of his young mistress, who rapidly transferred the letter held by the strategical Tiddlewinks, into her dress pocket, and by a nod, dismissed the buttoned Mercury.

'Now,' said Mr Chuckles, at length laying down his paper—'now for this letter.' He deliberately cut open the envelope, and then, running his eyes over the pages till he came to the signature, gave a low whistle, which of course at once aroused the curiosity of his wife and daughter.

'Who is it from, pa?' inquired Mary Ellen.

'From?' echoed Mr Chuckles. 'Why, it's from that—that—impudent young Frank Featherwell. Just listen to what he says, or rather, writes. "My dear Mr Chuckles—Knowing how fond you are of new-laid eggs, and at the same time being fully alive to the difficulties which beset your path in procuring them in a fresh state, I have taken the liberty to send you a little present in the shape of a few choice specimens of cochin-china fowls, which will amply repay you for the food and attention bestowed upon them, by supplying you liberally with the requisite edible.—Trusting the hamper of birds will arrive all right and safe, I am, my dear sir, yours faithfully,

Frank Featherwell."'

'I am sure it is very kind of the young man,' said Mrs Chuckles approvingly.

'And only to think, papa, he should have sent you the dear chickies just at the very moment you had made up your mind to have some! What a coincidence!'

'Well,' returned Mr Chuckles, 'I can't say that I am struck all of a heap at this display of generosity on the part of your admirer; I simply regard it as a mere attempt to gain my approbation to his paying his addresses to my only daughter, in order that he may receive her hand—ay, and her fortune.'

'I am quite certain, Christopher,' remarked Mrs Chuckles with some degree of warmth, 'that Mr Featherwell is not in *any* way influenced by considerations of a mercenary nature with regard to dear Mary Ellen. But there, you always *were* so suspicious of your fellow-creatures.'

'Suspicious, madam! Certainly, because I have found it pay the best in the long-run, never to credit any one with doing anything disinterestedly,' retorted Mr Chuckles oracularly. —'But here's a postscript to the letter. What is it?—"I must beg of you to be wary of the old one, because, though a splendid bird, he is somewhat given to pecking."—Oh, that's its little peculiarity, is it!' exclaimed Mr Chuckles, folding up his letter. 'I fancy I shall be careful of the ancient biped.'

'But, papa, perhaps the word "pecking" refers to its capacity for consuming barley,' suggested Mary Ellen.

'Nonsense, my dear,' replied her father. 'Depend upon it, the caution applies to the fowl's predilection for the calves of human legs.'

Here, Tiddlewinks made his reappearance at

the door, his agitated countenance indicating the opposite of a calm state of mind.

'Now, what is the matter?' asked Mr Chuckles.

'Ple-e-se, sir, it ain't my fault, sir,' stammered the hapless youth.

'What is not your fault?'

'Why, sir, please, sir, the cove, the party as has brought the 'amper of chickens, sir, he's down-stairs, sir;' and, as though in corroboration of the page's assertion, the shrill crowing of a cockerel penetrated the breakfast parlour with ear-splitting distinctness.

'There he goes, sir,' remarked Tiddlewinks.

'Ah, the cochins—just so,' observed Mr Chuckles briskly.

'How my poor head will suffer in the morning!' said Mrs Chuckles ruefully.

'Take the hamper into the garden, Tiddlewinks,' directed Mr Chuckles.

'Yessir; but it ain't my fault that there's seven and sixpence to pay, sir; and the man won't leave the 'amper till he's got the money, sir. He's a-setting down on the basket, sir.'

'Seven and sixpence to pay for carriage!' indignantly exclaimed Mr Chuckles. 'I mean to say, when one party sends a present to another party, the cost of conveyance should be defrayed by the sender.—Tiddlewinks, proceed; I will follow, and endeavour to obtain a reduction on this demand.'

'Dear me,' said Mrs Chuckles to Mary Ellen, as the door closed upon her husband, 'how violent Christopher is. I am very much afraid he will never give his consent to your marriage with Mr Featherwell.'

'Then I will marry dear Frank *without* papa's consent,' retorted Mary Ellen spiritedly, 'perhaps sooner than you imagine, ma dear.'

'I really cannot say I am much pleased with Frank for sending those noisy fowls,' remarked Mrs Chuckles.

'Mamma, I feel quite certain that dear Frank *had* some special motive in view, when he sent them,' returned Mary Ellen significantly.

'Perhaps he had, my dear; but I think it would have been wiser on his part had he paid the carriage,' replied Mrs Chuckles, rising from her seat and going towards the door.

The moment her mother left the room, Mary Ellen impatiently drew her letter from her pocket, and tore open the envelope with nervous haste, and commenced rapidly to peruse the contents. 'Exactly as I thought!' she murmured, a mischievous look twinkling in her eyes. Thus ran the letter:

'My own Dearest!—This note will be only a short one, but, I trust, much to the purpose. I have sent your estimable, but, may I say, cantankerous papa a present of a few chickens. You will probably, darling, wonder why I have done so. Of course, I have told him that I send the chuckies in order that he may be well supplied with new-laid eggs. Well, I am afraid that is not eggs-actly the sole motive I have in view.—Now for the plot, the conspiracy, the blow-up! Do not scream, and oh, do not faint, or all will be lost! You and me, darlingest, will, I hope—according to arrangements which are now completed—be married to-day, and by the aid of the chucky chucks! Now, follow my instructions carefully, and all will go well. *Let the poultry escape from the hamper into the garden (near the wall). I shall be there at the right moment.*—Yours devotedly and conspiringly, Frank Featherwell.

P.S.—The hamper was off before I remembered that I had omitted to pay the carriage. How very stupid of me!'

'Well, I never!' was the truly feminine exclamation which fell from Mary Ellen's pretty lips, as she came to the conclusion of the epistle. 'It is so like dear Frank to concoct some wild scheme or other, and although I half expected it, it does seem rather sudden.'

At this moment Mr Chuckles entered the room, and Mary Ellen hastily crushed back the letter into her pocket.

'Oh, you're here, are you?' commenced Mr Chuckles. 'Your Mr Frank Featherwell is a pretty specimen of his sex, I must say.'

'I am glad, papa, that you think he is nice-looking,' demurely replied Mary Ellen.

'Don't bandy words with me, miss,' fumed papa. 'I've had to pay the whole seven shillings and sixpence for carriage on these precious fowls!'

'Well, papa, I daresay the pretty little chicks are worth much more than *that*.'

'Pretty little chicks indeed!' echoed Mr Chuckles sarcastically. 'Why, the old bird who is given to pecking has already entered upon his profligate career by inflicting a severe wound in my trousers' leg; I should like to wring his ancient neck!'

'Where are the poor things now?' asked Mary Ellen.

'In the garden, to be sure,' growled the incipient chicken-farmer.

'Then,' said Mary Ellen to herself, 'I can carry out dear Frank's wish very nicely,' and she tripped in the most innocent manner through the glass doors and down the steps leading into the garden, as though the word conspiracy was utterly unknown in her vocabulary.

'That boy Tiddlewinks,' mused Mr Chuckles, 'is sharper than I gave him credit for being. It was very thoughtful of him to suggest that the lid of the hamper ought to be more securely fastened down; because, should the birds succeed in escaping from their confinement before I have got ready a suitable place for their permanent abode, awkward results might follow, especially if the cochins were to invade the well-kept garden of my next-door neighbour, the fiery Major Ironlungs. I think it would be wise on my part were I personally to superintend the tying-down operation.' And Mr Chuckles left the room with the intention of carrying out his idea.

When Mary Ellen reached the bottom of the garden, she was not long in discovering the whereabouts of the hamper of poultry. After carefully assuring herself that she was unobserved, the wicked young lady drew from her pocket a pair of bright, sharp-looking scissors, and deliberately commenced to cut through the cord which secured the lid of the basket. Just at the moment she was giving the finishing touch—or rather cut—to her mischievous work, she heard her name pronounced in a low but very distinct tone, and looking up on the instant, she encountered the gaze of her enamoured one, who

was looking at her over the wall which separated the garden from the back lane.

'O Frank!' exclaimed Mary Ellen, 'how you *did* startle me, to be sure!'

'Was it a frightened little birdie then?' said Frank, in mocking tones. 'But,' he continued more seriously, 'of course you got my letter all right? Come close up to the wall and "lend me thine ears," as the man says in the play.'

Mary Ellen dutifully obeyed her lover, but found the wall a trifle too high to enable her to easily carry out Frank's desire as regards her auricular organs without a good deal of standing on tiptoe and craning her neck upwards, which exercise caused her ruby lips to come so close to those belonging to the adored one at the other side of the prosaic bricks and mortar, that the result was a sound of an unmistakably osculatory character.

'Everything,' whispered Frank, 'is going on swimmingly, so, darling, you must meet me in an hour at the church door. I've got the ring, license, witnesses, old woman, pew-opener, little boys to cheer, and crowd to gaze upon and admire the lovely bride.'

'Do not be absurd, sir,' said Mary Ellen, blushing. 'But do you think it quite safe?' she continued hesitatingly.

'Safe? Safe as—houses, my precious, nervous little goose.' Again came the osculatory sound.

'Oh, dear Frank, how sudden and terrible it does seem!'

'Fearful, is it not?' observed the hardened wretch.

'But—but Frank, dear, you have not yet told me why I am to allow the chickens to escape from the hamper.'

'Simply a piece of strategy, worthy, I think, my dear, of the hero of Tel-el-Kebir. There is the hamper. When the lid has been unfastened, you will raise it, and then'——

'Well, what then, sir?'

'Why, then, if I am not very much mistaken, the sagacious cochins will at once avail themselves of the glorious opportunity presented to secure their freedom; and when their respected owner discovers them taking surveys of his land, he will use his best endeavours to lure back the exploring poultry into their deserted prison-house. Of course, the wise birds will respectfully but firmly decline the invitation, and then—— Don't you see, my pet?'

'I *think* I do,' responded the pet, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

'Of course!' ejaculated her lover. 'While the exciting chase is proceeding, and all is glorious confusion, a certain young lady I know will quietly put on her hat and cloak and speed with fairy footsteps to the beautiful ecclesiastical edifice round the corner. No one will miss her; the entire household will be engaged in the praiseworthy (but trying) attempt to induce erratic poultry to travel the way they do not wish. In the meantime, Miss Mary Ellen Chuckles has been transformed into Mrs Frank Featherwell. Only think, dearest!'

On hearing this, the expectant bride could do nothing more becoming than earnestly inspect the points of her tiny boots and blush bewitchingly.

'And now,' said Frank, consulting his watch, 'time flies; so must the chickens. You must do the deed.'

The deed was done; Frank disappeared, and Mary Ellen fled indoors to her own room.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A small portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, set apart by order of Queen Elizabeth, and fitted up as a church for the use of the French Protestants, has been held by them to this day. For the purpose of repair, it recently became necessary to remove a portion of the floor of this little church and make certain excavations. Very soon a large number of pieces of exquisitely carved and moulded stonework were brought to light, which once, without doubt, formed parts of an elaborately executed shrine. They are coloured blue, vermilion, and gold, and are finely wrought in the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Many of the pieces are carved canopy-work, very delicately executed, clearly showing that there were many such niches surrounding what must have been a splendid work of art. A small piece of a sculptured robe was found belonging to an ecclesiastical figure life-size, and in this a single pearl remains imbedded as one of the ornaments of the robe, showing how rich and elaborate the monument must have been in the days of its glory. From a careful inspection of these fragments, it is believed they agree in character with the remains known as the shrine of St Dunstan, situated on the south side of the choir.

MY LOST LOVE.

WERE we but sure that he who won my Sweet
Would wear her nobly as the purest flower
That ever blossomed at his careless feet,
The idle fancy of an idler hour:
Had we assurance that the coming years
Would bring no clouding to the bridal sky,
That gentlest eyes would be undimmed by tears,
We would be satisfied, my heart and I.

Will he remember when the roses bloom,
That every morning found them at her door?
The Child perhaps would wonder were the room
Less bright with roses than it was before.
Will he be tender when the autumn leaves
Bring wistful memories that pass him by?
Sad memories for which my dear one grieves,
And only we shall know, my heart and I.

If the dear Christ, in tenderness divine,
And pity for this consecrated pain,
Would cause His sun all blessedly to shine
Upon *her* pathway—upon mine, the rain:
If by our sorrowing our love might take
Her faintest weariness or softest sigh,
And bear it thankfully for her sweet sake,
We would be well content, my heart and I.

M. E. W.

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A MODERN ARCADIA.

In the Indian Ocean, some six hundred miles from the coast of Sumatra, there is one of those curious circular lagoon-islands of which one reads in stories of the South Seas. They are called atolls, and they confine a space of clear smooth water, while the surf breaks heavily on the outer or ocean side. In the case of the one to which we now refer, there is, on the northern side of the ring, an opening through which vessels can pass to a secure anchorage within. This ringlet of coral-land is sometimes called the Cocos, and sometimes the Keeling Islands. Little known to travellers and navigators, it is still less known to ordinary readers, even to those tolerably well acquainted with books of travel. But it possesses a history and natural characteristics which render it eminently worth a little attention.

Fifty years ago, Darwin visited the lagoon in the *Beagle*, and was struck with its peculiarity. 'The shallow, clear, and still water of the lagoon,' he wrote, 'resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illumined by a vertical sun, of the most vivid green. This brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either by a line of snow-white breakers from the dark heaving waters of the ocean, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned by the level tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so in the lagoon, bands of living coral darken the emerald green water. . . . On Direction Island, the strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards in width; on the lagoon side, there is a white calcareous beach; and on the outer coast, a solid broad flat of coral-rock, served to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon, where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical region alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots.'

On this veritable fairy-ring, thrown up in mid-ocean, and basking alone in a wilderness of waters, Darwin applied himself to the study of coral formations, and evolved his theory of barrier-reefs. But the Keeling Islands have a deeper human interest, which we propose to evolve with the assistance of Mr H. O. Forbes, who has done so much for the cause of natural science in his wanderings in the Eastern Archipelago, and who is now about to penetrate the mysteries of the dark island of Papua.

It was in 1836 that Darwin visited the Cocos-Keeling Islands; and it was not until 1878 that Mr Forbes found his way thither from Batavia, the capital of Java, where he was botanising. The chance of a passage in a small sailing craft was eagerly seized; and after fourteen days of stormy combat with the monsoon in the Straits of Sunda, and sixteen days of baffling calms on the bosom of the Indian Ocean, the islands were at length reached. In the darkness of the night the little vessel crept cautiously through the narrow entrance into the safe anchorage of the lagoon, lighted only by the phosphorescence of countless shoals of fishes, which darted like rockets below the keel. The dawn revealed the extent of the island-lake, inclosed as by a palisade of palm-trees on a narrow ribbon of land, and the first feeling was one of astonishment that what appeared such a tiny speck in the huge waste of waters, should be able to hold its own against the mighty assaults of the ocean.

In a very short time Mr Forbes was carried off with delight by the monarch of the reef, and installed with honour in his hospitable abode, as the first European since Darwin who had of deliberate purpose visited the spot. And there he learned the strange history of the little community.

Among the many Scottish families wrecked in the Jacobite troubles of the '45' was one named Ross. A descendant of the family 'took to the sea,' and in the happier days in the first quarter of the present century, attained the command of one of the vessels stationed in the Java sea for the protection of British interests. At the close of 1825, this Captain Ross chanced upon the Keeling Islands, and struck with the advantage of their situation for the repair and provisioning of vessels voyaging to and from China, India, and Australia, took possession of the group. He went to England, and returned in 1827, to settle permanently, accompanied by his wife and six children, twelve Englishmen, one Javanese, and one Portuguese. But on landing, he found an interloper in possession of a third part of the group. This was an Englishman, named Alexander Hare, who had once held an official post in Borneo, which he had to leave on the re-instatement of the Dutch. In Borneo, Hare had assumed the state of an independent ruler, and driven from thence, sought some unoccupied spot where he could reassume the rôle. He pitched on Keeling, and took thither a large harem of diverse nationality, and a great retinue of slaves, whom he browbeat and treated generally in the orthodox oriental manner. He had accumulated a considerable fortune, and Ross found him living an indolent sensuous life in mock-regal style.

From the first, Hare exhibited great hostility to Captain Ross and his party, and the enterprising Scotchman found himself in considerable difficulty. He had drawn together his party on the understanding that the islands were his own, that there would be ample room for all, and that there would be no opposition in the developments of the resources. Finding a usurper in possession of one-third of the promised land, he could only offer to release his followers from their bargain. All but three—two men and a woman—accepted the release, and departed by a gunboat which happened to touch at the islands shortly after. Thus left with but three supporters besides his own family, the Scotchman's position was not enviable; but he did not lose heart. In time, he induced seven or eight persons to come to him from Java; and by-and-by a few Europeans, some being his own relatives, augmented the little settlement. Then he hired coolies in Batavia, and began a steady and lucrative trade in cocoa-nuts with Mauritius, Madras, Bencoolen, and various parts of the archipelago.

In the meantime, he was constantly annoyed and opposed by his neighbour Hare, who even tried to induce the officials at Batavia to come and forcibly annex the place to Holland. This attempt was unsuccessful, as was also that of Ross to induce the authorities at Mauritius to assume its protectorate. After this, Ross made direct application to King William to allow the atoll to be proclaimed British territory; but in this also he was unsuccessful. Finally, the vagabond Hare, tired of the idle life, vacated the place, and went to Singapore, where he died immediately afterwards. Mr Ross, thus left in undisturbed possession, soon became known in the archipelago as the King of the Cocos Islands.

It was while the settlement was in a state of transition, just after Hare had left, and while Mr Ross was absent on business, that Darwin visited it, and formed a not very favourable opinion of its condition. But since then, a wonderful change has come over it, and when Mr Forbes paid his visit, the colony was prosperous and happy; for, with the assistance of his eldest son, Mr Ross soon brought about a perfect state of organisation. He had two villages built, one for the hired coolies, and the other for the European and other true colonists. He also built and acquired quite a fleet of vessels for the carrying on of the trade. That trade was almost uniformly prosperous, and left a handsome balance over year by year.

The great trouble was with the hired coolies. These had to be brought from Java, and had to be engaged for a term of years, the only ones who could be got being criminals who had served out their time in the chain-gangs of Batavia; that is to say, the worst and most dangerous class one could have anything to do with. As they far outnumbered the colonists, their presence was a constant menace and anxiety; but they could not be done without. A regular system of guard was therefore established, and watches were kept all night with military rigour and precision, the changes being marked as on board ship by the stroke of a bell.

The great dread was of incendiarism; for a fire would have destroyed not only the combustible dwellings, but also the new palm-trees themselves, which formed the wealth of the community. The colony was isolated on Home Island, and it was ordained penal for any one to spend the night elsewhere. Every boat was numbered, and had to be hauled into its place an hour before sunset. At nightfall, the roll was called; any absentees were at once noted, and a search instantly made for them. Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, some of the crime-stained coolies would still occasionally manage to escape on to the other islets, and keep the settlement in suspense for weeks; or would run riot through the village and endanger the lives of all. But in time the chain-gang men were all got rid of, and a change in the laws of Batavia enabled the Rosses to select their own coolies. They took care to engage only those of the best character.

The present Monarch of Keeling is the grandson of the original proprietor. He was educated at home, and was, in fact, studying engineering in Glasgow, when the news of a great disaster summoned him to the assistance of his father. A terrible cyclone had broken on the group and completely wrecked the settlement. In the midst of the distress, the father died; and young Ross was left alone to grapple with misfortune and revive the broken spirit of the colony. This was in 1862; and now the place bears evidence of his energy and talent for administration.

He cleared away the unprofitable forest, planted the ground with palms, imported machinery, and set up steam-mills and smithies, and established a school, under the charge of a younger brother, who had been educated at a Scottish university. His wife, who was born in the islands, shared all his ideas and interests; and the two, says Mr Forbes, 'became the parents of the people, rather than their masters and rulers.'

The ordinary work of all is in gathering the nuts and preparing the oil—which are sent to Batavia, and there exchanged for grain and other necessaries which the islanders cannot produce for themselves. But besides his ordinary duties, every man has to learn to work in wood, iron, and brass; and every girl has to undergo in Mrs Ross's house an apprenticeship in sewing, cooking, and other domestic arts of the European pattern. It will interest our lady readers to learn that Mr Forbes declares he never met with more perfectly trained servants anywhere.

In this modern Arcadia there is no money to tempt men to robbery. The satanic glamour of gold is not allowed to sully the purity and tranquillity of the little community; and if silver exists at all, it is but in the shape of a few trifling ornaments. Instead of money, Mr Ross has devised a currency of sheep-skin notes signed by himself. Wages and imports are alike paid for in these notes, which can only be exchanged for Dutch money on presentation to Mr Ross's agent in Batavia. It is obviously useless to steal these notes, because any vessel by which the thief could reach Batavia would also carry instructions to the agent to refuse payment of them.

Each family has a comfortably furnished plank-built house inclosed in a little garden; and each has one or more boats carefully housed in a shed by the water's side. These boats are their pride and delight, and the constant source of a friendly emulation in respect of speed or elegance of shape or superiority of finish. The people are as much at home on the sea as on the land, and thus the boats are almost as important to them as the houses.

The village where the hired coolies live is apart. It is well and neatly kept, the dwellings are comfortable, and the people are treated kindly and liberally. In the event of the death of a head of a family, the children are either sent back to the father's native place, or allowed to remain and become Cocos people, according as the widow may elect.

Midway between the villages—the language spoken in both of which is Malay, although English is understood by most of the Cocos people—is the house of Mr Ross. It is large, comfortable, and surrounded by a high wall, inclosing a large garden, luxuriant with fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, and roses. Here lives the proprietor with his family; and here also are accommodated several of his brothers, associated with him in the management of the community.

The relations between 'The House' and the Cocos village, we are told, are of the most cordial and affectionate character, and constant evidence of it came before the notice of Mr Forbes while residing among them. A death of any member of the colony is felt by all as a family loss. Says Mr Forbes: 'That in their relations one with another there should be perfection, is not to be expected; but a finer and more upright community I have never known, nor a simpler or more guileless people—many of whom have never known and never seen a world wider than their own atoll, which can be surveyed in a single glance of the eye; and I feel more than half confident that the English service for the dead has been said over, and that beneath the coral shingle of Grave Islet there rest, as blameless lives as perhaps our weak humanity can attain to.'

But it is not free from its share in the troubles which are the lot of humanity, and it has some peculiarly its own. We have spoken of one terrible disaster in the time of Ross the Second. Another occurred during the reign of Ross the Third. Towards the end of January 1876—when the population of the islands numbered some five hundred native-born—an abnormal fall in the barometer indicated some great atmospheric disturbance. On the 28th it fell to twenty-eight inches, and the boats were all hauled up into a place of safety. The same afternoon a dark bank of clouds appeared in the western sky, and before evening the cyclone burst. Every house in both villages was swept away; the storehouses and mills, just completed, were dismantled and gutted; great patches of trees were thrown down or carried away entirely; and a great wave carried a ship bodily on to the spot where Ross's house had stood. The only shelter was to be found in hollows of the ground, and there the people crouched, everything having an elevation of over a foot or two being swept away or blown down.

When the morning broke calm and clear, not a speck of green was to be seen on the whole circle of the islets, and the solid coral was broken into fragments on the beach. Thirty-six hours later, the water of the eastern side of the lagoon began to rise and to show a peculiar dark colour. The inky liquid had the smell of rotten eggs, and it continued to spread for fourteen days, until it had extended almost quite round the lagoon. Many fish in the waters impregnated with this liquid died in a few hours, and so great was the quantity of poisoned fish thrown upon the beach, that it took three weeks of hard work to bury them. Then the deathly stream gradually passed away. It is supposed to have issued from some submarine volcano, an eruption of which had caused the frightful tidal wave that submerged the settlement.

In six months, however, tree and shrub were clothed in verdure again; and before the end of three years, fruit was being yielded in as great abundance as before. Such is the recuperative force of nature in these latitudes! When Mr Forbes visited the islands only two years after, the traces of the disaster were rapidly disappearing, and the whole settlement seemed the ideal of a peaceful and happy colony.

Since Mr Darwin's visit half a century ago, not only has the physical configuration altered, but the flora and fauna have multiplied greatly. Mr Forbes gives many interesting notes on these subjects, which, however, are not available for the present article.

Both Darwin and Forbes were struck with the wonderful provision of nature in the case of the *Birgus latro*, or great cocoa-nut crab. This is one of the largest of the species of land-crabs, and it feeds almost exclusively on cocoa-nuts, for which purpose its pincer-claws are developed to extraordinary power, capable of breaking a cocoa-nut shell or a man's limb. Although it climbs the trees, it does not pull the fruit, but feeds upon what falls to the ground. With its great claws, it tears off the husk from the nut, and then selecting the one of the three

eye-spots which is always the more easily pierced, probes it with one of its legs. Inserting the leg, it rotates the nut until the orifice is large enough to permit the insertion of its great claws to break up the shell and extract the contents with comfort. Feeding on such nutritious diet, the *Birgus* accumulates a great deal of rich fat, which yields sometimes as much as two pints of oil. This oil, thickened in the sun, forms an excellent substitute for butter, and is also a most excellent anti-corrosive.

Another interesting denizen of the Keelings is the pure white tern (*Gygis candida*), which is to the settlers as the swallow is to us. Most curious are its domestic arrangements. It builds no nest; but the female will deposit her solitary egg upon the extended leaf of a young cocoa-nut palm. There it rests securely amid the twisting and heaving of the leaves in the wind, and while the leaf, as in all palms, droops steadily downward to its fall. The process is often watched with keen attention by the settlers, who will sometimes good-humouredly bet on the probabilities, when they see a tern sitting on a rapidly withering leaf. But we are told that the betting is always in favour of the bird; if the leaf falls in the afternoon, the young bird will have emerged from the egg in the morning!

But we have not space to dwell on all the wonderful varieties of vegetable, animal, and marine life of this remarkable lagoon-island. We have said enough to show that Mr Forbes is right in disputing the universal applicability of Dana's statement, that 'notwithstanding all the products and all the attractions of a coral island, even in its best condition it is but a miserable place for human development, physical, mental, or moral.' In the Keeling atoll, on the contrary, we find a healthy, happy, contented, prosperous, and singularly moral people, living a life of continuous industry, untroubled by the turmoil of the outer world, undisturbed by political discussions, and unsullied by avarice. Here, indeed, is a prosperous patriarchal State, an actual Modern Arcadia.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Lady Markham received young Gaunt with the most gracious kindness: had his mother seen him seated in the drawing-room at Eaton Square, with Frances hovering about him full of pleasure and questions, and her mother insisting that he should stay to luncheon, and Markham's hansom just drawing up at the door, she would have thought her boy on the highway to fortune. The sweetness of the two ladies, the happy eagerness of Frances, and Lady Markham's grace and graciousness, had a soothing effect upon the young man. He had been unwilling to come, as he was unwilling to go anywhere at this crisis of his life; but it soothed him, and filled him with a sort of painful and bitter pleasure to be thus surrounded by all that was most familiar to Constance, by her mother and sister, and all their questions about her. These questions, indeed, it was hard upon him to be obliged to answer; but yet that pain was the best thing that now remained to him, he said to himself. To hear her name, and all those allusions to her, to be in the rooms where she had spent her life—all this gave food to his longing fancy, and wrung, yet soothed, his heart.

'My dear, you will worry Captain Gaunt with your questions; and I don't know those good people, Tasie and the rest; you must let me have my turn now.—Tell me about my daughter, Captain Gaunt. She is not a very good correspondent. She gives few details of her life; and it must be so very different from life here. Does she seem to enjoy herself? Is she happy and bright? I have longed so much to see some one, impartial, whom I could ask.'

Impartial! If they only knew! 'She is always bright,' he said with a suppressed passion, the meaning of which Frances divined suddenly, almost with a cry, with a start and thrill of sudden certainty, which took away her breath. 'But for happy, I cannot tell. It is not good enough for her, out there.'

'No?—Thank you, Captain Gaunt, for appreciating my child. I was afraid it was not much of a sphere for her.—What company has she?—Is there anything going on——?'

'Mamma,' said Frances, 'I told you—there is nothing going on.'

The young soldier shook his head. 'There is no society—except the Durants—and ourselves—who are not interesting,' he said, with a somewhat ghastly smile.

'The Durants are the clergyman's family?—and yourselves. I think she might have been worse off.—I am sure Mrs Gaunt has been kind to my wayward girl,' she said, looking him in the face with that charming smile.

'Kind!' he cried, as if the word were a profanation. 'My mother is too happy to do—anything.—But Miss Waring,' he added with a feeble smile, 'has little need of—any one. She has so many resources—she is so far above'——

He got inarticulate here, and stumbled in his speech, growing very red. Frances watched him under her eyelids with a curious sensation of pain. He was very much in earnest, very sad, yet transported out of his languor and misery by Constance' name. Now, Frances had heard of George Gaunt for years, and had unconsciously allowed her thoughts to dwell upon him, as has been mentioned in another part of this history. His arrival, had it not happened in the midst of other excitements which preoccupied her, would have been one of the greatest excitements she had ever known. She remembered now that when it did happen, there had been a faint almost imperceptible touch of disappointment in it, in the fact that his whole attention was given to Constance, and that for herself, Frances, he had no eyes. But in the moment of seeing him again, she had forgotten all that, and had gone back to her previous prepossession in his favour, and his mother's certainty that Frances and her George would be 'great friends.'—Now, she understood with instant divination the whole course of affairs. He had given his heart to Constance, and she had not prized the gift. The discovery gave her an acute yet vague (if that could be) impression

of pain. It was she, not Constance, that had been prepossessed in his favour. Had Constance not been there, no doubt she would have been thrown much into the society of George Gaunt —and—who could tell what might have happened? All this came before her like the sudden opening of a landscape hid by fog and mists. Her eyes swept over it, and then it was gone. And this was what never had been, and never would be.

'Poor Con,' said Lady Markham. 'She never was thrown on her own resources before.—Has she so many of them? It must be a curiously altered life for her, when she has to fall back upon what you call her resources.—But you think she is happy?' she asked with a sigh.

How could he answer? The mere fact that she was Constance, seemed to Gaunt a sort of paradise. If she could make him happy by a look or a word, by permitting him to be near her, how was it possible that being herself, she could be otherwise than blessed? He was well enough aware that there was a flaw in his logic somewhere, but his mind was not strong enough to perceive where that flaw was.

Markham came in in time to save him from the difficulty of an answer. Markham did not recollect the young man, whom he had only seen once; but he hailed him with great friendliness, and began to inquire into his occupations and engagements. 'If you have nothing better to do, you must come and dine with me at my club,' he said in the kindest way, for which Frances was very grateful to her brother. And young Gaunt for his part began to gather himself together a little. The presence of a man roused him. There is something, no doubt, seductive and relaxing in the fact of being surrounded by sympathetic women, ready to divine and to console. He had not braced himself to bear the pain of their questions; but somehow, had felt a certain luxury in letting his despondency, his languor, and displeasure with life appear. 'I have to be here,' he had said to them, 'to see people, I believe. My father thinks it necessary: and I could not stay; that is, my people are leaving Bordighera. It becomes too hot to hold one—they say.'

'But you would not feel that, coming from India?'

'I came to get braced up,' he said with a smile, as of self-ridicule, and made a little pause. 'I have not succeeded very well in that,' he added presently. 'They think England will do me more good. I go back to India in a year; so that, if I can be braced up, I should not lose any time.'

'You should go to Scotland, Captain Gaunt. I don't mean at once, but as soon as you are tired of the season—that is the place to brace you up—or to Switzerland, if you like that better.'

'I do not much care,' he had said with another melancholy smile, 'where I go.'

The ladies tried every way they could think of to console him, to give him a warmer interest in his life. They told him that when he was feeling stronger, his spirits would come back. 'I know how one runs down when one feels out of sorts,' Lady Markham said. 'You must let us try to amuse you a little, Captain Gaunt.'

But when Markham came in, this softness came to an end. George Gaunt picked himself up, and tried to look like a man of the world. He had to see some one at the Horse Guards; and he had some relations to call upon; but he would be very glad, he said, to dine with Lord Markham. It surprised Frances that her mother did not appear to look with any pleasure on this engagement. She even interposed in a way which was marked. 'Don't you think, Markham, it would be better if Captain Gaunt and you dined with *me?* Frances is not half satisfied. She has not asked half her questions. She has the first right to an old friend.'

'Gaunt is not going away to-morrow,' said Markham. 'Besides, if he's out of sorts, he wants amusing, don't you see?'

'And we are not capable of doing that.—Frances, do you hear?'

'Very capable, in your way. But for a man, when he's low, ladies are dangerous—that's my opinion, and I've a good deal of experience.'

'Of low spirits, Markham!'

'No, but of ladies,' he said with a chuckle. 'I shall take him somewhere afterwards; to the play perhaps, or—somewhere amusing; whereas you would talk to him all night, and Fan would ask him questions, and keep him on the same level.'

Lady Markham made a reply which to Frances sounded very strange. She said: 'To the play—perhaps?' in a doubtful tone, looking at her son. Gaunt had been sitting looking on in the embarrassed and helpless way in which a man naturally regards a discussion over his own body as it were, particularly if it is a conflict of kindness, and, glad to be delivered from this friendly duel, turned to Frances with some observation, taking no heed of Lady Markham's remark. But Frances heard it with a confused premonition which she could not understand. She could not understand, and yet—— She saw Markham shrug his shoulders in reply; there was a slight colour upon his face, which ordinarily knew none. What did they both mean?

But how elated would Mrs Gaunt have been, how pleased the general, had they seen their son at Lady Markham's luncheon-table in the midst, so to speak, of the first society! Sir Thomas came in to lunch, as he had a way of doing; and so did a gay young Guardsman, who was indeed naturally a little contemptuous of a man in the line, yet civil to Markham's friend. These simple old people would have thought their George on the way to every advancement, and believed even the heart-break which had procured him that honour well compensated. These were far from his own sentiments; yet, to feel himself thus warmly received by '*her* people,' the object of so much kindness, which his deluded heart whispered must surely, surely, whatever she might intend, have been suggested at least by something she had said of him, was balm and healing to his wounds. He looked at her mother—and indeed Lady Markham was noted for her graciousness, and for looking as if she meant to be the motherly friend of all who approached her—with a sort of adoration. To be the mother of Constance, and yet to speak to ordinary mortals with that smile, as if she had no more to be proud of than they!

And what could it be that made her so kind? Not anything in him—a poor soldier, a poor soldier's son, knowing nothing but the exotic society of India and its curious ways—surely something which, out of some relenting of the heart, some pity or regret, Constance had said. Frances sat next to him at table, and there was a more subtle satisfaction still in speaking low, aside to Frances, when he got a little confused with the general conversation, that bewildering talk which was all made up of allusions. He told her that he had brought a parcel from the Palazzo, and a box of flowers from the bungalow—that his mother was very anxious to hear from her, that they were going to Switzerland—no, not coming home, this year. 'They have found a cheap place in which my mother delights,' he said with a faint smile. He did not tell her that his coming home a little circumscribed their resources, and that the month in town which they were so anxious he should have, which in other circumstances he would have enjoyed so much, but which now he cared nothing for, nor for anything, was the reason why they had stopped half-way on their usual summer journey to England. Dear old people, they had done it for him—this was what he thought to himself, though he did not say it—for him, for whom nobody could now do anything! He did not say much, but as he looked in Frances' sympathetic eyes, he felt that without saying a word to her, she must understand it all.

Lady Markham made no remark about their visitor until after they had done their usual afternoon's 'work,' as it was her habit to call it, their round of calls, to which she went in an exact succession, saying lightly as she cut short each visit, that she could stay no longer, as she had so much to do. There was always a shop or two to go to, in addition to the calls, and almost always some benevolent errand—some Home to visit, some hospital to call at, something about the work of poor ladies, or the salvation of poor girls—all these were included along with the calls in the afternoon's work. And it was not till they had returned home and were seated together at tea, refreshing themselves after their labours, that she mentioned young Gaunt. She then said, after a minute's silence, suddenly, as if the subject had been long in her mind: 'I wish Markham had let that young man alone; I wish he had left him to you and me.'

Frances started a little, and felt, with great self-indignation and distress, that she blushed—though why, she could not tell. She looked up, wondering, and said: 'Markham! I thought it was so very kind.'

'Yes, my dear; I believe he means to be kind.'

'Oh, I am sure he does; for he could have no interest in George Gaunt, not for himself. I thought it was perhaps for my sake, because he was—because he was the son of—such a friend.'

'Were they so good to you, Frances? And no doubt to Con too.'

'I am sure of it, mamma.'

'Poor people,' said Lady Markham; 'and this is the reward they get. Con has been experimenting on that poor boy.—What do I mean by experimenting? You know well enough what I mean, Frances. I suppose he was the only man at hand, and she has been amusing herself. He has been dangling about her constantly, I have no doubt, and she has made him believe that she liked it as well as he did. And then he has made a declaration, and there has been a scene. I am sorry to say I need no evidence in this case: I know all about it.—And now, Markham! Poor people, I say. It would have been well for them if they had never seen one of our race.'

'Mamma!' cried Frances with a little indignation, 'I feel sure you are misjudging Constance. What would she do anything so cruel for? Papa used to say that one must have a motive.'

'*He* said so! I wonder if he could tell what motives were his when—— Forgive me, my dear. We will not discuss your father. As for Con, her motives are clear enough—amusement. —Now, my dear, don't! I know you were going to ask me, with your innocent face, what amusement it could possibly be to break that young man's heart. The greatest in the world, my love! We need not mince matters between ourselves. There is nothing that diverts Con so much, and many another woman. You think it is terrible; but it is true.'

'I think—you must be mistaken,' said Frances, pale and troubled, with a little gasp as for breath. 'But,' she went on, 'supposing even that you were right about Con, what would Markham do?'

Lady Markham looked at her very gravely. 'He has asked this poor young fellow—to dinner,' she said.

Frances could scarcely restrain a laugh, which was half hysterical. 'That does not seem very tragic,' she said.

'O no, it does not seem very tragic—poor people, poor people!' said Lady Markham, shaking her head.

And there was no more; for a visitor appeared—one of a little circle of ladies who came in and out every day, intimates, who rushed up-stairs and into the room without being announced, always with something to say about the Home or the Hospital or the Reformatory or the Poor Ladies or the endangered girls. There was always a great deal to say about these institutions, which formed an important part of the 'work' which all these ladies had to do. Frances withdrew to a little distance, so as not to embarrass her mother and her friend, who were discussing 'cases' for one of those refuges of suffering humanity, and were more comfortable when she was out of hearing. Frances knitted and thought of home—not this bewildering version of it, but the quiet of the idle village life where there was no 'work,' but where all were neighbours, lending a kindly hand to each other in trouble, and where the tranquil days flew by she knew not how. She thought of this with a momentary, oft-recurring secret protest against this other life, of which, as was natural, she saw the evil more clearly than the good; and then, with a bound, her thoughts returned to the extraordinary question to which her mother had made so extraordinary a reply. What could Markham do? 'He has asked the poor young

fellow to dinner.' Even now, in the midst of the painful confusion of her mind, she almost laughed. Asked him to dinner! How would that harm him? At Markham's club there would be no poisoned dishes—nothing that would slay. What harm could it do to George Gaunt to dine with Markham? She asked herself the question again and again, but could find no reply. When she turned to the other side and thought of Constance, the blood rushed to her head in a feverish angry pain. Was that also true? But in this case, Frances, like her mother, felt that no doubt was possible. In this respect she had been able to understand what her mother said to her. Her heart bled for the poor people, whom Lady Markham compassionated without knowing them, and wondered how Mrs Gaunt would bear the sight of the girl who had been cruel to her son. All that with agitation and trouble she could believe. But Markham! What could Markham do?

She was going to the play with her mother that evening, which was to Frances, fresh to every real enjoyment, one of the greatest of pleasures. But she did not enjoy it that night. Lady Markham paid little attention to the play; she studied the people as they went and came, which was a usual weakness of hers, much wondered at and deplored by Frances, to whom the stage was the centre of attraction. But on this occasion Lady Markham was more distraite than ever, levelling her glass at every new group that appeared at all the moments of the recesses between the acts, the restless crowd which is always in motion. Her face, when she removed the glass from it, was anxious and almost unhappy. 'Frances,' she said, in one of these pauses, 'your eyes must be sharper than mine, try if you can see Markham anywhere.'

'Here is Markham,' said her son, opening the door of the box.—'What does the mother want with me, Fan?'

'Oh, you are here!' Lady Markham cried, leaning back in her chair with a sigh of relief. 'And Captain Gaunt too.'

'Quite safe, and out of the way of mischief,' said Markham with a chuckle, which brought the colour to his mother's cheek.

TURF-BEDDING.

At what time peat, or peat-moss as it has more generally been called, was first used for the purpose of bedding cattle and horses, it is impossible to say. Doubtless, it has been frequently so used in country places when straw was scarce; but it is only about four years ago that it was introduced to us as an article of commerce, and even then was brought forward by our German cousins. In the last week of March 1881, a firm in Bremen sent over to London two bales of what they termed 'turf-bedding for horses and all other animals.' The bales weighed about two hundredweight each, and were inclosed in rough canvas like wool; a system of baling which was afterwards much improved on. At first, considerable difficulty was experienced in getting the London horse-owners to give the new article a trial; but gradually their scruples were overcome, and the turf-bedding obtained a footing in the metropolis, and very soon after found its way to other large towns both in England and Scotland.

After the first difficulties of securing the patronage of buyers had been overcome, peat-moss or turf-bedding took rapid strides for a time, as far at least as its importation was concerned. The price, which at first was seventy shillings per ton, fell rapidly to forty shillings per ton, and then, owing to the heavy stocks in the country, to almost whatever buyers chose to offer. Inferior qualities, too, were as a matter of course shipped, and buyers grew dissatisfied. The inferiority consisted in the peat-bog having been cut too deeply, and the hard or fuel-peat used. This weighed more heavily certainly, but was not at all suited to the purpose, as, besides being most uncomfortable for the horses to lie on, was not nearly so absorbent. This, however, has been rectified, and the bedding-proper is now being regularly used by some of the largest consumers in London, Glasgow, and other towns, who find it advantageous in many ways, and speak highly in its favour; while, on the other hand, there are others who will have nothing to do with it; and certainly so long as straw is cheap, there is little inducement to depart from the established order of things in that respect. The manufacture of this litter was tried in 1882 on a peat-bog between Edinburgh and Glasgow, belonging to Mr John Pender, M.P.; but, for some reason or other, the experiment was a failure, and it was soon abandoned.

The first bales to arrive in this country were shipped, as already stated, from Bremen, and were the product of a bog at Zwischenahn, near Oldenburg, which was particularly well adapted for the purpose, the upper strata being of a perfectly spongy character, and almost wholly free from the semi-decomposed wood, &c., so commonly found near the surface of peat-bogs.

The process of preparation being similar at all factories, a slight sketch of that of one will serve for all. The peat is cut, dried in the sun, and stacked in the same way as that used for fuel. It is then put into a cutting-machine, composed of two iron rollers, which revolve in opposite directions, and are fitted with teeth of from three to four inches in length, so placed that the teeth of the one roller pass between those of the other, the space between each being according to the size of pieces required. After passing through this operation the peat is thrown into powerful presses, in which it is compressed into bales of from two and a half to three hundredweight each. Wooden slots of about half an inch in thickness, three inches in breadth, and of the full length of the bale, are placed at the top and bottom, and the whole bound round with wires, of which four or six are generally used for each bale. When the foregoing process is properly carried out, the bales stand the carriage to this country with very little breakage.

From its absorbent and deodorising properties, this peat-moss, or turf, is no doubt well suited for the purpose to which it is applied, and makes a dry and comfortable bed for horses; but whether an economical one or not, depends of

course on its price as compared with that of straw.

When of the proper quality and thoroughly dried, it will absorb about six times its own weight of water; but any one wishing to give this litter a trial, should bed his horses with the same degree of comfort that he has been in the habit of doing with straw, and so test the difference between them for himself.

The peat used is the upper spongy stratum, which, when dried, is of a light-brown colour and of a very absorbent nature, and should be as free as possible from all half-decayed vegetable matter.

MR L'ESTRANGE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

EXPOSURE to the strong air of the ocean began to make me drowsy; I went down to my cabin to get a little sleep. Theodore had not left his berth. The unhappy boy was very ill, and looked so despondent that he took all thoughts of sleep away from me. I was more grieved by his sufferings than by his folly, and exerted myself to the utmost to comfort him.

After leaving him again, I stood at the port-hole, breathing the soft air. A gentle touch upon the arm roused me from my contemplation. I turned, and saw one of the stewards with a letter in his hand for me. Greatly surprised, I opened the envelope, and found the contents ran thus: 'L'Estrange has your money. He is a professional gambler, working with confederates. Go to him; declare that you know him and his associates; and that if he does not restore your money, you will bring the police to your assistance, when you reach New York. Be firm, and fear not; for though he is a man of desperate courage, he will not dare to harm you *while on this ship*. If you cannot force him to yield by such arguments as suggest themselves to you, use the words "Henry Evans."'

I read this extraordinary missive over a dozen times at least, each reperusal adding to my amazement. Who was the writer, and why was I enlightened as to L'Estrange's real character? My suspicions had been right, then—the man was a beast of prey! No time must be lost. I had an unpleasant scene before me, and had better get it over without delay. I went on deck at once, examining all that met my view from the companion-door. L'Estrange was not visible. I went slowly round the decks, into the smoke-room; but did not find him. I descended to the saloon; and at the far end he sat writing at the table set apart for that purpose. Near him were several other gentlemen, one of them the young man I had spoken to at the beginning of the voyage. All were writing or reading. As I stood before L'Estrange, the gentlemen lifted their heads and eyed me inquiringly.

'Can I have five minutes' conversation with you, sir?' I demanded from L'Estrange.

He started, paled for an instant, looked hurriedly round the table, then smiled. 'I should be happy to oblige you, sir,' he answered in a level voice; 'but I am writing just now.'

'Be good enough to suspend it; my business is urgent.'

'What do you want?' he asked, half scowling.

'I cannot tell you here; your cabin is the fittest place for what I have to say.'

L'Estrange looked at me searchingly, while he pretended to smile, as if amused at my queer invitation. 'Can't you wait for half an hour?'

'No; not for half a minute.'

'Well, you are a very curious person, I must say. I will grant your request, though it is inconvenient. I suppose you want to talk about your brother?'

I bowed.

L'Estrange rose up, cast a careless glance upon the people sitting round, and led the way down the saloon. We did not exchange a word until he had got into the cabin, which was amidships; then he said, bolting the door: 'Be quick with your conversation, for I shall not spare more than the five minutes you ask for.' He spoke haughtily, almost threateningly.

'One minute will accomplish my purpose,' I replied, looking at him sternly. 'The length of the conversation will depend upon you, not on me. Give me the four hundred and fifteen pounds you have taken from my brother.'

A cool cynical smile was the response to my demand. 'Are you a fool or a knave, young man?' asked L'Estrange, after a moment. 'I have lost three times as much as your brother; why, then, should I give you money that I have neither won nor stolen.'

'Do not assume such an air with me,' I cried angrily. 'I know you.'

'Indeed! Then, if you know Mr L'Estrange, banker of Wall Street, New York, you should know that he is a gentleman of honour. But the five minutes are nearly at an end.'

'I care not for time; I am here to obtain my money; for it is not my brother's; he stole it from my portmanteau.'

'Look here, young man,' said L'Estrange, coming close to me, and staring hard into my eyes—'look here. I tell you, as a gentleman, that I have not got any money of yours; and, I vow, if you come any of your tricks over me, I will hand you over to the captain as a swindling scoundrel, trying to extort money by threats.—There is the door, sir; leave my cabin.' The manner of the man was so imposing, and the evidence of his nature so truculent, that for a few seconds I was almost intimidated.

L'Estrange perceived his advantage, and put his hand upon my shoulder to thrust me outside. That touch brought back my courage. 'Keep your hands off me!' I cried passionately. 'If you cannot *persuade* me to leave this room, you will never put me out by force. Again, I demand the money you have stolen, under the semblance of gaming.'

A look of savage hatred grew slowly over L'Estrange's sinister features. He remained awhile thinking, though he pretended to wait my resumption of the conversation. A flash of resolution at length blazed in his dark eyes as he said: 'You may thank my self-command, young man, for not kicking you out of this, as I would a whining hound. For your brother's sake, I will not do you any harm. But if I had you ashore, I would give you a lesson that would teach you to behave like a gentleman. Do not provoke me any more. Leave my cabin.'

'I will never leave it till you have given me the money; or if you go out, I will follow you, and before all the passengers, I will repeat what I have said. I care not for your scowls, for your hatred, for any harm your vile ingenuity can devise against me.'

'Then, as you declare war to the knife, you mad fool, you shall have it,' cried L'Estrange with a burst of imprecations. 'I am known on this ship to many gentlemen and to the captain. I shall claim protection from a scoundrel who seeks to fasten a quarrel upon me, to extort a large sum of money; and when we get into the Hudson, I will put the constables on you. If it costs me a thousand dollars, I will shut you up in jail for the next few years.'

I laughed, a scornful, stinging laugh of contempt.

L'Estrange was nonplussed.

'I accept your war to the knife,' I said. 'Come, let us place the matter before the captain and the saloon passengers. I have only made a formal demand for my money so far. I thought that you would see the wisdom of returning your plunder, when you discovered that I knew you and your profession. I do not want the trouble of prosecuting you when we land at New York. I have urgent business to attend to elsewhere, and I would prefer that other hands than mine put you under the jailer's key. However, since you decide to play the innocent and the respectable, I must join in your comedy. It certainly will be the best for society. You and your confederates on this ship are at my mercy. War to the knife, it shall be.' I turned to unfasten the door.

'Stop!' said L'Estrange uneasily.

'Are you going to restore the money?'

'Sit down, and let us talk the matter over. I have a hasty temper, and your request has made me very angry. Let us be friends. I really am a greater victim than your brother; I have lost quite a heap of money. Why did he think I was a professional gambler? Why has he acted so unjustly towards me? I am no pretender to respectability, I assure you. Here is my card. When you reach New York, you will find in ten minutes that I am what I say I am.'

'Pray, do not continue this sort of fiction. I know all about you, Mr L'Estrange. Neither your bluster nor your hypocrisy will turn me from my point. You have only one argument that can prevail with me—that is, to put four hundred and fifteen pounds in unmistakable currency into my hands.'

He glared at me like a ferocious animal in a trap. Then he assumed an amused smile, saying: 'Well, I have had a pretty fair experience of human nature; but I tell you, sir, you are the toughest opponent I have met so far.'

'I am a desperate man, Mr L'Estrange. You and your gang have ruined me, and blasted my brother's career at the start. If I had thought that an appeal to your pity would have caused a restoration of all we have in the world, that appeal would have been made. But the professional gambler has no heart and no conscience, except that which is roused by the policeman. Yet, why am I bandying words with you? Give me the money.'

'Upon my honour as a gentleman, I am very sorry about this affair. I will see what I can do to get the money from Mr Barker and the others who have cleaned your brother's pockets. I give you my promise.' L'Estrange rose, as if to end the interview, and looked at me with a reassuring smile.

'I do not take promissory notes in such transactions as ours,' I said sternly. 'The money!'

'You shall have it before ten o'clock to-night,' quoth L'Estrange, putting out his hand to ratify the pledged words.

'I will not wait ten seconds. The money!'

'I cannot give it to you; I swear I cannot; I have lost all my ready cash. But since you will not treat me as one gentleman does another, I will give you a draft upon my firm, to be paid upon arrival. I am sick and tired of this absurd row. Go into the saloon; I will write the draft, and follow you.'

'I take no draft from a man of your stamp, Mr L'Estrange; all your subterfuges are useless.'

'If I had you ashore, I would take the tall talk out of you,' exclaimed the man, relapsing into a fury. 'Take my draft, or go out of this.'

'*Henry Evans!*—your last game is played!'

I uttered the words very quietly. I had exhausted all other means to get back my own, and followed the advice of the writer of the letter in my extremity. They struck the gambler with utter dismay. His face became pale and distorted, and he reeled to and fro, as though a storm had suddenly burst upon the sunny sea.

'Who *are* you?' he asked in a low voice, after he had somewhat recovered.

'That is my concern. I know who *you* are.'

L'Estrange looked at me in a puzzled, expectant manner, as waiting for me to do something.

As I simply continued to return his stare, he at length said doggedly: 'What do you mean to do?'

'To take four hundred and fifteen pounds out of this place.'

He fixed his eyes upon me like a rat upon its captor: 'And afterwards?'

'Take care that you do not get hold of it again.' My answer completely confounded him.

Again he looked wonderingly, suspiciously at me. 'Look here,' he said. 'Are you going to hand me over at New York, if I give you the money?'

'No.'

'Will you promise? Will you swear it?'

'I will swear nothing; I will make no compact with a man of your character. I say simply, that if you give me my money, I leave you to be punished by other hands than mine.'

His eyes dropped to the floor, and he sat thinking awhile. Suddenly he rose up, and said half menacingly: 'I accept your terms.' Putting his hand into his breast-pocket, he pulled out a large leather case; from this he took a sheaf of Bank of England notes, and counted four hundred and fifteen pounds upon the sofa beside me.

'Count it for yourself,' he said.—'You may

test them as you like,' he added, as I examined the water-marks and then the 'touch' of the notes. 'They are genuine.'

'Yes, they are not forged, I perceive. Now I take my leave.'

'Before we part,' said L'Estrange with suppressed passion—'before we part, let me say that if you deal fair and square with me until we get ashore, I will let bygones be bygones. Remember this, however, that I have many friends, and that, if you put me to the necessity to find you, I will have you killed, even if I am in the fastest prison in the world. Even if you are the chief detective of England, you will not escape them that will find you.' There was no mistaking the fierce, revengeful nature of the man; evidently, he was capable of plotting the deadliest mischief.

'If you will just suppose that I have no further interest in you, that you are practically non-existent for me, then you will understand that your threats are waste of breath. Allow me to pass out.' With these words I quitted the cabin; and thus terminated the most remarkable interview of my life.

I was hurrying to tell Theodore of the astounding recovery of the money, and to remove the awful misery of the boy, when the thought occurred to me, that such a revelation might not be prudent. Theodore never could keep a secret, and he would, in spite of my cautioning, divulge the character of L'Estrange; and this might lead to unknown troubles and delays when we got to New York. Instead of going to our cabin, I returned to the deck, and walked about for a considerable time, planning a method of telling the story after we had got well on the way to California.

Having settled the matter to my satisfaction, I stood calmly watching the sun, poised over the western waters, for it was now evening. The placid ocean heaved in soft rolls, as if it were changed from water to oil. Upon them the effulgence glowed so marvellously that I held my breath in an ecstasy of delight. The world seemed almost too sublime for humanity, with all its baseness and mean contentions. A prayer of thanks and adoration burst from my lips. It was the first perfect sunset at sea that I had witnessed. In the full fervour of my emotion, a female form passed across the deck before me and eclipsed the sun. The incident annoyed me. Slowly the form passed, and the glowing orange fires fell dazzlingly upon my eyes again. But the charm of the scene was gone. The spell of nature's magic was not to be recovered by wishing. Again the female form eclipsed the sun. I turned to leave the deck. The figure advanced towards me. We had almost met, when I recognised the lady with whom I had formed the only acquaintance out of all the passengers. I was about to address her, when she passed me, as if totally oblivious of my presence. Wondering what I had done to deserve this slight, I turned to look after her, and almost collided with L'Estrange. He was pale as only extreme passion can blanch a man of full habit and sanguineous temperament. I thought he was irritated at meeting me; but beyond a darkling frown, he did not recognise me, and passed on.

Dinner had been served for some time, so that the deck was almost bare of passengers. Not wishing to be slighted again by the lady, I went to the cabin entrance and sat down. A few minutes afterwards, the lady appeared; she threw an imploring glance upon me from her dark and sunken eyes, and descended the companion-stairs with a swiftness that was extraordinary for one so wasted by disease. Still more amazed by this behaviour than by the other, I stared after the retreating figure, when the burly body of L'Estrange blocked out the light from the doorway; for the fraction of an instant he seemed to hesitate; or, rather, I read the impulse that shot through him as he saw me. But he did not stop; like one following a beckoning hand, he disappeared.

I was astonished at the intensity of the emotion which these simple events caused. What was less uncommon than for an invalid lady to desire to have a few minutes' promenade at a quiet interval? If she 'cut' a very distant and chance acquaintance, surely she had the right to do so. Besides, many people behave eccentrically on board ship. But what did her terrified looks mean? Had her illness produced delirium? As for L'Estrange, nothing was more natural than that he should need a walk upon deck, after his excitement and discomfiture. Yet I could not get rid of the shadowy feeling that slowly grew upon me, that some dark link connected the man and woman who had passed from me, like living ghosts. Against the feeling, however, were the facts that I recalled. Did not L'Estrange say, when he and Theodore had broken in upon my conversation with the lady, that he did not know French? and both he and the lady appeared to be absolute strangers to each other. I continued to ponder over the conflict of our intuitions and the realities, which seem to destroy their significance, until the throng of people ascending from the dining-table ended my metaphysical occupation.

I went to see how Theodore was getting on. It was now dusk, and the lamps were being lit in the corridors. Stewards and other ships' servants were bustling about; passengers were moving towards their cabins and up the stairs. For a little while I could not make my way through the press; while thus fixed, I felt something placed in my hand. In the imperfect light and amid so many people, it was impossible to know who the giver was; and beyond the feeling that the object was a piece of paper, I was ignorant of what I had received. Having got free, I went to my cabin as fast as possible. I had had one mysterious and fateful missive before that day; and my natural cautiousness bade me wait until I was clear of observers, before examining the paper I held.

Theodore was sleeping in that heavy manner which follows great exhaustion of bodily and mental powers. I was greatly relieved. Gradually I raised the flame of the lamp and turned my eyes on the piece of paper. It was crumpled and damp by the hand that had conveyed it to me. The contents were as follows: 'Do not hold any conversation with your fellow-passengers for the rest of the voyage. Stay in your cabin as much as possible. When you reach New York, take the first train for the West. Dangerous men surround you. Keep

your brother under your eyes constantly. Do not reveal what has taken place to-day. Burn this, now that you have read it.'

The last injunction was the most difficult of all. I did not dare to strike a match. I tore the paper in the smallest fragments, and finding the port-hole of the little corridor still open, I threw the scraps away at short intervals.

Who was this strange correspondent that knew my affairs so intimately, and who was so eager to befriend me? I could not fix upon any one on the ship save the lady, with whom I had had two conversations only. If she was playing the part of guardian angel, why? Further, if she had written the two notes—and they were in the same handwriting—she must be connected with the desperadoes she warned me against! Could that poor, suffering, almost dying woman be one of the vilest pests of the human race? The mere idea seemed an insult to one so refined, so gentle, so compassionate. Undiscoverable, however, as the correspondent might be, I determined to follow the counsel I had received, and to the letter. In thirty or more hours we should be at New York; and under any circumstances I must keep Theodore constantly under my eye, until we were clear of those who had so many reasons to fear and to hate him, as well as myself.

But the unhappy boy had no wish to leave the cabin, or indeed his berth. Remorse devoured him with relentless tooth. He grew pale and haggard, as if in a rapid consumption. His grief was indeed terrible; and if I had dared, I would have told him all. Only the certainty, that in a few hours I could give relief to the anguish that he deemed hopeless, stayed me from saying: 'Sorrow no more, dear boy; the lost is found.'

At last we reached New York. I shall say nothing of my anxiety regarding Theodore, who had to be carried from the ship to a cab, so prostrate and despairing was he. I will only relate the concluding incident of our most momentous voyage, which cleared up the mystery of my unknown friend. It was a final note, hastily given to me as I took my seat beside my brother on leaving the steamship wharf. It was written in French, and ran thus:

'The language in which I bid you adieu for ever will enlighten you as to who I am. Through you, I have been able to do one good deed before going from this world, in which I have done so many evil ones. I thank heaven for the opportunity. I know that I only reach America to die. But I shall leave behind me one, who, though now lost in sin and devoted to the injury of his fellow-creatures, will yet have to die also. L'Estrange is that one—my husband. Now, I pray you, as I have been good to you, not to take any steps against him; I wish him to be with me in my last moments; perhaps then I may, by God's mercy, induce him to return to honour and honesty. He once was good and kind, though now a desperately wicked man. But, as I still possess some slight influence over him, he has promised me not to harm *you*. He knows that *I* revealed his real position to you; for the steward who gave you my first note told him afterwards. L'Estrange will not harm you; he has sworn it, upon what is sacred to him. Have, therefore, no fears, and proceed to your destination calmly and in peace. If you ever recall my memory, pray for my peace beyond the grave. Adieu.'

It was many months before Theodore recovered from the illness which followed his escapade on the Atlantic. Though matters had taken so providential a turn, and though I lavished upon him all my tenderness, he could not forgive himself. The bright, self-confident, self-assertive boy that left England was gone, and a grave, silent, gentle man had taken his place. But he is slowly gaining cheerfulness, as we prosper; and when my mother and sisters join us, I hope he will again be gay, for their dear sakes.

LAW-COURT INCIDENTS.

ANY one interested in the peculiarities of his fellow-man must needs find them strikingly exemplified in courts of justice; and the judge or barrister or any other person of any discrimination who has arrived at an old age in the service of a law-court, must possess a clear insight into the traits and peculiarities of mankind.

Nothing is so much appreciated in a court of justice as fun, and it is principally this aspect of the question that this paper intends to deal with. The solemnity with which they are generally associated, and the serious issues at stake, render wit or humour the more acceptable, as being a deviation from the beaten path of decorum. There are times, however, when levity is much out of place, although often indulged in; for instance, it is most inappropriate to find a barrister joking while the prisoner at the bar stands charged with murder; and the jokes of a judge who is constantly making fun, if any little opportunity presents itself, in the end fall flat, without leaving any appreciable effect, which is not the case when, now and then, this high functionary emits a remark which does not fail to call forth mirth and laughter.

A ready reply or a cutting sarcasm is sometimes used as a weapon of defence by a witness. Occasionally, even in the most unimportant case, he will be cross-examined by the opposing counsel to such an extent, that unless he be a clear-headed and thinking person, he will be liable to commit himself. This is one of the aims of counsel—to confuse the witnesses, and constantly remind them that they are on oath. Some indulge in the latter practice to an insufferable extent. O'Connell was conspicuous for his powers of examination, and of following up, if possible, any part of the evidence the witness endeavoured to evade. During a Munster circuit, he was engaged in a case where the question was the validity of a will, by which property to some amount was devised, but which the plaintiffs alleged was forged. O'Connell noticed that the subscribing witness during examination swore several times that 'the testator signed the will while life was in him.' Suspecting something, he asked the witness, 'Was it not that a live fly was in the dead man's mouth, while his hand was placed on the will?' The witness, through fear, actually confessed that this was the case.

A barrister named Missing was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey, and was severe in his examination of the witness. The case was that the prosecutor had left the donkey tied to a gate, and on returning, it was gone. 'Do you mean to say, witness,' said Missing, 'the donkey was stolen?'—'I mean to say, sir,' was the reply, 'that the ass was *missing*.'

A witness may be obstructive, and give a barrister great trouble by refusing to answer questions put to him; but this method of procedure is not so effective as quick, sharp, and ready repartee.

An eminent English architect named Alexander was being examined by counsel, who was using every effort in his power to depreciate the witness's opinion.

'You are a builder, I believe?'

'No, sir; I am not a builder; I am an architect.'

'Ah, well, builder or architect, architect or builder—they are pretty much the same, I suppose?'

'I beg your pardon; they are totally different.'

'Oh, indeed. Perhaps you would state wherein this great difference consists.'

'An architect, sir, conceives the design, prepares the plan, draws out the specification—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the machine; the architect, the power that puts the machine together and sets it going.'

'Oh, very well, Mr Architect; that will do. A very ingenious distinction, without a difference.—Do you happen to know who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?'

'There was no architect, sir—hence the confusion.'

'Which way did these stairs run?' a witness was once asked; and his reply was: 'That it depended on circumstances. If you were at the bottom, they run up; but if you are on the top, they run down.'

Curran was examining a witness, and failing to get a direct answer, said: 'There is no use in asking you questions, for I see the villain in your face.'

'Do you, sir?' said the man with a smile. 'Faix, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before!'

From the dock have issued at various times witty sayings and pert remarks; and it is not an uncommon occurrence to find prisoners whom pecuniary considerations prevent from employing counsel, exhibit wonderful tact and ingenuity on behalf of their cause. Doubtless, every one has heard of the Irishman, who, in reply to the question, 'Guilty or not guilty?' said, 'He would like to hear the evidence before he would plead.' Another native of the Emerald Isle raised a laugh in court by displaying a scar on his head about the size of the knob of a fire-shovel, which he considered conclusive testimony that he was married.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said a judge, 'is there anything you would wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?' The prisoner looked towards the door, and remarked that he would like to say 'good-evening,' if it was agreeable to the company.

The sayings and doings of the bench generally command more attention than anything which emanates from any other part of the court. Probably it is a kind of policy openly if not inwardly to appreciate the judge's jokes, on account of his high judicial position.

Some judges have been remarkable for their wit in giving decisions and for their eccentricity on the bench; Lords Ellenborough and Mansfield were notable examples. The latter judge once gave encouragement to a young barrister who had forgotten the speech he had probably committed to memory. 'The unfortunate client who appears by me,' he began—'the unfortunate client who appears by me—my lord, my unfortunate client'—— 'You can go on, sir,' said the judge, in an encouraging tone; 'so far, the court is entirely with you.'

One of the most noted criminal lawyers in the country, while pleading the cause of his client, is often overcome by his innocence and wrongs, and is obliged to sit down and recover himself. 'Don't you think,' said a judge to him, 'that the jury have found out your movements by this?'—'Ah, you forget,' said the barrister; 'it is always a new jury before whom I play.'

'If you don't stop that coughing,' said an irritable judge to an old gentleman in court, 'I will fine you one hundred pounds.'—'I will give your lordship two hundred, if you will stop it for me,' was the quick reply.

Such are a few incidents which have occurred in connection with the bright side of law-courts from time to time. But there is another aspect of the question. There are the serious issues at stake to be decided within the precincts of the building, which is so often the medium whence ensue wit, drollery, and fun. It would be wrong to suppose that mirth does not find a place, and that the sublime exists without the ridiculous. The very presence of the latter adds a charm to the former, and often chases away that dull monotony which we are apt to associate with law-courts and their surroundings.

MR CHUCKLES'S CHICKS.

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.—ACT II.

As already stated in the previous chapter, Mr Chuckles left the house full of the laudable intention to see for himself that the fowls were properly secured in their receptacle. He arrived alongside the hamper at the same moment as the page Tiddlewinks; but both master and servant were too late—the birds had vacated their lodging.

Mr Chuckles glared at the woe-begone Tiddlewinks in so ferocious a manner as caused that hapless youth to try and remember where he had read that death by strangulation was easy, or otherwise.

'O you hardened young villain!' at length gasped Mr Chuckles; 'what do you mean?' and the enraged man extended his right index finger dramatically towards the deserted hamper.

'Ple-e-se, sir, it ain't my fault, sir, I'm sure sir,' whimpered the quaking page.

'Not your fault? Why weren't you here

sooner? Answer that, you young brimstone.—But hold! I will not listen to your miserable excuses,' shouted Mr Chuckles, and at the same time looking around, with the view of discovering, if possible, the whereabouts of his erratic birds. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, as his eyes rested upon that side of the garden which was next to the domain of the dreaded Major Ironlungs, 'there they are!'

There could not be the slightest possible doubt the cochins were most undesirably near the low fence separating the two gardens. What was the best course to pursue? It would certainly never do to alarm the newly escaped birds unnecessarily, for should they become unduly excited, the chances were that they would at once pay a flying visit to the grounds of the choleric son of Mars. Some such thoughts as these were evidently passing rapidly through the brain of the perplexed Chuckles, as he stood gazing at his chicks, which were serenely unconscious of the perplexing interest that their wayward behaviour had aroused in the breast of their new owner, and energetically continued their congenial occupation of scratching up a recently sown patch of flower-seeds.

At length a ray of light pierced Mr Chuckles's bald cranium. 'Tiddlewinks,' said he, 'go and hide behind a gooseberry bush, as near to the hamper as you can get; and then when you see the birds return and get into it, creep out softly, and bang down the lid as sharp as you can.'

'When I see 'em a-gettin' into the 'amper, sir!' exclaimed Tiddlewinks, grinning; 'but I don't think as I ever shall see 'em get into it.'

'None of your insolence to me, you chattering magpie; do as I tell you.—I am now going into the house; and hark you, if anything peculiar happens, come and inform me instantly, or it will be the worse for you.'

'Yessir,' meekly replied the youth, who, as soon as he saw the retreating form of his master disappear from view, began to indulge in a species of Zulu war-dance, or exaggerated 'cellar flap,' which calisthenic exercise, although doubtless much appreciated, in festive moments, by his chums of the distinguished order of 'buttons,' was not exactly calculated to meet with approval from a number of shy fowls. Therefore, what happened under the circumstances was not a matter for much surprise. The 'old bird' whose peculiarity has been alluded to, by a kind of half-flying, half-jumping movement, succeeded in locating itself on the other side of the fence exactly in the centre of a promising clump of tender annuals; whither it was of course immediately followed by the majority of its fellow-birds.

When Tiddlewinks saw what had happened, he suspended his healthy exercise as suddenly as he had begun it, and stood staring, in a semi-imbecile manner, at the cochins, which had so unceremoniously transferred themselves over the way. 'Wot a rare go!' at length gasped out the bewildered youth. 'Won't there be a game just, and no mistake! When that there major sees 'em, he'll be on the rampage. Wot's to be done? Oh, I remember. The guv'nor said as how if anything peculiar took place, I was to let him know directly; so, as this is a very rare start, I'll be off and tell him.'

Suiting the action to the word, the page began to proceed leisurely towards the house; but had scarcely got twenty yards in that direction, when his footsteps were arrested by a stentorian voice in his rear calling: 'Hi, hi! you boy there—you in buttons, confound you! Come back, I say, and explain the meaning of those abominable fowls being in my garden, or, by Jove, I'll put an ounce of lead into you.'

'The major!' gasped Tiddlewinks, instinctively changing his slow march into a stampede.

Mr Chuckles was busily employed upon a plan for a proposed henhouse, when his page burst unceremoniously into the room in a state of breathlessness—the combined result of terror and unwonted exercise. The domestic architect thus rudely disturbed in the midst of his weighty labours, directed towards the intruder a look of stern inquiry.

'The major!' exclaimed the distressed youth in piteous tones.

'Well, what of the major? What is the matter with the major? Has he been seized with an apoplectic fit, through giving way to violent passion?' inquired Mr Chuckles grimly.

'No, sir—not a fit, sir; but the cochin-chiners, sir'——

'Ah, the fowls; what of them? Have they returned into the hamper?'

'O lor, no, sir,' responded Tiddlewinks, who had by this time recovered his breath. 'I only wishes as they had, sir.'

'I left you in charge of those birds,' said Mr Chuckles, 'and woe betide you, should they have gone astray!—Now, tell me instantly, where are they?'

'That's just wot it is, sir,' answered the page with desperation.

'I have every desire to be calm and temperate in my language,' gravely remarked Mr Chuckles; 'but if you do not immediately explain that last remark of yours, I shall most certainly be obliged to behave in a manner more forcible than polite.'

'Yes, sir, that's just wot—I mean, sir, that them birds has got into the major's garding and is a-routin' of it up, sir.'

'Then they must be got back again at all risks,' said Mr Chuckles in a 'do-or-die' tone of voice.

'Yes, sir, please, sir. But the major knows all about it, sir; he's seen 'em, and said he would put a hounce of lead into me, sir.'

'Oh, he used threatening language, did he?' remarked Mr Chuckles with quite a magisterial air.—'H'm, I think you may retire now, while I just think over what is the best to be done under the peculiar circumstances.'

The youth required no second bidding, but quitted the room with praiseworthy alacrity, only too pleased to be let off so easily.

'Yes, Mr Featherwell, you have accomplished a nice day's work with your present of poultry,' soliloquised the irate Chuckles as he paced up and down the room. 'But I will be even with you, sir; I'll "owe you one," as the man says in the play.'

Could he but have guessed that whilst he was vowing vengeance against the giver of the cochins, that generous individual was being

quietly united in the holy bonds of wedlock to his only daughter!

'I think,' mused Mr Chuckles, 'it will be the wisest course to see the major, and endeavour to induce him to look upon the invasion of his flower-beds as a circumstance that could not be very well avoided, and as such, to treat the matter in a philosophical light.' And he turned to depart upon his mission; but just as he stepped upon the terrace outside, he beheld, to his dismay, the podgy form of Major Ironlungs advancing by rapid strides towards the house. In another minute, the two neighbours stood facing each other.

'Ah, major, you here!' began Mr Chuckles in his blandest manner. 'So unexpected a visit from so distinguished a personage is, you know'——

'Don't try to humbug me, sir,' sharply interrupted the gallant but rude defender of hearths and homes.

'My *dear* major, I have not the slightest intention of "humbugging" you.'

'I should think not, indeed; it's not to be done, sir.—Look you here now; I am a man of few words; I like to come to the point at once, even if it be the point of the sword.' As the major uttered these words, there came, borne by the breeze, a lively cackling of fowls. 'Do you hear that abominable din, sir?' asked the man-of-war of Mr Chuckles.

That gentleman admitted that he was not entirely indifferent to the sounds referred to, at the same time excusing the conduct of the poultry on the ground that it was the natural vocation of chanticleers to proclaim the morn.

'Proclaim the fiddlestick, sir!' exclaimed the major. 'Rubbish! Cock-crowing time is at this period of the year four A.M.'

'Well, then, luncheon-time, if it will be more agreeable to you, major,' insinuated Mr Chuckles.

'Nothing can be agreeable to me, sir, but satisfaction,' replied the major, frowning fiercely.

'My dear major, you shall have it!'

'That's right, sir. I respect you for speaking out like a man, sir. Let us go immediately to the bottom of the garden.'

'N-n-not in the garden, I think, major; we will have it in the room—this room; just a cold snack on a tray, you know.'

'Cold snack on a tray! Why, do you wish to pretend, sir, that you are unaware of the object of my coming here? What do you think I climbed over those wretched palings for?'

'To say truth, major,' answered Mr Chuckles with the calmness of desperation, 'I cannot comprehend why you should put yourself to such inconvenience all on account of such a humble individual as myself.'

'Do these abominable cochin-chinas now in my garden belong to you, sir?' demanded the irate warrior in measured tones.

'They do. That is, they'——

'Quite sufficient, sir. They *are* your property; you admit the fact. Then, pray, allow me to inform you that the flowers which just now are being rooted up by your miserable fowls, are cultivated by me at no trifling cost.' And the major 'threw out' his chest and endeavoured to add an inch or two to his stumpy figure.

'My dear major,' said Mr Chuckles, 'I shall be only too glad to'——

'Give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, eh?'

'I will pay anything'——

'Pay, sir! don't talk to me of pay! Insult to Major Ironlungs can only be wiped out in one way, sir, and that is by—blood! Will you meet me in the *duello?*' quoth the podgy warrior in grandiose tones.

'Major Ironlungs,' replied the peacefully inclined Chuckles with a calmness of demeanour which did him infinite credit, 'you are of course well aware that an enlightened age has condemned the *duello*, as you term it; and, however much I might feel inclined'——

'Ah, but you don't feel inclined, I can plainly see,' interrupted the major.

'To,' continued Mr Chuckles, ignoring the interruption—'to accede to your request, I am afraid the opportunity for us to maim or kill each other would not be easily found, though we might, I daresay, take an excursion across the Channel. I'll think the matter over, Major Ironlungs.'

Now, a close observer would have detected a look of disappointed surprise in the eyes of the gallant major; just as though he had received an answer which he neither expected nor desired. The warrior turned to depart, and as he proceeded down the path, cried out: 'I intend to have a shot at the old bird, to get my hand in a bit.' He was evidently desirous of disconcerting his (probably) prospective antagonist by an assumption of bounce and Brummagem bluster.

Mr Chuckles sought the repose of his easy-chair, and ensconced in its springy depths, freely made use of his pocket-handkerchief in the performance of that operation commonly known as 'mopping' his shining cranium. 'Phew!' he ejaculated, 'how warm it is, to be sure! What a fool I have been! Only to think that I, Christopher Chuckles, have almost undertaken to fight a sanguinary duel with that brimstony old reprobate next door. It is simply ridiculous, now I come to think of it coolly and calmly. Society is strongly against the barbarous custom; and as I am a respectable and a respected member of society, and a good Christian, how can I conscientiously countenance a practice which the world, in common with myself, emphatically taboos?' The worthy man derived much comfort from these reflections, and thereafter made up his mind that he would not gratify the major by standing before him as a living target, to be 'bulls-eyed' or 'innered,' as the case might be.

'Did I not hear Major Ironlungs in conversation, or rather, I think, altercation, with you, Christopher, dear?' asked Mrs Chuckles as she entered the room.

'Well, Maria, I rather imagine you did.'

'I thought the major was speaking in somewhat elevated tones. What was it all about, dear?'

'Fighting, Maria?'

'Fighting!' echoed Mrs Chuckles. 'Oh, I suppose he was describing to you some of his mighty exploits on the field of battle?'

'No, Maria; he did not allude to his past

sanguinary career.—The fact is, my dear,' continued Mr Chuckles solemnly, 'Major Ironlungs has challenged me to fight a duel.'

'And you?' gasped Mrs Chuckles.

'I, Maria, as a family man, feel it my duty *not* to oblige that bellicose individual.'

'Ah!' sighed Mrs Chuckles, as she staggered, half fainting, and was only just saved in time by the stalwart arms of her lord and master.

'Hillo, Maria! do hold up. I say'—— Here Mr Chuckles came to a sudden stop as the loud report of a gun smote his ear. The crash of firearms had an instant revivifying effect on the apparently unconscious Mrs Chuckles, for she quickly opened her eyes, and gave every sign of restoration, to the no small relief of her panting husband, who seized the opportunity to deposit his fair (but stout) burden in the easy-chair.

'That noise, Christopher, it—it was like a gun going off,' murmured the poor lady feebly.

'You are right, Maria; it was the report of a gun.'

'Oh, do say you're not shot Christopher, dear—do, for *my* sake—do say you are not killed,' she implored.

Mr Chuckles was extremely happy in being in a sufficiently live state to inform his sympathising partner that he was *not* perforated by any deadly missile, and as much for his own sake as for hers.

'Saved, saved!' exclaimed the grateful woman as she rose from her seat, and was about to entwine her arms round her Christopher's neck, when the conjugal intention was frustrated by the appearance once more on the scene of Tiddlewinks in a state of wild terror and with something like a limp in his gait.

'Oh, p-plese, sir,' cried the scared youth, 'I'm ki-killed—I know I am; send for the 'orspital.'

'What is the matter?' simultaneously asked his master and mistress.

'It's all along o' that Major Hironlungs. He wos a-aimin' at the old bird, but he missed him; and he's 'it me instead, and it's horful!' blurted out the stricken youth in apparent agony.

'Poor boy,' said Mrs Chuckles sympathetically; and her husband, who had a shrewd guess that the page was more frightened than hurt, observed that substantial compensation for personal injury might possibly be wrung out of the perpetrator of the deed, and with that object in view he should communicate with his solicitor. As the indignant master of the maltreated 'buttons' announced this determination, who should appear on the scene but the major himself, apparently, from the blue-red appearance of his visage, on the point of being seized with apoplexy, and carrying his gun in a manner not at all calculated to inspire any one with unlimited confidence in the bearer's knowledge of the precise use of firearms.

'I've done it!' exclaimed the intruder grimly, bringing down the butt-end of his gun heavily on to the floor and glaring wildly upon those around him.

'Yes,' said Mr Chuckles, with dignified calmness, 'you *have* done it. Gaze upon that poor boy there, the victim of your inaccurate aim.'

'See here, guv'nor,' whimpered the injured individual alluded to. 'When next you goes for to aim at a co-cochin-chiner, don't you go for to hit a hinnercent cove like me.'

'You wretched offshoot of brimstone,' cried the infuriated major, 'how dare you insinuate that my gun-practice is not—er—what it should be? When I was in the'——

Before the affronted marksman could splutter out the remainder of his speech, the door was quickly opened, and Mr Frank Featherwell entered the room, closely followed by Mary Ellen, who was hanging her pretty little head, and blushing in the most bewitchingly becoming manner, like the conscious culprit she undoubtedly considered herself. The addition to the little party affected the latter in various ways. Mr Chuckles stared and frowned upon Frank; whilst the major looked askance at the donor of untamed poultry. Mrs Chuckles 'caught' her daughter's eye; and nods and wreathed smiles, with other signs, were freely passed between the pair in quick and (evidently) intelligible succession.

'Pray, do not let us interrupt the harmony,' said Frank in a cheerful and airy manner.—'I think, Major Ironlungs,' he went on, 'you were speaking as I opened the door, and, if I am not much mistaken, the words which fell upon my ear were, "when I was in the"—— Proceed, my dear major; do not deprive us of your doubtlessly interesting reminiscences.'

'I was merely going to mention the fact,' said the major, in a considerably subdued manner, 'that when I was in the army'——

'Pardon me, major,' interrupted Frank, smilingly, 'but I'm somewhat of a stickler for accuracy; was it not in that branch of the auxiliary forces known as the militia, where——?'

'Well, sir, and pray, what if it were the militia?' and the sometime member of that excellent but often derided branch of England's brave defenders scowled savagely, and did not seem to be altogether at his ease.

'Only the militia!' exclaimed Mrs Chuckles in contemptuous tones; whilst that young imp Tiddlewinks indulged himself by screwing up his face into an assortment of new and improved grimaces.

'A militiaman after all!' observed Mr Chuckles, sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat armholes in the approved manner, at the same time throwing out his chest. 'Why, I think I'm equal to a soldier of *that* calibre; so I advise you, Mr Militiaman, to keep that weapon of yours quiet, before accident number two happens.'

'Do you?' sneeringly returned the major.

'Why, cert'nly,' facetiously answered Mr Chuckles, gaining confidence as 'the enemy's' increasing discomfiture became apparent; 'at all events in my house, sir. If you really think that a few extra firing-drills would improve your practice, go and practise on your own domestics.'

'In course,' ventured to remark the now excessively delighted and grinning 'buttons,' whose injuries had been purely imaginary; 'and mind you take better aim—yah!'

The discomfited blusterer divined that if he stayed any longer, he would be pretty certain to hear things said of him which would by no

means conduce to his serenity of mind, so he shouldered his gun, and giving a final glare all round, beat a hasty retreat, followed by the smiles of all.

'And now,' said Mr Chuckles, turning with an air of authority to Frank and the fair runaway, 'pray, what is the meaning of this?'

'O pa, dear, do forgive us!' pleaded the brand-new bride; 'it was all my fault, it was, really.'

'Forgive? Your fault? *What* is your fault?' queried the perplexed Chuckles.

'The fact is,' said Frank, stepping forward to the relief of his bride, and holding out his hand to his newly made father-in-law, 'me—I—that is—and your daughter—dear Mary Ellen—are married!'

'Married!' exclaimed Mr Chuckles. 'How? When? Where?'

'My dear—father—in the usual way—half an hour ago—at the little church round the corner,' promptly answered Frank, delighted and surprised that the old gentleman took the matter so quietly.

'Without my consent, eh, you young——?'

'Well—er—you see, sir—circumstances'——

'What is the state of your exchequer, sir?' interrupted Mr Chuckles, looking more severely than he had as yet done.

Frank, who had naturally anticipated some such question, evidently appeared fully prepared with a satisfactory answer. 'I regret,' said he, 'to inform you that, just before leaving home this morning, I received a telegram which informed me of the demise of a distant cousin, whom I had not seen, or ever heard from, for many years, and who has evidently been so pleased with me for never troubling him, that it appears he has bequeathed to me—no doubt out of pure gratitude—his little fortune—about twelve thousand pounds.'

'Well, my dear boy,' exclaimed Chuckles *père* with considerable effusion, 'I suppose I must offer my congrat—— No; I don't mean that—my sincere sympathy in your bereavement, ahem!'

Then followed a good time all round of hand-shaking and hugging and kissing; 'all over the shop,' as Tiddlewinks afterwards vulgarly expressed himself to the housemaid and cook.

At the termination of this exercise, Mr Chuckles drew his new-found son-in-law on one side, and whispered: 'But I say, Frank, my boy, wasn't the present of poultry—especially the old bird—a dodge, eh?'

'Well—er—you see'—— began the young fellow in a hesitating manner.

'Out with it! don't be afraid,' urged the now benignant father-in-law; 'all is ended happily. The fact is, I was partly prepared'——

'Candidly then, sir, it was a—a—sort of what you might call ruse,' admitted Frank. 'Pray, forgive'——

'Forgive, my dear boy! There is nothing requiring forgiveness; I can but admire your masterly strategy. See what has come out of it! A blustering, bouncing ex-major of militia utterly routed; a good husband gained for my only child; and I have found a sterling son-in-law. What more can we poor mortals expect?'

Frank smiled quietly, and wondered how his 'masterly strategy' would have been appreciated, had not the unexpected good fortune which had so timely befallen him been put into the scale against Mr Chuckles's Chicks.

TEA AS PREPARED IN THE EAST.

The Hunnias (Himalayan natives) drink tea which comes from China in small packets, made up of the large leaves, small branches, seeds, &c., forming a mass reduced to the smallest possible size by pressure, and rendered sometimes still more compact by a slight addition of sheep's blood. The Hunnias travel great distances, living only on tea and what the Hindus call *suttoo*—that is, flour made from roasted beans or peas. To prepare the tea, they boil the leaves for some hours—all night, in fact, if they are in camp—in a small earthen pot; then they pour out the infusion into a large basin full of hot water, adding some salt and clarified butter (ghee), if they happen to have it. All these naturally make a kind of soup; and the natives can live on it several months, and undergo severe fatigue without taking any other nourishment.

'The method adopted by the Mongols and other Tartar tribes for the preparation of tea in bricks is,' says Johnston, in his *Chemistry of Common Life*, 'it is believed, that which extracts from the leaves the greatest possible amount of nourishment. They scrape the tea into fine powder, and boil it in the alkaline water of the steppes, adding some fat and salt, after which they pour off the liquid, leaving the deposit. They drink twenty, even forty, glasses of this liquor in the day, mixing in it some honey and butter with a little roast-meat; but with only a little milk instead of the meat, they can subsist many weeks with this drink for sole sustenance.'

IF I WERE YOU.

WHY did he look so grave? she asked.
What might the trouble be?
'My little maid,' he sighing said,
'Suppose that you were me,
And you a weighty secret owned,
Pray, tell me what you'd do?'
'I think I'd tell it somebody,'
Said she, 'if I were you!'

But still he sighed and looked askance,
Despite her sympathy.
'Oh, tell me, little maid,' he said
Again, 'if you were me,
And if you loved a pretty lass,
O then, what would you do?'
'I think I'd go and tell her so,'
Said she, 'if I were you!'

'My little maid, 'tis you,' he said,
'Alone are dear to me.'
Ah then, she turned away her head,
And ne'er a word said she.
But what he whispered in her ear,
And what she answered too—
O no, I cannot tell you this;
I'd guess, if I were you!

G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

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ARE THE CANADIAN FORESTS BEING EXHAUSTED?

For some years past the belief has been gradually forming in the minds of those interested in the welfare of Canada that the forests of that country are being slowly but steadily used up; and the matter being one that has most serious aspects, it has been made the subject of an official inquiry, in order that the nature of the causes which may be at work in bringing about a destruction which is greater than the production of trees, might be ascertained, and remedies for so dangerous a state of things suggested. At the instigation of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Governor-general of Canada, and with the concurrence of Lord Derby, an official communication was on the 2d of July, 1884, sent to the lieutenant-governors of the various provinces of the Dominion, asking for such information as was obtainable on the reported proximate exhaustion of forests. The replies received throw much light upon the subject.

Let us first deal with the small province of Prince Edward Island. The answer sent to Lord Lansdowne by the lieutenant-governor was brief, but very significant. He said that there were now no forests of any extent in the province, they having disappeared under the axes of the settler and the lumber-man.

From Nova Scotia, two Reports were received —one from the present, and the other from the former, Deputy-commissioner of Crown Lands. The former said that, having made inquiries of several gentlemen engaged in the lumbering business in the province, he had found that all, or nearly all, the timber-lands would have been cut over before the expiration of six years from the date of writing; though it did not follow that the timber-supply would then be exhausted. It was found that by carefully husbanding those trees which were too small for conversion into lumber at the time of the first cutting, a second cutting of nearly equal worth could, after fifteen or twenty years, be obtained in many localities; and that, consequently, if it were not for forest fires, those lands which were carefully looked after would never become denuded of their trees. It was true, however, that the supply of pine and spruce was rapidly being exhausted, and that the lumbering interests of the province were becoming of less importance every year. There was a considerable quantity of hemlock spruce in the province, but in many sections of the country it was being rapidly destroyed for the purpose of securing the bark, which was extensively used for tanning leather. The province could once boast a large quantity of heavy birch; but of late years much of it had been converted into ton-timber and exported. Recently, too, the necessity had arisen for the somewhat extensive use of a number of portable sawmills. A large proportion of the area of the province was held by agriculturists, who hitherto appeared to have taken but little interest in the preservation of the forests, most of them having stripped more land of its timber than was actually necessary, and had not been so careful of the remainder as they should have been. As was well known, forest fires had done an immense amount of damage in the province, and large tracts of country once covered with a stately growth of pine, spruce, &c., were now almost barren. The Deputy-commissioner concluded by expressing a regret that the lumbering and agricultural portions of the population were not more fully alive to the importance and necessity of preserving the forests of the country; for, had proper care been taken to prevent fires and to guard the growing timber, the forests would be in a much more thriving state than they were at the present time.

The Report of the ex-deputy-commissioner of Crown Lands was of a more lengthy and detailed description. It started with the admission, that the greater part of the continent of North America—which a few generations ago was an unbroken forest from ocean to ocean—was being rapidly depleted of its timber; and the reader

was reminded that many sections of the Old World now sterile were prosperous and fertile before the destruction of their forests. The Report went on to account for the origin of forest fires. It appears that the aborigines, as well as the early French settlers on the continent, were careful never to make fires in the woods in the dry season of summer. In 1783, however, a great number of refugees and discharged soldiers came into the country, and many new settlements were formed. The following year, no rain fell during the latter part of May, the whole of June, and the first ten days of July. Fires were kindled in the clearings by the new settlers, and it was reported that, within a fortnight, two-thirds of the province was burned over. The ex-commissioner stated that, except what was cultivated and what was under water, every part of the peninsula of Nova Scotia would now be covered with trees, were it not for their destruction by fires, which scourged the country more or less every year; and he went on to make a suggestion with which it is impossible not to sympathise. He proposed that active measures should be adopted to put a stop to the ravages of fires, and to prevent the felling of trees of less than a given diameter—to be arrived at after due inquiry and consideration—and he ventured to express the opinion that were this done, Nova Scotia would continue to be a timber-producing and exporting country for all time to come. The necessity for some such restrictions as the ex-commissioner suggests will be quite apparent when we mention that at the present time a man is allowed to cut how and what he pleases in the forests of Nova Scotia. Sawmills of every form and variety are to be found there wherever there is a stream large enough to turn a wheel, if but for a few months in the year; and trees of seven inches diameter and upwards are cut down; those not large enough to come under the head of small deal, being made into staves, laths, and shingles. The Report concluded with the assertion, that though the yield of timber at the present time in the province was great, it would be gradually diminished unless adequate protection were afforded to trees.

Passing over New Brunswick—with reference to which province there is little information to hand bearing upon the condition of the forests—we come to Quebec. From a 'Memorandum on the Crown Timber Forests of the Province of Quebec and on the subjects submitted to the American Forestry Congress at Montreal, in August 1882, that might be applicable thereto,' many facts and figures are obtainable. The Memorandum states that the district south of the St Lawrence is generally suitable for cultivation, and is largely so employed; while the district on the north side of the river, though about one hundred and seventy-seven thousand eight hundred square miles in extent, does not contain a portion of land fit for cultivation equal to one-fourth of its area. Even that small proportion of land which is fit for cultivation, from coldness of climate in the northern part and from difficulty of access, would long be too far below the ordinary standard of agricultural value to attract settlement or admit of cultivation being profitable, were it not for the produce market and the employment afforded by the timber trade. To be permanent, this trade, according to the Memorandum, must be carried on with that ever-increasing regard for the preservation of the forests which it is evident the interests of the settlers, the public revenue, and the country generally will in future require. Being fit for nothing else, by far the greatest portion of the vast northern region referred to above must remain a forest for ever, increasing in value as timber becomes more scarce elsewhere. Perhaps, however, it will be capable of maintaining a sparse but hardy population in comparative comfort by the development of the resources of its mines and its forests, if cared for and preserved. It is said that the valuable timber of the forests is being rapidly destroyed by the commercial demand for it and by desolating fires, and it is necessary now distinctly to bear in mind that there are no new fields to fall back upon for the white pine that gives the trade its special value. The increasing scarcity of wood for fencing, building, and especially for fuel, is augmenting the difficulty of living, and consequently diminishing the value of farms even on situations otherwise favourable.

Speaking of the Forestry Association—a body of practical and scientific men—the Memorandum says that the population of the province owes it a debt of gratitude, on account of the great care it shows in dealing with the subjects of forest preservation and cultivation, so specially important to the future prosperity of Quebec. This province is obviously adapted, by its favourable geographical position and the unfitness of much of it for other cultivation, to be a timber-yielding and timber-trading country for ever.

The Memorandum then went on to quote a paper of Dr Hough, the chief of the Forestry Branch of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, advocating the planting of trees along railway lines. It contained information on the great and rapidly increasing consumption of small trees for railway 'ties' in the United States, and stated that the demand for them on the Canadian railroads must continue to increase. From two thousand two hundred to three thousand five hundred such 'ties' were used to every mile; and there were one hundred thousand miles of railroad in the United States. The average duration of a tie was five to eight years; and thirty to fifty millions would be required for the one hundred thousand miles each year. This would necessitate the annual cutting over of from sixty to one hundred thousand acres of wood; and as the trees would require on an average thirty years to attain the necessary size, there should be from about eighteen to thirty acres of woodland to every mile of the railroad. The Memorandum went on to state that amongst the trees recommended for planting along the sides of railways, the black walnut for many reasons was strongly advocated by several eminent American and Canadian gentlemen. Among the latter could be mentioned the Honourable Mr Joly, who had set a good example by commencing the cultivation of the black walnut on a large scale. It was stated, indeed, that he had recently planted ten thousand such trees in one season. This gentleman

had said, 'both the preservation of our existing forests and the creation of new forests in regions where they do not exist, are absolutely necessary.' Mr Joly had also warmly advocated the institution of an annual 'arbor-day,' or day on which the general planting of trees throughout the province would be encouraged.

The Honourable Mr Loring, the President of the Forestry Association, had formed an estimate of the time it would take to exhaust the timber-grounds in the several States of the Union, and had drawn this conclusion: in the course of one generation, the present forests of the United States would be almost entirely exhausted. This, as the Memorandum pointed out, might be regarded as painfully instructive for the population of Canada, as foreshadowing to them the exhausting demand which, long before the close of that term, would be made upon their forests to meet the requirements of the American market.

Mr P. White, M.P. for Renfrew, Ontario, in a clear, vigorous, and succinct verbal address on the loss in the province from forest fires, had estimated the value lost annually by them in the Ottawa District at twenty millions of dollars. This estimate, the Memorandum continued, might be thought excessive; though, when one bore in mind that in addition to the value of the marketable timber, the fire destroyed not only the smaller trees—that would in future years yield successive cuts of equal value—but also, in many cases, all the seedlings and seed-cones, it was impossible not to conclude that the case was, if anything, understated. As an appropriate setting off to this statement, the Memorandum said that the thinning-out of the larger trees by the lumber-man hastened the growth of the younger ones which were to succeed them. Speaking of the endeavours of the lumber-men to prevent fires, Mr White had justly remarked that the authority of government was necessary, and he had said that the trade would not object to a special tax to meet the expenses of governmental supervision. He had further suggested that the period during which the burning of brush by settlers be interdicted should be extended to the months of June, September, and October.

At the Forestry Congress held at Montreal in August 1882, a Committee had been appointed, and this Committee, in its Report, had recommended: (1) The reservation of all pine and spruce lands unfit for settlement, for lumbering purposes exclusively; (2) the prohibition of the burning of brush by settlers in the vicinity of fir-trees during the months of May, June, September, and October (July and August burning being already interdicted in the province of Quebec); (3) the division of the timber-country into districts, and the appointment of police under a superintendent with magisterial powers, whose duty it should be to detect and punish offenders and provide for the extinction of fires; (4) and that the cost of the maintenance of this protection-tax might be partially met by the imposition of a moderate tax on the parties owning or leasing timber-lands.

The Reports for the remaining provinces—Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia—present little that differs from the Reports to which we have already referred. The Report from Ontario came from the Clerk of Forest Preservation, who said that there existed no data by which to form an exact idea as to how long it would take, at the present rate of consumption, to exhaust the timber of those lands. He pointed out that of course everything would depend upon the measure of care that was taken in the future for the preservation of the forests. These measures would probably include the regular maintenance of officials charged with the duty of preventing the occurrence of fires. It was the Clerk's opinion that if care was taken of the remaining forests of Canada, a very large portion of them would continue in a perpetually reproductive condition, capable of furnishing an annual yield equal to that of the present year.

The Minister of Agriculture of Manitoba said that, during the rapid construction of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1882 and 1883, large quantities of timber were used; but as that line had now reached the Rocky Mountains, the progress of construction was necessarily slower, and much less timber was required. The Department had adopted means to prevent as far as possible the destruction of timber by fire, and was endeavouring to secure the rigid enforcement of the Prevention of Fires Act. Steps had also been taken for the establishment of an annual 'arbor-day.'

From British Columbia came an energetic refutation of the assertion that the forests there were within six years of exhaustion.

The broad inferences which will be unhesitatingly drawn from the facts given above are, that provision must be made by law for the protection of the Canadian forests, both against the devastations of fire and the injudicious operations of the woodman; and it is to be hoped that the action of the government in setting on foot the exhaustive inquiries which have afforded the material for this paper, is an earnest of their intentions to place upon the statute-book whatever measures the necessities of the case may call for.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AFTER this, for about a fortnight, Captain Gaunt was very often visible in Eaton Square. He dined next evening with Lady Markham and Frances; Sir Thomas, who scarcely counted, he was so often there, being the other *convive*. Sir Thomas was a man who had a great devotion for Lady Markham, and a very distant link of cousinship, which, or something in themselves which made that impossible, had silenced any remark of gossip, much less scandal, upon their friendship. He came in to luncheon whenever it pleased him; he dined there—when he was not dining anywhere else. But as both he and Lady Markham had many engagements, this was not too often the case, though there was rarely an evening, if the ladies were at home, when Sir Thomas did not 'look in.' His intimacy was like that of a brother in the cheerful easy house. The cheerful company, the friendliness, the soothing atmosphere of feminine sympathy around him; and underneath all the foolish hope, more sweet

than anything else, that a certain relenting on the part of Constance must be underneath, took away the gloom and dejection, in great part at least, from the young soldier's looks. He exerted himself to please the people who were so kind to him, and his melancholy smile had begun to brighten into something more natural. Frances for her part thought him a very delightful addition to the party. She looked at him across the table almost with the pride which a sister might have felt when he made a good appearance and did himself credit. He seemed to belong to her more or less, to reflect upon her the credit which he gained. It showed that her friends after all were worth thinking of, that they were not unworthy of the admiration she had for them, that they were able to hold their own in what the people here called Society and the world. She raised her little animated face to young Gaunt, was the first to see what he meant, unconsciously interpreted or explained for him when he was hazy, and beamed with delight when Lady Markham was interested and amused. Poor Frances was not always quite clever enough to see, when it happened that the two elders were amused by the man himself, rather than by what he said, and her gratification was great in his success. She herself had never aspired to success in her own person; but it was a great pleasure to her that the little community at Bordighera should be vindicated and put in the best light. 'They will never be able to say to me *now* that we had no society, that we saw nobody,' Frances said to herself, attributing, however, a far greater brilliancy to poor George than he ever possessed. He fell back into melancholy, however, when the ladies left, and Sir Thomas found him dull. He had very little to say about Waring, on whose behalf the benevolent baronet was so much interested.

'Do you think he shows any inclination towards home?' Sir Thomas asked.

'I am sure,' young Gaunt answered with a solemn face, 'that there is nothing there that can satisfy such a creature as that.'

'He has no society, then?' asked Sir Thomas.

'Oh, society! it is like the poem,' said the young man with a sigh. 'I should think it would be so everywhere. Ye common people of the sky, what are ye when your queen is nigh?'

Sir Thomas had been much puzzled by the application to Waring, as he supposed, of the phrase, 'such a creature as that;' but now he perceived, with a compassionate shake of his head, what the poor young fellow meant. Con had been at her tricks again! He said with the pitying look which such a question warranted: 'I suppose you are very fond of poetry?'

'No,' said the young soldier, astonished, looking at him suddenly. 'O no.—I am afraid I am very ignorant; but sometimes it expresses what nothing else can express. Don't you think so?'

'I think perhaps it is time to join the ladies,' Sir Thomas said. He was sorry for the boy, though a little contemptuous too; but then he himself had known Con and her tricks from her cradle, and those of many another, and he was hardened. He thought their mothers had been far more attractive women.

Was it the same art which made Frances look up with that bright look of welcome, and almost affectionate interest, when they returned to the drawing-room? Sir Thomas liked her so much, that he hoped it was not one of their tricks, then paused, and said to himself that it would be better if it were so, and not that the girl had really taken a fancy to this young fellow, whose heart and head were both full of another, and who, even without that, would evidently be a very poor thing for Lady Markham's daughter. Sir Thomas was so far unjust to Frances, that he concluded it must be one of her tricks, when he recollected how complacent she had been to Claude Ramsay, finding places for him where he could sit out of the draught. They were all like that, he said to himself; but concluded, that as one nail drives out another, a second 'affair,' if he could be drawn into it, might cure the victim. This rapid *résumé* of all the circumstances present and future is a thing which may well take place in an experienced mind in the moment of entering a room in which there are materials for the development of a new chapter in the social drama. The conclusion he came to led him to the side of Lady Markham, who was writing the address upon one of her many notes. 'It is to Nelly Winterbourn,' she explained, 'to inquire—— You know they have dragged that poor sufferer up to town, to be near the best advice; and he is lying more dead than alive.'

'Perhaps it is not very benevolent, so far as he is concerned; but I hope he'll linger a long time,' said Sir Thomas.

'Oh, so do I! These imbroglios may go on for a long time and do nobody any harm. But when a horrible crisis comes, and one feels that they must be cleared up!' It was evident that in this Lady Markham was not specially considering the sufferings of poor Mr Winterbourn.

'What does Markham say?' Sir Thomas asked.

'Say! He does not say anything. He shuffles—you know the way he has. He never could stand still upon both of his feet.'

'And you can't guess what he means to do?'

'I think—— But who can tell? even with one whom I know so intimately as Markham. I don't say even in my son, for that does not tell for very much.'

'Nothing at all,' said the social philosopher.

'Oh, a little, sometimes. I believe to a certain extent in a kind of magnetic sympathy. You don't, I know. I think, then, so far as I can make out, that Markham would rather do nothing at all. He likes the *status quo* well enough. But then he is only one; and the other—one cannot tell how she might feel.'

'Nelly is the unknown quantity,' said Sir Thomas; and then Lady Markham sent away, by the hands of the footman, her anxious affectionate little billet 'to inquire.'

Meanwhile, young Gaunt sat down by Frances. On the table near them there was a glorious show of crimson, the great dazzling red anemones, the last of the season, which Mrs Gaunt had sent. It had been very difficult to find them so late on, he told her; they had hunted into the coolest corners where the spring flowers lingered the longest, his mother quite anxious

about it, climbing into the little valleys among the hills. 'For you know what you are to my mother,' he said with a smile, and then a sigh. Mrs Gaunt had often made disparaging comparisons—comparisons how utterly out of the question! He allowed to himself that this candid countenance, so open and simple, and so full of sympathy, had a charm—more than he could have believed; but yet to make a comparison between this sister and the other! Nevertheless, it was very consolatory, after the effort he had made at dinner, to lay himself back in the soft low chair, with his long limbs stretched out, and talk or be talked to, no longer with any effort, with a softening tenderness towards the mother who loved Frances, but with whom he had had many scenes before he left her, in frantic defence of the woman who had broken his heart.

'Mrs Gaunt was always so kind to me,' Frances said gratefully, a little moisture starting into her eyes. 'At the Durants, there seemed always a little comparison with Tasie; but with your mother, there was no comparison.'

'A comparison with Tasie!' He laughed in spite of himself. 'Nothing can be so foolish as these comparisons,' he added, not thinking of Tasie.

'Yes, she was older,' said Frances. 'She had a right to be more clever. But it was always delightful at the bungalow.—Does my father go there often now?'

'Did he ever go often?'

'N-no,' said Frances, hesitating; 'but sometimes in the evening. I hope Constance makes him go out. I used to have to worry him, and often get scolded. No, not scolded—that was not his way; but sent off with a sharp word. And then he would relent, and come out.'

'I have not seen very much of Mr Waring,' Gaunt said.

'Then what does Constance do? Oh, it must be such a change for her! I could not have imagined such a change. I can't help thinking sometimes it is a great pity that I, who was not used to it, nor adapted for it, should have all this—and Constance, who likes it, who suits it, should be—banished; for it must be a sort of banishment for her, don't you think?'

'I—suppose so.—Yes, there could be no surroundings too bright for her,' he said dreamily. He seemed to see her notwithstanding walking with him up into the glades of the olive gardens, with her face so bright. Surely she had not felt her banishment then! Or was it only that the amusement of breaking his heart made up for it, for the moment, as his mother said?'

'Fancy,' said Frances; 'I am going to court on Monday—I—in a train and feathers. What would they all say? But all the time I am feeling like the daw in the peacock's plumes. They seem to belong to Constance. She would wear them as if she were a queen herself. She would not perhaps object to be stared at; and she would be admired.'

'O yes!'

'She was, they say, when she was presented, so much admired. She might have been a maid of honour; but mamma would not. And I, a poor little brown sparrow, in all the fine feathers—I feel inclined to call out: "I am only Frances." But that is not needed, is it? when any one looks at me'—she said with a laugh. She had met with nobody with whom she could be confidential among all her new acquaintances. And George Gaunt was a new acquaintance too, if she had but remembered; but there was in him something which she had been used to, something with which she was familiar, a breath of her former life—and that acquaintance with his name and all about him which makes one feel like an old friend. She had expected for so many years to see him, that it appeared to her imagination as if she had known him all these years—as if there was scarcely any one with whom she was so familiar in the world.

He looked at her attentively as she spoke, a little touched, a little charmed by this instinctive delicate familiarity, in which he at last, having so lately come out of the hands of a true operator, saw, whatever Sir Thomas might think, that it was not one of their tricks. She did not want any compliment from him, even had he been capable of giving it. She was as sincere as the day, as little troubled about her inferiority as she was convinced of it—the laugh with which she spoke had in it a genuine tone of innocent youthful mirth, such as had not been heard in that house for long. The exhilarating ring of it, so spontaneous, so gay, reached Lady Markham and Sir Thomas in their colloquy, and roused them. Frances herself had never laughed like that before. Her mother gave a glance towards her, smiling. 'The little thing has found her own character in the sight of her old friend,' she said; and then rounded her little epigram with a sigh.

'The young fellow ought to think much of himself to have two of them taking that trouble.'

'Don't talk nonsense,' said Lady Markham. 'Do you think she is taking trouble? She does not understand what it means.'

'Do any of them not understand what it means?' asked Sir Thomas. He had a large experience in society, and thought he knew. But he had little experience out of society, and so, perhaps, did not. There are some points in which a woman's understanding is the best.

The evening had not been unpleasant to any one, not even, perhaps, to the lovelorn, when Markham appeared, coming back from his dinner-party, a signal to the other gentlemen that it was time for them to disappear from theirs. He gave his mother the last news of Winterbourn; and he told Sir Thomas that a division was expected, and that he ought to be in the house. 'The poor sufferer' was sinking slowly, Markham said. It was quite impossible now to think of the operation which might perhaps have saved him three months since. His sister was with Nelly, who had neither mother nor sister of her own; and the long-expected event was thus to come off decorously with all the proper accessories. It was a very important matter for two at least of the speakers; but this was how they talked of it, hiding, perhaps, the anxiety within. Then Markham turned to the other group.

'Have you got all the feathers and the furbelows ready?' he said. 'Do you think there

will be any of you visible through them, little Fan?'

'Don't frighten the child, Markham. She will do very well. She can be as steady as a little rock, and in that case it doesn't matter that she is not tall.'

'Oh, tall—as if that were necessary!—You are not tall yourself, our mother; but you are a very majestic person when you are in your war-paint.'

'There's the Queen herself, for that matter,' said Sir Thomas. 'See her in a procession, and she might be six feet. I feel a mouse before her.' He had held once some post about the court, and had a right to speak.

'Let us hope Fan will look majestic too. You should, to carry off the effect I shall produce. In ordinary life,' said Markham, 'I don't flatter myself that I am an Adonis; but you should see me screwed up into a uniform. —No, I'm not in the army, Fan.—What is my uniform, mother, to please her? A Deputy Lieutenant, or something of that sort.—I hope you are a great deal the wiser, Fan.'

'People always look well in uniform,' said Frances, looking at him somewhat doubtfully, on which Markham broke forth into his chuckle. 'Wait till you see me, my little dear. Wait till the little boys see me on the line of route. They are the true tests of personal attraction. —Are you coming, Gaunt? Do you feel inclined to give those fellows their revenge?'

Markham had spoken rather low, and at some distance from his mother; but the word caught her quick ear.

'Revenge? What do you mean by revenge? Who is going to be revenged?' she cried.

'Nobody is going to fight a duel, if that is what you mean,' said Markham, quietly turning round. 'Gaunt has, for as simple as he stands, beaten me at billiards: and I can't stand under the affront.—Didn't you lick me, Gaunt?'

'It was an accident,' said Gaunt. 'If that is all, you are very welcome to your revenge.'

'Listen to his modesty, which, by-the-bye, shows a little want of tact; for am I the man to be beaten by an accident?' said Markham, with his chuckle of self-ridicule.—'Come along, Gaunt.'

Lady Markham detained Sir Thomas with a look as he rose to accompany them. She gave Captain Gaunt her hand, and a gracious, almost anxious smile. 'Markham is noted for bad hours,' she said. 'You are not very strong, and you must not let him beguile you into his evil ways.' She rose too, and took Sir Thomas by the arm as the young man went away. 'Did you hear what he said? Do you think it was only billiards he meant? My heart quakes for that poor boy and the poor people he belongs to. Don't you think you could go after them and see what they are about?'

'I will do anything you please. But what good could I do?' said Sir Thomas. 'Markham would not put up with any interference from me; nor the other young fellow either, for that matter.'

'But if you were there, if they saw you about, it would restrain them; oh, you have always been such a true friend. If you were but there.'

'There. Where?' There came before the practical mind of Sir Thomas a vision of himself at his sober age dragged into he knew not what nocturnal haunts, like an elderly spectre, jeered at by the pleasure-makers. 'I will do anything to please you,' he said helplessly. 'But what can I do? It would be of no use. You know yourself that interference never does any good.'

Frances stood by aghast, listening to this conversation. What did it mean? Of what was her mother afraid? Presently, Lady Markham took her seat again with a return to her usual smiling calm. 'You are right, and I am wrong,' she said. 'Of course, we can do nothing. Perhaps, as you say, there is no real reason for anxiety.' (Frances observed, however, that Sir Thomas had not said this.) 'It is because the boy is not well off, and his people are not well off—old soldiers, with their pensions and their savings. That is what makes me fear.'

'Oh, if that is the case, you need have the less alarm. Where there's not much to lose, the risks are lessened,' Sir Thomas said calmly.

When he too was gone, Frances crept close to her mother. She knelt down beside the chair on which Lady Markham sat, grave and pale, with agitation in her face. 'Mother,' she whispered, taking her hand and pressing her cheek against it, 'Markham is so kind—he never would do poor George any harm.'

'Oh, my dear,' cried Lady Markham, 'how can you tell? Markham is not a man to be read off like a book. He is very kind—which does not hinder him from being cruel too. He means no harm, perhaps; but when the harm is done, what does it matter whether he meant it or not? And as for the risks being lessened because your friend is poor, that only means that he is despatched all the sooner. Markham is like a man with a fever; he has his fits of play, and one of them is on him now.'

'Do you mean—gambling?' said Frances, growing pale too. She did not know very well what gambling was, but it was ruin, she had always heard.

'Don't let us talk of it,' said Lady Markham. 'We can do no good; and to distress ourselves for what we cannot prevent, is the worst policy in the world, everybody says.—You had better go to bed, dear child; I have some letters to write.'

(To be continued.)

ARTIFICIAL HANDS.

THE loss of a limb may be considered one of the major physical afflictions. It is also, unfortunately, one of the commonest. Were all the people who lack one or more limbs, in England alone, to be brought together, what a melancholy concourse would there be! The causes of such calamities are so various as to be practically innumerable; but we all know, in a round way, that the bulk of them are the result of accidents by road and rail, by machinery, by operations in mining, or by other dangerous occupations. Those accustomed to travel much, must often have been struck by the number of 'winged' men employed at the different railway stations throughout the kingdom in light or menial capacities; men who, having suffered in the discharge

of their duties, have been generously retained in the service of the Company. And again, the observant traveller will remark how much more frequently one-legged or one-armed men are to be met with in the streets of a Yorkshire or Lancashire town than in any town of similar size outside the manufacturing districts.

With a limb, as with an eye—once gone, gone for ever. But science can do much for the patient who is able to pay for her services. The making of artificial limbs has, in fact, become a fine art, and what is more, a by no means inconsiderable industry. Every surgical-instrument maker provides these, if not actually a manufacturer, and all of them retain men for altering or repairing. With the exception, perhaps, of one or two of the largest firms, few have the work entirely done on the premises, the greater portion being done by artists working at their own homes, and receiving their orders from various employers in the 'trade.' The best workmen are said to be found in London. One curious fact is, that this unique handicraft is often hereditary, being handed down from father to son for many generations. It is curious also that, like the toymakers of Switzerland, the whole of the members of a family are often engaged in producing artificial limbs.

Much exquisite workmanship is exhibited in the making of a 'leg' of the more expensive sort. The craft has derived its knowledge, of course, from the surgery, so that the study of a 'foot' is a study in anatomy. The limbs are turned on statuesque lines; but were that all, the art would scarcely be higher than that of the Italian image-maker. The action of the knee and the movements of the numerous joints in the foot are simulated by the skilful use of finely tempered elastic cords. The movements of the natural joints are reproduced so faithfully, that a very inappreciable halt, indeed, is all that can be observed in the gait of the wearer of a high-class artificial leg.

But our concern at present is rather with artificial arms than with these highly scientific substitutes for nether limbs. Imitation arms are also constructed on the lines laid down by anatomy, and are often very finely executed pieces of work. But strange as it may sound at first, a moment's reflection will show that they are practically valueless—are, in fact, mere dummies, like a false eye. The mechanism of a foot and leg is called upon to perform limited operations, but the operations demanded of the hand are almost infinite; and, however perfectly the wrist and finger joints may be imitated, they remain utterly inert, unless supplied with, and directed by a continuous impulse from without. In short, a hand of the kind cannot perform any useful movement unless under the guidance of a natural hand. Opening and closing the fingers is all that can be effected by simple pressure against another object; and no art can conceal from the observer the fact that the limb is an inanimate counterfeit; whilst most people would prefer the sight of an empty sleeve, as being less ungraceful than so obtrusive a make-believe.

A serviceable substitute for an arm and hand must, therefore, be sought for on other than an anatomical basis. We have seen some very handsome and ingenious contrivances to meet the case. The finer and more curious the mechanism, however, the less attainable have they been to a moderate purse, and, what is perhaps of as much importance, the less likely have they appeared to stand the every-day tear and wear of free usage. It would serve no purpose to describe them, as the majority of the class we are writing about require an article that is simple in itself, strong, durable, and reasonably priced. The demands of this class are at present met by an apparatus which appears to be the ultimate outcome of the thought and experience of everybody interested in the subject. It consists of a sheath, or 'socket,' as it is technically called, made of layers of canvas and leather, and lined with flannel or other warm fabric, into which the stump of the severed forearm is to be inserted, and the weight of which is distributed by means of straps passing through a band on the upper arm and thence, crossways, round the chest. A hollow screw, or a catch-spring, is let into the end of this 'socket,' by means of which any one of a number of 'tools' can at will be attached, and with which the owner can subserve the more common purposes of daily life. These tools, like the 'socket' itself, are generally of a stereotyped character—namely, a hook, a knife, a fork, a spoon, a pen, a pencil, and a glass-holder. A set —'socket' and tools—can be bought for from four guineas upwards, according to the quality of the materials and the class of workmanship.

Let us be thankful for what mechanical skill has thus far done to meet the case. But it is only because we doubt the finality of the resources in this direction, that we venture to point out, first, that the fixing and unfixing of the 'tools' implies the full use of one natural hand; and, secondly, that any one-handed man can perform almost all the duties allotted to the 'tools' much more readily and deftly without than with their assistance. The hook—for lifting, gathering, or carrying—is the only article of real solid utility to him, if we except, perhaps, the knife or the fork in assisting him at meals. In the case of a person who has lost *both* hands, the apparatus is, of course, more valuable. But there, again, the inherent weakness of the arrangement crops up; for the patient has to be indebted to a second person every time a 'tool' requires to be attached or withdrawn; the consequence being, that recourse to them is rare, and the all-useful 'hook' is the instrument mainly relied upon by the no-handed as by the one-handed man.

Happily, the number of instances of the loss of both hands is comparatively small. It is large enough, however, to warrant more attention than surgical-instrument makers have hitherto given it. The following case, and the apparatus designed for the patient's use, are given, in the modest hope that it may afford more than a hint for the guidance of the benevolent who are interested in any similar case, and some ray of comfort to the objects of their commiseration.

We were recently driving with a friend along one of the fine pieces of road so common in South Lincolnshire, when we passed a number of cattle being driven along by a tidily dressed, active little man by the aid of a stick and a wiry little collie. His left sleeve was empty,

and we noticed that he had also lost an eye. We made some remark upon his skill in droving, seeing that he had only the use of one hand and one eye.

'One hand!' said our friend; 'Old Lettie has *no* hands.'

'No hands! How, then, can he carry a cane and make such clever use of it?'

'Well, I will tell you the history of the case; and, in the course of the day, we may meet the man himself at Long-Sutton. His eye he lost early in life; and one day some five years ago, Lettie was employed feeding a chaff-cutter for one of the farmers about here, when his left arm was drawn in by the knives, and was torn to pieces. Instead of shouting to his mate to stop the machine, he stupidly tried to release the arm with his right hand, and that, too, was completely destroyed before he was released. His mate applied what are called fuzz-balls to the bleeding stumps; got a cart, and drove him to Wisbech hospital, some six miles distant, where the left arm was promptly removed at the shoulder, and the right hand taken out at the wrist. The man is of a cheery nature, has a fine constitution, and pulled through so well, that he was at home again in less than six weeks—but helpless. His friend, the village shoemaker, made him a rough sheath for his stump, and the blacksmith made for him a hook, which he got fixed on to the sheath; and for about eighteen months this primitive arrangement was all Lettie had to depend upon in lieu of his hands. When at home, he had to be fed like a child; and when from home, had to go without. The only work he could do was to drive a few cattle to market for the farmers. This entailed all-day absences, and the only refreshment he could get was from a beer-mug held to his head by some sociable acquaintance or other. His calling was also a very dangerous one for one so situated. Not having the use of a stick, he had to throw himself against the cattle to keep them together and get them forward. Many kind people wished to get him some appliance that might assist him; nor did money stand in the way. But the "trade" could suggest nothing except a sort of sheath for the arm, to which another person might attach a knife or a fork or a spoon when he required its use. This, his friends concluded, would have been sheer waste of money in Lettie's case; and so the subject was dropped by all except one of my neighbours, who had a strong opinion that the trade did not know everything, and that something useful could and should be designed for the poor fellow. My neighbour had no mechanical skill, but was intelligent and in earnest; and after a few days' thought, produced a design so simple and natural, that a good many wondered it had not occurred to them before. Strange to say, though, the surgical-instrument makers pooh-poohed it, said it would never answer, and in fine would have nothing to do with it. Not to be beaten, my neighbour took his design to a respectable firm in Liverpool, and talked the chief into setting about having the apparatus constructed. And Lettie has now had the article in daily use for over three years. There is nothing very clever about it or about its inception, but it has the merit of being a real practical assistant and friend to the poor fellow.'

On the afternoon of the same day, when we and our friend Mr Bateman were seated in the smoke-room of the *Bull* at Long-Sutton, the maimed drover passed the window. Our friend knocked on the window and called him in. He was asked to sit down, which he did, and immediately placed his cane between his knees, pulled it free from his arm, and began to mop his forehead with the sleeve of his coat.

'Will you have something to eat, Lettie?' asked Bateman.

'Thank ye, sir; if ye please.'

A plate of meat and bread was placed before him, and we became curious to see how he would manage. He first pushed back his sleeve against his knee, disclosing a leathern socket covered with a number of electro-plated pieces; and placing the front of the wrist against a small hook fixed in his waistcoat, pulled open a handsome knife-blade, the point of which was pronged like a fork. With this he very adroitly cut and picked up the food before him; having done which, he carefully wiped the blade, and closed it by pressing it against the table, as one would close a clasp-knife. After sundry questions about the market, Bateman laid a shilling before Lettie and asked him to put it in his pocket. Lettie smiled—this had not been the first shilling he had earned by exhibiting the resources of his stump—and in the same way that he had opened the knife, opened out what is called a catch-and-hold spring. After a little manœuvring, he contrived to fix the shilling, slid it into his pocket, and closed this blade as he had done the former. He then pressed the end of his stick into a tube lying along the back of the wrist—and which we learned contained a strong spring—the stick being held as in a vice. Before he left, we asked and obtained a careful view of the appliances, and herewith briefly note the different parts and their uses.

The 'socket' had been made exceptionally strong, and had been fitted on to a plaster-of-Paris cast taken of the man's forearm. The tube with spring is riveted along the outer side of the socket, and is about three-quarters in diameter and five inches long. The man has had a set of light garden tools made, the handles of which fit into this tube in the same way as his stick, and with these he is able to do all his own gardening. The knife, &c. is merely the idea of a many-bladed pocket-knife, applied. It is riveted to the inner side of the wrist, and arrangement has been made so that each blade can be separately opened, as described, without the assistance of a second person. It will occur to any one that the number of blades could be enlarged if required. The large hook is a fixture, and does not protrude from the end of the 'socket,' as is usually the case, but is riveted along the upper edge of the socket, from which it extends only the length of the *head* of the hook. This arrangement leaves room at the end of the stump for the old-fashioned hollow screw, common to most sockets; and the man can have a pen, spoon, &c. inserted when he requires such at home.

We will only add that from what we saw and heard, Lettie is making a reasonably good living, and declares himself better off now than when he had both hands. We can only hope that it is

so, and that other poor fellows similarly situated may take heart of grace from reading the story of his artificial hand, the workmanship of which is a credit to the makers.*

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SWALLOW.

THE following interesting notes on the swallow were recently communicated by an observer to the *Scotsman* newspaper.

Some years ago I had, to me, an unusual opportunity of observing the behaviour of a pair of swallows during almost the whole of two seasons and the opening of a third; and what follows is a record taken during the course of an acquaintance which I succeeded in establishing with the harmless and timid creatures.

I heard while in my room, one morning about six o'clock, a persistent chattering about the front-door. On going to see what was the matter, I found a couple of swallows (the front-door being open) fluttering in and out of a small outer lobby of about eight feet square. I shut the door of the inner lobby, and looked out to ascertain the cause of the evident excitement. I soon saw that the object of interest was the upper crank on the wire of the front-door bell, and that a little mud was fixed here and there on the crank. During the day a portion of a nest was built, and towards evening the birds left. With a view to observation and to insure quiet to the builders, I cut the bell-wire, put the front-door on the chain, and wedged it, leaving a space for entry and exit of some six inches. Next morning I found the birds very busy and their house rising rapidly. I had callers watched, and in a general way did all that I could to secure quiet for the birds.

My housekeeper had at first strong objections to the notion of a nest inside the house. However, her bark being worse than her bite, she was induced to forbear, and soon became quite proud of the whole thing, and a most interested watcher. I now tried to cultivate the acquaintance of my visitors. This I found was a matter of some difficulty. I had been careful from the first not to intrude, as I found that the sight even of my figure, as I looked from within the glazed inner-lobby door, caused alarm. Accordingly, I made my advances with care, and was soon able to pass from the inner to the outer lobby, and to move about or sit as long as I pleased within a few feet of the nest, watching the birds come and go as they built their nest or fed their young.

I would now state some observations I succeeded in making during the two seasons the swallows sojourned with me. And first, as to the nest. While the nest was building, I came to be of opinion that the female only builds the nest, although both male and female select the materials. I was able to distinguish between the birds, and so had a test. The difference in appearance and occupation of the two birds was quite marked. The female was dumpier in form and doucer in colour than the male. The note, too, of the male bird was strong and cheery; while that of the female was little heard, and had, even while building, a soothing, hushing sound, as of a mother stilling a child. The male bird, too, was less timorous than the female. Again, both birds, as I have said, went apparently in search of material for building the nest; but one, and always the same bird, left somewhat earlier than the other, and returned a little sooner. The pilot bird, the male, always, on returning from the search for mud, perched on the lintel above the door, and, till his mate began work, sat in silence and with head to the side, listening. Then he struck up a bright, cheering tune, and continued to sing while the work of building went on. By-and-by, when the builder had finished, he stopped singing, listened for a moment, and then flew away in search of more mud, followed by his mate; and so the work went on.

I have mentioned that the male was a less timorous bird than the female. I noticed this fact in the following amusing way: One morning, when the nest was pretty well built, I ventured, in the absence of the birds, to take a seat in the outer lobby, and within seven or eight feet of the nest. I sat perfectly still, waiting the return of the birds. The male came and took his usual place on the lintel. In a few seconds his mate followed, and seeing me as she swept in, turned tail with a cry of terror and flew out. I did not move, and presently she returned, only again to fly away in terror. The male, who had sat silent, and evidently astonished, now joined the female bird; and together they hung about the doorway chattering earnestly. In a short time the male bird left his mate, and, hovering about in ever-narrowing circles, came closer and closer to me in anxious examination. I still sat perfectly quiet. In the end the examination seemed satisfactory, for presently he joined the female and tried to persuade her to return to her work. She would not be persuaded, and advice being of no use, the master of the house proceeded to exercise authority. He flew about, evidently in anger, and tried to drive his mistress within doors. In the long-run he succeeded; and from that day I could move about or sit in the outer lobby as I pleased, without fear of witnessing another domestic scene.

Next, as to the hatching and rearing of the young. Each season saw two broods of three birds each. During the first season, the weather was uniformly genial, and both broods matured and flew early and strong. Of the second season the first brood was hatched under most favourable circumstances, but bad weather delayed the flight of the birds. In consequence, the second incubation began late; the weather, too, was, and continued to be, throughout of a very unfavourable character. Two of the birds were strong and well fed, the third was weak and ill fed. Every one knows the saying, 'There's a werdie in ilka nest;' and I never saw a better illustration of the words than in the case of the weak bird of the fourth brood. The two strong birds, before they were able to fly, took up positions, the one at the hinge corner of the door, the other at the opposite corner, and each, as the parent birds swept in every two or three minutes, caught the food; while the werdie trotted between the two, got therefore little to eat, was in a constant

* Mr J. W. Wood, 81 Church Street, Liverpool, as an artificial hand maker, may safely be recommended.

fret, and did not grow. Soon the parent birds, for want of house-room, and perhaps for sanitary reasons, began to roost outside. The young birds, however, returned to the nest each evening; and it was amusing to watch the little weakling hobbling to its bed lone and companionless.

> The swallows had set their *three*
> Young on the rail, and looked over the sea.

The two strong birds began to practise for flight and to hawk, and soon after their parents left, they flew south. I never saw the third bird attempt flight. One morning I missed it from its perch and from the nest, and what became of it I know not.

I may mention that a friend of mine, a devoted student of Gilbert White, and a great friend and observer of the swallow, used to visit my birds almost daily, and was a witness of the things I have stated. He had never seen a nest similarly situated, nor had he met anywhere with facts or a statement such as the above in his experience or on record. During the first season, we frequently thought of marking the birds, in case some of them, old or young, might return. I had hope, from the peculiar and thoroughly sheltered situation of the nest, that some of the birds might come again, and therefore did not care to do anything that might cause terror. I should have liked, no doubt, to ascertain whether old or young, or perhaps both, might return—and any evidence as to the return of the young birds would have been curious—but during neither of the two seasons did I take the birds and mark them. I am sorry I did not do so, as before a third season arrived, an accident happened to the nest that barred future observation. A caller during the winter failing to ring the door-bell in the usual way, jerked the piece of detached wire inside the outer lobby, rung the bell, no doubt, but broke the nest, and a portion came away. I was in hopes that the birds, on their return—for they came a third time—might have thought the shattered nest worth mending. On examining—and most carefully they did it—the fragments, they decided not to repair, and left the scene. Possibly, like other builders, and the general faithless, the mysterious was a foe with which they could not deal; or perhaps it was against all swallow lore that a nest so situated should fail. In any case, they took their departure, greatly to my sorrow, and so brought an amusing and most interesting experiment to a thoroughly unscientific conclusion.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report of M. de Lesseps on the present state and prospects of the Panama Canal works, which has lately been issued to the shareholders in that vast undertaking, is full of interesting information. Although the original programme of proceedings has been modified to some extent, its salient features have not been departed from. The canal, it will be remembered, is to consist of an open cutting, nine metres deep, and twenty-two metres wide at the bottom, stretching from Colon, on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, to Panama, on the Pacific coast—a distance of about forty-five miles. The works include a lock at the Panama end of the canal, to prevent the tide creating too swift a current in the waterway, and an immense dam to intercept the waters of an encroaching river, and to turn them into another course.

With regard to the present position of these works, the Report tells us that 'half the effort necessary for the cutting of the canal has already been made,' and that without doubt the year 1888 will see the completion of the enterprise. The number of cubic yards of soil removed shows a steady increase, from over half a million, in January last, to something like three-quarters of a million cleared in May. The total amount of soil to be moved is estimated at over one hundred million cubic yards. The insurrection which took place in Colon and Panama in May last was not the cause of any loss to the canal Company, although one of the contractors was a sufferer to some extent. By referring to the several contracts with the Company, it will be ascertained that the total cost of constructing the canal will be twenty-eight million of pounds sterling.

The famous Boulak Museum, near Cairo, becomes richer and richer every year with a constantly increasing store of Egyptian antiquities; for its energetic director, Professor Maspero, performs periodical voyages of discovery, and comes back laden with spoils of great value. From such an expedition he has lately returned, and, as usual, it has been a fruitful one. Not only does he turn his attention to the exploration of sites of historical renown, but he penetrates into localities which are comparatively quite unknown. In such a place—named Ekhmeen—a vast necropolis was discovered about a year ago, and its tombs are now being daily examined. A limestone cliff forms the heart of this remarkable cemetery, and not only are the sepulchral chambers formed artificially here, but every natural fissure in the rock has its silent tenants. Some of these chambers contain as many as a dozen occupants. But they are not family vaults, for the inscriptions show that they contain bodies of persons in no way connected by family ties. It is indeed believed that these graves were not private dwellings of the dead, but more like hotels, for accommodation in which surviving relatives paid a rent to the proprietor, possibly a priest. If the dues remained unpaid, the dead were turned out to make room for others, many of these places giving evidence that the mummies have been subjected to continual changes of location. The date of these curious resting-places of the dead seems to extend from the time of the Pyramid builders to the latest Greek epoch. The bodies are covered with some adhesive material, with an overlying coat of stucco. This upper surface is painted with a portrait of the deceased, dressed in festal robes, but without any religious emblems or hieroglyphics. It is unfortunate that the bodies are so perishable that a touch is almost sufficient to cause them to fall into dust, but it is found possible with great care to preserve three or four out of every hundred disinterred.

Fifty years ago, there was discovered in Leicester a Roman tesselated pavement, which

has since become well known to archæologists. Its position in a dark underground cellar made it difficult of access and examination; it has now been purchased by the town-council, and the beauty of the work is fully displayed to view by removing the buildings which were above it. This pavement is quite a marvel of design and constructive skill, particularly when it is noted that the artist has made use of the most common materials. Different-coloured bricks, slate, and a white composition like limestone, cut into small pieces, form the tesseræ of this curious pavement. Its general construction, too, is remarkable. First, there is a foundation of concrete, upon which is laid a bed of pounded brick and lime; above this is a layer of white cement, upon which the tesseræ have evidently been stuck, with their rougher sides downwards. The operation seems to have been completed by pouring liquid cement over the ornamental floor, to fill up its interstices, after which the whole has been rubbed down and polished. The pavement is probably eighteen hundred years old.

The success of the Japanese Village in London, before its untimely destruction by fire, has led to the promotion of a somewhat similar scheme in the shape of an Indian Native Village Exhibition, and a Company has been formed to carry out this idea. Extensive premises have been secured in Regent Street, London, and visitors to the metropolis will shortly have the opportunity of there seeing native artificers, such as carpet-weavers, workers in brass, gold and silver smiths, ivory turners, &c., at work as in their shops in India. In addition to this display of native handicrafts, there will be jugglers and snake-charmers. Indian teas, curries, condiments, &c. will be served in a separate apartment by native attendants. Altogether, the Exhibition promises to be a very interesting one, and it should prove useful, too, in bringing us into nearer acquaintance with our fellow-subjects in a far-off land.

An artificial caoutchouc, which is said to resemble vulcanised india-rubber, but to be a better resister of the action of hot water, is described in one of the foreign technical journals. The skins of small animals, such as hares, rabbits, &c., are washed, cleared of hair, and boiled with five per cent. of crude glycerine and a little water in a Papin's digester until the whole mass is quite dissolved. As a result, a thick and tough glue is obtained, which is afterwards treated with potassium dichromate, to make it insoluble.

A new description of stair-plates has been patented by Mr F. W. Hembry, of Newgate Street, London. These plates—the use of which is to deaden noise and protect stairs from the effect of constant traffic—consist of metal gauze attached to a rubber backing. Above this wire-gauze is spread cement, which fills up all the interstices between the wires, and which, after vulcanisation, binds the whole into a compact material. The plates can be bent into shape to follow the contour of the steps to which it may be applied.

Some years ago, there was sold in the streets a little contrivance called the 'Lovers' Telegraph.' It consisted of two boxes, each furnished with a parchment bottom, and communicating with each other by a thread fastened to the middle of each parchment. If this thread were tightly stretched between the boxes, a speaker into one box was clearly heard at the other box, although the thread might be fifty feet or more in length. The theory of the contrivance is simple enough. The speaker causes the first parchment to be thrown into vibration; these vibrations act as pulls to the thread, so that the distant diaphragm is urged into similar movement, and the original sounds are given forth.

A mechanical telephone on the above principle has lately been invented by two American gentlemen, and has been exhibited in London with much success, the line-wire being five hundred yards long, and stretching from Ludgate Circus to Chancery Lane. The boxes are furnished with diaphragms made of thin slips of willow interlaced together, and varnished, as a protection from moisture. A metal plate forms the centre of this vibratile diaphragm, to which the line-wire is attached; and there is a provision for tightening the wire, should it become slack. One of the most ingenious features in this new form of telephone is the manner in which the wire is supported and made to turn round corners. This is accomplished by means of india-rubber corks fixed on wall brackets, attached to which are loops of wire. It will thus be seen that the whole arrangement is strictly mechanical. There is no electric apparatus to get out of order, and the difficulties arising from 'induction' are avoided. Each box acts as transmitter and receiver, and the system has the merit of simplicity.

The signalling balloon invented by Mr Bruce, which is shown at the Inventions Exhibition, has recently been tried for the first time in actual practice. Made of a material as translucent as possible, the balloon contains within its gas-chamber a number of incandescent electric lamps. These glow-lamps are in connection with the earth by means of wires which pass down the cord which holds the balloon captive. The current is put on to the lamps for short or long periods, so as to spell out messages from aloft by the Morse code.

A wonderful instance of the manner in which a scientific discovery can be turned to practical advantage has recently occurred. At the Montreal meeting of the British Association, Professor Lodge gave a lecture on 'Dust,' and pointed out a new observation due to himself and Mr J. W. Clark. These two gentlemen had made the curious discovery that the passage of electric sparks through a dust-laden atmosphere would quickly cause the dust to settle down. During the lecture alluded to, a bell-glass filled with magnesium smoke was subjected to experiment, and the contained air rapidly became clear when the sparks were passed through it. So much for the scientific discovery. Now for its application. The head of a firm of lead-smelters in Wales read a report of this lecture. He knew what difficulty there was in retaining the fume or volatilised lead from the smelting-works, and preventing it escaping from the flues to poison the atmosphere outside, besides robbing the smelter. He determined to see whether the electric spark would not cause the fume to fall in the same way that it acted upon dust. An experimental shaft made of barrels, with windows in it, and an electric machine by which sparks could be sent through the fume, soon demonstrated

the fact that the thing could be done. The works are now to be supplied with apparatus for treatment of the fume on a large scale, and the results will be looked forward to with great interest. It will be evident that the principle is applicable to other industries besides lead-smelting, and its adoption will be hailed with satisfaction both by manufacturers and sanitary reformers.

On a broad river near the city of Baltimore, some experiments have lately been carried out by Professor Graham Bell with reference to the prevention of collisions at sea in times of fog. These experiments are based on the well-known property of bodies placed in the path of sound-waves reflecting back those waves as an echo. As a source of sound, a musket with a speaking-trumpet at its muzzle and loaded with blank cartridge was employed. This trumpet not only gave direction to the sound-impulse, but also intensified the audible effect. It was found that ordinary steamboats and vessels with large sails threw back an echo that was most readily observable. Even a boat approaching with its bow towards the source of sound threw back a feeble echo at a distance of a quarter of a mile. A curious effect was noticed when the surface of the river was rippled, each ripple sending back a reflected wave of sound, the whole resembling a distant roll of musketry. It is believed that this new method will be of great value in indicating the position of icebergs. It need hardly be pointed out that the distance of the obstructing body can be readily calculated by observing the lapse of time between the report and the reception of its echo.

Pintsch's principle of compressing oil-gas for lamps on railways is now familiar to all travellers. It has for some time been applied to buoys at outlying places, where a light can be kept burning for many weeks or months according to the capacity of the apparatus. Eight such buoys have been in use for many months on the Suez Canal, and now four more have been sent out to the same place. A gas beacon made on this principle is to be erected in August next on the Gantoch rocks in the Clyde. The chief advantage of the system is, that a light can be kept burning without supervision for a very long period.

An outbreak of natural gas in the river Clyde, a few hundred yards below Bothwell Bridge, has lately excited much interest. It seems that the river in that place has for some time bubbled up in a curious manner; but it attracted no attention until an angler, happening to throw a cigar-light into the water, was astonished to see the bubble burst into flame. This flame rises to a height of several feet. Such outbreaks of gas are not unprecedented in Lanarkshire, more than one instance having been recorded in past years. But such displays sink altogether into insignificance when compared with the vast outpourings of natural gas in more distant parts of the world. The town of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for instance, is extensively lighted from subterranean sources. The supply at present is about twenty-five million cubic feet each day, and this will, it is anticipated, be increased to forty million feet when a ten-inch main now being laid is completed. The houses supplied number fifty mills and factories, besides numerous private residences.

The attention now being paid to the revival of Irish industries has no doubt stimulated the promoters of the Irish Artisans' Exhibition, recently opened in Dublin. The object of this Exhibition is to show what can be done by workmen themselves in their spare time. The scheme has in every way proved to be a success.

There is much interest attached to the many schemes which are being introduced to supersede horse-traction by some mechanical mode of propulsion. Steam tramcars are now common in many of our Northern and Midland towns, although the metropolis has for the present had nothing to do with them. Electrical tramcars have been tried, and apparently found wanting, for they have not come into anything more than experimental use. Two years ago, an air-driven car was tried in North London, and for some months did its daily journeys in competition with the horses. We now learn that these trial trips were so satisfactory in every way that the Company intend to displace the whole of their horse-worked cars on this line by ten compressed air-cars on the Mékarski system. The method has for some months been shown in operation on a short line in the grounds of the Inventions Exhibition. Its introduction will be hailed with delight by all who know what killing work the tramways are to the poor horses.

A swarm of bees settling on a man's head in Regent Street, London—a locality from which one must travel a considerable distance in any direction before green fields are reached—is an occurrence of too startling a nature to pass unnoticed. If the most daring novelist had described such an event, he would have been unmercifully ridiculed. But the truth, ever stranger than fiction, still remains, that a gentleman in Regent Street was lately seen covered from crown to waist with a large swarm of bees. After walking up and down for some time in the hope that his strange tenants would leave him, he was assisted to remove his coat and hat. The swarm then took flight, leaving behind them luckily only one or two stings.

Jordan's improved Sunshine Recorder is an instrument of great value to the meteorologist, and of interest to all, when it is considered what an important aid to human welfare in various ways is the presence of actual sunshine. The means of recording the exact amount of this life-light which is received in various districts month after month and week by week, for the sake of comparison with other phenomena, is naturally a thing of great moment. The improved instrument is very simple in construction, and cannot get out of order. It consists of a hollow cylinder, lined with a chart made of paper sensitive to light. The solar rays reach this surface through two small openings, one aperture serving for the sun's entrance during the morning hours, and the other for the afternoon. When once adjusted according to the latitude of the place of observation, the recorder requires no attention beyond a visit to replace the chart by a blank one every evening. The chemical record is rendered permanent by merely soaking the paper in water for a short time.

It is remarkable that the chief precious metals, gold, platinum, and silver, are characterised by a high degree of ductility. Professor S. P. Langley has recently obtained platinum wire

one-fifteen thousandth of an inch in diameter. This, however, is by no means the limit of attainable tenuity, as the metal may be drawn much finer if care be taken to secure perfect freedom from dust particles, which scratch the wire and lead to its rupture. Mr Read of Brooklyn, indeed, has produced a platinum thread which is so fine as to be scarcely visible to the ordinary unassisted eye. The following is his ingenious method of preparing these filaments. He covers ordinary platinum wire with an outer coat or tubing of silver; this bimetallic combination is then drawn like ordinary wire, the process being repeated until an incredible degree of tenuity is attained. When the proper stage has been reached, the silver-covered platinum wire is plunged into a bath of nitric acid, which dissolves off the envelope of silver and leaves bare the fine core-thread of platinum. Mr Read proposes to employ this fine platinum filament, instead of the spider-thread at present in use, for dividing the fields of certain optical instruments.

As it is not everybody who has the good fortune to have sun-blinds affixed to every window in his house, it may be worth while to note that a very effectual and very cheap protection from the sun's rays is within the reach of most people. It consists in simply lowering slightly the upper division of the window-frame, and turning the ordinary linen blind outside instead of inside the window. Thus the window-panes are not only shaded, but a space, through which there is necessarily a draught, is between them and the linen. The effect in cooling a room when the blaze is strong is quickly perceptible; for, as is well known, the oppressive warmth from an unshaded window is due chiefly to the accumulated heat in the glass. While the bright sun is on the blind, there will be plenty of light in the room. Should a wind shake the blind inconveniently, it can be kept still by drawing the cord and tassel into the room and securing it by shutting down the lower division of the window-sash.

At a meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society, there has just been exhibited an anemometer (wind-measurer) devised by Professor Crum Brown of Edinburgh. Mr Dickson has for some time been making observations with it at the Marine Station, Granton. The instrument has eight cups, instead of the four used in the ordinary Robinson anemometer; and the gusts of wind, turning the shaft in a degree proportioned to their strength, record themselves by pencil on a sheet of paper wrapped round a cylinder which is driven by clockwork—thus giving the time of occurrence of the various gusts. What has yet to be done, it was stated, was to give an arithmetical value to the strength of the gusts as recorded; and it was mentioned that with that view it was intended to obtain permission to affix such an instrument to a train travelling at a known rate of speed.

The hot weather has once more brought to the front the very difficult question of sewage disposal in our large towns and cities, the metropolis and its dirty Thames naturally figuring as the moral to adorn the tale. The metropolitan authorities seem to be quite powerless to mend matters. A recent visitor to the works on the Thames tells us that nothing whatever is being done beyond a little experimental work with a toy tank. Perhaps the best suggestion for dealing with this bugbear, which becomes more difficult to deal with every year, is that of Mr Page, a Thames ship-owner—namely, that a small fleet of large tank steamers should be built to carry the daily sewage of London far out to sea, and there discharge it in deep water. Such a fleet could be built for the price of one ironclad, and its object would be to save life and not to destroy it. This proposal has, we learn, been already submitted to the Metropolitan Board of Works.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SIMPLE PISCICULTURE.

To stock small lakes and rivers with trout is now, owing to recent advances in the knowledge of pisciculture, an easy and by no means expensive matter. By a system of which we are about to give some useful particulars, thirty thousand trout-fry can be turned into a stream at a cost—irrespective of carriage—of less than twenty pounds. To carry out the system, experience is not absolutely necessary, provided there is sufficient intelligence to take its place.

A most difficult part of pisciculture is spawning the fish, and taking care of the ova until they become eyed, that is, until two little dots can be seen in the egg, which indicate that the embryo fish is safely inside, and will soon be ready to emerge. Constant attention, pure water, and other essentials, are necessary to bring the ova up to the eyed stage; but after that, the rest is simple. As has been previously noted in these pages, pisciculturists, and notably Sir James Maitland of Howietoun (Stirlingshire), now sell the eggs when they are about a week off hatching, for they then travel well on swan's-down, in boxes, packed between layers of moss. The one essential is to keep them cool by means of ice, otherwise they are apt to hatch out, or die on the journey. The great advantage of purchasing the ova in their eyed state is, that then the chief dangers have been got over; the ova are hardy and not easily injured, and can be hatched out almost without appliances and without difficulty. They have simply to be laid down in the bed of a stream in about six or eight inches of water, covered with fine wire-netting, to keep off water-birds, rats, and fishy foes; and, provided no heavy flood comes and sweeps them away, they hatch out in a few days, after which the fry—or alevins, as they are called for the first few weeks of their existence—shift for themselves. The foregoing is the most simple method of dealing with the ova, and owing to its simplicity, it often succeeds when more elaborate plans fail. In some streams, the water, where only six inches deep, runs a little too rapidly to allow the ova to remain on the bottom. The best plan, then, is to go to some shallow on which there is only one or two inches of water; scoop out a trough half-a-dozen inches deep; strew the bottom with small gravel stones about the size of cobnuts, and on them lay the ova, of course covering with wire-netting, as before. Some judgment is required as to the choice of a shallow, as, if the stream is too strong, it will cover

the eggs with sand and small stones; whereas if no water flows through the trough, few if any of the eggs will hatch. It is a good plan to make the trough rather larger than is wanted, and not to put any eggs within a foot of its head.

The eggs should be laid down without being touched with the hand. When the lid of the box in which they arrive from the fishery is unscrewed, they will be found in layers on swan's-down, and covered with pressed moss. The latter should be *rolled* (not lifted) off them; the swan's-down, held by each side, should be put in the water, and the eggs floated off it into the trough, or 'redd,' to use the proper term. The eggs should not lie in a heap; but it will not matter much if they touch one another. If they lie too thickly, a slight disturbance of the water over them with a feather will cause them to separate. Where the stream is naturally rather muddy, and gives considerable deposit, the eggs should only be laid down about three days before they are due to hatch, otherwise they get covered with sediment, and are thus suffocated.

Late autumn, winter, and early spring are the times during which eyed ova can be obtained. It is well to take advantage of a spell of fine dry weather for the hatching-out, floods being very troublesome and occasionally ruinous to the pisciculturist.

One thing must always be borne in mind—namely, that still water is fatal to trout-eggs. Therefore, it would be futile to sow ova in the bed of a mill-tail, for when the mill stopped work on Sunday, they would all be suffocated, by reason of the non-aeration of the water. Deep water, also, is likely to suffocate them. After the ova hatch, the little fry or alevins will be noticed to have a yellow bag about the size of a pea attached to them. This is called the yolk, or umbilical, sac, and contains the food which nourishes them for the first three or four weeks; when it has nearly disappeared, the little fish come from under the stones where they have been for some time hidden, and begin to seek food for themselves. Not the least advantage of this system of stocking is that the young fry spread over the stream and find their own food; for the greatest losses occur in pisciculturial establishments during the fry period, owing to the difficulty of feeding such tiny things.

In brooks which are very subject to floods, and therefore unfit for artificial trout-breeding, the following plan can be followed: parallel to the brook, dig a long narrow trench, and make the bottom six inches below the level of the water. Run water into it at one end and out at the other by means of three-inch drain-pipes. The bottom of the trench must be covered with gravel, and in it the ova can be hatched, going, when they feel inclined, into the brook through the outlet pipe. If built properly, floods will not affect this redd, as not more than a certain amount of water can possibly enter through the inlet pipe. A redd of this kind, fourteen inches wide and fifteen feet long, will easily contain a box of fifteen thousand ova.

In stocking a lake or large river, the eyed ova should be sown in some stream connected with it. The ova of Loch Leven trout may with great advantage be used for lakes, and possibly for very large rivers. Ova of the common brown trout are best for smaller streams. It has quite recently been found out that American brook-trout do well in lakes through which no river runs; but they have not been a success in the rivers of this country.

HALF-BRED SALMON.

An interesting experiment, conducted by Dr Francis Day, at the Howietoun Fishery, in Stirlingshire, has come to an untimely end. Not very long ago, learned theorists leaned strongly to the opinion that a hybrid between salmon and trout was an impossibility; but practical men, on the other hand, were inclined to take the contrary view. Among these latter was Sir James Maitland, the owner of the Howietoun Fishery, who quickly proved his views on the subject to be correct by fertilising eggs of twenty thousand Loch Leven trout with the milt of a salmon (*Salmo salar*). These hatched on March 9, 1882, just seventy-five days after they were laid down on the 'grilles,' and for probably the first time in the history of pisciculture, a race of half-bred salmon came into existence.

From these hybrids it was hoped that a valuable kind of fish might be bred, possessing many of the excellent qualities of the salmon without its migratory habits; but whether these particular hybrids were capable or not of continuing their species, was a doubtful question, only to be solved by time. In the fry-stage, always the most trying period, there seems to have been a considerable mortality among the little fish, for on November 15, 1882, there were only about a thousand remaining, the finest specimen being four and a half inches long. In March, 1884, the hybrids were reduced to two hundred and twelve in number, but all were apparently in excellent health. They were about this time placed in an octagon pond, having a diameter of twenty feet, and a depth of five and a half feet. The largest specimen then was a little over ten inches in length; but some were not above two and a quarter inches—a remarkable difference in size, when it is remembered that the ages and parents were the same.

During the autumn of 1884 and the early spring of this year, several fish were taken out of the pond; but all were sterile. In May, however, a fish was taken out dead, which proved to be a female with eggs developing, and which, in Dr Day's opinion, would, had it lived, have bred this winter. In July, owing to the great drought, the stream which fed the pond became very low, and the pond was a good deal discoloured. One morning, the keeper, on going to feed the hybrids, saw one dead fish floating, and none rose to the surface to take the food. The water was at once drawn off, and it was discovered that, with one exception, all the fish were dead. The largest was found to be thirteen and a half inches long and weighed over a pound.

The termination—for we cannot call it failure—of this interesting and important experiment is much to be regretted. This winter, the hybrids would probably have been crossed with themselves, and also with trout and salmon, and a valuable kind of fish might have been the

result. In a detailed account of the experiment, written by Dr Day, it is stated that there are fortunately some more of similar but younger hybrids at Howietoun, which will in due course solve the inquiry.

PROPOSED EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATIONS ON BEN NEVIS.

At a recent meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society, Professor Ewing, Dundee, described the manner in which he proposes to conduct a series of earthquake observations on Ben Nevis. He was, he said, instigated to take up the work by three of the directors of the Society; and in setting himself to it, he had adopted a wider view of the sense of the word 'earthquake' than was colloquially attached to it. If he accepted the restricted meaning of the word, there would, he supposed, be very little observation possible on Ben Nevis; but recent observations made in various parts of the world had shown that for the earth to be really at rest was an event of the most extreme rarity, if it ever occurred at all. In the wider meaning which he proposed to give to the word 'earthquake,' they must understand at least three tolerably distinct classes of earth-movements. There were, first of all, earthquakes proper; and here he might say that he had served a pretty good apprenticeship in the observation of these, having experienced about three hundred of them during a five years' residence in Japan. Next there came a class of earth-movements of so very delicate a kind as to be totally undistinguishable without some form of instrumental assistance—earth-tremors, he called them; and last of all, there were what might be named changes of the vertical, or those tiltings which the earth's surface seemed to be constantly undergoing. Professor Ewing then described in detail the three instruments which he was having constructed for the purpose of recording earth-movements. What was wanted in the observation of earthquakes proper and of earth-tremors was an approach to neutral equilibrium; and this he had endeavoured to secure by an apparatus which was so adjusted as to combine a pendulum proper with what was in effect an inverted pendulum—the inverted pendulum being below the other, and the 'bobs' of both being connected by what is virtually a ball-and-socket arrangement. In the case of the instrument intended to record the changes from the vertical, a mirror firmly fixed in the rock is so placed in relation to a plate of mercury that when there is no tilting the images of both coincide, and are taken in by a microscope placed in a certain position. When, however, there has been any tilting, the images diverge, and the microscope at once detects the divergence, as well as the extent of it.

ANOTHER GREAT AFRICAN WATERWAY.

Since the discovery of the course of the Congo itself, no more important addition to our knowledge of the hydrography of the region has been made than that from which the Rev. G. Grenfell has recently returned. He has proved that the Mobangi, which enters the right bank of the Congo, forming a great delta, between twenty-six and forty-two minutes south latitude, nearly opposite Equator Station, is probably its greatest tributary. Certainly, so far as yet known, it offers a much longer waterway than any affluent that has been explored. Mr Grenfell navigated the Mobangi in the little steamer *Peace*, on a mean course of north by east, from the equator to four degrees thirty minutes north latitude, and left it still in an open waterway. At four degrees twenty-three minutes north, just below the second rapids, he found it six hundred and seventy-three yards wide; at no point lower was it less in width. Its mean depth is twenty-five feet, and although there the current runs not more than eighty to one hundred feet per minute, it means an immense volume of water to find running south at a point, as Mr Grenfell puts it, so near the supposed sources of the Binué, the great affluent of the Niger. Where does it all come from? he asks. The 'trumbashes' of the Chad basin (Schweinfurth) are common, while they are not known on the Congo. The opinion of Mr Grenfell and of his Congo colleagues is, that the Mobangi is probably the lower part of the Welle, a river whose course is one of the unsolved problems of African geography. A large map, in ten sheets, of the explored part of the river has just been received at the Royal Geographical Society. This map will appear in an early number of the Society's proceedings; and a long narrative of Mr Grenfell's recent work will probably be published in the next number of the *Baptist Missionary Journal*. It is hoped, moreover, that a full narrative of Mr Grenfell's explorations will reach England in time to be read at the Aberdeen meeting of the British Association.

HOW TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.

An important rule, though seldom regarded, says *Popular Science News* (United States, America), is never to cram the vases with flowers. Many will last if only they have a large mass of water in the vase, and not too many stalks to feed on the water and pollute it. Vases that can hold a large quantity of water are to be preferred to the spindle-shaped trumpets that are often used. Flat dishes filled with wet sand are also useful for short-stalked or heavy-headed flowers; even partially withered blooms will revive when placed on this cool moist substance. Moss, though far prettier than sand, is to be avoided, as it so soon smells disagreeably, and always interferes with the scent of the flowers placed in it for preservation. In the case of flowers that grow only in a cool temperature, and suffer when they get into warm and dry air, all that we can do is to lessen evaporation as much as possible, and when such flowers have hairy stems and leaves, to submerge them for a minute, so that by capillary attraction they may continue to keep themselves moist and cool; but this is dangerous to table-cloths or polished surfaces, unless care be taken that the points of the leaves do not hang down, to prevent dripping. Another means of preventing delicate and sweet-scented flowers from flagging is to cut them with several leaves on the stem, and when the flower-head is placed in water, to allow only this head to remain above the water, while the leaves are entirely submerged. By this means the leaves seem to help to support the flower, which will then last for three days in a fairly

cool room. Frequent cutting of the stem is of great use; but with all flowers, by far the best plan is to put them outside, exposed to dew or rain, during the night, when they will regain strength enough to last for days. All New Holland plants, particularly flowering acacias, are benefited wonderfully by this apparent cruelty, and will even stand a slight frost far better than a hot room at night indoors.

A SAFE BENZOLINE LAMP.

A lamp has been invented on a principle which precludes the possibility of the oil escaping; and thus an explosion is made impossible. Our readers will be acquainted with the 'unspillable' ink-bottle, in which an inside channel of glass of about two-thirds the height of the vessel descends from its top, having an open and somewhat-narrowed bottom, the arrangement making it impossible, or nearly impossible, for the liquid to escape. The same principle is adopted in Smith's Patent Benzoline Lamp, from which the chances of the oil spilling are even fewer than the chances of the ink spilling. The burner screws immediately over a metal channel which descends into the body of the lamp. At the bottom of this channel there is a good-sized hole, and a little way from the bottom there are a couple of small holes. Through the larger hole a sponge is fixed, the portion in the body of the vessel underneath being greater than the portion which protrudes above. The oil is then poured into the descending channel, and finds its way beneath through the smaller holes. Two fillings of the channel represent an adequate feeding of the lamp. All that now remains to be done is to screw on the burner, the wick descending from which will rest upon the head of the sponge, and will be fed with the oil by the process of absorption. The lamp may now be dropped or otherwise upset without the possibility of the imprisoned oil coming in contact with the flame; and thus perfect immunity from explosion is secured. An interesting fact in connection with this newly patented lamp is that it is remarkably economical. The manufacturers—Messrs John Fell & Co., of Wolverhampton—assert that it will burn for fourteen hours at full flame without recharging, at the trifling cost of one halfpenny.

A NEW KETTLE.

A kettle has been invented which is entirely different in construction from the ordinary utensil in which water is boiled; and it is claimed for the novelty that it will perform its function in a considerably shorter space of time than its predecessors. The Victoria Steel Kettle, as the recent invention is called, has several points of difference from other kettles, but it possesses one prominent feature, upon which it mainly lays its claim to distinction. While the kettle is practically similar in shape to the article we are so familiar with, and is surrounded by a circular wall of an unvarying height, it needs but to be inverted for a novelty of construction immediately to manifest itself. One finds that it is seemingly hollowed out, and that the metal plate is shaped so as to form a diagonal flue, which, starting with the same circumference as the kettle itself, tapers to a small opening at the back of the utensil immediately below the handle. Thus the capacity of the vessel for carrying water is reduced by about one-third, the advantage gained being that the fire, passing through the body of the kettle, causes a quick draught, and the water is raised to the boiling-point in from four to six minutes. The heat, being to a certain extent confined, of course attains considerably more intensity than if, as is usually the case, it merely played upon the bottom of the kettle and passed off on all sides without any restraint. The price of the kettle runs from two shillings and threepence, and it is made in sizes capable of holding from one pint to a hundred gallons. The sole proprietors of the invention are the Patent Victoria Kettle Company, 7 Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

AT THE GATE.

We stand beside the little gate,
  Hand clasping hand, my love and I;
The winds are hushed, the hour is late,
  And we have met to say good-bye!
Never a solitary bird
  His wing above the river dips,
As we repeat the saddest word
  That ever fell from human lips.

'Mid tender sighs, 'tis breathed at last;
  I seek to draw my hand away;
But oh, my darling holds it fast,
  And love's fond pressure bids me stay.
Dear loving hand! so strong, so brave,
  On locks of mine no more to lie,
Or deck my tresses for the grave,
  As I have hoped in days gone by.

Ah, gentle hand, that never more
  Shall lead me o'er each rugged rock!
At evening, on our cottage door,
  How welcome was your well-known knock.
We cannot smile, my dearest, now,
  Our future seems so full of care;
There is no brightness on my brow,
  There is no sunlight in my hair.

Go, dearest, go, before the weak,
  Fond promptings of thy breaking heart
Show through the pallor of thy cheek,
  And bid the tell-tale tear-drops start.
Go, darling, go; my hand release!
  'Tis duty pleads—shall we rebel?
Nay, love, be firm, and go in peace
  We part, because we love so well.

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WILD-FLOWERS OF OLD LONDON.

The *Great Herball* of Gerarde, and Parkinson's *Theatre of Plants* have an interest apart from their quaint descriptions. They outline in flowers the environs of the London of their times; the fields interspersing and surrounding it; the rustic lanes traversing some of the now busiest thoroughfares; and the rough solitary ways leading to the scattered villages around. Gerarde addresses his Dedicatory Epistle to Sir William Cecil, Knight, Baron of Burghley, from his house in Holborn by London—a village ancient even in Elizabeth's time, extending from Holborn Bridge to the Bar, where the stream on whose margins it rose, and from which it had its name—the Oldborne, a branchlet of the Fleet—sprang up. A region of gardens and pasture-lands all the way from St Andrew's Church to Chancery Lane; and on the opposite side, between the village and Turnmill Brook, but separated from it by some fields, stood Hatton House and gardens, which had been extorted from their owner, Bishop Cox, in favour of the Lord-keeper, Sir Christopher Hatton.

In summer-time, the air of Holborn must have been redolent of hayfields and flowers. On the slope of the hill, between what is now Ely Place and what was formerly Fleet River, the neighbourhood of the after notorious Field Lane, Gerarde had one of his physic gardens, with more than a thousand specimens of trees and shrubs and flowering-plants in it; while roses were so abundant in the gardens of Hatton House, that the ill-used bishop had reserved to himself and his successors the right to gather twenty bushels of them yearly. It may be that the originally half-timbered houses, the gabled upper stories of which project over the pavement in front of Staple's Inn, made part of the ancient village of Holborn, then, as now, a main thoroughfare to and from the City. It had been paved on both sides of the way in Henry VIII.'s time, and lanterns lighted it in winter. Nearly opposite the Bar, Gray's Inn Lane with a little water-course on one side led between hedgerows over Bradford Bridge to Pancras meadows, and farther on to Battle Bridge. West of Holborn stretched the fields about St Giles's, with that most ancient of social institutions, the pound, for straying cattle, at their junction with Tottenham meadows. Beyond were Maribone Fields, with a few cowherds' cottages scattered through them; in the background, the heights of Hampstead, Highgate, and Hornsey, with lesser slopes rising from Battle Bridge to Islington; and in the valley, the Fleet River ran swiftly on between steep, sometimes clifty banks, from its source in the clay, on the southern side of Hampstead Hill, to its outlet at the foot of Snow Hill, to the Thames.*

Whichever way 'the curious and painful searcher after simples' bent his steps, sweet bits of unspoiled nature lay around him. East, west, north, or south, he was still in the neighbourhood of woods and fields and hedgerows; fields from the Charter House to Clerkenwell, with Finsbury and Moorfields stretching beyond the marsh by Ald or Alders-gate to the woods which lost themselves in Epping Forest. Over London Bridge from Southwark to Lambeth Palace, Lambeth marshes, without a habitation. And St George's Fields and Redriff marshes, a district of solitary farmhouses, cottages, and grazing cattle. All of them happy hunting-grounds for the herbalists. But places nearer home were still so unsophisticated that wild-flowers grew in them.

We know how unsullied the air must have been in Chancery Lane, when Gerarde found the earliest blown and most diminutive of our British flora, *Draba verna*, growing on the bricks of a wall there belonging to the Lord Southampton. But then, the common yellow wallflower sprang up between the tiles of the red steep-roofed houses, and the accredited

* Storer and Cromwell's *History of Clerkenwell.*

habitat of the bright flowering stonecrop (*Sedum*) was the 'tops of houses almost everywhere.'

In Holborn meadows by Gray's Inn, Gerarde found the red-flowered clary; and in Gray's Inn Lane itself, mallow and shepherd's purse, 'poor man's permacity;' and on the high bank by the footway going down the lane to Bradford Bridge, the bronzed leaves of the wild lettuce spread themselves. We know nothing of Bradford Bridge; but we can tell from the plants found there how tree-shaded and pretty the lower end of Gray's Inn Lane must have been, especially on the right-hand side of the bridge, with the water-course passing along thereby, where the sweet 'woodrofe' nestled, and where the brown blossoms of the wood-rush, the blue-flowered bugle, and Paul's betony grew.

Behind Gray's Inn, in the meadow where Mr Lamb's conduit stood, 'the one with the figure of a lamb on it,' the white saxifrage flourished; and in the next pasture to the conduit head behind Gray's Inn, 'the one which bringeth water to Mr Lamb's conduit in Holborne [Mr Lamb had restored the conduit on Snow Hill], the sad-coloured leaves of the winter-rocket grew plentifully.' The pastures spreading from this to Pancras, where the old church 'stood solitary in the fields,' appear to have been, in the language of Parkinson, a bountiful 'treasury of nature.' Here grew the great red burnet, 'a gallant herb of the sun, the roots of which steeped in wine quickened the spirits, refreshed the heart, and yielded a certain grace in the drinking.'

In the field next the church grew the curious 'strawberry-headed trefoil,' the inflated calyxes of which are so coloured as to resemble the fruit from which it has its trivial name. The lesser hawkweed, yarrow, and all the common meadow flowers had their home here. The cuckoo-pint grew under the shady hedges leading to Kentish-town, a village by London; and in the same neighbourhood, the wild angelica spread its umbels of white flowers tinged with pink, and the yellow gladwyn flourished. On Kentish-town Green—a sadly uncared-for waste, we could imagine—the melancholy musk-thistle, with solitary drooping purple heads and musky odour, grew plentifully, with other species of its tribe; while, by the waysides, the crowfoot grew so commonly, that unless one turned his head into the hedge, he must see it as he walked. It gives one a vivid notion of the rusticity of the City to read that black cresses grew on all the mud-walls about London; that mithridate mustard flourished in the High Street, Peckham; and that white dead-nettle—known in those days as archangel—grew almost everywhere by ditch and roadside, except in the middle of the street. Ditches appear to have been frequent in the thoroughfares, a state of things extremely convenient for the herbalist, who found what he calls spotted porcecaria (*persicaria*) with spikes of pinkish-white flowers, and large leaves plashed with purple, growing in the great ditch on the right-hand side of the way between Blackman Street and Newington. Enchanter's nightshade grew in a ditch-side against the Earl of Sussex's garden-wall, at his house in Barnaby (Bermondsey Street) by London, 'as you go from the Court which is full of trees unto a farm-house near unto.' In this same ditch the water-buttercup (*Ranunculus equatalis*) floated its white flowers; and beds of *epilobium* (willow-herb), and the rigid leaves of the horsetail, covered its banks.

This so-called 'ditch' appears to have been the channel of a little brook, which had its source in higher ground at Camberwell, and running under the garden-wall of Bermondsey House, made its way by what was then Kentish Street (now Kent Street) to St Thomas's Waterings, the Southwark place of execution, at the junction of Kent St with the Old Kent Road. Here there was a little chapel and holy well, dedicated to St Thomas, where pilgrims to his shrine were wont to offer prayers for the safety of their journey. The ditch or stream at this point appears to have been interesting from the number of aquatic and other plants which grew there; amongst others—fit flowers for such precincts—wild rue, the dwale or nightshade, and that funeral flower of the old Romans, mallow. In the Lock Fields (a hospital for lepers formerly stood there), 'on the left hand of the highway as you go from the place of execution unto Dedford by London,' the large-flowered white saxifrage—a frequent plant in the environs of London in those days—grew plentifully.

By Redriff, on the banks of the Thames, Gerarde found snowflakes—a near relation of the snowdrop—blowing; and in summer, in the same vicinity, the flowering-rush in plenty. Here also the wild angelica flourished; but the whole southern side of the river, Southwark Fields, St George's Fields, Lambeth marshes, and Battersea meadows—these last till quite recent times—appears to have been a very paradise of simplers and botanists. The marshes themselves, and the watery ditches that divided them, abounded with moisture-loving plants, and hence old Gerarde's frequent references to these transpontine places as their local habitat. Here in the still ditches on the banks of Southwark towards St George's Fields, he found the great horsetail growing, and with it arrow-head and burr-reed. In St George's Fields, upon the ditch-sides, tall cat's-tail typha, and the great reed-mace, and yellow water-flags, flourished; and amphibious *persicaria*, with smooth green spreading leaves, and spikes of handsome rose-coloured flowers, shared all the plashy places with water-buttercup and frogbit. By Thames' side near to Lambeth the pretty water-violet abounded. Twenty years after Gerarde noticed it, Johnson, in his enlarged edition of the *Herball*, tells us that of water-violets he had not found any such plenty in any one place as in the watery ditches adjoining St George's Fields. Willows grew plentifully in these oozy places, and the large-headed cotton-grass spread its

white flocks over wide spaces of the Surrey marshes.

Imagine Thames' side then! A few clumsy barges sluggishly stealing up or down with the tide; a few wherries with a pair of oars or sculls ferrying passengers from one stair to another; or gilded and painted pleasure-barges giving life and animation to its surface; and every little point and bend of the shore fringed with osiers, and beds of tall-stemmed willow-herb flushing wide spaces with its large rose-pink flowers; and yellow *lysimachia*, which Gerarde prettily calls tree primrose; and the 'long purples' of common loosestrife; and here and there an outer jungle of tall reeds or gray plumed sedges, for ever rustling to the ebbing or flowing tide. The yellow loosestrife grew not only by the river-side, but in the moist meadows as you go from Lambeth to Battersea; and the purple kind lifted its tall spikes of handsome blossoms under the bishop's house-wall at Lambeth near the water of the Thames.

'Ladies' mantle,' or 'parsley piert,' grew plentifully 'by the mere-stones by Lambeth which divide the liberties of London from Surrey.' The narrow-leaved rocket (rock-cress), a kind of cousin to the cresses, was found in the chinks and crevices of a stone wall 'as you go from Lambeth Bridge, and under a small bridge that you must pass over hard by the Thames.' It was in a field at Southwark, at the back 'of the theatre by London'—the Globe, Shakspeare's theatre—that Gerarde found, amongst the glazed and golden cups of crowfoot growing there, one with a double flower.

We find, from Tanswell's History of Lambeth, that Lambeth marsh was considered, eighty years ago, a rural retreat. Leading from it were pretty walks, with pollard willows on each side—scions probably of those that grew there when Gerarde and Parkinson lived. At Battersea, the marshes became meadows, too recently the haunt of modern botanists to be regarded from an antique point of view. We of the present day have no idea of the little streams and rills that ran in and out about Old London and its environs, occasioning the frequent use of bridges. Thus, the lesser cat's-tail typha grew by the bridge entering into Chelsea Fields as one goeth from St James's to Little Chelsea. This was probably the field next St James's Wall, where, amongst many other grasses, the little quaking-grass, which 'in Spain is called *amourettes*, or the lovely grass,' flourished. There also grew that persistent weed clown's woundwort, which set up its square rough stem with narrow dark leaves and spikes of purplish red gaping flowers, speckled with white, in all the fields and path-sides about London.

Beyond the abbey, the Westminster side of the river was a mere marshy tract, its margins flowery with water-flags and other aquatic flora, and guarded as it were by tall typhas and sedges, amongst which the water-soldier, and the great burr and mace reed, predominated.

Around Westminster Abbey, Tothill Fields, notwithstanding that the Lords Gray and Dacre had their mansions in the neighbourhood, appear to have been an uncared-for waste, in some places so dry and sandy, that the red spurry and the buck's-horn plantain grew there in plenty; in others, so wet and marshy, that the red-rattle covered wide spaces with its bright blossoms and chattering seed-vessels; and fleabane, with button-shaped flowers of a glistering gold colour, and the handsome goat's-beard, with grass-like leaves and purple flowers, made it their home. There, standing against the sun, maudlin-wort or great moon-daisy opened its white-rayed flowers; and the pretty speedwell Paul's betony, and prettier eyebright, Milton's euphrasy, found grassy spots in which to grow. There were plashy places also, in which, as lately as Curtis's time, *Polygonium minus* specially survived, and nowhere else around London.

Even the abbey had its flora, not simply the wall-loving whitlow-grass, sandwort, pellitory, and the inevitable wall-rue—as proper to ancient ecclesiastical edifices in our days, as the wall-flower was in Gerarde's, when he tells us it was in the corners of churches everywhere. The latter herbalist has noted that wall-pennywort 'grew on Westminster Abbey over the door that leadeth from Chaucer's tomb to the old palace.'

A little lower down the Thames' side, right against the Queen's palace of Whitehall, and in many other places, the graceful trailing money-wort, with smooth shining leaves, of a tender green, and large yellow flowers, fringed its margin. Here, the handsome flowering-rush—old Gerarde's 'water gladiole'—a giant in those days, sent up its submerged sword-shaped leaves and stately stalks, from one to six feet high, crowned with corymbs of many rose-coloured flowers.

We have the Watergate of York House, the house in which Sir Francis Bacon was born, still standing at the bottom of Buckingham Street, Strand; but it is pleasant to recall the willows fringing the margin of the river near it, and giving freshness and beauty to it. Very near this site, the sea-starwort (Gerarde's blue daisy) grew; and hereabouts, near to old Hungerford Market, it continued to open its fair lilac-rayed flowers with yellow centres, amongst balks of timber imbedded in the ooze, within the memory of the writer. Still later, the arrowhead maintained its place by Thames' side. But the floating beds of water-ranunculus, and leafy rafts of frogbit (*Morsus ranæ*), crowded with pellucid flowers, white, and almost as delicate as snow-crystals—these ceased to beautify the shallow margins of the river about the time when the water-violets and the pond-lilies (beloved of swans) withdrew themselves to its upper reaches.

In the Tower moat, or ditch, as it was called, these Thames' side aquatic plants concentrated themselves. There they might be found, centuries after the Elizabethan herbalists had noticed their existence in it. Although the water in this ditch was said to be the first to freeze in London, the low temperature apparently did not interfere with their thriving.

The yellow charlock brightened the wayside 'going from Houndsditch by Bednall Green to Hackney, a village by London.' Here, between the bushes grew the pretty musk-mallow, which towards evening, in hot weather, emits a faint musky odour. Gerarde knew it as the vervain mallow. Here also, delighting in shade rather than the sunshine, the avens herb *benedicite*,

as it was sometimes called, on account of its remedial qualities, flourished. Faith in these has by no means died out in rustic places, the miners and colliers in what is known as the Black Country eagerly seeking it to make a kind of ale, which is considered excellent in chest affections, and a great purifier of the blood. On either side of the way, in both the wet and dry meadows, ladies' bedstraw, or 'cheese-rennet,' abounded. Both avens and the latter plant had their uses in household economy in those days, the one being used for the dairy service its second name suggests; and the root of the other being dried and laid in press amongst linen and garments for the sake of its clove-like scent. In those old times, the cattle pasturing in Goodman's and the Spitalfields cropped cowslips with the vernal grasses; and east-end children found the first primroses and violets in the hedges there.

The lesser bugloss was growing on all 'the drie ditch-banks in Pickedille;' and the red dead-nettle continued to survive till Curtis's time on a bank on the right side of the way between Pimlico and Chelsea. Wild roses specially grew 'on the borders of a pasture as you go from a village by London called Knightsbridge unto Fulham, a village thereby.' In the wet, boggy places in the lane going by Tottenham Court towards Hampstead, the rush-grass ripened its brown spikelets of blossoms; and the vervain mallow, with its finely cut leaves and round rose-coloured flowers, 'which groweth not everywhere,' grew in the ditch on the left hand of the place of execution at Tyburn. But of all these now curious habitats of wild-flowers mentioned by the old herbalists, one of the most curious is that of the common chickweed, 'which some,' observes Gerarde, 'call *passamum*, because it refreshes little birds in cages, especially linnets, when they loathe their meat. The moist kind,' he adds, 'is found commonly growing in the gutters of houses'—a place suggestive of the habits of our forefathers, and the absence of sanitary commissioners in Old London.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GAUNT did not appear again at Eaton Square for two or three days, not, indeed, till after the great event of Frances' history had taken place—the going to court, which had filled her with so many alarms. After all, when she got there, she was not frightened at all, the sense of humour which was latent in her nature getting the mastery at the last moment, and the spectacle, such as it was, taking all her attention from herself. Lady Markham's good taste had selected for Frances as simple a dress as was possible, and her ornaments were the pearls which her aunt had given her, which she had never been able to look at, save uneasily as spoil. Mrs Cavendish, however, condescended, which was a wonderful stretch of good-nature, to come to Eaton Square to see her dressed, which, as everybody knows, is one of the most agreeable parts of the ceremony. Frances had not a number of young friends to fill the house with a chorus of admiration and criticism; but the Miss Montagues thought it 'almost a duty' to come, and a number of her mother's friends. These ladies filled the drawing-room, and were much more formidable than even the eyes of Majesty, preoccupied with the sight of many toilets, and probably very tired of them, which would have no more than a passing glance for Frances. The spectators at Eaton Square took her to pieces conscientiously, though they agreed, after each had made her little observation, that the *ensemble* was perfect, and that the power of millinery could no further go. The intelligent reader needs not to be informed that Frances was all white from her feathers to her shoes. Her pretty glow of youthfulness and expectation made the toilet supportable, nay, pretty, even in the glare of day. Markham, who was not afraid to confront all these fair and critical faces, in his uniform, which misbecame, and did not even fit him, and which made his insignificance still more apparent, walked round and round his little sister with the most perfect satisfaction. 'Are you sure you know how to manage that train, little Fan? Do you feel quite up to your curtesy?' he said in a whisper with his chuckle of mirth; but there was a very tender look in the little man's eyes. He might wrong others; but to Frances, nobody could be so kind or considerate. Mrs Cavendish, when she saw him, turned upon her heel and walked off into the back drawing-room, where she stood for some minutes sternly contemplating a picture, and ignoring everybody. Markham did not resent this insult. 'She can't abide me, Fan,' he went on. 'Poor lady, I don't wonder. I was a little brat when she knew me. As soon as I go away, she will come back. And I am going presently, my dear. I am going to snatch a morsel in the dining-room, to sustain nature. I hope you had your sandwiches, Fan? It will take a great deal of nourishment to keep you up to that curtesy.' He patted her softly on her white shoulder, with kindness beaming out of his ugly face. 'I call you a most satisfactory production, my dear. Not a beauty, but better—a real nice innocent girl. I should like any fellow to show me a nicer,' he went on with his short laugh. Though he uttered that chuckle, there was something in it that showed Markham's heart was touched. And this was the man whom even his own mother was afraid to trust a young man with! It seemed to Frances that it was impossible such a thing could be true.

Mrs Cavendish, as Markham had predicted, came back as he retired. Her contemplation of the dress of the debutante was very critical. 'Satin is too heavy for you,' she said. 'I wonder your mother did not see that silk would have been far more in keeping; but she always liked to overdo.—As for my Lord Markham, I am glad he will have to look after your mother, and not you, Frances; for the very look of a man like that contaminates a young girl.—Don't say to me that he is your brother, for he is not your brother. Considering my age and yours, I surely ought to know best.—Turn round a little.—There is a perceptible crease across the middle of your shoulder, and I don't quite like the hang of this skirt. But one thing looks very

well, and that is your pearls. They have been in the family I can't tell you how long. My grandmother gave them to me.'

'Mamma insisted I should wear them, and nothing else, aunt Charlotte.'

'Yes, I daresay. You have nothing else good enough to go with them, most likely. And Lady Markham knows a good thing very well, when she sees it.—Have you been put through all that you have to do, Frances? Remember to keep your right hand quite free; and take care your train doesn't get in your way.—Oh, why is it that your poor father is not here to see you, to go with you! It would be a very different thing then.'

'Nothing would make papa go, aunt Charlotte. Do you think he would dress himself up like Markham, to be laughed at?'

'I promise you, nobody would laugh at my brother,' said Mrs Cavendish.—'As for Lord Markham'—— But she bit her lip, and forbore. She spoke to none of the other ladies, who swarmed like numerous bees in the room, keeping up a hum in the air. But she made very formal acknowledgments to Lady Markham as she went away. 'I am much obliged to you for letting me come to see Frances dressed. She looks very well on the whole, though, perhaps, I should have adopted a different style, had it been in my hands.'

'My dear Charlotte,' cried Lady Markham, ignoring this ungracious conclusion, 'how can you speak of letting you come? You know we are only too glad to see you whenever you will come.—And I hope you liked the effect of your *beautiful* pearls. What a charming present to give the child; I thought it so kind of you.'

'So long as Frances understands that they are family ornaments,' said Mrs Cavendish stiffly, rejecting all acknowledgments.

There was a little murmur and titter when she went away. 'Is it Medusa in person?' 'It is Mrs Cavendish, the wife of the great Q.C.' 'It is Frances' aunt, and she does not like any remark.'—'It is my dear sister-in-law,' said Lady Markham. 'She does not love me; but she *is* kind to Frances, which covers a multitude of sins.'—'And very rich,' said another lady, 'which covers a multitude more.' This put a little bitterness into the conversation to Frances standing there in her fine clothes, and not knowing how to interfere; and it was a relief to her when Markham, though she could not blame the whispering girls who called him a guy, came in shuffling and smiling, with a glance and nod of encouragement to his little sister to take the mother down-stairs to her carriage. After that, all was a moving phantasmagoria of colour and novel life, and nothing clear.

And it was not until after this great day that Captain Gaunt appeared again. The ladies received him with reproaches for his absence. 'I expected to see you yesterday at least,' said Lady Markham. 'You don't care for fine clothes, as we women do; but five o'clock tea, after a Drawing-room, is a fine sight. You have no idea how grand we were, and how much you have lost.'

Captain Gaunt responded with a very grave, indeed melancholy smile. He was even more dejected than when he made his first appearance. Then his melancholy had been unalloyed, and not without something of that tragic satisfaction in his own sufferings which the victims of the heart so often enjoy. But now there were complications of some kind, not so easily to be understood. He smiled a very serious evanescent smile. 'I shall have to lose still more,' he said, 'for I think I must leave London—sooner than I thought.'

'Oh,' cried Frances, whom this concerned the most; 'leave London! You were to stay a month.'

'Yes; but my month seems to have run away before it has begun,' he said confusedly. Then, finding Lady Markham's eye upon him, he added: 'I mean, things are very different from what I expected. My father thought I might do myself good by seeing people who—might push me, he supposed. I am not good at pushing myself,' he said with an abrupt and harsh laugh.

'I understand that. You are too modest. It is a defect, as well as the reverse one of being too bold. And you have not met—the people you hoped?'

'It is not exactly that either. My father's old friends have been kind enough; but London perhaps is not the place for a poor soldier.' He stopped, with again a little quiver of a smile.

'That is quite true,' said Lady Markham gravely. 'I enter into your feelings. You don't see that the game is worth the candle? I have heard so many people say so—even among those who were very well able to push themselves, Captain Gaunt. I have heard them say that any little thing they might have gained was not worth the expenditure and trouble of a season in London—besides all the risks.'

Captain Gaunt listened to this with his discouraged look. He made no reply to Lady Markham, but turned to Frances with a sort of smile. 'Do you remember,' he said, 'I told you my mother had found a cheap place in Switzerland such as she delights in? I think I shall go and join them there.'

'Oh, I am very sorry,' said Frances, with a countenance of unfeigned regret. 'No doubt Mrs Gaunt will be glad to have you; but she will be sorry too. Don't you think she would rather you stayed your full time in London, and enjoyed yourself a little? I feel sure she would like that best.'

'But I don't think I am enjoying myself,' he said, with the air of a man who would like to be persuaded. He had perhaps been a little piqued by Lady Markham's way of taking him at his word.

'But there must be a great deal to enjoy,' said Frances; 'every one says so. They think there is no place like London. You cannot have exhausted everything in less than a week, Captain Gaunt. You have not given it a fair trial. Your mother and the general, they would not like you to run away.'

'Run away, no,' he said with a little start; 'that is what I should not do.'

'But it would be running away,' said Frances, with all the zeal of a partisan. 'You think you are not doing any good, and you forget that they wished you to have a little pleasure too.

They think a great deal of London. The general used to talk to me, when I thought I should never see it. He used to tell me to wait till I had seen London; everything was there. And it is not often you have the chance, Captain Gaunt. It may be a long time before you come from India again; and think if you told any one out there you had only been a week in London!'

He listened to her very devoutly, with an air of giving great weight to those simple arguments. They were more soothing to his pride at least than the way in which her mother took him at his word.

'Frances speaks,' said Lady Markham—and while she spoke, the sound of Markham's hansom was heard dashing up to the door—'Frances speaks as if she were in the interest of all the people who prey upon visitors in London. I think, on the whole, Captain Gaunt, though I regret your going, that my reason is with you rather than with her.—And, my dear, if Captain Gaunt thinks this is right, it is not for his friends to perstiade him against his better judgment.'

'What is Gaunt's better judgment going to do?' said Markham. 'It's always alarming to hear of a man's better judgment. What is it all about?'

Lady Markham looked up in her son's face with great seriousness and meaning. 'Captain Gaunt,' she said, 'is talking of leaving London; which, if he finds his stay unprofitable and of little advantage to him, though I should regret it very much, I should think him wise to do.'

'Gaunt leaving London? O no! He is taking you in. A man who is a ladies' man likes to say that to ladies in order to be coaxed to stay. That is at the bottom of it, I'll be bound. And where was our hero going, if he had his way?'

Frances thought that there were signs in Gaunt of failing temper; so she hastened to explain. 'He was going to Switzerland, Markham, to a place Mrs Gaunt knows of, where she is to be.'

'To Switzerland!' Markham cried—'the dullest place on the face of the earth.—What would you do there, my gallant captain? Climb?—or listen all day long to those who recount their climbings, or those who plan them—all full of insane self-complacency, as if there was the highest morality in climbing mountains.—Were you going in for the mountains, Fan?'

'Frances was pleading for London—a very unusual fancy for her,' said Lady Markham. 'The very young are not afraid of responsibility; but I am, at my age. I could not venture to recommend Captain Gaunt to stay.'

'I only meant—I only thought'—— Frances stammered and hung her head a little. Had she been indiscreet? Her abashed look caught young Gaunt's eye. Why should she be abashed?—and on his account? It made his heart stir a little, that heart which had been so crushed and broken, and, he thought, pitched away into a corner; but at that moment he found it again stirring quite warm and vigorous in his breast.

'I always said she was full of sense,' said Markham. 'A little sister is an admirable institution. And her wisdom is all the more delightful that she doesn't know what sense it is.' He patted Frances on the shoulder as he spoke.—'It wouldn't do, would it, Fan, to have him run away?'

'If there was any question of that,' Gaunt said, with something of a defiant air.

'And to Switzerland,' said Markham with a chuckle.—'Shall I tell you my experiences, Gaunt? I was there for my sins once, with the mother here. Among all her admirable qualities, my mamma has that of demanding few sacrifices in this way, so that a man is bound in honour to make one now and then.'

'Markham, when you are going to say what you know I will disapprove, you always put in a little flattery—which silences me.'

He kissed his hand to her with a short laugh. 'The place,' he said, 'was in possession of an athletic band, in roaring spirits and tremendous training, men and women all the same. You could scarcely tell the creatures one from another—all burned red in the faces of them, worn out of all shape and colour in the clothes of them. They clamped along the passages in their big boots from two o'clock till five every morning. They came back, perspiring, in the afternoon—a procession of old clothes, all complacent, as if they had done the finest action in the world. And the rest of us surrounded them with a circle of worshippers, till they clamped up-stairs again, fortunately very early, to bed. Then a faint sort of life began for *nous autres*. We came out and admired the stars and drank our coffee in peace—short-lived peace, for, as everybody had been up at two in the morning, the poor beggars naturally wanted to get to bed.—You are an athletic chap, so you might like it, and perhaps attain canonisation by going up Mont Blanc.'

'My mother—is not in one of those mountain centres,' said Gaunt with a faint smile.

'Worse and worse,' said Markham. 'We went through that experience too. In the non-climbing places the old ladies have it all their own way. You will dine at two, my poor martyr; you will have tea at six with cold meat. The table-cloths and napkins will last a week. There will be honey with flies in it on every table. All about the neighbourhood, mild constitutionals will meet you at every hour in the day. There will be gentle raptures over a new view.—"Have you seen it, Captain Gaunt? Do come with us to-morrow, and let us show it you; *quite* the finest view"—of Pilatus, or Monte Rosa, or the Jungfrau, or whatever it may happen to be. And meanwhile we shall all be playing our little game comfortably at home. We will give you a thought now and then. Frances will run to the window and say: "I thought that was Captain Gaunt's step;" and the mother will explain to Sir Thomas: "Such a pity our poor young friend found that London did not suit him."'

'Well, Markham!' said his mother with firmness, 'if Captain Gaunt found that London did not suit him, I should think all the more highly of him that he withdrew in time.'

Perhaps the note was too forcibly struck. Gaunt drew himself slightly up. 'There is

nothing so very serious in the matter, after all. London may not suit me; but still I do not suppose it will do me any harm.'

Frances looked on at this triangular duel with eyes that acquired gradually consciousness and knowledge. She saw ere long that there was much more in it than met the eye. At first, her appeal to young Gaunt to remain had been made on the impulse of the moment and without thought. Now she remained silent, only with a faint gesture of protest when Markham brought in her name.

'Let us go to luncheon,' said her mother.—'I am glad to hear you are not really in earnest, Captain Gaunt; for of course we should all be very sorry if you went away. London is a siren to whose wiles we all give in. I am as bad myself as any one can be. I never make any secret of my affection for town; but there are some with whose constitutions it never agrees, who either take it too seriously or with too much passion. We old stagers get very moderate and methodical in our dissipations, and make a little go a long way.'

But there was a chill at table; and Lady Markham was 'not in her usual force.' Sir Thomas said, who came in as usual as they were going down-stairs: 'Anything the matter?—Oh, Captain Gaunt going away. Dear me, so soon! I am surprised. It takes a great deal of self-control to make a young fellow leave town at this time of the year.'

'It was only a project,' said poor young Gaunt. He was pleased to be persuaded that it was more than could be expected of him. Lady Markham gave Sir Thomas a look which made that devoted friend uncomfortable; but he did not know what he had done to deserve it. And so Captain Gaunt made up his mind to stay.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

SEVERAL fallacies may be considered under this heading. The relations of landlords and tenants, with their respective rights and remedies, are somewhat complicated, and the popular mind is prone to twist into a fallacious shape anything which is not most simple; and it will be seen that even extreme simplicity is no safeguard against this twisting process. It may be premised that in what follows, *English* law, not Scotch, is mainly spoken of.

1. *The time of day.*—It might be thought that no rule of law or of common life was more simple and universally known than that each day ends at midnight; and yet there is no more widely spread delusion than that which relates to the time when landlords and tenants respectively are required to give notice to quit, or to deliver possession to each other. In many parts of the country, it is almost impossible to make people believe that noon is not the end of the day for these purposes. A notice is served in the afternoon or evening, and the landlord, or tenant as the case may be, refuses to receive it on the ground that it ought to have been served before twelve o'clock; which is true in one sense; but the necessary twelve o'clock is midnight, not noon. In like manner, a landlord will serve upon his tenant a notice requiring possession to be given up to him before twelve o'clock at noon on the quarter-day, such notice being absolutely bad in law. When a certain act is to be done on a certain day, the law allows the whole of the day in question for doing that act, unless some express statutory direction be given as to the hour at which the requisite act is to be done, as, for example, the publication of notices on a Sunday during the hours of divine service. But as to the termination of tenancies, there is no such enactment, and consequently, the day ends at the usual hour, midnight; and anything which has to be done on a quarter-day may be done at any time on that day.

We do not advise that such things should be deferred until late at night; for in that case they might become impracticable. If a landlord were to delay serving a notice to quit until his tenant had gone to bed, he would lose his opportunity, and this might cause a delay of a year or any shorter period, according to the terms of the tenancy, as will be explained later. On the other hand, if a tenant were to keep the key until too late to find his landlord or any of his family, he would enter upon a new tenancy immediately after midnight, and could not escape from this additional responsibility until that tenancy could be determined by another notice to quit being served by either landlord or tenant. When a legal and valid notice is tendered and refused, the party giving such notice may nevertheless act upon it; and thus litigation is caused, and costs are incurred unnecessarily.

One of our principal objects in writing these simple papers is to prevent people from incurring unnecessary costs, and we have often been surprised at the extent to which litigants voluntarily tax themselves in this way. In the county courts especially, obstinate and litigious persons rush into contention without any reasonable excuse, and in nothing is this more frequently the case than in respect of the fallacy now under consideration. And yet the persons who will stake their money on the conclusion of the day for these purposes being at noon, will not adopt the same theory for any other purpose. We never heard of one of these deluded individuals dating as of Tuesday morning a letter written on Monday afternoon, although they will persist in treating a notice served on Monday afternoon as if it had been given on Tuesday.

2. *Distress for rent, on and off the premises.*—When rent has got into arrear, the landlord may levy a distress upon the goods which are upon the premises; but here a mistake is often made somewhat similar to that which has been discussed in the previous paragraph. Supposing that the rent is payable quarterly, the tenant is allowed to pay it at any time on quarter-day, and a distress cannot legally be levied before sunrise on the following morning. But some hasty landlords have distrained before sunset on the quarter-day; and though many have done so with impunity, it is well that it should be generally known that this is an act for which the tenant might recover substantial damages. There is no special hour fixed for payment of rent, and therefore any distress levied before the expiration of

the day on which it becomes due is illegal; and as the intrusion without authority upon the occupation of the tenant is contrary to the feelings and instincts of our fellow-countrymen, they are in the habit of marking their sense of the indignity in heavy figures, when a case of illegal distress is brought before them for the purpose of assessing damages. The exceptions to the liability to be distrained upon with respect to articles in actual use—to goods sent to be wrought upon in the way of his trade by the tenant; and to tools of trade if there be sufficient other distress—are generally known, although mistakes are made occasionally even in these respects.

The remedy given to lodgers who have paid their rents, of claiming exemption for their goods, is a more recent statutory creation, and appears to be misunderstood in numerous instances. By the Lodgers' Goods Protection Act, 1871, if any superior landlord causes a distress to be levied in respect of rent due to him, upon the goods of a lodger upon the premises in respect of which the rent is due, such lodger may serve such superior landlord or his bailiff in possession with a declaration in writing that the intermediate tenant has no right to or interest in such goods—specified in an inventory annexed to the declaration—and that such goods are the property of, or in the lawful possession of, the lodger; and also setting forth whether any and what rent is due from the lodger to his immediate landlord. The lodger may pay to the superior landlord or his bailiff the rent due, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge the claim for which the distraint has been made; and such payment will be as effectual as if made to the intermediate landlord—the tenant of the house—personally. If the superior landlord should refuse to withdraw or give up possession of the lodger's goods, an application may be made to a magistrate for an order to deliver up the goods in question; and an action for damages may also be brought against the superior landlord, in which action, the truth of the declaration and inventory may be inquired into. (This Act does not extend to Scotland.)

Generally, a landlord can only distrain upon the goods which are actually upon the premises in respect of which the rent distrained for has become due; but there is one important exception to this rule. If a tenant fraudulently or clandestinely removes his goods, in order to prevent his landlord from distraining upon the same for arrears of rent, the landlord may within thirty days after the date of such removal, distrain upon such goods wherever the same may be found, unless in the meantime they shall have *bonâ fide* been sold to some person by the tenant or owner thereof. This appears to be simple enough; but even here, costly mistakes are sometimes made. In order to give the landlord this exceptional remedy, the removal must have been made to avoid a distress for arrears of rent; therefore, if no rent was due at the time of removal, the Act does not apply; neither does it apply when the removal is made at the end of a tenancy, after notice duly given by either party, even though some arrears of rent may then be outstanding. It is not necessary that the removal should be clandestine, though it will generally be so; still, fraud may be inferred from other circumstances; and it is sufficient to bring a case within the statute that the removal is either fraudulent or clandestine; it need not be both.

3. *Arrears and notice to quit.*—Many landlords refuse to accept a notice to quit from a tenant whose rent is in arrear. This is altogether a mistake; the fact of the rent being in arrear does not affect the right of the tenant to give notice of his intention to give up possession of the premises which he occupies. But it is seldom prudent for a tenant to exercise his right in such circumstances. When a landlord receives notice that a house is going to be thrown on his hands, he generally takes the precaution of distraining, if any arrears of rent are due. He has a legal right to do this, and we cannot blame him for adopting the means provided by the law for the protection of his interests. If he were to remain quiescent and allow the tenant to remove his goods, his only remedy would be an action in the County Court. Everybody knows that this process is much more tedious, costly, and uncertain than the remedy by distress, which is available so long as the goods remain upon the premises.

4. *Double notice to quit.*—Many tenants give their landlord notice of their intention to give up possession, and then refuse to go when the notice has expired, believing that the landlord cannot do anything to expel them until he himself has given them notice to quit. This is a delusion; and we were much surprised when we first had occasion to know how widely spread the belief in the notion had become. It is not confined to any particular locality in England, but extends from Northumberland to Cornwall. And yet there is absolutely no foundation for such a belief. A moment's consideration might show its baselessness. If it were necessary for both parties to give notice in order to determine a tenancy, practically it would be impossible for a tenancy to be put an end to except by mutual consent; the two notices would not be likely to end on the same day; and unless they did, they could not both be operative. The relations of landlord and tenant are revocable by either party, subject to the terms originally arranged between them; and neither party can bind the other longer than is warranted by the terms mutually arranged in the first instance. Besides, it would be unreasonable for a person to be allowed to treat his own notice as a nullity, whatever objections he might make to a notice served upon him by the opposite party.

5. *Holding over after lease.*—It is very commonly the case that after the expiration of a lease for years, the tenancy is continued without any special agreement being come to between the lessor and the lessee. In this case, if the former should accept from the latter any rent which became due after the expiration of the term of years for which the lease was granted, the tenancy becomes a yearly one, subject to such of the terms of the original lease as are not inconsistent with a yearly tenancy. The lessor might have taken proceedings for ejecting the lessee at any time before receiving such subsequently accrued rent; but after he has done so, he has lost that remedy; and if he wishes to obtain possession, he must give half a year's notice to the tenant to quit the premises in the usual course, as if there had

been an express agreement for a yearly tenancy; and the year will be held to have commenced immediately after the expiration of the lease. It must be observed that there may be special terms in the lease which are not applicable to a tenancy from year to year; and these will not apply to the tenancy created by implication rather than by agreement. The circumstances and the terms of leases are so various, that we could not in the space at our disposal distinguish what may or may not be binding upon the tenant; but when there is any uncertainty on the subject, the opinion of a solicitor ought to be taken in each case.

6. *Other yearly tenancies.*—Much uncertainty exists as to what constitutes a yearly tenancy; and as the difference between a yearly and a quarterly tenancy sometimes involves a considerable further responsibility for rent, the question is one of some practical importance. In the first place, a yearly tenancy may be created by express agreement, and even here there is some room for misconception. An agreement in writing—or partly printed—is often for one year, and so on from year to year. It ought to be generally known that such an agreement creates a tenancy of at least two years' duration; for the first year is a term certain, and only the subsequent tenancy is from year to year, and determinable by notice to quit. Again, a tenancy from year to year may be created by a simple letting at a yearly rent, without any stipulation as to the notice to be given. Many persons think that if they agree to pay their rent quarterly, they are quarterly tenants; but this is a mistake. If a house were let at a quarterly rent, the tenancy would be quarterly; but quarterly payment of rent is by no means inconsistent with a yearly tenancy; and as a matter of fact, a large number of yearly tenants of houses pay their rents every quarter. This is a matter of convenience, and has no necessary connection with the terms of tenancy which regulate the notice which is required to put an end to the letting. Again, a yearly tenancy may be created by a void lease for a term of years. A valid lease for a term exceeding three years can only be made by a deed under seal; but an agreement for ten years under hand only, is not wholly void; the tenant having entered into possession of the premises intended to be demised thereby, becomes a tenant from year to year upon such of the conditions specified in the agreement as are not inconsistent with a yearly tenancy. And therefore, if either landlord or tenant should wish to be released from the further performance of the agreement, a notice to quit may be given by the former, or a notice of intention to give up possession by the latter, subject to the same rules and limitations as are binding upon any other yearly tenant. And the same effect will follow upon the entry of a tenant under an agreement for a lease which does not accurately or completely define the terms of the intended lease, so that it cannot be made the ground for an action for specific performance. A person who obtains possession of a house or land without the consent of the owner thereof may be ejected without previous notice. But if the owner accepts any rent from him, the relation of landlord and tenant is established; and generally he will be a yearly tenant if the payment is such as might have been made by a tenant from year to year.

7. *Double rent or double value.*—These terms are generally supposed to be synonymous so far as their application to the present subject is concerned; but the fact is that they are two distinct rights, which have separate origins and different incidents and consequences. Double rent is payable where a tenant has given notice of his intention to give up possession, and has failed to deliver possession according to his notice. In any such case, the landlord may serve a notice upon the tenant that he will thenceforth be required to pay double his former rent, and such double rent is payable from that time to the end of the time during which possession shall be retained. Double rent may be distrained for in the same way as ordinary rent, and may also be made the subject of an action. This applies to all yearly tenancies; and there is some doubt whether it applies to weekly and other short terms. It has been decided that a weekly tenancy is not within the Act of Parliament; but the ground of this decision appears to be doubtful, as the enactment in express terms is made to apply to any tenant without qualification. On the other hand, the statute relating to the right to recover double value of the premises in case of a tenant wilfully holding over after his landlord has served a notice upon him to quit, and demanded possession in writing, is applicable to 'any tenant or tenants for any term of life, lives, or years.' In this case, there is another distinction which is often lost sight of; double value cannot be distrained for, the remedy being by action only. In either of these cases, the right of action would be waived if any single rent were accepted which had accrued due after the expiration of the notice to quit; although rent previously due may be received without giving up the right to the double rent or double value, as the case may be.

8. *Washing the roots of shrubs.*—This fallacy is of Northumbrian origin, and does not appear to have extended beyond the two counties of Northumberland and Durham. It is a part of the mistaken law relating to fixtures, but is sufficiently curious to merit separate notice. It is well known that the landlord becomes entitled to trees and shrubs planted upon his land by a tenant. But in the localities referred to above, there is a belief that this rule of law may be evaded by washing the roots of the shrubs after they have been taken out of the ground, so as not to take away any part of the soil in which they have grown. This is a delusion. The right of the landlord rests upon a different foundation, that is to say—that the trees or shrubs have become incorporated in his estate, and are part thereof. The taking away of the plant is the unlawful act; and it cannot make any material difference whether a large or a small portion of earth adheres to the roots when they are taken away. The shrub is of some value; the value of the earth which would cling to its roots can scarcely be calculated.

9. *Fixtures generally.*—The rule as to fixtures is one which occasions considerable perplexity to many persons, and occasionally causes much unnecessary disputing, leading to heavy costs. The general rule is, that whatever is affixed to the freehold becomes the property of the landlord;

while articles slightly affixed for the purposes of ornament, convenience, and the necessary enjoyment of the premises, are removable by the tenant at any time before the expiration of his tenancy. This rule is well illustrated by reference to gas-fittings: the pipes which are carried through walls and ceilings belong to the landlord; while the pendants, brackets, and other gasaliers, if put up by the tenant, are his property, and may be sold by him to his successor, or removed at his option. In some parts of England, it used to be customary for the tenant to provide fire-grates, ovens, &c., but this has become nearly, if not quite, obsolete. In no case can a tenant be entitled to remove what he has not placed in the property at his own expense, or purchased from his predecessor. For the encouragement of trade, the rule as to fixtures used for business purposes has been much modified; and it is much more favourable to tenants than the law relating to fixtures in private houses and gardens appertaining thereto. The first apparent difference which allows a nurseryman or market-gardener to remove trees or shrubs raised by him for the purpose of sale, is really nothing more than an extension of the rule which permits a tenant of a private garden to take up and carry away the vegetables which have grown in his garden during the term of his tenancy. In both cases, the original intention was that the contact of the roots with the soil should be only temporary. But several fixtures may be removed because they were fixed solely to enable the tenant to carry on his business; although the same or similar articles in a private house would have become the property of the landlord. The following examples must suffice: Greenhouses built in the ordinary way; coppers, pipes laid through walls, and all kinds of brewing utensils; steam-engines in collieries, &c. But this would not extend to a substantial building, although the fixtures therein might be within the exception in favour of the tenant.

DUNLEAP TOWER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

Her father said No; her mother said No; the whole family of Chevasse said No, emphatically.

'Circumstances alter cases,' wrote Mr Chevasse to me. 'You cannot in reason expect that I should willingly allow my daughter to wed a man who has not a sovereign in the world to call his own. When you had good expectations, the case was different; but now I have other views for Catherine, and all communications between you and her must cease from this date.'

I could not give up Catherine so easily. I wrote to her; but my letters were returned unopened. I went in person, determined to see her, if it were possible to do so, and learn my doom from her own lips; but I found that the family had started for the continent on the previous day, and I could learn nothing as to their destination. I was winding up my father's affairs at the time, and found it impossible just then to attempt any pursuit. Three months later I read the following announcement in the *Times*: 'At Paris, on the 20th inst., Catherine, only daughter of Francis Chevasse, Esq., to Martin, eldest son of Osgood Rudyard, Esq., of Russell Square, London.'

A fortnight more sufficed to complete the business I had in hand; and after all effects had been sold and everything cleared off, I found myself with three hundred pounds in my pocket. I bade adieu to my few friends, went down to the Docks, and booked myself by the first vessel for Australia.

I had plenty of time during the voyage to think over all that had recently occurred. First, the sudden break in my father's fortunes by which the fair prospects of my life seemed blotted out for ever; then my father's death; then the rupture with the Chevasse family, who had smiled on me and petted me in my prosperous days; and lastly, the news of the marriage of her I loved better than life.

I knew well the yielding disposition of Catherine, which suffered her to bend and sway to the will of others; it was one of the traits in her which I had loved best in other days. I knew the stern, cold nature of her father, and how he ruled his household with a rod of iron. I knew her worldly-minded mother. I knew how my darling would be baited and worried by all the family; how she would be shut out from the world, and gradually forced into a hateful marriage, through the unbending will of her father acting on her own passive gentleness, and by the dread of disobeying him, which had grown up with her from childhood, and had now become part of her nature. Still, while pitying her and loving her, I felt bitterly towards her, judging her by my own strength, and knowing what I would have gone through for her sake. Of Martin Rudyard, the man she had married, I had already some knowledge which was not of a pleasant kind. He had spent one session at the same public school where I was being educated. At the end of that time he had been summarily expelled; but even during his short sojourn there he had acquired the reputation of a bully and a blackguard. Catherine's chance of happiness with such a man seemed to me a very remote one indeed. But Rudyard was rich, and, in the eyes of Mr Chevasse, that fact sufficed to condone a multitude of shortcomings.

That voyage was a miserable one; but youth is buoyant and I had only just seen my twenty-second birthday. When the Australian shore loomed in sight, half my troubles seemed to take to themselves wings, and I could look forward with a hopeful heart to the free rough life before me. I was as strong as a giant, and not above work of any kind; consequently, I was pretty sure to succeed. And succeed I did—not by any sudden stroke of fortune, but by slow, steady, accumulative labour, month after month and year after year. This is not the place to enter into any details of my life in Australia; it is sufficient to state that at the end of a dozen years I set sail for England, a comparatively wealthy man. The first sharp pain of my loss had been softened by years into a sweet memory that mellowed and ripened my life, and drew my thoughts by the golden links of a lost love to higher objects and different aims than they would perhaps have aspired to, had all gone well with me at first. But my trials were not yet over. We were

blown out of our course and lost our reckoning. Our ship struck on a reef in the night, and foundered in the course of a few hours. I had foolishly carried my savings with me, in specie, and when everything I had went to the bottom, except a few sovereigns which I had stitched into my clothing, I landed in England a poorer man than I had left it a dozen years before.

It was needful that I should find employment of some kind; and at the end of a few weeks, through the influence of an old friend of my father, I succeeded in obtaining an appointment as station-master at Brewood, on one of the western railways. I wrote a brief note of acknowledgment to my kind friend, and set off thankfully for my new post.

There was but little traffic at Brewood Station; one porter—Reuben Hart, a tall, grim, taciturn old man—and myself comprised the whole of the staff. The station lay in a valley, and Reuben's house was the only habitation in sight, for the neighbourhood was but thinly populated. Having purchased a few needful articles of furniture, and knocked up a shelf to hold a dozen or two of favourite authors, and having arranged with Reuben's wife to do what cooking and cleaning were required, I felt myself thoroughly at home, having learnt in the bush the art of dispensing with superfluities. But few trains stopped at Brewood; the majority of them went rushing past it with a thunderous roll, and a wild fury of indifference to the existence of any such insignificant place.

As I soon became initiated into the routine of my duties, I found I had much spare time between trains and of an evening; so I took frequent rambles into the country; and employed myself in jotting down some of my Australian experiences, with a view to their subsequent appearance in print. My monotonous and lonely manner of life was by no means distasteful to me; after so many busy years, an interval of rest and seclusion seemed doubly welcome. Two chapters of my life were already closed; another would open before long—of that I felt sure; meanwhile, I waited quietly. One day, when I had been a week or two at my new occupation, a parcel was left by one of the trains, to be called for by the carrier who went the rounds of the neighbourhood. I took it up to copy the address into my book, as I did that of all parcels, but could scarcely for the moment believe in the reality of what I saw, when I read the direction: 'To Martin Rudyard, Esq., Isterby Manor, via Brewood Station.'

I called to Reuben, who was cleaning a lamp near at hand. 'How long has Mr Rudyard lived in this neighbourhood?' I asked.

'He bought the Isterby estate nigh upon four years ago, sir, and he has lived here ever since.'

'He is married, is he not?'

'He is, sir; and his wife is as sweet a lady as you'd wish to see. But it's said that they don't live very happily together; and no wonder either, if half that's said about his goings-on is true.'

The information thus elicited affected me deeply. Although Catherine was the wife of another, I could not forget what she had been to me long years before. To think that I had been living so near her without knowing it—that she was in trouble, and I could not help her! She was only a few miles away, and yet we were as far apart as when seas rolled between us. I afterwards discovered that the reason of my not being sooner aware of Rudyard's residence in the neighbourhood, was the fact that another station lay more convenient to him; hence, he seldom was heard of at Brewood.

I longed to see Catherine again, but knew that it must not be—that the sight of me would merely add to the weight of the heavy burden she had to bear already. From cautious inquiries made here and there, I soon gathered sufficient to show me how truly miserable must be the life to which she was doomed.

Martin Rudyard was both a rake and a sot; much of his time was passed in low public-houses among dog-fanciers, prize-fighters, and people of a similar stamp. The reputation of a blackguard followed him wherever he went. It made my blood boil to think of my gentle Catherine being wedded to such a man. Why did she continue to live with him? I often asked myself. Why not leave him for ever, and go back to her friends? I now occasionally spent my leisure time in wandering round Isterby Park, not daring to go near the house, for fear Catherine should see me; longing to free her from her terrible bondage, but discerning no method by which it could be accomplished.

I was awakened one night by the shrill whistling of an engine near at hand. I jumped out of bed and opened the window. 'What's up now, mate?' I shouted to a man below.

'A breakdown on the other side of the tunnel,' he replied. 'Both lines blocked. We've got a gentleman here that's badly hurt.'

Two minutes later, I was down-stairs and had my signals turned on to danger.

The man was lifted carefully out of the carriage and placed on some cushions in the waiting-room, and when the light shone on his face, I saw and recognised it at once as the face of Martin Rudyard. He was evidently much hurt, although none of his limbs appeared to be broken. He groaned heavily now and then, but otherwise seemed unconscious of all that was passing around. I at once despatched Reuben to Isterby Manor for assistance. In a few minutes more the throng and noise had died away, and the wounded man and I were left alone.

I had not seen Martin Rudyard since we were schoolfellows together, and in the coarse, dissipated-looking man before me, with his bloated, sensual face, it would have been difficult, but for the peculiar cast of his features, to have recognised him again. It was with strange and mingled feelings that I now looked on him who had robbed me of my dearest treasure—a prize which he knew not how to value. I poured a little brandy down his throat. He gave a deep sigh, opened his eyes, and looked round with a vacant, dazed expression, like a man suddenly awakened from a deep sleep.

'Where am I?' he asked in a low hoarse voice.

'You are in the waiting-room at Brewood Station. An accident has taken place near the tunnel, and you have been brought here till assistance can be obtained to carry you home.'

'Ay, ay; I remember something about it. Let

me have another swig at that brandy.—So.—It has done me good already. Won't I make that villainous railway Company come down with thundering damages, for injuring a man of my position!—Have you sent to Isterby?'

'I have.'

'That's well. I believe one of my confounded legs is broken.' He fell back with a groan, and did not speak again for some time. After a while he dropped into a troubled doze, in which he muttered something about 'sweet Margery,' and more brandy, and the name of a favourite dog. He awoke with a start. 'What are you staring at?' he said, turning savagely on me. 'With those fierce eyes and that big beard, you look more like a wild man than aught else.—Who are you? I never saw you before.'

I would not trust myself to reply, but rose, opened the door, and looked out along the high-road, which the early dawn was just lighting up. In the distance, I could see three or four black specks hastening towards the station.

'Will they never come and take me home?' exclaimed the hurt man with an imprecation.

It was a dreary procession to Isterby Manor that fair spring morning, under charge of the village doctor. Rudyard was unconscious part of the way; but the pain roused him at times, when he would ask how much farther we had yet to go. Just before we reached the house, a lady in sad-coloured garments came stepping slowly and with hesitation down the broad steps to meet us. It was Catherine. She went up to the litter, her face very white, and her hands trembling, and bent over it for a moment. 'Dear Martin, are you very much hurt?'

'Not dead yet,' he snarled. 'No such luck for you.'

She did not reply, but fell back a little way, and let the litter go forward into the house.

Yes, it was Catherine, but how changed! The white drawn face, the sunken cheeks, the thin trembling hands, the look of quiet despair in her eyes; the threads of silver already apparent in the brown silky hair I remembered so well: how different from the vision of fair womanhood that had beamed on me through loving tears when we had parted long years before!

Mr Rudyard was carried up-stairs and laid on a bed. Catherine was standing in the doorway as I turned to leave the room. She had not noticed me hitherto, further than as a stranger who had assisted to bring her husband home; but now there seemed something in my face that caused her to fix her eyes on me with a painful straining gaze, as of one striving to recall some memory half forgotten. I would have avoided her if I could, but that was now impossible; still, I hardly thought she would recognise me through my changed appearance. Her face turned of an ashy paleness as she gazed, her hands clasped each other convulsively; for a moment she closed her eyes, and when she opened them again I felt that I was known. 'O Philip Burton!' she cried with a low sobbing wail, 'what do you do here beneath this unhappy roof?' She fell to the floor like one suddenly stricken. I turned to ring for assistance, and as I did so, I saw Rudyard's eyes fixed on me like those of a savage wolf. Whether he had heard the words or not I could not tell, but his suspicious nature was evidently aroused. Catherine's maid came up the next moment, and I fled away without looking behind me—away into the solitary fields, striving to shut out that low wail of agony, which kept ringing in my ears wherever I went.

How the next few months passed away I scarcely know. I returned to my duties at the station, but my heart was no longer in the work; and had I not felt a sort of half conviction that Catherine would one day need my services, I should have thrown up my situation and gone back to Australia. We had news from Isterby that Mr Rudyard was slowly recovering, and, with returning health, was beginning to resume his old mode of life.

Summer passed uneventfully away, and early autumn was come, when I was surprised one evening by a visit from a messenger who drove up to the station in a fly and handed me a note marked 'Private,' and signed 'Amelia Staveley'—a name which I at once recalled as being that of an aunt of Catherine, whom I had seen once or twice when I was quite a young man. The note merely contained a polite but urgent request that I would, as soon as possible, accompany the bearer of it. So, an hour later, after the departure of the last train, I set out. We did not take the road to Isterby, as I had partly expected, but proceeded in a direction nearly opposite; and after driving for about five miles, drew up before a small but handsome villa, and alighted. I was shown into a room; and in a few minutes an elderly lady with white hair entered, whom I at once recognised as Mrs Rudyard's aunt. After a few preliminary observations, she went on as follows:

'You are probably aware, Mr Burton, in common with many other persons, that my niece's marriage with Mr Rudyard has not proved a happy one; that is a point on which I need not dilate more than is absolutely necessary. The breach between them has been widening for years, as was, indeed, quite inevitable, considering Mr Rudyard's mode of life. Catherine has been frequently advised by her friends to leave him entirely and return to them; but her strong sense of duty, and perhaps the hope of being ultimately able to reclaim him to better things, have always restrained her. From the date of his railway accident, Mr Rudyard's treatment of her has been, if possible, worse than before. A sudden fit of senseless and infuriate jealousy seemed to have taken possession of him, one result of which was that he set spies round his wife, who reported to him all that she said and did. One day, in one of his angry moods, he kicked over an old black oak bureau which had not been opened for several years. It fell to pieces, and among other things thus revealed was a bundle of Catherine's letters tied together with a piece of white silk. Mr Rudyard pounced on them, and hurried off to read them alone. I believe, sir, that some old letters of yours were among the number, written to her in your old courting days, and the existence of which Catherine had probably forgotten; at all events, they had never been opened, nor even looked at, since her marriage. During the two following days, Mr Rudyard was silent and gloomy, scarcely speaking

to any one, and seemed to be brooding over some secret project. On the evening of the third day, he told his wife that he was about to take a long journey, and that she was to prepare to accompany him. Silent, but wondering, she obeyed; made her few preparations, and in half an hour told him she was ready. His gig was brought round to the door; they both got in; and he drove away without saying a word to any one as to when he might be expected back. Eight days later, he returned, but without Catherine. His stay at Isterby was, however, of but short duration. He only remained long enough to dismiss the servants and shut up the house; and leaving word with the man whom he left in charge of the place that he was going abroad for some time, he set off on the road to Radford, a little market-town five miles away. I happened to be driving out that afternoon, and met him just as he was entering the town. I stopped him to ask about Catherine; for I had heard of her sudden departure some days before, and was anxious respecting her. He paused, with a scowl on his face, to think for a moment before answering my inquiry.

'"Oh, it's Kitty you're anxious about, is it?" he said at last. "You need not trouble your head about her; she's safe enough, I'll warrant—yes, perfectly safe!" He burst into a laugh and whipped up his horse; and as he passed me he turned his head and called out: "So safe that you needn't expect to see her again for a month of Sundays!" That is my story, Mr Burton; and as I knew you long ago, under happier circumstances, I have sent for you to ask your advice, and I am sure you will pardon my doing so when I tell you that I have no male relative living in England. I confess that I am unhappy, perhaps without cause; that my mind misgives me as to the fate of poor Catherine. I am wretched, for one thing, because I don't know to what spot she has been taken. Why was she conveyed away in such a mysterious manner? Why did Mr Rudyard refuse to satisfy my natural inquiries respecting her? Safe she may be in one sense—safe in his power, and dying by inches, with not a creature near her to comfort her!' The old lady burst into tears, and it was some time before she was sufficiently composed to continue. 'There is one other point, Mr Burton, on which I think it necessary to enlighten you. When Catherine was married, a life-interest in the sum of fifteen thousand pounds was settled on her; the principal, after her death, to be divided equally amongst her children, in case she should have any; should there, however, be no issue, she was at liberty to leave the amount according to her own discretion. The marriage has been childless, as you are aware; and I know for a fact, that some time ago, in a moment of weakness, Catherine was induced to sign a document in favour of her husband, bequeathing him the fifteen thousand pounds on her decease. Now, Mr Rudyard has spent the whole of his own fortune, and is in very needy circumstances. I need not say more to you on this point. I may perhaps be wronging him—I sincerely hope I am—in even hinting a suspicion that he would not be sorry if my darling were out of the way for ever and the money in his possession. Anyway, Mr Burton, I cannot rest till I have some news of her, good or bad, and know to what spot he has taken her.'

Long and earnestly did Mrs Staveley and I consult together that night, and it was at length decided that I should start personally in search of Catherine.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE assertion that 'self-preservation is the first law of nature' is a cruel libel upon a large section of animal creation. To preserve and safeguard their offspring, many, if not most, creatures will risk and even sacrifice their lives. The more powerful animals might naturally be expected to do battle for their young; but it is surprising to find that the weakest and most timorous defy strength and forego fear on account of their progeny. That beings which flee from man and other despots, when the preservation of self only is concerned, should disregard personal danger, and fight till death when the safety of their helpless offspring is concerned, is, indeed, a marvel of nature. From the fragile bird to the mighty elephant, from the lowly snake to the highly organised chimpanzee, this devoted attachment of the mother for her young is seen to exist. Our citations in proof of the universality of maternal affection shall commence with evidence of its operations among the lower types of animal life, and end with records of its effects among the higher.

The cold-blooded adder would scarcely be selected as an emblem of maternal love, and yet there can be no doubt that it has frequently lost its life whilst seeking to preserve the existence of its young. Mr Garratt, in a recent edition of his interesting *Marvels of Instinct*, gives a very circumstantial account of an instance in which a very large adder was seen on a bank by the roadside basking in the sun. The narrator of the story advanced to assail the creature with his stick. On observing him, she gave a slight hiss, at the same time raising her head a little and opening her mouth. The signal was understood by her four little ones, which instantly glided down her throat. But her thought for her offspring caused the mother's destruction, for the act delayed the adder long enough for him to strike again, and the snake, gorged with young, lay dead at his feet. Mr Garratt then removed her body into the middle of the road, to see what had become of the 'insiders.' He opened the snake, and the four young all came out alive. The little animals wriggled about in all manner of forms, as if something strange had happened to them, and as if they knew not where to go or what to do. Mr Garratt, annoyed apparently at the doubt which has been sometimes expressed as to the fact of snakes affording their young a temporary shelter from danger in their own insides, has collected a large number

of well-recorded instances of the fact, and it may be noted that in most of the cases cited, the parent perished in consequence of the delay her regard for her young occasioned.

Coming to a somewhat higher type of animal, the same devotion is to be found, as is exemplified in this story of a rat and cobra fight, narrated in the pages of a contemporary. The spectator of the conflict relates that the two combatants fell from the roof of a hut to within a few feet of where he was standing, and through the open window he was enabled to witness the battle. The rat, he states, was too agile for the heavy movements of the snake, and for a long time escaped unscathed, whilst her enemy was desperately wounded. Ultimately, the cobra succeeded in inflicting a bite, and, as though aware that precaution was now useless, the poor rat rushed into close quarters, and firmly fixing her teeth in the throat of the venomous creature, never let go her grasp again. The snake plunged about furiously, but vainly; its enemy had made a death-gripe on its throat, and both the duellists fell in the fight. Subsequent research proved that the rat had faced the formidable foe for the preservation of her little ones, the nest of young rats being discovered in the roofing.

The late Grantley F. Berkeley being asked how it was that a tame stoat he owned came into his possession, related the following instance of maternal affection and animal cunning. One day he saw an old stoat carrying something in her mouth across a field from one cover to another. She was too far off for a shot; but the sportsman's retriever, a well-known canine hero, had sighted the refugee, and received a signal to kill if he could. The stoat saw the dog coming with his tremendous stride and speed, but she would not quit the little one she carried, even to save her own life. When the dog was close upon her, and escape was impossible, the poor hunted thing tried by a desperate stratagem to preserve her offspring's existence at the expense of her own. She tried to hide the little one, and then, turning back across the field, was put to death. On going to the spot where she had left her little one, short as the grass was, there was nothing to be seen. After some search, the tiny creature was discovered crouched in an old horse-shoe impression, into the curve of which he had fitted himself exactly. He lay there as still as death, with his two little black shining eyes fixed upon his captor, who picked him up, and—having slain the mother—adopted and made a parlour pet of the orphan.

The hedgehog, though so shy as rarely to be seen by day, except in some very secluded spot, and usually so timid as only to forage for its subsistence at night, rolling itself up like a ball at the approach of a human being or a dog, has yet been known, upon occasions when its offspring were in danger, to show great courage. In his *Natural History*, Lenz relates that he once set a marmot upon a hedgehog which was suckling her young. The hedgehog instantly raised her bristles, and at the same time pointing her snout to the ground, approached the marmot. She attacked him front and rear by alternately wounding him with her bristles and biting him with her teeth, at the same time snorting with a noise like the beating of a drum. Occasionally, she would seize hold of her adversary and drag it into another corner of the room; and Lenz soon saw that the only means of saving the marmot's life was to take it out of reach of the infuriated mother.

Anecdotes of the devotedness of birds for their young are innumerable. From the days of White's universally known *Natural History of Selborne* down to the present time, instances have continued to issue from the press. Under the influence of maternal instinct, the most timorous of birds become audacious and pugnacious. 'This affection,' observes White, 'sublimes the passions, quickens the invention, and sharpens the sagacity of the brute creation. Thus, a hen just become a mother is no longer that placid bird she used to be; but, with feathers standing on end, wings distended, and clucking note, she runs about like one possessed. These bird-mothers will throw themselves in the way of the greatest danger in order to avert it from their progeny. Thus, a partridge will tumble along before an intruder in order to draw him away from her helpless covey. In the time of nidification, the most feeble birds will assault the most rapacious. All the swallows of a village are up in arms at the sight of a hawk, which they will persecute till he leaves that district.'

'It is a well-known fact,' says Mr Swainson, 'that a pair of ravens which dwelt in a cavity of the rock of Gibraltar would never suffer a vulture or eagle to approach the nest, but would drive them away with every appearance of fury.' During the breeding season, the missel-thrush will fight even the magpie or the jay. The female titmouse will often allow herself to be made prisoner rather than fly from her menaced nest, and if she be driven away, will speedily return, threatening the disturber by hissing like a snake and by pecking and biting him. The American cat-bird is declared to be so sensitive to fear that, *out of the breeding season*, it will fall from the lofty branches of trees into the snake's mouth, by the power of what is called the latter's 'fascination;' 'but it has happened to me,' writes Wilson, the well-known ornithologist, 'that in all the adventures of this bird that I have personally witnessed, the cat-bird was actually the assailant, and always the successful one. These encounters never take place but during the breeding-time of birds, for whose eggs and young the snake has a particular partiality.' A correspondent of Wilson gives an account of a conflict he once observed between a snake and one of these infuriated songsters. The bird darted upon the snake, snapping at it with its bill, whilst the snake drew itself into a coil, ready to give the fatal blow. The bird would cautiously whirl round her opponent at a little distance, now and then darting up to and snapping at him, but always keeping at a sufficient distance to avoid a blow. After some minutes, it became a running-fight, the snake retreating, and at last seeking shelter in an adjacent wall. Of the mocking-bird, Wilson

furnishes an equally suggestive account, recording that 'during the period of incubation, neither cat, dog, animal, nor man can approach the nest without being attacked. The cats in particular are persecuted whenever they make their appearance, till obliged to retreat.'

Probably there is no more wonderful instance on record of the sagacity and reasoning affection of birds than that told by White of the Fly-catchers which every year built in the vine growing on the side of his house. 'A pair of these little birds,' he says, 'had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But a hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half-fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent birds to *hover* over the nest all the hotter hours, while, with wings expanded and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring.' This is indeed a curious, but, as has already been seen, not a singular instance of the parent voluntarily suffering inconvenience and pain in order to preserve its young from similar experiences. The lamentations made by birds which have been robbed of their young are most distressing, even to human ears, and many instances are known where the unfortunate mother has succumbed to grief. Some birds will follow or discover where their nestlings have been taken to, and if able to get to them, continue to feed them; this has particularly been noticed of owls, which display an extraordinary attachment to their young. A pair of blackbirds have been known to follow a boy into a house and peck at his head, whilst he was conveying one of their offspring away. Among Jesse's interesting anecdotes is an account of a gallant defence made by a pair of these birds against a cat that sought to get at their young by means of a fence. On seeing the enemy approach, the hen-bird left the nest and flew to meet the cat, placing herself almost within her reach, and uttering the most piteous screams. The cock-bird also showed the greatest distress, uttering loud screams and cries, sometimes settling on the fence just before the cat, which was unable to make a spring because of the narrowness of its footing. After a little while, the cock-bird flew at the cat, settled on her back, and pecked her head so violently that she fell to the ground, followed by the bird, which succeeded in driving her away. A second time a similar scene was enacted; the bird was again victorious, and the cat was so intimidated by the attacks, that she gave up her attempts to get at the little ones.

The stories told on good authority of the attachment shown by storks for their young are so numerous that it is difficult to select from them, but the following incident, related by the *Nachrichten* of Basle, is not likely to be known to our readers. During a storm, a barn in the village of Löwenberg was set on fire by lightning, and a nest in which there were two young storks was threatened by the flames. The parent birds viewed the approaching danger from a distance. After a short deliberation, the mother darted into the nest, and seizing one of her offspring with her beak, carried it off to a safe spot in an adjacent field. The father flew down to the little one to keep guard over it whilst the mother returned for the other bantling. When she reached the seat of danger, the flames had already enveloped the nest, and as she fluttered round it, the young stork fell through the charred fragments into the burning barn below. Without a moment's hesitation the mother darted through the smoke and fire, and returned bearing her little one in her beak, and, apparently unhurt, flew off with it. But the next day, a wounded stork fell into the market-place of Trebbin, a neighbouring town. She was unable to stand; and it was discovered that both her legs were badly burned, and that she was indeed the heroic mother which had saved her offspring from the previous day's fire. Those who know what reverential sympathy storks receive abroad, will comprehend with what care the poor bird was removed to the Rathhaus, where the burgermaster had a shelter provided for her, and where a physician came to tend her. In the meantime, the male stork discovered his consort's temporary place of refuge, and paid her daily visits, as if to learn how she progressed, and to inform her that their youngsters, for whom he carefully provided, were doing well. The school-children of Trebbin found more food for the patient than she could dispose of; the burgermaster and medical man visited her every day; and in less than a fortnight the devoted mother was well enough to fly away to her husband and children.

Much remains that might be told of the devotion of birds for their young, but it must not be overlooked that this charming and suggestive trait is manifested by other members of the animal world. The patient manner in which cats, dogs, and other quadrupeds will endure any amount of inconvenience and pain for the comfort, or even the amusement, of their offspring is known to all, but how strong the maternal attachment is, is not so generally noticed. Cats, from the lioness downwards, are proverbially devoted to their young, and rarely are more intense examples of the feeling witnessed than in the domestic cat. In defence of their offspring, cats are just as daring and courageous as any animals; they have been known to attack and defeat the most ferocious dogs, and put to flight or destroy venomous snakes. In the *Naturalist's Cabinet*, the following typical anecdote is recorded. Whilst a cat was disporting with her kittens about the barnyard, they were espied by a large hawk that was sailing above on the lookout for prey. Instantaneously it darted upon one of the kittens, and was bearing it off, when the mother, seeing the danger, flew at the hawk, and made it drop the prize. A dreadful battle now began between the two; for a while the hawk had the advantage, with his strong wings, sharp talons, and keen beak, beating and lacerating the poor cat, and actually depriving her of one eye. In no way daunted by her painful injuries, the mother continued to exert all her cunning and agility on behalf of her little ones, and at last succeeded in breaking her adversary's wing. The bird was now more within the power of the cat's claws, and although it continued to defend itself vigorously, victory favoured the aggrieved party, and

as she was nearly exhausted, the mother, to the delight of several spectators, laid her opponent motionless beneath her feet, and tore off the head of the vanquished marauder in triumph. Regardless of her own sufferings, she at once ran to her bleeding kitten, and purred contentedly as she licked the wounds the hawk's talons had inflicted on its tender sides.

Dogs are in no way behind other animals in the love and abnegation of self they manifest for their young. So many and so well known are the incidents told of the maternal attachment displayed by the canine species, that it is needless to cite any here. The dog's nearly allied relative, the fox, despite his tricks on other creatures, is a most exemplary parent, and resorts to extraordinary devices to decoy intruders from his family circle. Horses—to pass to another branch of the animal world—display equal affection for their young. We have a wonderful record of how several foals were preserved during an inundation of Krütsand, in the Elbe, by the maternal sagacity and extraordinary reasoning faculty of some old mares. Instead of abandoning their young to their fate, and following the example of the horned cattle, which all swam off to the mainland, these noble creatures stood together, and every two took a foal between them, and by pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in, and lifted up above the surface of the water. For six hours, until the water subsided, did these devoted animals remain immovable in their painful and perilous position, to the surprise and delight of their owners, who beheld from afar the strange manœuvre by which their valuable foals were preserved from what had appeared inevitable destruction.

FRUIT-FARMING IN TASMANIA.

A Scotch gentleman who has embarked a capital of a few hundred pounds in land in Tasmania, writes as follows, for the guidance of a friend who thought of settling there.

'In my opinion,' he says, 'the most successful emigrants are (1) young unmarried men of robust health, able at once to go into any sort of agricultural work or clearing of land, and who are thus likely to get on whether they have capital or not; (2) married men with families able to assist them in farming, and with two or three hundred pounds to start them; (3) professional men or tradesmen also with a small capital. In Just's *Official Handbook to Tasmania*, all questions with regard to free grants of land are fully answered; and further information can be had from the agent for Tasmania in London. I have known many cases of immigrants being so bitterly disappointed—perhaps they expected an Eldorado—that I never take the responsibility of advising any one to come who does not belong to one of the above-named classes. The land is very heavily timbered, and requires the settler either to be a man of iron constitution and bred to the hardest physical exertions, or else to be backed by a pretty solid capital. Where there is a large family of strong sons and daughters, the work, being subdivided, is made comparatively easy.

'On the whole, fruit-growing requires less labour than anything else, as one can plant raspberries and other small fruit amongst the stumps, and do the clearing gradually afterwards. But for that you must have good soil and easy access to market, which means that you must purchase from private individuals at two to four pounds per acre for best land. In another year or so, I believe there will be plenty of small farms—one hundred to two hundred acres—to be bought in this district for from one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds, according to the improvements effected on them, quality of soil, and nearness of water-carriage.

'The land I purchased was selected more with the view of having a place ready where I could establish a modest home, if I should wish to do so, than with any view to commercial speculation. I have cleared an acre and a half to plant apple-trees in; these will not be in bearing for five years. The clearing—taking out all stumps and making ready for the plough—has cost twenty-four pounds five shillings per acre; fencing—I supply the timber—three shillings and sixpence a rod, besides expenses of draining, ploughing, and planting. This work could all be done by two strong men, if they had plenty of time to it; and if they planted small fruit and potatoes between the trees, they would begin to get a return next year. Potatoes cost three to five shillings a hundredweight; gooseberry and currant bushes about three to four shillings a dozen; apple-trees (one year old) sixpence each. A hut could be put up with six or eight pounds-worth of timber; ten or twelve acres could be laid down in English grass—six shillings per bushel—and cows kept. A little money might be made until all these things were grown, by splitting palings or jobbing of various sorts. After a year or more—according to one's success with the potatoes, &c.—of the hardest and most unremitting labour, it would be possible to get a livelihood off thirty acres of fairly good land, supposing it to be bush-land and not extra-heavily timbered. There is no difference between the land sold on credit, and that granted to free immigrants. The smallest quantity of land purchasable is fifteen acres. It is best to bring any good furniture and napery from home, also cutlery and carpenters' tools. Agricultural implements are best bought here. Plenty of clothing should be brought.'

LIFE'S CHIVALRY.

WHERE, in the busy city's care and strife,
Its thirst for riches, and its toil for bread,
Is found that soul of chivalry in life,
Which some are mourning for as truly dead?
Shall we seek for it in the forest-glade;
In hoary dim cathedral, gray with age?
In chancel where the mailèd knights are laid
With rusted lance, no further war to wage:
In mould'ring castle, or in ivied tower,
Where pomp and pageantry were wont to be?
Ah, no! But yet the ancient spirit's power
Is with us, and its form, if we would see:
To labour cheerfully from hour to hour,
To do good graciously, is chivalry.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

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OCEAN AS A HEALTH-RESTORER.

The poets have apostrophised the sea until the power of metaphor and simile could apparently no further go. Now, it is a monarch whose purple diadem is gemmed by the ocean isles; now, a monster whose insatiable maw is filled with wrecked ships and drowned seamen. Again, it is a beauty, whose azure brow is all unwrinkled by the lapse of years; or 'a vast and wandering grave,' into which 'the heavy-shotted hammock-shroud' drops hopelessly.

But the boldest rhymer never thought of addressing the ocean as a Healer. Power, grandeur, destruction, deceitful beauty—these were *thought* to be the natural characteristics of the sea, but the property of restoring health was not dreamt of as claiming inclusion upon the list. Yet, this is the attribute of the sea which now engages the attention and excites the hope of *multitudes*. A sea-voyage has become a familiar prescription for a variety of ailments, and there is each year a rapid increase in the number of those who can attribute to its agency prolonged life, or complete recovery from almost hopeless *disease*. The prescription is now as eagerly followed as it is readily given. The ocean has gradually been robbed of its terrors. We know that so far from being constantly storm-tossed, its more usual mood is that of placidity and comparative calm, although storms, shipwrecks, fires, and collisions still sometimes appal us in thick-bodied type in the newspapers; but the hard unanswerable logic of statistics conclusively proves that there is as much risk in travelling by rail from Edinburgh to London as in the voyage by sea from Liverpool to New York, or from Plymouth to Melbourne.

For the health-seeker, the Australian voyage is to be preferred. Its length and variety, the average warmth and calm weather which usually prevail, and the ample provision made for the traveller's comfort on the best ships, are all strong arguments in its favour. He should start on his journey in August or September, thus avoiding the English winter, and securing the most favourable season for the voyage. He will also be well advised to choose a sailing-ship in preference to one of those fast steamers which now appear almost to annihilate distance and bring the antipodes to our very doors. The invalid does not desire to make 'the quickest run on record;' he has come to sea in order to enjoy as long as possible sea-air, sea-life, and sea-leisure. The longer the voyage, provided it fall short of producing intolerable *ennui*, the greater the gain to health. Again, in the comparatively slow-moving sailing-ship, the changes of temperature are gradual; while the fast steamship, going at a uniform rate of fourteen or fifteen knots per hour, flies through degrees of latitude like a steeple-chaser over his fences, and the invalid is hurried too quickly from the fogs and cold of Britain to the heat of the tropics; and again with equally undue rapidity from the burning equator to the icebergs of the Southern Ocean.

The sailing-ship has other advantages. The passengers are fewer, and there is less crowding and more privacy. The sleeping-cabins are more commodious than those of steamers, and four people are not huddled together in a space six feet by eight in a manner as destructive of comfort as it is prejudicial to health. The sailing-ship also is free from the dust and dirt produced by smoke, from the indescribably nauseous odour of oiled machinery, and from the ceaseless grind of engines and vibration of the screw. Her motion is smooth and graceful as that of a skilful dancer. Just a little ripple at her prow as the cut-water dashes the blue ocean into foam; just a little gurgle in her wake as the waves close over the rent which her passage makes in their depths; just a slight creaking of the ropes or a faint 'sough' of the sails—all else silence and the majesty of silent motion.

The voyage from England to Australia presents great variety. The traveller traverses about a hundred degrees of latitude, and more than a hundred and fifty degrees of longitude. He encounters every variety of marine climate, sees

ocean in all his moods, and enjoys the sense of traversing half the globe. During the first week, the weather is frequently disagreeable. The Bay of Biscay bars the immediate way, and the voyager too often leaves it behind with unpleasant memories. But soon a change comes: the sun mounts rapidly towards the zenith; the temperature rises; deeper and deeper grow the sapphire of the sea and the azure of the sky; balmier and yet more balmy breezes blow. We are flying south, towards those favoured regions where a kindlier sun charms nature to a fertility unknown in colder lands. The sea at night glows with phosphorescent illumination, and ere long the trade-winds—those ever-welcome allies of the sailor—begin to blow, at first fitfully and with uncertain strength, but soon with a steady powerful blast, before which the vessel spreads all her white wings and hurries ever faster southward. Sailing through trade-wind latitudes is the perfection of voyaging. For days and even weeks together, the vessel urges her way with almost unvarying speed; every stitch of canvas solicits the breeze, which blows so steadily that, with the exception of one motionless figure at the wheel, the sailors enjoy unwonted leisure. The air is deliciously soft and mild, but sufficiently cool to temper the blaze of the tropical sun. All day long the passengers recline in their easy-chairs on deck, and often prolong their siesta far into the night, unwilling to exchange the fresh air and the canopy of heaven for the close quarters and closer atmosphere of their sleeping-cabins.

Soon the vessel runs into the Belt of Calms; every breath of wind dies away, and she lies helplessly drifting, like some stricken bird which the sportsman has wounded and left to float and die. Here strange and magnificent atmospheric phenomena attract observation. The sky is now shrouded in a silver haze, now curtained with dense masses of cloud of the most fantastic shapes, and glowing with every hue of the prism. The sea, unrippled by the faintest breath, reflects, as from some vast mirror, each shade and lineament of the sky. At night, the scene is not less wonderful. Sheet-lightning flashes from end to end of the heavens, and is reflected in unearthly grandeur by the ocean. Each roll of the ship seems to evolve liquid balls of fire from the depths of the sea—the witch's oils of Coleridge's wondrous poem. The heat is prostrating, and the atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, almost stifles respiration. Occasionally, a faint breath of air ripples the smooth surface of the main; the sails are set in eagerness and hope; but soon it dies away, and leaves the ship to drift helplessly as before. Sometimes with startling suddenness, a tornado bursts upon the vessel, rain descends in literal cataracts, and penetrates with irresistible force even to the saloon and the sleeping-cabins.

Some fortunate vessels carry a steady breeze right across this troublesome 'belt,' while others are detained in it a month. Passengers by steamship who cross this region in one or two days see little or nothing of the phenomena which have been described.

But, however slowly, the vessel glides or drifts surely southward. At length a change comes. The first whisper of the south-east trade-wind comes up from the south; each hour it increases in force; soon it blows a steady breeze, and the vessel, once more under cheery canvas, rushes gaily forwards, like a greyhound released from the leash. The equator is speedily crossed, and perhaps, if ancient usages survive, due sacrifice is offered to Neptune. The cool fresh winds from the south blow still more strongly. In a few days the vessel has left the tropics behind, and soon, having passed the meridian of the Cape, she turns her prow eastward, and heads direct for the great Australian continent. Sailing-vessels usually run as far south as latitude forty-five or forty-eight degrees, in order to catch the 'brave west winds,' which in these regions sweep athwart the globe, varying little, and raising the sea into great foam-crested billows, which move along in resistless majesty, now pursuing and threatening to ingulf each flying ship; now passing harmlessly under her stern with a swoosh, as if disappointed of their legitimate prey.

The weather during this portion of the voyage is cool, bracing, and delightful at most seasons of the year; but at times it is as cold as an English winter. Icebergs sometimes abound, and excite a thrill of fearful interest as they raise their gigantic spectral forms out of the sea and glitter in the sun. Sometimes they become sources of imminent peril. In the thickness of a fog, or amid the blinding confusion of a snow-storm, one of these huge ice-mountains may suddenly present itself at close-quarters, and call for all the vigilance and skill of officer and sailor to avoid a disaster.

After a voyage varying from eighty to ninety days, the vessel reaches Australian waters. The weather grows milder, and the lightening green of the sea announces that land is near. At length the low, sandy, scrub-lined coast of Australia is descried; and soon the passengers gladly disembark, and exchange the exile of the sea for a fresh participation in the enjoyments of civilisation.

Life at sea during such a voyage necessarily presents many points of contrast with ordinary life on land. For three months the traveller is shut in upon a floating house, perhaps two hundred and fifty feet long by forty broad. During this period, no intercourse with the outer world is possible, except when some passing vessel chances to stop and exchange greetings. This alone amounts to a revolution in the daily habits of the individual. There is no morning newspaper, no postman's knock, no telegrams, no daily confinement in close offices, courts, or consulting-rooms, no daily duties calling for energy that is so often lacking. The passenger has only to eat, sleep, and live. His most pressing duty is to attend the summons of the dinner-bell, his chief interest to watch the changing humours of sea and sky, or lean over the bulwarks and guess the vessel's speed, or await the daily announcement of the Log. The strain of life is withdrawn. The wheels of existence move easily and with lessened friction. The incessant emulation, the keen anxieties, the worrying cares which beset modern commercial and professional life, are as things that never have been. The busy,

anxious, seething world lies beyond yonder low horizon, and around is the vast silence of the sea. A restfulness, half calm, half melancholy—like that which brooded over the land of the Lotus-eaters—steals upon the voyager. Reclining lazily on deck, his cheek fanned by the soft breath of the trade-wind, his mind like an unstrung bow, he enjoys the perfection of mental and physical repose. It is true the picture has its reverse. Storms will come, and the quiet sea transform itself into a waste of raging waters. At such times, life on shipboard has its hardships; the deck, swept by the waves, becomes unsafe for the landsman; meals are taken with difficulty, if the inclination for them survive. At night, sleep is disturbed by the tempest, the creaking of the rigging, or the erratic movements of the passenger's personal luggage. But such days and nights are almost phenomenally exceptional during the Australian voyage.

This perfection of restfulness is of the first importance to the invalid. On land, cares will assail him, duties press upon him, the travail of the travailing world pursue him even to Alpine heights or Norwegian solitudes. But black Care does not usually go a-voyaging. Things may be getting on very badly on land, and the world may miss us very much. But we are at sea, and each moment bears us farther away. For a little while the world must manage in its own poor way without us. Let us have rest for three months, though at the end the heavens should fall. Let us eat and drink and be merry, and hope that the world will be changed for the better before we return to it again. The veriest victim of worry and anxiety, with whom care is a constant quest, will find it difficult to resist the seductive influences of the tropics. The balmy air lulls to sleep like the most perfect opiate; the soft winds whisper rest; the vast expanse of ocean speaks of the littleness of human life, and the folly of wearying about that which will soon be as forgotten as yesterday's storm. The whole scene

> Gentlier on the spirit lies
> Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

The traveller, especially if physically weak or mentally exhausted, yields to the soft influences operating upon him: he makes no pretence of activity; he resigns himself to a delicious, because inevitable idleness; he relinquishes all his resolves of turning the long hours at sea to good account for the purpose of mental culture. His dictionaries remain at the bottom of his trunk; Homer, Virgil, Dante, Goethe, or Shakspeare, as the case may be, slumber undisturbed, and retain the virgin whiteness of their page. Even the last review remains uncut. He lazily turns over the pages of some novel, wishes it were shorter, wonders whence the hero derived so much superfluous energy; or glances at the clock, to see if the log will soon be declared or the dinner-bell speedily ring. He has just sufficient energy to enjoy a leisurely promenade on deck, watching the porpoises at their gambols, or the flying-fish starting from each wave, or the sailors as they swarm aloft to unfurl some sail.

Such luxurious indolence, which at other times and in other places would be contemptible, is here perfectly right, because perfectly natural. The Neapolitan lazzaroni, the Hindu, the native of Tonga and Tahiti, are constitutionally indolent, because climate and the conditions of life are fatal to energy. The traveller by sea has no motive for activity, and naturally refrains from an expenditure of vigour for which there is no demand.

In the case of the invalid, this restfulness, this intense indisposition for mental or physical exertion, this careless *insouciance*, have a profound explanation. During those long hours and days of calm and inactivity, nature is busily at work, repairing the waste of years of toil, or the ravages of long-continued disease. Unseen hands are silently engaged in building up again the broken cells; unseen fingers are busily rearranging the disordered machinery of life. He will be wisest who will let nature work on, yielding himself to an instinct which he only half comprehends.

Next in importance to the invalid to rest and quiet—to some invalids, indeed, as, for example, consumptives, most important of all—are the pure atmosphere and the long hours of uninterrupted enjoyment of sunshine and fresh air. In the warm latitudes, the passengers live on deck, going only below to eat and sleep, and frequently spend fifteen hours daily in the open air. This is an advantage of the first magnitude. Half the diseases of modern life, and more than half the minor ailments which embitter existence, are due to contamination of the air we breathe. Not the least terrible discovery of modern science is the revelation that this liquid ether, apparently so pure and spotless, which surrounds us on every side, is in reality swarming with invisible forms of life, capable of becoming the ministers of disease and the harbingers of death. We breathe, and fever enters our veins, or consumption sets its fatal seal upon us. Even when free from the germs of actual disease, the atmosphere of large towns is loaded with organic particles and deficient in the vitalising elements. But at sea, the air is the perfection of purity. The ocean is the natural disinfectant which keeps the world wholesome, and the air that sweeps its surface bears no trace of contamination or impurity. Hence, in a large measure is explained the immense advantage of the long sea-voyage to the consumptive, to whom pure air is in the most literal sense the very breath of life.

The extreme equability of the ocean climate is another fact of cardinal importance. The variations of temperature at sea from day to day are trifling, and steadily progressive with the latitude, sudden changes being almost unknown. The winds are all sea-breezes, all laden with moisture, and usually blow from the same point of the compass for many days together. Chill—that word of fearful import on land—has no existence at sea. Sailors rarely suffer from ordinary catarrhs or colds, and even sleep with impunity upon the bare deck. The changes of temperature at sea are gradual, and can be reckoned on, and proper preparation made. January does not surprise us with its mildness, nor does mid-winter suddenly return in May. The east wind has lost its evil name. The touch of the sea has spirited away all its rigour, and invested it with unwonted softness. The voyager

is greatly interested in noting the direction of the wind, owing to its effect upon the vessel's progress, but he forgets to associate peculiarities of temperature with it. If it be fair, he cares not from what quarter it blows.

The saline particles in sea-air, the abundance of oxygen, perhaps some slight impregnation with iodine, have all their salutary effect, and favourably influence the course of disease.

The high average range of the barometer is also a point of importance. Every one knows the profound stillness and calm of a day on which the glass stands unusually high; the air seems wrapped in slumber, and the sun shines with undimmed lustre. The clouds, now like silver fleeces, again like battlements of purest marble, seem to have withdrawn to the remotest heights, and the arch of heaven appears to have lifted itself beyond its wont. Such days are not rare at sea, being especially common on the polar verge of the trade-wind belt, and are grateful to the invalid, but unwelcome to the sailor, because tending to delay the vessel's progress and prolong the voyage.

The disadvantages and discomforts of sea-life are nevertheless real, and cannot be gainsaid. The most real is probably the inevitable monotony of existence—the entire absence of serious occupation. Amusements are greatly restricted. The ever-present ocean presents little variety of scene. Each day is a counterpart of its predecessor, a monotonous round of eating and sleeping, with only such occasional *divertissements* as quarrelling or flirtation. This is at times trying to the man of vigorous health and unimpaired mental and physical activity; but to the invalid the benefit outweighs the tedium. He feels little inclination for employments for which he has no energy, and does not miss amusements which he has no longer the capacity of enjoying. Even the most energetic must yield at times to the prevailing atmosphere of languor and ease. Men of vigorous bodies and active brains find pleasure at sea in trifles which at other times would seem contemptible. A sailor going aloft to shake out some sail becomes an object of interest; a porpoise or a dolphin playing alongside excites the liveliest curiosity. Games which on land would find their proper sphere in the nursery are keenly relished on shipboard by the oldest and the gravest. A chance lurch of the ship, disturbing the conditions of some contest, affords material for abundant merriment and laughter.

But of all the alleviations to the monotony of life at sea, none equals in interest that afforded by the appearance of passing vessels or by the sight of land—perhaps because these remind the travellers of the great world far away which each day finds them more eager to rejoin. Ships are seen in great numbers in the Channel and the Bay of Biscay. They are rarely met in the trade-winds, as, in these latitudes, homeward and outward bound ships are forced to pursue different tracks; but they become very numerous again in the Belt of Calms, where whole fleets lie helplessly drifting, and can exchange sympathetic signals. Down south in the great Southern Ocean, the sight of a ship is an event of rare occurrence, and vessels may pass weeks without catching a glimpse of a companion sail. Sometimes, as the curtain of night lifts, another vessel is discovered alongside, and a great ocean race ensues, much to the delight of the passengers on the winning ship, which, as it flies ahead, signals sarcastic messages to its defeated competitor.

The sight of land causes still livelier interest and keener excitement. No one who has not taken a long sea-voyage can realise the vivid feeling of pleasure which thrills through a ship's company when, after weeks or months of weary voyaging, of 'ever climbing up the climbing wave,' the cry of 'Land ho!' is heard. Even a desert island or a barren rock is greeted with enthusiasm and eagerly scanned through a hundred telescopes. Every little detail is discussed with interest—the outline of mountain and peak, the presence of tree or grass, the probability of human habitation, the sight of houses or villages, or, most interesting of all, moving figures and human forms. Every observer has his opinion and his group of sympathetic listeners. The passengers feel that now their exact position on the vast wilderness of the Admiralty charts is established beyond cavil; that faint streak on the horizon is St Michael or Ascension; those lofty peaks overhang the fertile Canaries or the barrenness of the Cape Verds. There is no longer any possibility of doubt about the vessel's progress and the distance already traversed. Henceforth, a new start is made, and the remainder of the voyage counts from the last land sighted. It is pleasant, too, to feel the proximity again of humankind. Even a savage is a man and a brother, and after weeks of isolation, it is something to be near our own species again. Time was when the sight of land aroused very different emotions, when the distant island might be the lair of pirates or the abode of cannibals, when the black flag of the former or the war-canoe of the latter might suddenly burst from some creek or river upon the doomed merchantman. But the sea has almost lost such terrors as these; every flap of England's flag proclaims not only freedom, but protection and safety. On the Australian voyage, land is sighted to a very variable extent. Some ships see no land from the moment that the Lizard fades astern until the first glimpse is obtained of Australia. Others sight land four or five times. Madeira, the Salvages, Teneriffe, San Antonio in the Cape Verd Islands, Tristan d'Acunha, the Crozet Islands, and St Paul's, are the most frequent points sighted. Much depends upon the weather, more upon the captain. The cautious navigator, especially if the weather be wild or cloudy, gives land a wide berth, and holds well out into the open main.

The monotony of a voyage is in a measure alleviated by the opportunity of studying natural living objects; porpoises, sharks, and flying-fish are frequently seen, and even caught. Occasionally, a whale rises in close proximity to the vessel, or, more frequently, may be descried spouting his 'foam-fountains' in the distance. Bird-life, also, is comparatively rare at sea; with the exception of the petrel and its congeners, which follow ships from week to week in patient expectation of occasional booty, few birds are visible in tropical or sub-tropical regions in mid-ocean. A swallow or a dove driven by some

chance gale far out to sea has been known to alight upon some passing ship. Sometimes the lonely frigate-bird may be seen wheeling his apparently ceaseless flight far aloft in the sky; but these are exceptions. In the great Southern Ocean, however, it is otherwise; there the air is frequently filled with a vast cloud of sea-fowl; albatrosses sail around and along, now rising aloft with a flap or two of their huge outstretched wings, now dropping suddenly into the sea to secure their prey. 'Cape pigeons,' 'molly-hawks,' 'mutton-birds,' and numbers of other birds, to which the common parlance of sailors has given equally expressive, if sometimes inelegant epithets, pursue the flying clipper through the long day and the dark night, in gloom and sunshine, storm and calm, and seem neither to sleep nor rest.

A pleasant variety to the monotony of sea-life may be derived from astronomical observations, for which a voyage affords ample opportunities. Each night,

> The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.

The vast expanse of heaven lies open without obstacle or hindrance, and invites our attention. As we speed south, the familiar constellations of English skies—Cassiopeia, the Great and the Little Bear—dip beneath the northern horizon, and new stars—especially the much celebrated but disappointing Southern Cross—arise upon the south. Great Orion, sloping slowly from east to west, is seen through many degrees of latitude, and looks down equally upon the green meadows of England and the parched plains of her great Australian dependency. The Pleiades remind us of the 'sweet influences' which they were once disposed to rain; and their companion stars tell of the time when

> Through scudding drifts, the rainy Hyades
> Vext the dim sea.

Belief in astrology was not unnatural in an age before the mariner's compass, when sailors boldly ventured into unknown regions, relying on the guidance of the stars alone.

But the voyager will naturally seek amusement and distraction mainly in the society of his fellow-travellers; and the composition of the passengers' list is a matter of the first interest and importance to him. A ship's company is a microcosm, a photograph in miniature of the great world of action and passion. Each unit makes itself felt in so small a sphere, and the aberrations of one body are sufficient to throw all that little universe out of gear. On shipboard, all the natural characteristics of the individual tend to become exaggerated; the selfish person becomes more than ever self-seeking; the unselfish person has unwonted opportunities for self-abnegation. The occupations and amusements of one person conflict with those of another, and only by mutual toleration and concession can the general harmony be maintained.

A quarrel—and quarrels are numerous on shipboard—tends to divide the whole company into two hostile camps. Love-affairs—numerous also, but tending, like the voyage, to an early termination—are matters of public interest, curiosity, and comment. No one lives to himself; whether eating, walking, or sleeping, the passenger has active relations with his environment—as scientific phraseology might express it—and either promotes or disturbs the comfort and happiness of others. A fine school, truly, for the culture of the graces! Oftener, perhaps, it becomes only too perfect a stage for the exhibition of human frailty and human folly. It has been said that the man who passes unscathed through the ordeal of a contested parliamentary election must possess an unblemished reputation. As truly may it be said that the person who has accomplished many sea-voyages and never made an enemy, deserves a monument more enduring than brass.

It remains only to add that there are some who should not tempt the sea. Those far advanced in serious disease from whatever cause, the victim of insomnia, those threatened with melancholia or insanity, should not increase the perils incident to their condition, by seeking to encounter the inevitable hardship and monotony which are serious deductions from the virtues of ocean as a health-restorer.

JAMES A. LINDSAY, M.D.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

'YES, I wish you had not said anything, Frances; not that it matters very much. I don't suppose he was in earnest, or, at all events, he would have changed his mind before evening. But, my dear, this poor young fellow is not able to follow the same course as Markham's friends do. They are at it all the year round, now in town, now somewhere else. They bet and play, and throw their money about; and at the end of the year they are not very much the worse—or at least that is what he always tells me. One time they lose, but another time they gain. And then they are men who have time, and money more or less. But when a young man with a little money comes among them, he may ruin himself before he knows.'

'I am very sorry,' said Frances. 'It is difficult to believe that Markham could hurt any one.'

Her mother gave her a grateful look. 'Dear Markham!' she said. 'To think that he should be so good—and yet—— It gives me great pleasure, Frances, that you should appreciate your brother. Your father never did so—and all of them, all the Warings—— But it is understood between us, is it not, that we are not to touch upon that subject?'

'Perhaps it would be painful, mamma.—But how am I to understand, unless I am told?'

'You have never been told, then—your father——? But I might have known he would say very little; he always hated explanations.—My dear,' said Lady Markham, with evident agitation, 'if I were to enter into that story, it would inevitably take the character of a self-defence; and I can't do that to my own child. It is the worst of such unfortunate circumstances as ours that you must judge your parents, and find one or other in the wrong.—O yes; I do not deceive myself on that subject. And you are a partisan in your nature. Con was more or less of a cynic, as people become who are bred up in society, as she was. She could believe we were both wrong, calmly, without

any particular feeling. But you, of your nature, Frances, you would be a partisan.'

'I hope not, mamma. I should be the partisan of both sides,' said Frances, almost under her breath.

Lady Markham rose and gave her a kiss. 'Remain so,' she said, 'my dear child. I will say no harm of him to you, as I am sure he has said no harm of me. Now, let us think no more of Markham's faults, nor of poor young Gaunt's danger, nor of'——

'Danger?' said Frances, with an anxious look.

'If it were less than danger, would I have said so much, do you think?'

'But, mamma, pardon me, if it is real danger, ought you not to say more?'

'What! for the sake of another woman's son, betray and forsake my own? How can I say to him in so many words: Take care of Markham; avoid Markham and his friends.—I have said it in hints as much as I dare. Yes, Frances, I would do a great deal for another woman's son. It would be the strongest plea. But in this case, how can I do more? Never mind; fate will work itself out quite independent of you and me.—And here are people coming—Claude, probably, to see if you have changed your mind about him, or whether I have heard from Constance. Poor boy; he must have one of you two.'

'I hope not,' said Frances seriously.

'But I am sure of it,' cried her mother with a smile. 'We shall see which of us is the better prophet.—But this is not Claude. I hear the sweep of a woman's train.—Hush!' she said, holding up a finger. She rose as the door opened, and then hastened forward with an astonished exclamation: 'Nelly!' and held out both her hands.

'You did not look for me?' said Mrs Winterbourn with a defiant air.

'No, indeed; I did not look for you. And so fine, and looking so well. He must have taken an unexpected turn for the better, and you have come to tell me.'

'Yes, am I not fine?' said Nelly, looking down upon her beautiful dress with a curious air, half pleasure, half scorn. 'It is almost new; I have never worn it before.'

'Sit down here beside me, my dear, and tell me all about it. When did this happy change occur?'

'Happy? For whom?' she asked with a harsh little laugh. 'No, Lady Markham, there is no change for the better: the other way—they say there is no hope. It will not be very long, they say, before'——

'And Nelly, Nelly! you here, in your fine new dress.'

'Yes, it seems ridiculous, does it not?' she said, laughing again. 'I away—going out to pay visits in my best gown, and my husband—dying. Well! I know that if I had stayed any longer in that dreary house without any air, and with Sarah Winterbourn, I should have died.—Oh, you don't know what it is. To be shut up there, and never hear a step except the doctor's, or Roberts' carrying up the beef-tea. So I burst out of prison, to save my life. You may blame me, if you like, but it was to save my life, neither less nor more.'

'Nelly, my dear,' said Lady Markham, taking her hand, 'there is nothing wonderful in your coming to see so old a friend as I am. It is quite natural. To whom should you go in your trouble, if not to your old friends?'

Upon which Nelly laughed again in an excited hysterical way. 'I have been on quite a round,' she said. 'You always did scold me, Lady Markham; and I know you will do so again. I was determined to show myself once more before—the waters went over my head. I can come out now in my pretty gown. But *afterwards*, if I did such a thing, everybody would think me mad.—Now you know why I have come, and you can scold me as much as you please. But I have done it, and it can't be undone. It is a kind of farewell visit, you know,' she added in her excited tone. 'After this, I shall disappear into—crape and affliction. A widow! What a horrible word. Think of me, Nelly St John; me, a widow! Isn't it horrible, horrible? That is what they will call me, Markham and the other men—the widow. I know how they will speak, as well as if I heard them. Lady Markham, they will call me *that*, and you know what they will mean.'

'Nelly, Nelly, my poor child!' Lady Markham held her hand and patted it softly with her own. 'O Nelly, you are very imprudent, very silly. You will shock everybody, and make them talk. You ought not to have come out now. If you had sent for me, I would have gone to you in a moment.'

'It was not *that* I wanted. I wanted just to be like others for once—before—— I don't seem to care what will happen to me—afterwards. What do they do to a woman, Lady Markham, when her husband dies? They would not let her bury herself with him, or burn herself, or any of those sensible things. What do they do, Lady Markham? Brand her somewhere in her flesh with a red-hot iron—with Widow, written upon her flesh?'

'My dear, you must care for poor Mr Winterbourn a great deal more than you were aware, or you would not feel this so bitterly. Nelly'——

'Hush!' she said with a sort of solemnity. 'Don't say that, Lady Markham. Don't talk about what I feel. It is all so miserable, I don't know what I am doing. To think that he should be my husband, and I just boiling with life, and longing to get free, to get free: I that was born to be a good woman, if I could, if you would all have let me, if I had not been made to—— Look here! I am going to speak to that little girl. You can say the other thing afterwards. I know you will. You can make it look so right—so right.—Frances, if you get persuaded to marry Claude Ramsay or any other man that you don't care for, remember, you'll just be like me. Look at me, dressed out, paying visits, and my husband dying. Perhaps he may be dead when I get home.' She paused a moment with a nervous shivering and drew her summer cloak closely around her. 'He is going to die, and I am running about the streets. It is horrible, isn't it? He doesn't want me, and I don't want him; and next week I shall be all in crape, and branded on my shoulder or somewhere—where, Lady Markham?—all for a man who—all for a man that'——

'Nelly, Nelly! for heaven's sake—at least respect the child.'

'It is because I respect her that I say anything. —Oh, it is all horrible! And already the men and everybody are discussing, What will Nelly do? The widow, what will she do?'

Then the excited creature suddenly, without warning, broke out into sobbing and tears. 'Oh, don't think it is for grief,' she said, as Frances instinctively came towards her; 'it's only the excitement, the horror of it, the feeling that it is coming so near. I never was in the house with Death, never, that I can remember. And I will be the chief person, don't you know? They will want me to do all sorts of things.—What do you do when you are a widow, Lady Markham? Have you to give orders for the funeral, and say what sort of a—coffin there is to be, and—all that?'

'Nelly, Nelly! Oh, for God's sake, don't say those dreadful things. You know you will not be troubled about anything, least of all—— And my dear, my dear, recollect your husband is still alive. It is dreadful to talk of details such as those for a living man.'

'Most likely,' she said, looking up with a shiver, 'he will be dead when I get home.—Oh, I wish it might all be over, everything, before I go home.—Couldn't you hide me somewhere, Lady Markham? Save me from seeing him and all those—details, as you call them. I cannot bear it; and I have no mother nor any one to come to me—nobody, nobody but Sarah Winterbourn.'

'I will go home with you, Nelly; I will take you back, my dear.—Frances, take care of her till I get my bonnet.—My poor child, compose yourself. Try and be calm. You must be calm, and bear it,' Lady Markham said.

Frances with alarm found herself left alone with this strange being—not much older than herself, and yet thrown amid such tragic elements. She stood by her, not knowing how to approach the subject of her thoughts, or indeed any subject —for to talk to her of common things was impossible. Mrs Winterbourn, however, did not turn towards Frances. Her sobbing ended suddenly, as it had begun. She sat with her head upon her hands, gazing at the light. After a while, she said, though without looking round: 'You once offered to sit up with me, thinking, or pretending, I don't know which, that I was sitting up with him all night. Would you have done so, if you had been in my place?'

'I think—I don't know,' said Frances, checking herself.

'You would—you are not straightforward enough to say it—I know you would; and in your heart you think I am a bad creature, a woman without a heart.'

'I don't think so,' said Frances. 'You must have a heart, or you would not be so unhappy.'

'Do you know what I am unhappy about? About myself. I am not thinking of him; he married me to please himself, not me; and I am thinking of myself, not him. It is all fair. You would do the same if you married like me.'

Frances made no reply. She looked with awe and pity at this miserable excitement and wretchedness, which was so unlike anything her innocent soul knew.

'You don't answer,' said Nelly. 'You think you never would have married like me. But how can you tell? If you had an offer as good as Mr Winterbourn, your mother would make you marry him. I made a great match, don't you know? And if you ever have it in your power, Lady Markham will make short work with your objections. You will just do as other people have done. Claude Ramsay is not so rich as Mr Winterbourn; but I suppose he will be your fate, unless Con comes back and takes him, which is, very likely, what she will do. —Oh, are you ready, Lady Markham? It is a pity you should give yourself so much trouble; for, you see, I am quite composed now, and ready to go home.'

'Come, then, my dear Nelly. It is better you should lose no time.' Lady Markham paused to say: 'I shall probably be back quite soon; but if I don't come, don't be alarmed,' in Frances' ear.

The girl went to the window and watched Nelly sweep out to her carriage as if nothing could ever happen to her. The sight of the servants and of the few passers-by had restored her in a moment to herself. Frances stood and pondered for some time at the window. Nelly's was an agitating figure to burst into her quiet life. She did not need the lesson it taught; but yet it filled her with trouble and awe. This brilliant surface of society, what tragedies lay underneath! She scarcely dared to follow the young wife in imagination to her home; but she felt with her the horror of the approaching death. The dread interval when the event was coming, the still more dread moment after, when, all shrinking and trembling in her youth and loneliness, she would live side by side with the dead, whom she had never loved, to whom no faithful bond had united her—— It was not till another carriage drew up and some one got out of it, that Frances retreated, not without a very different sort of alarm, from the window—some one coming to call, she did not see whom, one of those wonderful people who came to talk over with her mother other people whom Frances did not know. How was she to find any subject on which to talk to them? Her anxiety was partially relieved by seeing that it was Claude who came in. He explained that Lady Someone had dropped him at the door, having picked him up at some other place where they had both been calling. 'There is a little east in the wind,' he said, pulling up the collar of his coat.

'Was that Nelly Winterbourn I saw driving away from the door? I thought it was Nelly. And when he is dying, with not many hours to live.'

'And why should not she come to mamma?' said Frances. 'She has no mother of her own.'

'Ah,' said Ramsay, looking at her keenly, 'I see what you mean. She has no mother of her own; and therefore she comes to Markham's, which is next best.'

'I said, to my mother,' said Frances indignantly. 'I don't see what Markham has to do with it.'

'All the same, I shouldn't like my wife to be about the streets, going to—any one's mother, when I was dying.'

'It would be right enough,' cried Frances, hot and indignant, 'if you had married a woman who did not care for you.' She forgot, in the heat of her partisanship, that she was admitting too much. But Claude did not remember, any more than she.

'Oh, come,' he said, 'Miss Waring, Frances. (May I call you Frances? It seems unnatural to call you Miss Waring, for, though I only saw you for the first time a little while ago, I have known you all your life.) Do you think it's quite fair to compare me to Winterbourn? He was fifty when he married Nelly, a fellow quite used up. At all events, I am young, and never was fast; and I don't see,' he added pathetically, 'why a woman shouldn't be able to care for me.'

'Oh, I did not mean that,' cried Frances with penitence; 'I only meant'——

'And you shouldn't,' said Claude, shaking his head, 'pay so much attention to what Nelly says. She makes herself out a martyr now; but she was quite willing to marry Winterbourn. She was quite pleased. It was a great match; and now, she is going to get the good of it.'

'If being very unhappy is getting the good of it——!'

'Oh, unhappy!' said Claude. It was evident he held Mrs Winterbourn's unhappiness lightly enough. 'I'll tell you what,' he said, 'talking of unhappiness, I saw another friend of yours the other day who was unhappy, if you like—that young soldier-fellow, the Indian man. What do you call him?—Grant? No; that's a Nile man.—Gaunt. Now, if Lady Markham had taken him in hand'——

'Captain Gaunt,' said Frances in alarm; 'what has happened to him, Mr Ramsay? Is he ill? Is he'—— Her face flushed with anxiety, and then grew pale.

'I can't say exactly,' said Claude; 'for I am not in his confidence; but I should say he had lost his money, or something of that sort. I don't frequent those sort of places in a general way; but sometimes, if I've been out in the evening, if there's no east in the wind, and no rain or fog, I just look in for a moment. I rather think some of those fellows had been punishing that poor innocent Indian man. When a stranger comes among them, that's a way they have. One feels dreadfully sorry for the man; but what can you do?'

'What can you do? Oh, anything, rather than stand by,' cried Frances excited by sudden fears, 'and see—and see—— I don't know what you mean, Mr Ramsay! Is it *gambling?* Is that what you mean?'

'You should speak to Markham,' he replied. 'Markham's deep in all that sort of thing. If anybody could interfere, it would be Markham. But I don't see how even he could interfere. He is not the fellow's keeper; and what could he say? The other fellows are gentlemen; they don't cheat, or that sort of thing. Only, when a man has not much money, or not the heart to lose it like a man'——

'Mr Ramsay, you don't know anything about Captain Gaunt,' cried Frances, with hot indignation and excitement. 'I don't understand what you mean. He has the heart for—whatever he may have to do. He is not like you people, who talk about everybody, who know everybody. But he has been in action; he has distinguished himself; he is not a nobody like'——

'You mean me,' said Claude. 'So far as being in action goes, I am a nobody of course. But I hope if I went in for play and that sort of thing, I would bear my losses without looking as ghastly as a skeleton. That is where a man of the world, however little you may think of us, has the better of people out of society.—But that's not the question. I only tell you, so that, if you can do anything to get hold of him, to keep him from going to the bad'——

'To the—bad!' she cried. Her face grew pale, and something appalling, an indistinct vision of horrors dimly appeared before Frances' eyes. She seemed to see not only George Gaunt, but his mother weeping, his father looking on with a startled miserable face. 'Oh,' she cried, trying to throw off the impression, 'you don't know what you are saying. George Gaunt would never do anything that is bad. You are making some dreadful mistake, or—— Oh, Mr Ramsay, couldn't you tell him, if you know it is so bad, before—tell him——?'

'What!' cried Claude, horror-struck. 'I tell—a fellow I scarcely know! He would have a right to—kick me, or something—or at least to tell me to mind my own business. No; but you might speak to Markham—Markham is the only man who perhaps might interfere.'

'Oh, Markham! always Markham! Oh, I wish any one would tell me what Markham has to do with it,' cried Frances with a moan.

'That's just one of his ways,' said Ramsay calmly. 'They say it doesn't tell much one way or other, but Markham can't live without play.—Don't you think, as Lady Markham does not come in, that you might give me a cup of tea?'

IN ITS RUINS.

Almost six hundred years before that Birth at Bethlehem which gives modern time its index—namely, in 582 B.C., the year when the Isthmian games were restored—a cast of colonists, swarming out of Gela, not very far off, founded Acragas, which afterwards became, as Pindar wrote, 'the most beautiful city of mortals.' They could not have chosen a fairer spot on all the coast of this fair island of Sicily, rich as it everywhere is in loveliness and charm. Broken and accentuated ground gave natural ramparts to the city and the majesty of domination to the temples; while the wide stretch of blue sea in front brought the beauty and burden of ships to the port, which opened its gates to its friends and shut them like a trap against its foes. Jupiter and Minerva—or, more correctly, Zeus and Athene—were the tutelary deities of the city. The one was Zeus Atabyrius, an awful form of Moloch; the other was the wise grave goddess worshipped by the Rhodians at Lindus—from which city came the original colonists of Gela, bringing their familiar deity with them. We have all heard of Phalaris the tyrant of Acragas, with his red-hot brazen bulls, in which he roasted men alive. But we do not all know that this was not only from wanton cruelty; though, as with the Inquisition of later

times, much personal hatred and malice might have been mixed up with it; but that it was also one form of religious superstition of the kind only too common in all faiths. Greek feeling, however, did not tolerate human sacrifices. Milk and honey, fruit and flowers, and poor innocent beasts, which at the worst served afterwards for food, were offered to the gods, to gain favour or ward off punishment. But save in very rare and exceptional instances, of which Iphigenia and her subsequent cult are the most notable, the deities of Hellas were not propitiated by the blood and tears of man. The men of Acragas, therefore, soon rose up in horror and indignation against Phalaris and banished him for his blood-guiltiness; for all that he had greatly embellished the city—always a claim on the gratitude of citizens. Among other things, he built a temple to Jupiter Poleius, the 'founder of cities,' on the site of which, and in a manner incorporated with while overpowering the older fane, is the Christian church of Sta Maria dei Greci.

Theron, that wise and benevolent despot, whose tomb is still to be seen, was the real star of Acragas. He made that grand Greek luxury, a spacious fishpond; he built the best of the temples, of which the ruins still remain to attract travellers from countries then unknown, but now dominant, while all this majestic past is but a memory and a name; and Pindar celebrated and extolled him, which perhaps is the firmest holding on immortality that he possesses. Among others, he built the temple now called Juno Lacinia; that is, the same Juno as was worshipped at Lacinum; as a modern Catholic might dedicate a church to Sta Maria della Catena, or di Gesù, or della Pietà, &c., always the same goddess, but with specialised attributes. It was for this temple that Zeuxis painted his famous picture of Juno, taking for his models the five most beautiful virgins of Acragas, and producing a masterpiece such as the world had never seen before. But the forces of nature, like the passions of men, have no respect for works of art, whether in paint or in stone. Earthquakes and storms, winds, frost, and fire did their work of destruction on all these splendid conceptions and perfect achievements of genius; and Saracen and Norman completed the ruin which Carthaginian and Roman had begun. And now we have of Acragas, 'the most beautiful city of mortals,' only the uninteresting little town of Girgenti; and the ruins of the ancient temples.

But what ruins! Out on the edge of the rock stands the beautiful and still perfect skeleton of the Temple of Concord. It needs no great stretch of fancy to reconstruct the past, to repeople the void, to call back from that dim and misty Hades where the pale ghosts wander mournfully, the forms of those who once filled the temple with love and light and youth and beauty, with music and song and the fervent prayers of pious souls, asking the benign Goddess of Peace to shed her influence over men, and stay both war and slaughter. The beautiful Sicilian girls who were the realisations of the nymphs and younger goddesses, some singing, some playing, others bearing baskets full of fruits and flowers—their soft feet falling in measured tread and the rhythmic swaying of their bodies making visible music to the eye; the stately matrons, grander and graver, the Junos, the Demeters completed, to whom life had brought its cares as well as its fulfilled joys, its imperative duties as well as its pleading loves; the young men scanning the maidens and falling in love at a glance, as love is kindled into flame by a spark; the husbands and the elder fathers, occupied with things and indifferent to beauty; the poor dumb beasts, garlanded with flowers, and led to the slaughter as offerings to gods slow to save and quick to punish, as even the gentle gods of Greece themselves were:—all file along the paved road and up the marble steps, and range themselves within the columned hall, which then had no Christian arches to block up the space. The cymbals clash and clang; the shrill note of the double pipe sounds far and clear; and the echoes of the sacred songs come back from shaft to wall in a full diapason of joyous melody. Who cannot bring back that scene, as he stands among the asphodels and violets, and forgets time and space in memory?

Farther away is that Temple of Juno Lacinia, already spoken of, where the skeleton is by no means so perfect as this, and where the red hand of fire has left its crimson touch on the old gray stones. Farther still are the ruins of the Temple of Hercules, from which the infamous governor Verres, he who was denounced by Cicero in one of his most eloquent orations, attempted to steal the magnificent bronze statue of the god; sending his slaves at night to prise down the sacred icon; but failing—as the pious of the time said, by the miraculous energy of Hercules himself working through his effigy—until the horrified men of what was then Agrigentum, no longer Acragas, and not yet Girgenti, rushed to the rescue and delivered their deity from harm. And there is the still more undistinguishable chaos of the Temple of Jupiter—ruined before finished—where the great caryatid lies prone on the greensward, like one of the old gods despoiled of his glory, disjointed, broken, destroyed, preserving only the dim and roughened outlines, but wanting all that made the life and beauty of the faith. Near to these confused ruins is the beautiful little upright fragment of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, those twin sons of Leda who stand as the emblems of fraternal fidelity.

The air is full of old-world memories, and involuntarily that noble hymn by Theocritus to the Dioscuri comes to us like a living sound wafted by strange singers across the scented bean-fields—'dear work-steads of the hairy bees'—and shaken like perfume from the flushed branches of flowering fruit-trees, and the sweet pale loveliness of almond blossoms. But their day is done. Their Temple is but a hint, precious for architectural grace, and beautiful in spite of its decay; and they themselves, this heroic pair, are as dead as the stone effigy lying prostrate on the grass. 'Farewell, ye sons of Leda'—'Castor of the swift steeds and swart Polydeuces,' 'to whom all minstrels were dear,' 'the twain that aid all mortals,' 'the beloved pair,' 'succourers of man in the very thrill of peril, and of horses maddened in the bloody press of battle, and of ships that, defying the stars that set and rise in heaven, have encountered the perilous breath of storms'—farewell! The present has destroyed the past,

and Judæa has conquered Greece; but what the world has lost in substance it still retains in spirit, and gratitude for beauty may outlive belief in its divinity.

If Theocritus pervades all Sicily, Girgenti is possessed by Empedocles. Clad in his purple robe, crowned with laurel, shod with golden sandals—what was this man? Was he the wise measurer of moral force, the diligent observer and partial conqueror of nature, some affirm him to have been? Was he the self-consecrated seer and mystic, sincere if also self-deceived, who imagined more than he knew, and who obscured his clearer thoughts by phantasies and his perceptions by illusions? Or was he the conscious charlatan who traded on men's credulity and discounted their ignorance? Who can say? He, too, is one of those faces in the clouds for which each observer has a different interpretation, and in which each sees a different form. But whatever he was, he was born and bred at Acragas, the beautiful city where the gods were housed in glory and worshipped with fervour; and it was from there that he set out to seek for immortality in the eternal fires of Etna.

And now, what do we find at the modern town and station of Girgenti? A country barren of trees but fruitful in grain; uplands as green with sprouting corn as English fields are green with summer grass; wide bean-fields scenting the air with perfume almost as rich as that which steals from the jessamine and orange blossoms of the high-walled gardens; uncultivated tracts full of asphodels and violets, of borage and the golden discs of yellow chrysanthemum, of fragrant herbs, and the rarer sorts of our wild-flowers at home—tracts where a botanist may spend his hours in rejoicing. Leaving the country and going into the town, which is set upon the high rock dominating the plain, we find but little beauty. The women no longer 'card the soft wool about their knees,' as in the days of the proud Eunice, who refused to love at all that desperate Simætha who loved too much; but they are said to be the most prolific of all Sicilian women, and for a man to marry a Girgentese is to be sure of heirs and the traditional quiver-full. The chief object of interest in the town is of course the Duomo or cathedral, where they show you superb vestments wrought in gold and silver, with garnets and turquoises mixed in with the embroidery; an engraved ivory staff, and two splendid monstrances—the one of gold and jewels in the form of a sun rayed and banded; the other, of silver flowers, with the Madonna's hair in the centre. The plain white-washed columns dividing nave from aisle agree but ill with the florid ornamentation of the high-altar or the bold carving of the roof; and the echo which seems to run round the wall like an invisible flame was once the cause of more heart-burnings than the architect knew when he struck by chance on that fatal angle of incidence.

If you are at Girgenti at Carnival-time and go to a *veglione* or masked ball in the theatre, you will see a little of Sicilian manners and something of Sicilian feeling. Among the Savages and the Swallows, the gold-horned, red-bodied Fiends, the Sailors and the nondescripts who dance together with more vigour than grace in the *platea*, you will not see one woman. The Sicilian blood is too hot and Sicilian jealousy too rampant to permit the public and indiscriminate mingling of men and women; and there still exist in these less visited and less continentalised places, strong traces of the Saracenic seclusion of women. In the boxes, two female masks—the only female masks in the theatre—come down ever and anon, attended by their male companion, to cross the *platea* for such refreshments as are to be found at the back of the stage. No one speaks to them, and they speak to no one. Even that group of Zulus who respect no man, make way for them; as do those half-dozen Swallows who run in and out with short steps and shrill cries, letting fly live birds as a diversion the more. These two bands are evidently well known in the place. They go in and out of certain boxes offering bonbons, which are laughingly accepted, and they dance with less clumsiness and more grace than the rest. Among the spectators in the boxes are two or three exquisite little masks of children. One curly-pated Louis XIV., of perhaps the ripe age of three, after making frantic efforts to kiss papa with the intervening mask to prevent contact, is handed about from box to box like a big doll. In one it is the centre of attraction and worship to five stalwart men; for Italian men are like women in their love of children, and you will constantly see the father performing what we consider to be essentially womanly offices for a little child, while the mother stands by looking on complacently. There is also a tiny, gold-horned, red-bodied imp, whose delight in his horns is such as one might have expected from a young fawn when he first learned that he could butt that bold kid with his own weapons.

For a last word: Girgenti is now absolutely safe. A few years ago, brigands might have been found lurking behind the fallen columns with the snakes and the lizards, and the long gun handy. Now you have only the lizards. The snakes have been frightened away by the throng of visitors; carabinieri keep evil-disposed men in check; and brigandage, like the old cult, has vanished into the dust and vapour of things past and dead.

DUNLEAP TOWER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

THE first thing I did, after giving Mrs Staveley my promise that I would at once begin my search for Catherine and not rest till I had found her, was to resign my situation under the railway Company. This I did without regret, as I had previously made up my mind to try my fortune once again in one or other of the colonies. As soon as I was relieved from my duties, I began to make cautious inquiries in the neighbourhood of Isterby as to the direction presumably taken by Mr Rudyard on the evening of his departure with his wife. Some time elapsed before I could obtain the slightest clue to the information I was in search of; but when I once held the thread between my fingers, I was careful not to let it go again. It is needless to detail by what means I succeeded in tracing the two people I was in search of step by step over the road they had gone, nor the labour and difficulty I experienced before

my quest came to an end at a lone house among the fells and moors on the bleak Northumberland coast.

It was evening when I ended my search. I slept that night at a village a couple of miles away, and before noon next day was in a very changed condition on my way to the house.

I doubt whether Catherine herself would have recognised me, had she chanced to encounter me as I left the inn. In my younger and more prosperous days, I had been an adept at amateur theatricals, and my 'make-up' on the present occasion was a study from life. I was a German Jew pedlar, Max Jacoby to wit, as the brass-lettered name on my mahogany box plainly told. My beard and moustache were dyed black and trimmed in a foreign fashion; I had long tangled hair and a tawny complexion; I wore several flashy rings on my fingers; and a square box, well equipped with fancy articles, was suspended over my shoulders by a strap. I spoke good English, but with a foreign accent, and that amount of gesticulation in which foreigners usually indulge. Such was the individual who tramped slowly up to the back entrance of Dunleap Tower and knocked boldly at the door.

It was opened by a rosy-cheeked country lass. 'We don't want any,' she said before I could utter a word.

'Ah, but you must see what I have got, pretty miss,' I answered with a smile and a bow. My box was opened before she could close the door; and when once she caught sight of the contents, she was in no hurry to go. 'I have everything from hair-pins to cameo brooches. Wedding-rings, these, pretty miss. Ah, here is one that would fit you beautifully. Let me just try it on.—Ha, ha! what could be nicer? and cheap, dirt cheap. And now, let me fasten this brooch on your dress—real gold—real cameo. I will vow you never looked so charming in your life. Go into the house and see; go and ask your friends; and remember everything is very cheap, most wonderfully cheap.'

Blushing with pleasure, she retired for a moment and then called 'Sally.' Sally came, a buxom, good-tempered, middle-aged woman—the cook, I suppose. 'Heart alive! what pretty things!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands in ecstasy. I was still expatiating on the beauty and excellence of my wares, when a door at the back of the kitchen was suddenly opened, and Rudyard entered the room, with his hands in his pockets and a cigar between his lips, followed by a tall, black-haired young woman whom I had never seen before.

'Hillo! what's the row now?' he exclaimed, as the frightened servants fell back. 'A pedlar, eh? Come, my good fellow, you'd better sheer off; we want none of your gimcracks here; and, hark ye! don't let me see your ugly phiz about these premises again, or my mastiff may want to try the flavour of your calves!'

I fell back a few paces and made a little foreign bow, and with a deprecatory smile, held out some brooches towards his companion. 'The gentleman is pleasant this morning,' I said. 'He does not ask the lady whether she would like to glance at my cameos. I have here some very choice ones, direct from Rome.—See! Bacchus and Ariadne, Venus rising from the Sea. All of splendid workmanship, and all wonderfully cheap.'

'Want anything in that line, Margery?' Rudyard asked.

She gave a little scornful shrug and shook her head, but did not reply. She was a tall, well-built young woman, with plenty of red in her cheeks to match the poppies in her hair, with quick-glancing, suspicious eyes, shaded by thick black eyebrows, and with a mouth hard and cruel in all its outlines. She was dressed in thick rustling black silk, and wore a profusion of coarse jewellery lavishly displayed.

'Come now, my fine fellow,' said Rudyard with a grim smile; 'you must make yourself scarce without more palaver.'

I did not stir; but opening a secret drawer at the bottom of my box, I took out of it a couple of Turkish daggers, curiously chased, and having inlaid hafts. I knew that if anything would attract Rudyard, they would. I remembered his weakness for curious pocket-knives when a lad at school, and the bright little dagger he carried about him till the master, hearing of it, took it away. I held up the daggers without a word.

His face lighted up the moment he saw them; he hesitated an instant, as though ashamed of his weakness; but the temptation was too strong, and the next moment he stepped forward irresolutely and took them in his hands to examine.

'Poor, poor,' he said in a depreciatory tone. Then: 'How much for the two?'

'Fifteen guineas.'

'Fifteen thunderbolts!'

'They are worth twenty-five, good sir. They are unique. They were the favourite weapons of the late Ibrahim Pasha, and were manufactured expressly for him.'

'Anyhow, they're not worth the price you ask.'

'The gentleman thinks not? Well, this is what I'll do: I will leave them with you till to-morrow. You can examine them at your leisure, and put them to whatever tests you may think fit. In the morning, I will call again, and then you will count me out fifteen bright new sovereigns and fifteen bright new shillings, and will tell me that you never got such a bargain in your life.'

'You mealy-mouthed rascal, I'll do nothing of the kind!'

It was, however, finally agreed that I should leave the daggers, for having once fingered them, he could not bear to let them go.

Next morning I trudged up to the house again, carrying with me a brace of pistols constructed on a principle which was but just coming into vogue in those days, although common enough now. Rudyard had seen nothing like them before, and was even more delighted than with the daggers. Would I go with him into the shooting-gallery, he asked, and explain that 'new dodge to him?'

Yes; I would go with him willingly, I replied. So into the shooting-gallery we went, which turned out to have been the picture-gallery at one period of the Rudyard history; but the walls had been long ago denuded of every picture that would fetch a price, and nothing but a few dingy family portraits remained, with faces which a good scouring would have wonderfully improved. Rudyard was a tolerable shot, but not

equal to me in that respect, for I had had much practice while in the bush, and I beat him without difficulty. When the target was sufficiently riddled, he reached down the portrait of one of his grim old ancestors in ruff and doublet, and set it up to be fired at. I confess that to me it seemed a terrible desecration to make a target of the fine old cavalier; but when I protested, I got nothing for my pains but a declaration that he would treat the whole of the gallery in the same way. By the time the old gentleman's head was all but shot off, luncheon was announced, to which meal Rudyard invited me. After it was over, we had some more shooting; and then we adjourned to the billiard-room, where we played game after game, till a cracked and doleful bell gave notice that dinner would shortly be served. As with the shooting, so with the billiards—Rudyard could not touch me; for I had been a marker in Melbourne in my low-water days, and had there made myself master of the game. But neither with the pistols nor the cue did I do more than just evince my superiority over him, beating his best shot by a mere hairbreadth, and topping his highest score by a couple of points only, urging him forward with the expectation that he only needed a little more practice to beat me easily.

'Come along, Jacoby, and let us have a bit of dinner,' said Rudyard at last, flinging down the cue with an oath.

'But my dress, sir?' pleaded I with an expressive uplifting of my hands.

'Never mind your dress! This is Liberty Hall, man. I'm not going to dress for dinner, why need you? And after dinner, we'll have a bowl of punch and make a night of it; for I mean you to sleep here. One doesn't meet with such a pedlar as you every day.'

We proceeded to the dining-room, a low dingy apartment, poorly furnished; and in a few minutes dinner was brought in, and with it entered the black-haired young woman whom I had seen before, and whom Mr Rudyard, in his off-hand way, now introduced to me as his cousin and housekeeper, Miss Yavill. The dinner was plain and substantial, and proceeded for some time in silence. At length Rudyard looked up.

'Are you out of sorts to-day, Margery? or are you sulky?'

'I am not sulky; I have a headache,' she replied, flashing a dangerous glance at him out of her black orbs.

'That's well in one sense, and bad in another. You had better have a headache than be sulky, Madge. I don't like sulky people; and I don't like people who sit like ghosts over their dinner.'

'Really! How humorous you are to-day, and how excessively polite!' rejoined Miss Yavill, with a disdainful smile and a shrug.

Dinner was scarcely over when she rose. 'I'll go now, Martin—that is, if you and this gentleman,' with a special emphasis on the word, 'will kindly excuse me.' She spoke with an unmistakable sneer, this time. It is possible that Miss Yavill was not in the habit of dining with pedlars, and resented my presence accordingly.

'Ain't she a handsome tiger-cat?' asked Rudyard, appealing to me. 'Not without claws, either.—Go, Margery, go, and my blessing go with you!' winking at me as he drained his glass. 'And now for a bowl of punch. Draw up closer to the fire, Jacoby, and try one of these Cabanas.' There was a rude but hearty hospitality about this man, which seemed to be the sole good quality that had come down to him from a long line of open-handed ancestors.

I did my best to entertain Rudyard that evening, and I succeeded. I related to him scraps of wild adventure that had befallen me during my roving days; I sang to him; above all, I approved myself a good listener when he chose to favour me with some autobiographical reminiscences of a not very creditable character; and I drew him out by insidious questions to talk on those matters with which he was best acquainted. Towards midnight we rose and lighted our candles. 'Jacoby,' said Rudyard, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder and looking in my face with drunken gravity, 'you are a trump! I haven't spent such a jolly day, I don't know when; for it's precious dull work living here, with nobody but Madge to talk to or quarrel with; it becomes monotonous after a time, you know. So I don't mean to let you go in a hurry. You must promise me that you'll stay a fortnight at Dunleap, and not a day less. Speak, Bezonian, what sayest thou?'

'A fortnight, Mr Rudyard, is a long time; and what would Miss Yavill say to such an arrangement?'

'Diable! I should like to see her object. I'd soon twist her white neck for her! But isn't she handsome, Jacoby? I'd marry her to-morrow, only there happens to be a slight impediment in the way.'

'An impediment, Mr Rudyard! I thought, from what I have seen of you, that you were a man who would let no impediment stand in the way of a fixed purpose.'

We looked steadily at each other for a second or two; the conversation seemed to have suddenly sobered him.

'King of pedlars!' he exclaimed, 'I wish I knew how far I could trust you. But we will talk of this matter another day. One question, and then good-night. What would you do, Jacoby, if you had a wife who was mad?'

My heart gave a great bound; this was the first allusion to Catherine that had passed his lips. Looking him fixedly in the eyes, I said: 'I suppose I should do as other people do in such cases—shut her up, so that she could do no harm to herself or others.'

'Right you are, Jacoby! That's the thing. Gentle confinement, mild restraint, no harshness, no cruelty. Ay, ay, mad people should always be shut up.' He leered at me out of his drunken eyes, pointed to the door of my room, bade me a rough good-night, and was gone.

My bedroom was on the ground-floor; and that, so far, was fortunate for the purpose I had in view. Its windows looked into the wilderness outside which was dignified with the name of garden. I put out my light, drew back the curtains, and sat down on the low window-seat, and went over again in thought all that I had seen and heard during the day.

Mad! Catherine was no more mad than I was, and Rudyard knew it. I had not forgotten

what Mrs Staveley had told me—that, in the event of Catherine's death, her husband would become possessed of the fifteen thousand pounds which she had bequeathed to him by will. Here was at once a motive which, to such a man as Rudyard, involved in debt as he was, would be almost irresistible for causing him to wish to get rid of her. It was evidently a deep-laid villainous scheme on his part to bring his wife to this lonely house and immure her within its gloomy walls, away from every one whom she knew, on the vile plea that she was mad. To a woman of Catherine's temperament, such treatment could only end in madness that would be but too real, or in the more merciful alternative of death. But with a fortnight before me, if Rudyard held in the morning to the invitation he had given me overnight, it would go hard if I did not find some mode of releasing Catherine from the tyranny of this man; for that she was shut up somewhere under the roof of the old house, I did not for one moment doubt. Should Catherine die, Dunleap Tower and Isterby Manor would not be long without a fresh mistress—so much was evident to me already.

When every sound in the house was hushed, I softly unfastened the casement and leaped down into the garden; but the night was so intensely dark, and I was so ignorant of the plan of the premises, that I found it would be useless to attempt any exploration till morning; so I went back to bed and slept as best I could till daybreak, and then I started out on a journey of discovery before any one else seemed to be stirring.

About five hundred yards to the north of the house, which was a spacious, substantial, two-storied building, dating from the time of the Second James, but without any pretensions to architectural elegance, and on the summit of a steep slope, stood the object from which it derived its name—a gray, square, time-worn tower, keeping watch and ward over the coast, and gazing like a grim sentinel far away across the white-maned waves of the North Sea. It had been originally intended—so I learnt afterwards—as a place of refuge during those turbulent but romantic times when raids and forays across the Border were matters of frequent occurrence—a place where women and children, and even cattle and sheep, might find shelter and safety till the brief, fierce storm had burst and spent itself, or had swept across the moors in another direction. On a high hill only some mile or two away were the remains of a beacon, whence doubtless many a warning flash, in days gone by, had roused the country-side.

What if this old tower should prove to be the prison of Catherine! The thought sent a thrill through every nerve. From different parts of the garden terrace, two sides of the tower were more or less visible; but in neither of them could I discern anything like a window, nothing but a few loopholes and a low-browed door. The third side looked towards the moors, while the fourth fronted the sea, and both were consequently hidden from me. Suppose I were to approach the tower a little more closely and ascertain whether it was in reality anything more than an uninhabited ruin?

On reaching the end of the garden, I found that the field, or rather the slice of moorland, on which the tower stood was separated from it by a high stone wall, through which the only means of admission was by a small oaken wicket, now locked. I was trying to open it, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a voice said in my ear: 'Do you particularly want to get to the other side of that door? If so, hadn't you better ask for the key?'

I turned with a start and looked at the speaker. He was a man about fifty years of age, with a keen foxy face, short stubby red hair, and small blue-gray eyes, full of craft and determination. He was dressed like a gamekeeper, and carried a gun over his shoulder; but it struck me at once that his language and bearing were superior to those of a man in his apparent position.

'Perhaps you would not mind obliging me with the key,' I said. 'I am desirous of examining that old tower.'

'Then I am afraid your desire will have to remain ungratified.'

'Are you aware that I am the guest of Mr Rudyard?'

'I am quite aware of that fact. You are Mr Max Jacoby, a travelling pedlar—according to your own account. You dined with Mr Rudyard yesterday, and when you and he parted at midnight, he gave you an invitation to stay a fortnight at the Tower.' His keen eyes had taken me in from head to foot as he spoke. He certainly looked as if he had no belief in my statement that I was nothing but a pedlar.

'Your information could scarcely be more accurate,' I replied. 'And now, you will perhaps enlighten me with regard to your own name and position?'

'Willingly. My name is Aaron Starke. I am Mr Rudyard's bailiff, steward, gamekeeper, secretary, librarian, and general factotum—in short, his Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.'

'I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr Starke. And now, perhaps you will kindly inform me why the grounds on the other side of this wall are kept so especially private?'

'Were you an ignorant clodhopper,' he replied, 'I should tell you that the ground round the old tower of which this wall is the boundary is haunted by evil spirits—that it is said to have been the scene of more than one terrible crime; and that, if you do not wish to be carried bodily away by Lucifer himself, you had better keep on this side the boundary. In such a case, such an explanation would suffice; but to an intelligent individual like yourself, I can only say that it is one of Mr Rudyard's special whims—and if you ever come to know him better, you will find that he has many strange whims—that the tower and the ground round it shall be kept strictly private. No stranger ever passes through this door. When I have said as much as this to one of Mr Rudyard's guests, I have no doubt said sufficient.'

'Quite sufficient,' I answered drily. 'I suppose I may take my morning ramble in any other direction without being looked upon as an intruder?'

'With this exception, you may walk for a dozen miles without being interfered with.'

We bade each other good-morning and separated. That Aaron Starke suspected me of being

something different from what I had represented myself to be was evident both from his tone and manner. I resolved to keep out of his way as much as possible during the remainder of my stay at Dunleap Tower.

I returned to the house for a small telescope which I had in my box, and then set out for a long walk. I took my way through the village, across the brook, and up a ravine that led to a rocky spur of the hills, which at this place shot out in the shape of a promontory for a considerable distance into the sea. From the edge of this promontory I judged that the third and fourth sides of the tower must be more or less visible, and while conversing with Aaron Starke, I made up my mind to visit the spot.

After some rough walking, I found myself close to the edge of the cliff. It was a lonely place, and rarely visited except by shepherds when gathering in their flocks from the uplands. I lay down and pointed my glass at the tower. Thence the whole of the third side of the tower—that which faced the moors—was plainly visible. Like the two sides I had seen from the garden, it was loopholed, but had no window. But on the fourth side, which faced the sea, I could clearly discern the outlines of a square window, although, even from my 'coign of vantage,' I was only able to obtain a side-view of it. I waited patiently for more than an hour, keeping my glass fixed constantly on the window. At the end of that time I saw the casement opened and a white hand stretched out for a moment to fasten it back. Catherine was there!

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTORS.

We believe that a few words on the subject of the Stock Exchange might not be out of place at the present time, with the object of affording some information to the general public, amongst whom we do not wish to include those who are habitual speculators or dealers in Capel Court, but that large mass of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom who look upon the Stock Exchange as a palace of mystery, in which fortunes are made and lost between dawn and dusk, and the members of which lead a life of constant excitement and pleasure which does not fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. To such persons, the very name of the Stock Exchange is suggestive of money, financial shrewdness, and abnormal clear-sightedness, with a sort of *arrière-pensée* of double-dealing and chicanery. Nowadays, nearly every one who is possessed of any capital is directly or indirectly brought into contact with the Stock Exchange, however much he may be prejudiced against that institution; and our object now is to show as simply as possible the *modus operandi* of Stock Exchange transactions, so that the ignorant operator may know exactly what takes place from their initiation to their completion, and be satisfied that nothing mysterious occurs, but that everything is conducted in the most prosaic and matter-of-fact way, and will bear the closest scrutiny.

The members of the Stock Exchange are divided into two classes—brokers and jobbers. The stockbroker is practically the only one known to the public; but the jobber bears a very important part in all the transactions that take place.

When any one wishes to buy or sell what is termed stock, the first step is to instruct a broker, who proceeds to the Stock Exchange, where are assembled the dealers or jobbers; the market for each class of stock, such as consols, English railways, foreign stocks, American railways, &c., occupying its allotted place in the building. Supposing, for instance, the broker's instructions are to buy one thousand pounds Caledonian railway stock, he selects a jobber in the Caledonian market, and asks him to make a price in the requisite amount of stock. The jobber replies that the price is, say, $91\frac{1}{2}$-$\frac{3}{4}$, which means that he is prepared at the moment to buy the required amount at $91\frac{1}{2}$, or to sell it at $91\frac{3}{4}$ per one hundred pounds stock, of course not being aware which the broker desires to do. The buyer is thus certain of getting the stock at the correct market-price at the time, as the jobber, for his own protection, is compelled to quote the exact market-price. The business, unless otherwise stipulated, is understood to be done for the next ensuing account-day, two of which occur in each month, about the 15th and 30th; the broker rendering a contract to his client in which is stated the amount of stock and the price, with the government stamp-duty, registration fee, and brokerage. The next step on the part of the broker is to issue, on the day preceding the account-day, what is called a 'ticket,' containing the name and amount of stock with the stamp-duty and full designation of the purchaser. This ticket, having the name and address of the broker appended, is handed to the jobber, and by him to his seller, and so on, till it reaches the broker of the original seller and deliverer, each member in turn putting his name on the back of the ticket, so that the transaction may be easily traced if necessary. The delivering broker prepares the transfer from his client to the person named on the ticket, following out the instructions contained therein; and the deed, after being executed by the seller, is delivered to the buyer's broker, who gives a cheque for the amount of the consideration-money and stamp-duty. Thus the original seller is brought into contact with a purchaser, although the stock may have passed through fifty different hands. After the transfer has been signed by the buyer, it is sent with the certificate to the Company's office for registration; and after being approved by the directors, a new certificate is issued in the buyer's name.

The case thus given is that of a registered stock; but stocks to bearer, which form a large portion of those dealt in on the Stock Exchange, are transferred by delivery only. British govern-

ment, Indian government, Bank of England, Metropolitan Board of Works, and several municipal and colonial stocks, are transferred in the books kept for the purpose at the Bank of England, where the seller must make the transfer either personally or by his attorney.

In these times of bad trade and general financial and mercantile depression, people look upon the Stock Exchange with a jaundiced eye, as the outward and visible herald of falling prices and increasing losses, and scarcely a good word is heard of the 'House' or anything connected with it. But the Stock Exchange, great as its influence undoubtedly is, cannot control events, and ignorance can be the only excuse of those who do not recognise in it an institution of great public utility, we might almost say of absolute necessity in a great commercial country, in which the savings accumulated by industry must find a ready means of investment. Far be it from us to say that the Stock Exchange is immaculate; but everything is done by the governing body to make it so; and it is the paramount interest of each member to fulfil his engagements promptly and honestly. No doubt, many flagrant cases of default have taken place; but when the magnitude of the transactions and the varied interests involved are taken into account, it must be admitted that the loss to the public from this cause is wonderfully small. We believe that one of the most fruitful causes of the disasters which have of late years helped to throw discredit on the Stock Exchange is the pernicious habit, if we may so call it, indulged in by many persons of leaving stock in the hands of their brokers for safe custody, collection of coupons, &c. When a man has bought stock and paid for it, he should in all circumstances insist upon having it in his own keeping, or at all events under his own control, at his banker's; or, if in London, in the vaults of the National Safe-deposit Company, or other place of safety. The folly of leaving valuable securities in the hands and at the mercy of any one man, no matter who he is, and often for a long course of years, cannot be too much deprecated; and in these days, when bankers and others offer every facility to their customers for keeping papers of value in perfect safety and under their own control, there can be no excuse for such laxness. If this were attended to by every one —and why should it not be?—we are convinced that our convict prisons would not be so full, and society would not suffer so many rude shocks as have shaken it during the last few years.

We would refer, in conclusion, to one more form of temptation which is daily and hourly thrown into the way of investors, and which we also hold responsible for much loss to the unsophisticated. In these days of cheap postage, the public is deluged with prospectuses of every description, most of which are prepared in so alluring a manner, and appeal so specially to human cupidity, that the investing public are led away, and part with their money never to see it again. We can only advise such persons never, on any occasion, to apply for shares in any Company submitted to their notice in this way without first consulting a respectable stock-broker.

POST-OFFICE NOTES.

With the rapidly increasing population of this country, it is only natural that increased work should be entailed upon the various departments of the State, and this is essentially the case with respect to the Post-office, for, in addition to the cause already mentioned, the better education of the people is brought to bear in increasing the mass of correspondence passing through that department for transit. Accordingly, we find, from the recently issued Report of the Postmaster-general, that the year's working for the twelve months ending the 31st of March 1885, shows an increase in correspondence of nearly four per cent., the yearly increase in population being about one per cent., or only a fourth of the increase in correspondence.

The number of letters, &c., delivered during the year was as follows: Letters, 1,360,341,400; post-cards, 160,340,500; book-packets and circulars, 320,416,800; newspapers, 143,674,500—making a total of 1,984,773,200. Of parcels, 22,904,373 were delivered—making a grand total of 2,007,677,573 articles. These figures give an average of thirty-eight letters to each person in the United Kingdom. Including post-cards, the average is forty-two; a far larger proportion, the Report states, than in any other country. With book-packets, newspapers, and parcels included, the total average is nearly fifty-six. The number of registered letters carried was 11,365,151, showing a decrease of one-and-a-half per cent.

The total number of letters, post-cards, &c., received at the Returned Letter Offices during the year was 5,626,875, being a decrease of nearly two per cent. over the previous year; from which it may be gathered that the public at large has become more careful in addressing its correspondence correctly. Out of this total, 512,636 letters were unreturnable; 26,472 letters were posted *without any address*, and out of this number there were 1686 which contained value to the amount of £3898. Upwards of 45,000 parcels were undelivered, on account, chiefly, of insecure packing and incomplete addresses.

During the last year, 483 new post-offices have been opened, bringing the total number in the United Kingdom to 16,434. Letter-boxes have been added to the number of 773—thus making the total number of receptacles of all kinds for letters about 33,000.

To meet the increased work of the department, 1969 officers have been added to the permanent staff during the year, bringing the total number employed up to about 48,000. In addition to these, about 47,000 persons are employed throughout the country by different postmasters as assistants; but most of them have private occupations, and only perform postal duties for a short time in the day. The pension list shows a total of 3337 retired officers in receipt of pensions amounting to £175,602 per annum.

Several important improvements in the mail-service have been carried out during the year, nearly all the large towns in Scotland being

benefited by an arrangement which reduces by forty minutes the time occupied in the transit of the mails from London to Perth. A new mail-train leaving King's Cross at 7.40 A.M. greatly improves the service between the continent and Yorkshire; in proof of which it may be mentioned that a letter posted in Paris on Tuesday evening would arrive in Yorkshire on Wednesday about noon; and a reply could be posted so as to be delivered in Paris early on Thursday morning. This is an instance of celerity which leaves nothing to be desired.

Several curious incidents are noted as having occurred during the year. A bird, described as a 'blue-breast,' hatched during the summer a brood of young ones in a private letter-box in a road near Lockerbie. She allowed the postman to feed her, and remained on the nest when he opened the box, but invariably flew away if any one else appeared. A box arrived at Greenock by parcel post which, in consequence of the strange noises which were heard to proceed from it, was opened by the postmaster, when it was found to contain a common screech-owl. As the bird was in an exhausted condition, it was taken care of and fed, and when properly recovered, sent on by railway to its owner. Two cheques, for one hundred and seventeen and twenty pounds respectively, were posted in a letter-box at Birmingham without cover or address, one being payable to bearer, and the other uncrossed! They were relegated to the Returned Letter Office, and duly restored to their owners. In Liverpool, a penny stamp was posted, on the back of which was written twenty-six words. This was duly delivered, as was also a second and similar epistle; but on the experiment being repeated with a halfpenny stamp, the novel missive became liable to a charge of one penny, as an insufficiently prepaid document; and this penalty was duly enforced.

A NEW CARPET-CLEANER.

It may not be generally known to our readers that carpets are now cleaned on an extensive scale in London and a few other of the great towns in England and Scotland. The machine is made so as to thoroughly beat every inch of the carpet subjected to it, besides removing all dirt and eradicating moths and their eggs, without damage to the fabric. The machine itself consists of an external wooden casing of over twenty feet long, strongly put together, oblong in shape, with a narrow orifice along the front of it, of sufficient width to admit of the thickest carpet; thus it will take a carpet of the largest dimension equally well as a small stair ditto. Through the centre of the machine runs an iron shaft, which is driven by steam or other power. The shaft is what is termed lagged, that is, lined externally with wood, to which are attached at equal distances around it four rows of wide leather straps, the whole length of it. The carpet is placed on the edge of the aperture of the machine, and as the shaft revolves, the leather straps or chains, each row in succession, strike the carpet that is being cleaned, so that no part is missed. The circular action of the straps as they rotate has a slight pulling tendency on the carpet, which slowly and surely draws it in, on to an elastic bed or platform, from which it passes into the rear of the machine. The carpet is then reversed and put through again. This is usually sufficient for ordinary Brussels or Kidderminster; but thick-pile carpets of Axminster or Turkey make, which hold and retain the dust, &c., are subjected to repeated operations until properly cleaned. The material cannot be damaged, on account of the elastic platform, which gives way, and so modifies the pressure of the straps as they descend upon it. Then, again, the leather thongs being loose, like the lash of a whip, bend themselves to the contour of the article they fall upon, so different from the hole-producing rigid stick hitherto in use. The cleaning of a carpet of an ordinary sized dining or drawing room is begun and finished in from ten to fifteen minutes. When the fabric is drawn from the machine the colours show much of their pristine beauty now that they are freed from dust. The dust evolved during the process is sucked by a powerful fan and driven through an inclosed spout into a chimney shaft, where it meets the flame from a furnace, and is consumed.

The machine, we understand, is an American invention, and was first introduced into this country about six years ago, and may be seen at work in Leicester, Nottingham, Edinburgh, and other large towns.

ONLY FRIENDS.

Summer's freshness fell around us,
Nature dreamed its sweetest dream,
Every balmy evening found us
By the meadow or the stream,
With our hearts as free from sadness
As the sunshine heaven sends;
Youth's bright garden bloomed in gladness,
Where we wandered—only friends.

Not a word of love was spoken,
No hot blushes flushed in red;
Love's first sleep was left unbroken,
Bitter tears were never shed.
We were young and merry-hearted,
Dreaming not of future ends,
And without a sigh we parted;
Fate had made us—only friends.

But a little germ of sorrow
Wakened in my heart's recess,
When I wandered on the morrow
By our haunts of happiness.
And this germ found deeper rooting
As the weary days wore on,
Till I felt a blossom shooting
In love's garden all alone.

No kind fate threw us together,
We had missed the lucky tide;
Golden-gilded summer weather
Not for ever doth abide.
But for me, though vainly sighing
For a love, time never sends,
Still is left this thought undying,
We, alas! were—only friends.

M. P. Gill.

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SOME MEDIEVAL BANQUETS.

An old chronicler tells us that on the occasion of a tournament honoured by the presence of most of the nobility of England, the cooks who prepared the banquets entered into a friendly contest as to which of them should have the merit of designing the most acceptable dish. The cook to whom this honour fell sent in a sucking-pig harnessed to a chariot of plum-pudding with strings of sausages. To enjoy such a dish as this, our forefathers must, to say the least of it, have been very gross feeders. They were also great feeders, and the chief aim of a host was to load the table until it literally groaned beneath the weight placed upon it.

In 1470, the Archbishop of York gave a banquet which has probably never been surpassed for the abundance of the comestibles consumed. Three hundred quarters of flour were used, three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, a hundred hogsheads of hippocras, eighty fat oxen, six wild oxen, a thousand and four sheep, three hundred pigs, three hundred sucking-pigs, three hundred calves, three thousand geese, a thousand capons, two hundred peafowl, two hundred cranes, two hundred kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four herons, four thousand ducks, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four thousand snipes, four hundred waterhens, one hundred quails, one thousand bitterns, two hundred roes, four hundred deer, fifteen hundred and six venison pasties, fourteen hundred bowls of meat jelly, four thousand bowls of sweet spices, three hundred pikes, three hundred breams, eight dogfish, four dolphins, and four hundred fruit-tarts. Sixty red-faced cooks laboured and fumed to reduce these good things to dainty dishes; while a thousand serving-men waited outside the banqueting-hall, and five hundred and fifteen within. The lordly archbishop who sat at the head of the table was the brother of the celebrated 'King-maker,' and the occasion was his elevation to the 'primacy of England.' The King-maker himself was no less notable for his house-keeping. At his London mansion his retainers consumed six oxen daily for breakfast! and at his numerous seats the same liberal scale of purveyance was absolutely necessary.

The tables of the great lords being furnished with this lavish extravagance, the waste of food must have been immense, not only because of the impossibility of cooking whole oxen, calves, sheep, and swine so that every portion of the flesh shall be eatable; but also because, in those days, it would not have been complimentary to the guests to provide for them as if you had wished them to eat as we moderns do.

The Germans, always celebrated for heavy eating, furnish us with some curious culinary items. In the middle ages the goose was the grand dish among them; but they also ate crows, storks, cranes, herons, swans, and bitterns —these last-named dishes being arranged in a circle of honour around the goose. The geier or European vulture, the dogfish, the dolphin, and even the whale, were eaten; whilst a roast guinea-pig was considered a very great delicacy. All their foods were highly spiced; and sauces were endless in their variety, three or four kinds being served up with each dish. In these sauces, pepper, mace, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, garlic, saffron, and pimento contended for the mastery; and the more decided the flavour, the better the cook.

Of course, the great art was to arrange these sauces in an ascending scale of piquancy. So great, indeed, was the passion for highly flavoured foods, that turkeys had often an allowance of musk in their daily rations. The most fashionable wines were those of Chios, Cyprus, and other Greek vintages; but, as highly flavoured foods require drink to correspond, the wine was generally spiced, and was served under the name of hippocras. It was not thought unpolite, even so late as the sixteenth century, for a guest to ask his host what wines he intended to provide, so that he might make his calcu-

lations as to what he would take before he confined himself to the particular tipple which should place him under the table; nor was it thought unpolite in the middle of a banquet to undo the girdle in order to make more room for such tempting tit-bits as pike-tails, barbels' heads, skin of roast goose, and swan-tongues. The feast usually commenced at eleven in the forenoon; and the longer the host could keep the guests at table, the better was he thought of; but in the matter of drinking, he was expected to encourage potation by providing bacchanalian songs, or, at least, by being himself the first to become *hors de combat*. It was with this latter object that a rich man would mix his wines; while a poorer one would contrive to have his homely tankard strongly dosed with wine, or even spirits, when these had become general.

When Joachim I. of Brandenburg married the daughter of the Duke of Saxony in 1524, the first course consisted of hare, venison, birds, and apples roasted in butter; the second, of smerlin, quince and pear tarts, and hare-pie; and the third, of capon served with biscuits and sweet wines, also of whey and rice.

In addition to these dishes, there were served with each course immense piles of sugar and almond paste, to represent some group of figures, such as a tournament of knights, an historical or legendary event, or some sacred subject. These contrivances were called show-dishes; and the ingenuity of the court pastry-cooks and confectioners must often have been exercised for months beforehand in order to furnish them; while the good monks at the neighbouring monastery must often have been obliged to ransack their brains in order to suggest subjects which should prove both interesting and new.

In 1585, when Prince John William of Jülich married Princess Jakoba of Baden, the show-dishes grew to such considerable proportions that they occupied a very large space in the dining-hall. The principal show-dish represented a garden, where grew laurel-trees with leaves covered with spangles, fruit-trees on great rocks; hills and mountains; rivers and ponds in which swam live fish; castles, cities, mansions, farms and huts; forests inhabited by elephants, lions, tigers, and singing-birds; whilst some musicians, skilfully hidden in the cardboard, discoursed sweet music to the delight of the guests.

Many a time, live animals, especially birds, were hidden away in a cake or a pie; and the guests were doubtless as much amused as our own youngsters are to this day with the 'four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,' a nursery song which must have been suggested by more than one real dainty dish set before a real king. But perhaps the most curious pie ever placed before royalty was that one in which Archie Armstrong the jester was served before Queen Anne of Denmark for her amusement.

In Elizabethan days, the first course on great occasions would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth or spinach broth, or smallage, gruel, or hotchpot. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, poor-John, stock-fish, and sturgeon, with side-dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings, and marrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble-pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild-fowl, and game. In the fifth course, all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese-cakes, jellies, warden-pies, suckets, sillabubs, and so on; to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy-cake. For the drinks, ale and beer, wine, sack, and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin, some of which were concocted out of as many as five-and-twenty herbs, and were redolent of sweet country perfumes.

Queen Elizabeth's table was always laid with the utmost solemnity. The majordomo entered the banqueting-room with his white wand accompanied by one with the table-cloth. Both kneeled three times reverently, the cloth was spread, and after some further reverent kneeling, they retired. In like manner the majordomo led in the man who carried the salt-cellar, the plates, and the bread, when the performances on the knees were again repeated. Two ladies of title now entered, one a matron and the other unmarried. These prostrated themselves three times, when the younger lady rubbed the plates reverently with salt and bread. After that came the yeomen of the guard, or 'beefeaters,' each bearing a silver dish. There were usually four-and-twenty to a course. A gentleman received each dish; and after it was placed by him on the table, a lady-taster took out a small portion, and gave it to the man who had carried it in, to eat, in case it should have been poisoned. During the whole of these observances, the prostrations were continued, just as if the queen herself had been present, and the trumpeters blew fanfares, and the kettledrums rolled. By this time the queen had entered her private room leading out of the banqueting-hall, and each dish was in turn carried in to her by an unmarried lady, and placed on the table for Her Majesty to make her selection; after which they were conveyed once more into the great room, to be consumed by those who had the honour of dining at court. Throughout the whole meal, the most reverential and solemn etiquette was rigorously exacted of all.

The same ceremonial observances were in a lesser degree customary throughout the land in the thousand-and-one red-gabled mansions which raised their proud heads from amidst the stately green trees of the parks, each knight and noble being a little king in his domain. No wonder, then, that in Queen Elizabeth's days Englishmen considered themselves born to rule the world,

and that, under their proud-hearted queen, they worked out for themselves the chief place among the nations.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONSTANCE WARING had not been enjoying herself in Bordighera. Her amusement indeed came to an end with the highly exciting yet disagreeable scene which took place between herself and young Gaunt the day before he went away. It is late to recur to this, so much having passed in the meantime; but it really was the only thing of note that happened to her. The blank negative with which she had met his suit, the air of surprise, almost indignation, with which his impassioned appeal was received, confounded poor young Gaunt. He asked her, with a simplicity that sprang out of despair, 'Did you not know then? Were you not aware? Is it possible that you were not—prepared?'

'For what, Captain Gaunt?' Constance asked, fixing him with a haughty look.

He returned that look with one that would have cowed a weaker woman. 'Did you not know that I—loved you?' he said.

Even she quailed a little. 'Oh, as for that, Captain Gaunt!—a man must be responsible for his own follies of that kind. I did not ask you to—care for me, as you say. I thought, indeed, that you would have the discretion to see that anything of the kind between us was out of the question.'

'Why?' he asked, almost sternly; and Constance hesitated a little, finding it perhaps not so easy to reply.

'Because,' she said after a pause, with a faint flush, which showed that the effort cost her something—'because—we belong to two different worlds—because all our habits and modes of living are different.' By this time she began to grow a little indignant that he should give her so much trouble. 'Because you are Captain Gaunt, of the Indian service, and I am Constance Waring,' she said with angry levity.

He grew deadly red with fierce pride and shame.

'Because you are of the higher class, and I of the lower,' he said. 'Is that what you mean? Yet I am a gentleman, and one cannot well be more.'

To this she made no reply, but moved away from where she had been standing to listen to him, and returned to her chair. They were on the loggia, and this sudden movement left him at one end, while she returned to the other. He stood for a time following her with his eyes; then, having watched the angry *abandon* with which she threw herself into her seat, turning her head away, he came a little closer with a certain sternness in his aspect.

'Miss Waring,' he said, 'notwithstanding the distance between us, you have allowed me to be your—companion for some time past.'

'Yes,' she said. 'What then? There was no one else, either for me or for you.'

'That, then, was the sole reason?'

'Captain Gaunt,' she cried, 'what is the use of all this? We were thrown in each other's way. I meant nothing more; if you did, it was your own fault. You could not surely expect that I should marry you and go to India with you? It is absurd—it is ridiculous,' she cried with a hot blush, throwing back her head. He saw with suddenly quickened perceptions that the suggestion filled her with contempt and shame. And the young man's veins tingled as if fire was in them; the rage of love despised shook his very soul.

'And why?' he cried; 'and why?' his voice tremulous with passion. 'What is ridiculous in that? It may be ridiculous that I should have believed in a girl like you. I may have been a vain weak fool to do it, not to know that I was only a plaything for your amusement; but it never could be ridiculous to think that a woman might love and marry an honourable man.'

He paused several times to command his voice, and she listened impatient, not looking at him, clasping and unclasping her hands.

'It would be ridiculous in me,' she cried. 'You don't know me, or you never would have dreamt—— Captain Gaunt, this had better end. It is of no use lashing yourself to fury, or me either. Think the worst of me you can; it will be all the better for you—it will make you hate me. Yes, I have been amusing myself; and so, I supposed, were you too.'

'No,' he said, 'you could not think that.'

She turned round and gave him one look, then averted her eyes again, and said no more.

'You did not think that,' he cried vehemently. 'You knew it was death to me, and you did not mind. You listened and smiled, and led me on. You never checked me by a word, or gave me to understand—— Oh,' he cried with a sudden change of tone, 'Constance, if it is India, if it is only India, you have but to hold up a finger, and I will give up India without a word!'

He had suddenly come close to her again. A wild hope had blazed up in him. He made as though he would throw himself at her feet. She lifted her hand hurriedly, to forbid this action.

'Don't!' she cried sharply. 'Men are not theatrical nowadays. It is nothing to me whether you go to India or stay at home. I have told you already I never thought of anything beyond friendship. Why should not we have amused each other, and no harm? If I have done you any harm, I am sorry; but it will only be for a very short time.'

He had turned away, stung once more into

bitterness, and had tried to say something in reply; but his strength had not been equal to his intention, and in the strong revulsion of feeling, the young man leant against the wall of the loggia, hiding his face in his hands.

There was a little pause. Then Constance turned round half stealthily, to see why there was no reply. Her heart perhaps smote her a little, when she saw that attitude of despair. She rose, and after a moment's hesitation, laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. 'Captain Gaunt, don't vex yourself like that. I am not worth it. I never thought that any one could be so much in earnest about me.'

'Constance,' he cried, turning round quickly upon her, 'I am all in earnest. I care for nothing in the world but you. Oh, say that you were hasty—say that you will give me a little hope!'

She shook her head. 'I think,' she said, 'that all the time you must have mistaken me for Frances. If I had not come, you would have fallen in love with her, and she with you.'

'Don't insult me, at least!' he cried.

'Insult you—by saying that *my* sister——! You forget yourself, Captain Gaunt. If my sister is not good enough for you, I wonder who you do think good enough. She is better than I am; far better—in that way.'

'There is only one woman in the world for me; I don't care if there was no other,' he said.

'That is benevolent towards the rest of the world,' said Constance, recovering her composure. 'Do you know,' she said gravely, 'I think it will be much better for you to go away. I hope we may eventually be good friends; but not just at present. Please go. I should like to part friends; and I should like you to take a parcel for Frances, as you are going to London; and to see my mother. But, for heaven's sake, go away now. A walk will do you good, and the fresh air. You will see things in their proper aspect. Don't look at me as if you could kill me. What I am saying is quite true.'

'A walk,' he repeated with unutterable scorn, 'will do me good!'

'Yes,' she said calmly. 'It will do you a great deal of good. And change of air and scene will soon set you all right. Oh, I know very well what I am saying. But pray, go now. Papa will make his appearance in about ten minutes; and you don't want to make a confidant of papa.'

'It matters nothing to me who knows,' he said; but all the same he gathered himself up and made an effort to recover his calm.

'It does to me, then,' said Constance. 'I am not at all inclined for papa's remarks. Captain Gaunt, good-bye. I wish you a pleasant journey; and I hope that some time or other we may meet again, and be very good friends.'

She had the audacity to hold out her hand to him, calmly looking into his eyes as she spoke. But this was more than young Gaunt could bear. He gave her a fierce look of passion and despair, waved his hand without touching hers, and hurried headlong away.

Constance stood listening till she heard the door close behind him; and then she seated herself tranquilly again in her chair. It was evening, and she was waiting for her father for dinner. She had taken her last ramble with the Gaunts that afternoon; and it was after their return from this walk, that the young soldier had rushed back to inform her of the letters which called him at once to London, and had burst forth into the love-tale which had been trembling on his lips for days past. She had known very well that she could not escape—that the reckoning for these innocent pleasures would have to come. But she had not expected it at that moment, and had been temporarily taken by surprise. She seated herself now with a sigh of relief, yet regret. 'Thank goodness, that's over,' she said to herself; but she was not quite comfortable on the subject. In the first place, it *was* over, and there was an end of all her simple fun. No more walks, no more talks skirting the edge of the sentimental and dangerous, no more diplomatic exertions to keep the victim within due limits—fine exercises of power, such as always carry with them a real pleasure. And then, being no more than human, she had a little compunction as to the sufferer. 'He will get over it,' she said to herself; change of air and scene would no doubt do everything for him. Men have died, and worms have eaten them, &c. Still, she could not but be sorry. He had looked very wretched, poor fellow, which was complimentary; but she had felt something of the self-contempt of a man who has got a cheap victory over an antagonist much less powerful than himself. A practical swordsman (or woman) of society should not measure arms with a merely natural person, knowing nothing of the noble art of self-defence. It was perhaps a little—mean, she said to herself. Had it been one of her own species, the duel would have been as amusing throughout, and no harm done. This vexed her a little, and made her uneasy. She remembered, though she did not care much about books or the opinions of the class of nobodies who write them, in general, of some very sharp things that had been said upon this subject. Lady Clara Vere de Vere had not escaped handling; and she thought that after it Lady Clara must have felt small, as Constance Waring did now.

But then, on the other hand, what could be more absurd than for a man to suppose, because a girl was glad enough to amuse herself with him for a week or two, in absolute default of all other society, that she was ready to marry him, and go to India with him! To India! What an idea! And it had been quite as much for his amusement as for hers. Neither of them had any one else: it was in self-defence—it was the only resource against absolute dullness. It had made the time pass for him as well as for her. He ought to have known all along that she meant nothing more. Indeed, Constance wondered how he could be so silly as to want to have a wife and double his expenses, and bind himself for life. A man, she reflected, must be so much better off when he has only himself to think of. Fancy him taking *her* bills on his shoulders as well as his own! She wondered, with a contemptuous laugh, how he would like that, or if he had the least idea

what these bills would be. On the whole, it was evident, in every point of view, that he was much better out of it. Perhaps even, by this time he would have been tearing his hair, had she taken him at his word. But no. Constance could not persuade herself that this was likely. Yet he would have torn his hair, she was certain, before the end of the first year. Thus she worked herself round to something like self-forgiveness; but all the same there rankled at her heart a sense of meanness, the consciousness of having gone out in battle-array and vanquished with beat of drum and sound of trumpet an unprepared and undefended adversary, an antagonist with whom the struggle was not fair. Her sense of honour was touched, and all her arguments could not content her with herself.

'I suppose you have been out with the Gaunts again?' Waring said, as they sat at table, in a dissatisfied tone.

'Yes; but you need never put that question to me again, in that uncomfortable way, for George Gaunt is going off to-morrow, papa.'

'Oh, he is going off to-morrow? Then I suppose you have been honest, and given him his congé at last?'

'I, honest? I did not know I had ever been accused of picking and stealing. If he had asked me for his congé, he should have had it long ago. He has been sent for, it seems.'

'Then has the congé not yet been asked for? We shall have him back again, then, I suppose?' said her father, in a tone of resignation and with a shrug of his shoulders.

'No—for his people will be away. They are going to Switzerland, and the Durants are going to Homburg. Where do you mean to go, when it is too hot to stay here?'

He looked at her half angrily for a moment. 'It is never too hot to stay here,' he said; then, after a pause: 'We can move higher up among the hills.'

'Where one will never see a soul—worse even than here!'

'Oh, you will see plenty of country-folk,' he said—'a fine race of people, mountaineers, yet husbandmen, which is a rare combination.'

Constance looked up at him with a little *moue* of mingled despair and disdain.

'With perhaps some romantic young Italian count for you to practise upon,' he said.

Though the humour on his part was grim and derisive rather than sympathetic, her countenance cleared a little. 'You know, papa,' she said with a faintly complaining note, 'that my Italian is very limited, and your counts and countesses speak no language but their own.'

'Oh, who can tell? There may be some poor soldier on furlough, who has French enough to—— By the way,' he added sharply, 'you must remember that they don't understand flirtation with girls. If you were a married woman, or a young widow'——

'You might pass me off as a young widow, papa. It would be amusing—or at least it *might* be amusing. That is not a quality of the life here in general. What an odd thing it is that in England we always believe life to be so much more amusing abroad than at home.'

'*It is* amusing—at Monte Carlo, perhaps.'

Constance made another *moue* at the name of Monte Carlo, from the sight of which she had not derived much pleasure. 'I suppose,' she said impartially, 'what really amuses one is the kind of diversion one has been accustomed to, and to know everybody: chiefly to know everybody,' she added after a pause.

'With these views, to know nobody must be bad luck indeed!'

'It is,' she said with great candour; 'that is why I have been so much with the Gaunts. One can't live absolutely alone, you know, papa.'

'I can—with considerable success,' he replied.

'Ah, you! There are various things to account for it with you,' she said.

He waited for a moment, as if to know what these various things were; then smiled to himself a little angrily, at his daughter's calm way of taking his disabilities for granted. It was not till some time after, when the dinner had advanced a stage, that he spoke again. Then he said without any introduction: 'I often wonder, Constance, when you find this life so dull as you do'——

'Yes, very dull,' she said frankly, 'especially now, when all the people are going away.'

'I wonder often,' he repeated, 'my dear, why you stay? for there is nothing to recompense you for such a sacrifice. If it is for my sake, it is a pity, for I could really get on very well alone. We don't see very much of each other; and till now, if you will pardon me for saying so, your mind has been taken up with a pursuit which—you could have carried on much better at home.'

'You mean what you are pleased to call flirtation, papa? No, I could not have carried on that sort of thing at home. The conditions are altogether different. It *is* difficult to account for my staying, when, clearly, you don't consider me of any use, and don't want me.'

'I have never said that. Of course, I am very glad to have you. It is in the bond, and therefore my right. I was regarding the question solely from your point of view.'

Constance did not answer immediately. She paused to think. When she had turned the subject over in her mind, she replied: 'I need not tell you how complicated one's motives get. It takes a long time to make sure which is really the fundamental one, and how it works.'

'You are a philosopher, my dear.'

'Not more than one must be with Society pressing upon one as it does, papa. Nothing is straightforward nowadays. You have to dig quite deep down before you come at the real meaning of anything you do; and very often, when you get hold of it, you don't quite like to acknowledge it, even to yourself.'

'That is rather an alarming preface, and very just too. If you don't like to acknowledge it to yourself, you will like still less to acknowledge it to me?'

'I don't quite see that; perhaps I am harder upon myself than you would be. No; but I prefer to think of it a little more before I tell you. I have a kind of feeling now that it is because—but you will think that a shabby sort of pride—it is because I am too proud to own myself beaten, which I should do, if I were to go back.'

'It is a very natural sort of pride,' he said.

'But it is not all that. I must go a little deeper still. Not to-night. I have done as much thinking as I am quite able for to-night.'

And thus the question was left for another day.

FISHES AND FROGS AS PARENTS.

It is by no means usual to associate either fishes or frogs with the idea of careful or affectionate parentage. On the contrary, it is more generally believed that not merely these two classes of animals, but others even higher in the scale, may appear tolerably destitute of any appearance of interest in their progeny either during or after their development. Thus the higher reptiles are by no means typical parents; and even amongst the birds there are careless, or at least unconcerned mothers to be found. In higher life still, that is, amongst the mammalia or quadrupeds, the case is widely altered. There, parent and young are more closely related, and as has been well remarked, the longer association of parent and progeny seen in the quadruped-race, is probably one source of those tender ties which, in humanity itself, bind the family together in its most kindly and typical aspect. But it is easy for the naturalist to show that the almost universally accepted idea of the callous nature of fishes and frogs viewed as parents, is by no means so widely applicable as has been supposed. Very curious and interesting pages of fish-history might be written concerning the odd ways and unusual paths of fish-development; and of frog-parents it may also be said that many very interesting exceptions exist to the rule that these latter animals take no heed or care of their young. The entire subject, indeed, tends to prove an oft-illustrated point in the studies of the naturalist, namely, that the ways of animals and plants must not be judged by hard and fast rules, and that everywhere life appears to strike out into new and fresh pathways, suited and adapted to the new or unusual surroundings of living beings.

Amongst the fishes, it is by no means unusual to find nest-builders. The case of the familiar sticklebacks, which build nests for the reception of the eggs, has already been noticed in these pages. Here, the display of anxiety for the developing young is of the most marked character. It is the male stickleback which keeps watch and ward over the offspring. He is a pugnacious being, keeping all intruders at a distance. Even the mother-fish is not allowed to approach the nest; the unusual practice of forbidding the approach of the mother, being unfortunately clearly justifiable on the ground of her unnatural and cannibal-like propensity to feed upon the eggs. Hence the faithful little male stickleback performs the duties of guardian and nurse with great fidelity; constantly swimming round and round the nest, and menacing all intruders. But in other fishes, the parental cares do not cease with the hatching of the eggs, and the expulsion of the young fry into the waste of waters around. Almost every reader is familiar with the little 'seahorses' seen in all aquaria, and with their near allies the pipe-fishes. The seahorses, or *Hippocampi*, really merit their name. Their head closely resembles that of the horse in appearance, the prolonged jaws and the high forehead being exactly imitated. They swim upright in the water, and it is an interesting sight to watch the quick twittering movement of the back-fin, which serves as the chief instrument in their progression. When at rest, the tail is coiled round some fixed object, and the fish remains in the same upright position.

The pipe-fishes belong to the same group as the seahorses. They derive their popular name from the elongated form of the jaws. The body is long and slender, and as in the seahorses, the gills are of peculiar nature, and differ from those of ordinary fishes, in that they are not comb-like but tufted in shape. Both seahorses and pipe-fishes attend to their young in a somewhat remarkable fashion. The male fishes are provided with pouches placed on the under surface of the body. The seahorse possesses a well-formed pocket, opening by a narrow aperture; whilst the pouch of the pipe-fish is not quite so perfectly formed, being merely a fold of skin developed from each side of the body below, and united in the middle. Such a disposition of matters recalls to mind the 'pouch' of the kangaroos and their neighbours; but the most curious feature in the case of the fishes appears to be the fact that it is the males which carry and protect the eggs, and not the female fishes. The latter produce the eggs, which are then placed in the pouch of the male, and there undergo their development. Even after hatching, the young fishes, for a time, appear to seek refuge in the parental pouch, and an American naturalist has suggested that the young may perchance find some nourishment in the secretion of the walls of their cradle. All naturalists agree in saying that the parent-fish pays great attention to the young. One instance is recorded in which a male seahorse having been captured in a net, the young were observed to leave the pouch and to swim about in the water as the parent was lifted into the boat. On the parent being held over the side of the boat, the young swam towards him and re-entered the pouch. This incident proves the existence of a bond closely allied to parental affection in higher animals; or at least indicating that the association between parent and young is of closer nature than might at first be supposed.

A more curious development of parental instinct in fishes, however, is found in the curious fishes belonging to the genus *Solenostoma*. These fishes present a very weird and grotesque appearance, and belong, curiously enough, to the seahorse group, which is thus largely distinguished by the peculiarities of its included members. The solenostomæ inhabit the Indian Ocean, and it is the female fish which in this instance undertakes the parental duties. The mother-fish, it is observed, is more brightly coloured and conspicuous than the male fish, and she alone bears a pouch. It has been also remarked, that in the matter of being more brightly coloured than the male fish, the female solenostoma presents an exception to well-nigh every other known fish. This would seem, indeed, as if the additional care which the protection of the young entails, was rewarded by Dame Nature through the development of more brilliant coloration. In this fish, the inner surfaces of the ventral fins or paired 'belly-fins,' unite with the body itself, and thus form a pouch of considerable size, in which the

eggs are retained and hatched. In this respect, solenostoma resembles the pipe-fishes rather than the seahorses. But further provision for the care of the developing progeny is made. The inside of the pouch, when carefully examined, is seen to be furnished with a series of long thread-like bodies. These are arranged along the verge of the ventral fins, which, as we have seen, assist in forming the pouch. On these threads in turn, small projections are borne, and the threads themselves are described as being hollow. Such an apparatus, according to the best authorities, is evidently intended for the secure attachment, and possibly for the nutrition of the eggs; whilst it has been also suggested that the young after being hatched, may be retained in their earlier days within the sac and duly nourished by the filaments in question. It would thus seem as though in solenostoma, the care of the young had not only devolved upon the sex by which in higher life the offspring are tended, but that special provision in the shape of the peculiar furnishing of the sac has been developed for the effective discharge of the parental duties.

Passing now to other and still more unusual features of fish-life, we may find in several instances very striking modifications of habit and structure adapting fishes for the effective discharge of the duties of parentage. There exists a curious fish called the *Aspredo*, which illustrates one of the modifications just alluded to. When the season for the deposition of the eggs comes round, the skin and tissues generally of the under surface of the body in the mother-fish, assume a soft spongy texture. The eggs being deposited, the fish by pressing upon them succeeds in causing them to adhere to the softened skin of her body. Here they are found during the whole time of incubation or hatching. In this situation, the eggs will obtain from the water around the due supply of oxygen which is so necessary for their normal development. After the young are hatched, the parental duties cease, and the skin of the under surface assumes its normally smooth appearance. More extraordinary, in respect of the modified life of the fishes exhibiting it, is the habit certain species possess in carrying the eggs in their mouths during the development of the young. A fish, the *Arius* of Ceylon, carries the eggs in the large and wide pharynx or back part of the mouth; the male fish discharging the duties of this strange nurse. Another fish, *Chromis*, found in the Sea of Galilee, similarly guards and hatches the eggs in the mouth. No better illustration of the remarkable shifts and expedients to which nature resorts in the care of the young could well be cited than those just mentioned.

A curious adaptation of fishes for the protection of the eggs is also found in the dog-fishes, sharks, skates, and rays. Here the eggs are inclosed in capsules, formed of a material closely resembling seaweed in its texture. These capsules are frequently picked up in an empty state on the seabeach, and are known familiarly as 'mermaids' purses.' In some cases, as in the Port Jackson shark (*Cestracion*), these egg-cases may exhibit a peculiar twisted appearance; and one curious fish (*Callorhynchus*) found in the southern seas forms an egg-case curiously resembling a frond of seaweed in appearance. These protective cases are formed within the body of the parent-fish, much as the shell of the egg is developed within the body of the bird. Any one dissecting a skate at the time of egg-deposition, is certain to meet with the eggs in all stages of formation within the body of the fish. The young fish undergoes its development within the case, which, in the dog-fishes and sharks, is provided with spiral filaments, resembling the tendrils of plants, wherewith the egg-case is anchored to the stems of seaweed.

Such are a few of the more remarkable deviations from the ordinary rules of fish-existence, in which, as already remarked, care of the young is the exception rather than the rule. Above the fishes in zoological rank come the frogs, toads, newts, and their allies. These animals are known to zoologists as *Amphibia*. They are perfectly distinct from the reptiles, such as snakes, lizards, &c., although frogs and toads are popularly regarded as members of the reptile class. Indeed the frog-class shows many clear points of resemblance to the fishes. Thus, whilst no reptile, truly so called, breathes by gills at any period of its existence, frogs, toads, and newts invariably begin life with gills, and end life with lungs. Any one who has watched the transformation of the gilled 'tadpole' into the frog, knows this fact; although, when the lungs of adult life appear, the gills of frog-babyhood disappear. Only in a few members of the frog-class do the gills remain after the lungs are developed. The curious *Proteus* of underground caves in Central Europe, and the *Siren* or mud-eel of the South Carolina rice-swamps, exemplify members of the frog-class which breathe both by gills and lungs throughout the whole of their adult existence.

In the frog-class, many interesting examples of care of the offspring are to be found. The common frog and toad are perfectly indifferent to the fate of their offspring. The eggs are deposited in large masses, and the young are hatched out as tadpoles, and pass through their changes or 'metamorphoses' independently of parental care. But this callous indifference to the development of the offspring is by no means universal in the frog-class. There exists a small frog, common in France and Germany, and which is known to zoologists by the name of *Alytes obstetricans*. This species exhibits a highly singular habit in the care of the eggs. The mother-frog lays her eggs in the form of long chains, each containing some sixty or more eggs. The male frog, seizing the chain of eggs, twines the string round his thighs. Thus furnished with his load of offspring, the frog, to quote the words of a zoologist, looks like a courtier of the reign of James I. arrayed in trunk-hose and puffed breeches. With his egg-burden, the Alytes retires into obscurity, and retains the eggs until the young are ready to leave the egg. Then, as he enters the water, the young burst forth from the eggs, and swim away in their new-found liberty; whilst, rid of his load, the parent-frog returns to his usual habitat and life. Equally interesting is the case of another frog (*Opisthodelphys*) of America, and of the American tree-frog known as *Nototrema*. In both forms, a curious pouch formed of a fold of skin, exists on the back, opening towards the hinder aspect of the body. These pouches exist in the female frogs. The eggs are placed therein, and undergo their development in this curious

position. But the Surinam toad exhibits a still more remarkable modification of habit. The back of the female, like the under surface of the fish *Aspredo*, grows thick and soft at the time of egg-laying. The male frog, as soon as the eggs are laid, then performs the duties of nurse. He deftly seizes each egg, and imbeds it in the soft skin of the back of the female. The skin closes over the eggs, and imbeds each within a little cell. In this cavity, the egg undergoes its full development. The tadpole stage is passed herein, and the gills—useless, of course, for breathing in water?—are herein developed and shed. At the close of development, the young Surinam toads leave the mother's back perfectly developed, and resembling the parent in every respect save that of size. Over one hundred and twenty of these cells, it may be added, have been counted in the back of a single female frog of this species.

In Chili, a remarkable little frog exists, known as the *Rhinoderma Darwinii*. In order to fully appreciate the peculiarity of the case of this frog, we must firstly refer to the structure of a common species, the edible frog (*Rana esculenta*) of Europe. When the male of this latter frog is examined, it is found to possess a pair of curious sac-like organs, situated one at each side of the mouth, and known as 'vocal sacs.' These organs aid in producing the well-known loud 'croak' of the male frog. Distending these sacs with air, the intensity of the croak is greatly increased, and the superiority in voice of the sterner over the gentler sex is thus demonstrated. Now, in the little Rhinoderma of Chili, the male is provided with a pair of similar organs, and there can be no doubt that they serve naturally to increase the resonance of the frog's voice. Indeed, the cry of this frog is reported as being of extreme clearness. In the Rhinoderma, however, these vocal sacs possess another function, obviously of acquired, and not of original, nature. The newly-laid eggs of the mother-frog are deposited in the vocal sacs of the male, which thus seems to resemble certain fishes already mentioned. Here, the young frogs are not only hatched, but remain until they are capable of taking care of themselves. It seems clear, then, that such a function of these sacs is both universal and extraordinary. That, in the course of time, the new duty of serving as nurseries has caused the vocal sacs of the Chilian frog to undergo much alteration, seems perfectly clear when their nature is further examined. The vocal sacs are found to be enormously enlarged over what certainly was their original size. They are found to reach forwards to the animal's chin, and they extend backwards on the abdomen; whilst not the least remarkable observation consists in the fact that the pressure of these sacs on surrounding parts has produced considerable alteration in the structure of these animals. Thus, the tongue has become shortened, probably to admit of free passage to and from the vocal sacs. The shoulder-bones are described as exhibiting a twisted and deformed appearance, due to the pressure of the sacs and their living load; and it is likewise certain that the internal organs of the animal are also seriously displaced by the load with which it is periodically burdened.

Such a case of altered structure appeals most forcibly to the observer of nature, and demonstrates to him that the world of living beings is the scene of constant changes and alterations, through which the children of life advance to new habits, and to new ways and means of fulfilling their varied destinies.

DUNLEAP TOWER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

When I reached the tower on my return, I found that Rudyard had but just arisen. If he was aware that I had been out of the house, he made no comment on the fact, but invited me cordially enough to breakfast. We again spent the forenoon in the shooting-gallery, and the afternoon at billiards. Rudyard had not forgotten his overnight invitation, reminding me of my promise to stay a fortnight at Dunleap, a promise which I was only too glad to confirm. It may appear strange that a man in Mr Rudyard's position should invite a foreign pedlar to stay for a couple of weeks under his roof; but he was a man who through life, and of deliberate choice, had sought his associates in a grade of life much inferior to his own. The society of a dog-fancier had always had greater attractions for him than that of a gentleman, and he would rather consort with a groom than his master any day. So are some men constituted.

In my case, it was no doubt the novelty of my society that constituted the attraction. I was of a different type from any that had come within the range of his experience, and so long as I could contrive to entertain him and make hours, which otherwise would have lagged slowly, pass swiftly and pleasantly away, I should be welcome to stay on at Dunleap Tower; but how soon his fickle humour might change, and my visit be brought to an abrupt termination, it was impossible for me even to hazard a guess.

And so several days passed away, our time being chiefly spent in pistol-shooting and billiard-playing, night always bringing the punch-bowl and cigar-box.

Rudyard still contrived to keep two or three tolerable horses in his stable, and most afternoons he and Miss Yavill rode out together for a couple of hours. Miss Yavill generally dined with us; and sometimes, when both she and Rudyard happened to be in an amiable mood, she would stay with us for an hour while we drank our punch, listening to some of my wild stories or playing quadrilles on the piano; but in her restless black eyes there was ever an expression of watchful distrust, which all my efforts failed to remove. Not unfrequently, when one or both of them were out of temper, they would come to high words, and then Miss Yavill would sweep out of the room in a white fury of passion, followed either by a grinning sneer or an oath from Rudyard, according to the mood in which he happened to be.

After that first evening, Rudyard never so much as hinted at the existence of his wife. He had had so much to drink on that occasion, that I sometimes thought he retained no recollection of the wild words he had then spoken. One afternoon, when he was chalking his cue by the billiard-room window, I pointed to the old tower,

and remarked carelessly that it would make a capital subject for a pencil-sketch. He scowled suspiciously at me, and answered that he should like to see anybody taking a sketch of his property—a well-greased bullet would be the welcome any such rapscallions would receive from him.

During these few days I kept my eyes and ears constantly on the alert, in the hope of being able, after a time, to discover some means of communicating with Catherine. I was not long in discovering that Aaron Starke lived in a little white cottage which stood on the summit of a ridge a little to the left of his master's house, and that, from the position of this cottage, the whole space of ground lying between the boundary-wall and the old tower must be visible to its inmates, so that it would be impossible for any one to cross it by daylight without being seen. It was only early in a morning, or when Rudyard and Miss Yavill were out for their afternoon drive, that I had a chance of getting out for a ramble. On these occasions, I was nearly sure to encounter Starke, generally with his gun over his shoulder. He was evidently suspicious of my intentions, although the old tower was a subject never spoken of between us after that first morning. On one occasion, he told me, in an apparently offhand manner, that he was a bad sleeper, and that he had a habit of perambulating the grounds at all sorts of uncanny hours, and that to shoot any one whom he might find prowling about the house at such times would be a deed that would lie but lightly on his conscience. Of a truth, both he and his master, judging from their words, seemed to look upon a human life more or less as a matter of slight consequence.

My bedroom was situated at an angle of the house from which the old tower was not visible. One morning, on awaking as usual soon after daybreak, I found that it was raining heavily, and that it was not possible to venture out of doors. Slipping on a few articles of clothing and opening my bedroom door quietly, I traversed with cautious footsteps the long corridor, at the end of which was the billiard-room. From the windows of this room there was an unimpeded view of the tower—the object of my daily and nightly thoughts. I drew aside one of the blinds and stood staring out with listless eyes into the gray rain-smitten dawn. Suddenly my gaze was attracted to a moving figure which was crossing the walled-in ground and going in a direct line towards the door in the tower. The figure, which was that of a female, was attired in a gray hooded cloak, and carried a small basket in one hand. Behind her, in stately dignity, stalked a huge black dog. A second glance was sufficient to convince me of the personality of the hooded female. There was something in her gait and bearing which told me that she was none other than a certain tall, thin, red-haired girl, the daughter or niece of Aaron Starke, as I took it, whom I had seen more than once passing between the cottage and the house. She paused at the low-browed door of the tower, and producing a large key from under her cloak, unlocked it, and went inside, the black dog gravely seating himself on his haunches and doing sentry-duty outside. A quarter of an hour later, the girl came out, relocked the door, and, accompanied by the dog, which frolicked around her, set off back again in the direction of the cottage.

Had any further proof been needed to convince me that Catherine was a prisoner in the tower, what I had just seen would have sufficed to furnish it. It was evident that the girl supplied Catherine with her meals, and that her visits were made thus early in the morning, in order to escape observation. It was probable that a similar visit was paid after the shades of evening had shrouded the landscape in obscurity. And she was shut up there, friendless and alone, in that gray old dungeon by the sea, which must be haunted by so many sad and cruel memories. I tried to picture her to myself sitting there hour after hour through all the dreary day, with never a creature to speak one word of comfort to her, and lying there in the dark through the still more dreary night, with only the voice of the ever restless sea, sometimes moaning like a creature in pain, sometimes chanting a loud pæan of victory, to fill the empty caverns of her heart and brain. Could it be possible, I asked myself again and again, that the glad-eyed, bright-haired darling of my boyish love had been brought to this bitter strait, and by the man, of all others in the world, who ought to have loved and cherished her more than life itself? O Martin Rudyard, providence will have a long and bitter account to settle with you one day!

The enterprise that I had set before myself was evidently more difficult and dangerous than I had anticipated, and as one uneventful day passed after another, I began to despair of success. But even in the event of my being able to learn nothing more, I could at the end of the fortnight return to Mrs Staveley with the information I already possessed, and leave that lady to decide what further steps ought to be taken in the interests of her niece. Still, it would be infinitely more satisfactory if I could succeed in communicating with Mrs Rudyard in person, and take direct from her own lips a message to her aunt; and to that end all my efforts now tended.

I was standing in the dining-room one afternoon, looking out with a heavy heart towards the tower, whose gray battlements were just visible over the tops of the trees, when Rudyard and Aaron Starke came into the room. They did not seem to notice my presence.

'Saddle the mare at once,' said Rudyard to Aaron, 'and ride off to Rippleton without delay, and tell Morton to stop this horrible mortgage business till he hears further from me. There must be no delay, for if it comes to Winstanley's ears that we are trying to raise the wind in this fashion, we shall have the bailiffs down upon us before we are two days older.'

Aaron left the room at once. Rudyard turned, and seemed to start when he saw me. 'Ah, Jacoby, you here?' he said. 'Well, there's no harm done. We are, most of us, more or less hard up at times.' With that he began to whistle, as though he had not a care in the world.

The afternoon was wearing apace; Rippleton was twenty miles away; and Aaron Starke could scarcely get back to the tower before morning. As if to aid my purpose, Rudyard complained that evening of a headache, and retired earlier

than usual; and as the turret clock was striking eleven, I found myself alone in my bedroom. I put out my candle, and after waiting half an hour in the dark, I opened one of the windows and leaped out into the garden. The shrubberies were soon threaded and the boundary wall reached, beyond which I had never yet passed. The wall was no great obstacle to an active man, and I was quickly over it and making my way across the moorland towards the old tower, which now rose grim and tall before me. It was a pleasant starlit night, and at intervals the young moon showed her white face through a rift in the clouds, so that I had as much light as I needed for my purpose. As I approached nearer to the edge of the cliff, I heard the murmurous lapse of the tide as it surged gently up the beach, and soon the foot of the tower was reached. Dark and silent it stood, with no sign of life about it, its strong oaken door securely fastened. Was Catherine awake, and if so, by what means could I succeed in attracting her attention? I could think of no other way than the old-fashioned one, which has been tried thousands of times before. Gathering a handful of gravel, I flung it up at the window; and then, after waiting a few seconds, I did the same thing again, and yet once again. Scarcely had I thrown the third handful, when a casement was opened and a voice called out: 'Who is there?'

It was Catherine's voice; I should have known it again anywhere. How my heart thrilled at the sound!

'I am Philip Burton; and I am here at the desire of your aunt, to aid and assist you in any way you may think best.'

'Villain!' hissed a voice in my ear. Before I had time to turn, I received a crashing blow on my head, and as I fell with failing senses to the ground, Catherine's shriek was the last sound that I heard.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in utter darkness. For the moment, I fancied that I was lying in my little bed at Brewood, and I seemed to hear the far-off thunder of the night-mail; but on trying to lift my head, I found I had no power to do so, and on reaching up with my hands, I discovered that it was swathed in a wet bandage, and next moment all the events of the night flashed across my memory. Still groping about with my hands, I found nothing to touch either above or beside me; but under me was a straw mattress, on which I now lay stretched, unable to rise. Ah, it was not the distant thunder of the train that I heard, but the old familiar plaint of the sea as it came surging slowly up the sands. I was still, then, in Dunleap Tower, or in some place contiguous to it; confined, perhaps, in some dungeon into which daylight never penetrated; and even now the sun might be shining brightly beyond the walls of my prison—if prison it were. But no; I would not believe in such diabolical malice even from a man like Rudyard. Again and again I essayed to rise from my pallet; but all my efforts proved unavailing. I felt strangely weak and ill, and seemed to have no more strength than a child. The darkness was so intense that my eyes grew pained with gazing into it, and I closed them at length as a relief, and lay back as still as a dead man, waiting and hoping for the dawn. I think I must have fallen into a doze, for when I next opened my eyes, a dull gray light, that just served to steal the heart out of the darkness, was filling the room, and, by fine gradations, brightening into the dawn of another day.

One by one the features of the room evolved themselves out of the darkness, assuming by imperceptible degrees, as the daylight advanced, an aspect dreary and commonplace enough, and one certainly not calculated to afford me much gratification. A small square room, with bare floor and bare unplastered walls, clammy with damp in several places; a chimney and fireplace, but no grate; for window, a small square opening high up in the wall, glazed with little diamond-shaped panes of dull glass, and secured outside by three massive iron bars; opposite the window, a heavy oaken door, in the centre of which was a small grated aperture, through which were visible two or three stone steps, part of a flight leading upward to some region unknown; for furniture, the tressel bedstead and straw mattress on which I was now stretched, a rude wooden chair, a small round table, and an earthen pitcher of water. Such was the place in which I now found myself. There was a second door in one corner, leading, as I afterwards discovered, to another room, larger in size than the first one, but having no window, and lighted only by two narrow loopholes.

Somewhere about eight or nine o'clock, the death-like stillness was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps—a sound which it gladdened me to hear, although I knew not whether they were those of a friend or an enemy; for I began to feel already as though I had been shut out long weeks ago from the world. There was a noise as of some one unlocking a door, then the footsteps descended the stairs, and there came into view through the grating first the figure and then the visage of Aaron Starke. Having unlocked the door of my room, by which I learned that I was a prisoner, he came in.

'Morning, master pedlar! Not quite defunct yet, eh?' he said with a laugh. 'How is our crown this morning? Rather sore, I calculate. Well, here's some vinegar to bathe it with; and here, too, is some toast and coffee; for I suppose your appetite has not quite deserted you.'

'Perhaps you will have the kindness to tell me where I am, and also why it is considered requisite to lock me up?'

'In answer to your first question, I may tell you that you are at present in the lowest room, or rather in the dungeon, as it is more commonly called, of the old tower. In answer to your second question, I can only say that it is generally thought needful to lock up people who are mad!'

'Mad! You don't mean to say that I am mad!'

'Mr Rudyard says you are, so I feel bound to believe it. Yes, mad undoubtedly—crazy—daft, as they say in this part of the world.'

'And how long may it be the will of Mr Rudyard to keep me shut up here?'

'That depends upon the pleasure of his highness. You will probably have the opportunity of asking him the question personally before

long; but that by no means proves that you will get an answer to it. And now let me examine your upper story.'

I offered no resistance, but let him take off the bandage and bathe my head with vinegar and water; after which I drank the coffee he had brought me, for I saw at once that it was needful for me to regain my strength as soon as possible, so as to be able to make some effort for my liberty.

'My advice to you,' said Aaron in conclusion, 'is to get as much sleep as you can, and you'll soon be as right as a trivet. I'll look in again about noon;' and with a nod of the head he was gone.

I think there must have been an opiate in the coffee, for while still brooding over my fate, I lapsed after a time into a deep dreamless sleep, which lasted for several hours, and left me so much stronger and better, that I found it just possible to crawl across the room and examine my prison more minutely. Presently I again heard footsteps descending the stairs, then the door of my dungeon was opened, and Mr Rudyard, carrying a heavy hunting-whip in his hand, with Miss Yavill behind him, came in. There was a savage scowl on his face as his eyes fell on me; and, early as the day was, I could see that he had been drinking heavily. In the background stood Aaron Starke, with a complacent grin on his crafty face. 'Dash my wig!' said Rudyard, 'but I almost wish I had done for you altogether.'

'A poor lunatic, my dear,' said Miss Yavill, 'and hardly accountable for his actions.'

'Ay, crazy enough, in all conscience. He would most likely have murdered us all in our beds some night, if I hadn't found him out.'

'It's curious how these insane people always try to aid each other,' resumed Miss Yavill; 'a madman assisting a mad woman to escape. There's something quite romantic, as well as outrageously ludicrous, in the idea! And then the point of it! He doubtless thinks both himself and her perfectly sane, and all the rest of the world hopelessly mad!' Her hard ringing laugh resounded through the room.

'Well, we've caged our bird now, Margery; and we'll take care to keep his wings clipped for some time to come—eh, little one?'

'Just so. But how nicely he took you in, Martin! Upon my word, if all mad people are as entertaining company as Mr Jacoby, a lunatic asylum must be a pleasant place to live in.'

'Well, I let a little of his crazy blood out last night, and he looks all the better for it. Why, I'd sooner give a thousand pounds than miss the pleasure of seeing him here.'

'You are extravagant, Martin! A thousand pence would be enough; the pounds might be difficult to raise in the present state of our finances.'

'That sharp tongue of yours, Madge, will get you into trouble some of these fine days.'

'And get me out of it too, never fear;' and humming a little air, she took his arm and led him out of the room.

To all that Rudyard had said, I had replied not a word. I knew his brutal nature too well, especially in the mood in which he then was, not to be aware that it would have been worse than useless for me to have appealed to him, or even to have asked him a single question. Such a course would only have drawn down on me some further insult; besides which, I was too weak and ill to say much, so I deemed it best to remain silent under the infliction of his presence. Aaron came back shortly afterwards with my dinner—bread and meat, and as much water as I might desire; and at dusk he visited me again, bringing with him a large horse-rug in which to wrap myself at night.

This, then, was the diabolical scheme which Rudyard's malignant brain had hatched. It was to be assumed that I was mad, in the same way as it had been assumed that his wife was mad! And what was there to prevent him from carrying out his scheme—from persisting in it as long as he should choose to do so? Nothing but his own conscience, and that was a commodity which he would have been the first to laugh to scorn. Here, in his own domain, among these lonely hills and moors, Mr Rudyard was an absolute autocrat. The nearest village was two miles away, and his own servants probably believed as he told them to believe. He, their master, said his wife was mad. Why should they dispute his word? As for the foreign pedlar, probably they had been given to understand that he had departed as suddenly as he had arrived. There was nothing extraordinary in that. Nowhere could I discover a ray of comfort.

It is not requisite, neither would it be possible, for me to enter into any detail of each day's experiences during my imprisonment in Dunleap Tower; indeed, the petty incidents of one day were so similar to those of another, and of many others, that when I look back in memory to that time, it seems to me little more than one long day and one long night of confinement, whose monotony was but seldom broken by any incident more noteworthy than another. Three or four times in the course of every twenty-four hours I was visited by Aaron Starke; but his visits took place at irregular intervals, his last visit being sometimes close upon midnight, and his first one soon after daybreak, so that I never knew when to expect him. He always brought me a sufficiency of plain food, such, I imagine, as was supplied to the servants at the house. Once every day he never failed to examine the window and the fastenings of the door, so as to satisfy himself that neither of them had been tampered with. Though not a bad-tempered man, his disposition was taciturn and reserved, and two or three mornings would sometimes pass without more than a brief greeting on either side. At an early period of my imprisonment, I did not fail to try what effect the promise of a bribe would have upon his fidelity; but he put away the idea at once, quietly but with determination; and soon it was an understood thing between us, without being expressed in so many words, that I was not to try to tamper with his good faith as a jailer, and that in return he would do whatever lay in his power to soften the rigour of my imprisonment. My health and strength improved rapidly after the first day or two, although I had lost so much blood from the wound in my head, and suffered so much from the want of fresh air and exercise, that I

never thoroughly recovered my vigour during the whole time of my confinement.

Rudyard came two or three times a week to see me, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Miss Yavill, but always with Aaron for escort. If he chanced to be half drunk when he came, which was not unfrequently the case, he would stand and gaze at me for some minutes, and then stumble up the steps with a muttered oath of satisfaction. At other times he would be in a talkative mood, and would exult in the pleasure he felt at having me fast by the heels; but always in his low cunning way, going on the assumption that I was mad, and that some day it would be necessary to transfer me to an asylum. But whatever his mood might be, I always treated him with a silent contempt, which only served to deepen his hatred of me.

IN THE ORANGE GROVES OF FLORIDA.

A SOJOURNER'S EXPERIENCES.

For several years, the advantages of Florida as a land of promise for small capitalists with a bias towards horticulture have been widely proclaimed. Among the miscellaneous multitude who went in search of these advantages was a friend of the writer's. He had been sorely hit financially in New York. Wrecked in fortune, broken in health, he had left the hurly-burly of Broadway for the primeval wilds of Florida, there to seek strength of pocket and body. Deep in the forests of Orange County he had fixed his home. To it I was invited, after he had been settled a few months on what he proudly called 'his grove.' In America, change of occupation is as common as change of costume. The quitting of commerce for horticulture was not remarkable, the more so that my friend had some practical knowledge of gardening, for he had cultivated a pretty parterre at his villa in New Jersey. Still, when he wrote me in technical terms of the art of orange-growing, and of the certain competence awaiting those skilfully pursuing that easy and delightful pursuit, I feared the good fellow was unconsciously repeating the literature of land-agents and garden-manuals. I therefore was anxious to see with my own eyes how orange-growers lived, to experience personally their mode of life, and to apply such £ *s. d.* tests to the calculations of my enthusiastic friend as would prove them right or wrong. What I saw, learned, and surmised is here presented to the reader.

I reached my friend's grove at the latter end of winter, according to the almanac; but in full summer, according to the temperature. The family consisted of three: my friend, his wife—both elderly—and their son, aged thirty. I found the men singularly blackened in complexion; though brown-blondes naturally, they had become almost as dark as Arabs. The lady was of a pallid-emerald tint. It was strange to see blue eyes gleaming out of such bronzed faces, and to note how many subtle modifications of mind and body had taken place in a few months. The young man had been somewhat of a dandy; he was now a rude backwoodsman, careless of externals, almost defiant of them. The old gentleman existed in his shirt-sleeves; and wore a pair of trousers that he would not have given to a beggar in New York. Something of his old stateliness remained: he is of a proud English stock; but he was fast becoming undistinguishable from the prevailing type of settlers. His wife was the most deteriorated. No women dress more elegantly than those of New York. 'Frights,' 'dowdies,' and 'quaints' cannot exist in the modish atmosphere of that great centre. 'Dress or die' is the unwritten but terrible law of womendom. In Florida that is impossible. There, women die if they *do* dress, save in the evening. During the heat, a garment of gossamer is too oppressive; and when ladies have to cook with the temperature ranging from ninety to a hundred degrees, dress is one of the least considerations. And ladies can get no helps in the backwoods. Cooking, and washing-up afterwards, occupy some four or five hours daily; and when laundry-work and house-cleaning are added, the work is somewhat trying.

Yet my friend's home was a delightful one, and compared with the tenement-dwellings of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, was an abode of bliss. It was a sort of daring compound of a Swiss châlet, log-hut, and framehouse, with the notion of an Indian bungalow. My friend's son was its author in idea and realisation; and it was by his strenuous toil upon it that he had become blackened so much. The inside was roomy and airy; the dining-room and parlour quite charming, the bedrooms exquisitely neat. Northern taste and good breeding were visible everywhere. But I am sure that if my young friend builds another home in a few years, it will not be like this. He will be satisfied with a log-hut. The climate is so rapacious that it devours timber visibly. Each dwelling is mounted upon log-piles, which have to be frequently renewed. These grow black in a very short time; and the sun and the moisture work unceasingly at the dissolution of the upper structure. Cracks begin in the roof; vegetation starts, grows subtly; and soon rot, wet and dry, completes the mischief.

The house was built upon the margin of a lake, which was almost circular in form, and about the third of a mile across. Round it the land rolled in knolls and wavy swells, topped with groups of weary-looking pine-trees; and in the hollows, copses of young oaks, green as ocean water in their spring foliage. Stunted palmettos, jungle-grass, and bushes belted the margin of the lake; and for several yards the water was carpeted with a dense mass of weeds. At intervals, other dwellings were placed near the lake. Some had been erected for a year or two, and were growing swart and grim. One was new-coated with whitewash, and gleamed overpoweringly in the blazing sun. It was embowered in an orange grove; and the contrast between the rambling white building and the deep, impressive green of the trees was very beautiful as reflected in the lake. Nearly opposite, an old general of the Southern army was building a costly wooden villa, whence the noise of hammers fell in pleasant cadence, and added to the charms of the symphony the wind was

making in every vibrant thing. Swinging in a hammock under the veranda, smoking the rural pipe that stimulates the softer feelings of the heart, and opens it to impressions that are rarely known in city-life, and talking of the joys of retirement to my friend, I thought him the most fortunate of unfortunates to be driven from the inferno of New York to such a paradise. What was the gold of Wall Street to the golden fruits of the groves round about the lake? What silver was so beautiful as the waves of the lake as they glittered in the hot, impetuous wind? Here alone of all the vast space of America was there repose from the remorseless rush for the wealth which maddens the getter and kills the loser! Subsequent familiarity with the details of life in an orange grove proved to me that even that life has many bitters mingled with its sweets; and that the *dolce far niente* is impossible for people who have merely sought in Florida what they failed to get elsewhere—namely, an *easy* competency.

My friend's estate consisted of some dozen acres, one half planted with orange-trees several years old; the other just reclaimed from the forest and in process of plantation. As I went over the grove, I was somewhat disappointed with the trees. Many had a haggard, hopeless look about them. A few were vigorous, promising good harvests when older. The grove had been neglected for a time, I learned, the previous owner having died. My friend found it a wilderness, the trees positively lost in the weeds. These had eaten away the life of many young trees; and accounted for the languid, outworn appearance of the grove. How costly and formidable foes weeds are to settlers, I soon had experience of. How marvellously sensitive to good and bad treatment the orange-tree is, I also learned. At the first inspection of the grove, I feared my friend had simply come to Florida to be wholly ruined. Sickly trees, pining in arid sand under a burning sky, promised nothing but disaster. An examination of the kitchen garden was little more assuring. The vegetables were either weakly, or running into coarse rankness. Soil there was none; only sand, white as flour, and as fine. In this, native weeds evidently had every chance of success against exotic vegetables and fruit-trees.

I did not express my gloomy foreboding to the owner of this blighted spot. He talked gaily of his good-luck, of the improvement that had taken place in a few months, and of the phenomenal rise in land-values in those parts. In a few years he would have five hundred trees, producing fruit worth, on the average, ten dollars per tree. Anxious to go into the facts of orange culture, I proposed to my friend a plan by which I was to sojourn and labour with him. He agreed; and the following account contains my experiences.

We rose at half-past six, took breakfast about an hour later. It consisted of oatmeal porridge, buckwheat or other hot cakes baked in a pan, and a fried mass of all that was left from the previous supper. This was for economy's sake; for no food will remain untainted after a few hours. It was also for the stomach's sake, as the condiments mixed with it satisfied the peculiar gastric craving for a pungent stimulant. At eight o'clock we proceeded to the grove, where we hoed round the roots of about twenty trees, clearing the weeds from a circle of four feet from the stems. How laborious this was can only be known to those who have worked at it. The weeds had to be extirpated, however deep they penetrated, or they began to grow afresh in a few days. A species of couch-grass was the most troublesome; it clung to the ground like an octopus to a rock, and it was as dense as felt. The hoeing aërated the roots of the trees, and also pruned the woody fibres. Upon a certain number of trees we bestowed all the slops and waste-water of the household. These *rejecta* were conserved with a care which a Chinaman would have respected. They were the chief fertilisers we employed; and it was marvellous to observe how quickly and extensively the trees responded. In a few days, yellow leaves began to grow green, hanging branches to brace themselves up, and a limp, unhappy-looking tree to put on a semblance of sturdiness. From what I saw, I consider the orange to be most responsive of all arboreal things to human touch. Whether it be the peculiar climate of Florida, or that unexplained development of excellence which almost all fruits grown in America show, I do not pretend to decide; but it is certain that the oranges of Florida are already the largest in the world, and their quality is unequalled by the choicest fruit of Europe, of Syria, and the Brazils.

As I continued the work and noted its results, I began to think my friend's Alnaschar-dream of five thousand dollars a year might become a very plain fact, if he had the capital needed to fertilise the whole of his plantation. Given the *right situation*, abundant and appropriate food, and that devoted attention which it claims, and the orange-tree seems to offer as certain a return for money, time, and skill as any investment in the old or new world.

I give my impressions as I go on, though they somewhat interfere with the description of the life we led. Two hours' hoeing in the increasing heat were as much as I could endure without breaking-off for a while; so, about ten o'clock we retired to the shade of the veranda for coolness and a smoke. Refreshed and rested, we went to the kitchen garden, where weeding, digging, and planning occupied us until the delightful 'hollo, hollo!' from the house called us to the mid-day meal. Nowhere is the appetite keener than in Southern Florida. Human tissues burn away in its hot, damp atmosphere like the houses. I needed more than twice as much food as in the northern and middle States, or in any part of Europe I have lived in, and the food I most craved was nitrogenous. The quantity of haricot beans I consumed still astonishes me. These formed the *pièce de résistance*. Fresh meat was unprocurable, and we had to use stock-fish largely when our canned beef ran out. Farinaceous puddings gave variety to our dietary; and when salads and cabbages were ready, these added to our dainties. Fortunately, my hostess made capital bread, a noble art she had learned in England. Without this I could not have stood the steadily increasing drafts which the climate and the toil made upon me. Had I been restricted to the hot 'biscuit' which does duty for bread in the households of most Americans, I could not have lived more than a month or two

under the conditions of an orange-grower. Tea was taken with the mid-day meal; and I liked it the better the blacker and more astringent it was, though such a 'brew' would poison me now. This desire for strong tea was further evidence of the exhausting climate.

Remarkable as my appetite was, that of my friend's son was still more so. He had been delicate from childhood, and it was partly on his account that the family had gone South. For the first time, existence was a joy to him. He revelled in the heat, worked like a mule, and ate like a squad of navvies. Still more surprising was the physical change wrought in another young man whom I had known in New York, and who was living near my friend's grove. Forest-life had metamorphosed him from a willowy stripling into a strong man. His appetite was unappeasable; and he had frequently to get up during the night to satisfy it. But the trencherman who surpassed all that I came near in Florida was a negro, named Tom Wilson. He was of magnificent proportions, over six feet high, immensely muscular, and notwithstanding his colour, a handsome man. He was the most skilful axeman in the country, and could bring down more pine-trees than any two men that had tried against him. He earned five dollars a day. But he was voracious as a shark; his dinner was often six pounds in weight, and it was one of the amazements of the neighbourhood to see Tom clear the huge jar containing it.

I have dwelt at length on this subject, as it is of transcendent importance to those who think of settling in Florida. The enhanced cost of personal maintenance, if the foregoing be fair samples of appetites generally, is a matter of serious importance, more especially as all food has to be imported, and often brought by vehicle from the railway or river-side wharf.

Owing to the absence of grass, it is not possible to have milk and its products. Florida certainly is not without cows; but they are small, unimproved creatures, picking up a scanty living in the marshes and hummack-swamps. As these are cleared and utilised for horticulture, cattle will disappear, for sheer lack of sustenance. I have seen some patches of Bermuda grass which thrives in the sand, and it may be possible to make pastures with it after a while. But for the immediate future, all the milk, butter, and cheese needed by settlers must be imported; and so must all animal food, save the diminishing supply of game. I will not enlarge upon the reckless slaughter of all things that run and fly by the incrowding multitudes settling in the Flowery Land. Every youngster has a gun and revolver, and shooting is a passion. I have seen the most wanton destruction of rare birds; even the celestial-voiced mocking-bird is not spared by those who love the detonation of firearms more than any other sound. I admit the fascination of the hunting instinct, and that sport is the only amusement in a wild and unsettled country. Nevertheless, it is banishing the tender, the beautiful, and the humanising; and it is impoverishing the country. As horticulture is the only business that can be carried on in Florida, and as insects are vastly destructive to fruits and vegetables, it is the height of folly to annihilate the small birds. The orange-tree is the prey of many insect parasites, and sometimes a whole grove is blighted by them. I have seen scores of trees ghastly with 'scale,' and owners almost driven to desperation. Indeed, the difficulty is to keep the trees clean. Nothing struck me more than the contrast between the fruit of the groves, often black and wrinkled, and the brilliant plumpness of the wild oranges in the hummacks. I believe the health and beauty of the latter were owing to the birds, which preyed upon the insects, their natural food; whereas from the groves birds were banished, as every boy found his pastime in blazing away at them.

In the tropical climate of Florida, insect life is a huge and permanent affliction. All living things are subject to it. Gardens are desolated, animals are tormented, and man is driven frantic. Among the griefs that distressed my hostess was the army of cockroaches which invaded her larder and stores. The amount of food spoiled by these pests was serious. They would get into the dough, into puddings, into pies and stews; and of course all had to be thrown away when the monsters were discovered. At dusk, whole armies made their appearance, and the floors were literally black. Nor did they confine themselves to the living-rooms. They invaded the sleeping apartments and devoured all the leather they found. But repulsive as they were and costly, I could have tolerated them though taking measures to destroy them. Nothing, however, availed against, or could mitigate the miseries caused by the mosquitoes. Early in March, these insects began to appear, and soon they attained undisputed dominion. Before sundown their annunciatory hum began, and until full daylight next morning it never ceased. They always commenced by settling on my feet and ankles under the supper-table; and from thence bit impartially to the crown of my head as the night went on. The pain and irritation caused by mosquitoes often made the evenings a time of pure distress for me. As a new-comer, I was the chief attraction. Still, old and young suffered, and many a pleasant party was spoiled by the clouds that streamed in from doors and windows. By carefully fixing the mosquito-curtains, one might get rid of them. Yet the provoking trumpeting going on outside, and the heat which the curtains caused, often banished sleep altogether, and made the night season a prolonged anguish.

During the prevalence of electric storms, the twin troubles of Florida, weeds and mosquitoes, had a glorious time. Such lightning, thunder, and rain are not known in northern latitudes. The clear sky will suddenly grow wan; the forests will be dimmed with what seems the smoke of a vast conflagration rushing towards you; distant trees will fling about their upper branches like windmill sails, and then, like a park of artillery, simultaneously lightning and thunder blaze and crash, as if heaven and earth had collided. Down comes the rain in cataracts, in vast slanting walls of liquid, that drum on the earth, that pound the roof, that roar through the foliage of the groves with a might, a grandeur, an awfulness which even surpasses the wild magnificence of an ocean storm. One of these electric outbursts lasted for thirteen hours. During this time, two sullen-looking banks of

clouds in the north and east were the centres whence the stupendous pyrotechny proceeded. The lightning varied in colour from pale opal to pink. It shot in fan-like gushes, like the aurora borealis; it descended like glittering chains of steel; it zigzagged at every angle; and made vistas of supernal glory in the intensely black sky.

Responding to this meteorological convulsion, all the forest inhabitants began to speak. The tree-frogs whistled with frantic shrillness, the pond-frogs croaked in hoarse rhythm; the pine-tops hummed dreamily; occasionally the choking bray of a distant mule would be heard; and most startling of all, would strike-in the rumbling bellow of the alligators. These last sounds cannot be forgotten by those who hear them with nerves palpitating in response to an electric storm. The alligator is a formidable and a hideous neighbour in many parts of Florida; and almost every night, I heard them in the lake. Yet people do not seem to be afraid of them.

After the most copious deluge, the ground would be dry, for the sand swallowed it as it fell. Hence Florida presents a delightful contrast to many parts of America during the spring rains. No mud exists; the road-tracks are improved; the air is cooled; and the fragrance that arises from the orange groves as the sun mounts the sky is beyond words to express. But the older settlers complain of the fall of temperature; and seated round a huge logfire, shiver and huddle as if in process of congelation. Many take violent catarrhs; and the latent poison of malaria begins to re-ferment in their thinned blood. I have mentioned the blackening of the skin caused by the climate. After an attack of malarial fever, dysentery, or other local disease, this blackness sometimes disappears, and the skin becomes dully yellow. In the course of a few years' residence, a blanching process begins, and the skin looks like that of a consumptive person, and is often granulated like boiled rice. Indeed, the pallor of many who had lived in the country continuously for five or six years was almost repulsive. It betrayed by an outward sign the debilitation going on within, and led me to doubt if people of northern origin can permanently settle in the peninsula.

After a residence sufficiently long to test both the climate and the possibility of amateurs gaining a livelihood by orange culture, I came to the conclusion, that for six months—namely, from October to March—life in Florida can be made pleasant and profitable; but the other half of the year must be spent in the northern States, or in the highlands of Georgia, Tennessee, or other invigorating region. The orange is only one item towards wealth-making, and it is often an uncertain one, the lemon being the surer of the two trees most cultivated. But strawberries are still better for those having suitable ground. They are quickly raised, require little capital, and little attention save in the fruiting season; and if they can be produced in January and February in large quantities for the New York and Boston markets, an excellent living may be made. Early vegetables also are a certain source of income for those who devote themselves to their production; and as railways increase and accelerate their freight-trains, these delicacies may be sold all over the cities of the busy, opulent, and frost-bound North.

But before Florida can become the winter fruit-and-market-garden of America, it must have a system of irrigation suited to the trade. It has the heat, it has the moisture; keep these in conjunction, and all sorts of succulent plants must thrive. By using large quantities of moist weeds to the roots of our vegetables at the time of transplantation, we made all that had languished before to flourish. By persistent hoeing round the orange-trees, we made them advance rapidly. When the question of chemical fertilisers, suited to the orange and lemon, has been scientifically settled, progress wide and rapid will follow the groves. At present all is speculative and probationary. But that indomitable determination to succeed which marks the American and the British settlers in Florida, will have its certain rewards in time, and that sandy wilderness will be converted into a cornucopia for all mankind.

In the meantime, life in an orange grove has many tribulations and disenchantments mingled with its undoubted pleasures. Out of the immense number of experiences now being gained by the multitudes colonising the Flowery State, many generalisations must emerge, which will increase the pleasures and diminish the pains of orange-growers. The outcome of my personal experience is, for the settler to begin upon a small scale, taking care of his capital and his health. The cleverest man must go upon facts; and though hints and book-instruction can help, they cannot make an orange-grower. The most important matter is the supply of suitable food. It should be got from the great purveyors of the North direct, and in such quantities as to make the freight low. Fowls should be the source of animal food, and goats for milk. All water should be boiled before drinking, and lemons should be taken for beverage instead of tea; they prevent headaches, one of the troubles of the country.

HINTS ON BOOKBINDING.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: It may be of some use to many of your readers to offer a few hints on the subject of bookbinding, in which not only is the large collector interested, but others who accumulate a small library of well-chosen books. The lover of books is always disappointed when he finds that the appearance of the binding becomes faded or shows signs of decay. The writer served an apprenticeship to the art of bookbinding from the year 1822 to 1829, and although he left that trade shortly after the expiration of his term, he has all his life been interested in books, is in possession of a large collection, and has purchased many works of comparatively small intrinsic value beyond that of their external appearance.

The remarks in *Chambers's Journal* for May 30, 1885, are correct so far as the deterioration of the material used in bookbinding is concerned. The modern preparation of leather is often injurious so far as durability is concerned; and an experienced hand may detect this by feeling it. A very inferior millboard is also used, which is liable to damage, where the old millboard would sustain none.

The best protection is to employ a well-known tradesman who has a reputation for honest work. As to the leather, it is rather surprising that calf is not named, which, if good, is certainly not the least durable, and is in many respects equal to russia or morocco, if good and properly finished. The writer possesses works in all kinds of material, from the best leather to paper boards, old binding and new binding, and all in good preservation. Some of the bindings are two hundred years old. All of them—if the term may be used—are in a green old age. There are some works in white vellum as sound as when they left the workman's hands, and for two centuries have been much used. Morocco and calf may generally be relied upon with more certainty than other leathers; but sheepskin, which is often made into an imitation of morocco, ought not to be used for works of permanent value.

One word as to pigskin. The writer has a vivid recollection of binding a family Bible for a farmer in the North Riding of Yorkshire. It was a folio Bible, printed in Edinburgh. Its owner, who was one of the early followers of John Wesley, had collected a number of copperplates, maps, &c., illustrative of the text, newspaper cuttings with manuscripts of sermons, and autograph letters of the early associates of the founder of Methodism. He brought all these, with a carefully prepared index in his own writing; and it was the business of the binder to mount the loose sheets and interleave the Bible with them according to the pagination he rendered. When this was complete, the one volume had expanded into three. He wished the whole to be bound in pigskin, on the ground that he was riding upon a saddle that his father had also used; and that was evidence, he said, of its strength and durability. As the Bible contained the genealogy of his family in all its branches, he wanted it to be as imperishable as it could be made. He brought the pigskin from his own saddler. On the youngest son of that aged man going out to Australia in 1873, the binder had an opportunity of seeing the volumes, and although they had been used for so many years, the covers bore no marks of wear, beyond showing that they had been freely handled. A work printed in 1678 at Rotterdam and bound in white vellum, now at hand, is in equally good preservation.

The great enemies of books in libraries are gas, damp, and dust. In the library of a friend near London, havoc commenced among the upper shelves of very expensively bound and valuable books; the binding first showed a faded appearance; when opened, the joints split, and the leather on the back fell under the touch like tinder. Curtains on rollers had been placed as a protection against dust, and the whole house was heated by hot-air pipes. The explanation was easy, when an examination took place. The room was brilliantly lighted by two gasaliers, without any provision to carry away the products of combustion. In ten years the destruction had been serious. In some works in common use which were in the drawing-room, bound at the same time and in the same style, there were no perceptible signs of decay.

The owners of treasured books would do well to take precautions on these heads. As a rule, it is better to have no gas-lighting in libraries; but where such is unavoidable, due care should be taken to have free ventilation and pipes to carry away the spent gas to the outer air. A library should be kept dry and well ventilated, and curtains drawn down in front of the books are preferable to glass cases.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

The fair sex are occasionally placed in embarrassing situations, caused by their unthinking comments. An Englishman travelling by train in the principality of Wales found himself in a compartment in which two Welsh young women and himself were the sole occupants. Never imagining for a moment that the English stranger understood Welsh almost as well as a native, they amused themselves by freely commenting on the personal appearance and probable calling of their fellow-traveller.

'Not bad-looking, if it wasn't for his nose,' said one.

'I think his mouth is the worst,' remarked the other with equal politeness.

'Rather "loud" suit of clothes,' was the next comment.

'Well, he's only a cattle-dealer, I expect,' returned critic number two.

The subject of these remarks good-temperedly preserved his self-possession by the help of a friendly newspaper, and when he had undergone a further scathing fire of criticism, laid down his paper and calmly observed in excellent Welsh: 'Since your liberal and witty criticism of myself and my affairs now seems somewhat exhausted, may I inquire where you young ladies come from, and what may be your names?'

To use the narrator's own words—he never knew till then what blushing scarlet meant, as he watched with amusement the dreadful confusion of his fair detractors.

'TELLE EST LA VIE.'

A golden curl,
A blushing girl,
So charming.
A handsome face,
A manly grace—
Alarming!

A lover's sighs,
His soft brown eyes
So tender!
Sweet dreamy hours
Among the flowers:
Surrender!

Without alloy,
Her new-found joy—
A lover;
But they forget
They know not yet
Each other!

A flower-wreathed brow,
A marriage vow:
For Dover!

A husband's kiss,
A three-months' bliss
Is over!

Two vows spoken,
Two hearts broken,
For ever:
The bitter pain—
They love again,
Ah, never!

A last good-bye,
A wife's low cry—
They sever:
For Hope has fled,
And Love is dead
For ever!

Two little vows
In haste are spoken;
Two young hearts
At leisure broken.

A. A.

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THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

The race for possession of new territories in remote seas is at present so keen, that those who are by profession neither international lawyers nor diplomatists, are finding a subject of engrossing interest in those principles which at once stimulate the energy and restrain the cupidity of colonising nations. The latest tidings of transpontine enterprise reach us from the Western Pacific. Germany, we are told, has occupied the Caroline Islands, and has sent notification of the fact to the European powers. Spain, it is said, asserts an ancient title to the same territory, and a difference is likely to arise between the two powers about a possession which has not yet been shown to be very valuable. Now, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, on the information which has yet reached us, to decide between the two claimants; but it may be useful to notice those rules which must govern the decision of the question if it is to be settled in accordance with international law.

The time-honoured method which explorers used to adopt in order to appropriate the land which they had discovered, was for each one to set up his national standard on the most convenient hill-top, and declare the territory to belong to the sovereign he represented. The plan had many advantages. The eager discoverer had no need to establish his power either by force of arms or by the patient aggression of colonisation; he was troubled with no nice questions as to the rights of the aboriginal inhabitants, and his sweeping declaration of ownership did not condescend to define the limits of his appropriation. But those times are past. It is now more than a hundred years since our own Lord Kames, referring to the Law of Nations, wrote: 'Symbolical possession will confer no right, either on the person who uses the symbol, or on the State whose subject he is. To acquire the property and to exclude others, there must be real occupation.' This rule, which was then new, has now acquired the respectability of age, and it is at length universally recognised that to confer a good title, both the intention to possess and the actual possession must be proved. It is obvious that the adoption of such a principle must go far to simplify questions of ownership between rival nations, and how dangerous these may be, any one can realise who is old enough to remember what was once known as the 'Oregon Question.' It will be observed that such a rule unceremoniously cuts down any claims founded on mere paper titles; and an old writer says, that navigators pay no more attention to a monument erected as evidence of possession, than they do to 'the regulation of the Popes who divided a great part of the world between the crowns of Castile and Portugal'—an observation which is curiously in point at present, when we learn that the Spanish claim rests, in part at least, upon the famous bull issued by Pope Alexander VI. in the year 1493. This celebrated document has often before been used to check the enterprise of roving mariners; indeed, it was once cited as an objection against the acquisitive voyages of our own Drake; but on that occasion Queen Elizabeth plainly told the Spanish Ambassador that 'she did not acknowledge the Spaniards to have any title by donation of the Bishop of Rome, so she knew no right they had to any places other than those they were in actual possession of.' Her Majesty's shrewdness had anticipated the reasoning of international jurists. In point of fact, no weight now attaches to royal letters-patent, or charters professing to make a grant of new territory, unless they are followed within a reasonable time by actual occupation; and this gives occasion to the inquiry, 'What is proper occupation?' Strictly speaking, occupation can only be complete when the country is placed at the disposal of the occupying state, and this of course is best achieved when her colonists have settled themselves over the whole area. But how seldom this is accomplished, let the history of our own colonies attest.

In many cases, the size of the territory and the number of the settlers make such acquisition an impossibility; and then arise doubts as to boundaries. When Charles II. made grants of land in North America, the limits landward were not defined, and it was suggested that these grants might carry a right to territory straight across the continent to the Pacific. But the rule which is now acknowledged to apply to such cases is, that occupation of a tract of land on the sea-coast gives a title to all the country landward as far as the watershed line. The circumstances of the case before us, however, are not likely to cause any difficulty as to boundaries. In all probability, no one of the islands which form the Caroline group is large enough to admit of a divided ownership; and in that case, the question between Germany and Spain as to each individual island will be decided wholly in favour of one of them, in accordance with that principle which declares that not only all the territory actually possessed by a settlement shall belong to it, but also all that in the hands of another power would be a menace to its security. For it is obvious that Spain could have but a precarious possession of the west side of an island of five-and-twenty square miles in extent, if Germany on the east side held a fort and coaling station. Yet it by no means follows that the whole archipelago must acknowledge the supremacy of the same state; for one of the three groups into which the islands are naturally divided, may be found to belong to one power, while the other claimant may successfully establish her right to the remaining two.

Discovery, then, is but an incomplete title unless it is followed up by Possession; but when so fortified, it will unquestionably extinguish every other claim. Now, the honour of discovering these scattered islands appears to rest with neither of the rival states, but with Portugal, by whom they were discovered in 1525; though as to the traders who are settled in them, Spain and Germany seem pretty equally divided. The proof, in short, in favour of one claimant's actual possession nearly balances that in favour of the other, and we are thrown back upon the effort to find some actings of one of the parties which shall establish at least an intention to possess; and if the whole matter should ultimately be submitted to arbitration, it is to this point that the arguments of the suitors will be mainly addressed. Germany will, of course, cite the definite act of appropriation which has at this moment raised the question of ownership, and will be able to show that notification of that act was duly given to the powers. Spain will point to her mission-work in the islands, to the announcement made in the last Cortes that she was about to appoint a special governor over them, and perhaps also to the fact that that officer had actually set out for his destination before information of the German action was received at Madrid.

But it may be objected that, amid this balancing of pretensions, the rights of the original inhabitants have been wholly ignored. Are the native Malays, who are reputed the hardiest and most skilful sailors of Polynesia, expected to acquiesce without a murmur in the assumption of sovereignty over their land by some European state, which has found there a fulcrum for trade, and a mine of archæological wealth? The answer is, that no single nation is entitled to shut out another; and if the settlers of that other acquire importance by virtue of their trading energy and their skill in the arts, then annexation ought to be effected in the interests of the natives themselves, because, as a consequence of that public act, they will be protected in the peaceful possession of their lands—a right which they could not vindicate for themselves.

These, then, are the cardinal principles which must be applied to any proof which may be adduced by either power in support of her claim to these far-away islands. It is only by a process of very carefully weighing the two masses of evidence, that a determination can be reached which will coincide with the facts of the case; and unless such a coincidence is attained, a substantial injustice will be done.

According to a contemporary, only five of the islands are of a mountainous character and apparently of remote volcanic origin; by far the greater number are flat coral islands. The vegetation is particularly rich and luxurious, if the variety of species is not great. The mountains are clad with trees to their summits. The character of the vegetation is pretty much that of other Pacific islands, approaching in the western islands to that of the Philippines and Moluccas. Ferns are found in extraordinary abundance, as are palms of various species (cocoa, areca, nipa and sago palms), and also pandanus. Round the coasts are generally thick fringes of mangroves, followed by various fruit-trees, and further up the hills, mountain forests, among which various species of ficus are prominent, mixed with artocarpus, myristica, citrus, eugenia, crateva, &c. The fauna of the islands is not rich, and, except birds, probably of no commercial importance. The climate of the islands is essentially tropical, but without tropical regularity. It is prevailingly moist. There does not seem to be any regular rainy period. The eastern and central islands especially are liable to violent rain-storms; yet on the whole the climate is agreeable, and, away from the coast, healthy. The people themselves evidently belong to the same well-formed, brown, comparatively intelligent Pacific race as the Hawaiians and New Zealanders, and, like them, alas, have suffered much in numbers, in physique, and in morals by contact with a certain class of whites. The total population, even including the Pellew Islands (which some regard as a separate group), does not probably exceed twenty thousand. The archipelago is naturally divided into three groups, east, central and west, which, according to some authorities, correspond to political divisions, each group being under the general dominion of one chief, who has his residence in the centre. The Caroline natives are great traders both among themselves and with Europeans. At present the principal articles bartered with Europeans for iron goods, tobacco, spirits, bottles, &c., are trepang and cocoa-nut oil. Europeans are settled in several of the islands, mainly Ponape and Yap, and do considerable business with whalers.

We may add that hitherto these islands have not been regarded as being important, for they lie far out of the track of the great ocean highways. They are chiefly interesting from an archæological point of view, for they possess some remarkable ruins of what must once have been magnificent buildings. Some of the stones employed by these early architects are said to measure thirty-five feet long, and twenty feet broad by fifteen feet in thickness. The rude sculptures which are found there bear close resemblance to those of Easter Island, which, however, is six thousand miles away. The purpose and origin of these monuments are quite unknown.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEXT morning, Constance, seated as usual in the loggia, which was now, as the weather grew hot, veiled with an awning, heard, her ears being very quick and on the alert for every sound, a tinkle of the bell, a sound of admittance, the step of Domenico leading some visitor to the place in which she sat. Was it *he*, coming yet again, to implore her pardon, an extension of privileges, a hope for the future? She made out instantaneously, however, that the footstep which followed Domenico was not that of young Gaunt. It was softer, less decided, an indefinite female step. She sat up in her chair and listened, letting her book fall, and next moment saw Mrs Gaunt, old-fashioned, unassured, with a troubled look upon her face, in her shawl and big hat, come out almost timidly upon the loggia. Constance sprang to her feet—then in a moment collapsed and shrank away into herself. Before the young lover, she was a queen, and to her father she preserved her dignity very well; but when *his* mother appeared, the girl had no longer any power to hold up her head. Mrs Gaunt was old, very badly dressed, not very clever or wise. But Constance felt those mild, somewhat dull eyes penetrating to the depths of her own guilty heart.

'How do you do, Miss Waring?' said Mrs Gaunt stiffly. (She had called her 'my dear' yesterday, and had been so anxious to please her, doing everything she could to ingratiate herself.) 'I hope I do not disturb you so early; but my son, Captain Gaunt, is going away'——

'O yes—I heard. I am very sorry,' the guilty Constance murmured, hanging her head.

'I do not know that there is any cause to be sorry; we were going anyhow in a few days. And in London, my son will find many friends.'

'I mean,' said Constance, drawing a long breath, beginning to recover a little courage, feeling, even in her discomfiture, a faint amusement still—'I mean, for his friends here, who will miss him so much.'

Mrs Gaunt darted a glance at her, half wrathful, half wavering. It had seemed so unnatural to her that any girl could play with or resist her son. Perhaps, after all, he had misunderstood Constance. She said proudly: 'His friends always miss George; he is so friendly. Nobody ever asks anything from him, to take any trouble or make any sacrifice, in vain.'

'I am sure he is very good,' said Constance, tremulous, yet waking to the sense of humour underneath.

'That is why I am here to-day,' said Mrs Gaunt. 'My son—remembers—though perhaps you will allow he has not much call to do so, Miss Waring—that you said something about a parcel for Frances.—Dear Frances; he will see her—that will always be something.'

'Then he is not coming to say good-bye?' she said, opening her eyes with a semblance of innocent and regretful surprise.

'Oh, Miss Waring! oh, Constance!' cried the poor mother. 'But perhaps my boy has made a mistake. He is very wretched. I am sure he never closed his eyes all last night. If you saw him this morning, it would go to your heart. Ah, my dear, he thinks you will have nothing to say to him, and his heart is broken. If you will only let me tell him that he has made a mistake!'

'Is it about me, Mrs Gaunt?'

'Oh, Constance! who should it be about but you? He has never looked at any one else since he saw you first. All that has been in his mind has been how to see you, how to talk to you, to make himself agreeable if he could—to try and get your favour. I will not conceal anything from you. I never was satisfied from the first. I thought you were too grand, too much used to fine people and their ways, ever to look at one of us. But then, when I saw my George, the flower of my flock, with nothing in his mind but how to please you, his eyes following you wherever you went, as if there was not another in the world'——

'There was not another in Bordighera, at least,' said Constance, under her breath.

'There was not?—What did you say—what did you say? Oh, there was nobody that he ever wasted a thought on but you. I had my doubts all the time. I used to say: "George dear, don't go too far; don't throw everything at her feet, till you know." But I might as well have talked to the sea. If he had been the king of all the world, he would have poured everything into your lap. Oh, my dear, a man's true love is a great thing; it is more than crowns or queen's jewels. You might have all the world contains, and beside that it would be as nothing—and this is what he has given you. Surely, you did not understand him when he spoke, or he did not understand you. Perhaps you were taken by surprise—fluttered, as girls will be, and said the wrong words. Or you were shy. Or you did not know your own mind. Oh, Constance, say it was a mistake, and give me a word of comfort to take to my boy!'

The tears were running down the poor mother's cheeks as she pleaded thus for her son. When she had left home that morning, after surprising, divining the secret, which he had done his best to hide from her overnight, there had been a double purpose in Mrs Gaunt's mind. She had intended to pour out such vials of wrath upon the girl who had scorned her son, such floods of righteous indignation, that never, never should she raise her head again; and she had intended to watch her opportunity, to plead on her knees,

if need were, if there was any hope of getting him what he wanted. It did not disturb her that these two intentions were totally opposed to each other. And she had easily been beguiled into thinking that there was good hope still.

While she spoke, Constance on her side had been going through a series of observations, running comments upon this address, which did not move her very much. 'If he had been king of all the world—ah, that would have made a difference,' she said to herself; and it was all she could do to refrain from bursting forth in derisive laughter at the suggestion that she herself had perhaps been shy, or had not known her own mind. To think that any woman could be such a simpleton, so easily deceived! The question was, whether to be gentle with the delusion, and spare Mrs Gaunt's feelings; or whether to strike her down at once with indignation and sharp scorn. There passed through the mind of Constance a rapid calculation, that in so small a community it was better not to make an enemy, and also perhaps some softening reflections from the remorse which really had touched her last night. So that when Mrs Gaunt ended by that fervent prayer, her knees trembling with the half intention of falling upon them, her voice faltering, her tears flowing, Constance allowed herself to be touched with responsive emotion. She put out both her hands and cried: 'Oh, don't speak like that to me; oh, don't look at me so! Dear, dear Mrs Gaunt, teach me what to do to make up for it! for I never thought it would come to this. I never imagined that he, who deserves so much better, would trouble himself about me. Oh, what a wretched creature I am to bring trouble everywhere! for I am not free. Don't you know I am—engaged to some one else? Oh, I thought everybody knew of it. I am not free.'

'Not free!' said Mrs Gaunt with a cry of dismay.

'Oh, didn't you know of it?' said Constance. 'I thought everybody knew. It has been settled for a long time—since I was quite a child.'

'My dear,' said Mrs Gaunt solemnly, 'if your heart is not in it, you ought not to go on with it. I did hear something of—a gentleman, whom your mamma wished you to marry; who was very rich, and all that.'

Constance nodded her head slowly, in a somewhat melancholy assent.

'But I was told that you did not wish it yourself—that you had broken it off—that you had come here to avoid—— Oh, my dear girl, don't take up a false sense of duty, or—or honour—or self-sacrifice! Constance, you may have a right to sacrifice yourself, but not another—not another, dear. And all his happiness is wrapped up in you. And if it is a thing your heart does not go with!' cried the poor lady, losing herself in the complication of phrases. Constance only shook her head.

'Dear Mrs Gaunt! I *must* think of honour and duty. What would become of us all if we put an engagement aside, because—because——? And it would be cruel to the other; he is not strong. I could not, oh, I could not break off—O no, not for worlds—it would kill him. But will you try and persuade Captain Gaunt not to think hardly of me? I thought I might enjoy his friendship without any harm. If I have done wrong, oh, forgive me!' Constance cried.

Mrs Gaunt dried her eyes. She was a simple-minded woman, who knew what she wanted, and whose instinct taught her to refuse a stone when it was offered to her instead of bread. She said: 'He will forgive you, Miss Waring; he will not think hardly of you, you may be sure. They are too infatuated to do that, when a girl like you takes the trouble to—— But I think you might have thought twice before you did it, knowing what you tell me now. A young man fresh from India, where he has been working hard for years—coming home to get up his strength, to enjoy himself a little, to make up for all his long time away—— And because you are a little lonely, and want to enjoy his—friendship, as you say, you go and spoil his holiday for him, make it all wretched, and make even his poor mother wish that he had never come home at all. And you think it will all be made up if you say you are sorry at the end! To him, perhaps, poor foolish boy; but oh, not to me.'

Constance made no reply to this. She had done her best, and for a moment she thought she had succeeded; but she had always been aware, by instinct, that the mother was less easy to beguile than the son; and she was silent, attempting no further self-defence.

'Young men are a mystery to me,' said Mrs Gaunt, standing with agitated firmness in the middle of the loggia, taking no notice of the chair which had been offered her. She did not even look at Constance, but directed her remarks to the swaying palms in the foreground and the hills behind—'they are a mystery! There may be one under their very eyes that is as good as gold and as true as steel, and they will never so much as look at her. And there will be another that thinks of nothing but amusing herself, and that is the one they will adore. Oh, it is not for the first time now that I have found it out! I had my misgivings from the very first; but he was like all the rest—he would not hear a word from his mother; and now I am sure I wish his furlough was at an end; I wish he had never come home. His father and I would rather have waited on and pined for him, or even made up our minds to die without seeing him, rather than he should have come here to break his heart.'

She paused a moment and then resumed again, turning from the palms and distant peaks to concentrate a look of fire upon Constance, who sat sunk in her wicker chair, turning her head away.

'And if a man were to go astray after being used like that, whose fault would it be? If he were to go wrong—if he were to lose heart, to say What's the good? whose fault would it be? Oh, don't tell me that you didn't know what you were doing, that you didn't mean to break his heart! Did you think he had no heart at all? But then, why should you have taken the trouble? It wouldn't have amused you, it would have been no fun, had he had no heart.'

'You seem,' said Constance, without turning her head, launching a stray arrow in self-defence, 'to know all about it, Mrs Gaunt.'

'Perhaps I do know all about it; I am a woman myself. I wasn't always old and faded. I know there are some things a girl may do in innocence, and some—that no one but a wicked woman of the world—— Oh, you are young to be called such a name. I oughtn't, at your age, however I may suffer by you, to call you such a name.'

'You may call me what name you like. Fortunately, I have not to look to you as my judge. Look here,' cried Constance, springing to her feet. 'You say you are a woman yourself. I am not like Frances, a girl that knew nothing. If your son is at my feet, I have had better men at my feet, richer men, far better matches than Captain Gaunt. Would any one in their senses expect *me* to marry a poor soldier, to go out to India, to follow the regiment? You forget I'm Lady Markham's daughter as well as Mr Waring's. Put yourself in her place for a moment, and think what you would say if your daughter told you that was what she was going to do. To marry a poor man, not even at home, an officer in India! What would you say? You would lock me up in my room, and keep me on bread and water. You would say the girl is mad. At least, that is what my mother, if she could, would do.'

Mrs Gaunt caught upon the point which was most salient and attackable. 'An Indian officer!' she cried. 'That shows how little you know. There were men in the Company's service that—— The Company's service was—— How dare you speak so to me? General Gaunt was in the Company's service,' she cried with an outburst of injured feeling and excited pride.

To this Constance made reply with a mocking laugh, which nearly drove her adversary frantic, and resumed her seat, having said what she had to say.

Poor Mrs Gaunt sat down, too, in sheer disability to support herself. Her limbs trembled under her. She wanted to cry, but would not, had she died in that act of self-restraint. And as she could not have said another word without crying, force was upon her to keep silence, though her heart burned. After an interval, she said tremulously: 'If this is one of our punishments for Eve's fault, it's far, far harder to bear than the other; and every woman has to bear it more or less. To see a man that ought to make one woman's happiness, turned into a jest by another woman, and made a laughing-stock of, and all his innocent pleasure turned into bitterness. Why did you do it? Were there not plenty of men in the world, that you should take my boy for your plaything? Wasn't there room for you in London, that you should come here? Oh, what possessed you to come here, where no one wanted you, and spoil all?'

Constance turned round and stared at her accuser with troubled eyes. It was a question to which it was difficult to give any answer; and she could not deny that it was a very pertinent question. No one had wanted her. There had been room for her in London, and a recognised place, and everything a girl could desire. Oh, how she desired now those things which belonged to her, which she had left so lightly, which there was nothing here to replace! Why had she left them? If a wish could have taken her back, out of this foreign, alien, unloved scene, away from Mrs Gaunt, scolding her in the big hat and shawl, which would be only fit for a charade at home, to Lady Markham's soft and lovely presence—to Claude, even poor Claude, with his beautiful eyes and his fear of draughts—how swiftly would she have travelled through the air! But a wish would not do it; and she could only stare at her assailant blankly, and in her heart echo the question, Why, oh, why?

Notwithstanding this stormy interview, Constance had so far recovered by the afternoon, and was so utterly destitute of anything else by way of amusement, that she walked down to the railway station at the hour when the train started for Marseilles and England, with a perfectly composed and smiling countenance, and the little parcel for Frances under her arm. Mrs Gaunt was like a woman turned to stone when she suddenly saw this apparition, standing upon the platform, talking to her old general, amusing and occupying him so that he almost forgot that he was here on no joyful, but a melancholy occasion. And to see George hurry forward, his dark face lit up with a sudden glow, his hat in his hand, as if he were about to address the Queen! These are things which are very hard upon women, to whom it is generally given to preserve their senses even when the most seductive siren smiles.

'You would not come to say good-bye to me, so I had to take it into my own hands,' Constance said in her clear young voice, which was to be heard quite distinctly through all the jabber of the Riviera functionaries. 'And here is the little parcel for Frances, if you will be so very good. *Do* go and see them, Captain Gaunt.'

'Of course he will go and see them,' said the general—'too glad. He has not so many people to see in town, that he should forget our old friend Waring's near connections, and Frances, whom we were all so fond of. And you may be sure he will be honoured by any commissions you will give him.'

'Oh, I have no commissions. Markham does my commissions, when I have any. He is the best of brothers in that respect.—Give my love to mamma, Captain Gaunt. She will like to see some one who has seen me. Tell her I get on—pretty well. Tell them all to come out here.'

'He must not do that, Miss Waring; for it will soon be too hot, and we are all going away.'

'Oh, I was not in earnest,' said Constance; 'it was only a little jest. I must look too sincere for anything, for people are always taking my little jokes as if I meant them, every word.' She raised her eyes to Captain Gaunt as she spoke, and with one steady look made an end in a moment of all the hasty hopes that had sprung up again in less time than Jonah's gourd. She put the parcel in his charge, and shook hands with him, taking no notice of his sudden change of countenance. And not only this, but waited a little way off till the poor young fellow had got into the train and had been taken farewell of by his parents. Then she waved her hand and a little film of a pocket-handkerchief, and waited till the old pair came out, Mrs Gaunt with very red eyes, and even the general blowing his nose unnecessarily.

'It seems only the other day that we came down to meet him—after not seeing him for so many years.'

'O my poor boy! But I should not mind if I thought he had got any good out of his holiday,' said Mrs Gaunt, launching a burning look among her tears at the siren.

'Oh, I think he has enjoyed himself, Mrs Gaunt. I am sure you need not have any burden on your mind on that account,' the young deceiver said smoothly.

Yes, he had enjoyed himself; and now had to pay the price of it in disappointment and ineffectual misery. This was all it had brought him, this brief intoxicating dream, this fool's paradise. Constance walked with them as far as their way lay together, and 'talked very nicely,' as he said afterwards, to the general; but Mrs Gaunt, if she could have done it with a wish, would have willingly pitched this siren, where other sirens belong to—into the sea.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO CLEAN A BOOK WITHOUT INJURY.

An adept in the art of washing or cleansing dirty books sends to the *Publishers' Circular* a few plain directions to be followed by those who wish to cleanse their soiled volumes. The amateur book-cleaner had better begin to practise on some worthless volume, until he acquires the necessary skill. All traces of lime, acid, &c., used in the cleaning process must be removed from the book, else in time it may be completely destroyed.

The first thing to be done in a book that wants washing is to cut the stitches and separate the work into sheets. Then a glance may be taken for the separation of those leaves, or sheets, which are dirty from those which have stains of ink or oil. The dirty leaves are now placed in a bath composed of a quarter of a pound of chloride of lime and the same quantity of soda to about a quart of water. These are left to soak until the paper has regained its proper tint. The pages are now lifted out tenderly into a second bath of cold, and if possible running, water, where they are left at least six hours. This removes all traces of lime. The paper, when thoroughly dried by exposure, must be dipped into a third bath of size and water, and again laid out to dry. This restores the consistency of the paper. Pressure between printers' glazed boards will then restore smoothness to the leaves.

The toning of the washed leaves in accordance with the rest of the book is a delicate process, which requires some experience. Some shag tobacco steeped in hot water will usually give the necessary colouring matter, and a bath in this liquid the necessary tone.

The process described above may do for water-stains; but if the pages are dirtied by grease, oil, coffee, candle-droppings, or ink, different treatment will be required. Dilute spirit of salt with five times its bulk of water, and let the oil-stained pages lie in the liquid for *four minutes*—not longer; then remove and wash, as before, in cold water. To remove ink, a solution of oxalic, citric, or tartaric acid should be used, but care must be taken in the washing and sizing. If the grease is a spot in the middle of a page, place between two sheets of blotting-paper, or cover it with powdered French chalk (the blotting-paper is preferable), and pass a hot iron over the place. This will melt the grease, which is immediately soaked up by the chalk or paper.

For dirty finger-marks, the following is recommended: Cover the mark with a piece of clean yellow soap for two or three hours, then wash with a sponge and hot water, and dip the page in weak acid and water. Give another bath of hot water, and then thoroughly cleanse with cold water.

To remove ink-stains: Dip the page in a strong solution of oxalic acid, then in a solution of one part hydrochloric acid and six parts of water, after which, bathe in cold water and allow to dry slowly. Vellum covers which require cleaning may be made almost equal to new by washing with weak salts of lemon; or if not much soiled, warm soap and water. Grease may be removed from the covers of bound books by scraping a little pipeclay, French chalk, or magnesia over the place, and then ironing with an iron not too hot, else it will discolour the leather.

DUNLEAP TOWER.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

I soon came to the conclusion that Catherine was still shut up in the upper story of the old tower, my dungeon being the lowest in the tier, and there being, as I afterwards discovered, a couple of empty rooms between us, because, when Aaron came to see me, I frequently heard a female voice talking to him, followed by a quick patter of footsteps on the stairs leading to the upper floor. At other times I would hear the outer door unlocked, then an adjuration to a dog to await its mistress's return, and after that, the footsteps on the stairs. Doubtless, it was Ann Starke whom I heard, whose duty it was to attend to the wants of Mrs Rudyard. Poor Catherine! if my case was a hard one, what was it compared with hers! Her confinement had already lasted several weeks longer than mine; for her there was but little prospect of release, but slight hope of future happiness to sustain her, and soften in some measure the bitterness of her imprisonment. She knew that her husband desired her death, and that, unless she could escape from him, he would not rest satisfied till, by fair means or foul, he had compassed that end.

I sometimes asked myself whether it was not all a horrible dream, whether such things could indeed take place in the heart of England in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the days of railways and telegraphs. Such events might well have happened three hundred years ago, and have seemed a not unnatural result of those days of cruelty and wrong. And yet, what need was there to wonder when every month of our lives the newspapers bring before us cases equally as romantic and improbable. But it would not do to let my thoughts dwell too frequently on such subjects, otherwise I should soon have become as mad in reality as Rudyard,

for his own purposes, now assumed me to be. Catherine and I were too far removed from each other, and the walls of our dungeons were too thick, to allow any sound of our voices to penetrate from one to the other; and Aaron, when I one day asked him a question respecting her, only shook his head and refused to reply at all. My only consolation, therefore, was to listen daily for the voice or footstep of Ann Starke; for I judged that, so long as her visits lasted, Catherine must still be there, under the same roof with me, and consequently still alive.

One day, to my surprise, the footsteps on coming down from the upper story did not pass out of the door as usual, but descended the flight of steps leading to my dungeon, and presently I saw the green, cat-like eyes of Ann Starke staring at me through the grating in the door.

'How do you like being shut up here?' she asked abruptly, after a long steady gaze, which took in both myself and my surroundings.

'Not at all,' I replied; 'and if you can in any way help me to escape, I shall be grateful to you for ever.'

'You mustn't talk in that way,' she said, 'or else I must leave you. My uncle would be ready to strangle me if he thought I as much as spoke to you; for he has a terrible temper of his own, for all he looks so good-natured.—Dull here, isn't it?'

'Very,' I replied sadly—'more dull and dreary than you can imagine.'

'It's dull work, too, up there at the cottage. Hardly a fresh face to see from one month to another, and only my few books and my work to keep me alive.—But see; I've brought you an old newspaper to read, only you must hide it under your bed, and not let my uncle know that you've got it, and I'll try and bring you another in a day or two.'

I protest I could not help it, but that little act of kindness quite unmanned me, and it was a minute or two before I could find words to thank her. 'Do me one more kindness,' I said at last; 'tell me how the lady is whom you come here every day to see. Is she well? How does she bear her imprisonment?'

'Ah, you loved her once on a time, I suppose, and you can't forget her. She isn't well, and she isn't ill; she's low and melancholy, and hardly ever speaks, and never smiles. They say she's mad at times, poor lady, but that I know nothing about. But you mustn't ask me any more about her; for my uncle would be the death of me if he knew I had mentioned her name.'

Ann came again the following day, and for many days after that, sometimes staying with me but a few minutes, sometimes half an hour, bringing me now and then a book or a newspaper; and though she would not talk with me about Catherine, I insensibly came to look forward to her visits as to the one bright spot in the dull round of hours which marked the days and nights of my imprisonment; and if by any chance I missed seeing her for a day, I was more despondent and melancholy than ever, and a darker shadow than usual rested on the hours that intervened till I saw her again.

'Tell me,' I said to her one day, 'how is it that you and your uncle remain in the service of a man like Mr Rudyard—one whom both of you must heartily despise?'

'Hush!' she said with a frightened look. 'What words are you saying? But I'll whisper it to you. We stay here because it's uncle's wish, and uncle knows what he's about. When the smash comes up there,' nodding her head in the direction of the house, 'and come it must before long, then they'll find out who's master of Dunleap Tower and all the land about it. We are servants now; but it won't be so for ever; and we come, my uncle and I, of as good blood as the Rudyards or any other family in the neighbourhood. But for the last hundred years the Starkes have been sinking lower and lower; but uncle will lift the family up again, and we shall have houses and land of our own.'

The little window which lighted my dungeon was, as before stated, high up in the wall, and was just level with the ground outside. It was evidently of a date long subsequent to that of the tower itself. I had not been shut up more than a couple of days before I became possessed with a strong desire to reach it by some means or other, and gaze on what small portion of the world might be visible through it. My only table was too old and rickety to allow of my venturing myself upon it; but later on, when I had in some measure regained my strength, I found that I could drag my bedstead out of its corner, and that, by standing on the board at its head, my eyes were just on a level with the window. I could then open the casement; and there was nothing but the three iron bars to impede my view, which ranged over the sloping sweep of moorland on which the tower was built till it reached the jagged sky-line, where the clouds seemed to come down and touch the moors; but I knew that between them lay the sea, whose voice reached me more or less loudly as the weather was rough or calm. I passed several hours of each day at the window, drinking in the silent beauty of the scene; while now and then the lowing of cattle, the bark of a dog, or the crowing of a cock, came to me from the distance, like sounds from a lost world, and with a familiar music in their tones which I had never recognised before. When tired of gazing through the window, I was obliged to fall back upon the very limited range of amusements and occupations which were all I had to keep me from going melancholy mad. In the way of bodily exercise, I always walked three or four hours a day from end to end of my dungeon. All the poetry and all the dramatic excerpts that I could remember were repeated aloud times without number; and when that occupation grew stale, I tried my own powers of rhyming, and during the course of my imprisonment, I strung together some hundreds of verses, nearly all of them of a nonsensical and burlesque character, for the more ridiculous they were, the better I was pleased, my thoughts being sad and serious enough at other times.

The tedium of my captivity was considerably lightened after Ann Starke began to visit me; and then, how welcome to me was a country newspaper a week old! and what a strange feeling came over me sometimes, as I read in my

lonely cell of the doings of the great world outside, from which—so difficult is it for the mind to measure accurately the duration of time past—I seemed to have been separated for long years. Had I not been born in a dungeon and bred in a dungeon, and did I not know it for the first time; and did my memory hold any recollection of real events, or of nothing more than a wild jumble of lunatic dreams? Ah me! how many long, bitter, and melancholy hours I passed lying on my pallet when the day was dying, and the gray shades of evening filled alike the dungeon and my mind with grim unrealities and ugly phantoms—when brain and body were wearied out—when existence itself seemed stale, weary, and unprofitable, and the grave no more than a pleasant refuge!

As I lay thus one evening watching the shadows darken in the opposite corners of my dungeon, I seemed to feel the bed move under me, and next moment there waddled forth from beneath it the figure of a veritable Chinese mandarin about two feet high, attired *en grande tenue*, with a pigtail which reached nearly to the floor. I rubbed my eyes and looked again, just in time to see this singular creature take a sudden spring and alight on the middle of the table, where, crossing its legs and squatting down after the eastern fashion, it turned upon me a pair of stony eyes, and began slowly to wag its head at me, as I had sometimes seen the Chinese images do in the windows of the teashops. It was a slow, grave, measured nod, always timing itself accurately between each repetition. I, of course, set the figure down as what it really was—an optical delusion, and at once proceeded to fling my boot at it, but without producing the slightest derangement of its centre of gravity. Fixing my eyes steadily on it, I then slowly approached it. As I advanced, it lost by degrees its clearness of outline and roundness of form, and slowly merged itself into the shadows of the advancing night, so that when I reached the table, nothing of it remained visible; but as I receded from the table, so did it seem to project itself out of the dusk, till by the time I reached the opposite end of my prison it was there again, gravely wagging its head at me as before, and apparently as much alive and as much a thing of substance as myself. Night after night it came, always at the gloaming hour, so that after a time I became so accustomed to its presence as to take but little notice of it, although for the first few evenings that interminable nodding of its head annoyed me greatly, inducing in me an intense desire to count the number of nods, which it required all my strength of mind to resist.

But this apparition of the mandarin was not the only mental hallucination to which I became subject during my incarceration. Waking suddenly sometimes in the dull, dead middle of the night, I heard strange, wild bursts of laughter coming now from one corner of my dungeon and now from another; sometimes fiendish and discordant in character, at others low, silvery, and gracious as the laughter of ladies and young children. Then there would be strange whisperings and mutterings around my bed in some language unknown to me; and then the unearthly chorus of laughter would recommence, lasting with short intervals till the first streak of dawn broke the charm, and brought with it peace and slumber unbroken. Was the dread shadow of madness beginning in reality to brood over me? In fear and trembling, I asked myself the question. If such were some of the effects produced by solitude and imprisonment on a strong man like me, what must be their effects upon the far more delicate organisation of Catherine! I trembled to think.

Rudyard had not visited me for some days, when late one afternoon I heard him speaking above; and presently he came down the steps leading to my dungeon, attended by Ann Starke with the keys. Ann having unlocked the door, Rudyard entered; she followed him and closed the door behind her, stationing herself close to it and holding the bunch of keys in her hand. Her face was paler than I had ever seen it before, and there was a cold, stern, revengeful glitter in her green eyes which boded no good to somebody. I was sitting in my chair near the window, and neither spoke nor stirred when Rudyard entered. He came forward with an insolent smile on his lips, and was evidently half drunk; he was smoking a cigar, and carried in one hand a formidable life-preserver, while from the folds of his waistcoat there protruded the butt-end of a pistol.

'Well, Master Gallowsbird, and how are you by this time?' he asked in thick husky tones. 'Not dead yet; but as mad as ever, I see. A dangerous lunatic, that's what you are—dangerous to the community, and that's why I keep you shut up here, out of pure charity to my fellow-creatures. Ah, this old tower is a nice spot to keep lunatics in—snug and quiet. No fear of any country-folk prowling about it: the fools all believe it's haunted, and wouldn't set foot near it for a bag of sovereigns. There's you here, and that white-faced cat up-stairs—I know not which is the madder of the two!'

Before he could utter another word, I had sprung from my seat and gripped him savagely by the throat. It was a momentary impulse, acted on without premeditation or forethought. I was weakened by my long confinement; but I seemed to have been suddenly endowed with a strength not my own, and though Rudyard was a big, powerful man, he quivered like a plaything in my grasp. Perhaps he saw in my eyes the madness which burned in my heart, for he quailed, and turned yellow with fear beneath the grip of my fingers. 'Liar and scoundrel!' I exclaimed; and holding him firmly with my left hand, with my right I rained on his head and face such a shower of blows as he would bear the traces of for many a day to come. He was paralysed by the suddenness of my attack; and before he could make use of his life-preserver, it was wrested from his hand and he himself flung back, a bruised and bleeding mass, to the other end of the dungeon, where Ann Starke, as cool and impassive as a statue, was still standing. Rudyard slowly gathered himself up, like a man who can hardly believe the evidence of his senses; but suddenly his face lighted up with a diabolical smile; he remembered the pistol which he carried. It was out of his vest and pointed full at me before I was aware of his intention; but Ann's quick eye had noted the

action, and at the moment he pulled the trigger, she struck up his arm, and the bullet passing over my head, flattened itself against the wall, and fell harmlessly to the ground. He turned on her like a baffled wild beast, and made as though he would have struck her with the pistol.

'Touch her, and you are a dead man!' I exclaimed, and coward as he was, he shrank back into a corner of the dungeon.

'This madman will murder me,' he whined. 'Run, Ann—quick, quick, and fetch your uncle or anybody you can find to help me.'

She turned on him, a white Fury, with green flaming eyes and clenched hands. 'Dog!' she exclaimed, grinding out the word from between her sharp white teeth, 'ask no help from me. I utterly hate and loathe you. I would not lift a finger to save you from the gallows. Do you remember the words you said to me three days ago? If you have forgotten them, I have not; and you thought by such foul lies to deceive me, as you have deceived others! But beware! Your career of vice and crime is nearly at an end.' Then turning to me, she said: 'Here are the keys of your prison; do with them as you will.' She handed me the keys, then turned and went out without another word.

After a few words of warning to Rudyard, who glared at me feebly in reply, but did not speak, I followed her, locking the door behind me, and found her waiting for me at the top of the stairs. 'Take these keys,' I said to her, 'and go up to Mrs Rudyard, and tell her that Philip Burton is waiting here to conduct her to a place of safety.'

While she was gone, I waited at the door of the tower. Can I ever forget the delicious sensations of those few minutes, as I stood gazing on the fast darkening landscape! I was once more a free man, and in those words everything is said.

Presently, Ann Starke came down-stairs, followed by Mrs Rudyard, a thin, frail figure of a woman, with a white sunken face, looking prematurely aged. But for the rare sweet expression in her eyes, I should scarcely have known her again. We each took a hand of the other in silence. 'You are come to take me away from this terrible place, are you not, Philip? I ask no questions—I desire nothing but to quit this spot and die elsewhere in peace!'

How my heart ached as I gazed upon her! Two young lives had been shattered—two loving hearts had been torn asunder, and all to what purpose? The answer was before me.

She took hold of my arm, Ann supported her on the other side; and walking slowly, we came after a time to the door in the boundary wall, of which Ann possessed the key; and so, after crossing a field or two on the other side, we found ourselves on the high-road.

The question was, what ought our next step to be? A sudden thought struck me. There was nothing to fear from Mr Rudyard for a little while; there might be much to fear from Aaron Starke. Turning to the girl, I said: 'Where is your uncle?'

'He's gone with Mr Tyson to Berryfield Fair, and he won't be back till late,' was the answer; and it eased my mind wonderfully.

'Now, Ann,' I said, 'you must devise some means by which Mrs Rudyard can be got away at once to the nearest railway station.'

'Oh! there's no difficulty about that,' she replied. 'There's Dapple in the stable, and there's uncle's old shandrydan in the barn, which will hold three comfortably. The nearest railway station is only nine miles away.'

Here was comforting news.

'You are going with us, Ann?' I said.

'I daren't stay here, that's certain,' she answered simply. 'My uncle would half kill me, when he found out what I had done. But come up to the cottage, while I get a few things ready and leave the keys,' she added. 'Mrs Rudyard can sit down while I get the shandrydan ready. There is not a soul about; they are all off to the fair.'

A quarter of an hour later, the shandrydan, a nondescript country vehicle, was in readiness. Ann had deposited among the straw at the bottom a small corded box containing some of her worldly belongings. Like all north-country girls, she possessed a profusion of warm wraps and shawls, and she was as anxious as I was that Mrs Rudyard should be well protected from the keen autumn breezes.

By Ann's advice, we took a byroad which debouched into the main road about three miles farther on. In order to reach this road, we were compelled to drive past the old tower. Ann's eyes met mine as we skirted a corner of the boundary wall, and at the same moment I felt a shudder run through Catherine. She and I had set eyes on those cruel old walls for the last time.

We reached the railway station without adventure, and sent the shandrydan back under care of a porter. My first duty was to despatch a telegram to Mrs Staveley, asking her to meet us at a certain hotel in London as early as possible the following day. Mrs Staveley's house was within a few miles of Isterby Manor; and in the state of Catherine's health, I did not deem it advisable to take her at once back to a neighbourhood fraught to her with so many painful recollections; besides which, Mr Rudyard in one of his mad fits might choose to go in search of his wife, and Mrs Staveley's house was one of the first places he would be likely to visit. In London, Catherine would at least be safe from his violence.

Before noon next day, Mrs Staveley had the satisfaction of embracing her long-lost niece.

But little more remains to be told. We never heard whether Rudyard made any efforts to trace his wife, nor did we care to inquire.

Mrs Staveley took a pretty little furnished house in the suburbs of London, and there Catherine went to live with her aunt. She had a long illness, during which she was faithfully nursed by Ann; it was nature's reaction after all she had suffered and gone through during those terrible weeks in Dunleap Tower; but when at length it left her, it left her stronger and better in health than she had been for years, more especially when she found that her husband seemed to have no intention of molesting her. But not for long had she any need to start and tremble whenever a louder ring than ordinary came to the door. Little more than six months after our escape, Mr Rudyard, in one of his mad

gallops, was thrown from his horse, and died within twenty-four hours. His affairs were found to be hopelessly involved. Isterby Manor and Dunleap Tower were brought to the hammer. To the surprise of every one, except a few who were in the secret, the whole of the mortgages on the latter estate were found to be in the hands of Aaron Starke; and, as his niece had prophesied, Aaron is now the squire of Dunleap. Ann went back to live with him after Rudyard's death; and as it is not likely that her uncle will ever marry, she is already regarded as his heiress in prospective.

It was a mystery to me at the time, and it has been a mystery ever since, why Aaron Starke should have allowed himself so readily to become Mr Rudyard's tool, in the latter's illegal dealings both with his wife and myself. He was too crafty a man not to have some strong motive for acting as he did. What that motive was, is best known to himself.

I had made up my mind to return to Australia as soon as I had seen Catherine safely domiciled with her aunt; but just at this time, through Mrs Staveley's influence, I received the offer of a situation which made it worth my while to remain in England; and in England I am likely to remain.

I have nothing to add, except that the eyes which are looking over my shoulder as I pen these last lines are those of my first and only love—those of Catherine my wife. The past is not forgotten by us, nor can it ever be; but Time has brought healing on its wings; and it may be that the memory of bygone trials serves but to heighten the happiness of the present, and while life is spared us, will but render more indissoluble the bonds of the future.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Sir Peter Lumsden's interesting paper on his experiences in Afghanistan, read before the Royal Geographical Society, contains an account of the curious lake upon which the Tekke Turcomans are dependent for their supplies of salt. This lake is six miles square, is situated at an elevation of about fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep precipitous descent. The yield of salt is practically unlimited, for the bed of the lake is one solid mass of level rock-salt, covered only by an inch or two of water, the depth of the deposit being unknown. A second lake furnishes the Saryks of Penj-deh with salt. This lake is much larger than the one just described, and the salt in it does not present such a smooth unbroken surface. The salt is dug out in the form of flakes about four inches in thickness, which are packed into bags, and carried on camels to market without any kind of preparation.

A recent number of the *Amateur Photographer* contains a letter from Captain Peters—dated from Quebec—who has just returned from the rebellion in the Canadian north-west. He tells how, throughout the campaign, he carried on his saddle a small photographic camera, of which he made so good a use that he secured sixty good negatives. These included about a dozen taken during the battles of Batoche and Fish Creek. He remarks, with justifiable pride: 'I do not think that any photographer has yet accomplished a picture under fire; one of mine was taken during a volley from the rebels' pits about one hundred and fifty yards distant.' There are certainly few men who would have the nerve to go through the somewhat delicate manipulations involved in taking a photograph with death almost staring them in the face. Captain Peters is likely for a long time to enjoy the distinction of being the only one who has accomplished such a feat.

The work of the wandering photographer is constantly being rendered more easy by the ingenuity of instrument-makers; but the last move in this direction possibly marks the beginning of a revolution in the art. Relinquishing glass for the negative image, the Eastman Dry-plate Company have introduced a system of coating paper with the necessary sensitised gelatine. This paper is supplied in rolls several feet long, which fit into a specially contrived dark slide for insertion in the back of the photographic camera. By means of a winding-key, like that of a clock, the paper roll is unwound from one reel and wound upon another at the other side of the dark slide. In this way, pictures can be taken by exposing in the camera successive portions of the paper until the supply is exhausted. The paper strip is afterwards cut into sections so as to separate the pictures, which are developed in the usual way, and subsequently, by simple treatment, rendered as transparent as a negative on glass. The chief advantages of the system are—the lightness of the material used as compared with glass, the impossibility of breakage, and the very small space in which a number of negatives thus prepared can be stored. The entire process is shown in operation at 13 Soho Square, London.

A new kind of lighthouse is being constructed at the Colwell Iron-works, United States, which is destined for the Delaware Breakwater. It is composed of cast-iron plates riveted together, weighing collectively two hundred tons, and presenting, when put together, a tapering tower eighty feet high. The circumference of the structure is at the base sixty-six feet, and at the top fifty-four feet. This iron casing will be taken piecemeal to the concrete foundations prepared for it, and after erection, will receive a solid lining of brickwork. This novel plan of construction is claimed to be effective, expeditious, and very cheap.

The chief Director of the Norwegian fisheries has made some curious observations upon the height to which a salmon can leap in order to clear a waterfall which bars its progress upstream. It would seem that the most favourable condition for a good jump is the presence of a deep pool immediately below the fall, in which case a salmon has been known to rise perpendicularly to a height of sixteen feet. Such high leaps are not common, yet they have occurred upon one Norwegian river, where masts have been planted below a fall for the purpose of actual measurement. The same observer states that on more than one occasion a fish failing to clear the fall at one bound, has been seen to remain in the falling water a foot or two below

the top, and then, with a rapid twitch of the tail, to accomplish its purpose. This only happens when the fish succeeds in striking the falling water straight with its snout. If it strikes obliquely, it is immediately carried down to the pool below.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to a new material which is intended more particularly for the clothing of those who risk their lives on the water. It has been invented by Mr William Jackson of London, and it consists of cotton, silk, or woollen fabrics interwoven with cork cut into the thinnest shreds imaginable. The material was lately submitted to a severe test. Three persons who could not swim were dressed in clothing made of it: one as a naval officer, the second in boating costume, and the third in ordinary lady's attire. The three were then unceremoniously thrown into the sea from the end of Ryde pier, with the result that they floated without difficulty and without any kind of exertion on their part. We may mention that machinery has been contrived that will cut the cork into shreds as thin as paper or linen.

Messrs Brown and Porter, of Liverpool, have patented a very clever contrivance to enable workmen to ascend tall chimneys and similar high structures quite independently of scaffolding. It consists of a staging which grasps the chimney, and which, by the turn of a wheel, ascends it by a spiral movement. In the case of a circular chimney, the staging is triangular in shape, and can be tightened as it rises, so as to adapt itself to the reduced circumference of the structure towards the top. The parts of the staging which actually touch the brickwork are three rollers set at an angle, and it is by turning one of these that the contrivance is made to creep up the structure. The staging for square chimneys is still more simple. It consists of two frames, one depending from the other, either of which can be firmly bolted to the chimney. On the lower one is a gallery for workmen to stand upon. Its mode of progression up the chimney is somewhat like that of a leech, one frame being fastened, while the other creeps up to it by means of screws. Then the first one is released, and, after the second is bolted to the chimney, is raised to a higher level. By this step-by-step motion, the staging is made gradually to ascend to any height required.

A new method of ventilating ships has been suggested by an Australian inventor. Pipes are made to extend from the various places that require ventilation, to the furnace in the engine-room. The furnace-doors are made to fit very tightly, so that no air can reach the fuel except through these ventilation pipes. Powerful suction is in this way established, and all foul air is drawn off into the furnace, while fresh air is made to take its place through orifices provided for the purpose. The plan is only applicable to steamships, unless in other cases a special furnace be employed.

The necessary plant for lighting the Low Moor Colliery by electricity is now being prepared, and the whole of the apparatus is to be erected at the bottom of the pit. Permanent wires are being fixed along the principal roadways from the shaft to the extreme end of the workings, while branch wires—which are movable, so that the miners can shift the lamps from place to place as they work—extend on either side into the several workings. The lamps used are of the incandescent form, inclosed in a stout glass globe, which is further protected on the outside by wirework. A small switch in connection with each lamp will allow the workman to reduce or increase the amount of light at pleasure. The system has already been tried experimentally, and gives every sign that when established permanently, it will prove a success.

Mr Thomas Burt, M.P., in addressing an audience of colliers at Barnsley the other day, maintained that an explosion in a colliery should be followed by a searching inquiry by experienced men, such as always follows a railway disaster. He reminded his hearers that they had other perils to guard against besides the risk of explosion, and told them of the great danger of omitting to support the roof of the workings with a sufficiency of props and stays. He stated that the number of lives lost during the past thirty years as a result of insufficient timbering was nearly double that due to explosions of fire-damp.

Engineering states that last year four thousand five hundred tons of borax were produced in the States of California and Nevada, and that the supply can never fail, because as fast as the deposits are removed, they are renewed. Many new uses for this substance have been found since it has become so plentiful. A few years back, it was used in the United States almost solely as a flux in welding iron. Now it is employed in glazing iron and pottery, for softening water, in the manufacture of soap, and lastly, as a preservative for meat.

In factories, warehouses, theatres, and other large establishments where it is considered desirable to employ night-watchmen or firemen, it has long been customary to place tell-tale clocks in different parts of the building, which show whether or not the watchers have regularly gone their rounds every hour throughout the night. Dr Millar, of Bethnal House Asylum, has contrived a clock of very simple design which accomplishes this work with great accuracy. The axle for the hour-hand carries a paper disc instead of the usual hand, and the whole arrangement is contained in a strong box. In the lid of this box is a hole just large enough to admit a pencil; and it is the duty of the night attendant in passing a station where one of these clocks is placed to insert a pencil into the hole and give it a twist, so that it leaves a mark on the disc of paper slowly travelling below. The next morning an inspection of the paper will show how many times the spot was visited and at what hours. By using differently coloured pencils and slightly shifting the paper disc, records for a whole week can easily be made on one piece of paper. More than one hundred clocks on this principle are already in use at different asylums in this country.

A new form of torpedo has lately been tried with some success in the United States. It consists of an iron tube measuring sixteen inches in diameter and forty-two inches in length, containing, besides its explosive, a charge of rocket composition. It is fired from another tube, which gives it initial direction in its course.

In practice it is found that it will attain a velocity through the water of ten feet per second, and that it will preserve a straight course even when contending with a swift current. It is obvious that such a weapon may prove quite as efficient as the complicated torpedoes in present use, whilst its cost must be very moderate in comparison with them.

Those who have visited any large engineering works will know that rivets for iron-work, instead of being hammered into position as of old, are now pressed into place by a mighty squeeze from a pair of huge jaws worked by hydraulic power. The same plan is being adopted for riveting up the plates and girders at the Charing Cross Railway Bridge Extension Works, London. But the novel part of this adaptation of the system is that the hydraulic power is borrowed of the London Hydraulic-power Company, whose mains now traverse all the important thoroughfares of the city. The near dwellers to the bridge will have reason to thank this Company for relieving them of the incessant din which night and day usually accompanies iron-bridge construction.

A method of making sheet-lead which presents some novel features has been patented in Germany. The apparatus employed consists of an iron box called a receiver, the bottom of which is movable, and can be raised from beneath by an hydraulic ram. This box corresponds in length with the width of the sheet of lead to be made. At the top is a pair of jaws running the whole length of the box, the opening between which can be adjusted so as to form a slit of any desired size, such size agreeing with the thickness of the sheet-lead in course of manufacture. The operations are as follows. The receiver is filled with molten lead, which is allowed to cool down to a semi-plastic state. In the meantime the jaws are brought to the required distance from one another. The hydraulic ram is now put into motion, and the bottom of the box slowly rises, forcing the soft metal through the jaws in the form of a compact sheet. We may mention that the old method of making sheet-lead is to roll out a mass of the metal until it is reduced to the required thickness.

Some months ago, we adverted to the system which has been introduced by the New York Steam-heating Company of warming houses by steam supplied by pipes from a central station. The system also comprises the feeding of all kinds of stationary steam-engines, which are thus rendered independent of separate boiler-power. It is now proposed to extend the steam-pipes to dry-goods stores, so that they may act as fire-extinguishers. The plan proposed is to establish stand-pipes in each building, with big nozzles opening on to the separate floors. The steam could at any time be turned on from the street, and would, it is said, quickly drive out the air from the place and smother an incipient conflagration. The proposal to use steam for the purpose of putting out fires is by no means a new one, and possibly it has never been tried on a practical scale, because the necessary apparatus was not easy to find. But in New York, where the pipes and boiler are all ready to hand, we may look forward to some experimental trials of the system, from which much good may accrue.

A rival to india-rubber and gutta-percha, which is enthusiastically described by an American firm as 'the best gum in the world,' has been found in the dried milk of the bullet-tree (*Mimusops globosa*). This gum, which is commonly known as Balata, seems to possess all the advantages of india-rubber and gutta-percha without the intractable nature of the one or the friability of the other. It is now regularly collected in British Guiana, and has for some time been exported as a superior kind of gutta-percha.

Professor Poleck has demonstrated by recent experiments that dry-rot increases in rapidity according to the amount of potassium and phosphoric acid which is contained in the wood where it occurs. Wood felled in the spring is rich in both these constituents, and in such wood the professor has found no difficulty in cultivating dry-rot spores. But winter-felled trees contain much less both of the acid and the potassium, and the cultivation of the spores in wood from such trees has been found quite impossible. The experiments also show that the spores require a certain definite time for full development.

The government astronomer of Hong-kong has published an account of the phenomena which precede typhoons. The first signs are feathery clouds in the sky of the cirrus type, looking like fine tufts of white wool, and which travel from east to north. These appearances are accompanied by a slight rise of the barometer, clear weather, heat, and light winds. The barometer then begins to fall; the heat becomes oppressive; there is a swell on the sea, and the sky assumes a threatening appearance. As the storm approaches, these effects become more marked, while the wind gradually increases in force. Near the centre of the storm, the wind blows with such violence that no canvas can hold against it, and the rain pours down in torrents. Still nearer the centre, the sea is lashed into such fury that this is the most dangerous position for ships. Typhoons are most common during September and August, but they are met with all the year round.

According to the American papers, the researches which Professor S. A. Forbes, of the Illinois State College, has instituted into the cause of the terrible mortality recently prevailing among fresh-water fish in some parts of the American continent have been rewarded with complete success. The Report he has just submitted on the subject shows that the disease is due to a minute spherical microbe or germ whose diameter is only about the 1-25,000th part of an inch. This germ he discovered in the liver and kidneys of the diseased fish. There it forms abscesses, which ultimately destroy the cells of those organs, and therewith the life of the fish. Professor Forbes says that there are various species of this germ, the different varieties of which cause specific diseases, such as fevers, and especially smallpox, chicken-pox, hog-cholera, and so forth. The case which more particularly prompted him to undertake this investigation was the extraordinary mortality among the perch and other fish of Lake Mendota, Wisconsin, where the fish have for some time past been dying in enormous numbers.

Central American advices give details of the eruption of the volcano of Cotopaxi, which

occurred early on the morning of the 23d of July. Cotopaxi, in the eastern chain of the Andes, is the highest active volcano in the world, its height being about nineteen thousand five hundred feet. It is also distinguished for its symmetrical figure, being almost a perfect cone. The *Nacion* of Guayaquil states that about one o'clock in the morning people were awakened by loud reports as if from artillery. The explosions followed one another with wonderful rapidity, sometimes causing a continuous roar, shaking the earth and causing the windows and the doors of the houses to rattle. A telegram from Chimbo to Guayaquil states that in that city, situated almost at the foot of the volcano, there was what the residents along the river Yana-Yacu call an aluvion. The phenomenon which these people understand by 'aluvion' is really the stream of lava which descends the mountain sides, melting the snow with which it is covered, and pouring down a tremendous mass of lava, mud, stones, and all obstacles encountered in its progress. Investigation during the day showed that the shocks produced by the explosions during the night were exceedingly heavy. The smoke hung like a pall over the face of the country, and the steady fall of ashes thrown constantly out of the terrible crater intensified the darkness. Accounts from Latacunga state that the eruption began with a terrible storm. The damage done was considerable, but the number of victims is not known. A similar catastrophe occurred in June 1877.

The recurrence of exceedingly low prices for Cheviot wools has directed attention to the extreme fluctuations which have occurred in the value of this staple commodity—a commodity of so much importance to the sheep-farmers of Scotland. It is probable that no article of constant and general consumption has been subject to such wide fluctuations in money value. Cheviot wools have not been at such low value as at this time since the year 1849, when they were quoted as low in some instances as 6¾d. per lb. In 1847 the prices were 8½d. and 8¾d., and fell to the lowest point in 1849, when it sank to 6¾d. It rose for the next four years, and in 1853 was at 1s. 4d., and again fell to 1s. 1d. in 1855. In 1860 it was up again to 1s. 8½d. In 1865 it rose to 2s. 3d., but in 1870 was back again to 1s. 4d. From this was a sudden and extraordinary rise to 2s. 6d. in 1872, at which rate a number of the best Border Cheviot clips were sold. From 1872 the prices have receded with varying fluctuations, until they have reached their present low rate of about 8¾d. per lb.

Now that the existence of Ambulance Societies is made more widely known the use of surgical appliances, it may not be out of place to notice two inventions that have recently been patented, and which promise to be of utility in the event of accidents. The first is an invention of Messrs John H. Peck & Co., Wigan, noticed in detail under our Occasional Notes, and consists of a stretcher made entirely of steel, with adjustable head-rest and removable cover. It is large enough to carry one man, and weighs under thirty pounds. The other invention is by Whittles & Co., of Lozells, Birmingham. It is a pocket ambulance, termed the Nyd Case, containing articles suitable for the immediate dressing of wounds or stanching of blood, such as plaster, bandages, tape, safety and surgical pins, as also a bottle of ammonia for venomous bites. These articles are all in a small metal case which can be carried in the vest pocket, and must be of great use to bicyclists, anglers, &c.

RECENT PATENTS.

ROWING WITH ONE'S FACE TO THE BOW OF THE BOAT.

Few exercises are more popular than that of rowing, and there are many enthusiastic oarsmen who would scout the idea that there are any conditions of their favourite pursuit susceptible of improvement. To those, however, less biased by strong predilection, it may have occurred that inasmuch as an oarsman is obliged under present conditions to sit with his face turned in the opposite direction to that in which the boat he propels is proceeding, he is confronted with what can only be regarded as a disadvantage. Of course, as it will be urged, a boat can be steered by the helmsman; but, as a matter of fact, when it is picking its way among a lot of craft, or has to pass a companion boat in a narrow part of a river, the circumstance that the rudder is under skilful management will not do away with the necessity for the oarsman constantly to turn round to regulate his speed, see whether he must 'ship' his sculls, &c. Thus the inventor, in devising a pair of sculls which permit of the user keeping his face turned in the direction of the boat's course, has not directed his energy into an altogether useless channel; and we may congratulate Messrs Spong and Company, of 226 High Holborn, London, that it has fallen to them to bring before the public the patent 'Face to Bow' Rowing Appliance.

The rowlock, a small metal apparatus, is clamped to the gunwale by means of thumbscrews which work from the inside. It has two semicircular uprights, which stand at right angles to the gunwale, and these have each a perforation. The scull consists of two lengths of wood, one comprising the blade and a portion of the stem, and the other comprising the remainder of the stem. Where the juncture takes place there is a mechanical contrivance, which represents the very heart of the invention. Firmly attached, by means of a metal socket, respectively to each portion of the scull are two stout cog-wheels. These two wheels are brought into immediate proximity—being centred upon rods fixed to a common groundwork—and act one upon the other. The complete scull is placed upon the rowlock, between the two semicircular uprights; and a stout metal rod is inserted in the perforation on the one side. This rod, passing through a boring in the metal groundwork upon which the two cog-wheels revolve, reappears outside the perforation on the other side, and is made fast by a descending pin.

The oarsman takes his seat in the boat facing the bow, grasps the scull-handles in his hands, and, as in ordinary rowing, pulls them towards him. The cog-wheels upon the shorter lengths of the sculls revolving in one direction, cause the cog-wheels on the longer lengths of the sculls to revolve in the opposite direction; and thus the course taken by that part of the

scull touching the water is the reverse to the course taken by that part which is in the oarsman's hands. The boat is thus propelled. By means of the simple arrangement of a spring, the sculls are made to 'feather;' though it is satisfactory to know that as they will not do so when a short stroke is taken, it is the easiest thing possible to 'back-water.' If—as when rowing in tolerably rough water—it is the wish of the operator that the scull should not 'feather' at all under any circumstances, he can attain his desire by merely unscrewing a small steel plate. The new sculls can be applied, we are told, to any boats; and among the advantages claimed for them, as against the ordinary appliances, is a quicker recovery, a longer and more powerful stroke, an absence from noise, the impossibility of 'catching crabs,' and facility of 'shipping.' The mechanical fittings are made of gun-metal and malleable iron, and consequently possess considerable strength. The future success of the apparatus will, however, entirely depend upon its being found to be *practically* available.

A BOTTLE FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

Public attention has recently been drawn to the possibilities which are now making themselves manifest of extinguishing fire by the application of chemicals whose properties are antagonistic to combustion. Especial prominence has been given to the Harden Hand Grenade, the utility of which has been established by practical experience. Messrs Spong have brought out a 'hand fire-extinguishing ball,' which, being made of india-rubber, does not, like the glass grenade, require to be forcibly broken before its properties can be brought into direct contact with a fire. But the invention of this firm which, from its novelty and utility, deserves to be specially described, is their 'Ever-ready' self-acting Fire-extinguisher. This is a new departure, and takes the form of a glass bottle charged with a chemical liquid. By means of a simple device, the lifting of a slide causes a thin stream of the liquid to be propelled with considerable force from the vessel, and this stream can be aimed in any direction at pleasure, even to a distance of thirty or forty feet. Only a limited quantity need be used at a time—the residue suffering no deterioration from keeping; and thus one charging of the bottle will prove sufficient to extinguish more than one small conflagration; while it is confidently asserted that a very severe fire can be put out with the contents of two or three bottles. The price of the article is six shillings, and it can be recharged any number of times by an outlay of one shilling. The recharges are put up in two small bottles, where they can be kept for years, uninjured by climate. It is impossible, it appears, for the bottle to burst, as the hole which is punctured in its side acts as a safety-valve. It is manufactured, too, to bear double the pressure it will actually be called upon to endure.

A RAPID BOOT-CLEANING MACHINE.

Our present mode of cleaning boots is a very long and laborious one, and anything which can be devised to simplify it will meet with a warm welcome at the hands of hundreds of servants and mistresses. An invention has recently been brought before the public which goes far in the required direction, and is certainly deserving of a wide patronage. Its mechanism is exceedingly simple. From a stout metal upright which has to be screwed down to a firm ground-work, such as a table or bench, project at an angle two arms. At the terminations of these arms there are perpendicular borings, and through these borings run metal rods, at whose extremities are attached upper and lower wheels. The right-hand upper wheel is supplied with a handle by which it can be revolved; while its edge is grooved. The left-hand upper wheel—which is superficially smaller than its companion on the right hand—has its top surface covered by a circular brush, and has also a grooved edge. A band passes round these two wheels, and therefore, when one revolves, the other revolves in harmony. Then, too, when one of these two upper wheels moves, the corresponding lower one is set in motion simultaneously, as both are fixed to the same axle. Thus, when the upper right-hand wheel is revolved by means of its handle, the remaining three wheels revolve too. It now remains for us to explain in what manner this simultaneous quadruple rotation is utilised for the purpose of cleaning boots. We have said that on the upper left-hand wheel a small brush is placed; and the reader has now to learn that brushes, considerably larger superficially, are also placed on the two lower wheels. The right hand of these two brushes has hard bristles, and is devoted to the work of removing mud from the boot; while the left-hand brush is of a softer bristle, and is intended to do the polishing. The blacking is spread upon the boot by the small upper brush. In operating, the handle is turned by the right hand; and the left hand holds the boot and applies it to the three brushes. By means of the machine, it is found that, after a little practice, any person can clean boots and shoes in one-fourth of the time occupied by the usual method. It is quite clear, too, that many other advantages belong to the invention; though it is but fair to name one small drawback. When the article is in use and the boot is applied to the brush carrying the blacking, it cannot but happen that small specks of that liquid will fly off and bespatter the operator. This is a disadvantage, and should be obviated in future manufacture, either by the erection of a screen in front of the wheel in question, or by its re-adjustment. The invention is called the 'Rapid' Boot-cleaning Machine, and is brought out by the General Agency Company, 9 New Oxford Street, London.

A SIMPLE FORM OF DISINFECTOR.

A means has been devised whereby, at a very small cost and with no personal trouble, the drains, traps, and other sanitary appliances of a house can be continuously disinfected; and thus a barrier is made to block the channel through which deadly infectious diseases so frequently enter our homes. A cylindrical body is suspended in or placed at the bottom of the cistern, where for a year it can remain without being interfered with in any way, performing its function perfectly automatically. This cylindrical

body is called by the manufacturers—Messrs Sharp & Co., of 11 Holborn Circus, London—Austin's Patent 'Porous' Disinfector, and consists merely of a case of a porous material in which a crystal disinfectant is hermetically sealed. The action of the water dissolves the crystals, and the solution, permeating the pores of the case, exercises its sanitary influence upon the successive fillings of the cistern. Thus, with every flush of water, the drains of a house are disinfected with a fluid which it may be stated is inodorous, non-poisonous, and non-corrosive.

A PORTABLE RAILWAY.

A patent has been taken out for a railroad which can be laid down and taken up with astonishing ease and despatch. The elaborate processes usually entailed in the construction of a line—the setting down of 'sleepers,' the fixing on of iron sockets to receive the rails, and the final attachment of these rails—are by this new system done away with, and an arrangement adopted by which certain lengths of parallel rails fixed across iron 'sleepers' are turned out of the manufactory complete, and requiring merely to be laid consecutively along the course of the intended line. The fact that this railway can be easily laid and relaid without suffering any injury, promises for it a future of great utility in commercial enterprise and military operations. Recently, three miles of this 'portable railway' were shipped for Afghanistan. The consignment included one hundred yards of curved lengths, twelve complete sets of points and crossings, ten 'turn-tables'—contrivances by which engines can be revolved and their heads reversed—and all other necessary accessories. The rails weighed twelve pounds per yard, and were of an eighteen-inch gauge; while the wagons which were constructed to carry from twelve to fifteen hundredweight each, were fitted with cast-iron wheels, and were much admired for their strength and finish.

The firm of engineers responsible for the 'portable railway'—Messrs Kerr, Stuart, & Company—have constructed examples of it in South Africa, Australia, the West Indies, South America, and other parts of the world. It is, we should think, calculated to be of considerable use on sugar, cotton, and other plantations, on farms and brickfields, in collieries and mines, and about docks, harbours, &c. It is claimed that the iron are stronger and more durable than the wooden 'sleepers.' A correct gauge being insured on the 'portable railway,' one of the most fruitful causes of accident does not exist. The arrangement by which the lengths of railroad are attached one with another is of the simplest character.

CARBONIC ACID GAS AS A MOTIVE-POWER.

Carbonic acid gas is a force so very powerful, that, until recently, no means have been contrived by which it could be brought sufficiently under control to be of practical use. Many have been the attempts made to drive engines by the gas; but as yet no successful results have been made public. Nevertheless, an advance has been made by the invention of machinery which will sufficiently control the gas to enable the operators to lift enormous weights, such as houses, blocks of stone, &c. It is not unlikely that the invention will be used on the Rhine Railway, the level of which is to be raised several feet. The large stone-built station-houses will, it is said, be lifted bodily to a height of seven or eight feet by means of carbonic acid pressure. The ordinary carbonic acid gas can, by machinery, be condensed five hundred volumes into one, and then stored and handled freely in cylinders of wrought-iron. The pressure is about six hundred pounds to the square inch, at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. By heating, a pressure of eighteen thousand pounds, it is said, has been obtained. There is no doubt that this invention can be applied to many and varied purposes.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIGHTHOUSE ILLUMINANTS.

After twelve months of experiments in all kinds of weather at the South Foreland, the Trinity House Committee have made their report upon the relative merits of electricity, oil, and gas as lighthouse illuminants. After weighing carefully the evidence given by photometrists and eye observers, and taking into account the questions of effectiveness, economy, and convenience as affecting each lighting system, the Committee thus sum up their opinion with regard to the relative merits of electricity, gas, and oil as lighthouse illuminants:

(1) That the electric light as exhibited in the A experimental tower at South Foreland has proved to be the most powerful light under all conditions of weather, and to have the greatest penetrative power in fog. (2) That for all practical purposes the gas light as exemplified by Mr Wigham's multiform system in B experimental tower, and the oil light as exemplified by the Trinity House Douglass six-wick burners in multiform arrangement up to triform in C experimental tower, when shown through revolving lenses, are equal, light for light, in all conditions of weather; but that quadriform gas is a little better than triform oil. (3) That when shown through fixed lenses as arranged in the experimental towers, the superiority of the superposed gas light is unquestionable. The larger diameter of the gas flames, and the lights being much nearer to each other in the gas lantern, give the beam a more compact and intense appearance than that issuing from the more widely separated oil burners. (4) That for lighthouse illumination with gas the Douglass patent gas-burners are much more efficient and economical than the Wigham gas-burners. (5) That for the ordinary necessities of lighthouse illumination mineral oil is the most suitable and economical illuminant, and that for salient headlands, important landfalls, and places where a very powerful light is required, electricity offers the greatest advantages.

Every publicity was given to the trials; the report stating that many members of scientific societies, especially those connected with engineering, had been invited and had visited the station. The French Lighthouse Department, who have given much kind assistance in obtaining observations, sent their representatives to view the arrangements. Germany, Denmark, Norway and

Sweden, Russia, Italy, Spain, Brazil, the United States, and Canada have all deputed officers to visit the station, and in showing them the various details, suggestions have been in each case invited for assisting in the completeness and insuring the impartiality of the trial.

A NEW AMBULANCE.

Much attention has recently been given to ambulances, and inventors have been very busy in this direction; but it is doubtful whether they will be able to improve on the stretcher exhibited by Messrs J. H. Peck & Company, manufacturers, Wigan, among their other exhibits at the Royal Agricultural Show, Preston. It was shown suspended from two wooden bars representing the sides of a cart; spiral springs attached to straps, two on either side of the stretcher, support it, and prevent all jarring and jolting, however rough the road. Side-rods are made of angle steel, one inch by one and a quarter inch by one-eighth of an inch, lightened where possible. The crossbars, which close up, are carried from leg to leg—which are six inches long—and are a simple and ingenious contrivance much resembling a field-gate; and the four legs are kept in position by two drop-hinges. To permit of a sufferer lying full length on ambulance in pit-cage, the handles are made to drop with their own weight; and when not in use—for rapid transit to scene of accident or for storage—the whole doubles up to five feet nine inches by three inches by four inches. The head-rest is adjustable to various heights, and the feet may be raised above the head in case of hemorrhage. The cover is removable for cleansing; and the sufferer lies in contact with canvas only, the crossbars being much below and beyond all possibility of touching. There is much ingenious simplicity in this apparatus; in fact a boy of thirteen can erect and explain the same; and, judging from all precedents, Messrs J. H. Peck & Company may be congratulated on having met a long-felt want in a thoroughly efficient manner at a merely nominal cost. It is suggested that this contrivance should be of special use in collieries; for, in the first instance, the expense is small; while it folds up so as to be packed away in diminutive proportions when not in use; while it affords ready means of conveying an injured workman with freedom from painful jolts and friction. This excellent stretcher should find a wide application in all works, mills, factories, &c., as well as in hospitals, for police use, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF GUN INTERIORS.

Experiments were recently made at the Royal Gun Factories, Woolwich, in order to test the application of a new electric lamp designed for making examinations and photos of gun interiors. The system of scrutinising the bores of guns by means of electricity has been only a short time in vogue, and has proved of great value; but the want of an electric dynamo has prevented its general adoption at many places where it would have been of considerable use; and the authorities have now taken up readily a portable battery, designed by Messrs Johnson and Phillips, for the purpose of supplying the place of a dynamo in such cases. The battery, without being necessarily powerful, is chiefly serviceable on account of its constancy, as it can maintain a light of unerring brilliancy for a period of ten hours if requisite, and thus enable the examiners to make their inspection with all the leisure they may desire. The experiment made was to try the battery and a dynamo in competition. Two eight-inch guns were placed side by side in the new boring-mills, and photos were taken of their interiors by both processes, the results, as far as could be judged by a cursory view, being equally satisfactory. In future, it may be expected that reports of damaged guns sent in from distant stations will be accompanied by photographs, both internal and external.

THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

No sacred monumental urn,
Nor vaunted funereal praise,
Here lures the passer-by to turn
With mute and reverential gaze.

No cypress throws quaint shadows here
Upon some sculptured marble tomb,
Where rests some one to memory dear,
Amidst the churchyard's solemn gloom.

But in some unfrequented glade,
Where fragrant flowers bloom and die,
And where, beneath the wood's deep shade,
In wild profusion ferns lie;

Where bluebells, with the golden furze,
The wild-rose, and the daffodil,
With ivy, moss, and countless burrs,
Lie scattered o'er the verdant hill;

Beside some cool sequestered stream,
Shaded from the stormy weather,
Where the sun's last lingering gleam
Fades upon the mountain heather—

There, where the moss is soft and green,
With meadow-sweet and cowslips too,
And fairest snowdrops may be seen
Weeping in the morning dew;

And where the skylark's evening song
Comes floating on the perfumed breeze,
And woodland music, all day long,
Lingers in the murmuring trees—

Just there, beneath that laurel's shade,
Where moss and ivy deck the ground,
The truest, kindest friend is laid—
My noble, faithful, trusty hound.

A. M. CARADOC.

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CURIOSITIES OF POISONS.

In popular language, a poison is a substance which, administered in small doses, destroys life. Obviously, however, the toxicologist must of necessity enlarge the definition, and embrace many substances not generally accepted as poisons. No one outside the faculty would, for example, consider such well-known medicines as cream of tartar, tartaric acid, alum, Epsom salts, and even ordinary table salt, to be poisons, and yet each of these substances has been the cause of more than one accidental or criminal fatality. Not only so, but the commonest of domestic remedies may be made, by abuse, to come under the cognisance of the toxicologist. A number of years ago, a paragraph appeared in some of the medical journals concerning the death of an innkeeper from the effects of a quack pill. It appeared that the man was in the habit of taking the pills to such excess that he was often obliged to send for medical advice to cure him. Being warned against the danger of the practice, he began to take them in secret, excusing the number that he still continued to buy by stating that he gave them to his horses. A post-mortem examination left no doubt whatever about the cause of his death. We merely quote the case to show the truth of the aphorism, that while a poison may in small doses be a medicine, a medicine in large doses may also be a poison.

Modern investigation and discovery, especially into those subtle and active principles derived from the vegetable kingdom, have undoubtedly done much to enlarge the scope, and render the study of toxicology more elaborate and difficult than it was in more remote times. Still, early investigators seem to have been aware of what, even in this enlightened age, may be called a fundamental principle of the treatment of cases of poisoning—namely, the prevention of the absorption of the poison into the system. Thus, Nicander, Galen, and Dioscorides all recommend the application of cupping instruments, sucking the wound, cauterising with hot irons, and the application of leeches in the treatment of bites from venomous animals and insects. On the same principle, hot oil was a common remedy for internal poisoning, on the supposition that the oil not only acted as a quick emetic, but also prevented the poison from being absorbed into the system. It is curious to notice in passing how thoroughly modern practice is in accord with the principles here laid down nearly seventeen centuries ago. Let any one, however ignorant in other respects, be bitten by a dog or cat, particularly in the summer season, when rabies is thought to prevail, and the first impulse is to get the wound cauterised. If this is impossible, the more primitive plan of sucking the wound is almost instinctively adopted. In like manner, for internal poisoning there is scarcely an instance, even with all the many subtle organic poisons of the present time, in which the free administration of emetics, followed by oleaginous or mucilaginous drinks, to prevent absorption, is not applicable. Again, it was remarked by Avicenna, in the beginning of the eleventh century, that venesection should not take place unless where the poison was distributed over the whole system, as, when the veins were full, the poison could not get admission into them. The wisdom of this observation has been amply confirmed by the researches of Orfila, Magendie, Paris, and others in the present century. Not only have such specialists investigated the action of poisons on the human system, and thus demonstrated what was previously, to a great extent, mere conjecture, but they have also instituted a scientific treatment of poisoning, which sharply marks the toxicology of the present time from that of any other age—namely, the use of chemical antidotes. The importance of this last point can only be properly estimated when we consider the number and potency of many of the chemical and medicinal poisons discovered in recent times.

Tartar emetic, which probably, next to arsenic, has attained the most unenviable notoriety in our day for criminal proceedings, was discovered towards the middle of the seventeenth

century. Hydrocyanic acid, the most potent of poisons, the vapour of which, accidentally inhaled, has been known to produce serious consequences, was only discovered towards the latter end of the eighteenth century. Oxalic acid, which has probably caused more deaths than any other poison from accidental administration, owing to its having a somewhat distant resemblance to the well-known medicine Epsom salts, was discovered about the same period. Morphia, the most important and useful of the vegetable poisons, although known in a very impure state as 'Magisterium Opii' in the seventeenth century, was not obtained as a well-defined base until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Strychnine was discovered about the same time; while aconitine—first brought into distinctive prominence in this country in connection with the notorious criminal Lamson—was discovered a few years later still. After this, in rapid succession, followed the discovery of nicotine, the active principle of the tobacco-plant; atropine, the active principle of the deadly nightshade; chloroform, the well-known anæsthetic; and chloral, long considered a chemical curiosity, but, within the last few years, manufactured and used as an opiate by the hundredweight. Medicine has at the same time been enriched by the addition of such powerful agents as the ordeal or Calabar bean of Africa, and the arrow-poison or curara of the Indians.

The very mention of these deadly agents is sufficient to indicate the difficulty and importance of the work of the toxicologist, as well as of medical men generally, at the present time. The difficulty and importance lie in various directions, but particularly in the preliminary detection of the symptoms of poisoning, in the prompt administration of the most suitable antidotes, and in the post-mortem detections of the poison in cases of death. This last point is not the least important, as one curious fact in connection with the majority of the foregoing poisons is the rapidity of their decomposition, and the consequent difficulty of detecting them shortly after death. This is characteristic of every organic poison; but several of those just mentioned are *not* of organic origin, such as hydrocyanic acid, chloroform, chloral, &c., and yet, being volatile, or readily decomposed into volatile principles, they also very soon escape the possibility of detection. This is not the case, however, with the older and better known mineral poisons, as they are all indestructible by the lapse of time. Several well-authenticated cases of the detection of mineral poisons long after death are given in every text-book on Poisons; but the following remarkable cases have not been cited, so far as we are aware.

A wealthy county farmer in England having died, was buried in the tomb where his father had been interred thirty-five years before. An examination of certain of the bones of the father disclosed brilliant particles of a metallic-looking substance, which, on being collected together, presented a considerable quantity of what was proved to be oxide of mercury. The mercury had thus been preserved for more than the third of a century in the body of the deceased, the probability being that he had been in the habit of taking it medicinally during the latter part of his life. An equally remarkable case, or rather series of cases, came under the notice of the late eminent chemist, Mr Heripath of Bristol, in which he found abundant traces of arsenic in the bodies of several young children after a lapse of eight years; the evidence both of criminal poisoning and of the presence of the poison used being so clear, that the jury without hesitation returned a verdict 'that the deceased children died from the effects of arsenic, but how or by whom administered, there is no evidence to show.'

The presence of small quantities of certain metallic poisons, such as arsenic, copper, lead, or mercury in the system does not, however, necessarily imply either accidental or criminal poisoning. Mercury in one form or another is often administered as medicine; lead is frequently present in our food as well as in the water we drink; copper is used to give certain preserved vegetables the bright green of the fresh fruit; while arsenic is so frequently met with in nature that a French chemist undertook to find it in the legs of any old chair! It is found in considerable traces in certain soils; and this fact led at least in one instance to the acquittal of a prisoner indicted for murder, through the ingenious suggestion, that the arsenic found in the body might have filtered through the wet soil into a crack found in the lid of the coffin, and thus passed on to the body where it was found. There is no end to the ingenuity of counsel in such cases. In another instance, arsenic was found in the liquid contents of the stomach in considerable quantity; but the analysis in this case had not extended to the tissues. The counsel in defence contended that the proof of poisoning had failed, inasmuch as the medical evidence should have proved the absorption of the poison by the tissues to produce poisoning. The prisoner was acquitted. Not less ingenious was the defence of counsel in the case of Madeline Smith in 1857 for the murder of L'Angelier at Glasgow by the administration of arsenic. Counsel founded their defence mainly on two points. The first was the fact, that eighty-eight grains of arsenic had been found in the body, and that such a large dose had never before been proved to have been unconsciously swallowed; arguing from this that the poison must have been self-administered. The second point was, that the purchases of arsenic which the prisoner was proved to have made were intended for cosmetic purposes.

The idea of using arsenic as a cosmetic takes us almost unconsciously back to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when an old hag, named Toffania, of Naples, was strangled for having directly or indirectly been the cause of poisoning more than six hundred persons. The poison which she prepared was proved to be merely a solution of salts of arsenic, and this preparation was found to be in circulation throughout Italy under the assumed name, for secrecy, of a famous oil, supposed to possess miraculous healing properties. Any one in the secret could buy the poison under the guise of using it as any liniment or cosmetic might be used, while under its cover lay death to the victim in a day, week, or month, at the will of the administrator.

Strange as it may appear, national crime like

this seems very much to have run in cycles in some continental countries; and although our own country has been free from it in such gigantic proportions, it has not altogether been so free from the crime of murder as not to make us thankful that modern investigation has rendered the perpetration of such villainy almost impossible. Every murder of modern times has but made the perpetration of future murder less easy; and the very ingenuity of counsel in their defence of such cases has only assisted to this end, by exposing all the weaker points for the future guidance of the public prosecutor. Were proof of this needed, it is only necessary to point out that some of the most notorious crimes of modern times have been committed with the most subtle and powerful of all known poisons, and directed with a skill and ability which could only proceed from a trained and scientific acquaintance with the substance used. What, however, has been the result? Strychnine in the hands of Dr Palmer, tartar emetic in that of Dr Pritchard, and aconitine in that of Dr Lamson, too certainly accomplished the purpose for which they were intended; but with all the ingenuity and skill and opportunity at their disposal, they could not escape the fruits of their villainy. Their history is a striking proof of the fact, that if modern discovery has given the agents for perpetrating crime, it has no less yielded the means for their scientific detection.

Not the least interesting of many curious features connected with the production and consumption of certain poisons is the extraordinary quantities that are in some instances manufactured. What becomes of them? It is comparatively easy to understand what is implied by one thousand Winchester quarts of chloroform, and one thousand or even ten thousand ounces of morphia; but what of a poison like chloral? It has already been stated that chloral is at present being manufactured by the hundredweight. This, however, as a matter of fact, falls far short of the reality, as one German manufacturer recently admitted the production of half a ton weekly in his laboratory alone. There is no recognised outlet for the consumption of this substance saving that of internal administration, and we confess the imagination gets baffled in endeavouring to estimate the hundreds of thousands of pain-stricken, weary mortals who must swallow an indefinite number of half-tons weekly, in doses of twenty or thirty, or at the most forty grains each. A number of years ago, something little short of a panic was occasioned by attention having been called to the fact that strychnine was being manufactured in enormous quantities, one thousand ounces having been known to be purchased at one time. What became of this extraordinary quantity was the question that not unnaturally seized the public mind. As a medicine, its use is necessarily very limited; while its indiscriminate sale or employment as a destructive agent for vermin—the only other legitimate purpose to which it is known to be applied—is restricted by legislative enactment. In such circumstances, it was reasonable to seek some other explanation for its enormous production, and the public mind somewhat mysteriously fixed upon *beer* as being the medium. For a time, it was currently believed that the bitter principle of the hop was substituted, or at least fortified, by the help of strychnine; and although this was ultimately disproved, the mystery of the quantities in which it was being manufactured was only partially solved by the suggestion, that it was probably destined for the colonies, to assist in exterminating vermin there.

Still another curious fact remains to be noticed in connection with strychnine—the frequency with which it has been found in admixture with another neutral principle called santonine. Santonine is derived from the seeds of the *Artemisia santonica* (wormseed), and is much used in medicine as a simple vermifuge, particularly for children. It will therefore be at once understood that a mixture of the two substances means death to any one getting such a dose; and as a matter of fact, deaths have occurred in our own country, in France, Spain, Germany, and in America, from this extraordinary cause. It will be kept in mind that we do not speak at present of a simple case of substitution, in which the doctor or the druggist lifts and dispenses from the wrong bottle. Deaths, unfortunately, have occurred in this way also; but, generally speaking, there is no mystery whatever about such cases. The mystery we refer to is, that santonine, which undoubtedly has been in the first instance derived from various sources, extending over a period of years, and in the experience of various nationalities, has been proved to be mixed with strychnine. Various suggestions and theories have been put forth to account for the fatality, and amongst others the probability that the santonica seeds may have been adulterated by other seeds resembling them, but strychnine-yielding; and also that the cases of poisoning narrated were not caused by strychnine, but were actually produced by an overdose of santonine itself, acting on some peculiar idiosyncrasy of the constitution. This last suggestion is at once met by the direct fact, that strychnine was not only discovered in the majority of instances, on a post-mortem examination being made, but its source was also traced, and, in every case the mixture as stated, satisfactorily proved. As to the other theory, the mixture of seeds, granting that the same process which extracts the santonine from the santonica would also extract the strychnine from the strychnos, it is hardly conceivable that the adulteration would escape the notice of the different manufacturers; far less would it be possible, even if it did, to produce a simple *mixture* of crystals, such as appears to have been characteristic of these fatalities. In the process of crystallisation, the two substances would not have crystallised separately to form a mixture, but would have blended together to form a distinct and uniform crystal. The more probable explanation is, that a distant resemblance both in the spelling and pronouncing of the two names, favoured by a similarity in their physical appearance, has led to some confusion at one point or another, whereby the one has been accepted for the other. Still, even with this explanation, it remains a curious fact, that the error has so frequently repeated itself both in this and other countries.

Mistakes of any kind with poisons will almost always lead to results more or less serious, as well as mysterious, if not detected in time. The dismay, for example, that was caused five or six

years ago by numerous fatalities from the use of a dusting powder largely adulterated with arsenic must still be fresh in the memory of every one. Fifteen children died from arsenical poisoning produced by the use of this powder, and while, fortunately, its supply was distinctly and quickly traced to its source, and its use confined to a comparatively limited area, the mystery, we believe, has never been explained as to how the arsenic was substituted for *terra alba*, which it was sold as, and supposed to be, or how it came to be supplied in such large quantity without detection in some manner or other.

Equally serious and still more mysterious was a case that happened in a madhouse in the Southern States of America with aconitine, shortly after this powerful agent had been brought prominently into note in connection with the trial of Lamson. The medicines—in this instance all simple, it appears—were given to the patients of the asylum in open dishes carried on trays; and whilst the trays were waiting for the nurses to take them to their different wards, it is thought some one must have tampered with them. Within a few minutes after the medicines had been taken, the patients complained of the effects; and within ten minutes several had died, whilst other two died after two hours, and another still after two days. Post-mortem examinations discovered the presence of aconitine in considerable quantity, and some of it in the crystalline form. The fatal results could not be attributed to any of the ordinary preparations of aconite; while, to add to the mystery, aconitine was unknown in the laboratory of the asylum, neither was it kept in stock by any chemist in the town. Anything more fiendish than this, if done intentionally, can scarcely be conceived. It opens up, however, a question which has often forced itself upon the writer as a probable solution of some unexplained and apparently unexplainable crimes. Has the secret possession of or the power of obtaining such powerful agents as those we have been speaking of, not a tendency to act on certain morbid minds, instigating to the perpetration of crime? Every one has read of the impulse which seizes some individuals on looking over any huge precipice, to cast themselves headlong from it. The impulse is described in some instances as being awful in its intensity. Is it not possible that certain individuals may thus also be acted upon to commit some fearful crime, when possessed of the means to do so? Read in this light, some historical crimes become intelligible, at least in so far as supplying the link that is so often awanting as to their cause—namely, motive.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

And Constance, too, had found it amusing; she did not hesitate to acknowledge that to herself. She had got a great deal of diversion out of these six weeks. There had been nothing, really, when you came to think of it, to amuse anybody: a few dull walks; a drive along the dusty roads, which were more dusty than anything she had ever experienced in her life; and then a ramble among the hills, a climb from terrace to terrace of the olive gardens, or through the stony streets of a little mountain town. It was the contrast, the harmony, the antagonism, the duel and the companionship continually going on, which had given everything its zest. The scientific man with an exciting object under the microscope, the astronomer with his new star pulsing out of the depths of sky, could scarcely have been more absorbed than Constance. Not so much; for not the most cherished of star-fishes, not the most glorious of stars, is so exciting as it is to watch the risings and flowings of emotion under your own hand, to feel that you can cause ecstasy or despair, and raise up another human creature to the heights of delight, or drop him to depths beneath purgatory, at your will. When the young and cruel possess this power—and the very young are often cruel by ignorance, by inability to understand suffering—they are seldom clever enough to use it to the full extent. But Constance was clever, and had tasted blood before. It had made the time pass as nothing else could have done. It had carried on a thread of keen interest through all these commonplace pursuits. It had been as amusing, nay, much more so than if she had loved him; for she got the advantage of all his follies without sharing them, and felt herself to stand high in cool ethereal light, while the unfortunate young man turned himself outside in for her enlightenment. She had enjoyed herself. She did not deny it; but now there was the penalty to pay.

He was gone, clean gone, escaped from her power; and nothing was left but the beggarly elements of this small bare life, in which there was nothing to amuse or interest. The roads were more dusty than ever, lying white in heat and dust, which rose in clouds round every carriage—carriage! that was an euphemism—cab which passed. The sun blazed everywhere, so that one thought regretfully of the dull skies of England, and charitably of the fogs and rains. There was nothing to do but to go up among the olives and sit down upon some ledge and look at the sea. Constance did not draw, neither did she read. She did nothing that could be of any use to her here. She regretted now that she had allowed herself at the very beginning to fall into the snare of that amusement, too ready to her hand, which consisted of Captain Gaunt. It had been a mistake, if for no other reason, at least because it left the dullness more dull than ever, now it was over. He it was who had been her resource, his looks and ways her study, the gradual growth of his love the romance which had kept her going. She asked herself sometimes whether she could possibly have done as much harm to him as to herself by this indulgence, and answered earnestly, No. How could it do him any harm? He was vexed, of course, for the moment, because he could not have her; but very soon he would come to. He would be a fool, more of a fool than she thought him, if he did not soon see that it was much better for him that she had thought only of a little

amusement. Why should he marry, a young man with very little money? There could be no doubt it would have been a great mistake. Constance did not know what society in India is like, but she supposed it must be something like society at home, and in that case, there was no doubt he would have found it altogether more difficult, had he gone back a married man.

She could not think, looking at the subject dispassionately, how he could ever have wished it. An unmarried young man (she reflected) gets asked to a great many places, where the people could not be troubled with a pair. And whereas some girls may be promoted by marriage, it is *almost always* to the disadvantage of a young man. So, why should he make a fuss about it, this young woman of the world asked herself. He ought to have been very glad that he had got his amusement and no penalty to pay. But for herself, she was sorry. Now he was gone, there was nobody to talk to, nobody to walk with, no means of amusement at all. She did not know what to do with herself, while he was speeding to dear London. What was she to do with herself? Filial piety and the enjoyment of her own thoughts—without anything to do even for her father, or any subject to employ her thoughts upon—these were all that seemed to be left to her in her life. The tourists and invalids were all gone, so that there was not even the chance of somebody turning up at the hotels; and even the Gaunts—between whom and herself there was now a gulf fixed—and the Durants, who were bores unspeakable, were going away. What was she to do?

Alas, that exhilarating game which had ended so sadly for George Gaunt, was not ending very cheerfully for Constance. It had made life too tolerable—it had kept her in a pleasant self-deception as to the reality of the lot she had chosen. Now that reality flashed upon her—nay; the word is far too animated; it did not flash, nothing any longer flashed, except that invariable, intolerable sun—it opened upon her dully with its long, long, endless vistas. The still rooms in the Palazzo with the green *persiani* closed, all blazing sunshine without, all dead stillness and darkness within—and nothing to do, nobody to see, nothing to give a fresh turn to her thoughts. Not a novel even! Papa's old books upon out-of-the-way subjects, dreary as the dusty road, endless as the uneventful days—and papa himself, the centre of all. When she turned this over and over in her mind, it seemed to her that if, when she first came, instead of being seduced into flowery paths of flirtation, she had paid a little attention to her father, it might have been better for her now. But that chance was over, and George Gaunt was gone, and only dullness remained behind.

And oh, how different it must be in town, where the season was just beginning, and Frances, that little country thing, who would care nothing about it, was going to be presented! Constance, it is scarcely necessary to say, had been told what her sister was to wear; indeed, having gone through the ceremony herself, and knowing exactly what was right, could have guessed without being told. How would Frances look with her little demure face and her neat little figure? Constance had no unkindly feeling towards her sister. She fully recognised the advantages of the girl, who was like mamma; and whose youthful freshness would be enhanced by the good looks of the little stately figure beside her, showing the worst that Frances was likely to come to, even when she got old. Constance knew very well that this was a great advantage to a girl, having heard the frank remarks of society upon those beldams who lead their young daughters into the world, presenting in their own persons a horrible caricature of what those girls may grow to be. But Frances would look very well, the poor exile decided, sitting on the low wall of one of the terraces, gazing through the gray olives over the blue sea. She would look very well. She would be frightened, yet amused by the show. She would be admired—by people who liked that quiet kind. Markham would be with them; and Claude, perhaps Claude, if it was a fine day, and there was no east in the wind! She stopped to laugh to herself, at this suggestion, but her colour rose at the same time, and an angry question woke in her mind. Claude. She had told Mrs Gaunt she was engaged to him still. Was she engaged to him? Or had he thrown her off, as she threw him off, and perhaps found consolation in Frances? At this thought, the olive gardens in their coolness grew intolerable, and the sea the dreariest of prospects. She jumped up, and notwithstanding the sun and the dust, went down the broad road, the old Roman way, where there was no shade nor shelter. It was not safe, she said to herself, to be left there with her thoughts. She must break the spell or die.

She went, of all places in the world, poor Constance! to the Durants in search of a little variety. Their loggia also was covered with an awning; but they did not venture into it till the sun was going down. They had their tea-table in the drawing-room, which, till the eyes grew accustomed to it, was quite dark, with but one ray of subdued light stealing in from the open door of the loggia, but the blinds all closed and the windows. Here Constance was directed, by the glimmer of reflection in the teapot and china, to the spot where the family were sitting, Mrs Durant and Tasie languidly waving their fans. The *dolce far niente* was not appreciated in that clerical house. Tasie thought it her duty to be always doing something, knitting at least for a bazaar, if it was not light enough for other work. But the heat had overcome even Tasie; though it could not, if it had been tropical, do away with the little furnace of the hot tea. They all received Constance with the languid delight of people in an atmosphere of ninety degrees, to whom no visitor has appeared, nor any incident happened all day.

'Oh, Miss Waring,' said Tasie, 'we have just had a great disappointment. Some one sent us the *Queen* from home—and we looked directly for the drawing-room, to see Frances' name and how she was dressed; but it is not there.'

'No,' said Constance; 'the 29th is her day.'

'Oh, that is what I said, mamma. I said we must have mistaken the date. It couldn't be that there was any mistake about going, when she wrote and told us. I knew the date must be wrong.'

'Many things may occur at the last moment

to stop one, Tasie. I have known a lady with her dress all ready laid out on the bed, and circumstances happened so that she could not go.'

'That is by no means a singular experience, my dear,' said Mr Durant, who in his black coat was almost invisible. 'I have known many such cases; and in matters more important than drawing-rooms.'

'There was the Sangazures,' said the clergyman's wife—'don't you recollect? Lady Alice was just putting on her bonnet to go to her daughter's marriage, when'——

'It is really unnecessary to recall so many examples,' said Constance. 'No doubt, they are all quite true; but as a matter of fact, in this case the date was the 29th.'

'Oh, I hope,' said Tasie, 'that somebody will send us another *Queen;* for I should be so sorry to miss seeing about Frances.—Have you heard, Miss Waring, how she is to be dressed?'

'It will be the usual white business,' said Constance calmly.

'You mean—all white? Yes, I suppose so; and the material, silk or satin, with tulle? O yes, I have no doubt; but to see it all written down, with the drapings and *bouillonnés* and all that, makes it so much more real. Don't you think so? Dear Frances, she always looked so nice in white—which is trying to many people. I really cannot wear white, for my part.'

Constance looked at her with a scarcely concealed smile. She was not tolerant of the old-young lady, as Frances was. Her eyes meant mischief as they made out the sandy complexion, the uncertain hair, which were so unlike Frances' clear little face and glossy brown satin locks. But fortunately, the eloquence of looks did not tell for much in that closely shuttered dark room. And Constance' nerves, already so jarred and strained, responded with another keen vibration when Mrs Durant's voice suddenly came out of the gloom with a bland question: 'And when are you moving? Of course, like all the rest, you must be on the wing.'

'Where should we be going? I don't think we are going anywhere,' she said.

'My dear Miss Waring! that shows, if you will let me say so, how little you know of our climate here. You must go: in the summer, it is intolerable. We have stayed a little longer than usual, this year. My husband takes the duty at Homburg every summer, as perhaps you are aware.'

'Oh, it is so much nicer there for the Sunday-work,' said Tasie; 'though I love dear little Bordighera too. But the Sunday-school is a trial. To give up one's afternoons and take a great deal of trouble for perhaps three children!—Of course, papa, I know it is my duty.'

'And quite as much your duty, if there were but one; for, think if you saved but one soul. Is that not worth living for, Tasie?' Mr Durant said.

'O yes, yes, papa. I only say it is a little hard. Of course, that is the test of duty.—Tell Frances, please, when you write, Miss Waring, there is to be a bazaar for the new church; and I daresay she could send or do me something. Two or three of her nice little sketches. People like that sort of thing. Generally, things at bazaars are so useless. Knitted things, everybody has got such shoals of them; but a water-colour—you know that always sells.'

'I will tell Fan,' said Constance, 'when I write—but that is not often. We are neither of us very good correspondents.'

'You should tell your papa,' went on Mrs Durant, 'of that little place which I always say I discovered, Miss Waring. Such a nice little place, and quite cool and cheap. Nobody goes; there is not a tourist passing by once in a fortnight. Mr Waring would like it, I know.—Don't you think Mr Waring would like it, papa?'

'That depends, my dear, upon so many circumstances over which he has no control, such as, which way the wind is blowing, and if he has the books he wants, and'——

'Papa, you must not laugh at Mr Waring. He is a dear. I will not hear a word that is not nice of Mr Waring,' cried Tasie.

This championship of her father was more than Constance could bear. She rose from her seat quickly and declared that she must go.

'So soon?' said Mrs Durant, holding the hand which Constance had held out to her, and looking up with keen eyes and spectacles. 'And we have not said a word yet of the event and all about it, and why it was. But I think we can give a guess at why it was.'

'What event?' Constance said with chill surprise—as if she cared what was going on in their little world!

'Ah, how can you ask me, my dear? The last event, that took us all so much by surprise. I am afraid, I am sadly afraid you are not without blame.'

'O mamma! Miss Waring will think we do nothing but gossip. But you must remember there is so little going on, that we can't help remarking—— And perhaps it was quite true what they said, that poor Captain Gaunt'——

'Oh, if it is anything about Captain Gaunt,' said Constance, hastily withdrawing her hand; 'I know so little about the people here'——

Tasie followed her to the door. 'You must not mind,' she said, 'what mamma says. She does not mean anything—it is only her way. She always thinks there must be reasons for things. Now I,' said Tasie, 'know that very often there are no reasons for anything.' Having uttered this oracle, she allowed the visitor to go downstairs.—'And you will not forget to tell Frances,' she said, looking over the balustrade. In a little house like that of the Durants, the stairs in England would have been wood, and shabby ones; but here they were marble, and of imposing appearance. 'Any little thing I should be thankful for,' said Tasie; 'or she might pick up a few trifles from one of the Indian shops; but water-colours are what I should prefer.—Good-bye, dear Miss Waring. Oh, it is not good-bye for good; I shall certainly come to see you before we go away!'

Constance had not gone half-way along the Marina when she met General Gaunt, who looked grave, but yet greeted her kindly. 'We are going to-morrow,' he said. 'My wife is so very busy, I do not know if she will be able to find time to call to say good-bye.'

'I hope you don't think so badly of me as she does, General Gaunt?'

'Badly, my dear young lady! You must know that is impossible,' said the old soldier, shuffling a little from one foot to the other. And then he added: 'Ladies are a little unreasonable. And if they think you have interfered with the little finger of a child of theirs—— But I hope you will let me have the pleasure of paying my farewell visit in the morning.'

'Good-bye, general,' Constance said. She held her head high, and walked proudly away past all the empty hotels and shops, not heeding the sun, which still played down upon her, though from a lower level. She cared nothing for these people, she said to herself vehemently, and yet the mere feeling of the farewells in the air added a forlorn feeling to the stagnation of the place. Everybody was going away except her father and herself. She felt as if the preparations and partings, and all the pleasure of Tasie in the 'work' elsewhere, and her little fussiness about the bazaar, were all offences to herself, Constance, who was not thought good enough even to ask a contribution from. No one thought Constance good for anything, except to blame her for ridiculous impossibilities, such as not marrying Captain Gaunt. It seemed that this was the only thing which she was supposed capable of doing. And while all the other people went away, she was to stay here to be burned brown, and perhaps to get fever, unused as she was to a blazing summer like this. She had to stay here, she, who was so young, and could enjoy everything, while all the old people, to whom it would not matter very much, went away. She felt angry, offended, miserable, as she went in and got herself ready mechanically for dinner. She knew her father would take no notice, would probably receive the news of the departure of the others without remark. He cared nothing, not nearly so much as about a new book. And she, throbbing with pain, discomfiture, loneliness, and anger, was alone to bear the burden of this stillness and of the uninhabited world.

OLD TINDER-BOXES.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

THOSE who have seen, in old Rome, that beautiful little circular gem of pagan architecture called the Temple of Vesta, will remember with what reverence the sacred fire was guarded there, how that the priestesses who presided over it were appointed for thirty years; and how that if, by any mischance, the fire went out, it could never be relighted except by the rays of the sun itself.

Reader, do you remember the old-fashioned *tinder*-boxes, from which our fathers and our grandfathers obtained their lights and their fires? If not, you cannot be so old as I am, for I remember them well; but only half a century has gone since then. The idea of getting *light* and fire out of a box! Let us recall the value of the sacred fire, and think of the said vestal virgins guarding it so assiduously two thousand years ago, and we need not turn up our noses, even if we have to get fire from a tinder-box. Nowadays, we have come to look upon fire and light as the commonest of common things, the common wealth of the world, and forget the difficulty of producing them in olden days by the attrition of pieces of dry wood—a tedious operation—or by the use of flint and steel. This brings me to the use of the tinder-box when I was a boy, and probably in use in outside places at the present day.

It is somewhat of a puzzle to me how Robinson Crusoe first got the light and fire which roasted his kids and by which he read his Bible. Very likely he picked up a strike-a-light in the cabin of the doomed vessel; however, he seems to have lost it again; for after having made many fires and candles for years after the shipwreck, we read, that whilst exploring a certain grotto, he gave over the search for that time; 'but resolved to come again the next day provided with candles and a tinder-box, which I had made of the lock of one of the muskets, with some wild-fire in the pan.' Was this the tinder-box which he made when cast ashore amongst the wild animals of the famous island, or the result of a brilliant idea for lighting up the cavern he intended for an arsenal? Anyhow, the poor fellow had his flint and steel to make him comfortable, to fire off his fowling-pieces, to bring down the birds and the goats withal.

We are certainly much indebted to the bit of flint and steel in the old matchlock, the old fowling-piece, the old pistol, the old carbine; and who may say how much we owe to Blücher and the Guards and this identical steel and flint for the victory of Waterloo, certainly to some extent brought about by the tinder-box of our soldiers of yore—Defoe's 'old tinder-box, made out of a musket-lock, with some wild-fire in the pan.'

How rough and clumsy were the implements of warfare that depended on flint-locks, compared with our exquisite rifles and their compact cartridges. What an unsatisfactory contrivance on the whole was Defoe's 'musket-lock and steel pan,' and trigger with square flint, and the highwayman's deadly pistol, formed on the same principle, and which, if it did not level a man at one end, would assuredly do so at the other. After all, these weapons of our forefathers did much dreadful work surely, if slowly, sometimes.

During our last spring cleaning—popularly known as the 'spring fever'—I was rummaging in an old cellar, and turned up, amongst many relics of the 'good old times,' a certain japanned box, nine inches long by half as much broad. It contained a lot of small articles, notably a piece of steel with a handle like the crosier of a bishop; a match or two of rough deal splinters, cut to a point, and besmeared with brimstone; a piece of flint; and a bit of charred linen with a fusty smell. This linen was blackened by having been set on fire, and rapidly extinguished by putting a flat piece of lead upon it. This was the old tinder-box, from which many a good fire, which had cooked many a good dinner, had been lighted—from which the morning candle of merchants and tradesmen had been lit, and to which they owed much of their wealth.

It was so long since I had seen such a box, that I had much ado to remember how, when I was a boy, an old aunt of mine went down on her knees in the early winter morning, encouraging the kitchen fire to blaze by this round-about method of evolving light and fire for domestic purposes. The method was this, and a cold one it was on a frosty morning. The maid-servant having opened the shutters, knelt down—a very suitable position for dispensing 'sacred fire.' She opened the box, took the crosier in one hand, and the flint in the other; and by striking rapidly the one against the other, a spark sprang out upon the bit of burnt linen, technically called tinder. If the spark were fortunate, it caught hold of the fibres of linen, and set them aglow. Then the maid patiently watched the sacred fire run along the tinder whilst she blew it with her mouth, holding the brimstone match to it, till happily a blue flame resulted, from which she lighted her morning candle, and afterwards her fire. Then the tinder-box was closed. It had done its duty for another day.

I have often seen the operation performed, and have frequently collected nice pieces of flint from the outlying wolds, where it prevailed, to bring them home for the domestic tinder-box, or to give to less fortunate neighbours, who, like the unhappy virgins of old, had lost their light, for want of trimming, or who had mislaid the spark-producing mineral.

Considering all this had to be gone through every morning and everywhere, except where fires were kept alight all night, one looks back on those days with surprise. But then there was no other way. What would our young fellows with their pretty match-boxes think, if they had to light their cigarettes in this primitive style? There were no cigars lighted in the streets; all had to be done at the temple of light, the orthodox fire. There was no such thing as carrying fire in your waistcoat pocket, with a French picture and a hundred lights for a penny. In the times when the curfew rang at eight o'clock every night, for all good people to put out their lights and fires, what a fuss there must have been amongst the men and maidens bringing back light and fire from heaven to earth again. The world has spun round many times since then.

But the tinder-box died hard, and it was long before this means of evoking light was snuffed out altogether. The dear old tinder-box, how we ought to value it, as the precursor of all the cheap lights, and better, of the present hour. Let us hope that there may be a tinder-box placed in every antiquarian museum, to show unbelieving men what used to be, and to show also how much can be done in half a century in the way of lighting up an old world cheaply and effectually.

It was reserved for England to abolish the tinder-box and make the match of the future. She has given us an easy and cheap means of producing light, which will last us till the 'crack of doom.' All sorts of things were tried before the right idea was hit upon, but it came at last. At one time we used the old phosphorus bottle, and I remember well how a distinguished friend and myself nearly set a house on fire during the composition of one of these bottles, intended to light a match by simply inserting it therein and withdrawing it for the atmospheric air to act upon it. A sudden flame was the inevitable result.

After the match-bottle period came long tiresome trials of rubbing prepared matches between pieces of sand-paper. This was a great improvement on the old plan, for a candle could be lighted in the middle of the night without inconvenience. The tinder-box and strike-a-light were now doomed. Every smoker had his tobacco-box rigged out with sand-paper strip and pasteboard match. For a change, the tobacconists introduced the German tinder. It would not blaze like the ruder match, but would light a cigar or a pipe very satisfactorily. Then came the red-tipped fusees, which were broken off the brown pasteboard as occasion required. These were a cleanly and useful invention, and served the use of the public for many years. They had a great run, and were a veritable success. But the world was taken by storm when some genius introduced the wax taper known as a vesta match, a marvel of 'sweetness and light,' so daintily made—about an inch in length, one might apply the words of Hood to it:

> Fashioned so slenderly,
> Young and so fair,

with its brown-tipped waxen fibres, no thicker than whipcord. Was there ever a brighter idea? And it holds good to this hour. It ought to have made the fortune of the inventor, and perhaps did so. It was the outcome of a great thought—a scintillation, something like what Byron or Goethe would have given mankind if they had dabbled in chlorate of potash and phosphorus.

After this splendid addition to public utility, with a tiny box to strike the light upon, there came a host of claimants, and the fully developed lucifer-match for ordinary uses, the making of which employs so many hands, and requires such large manufacturing appliances in our large towns. In the way of merchandise and the introduction of a new trade, as well as in personal comfort, what a chasm has been bridged over since the time of the obsolete tinder-box! Matches that strike in their own way, on their own box; vesuvians, and fusees, highly odoriferous, that deal out light with the persistence of a November squib or a rocket; Limited Liability Companies for match-making! And not only have lucifer-matches introduced a new trade, but the manufacture of boxes to contain them has created a new industry. In almost every shop-window you see some device for retaining the precious match—in German or real silver, in papier-mâché, in pasteboard, wood, or copper, in tin or leather, or iron or china. There are all sorts of contrivances: boxes, in animal and bird forms, and illimitable vases, all containing the ubiquitous little match for boudoir and bedroom, and pocket and mantel-shelf. The French and Italians are not behind us in pretty designs—in fact, their boxes are almost unique, with their self-acting springs, and bright little pictures of groups and familiar scenery.

Only think of the comfort of these compact, well-filled boxes going the tour of the world by

the ton, joy-producers and light-carriers to the ends of the earth. They illuminate town and jungle and bush, caves and tunnels and mountains, marts and churches, railways and steamers —every spot except the bottom of a coal-mine, where even their tiny mightiness might put in action all the forces of nature, and blow up mine, minerals, and men. Shall we imperil our safety by all this luminosity and pyrotechny? No; we cannot now dispense with these valuable aids to light and convenience. Perhaps the future may produce greater wonders as light-givers; but alongside the old tinder-box in the museum, let us place the vesta taper, the vesuvian fuse, and the common striking-match yclept lucifer, just to show what modern science, as opposed to the science of old days, can accomplish when it takes a thing in hand. We have well-nigh forgotten the old light, and have got the new one, that despises flint and sand-paper and steel; and there is no fear that we shall play with the fire and the light until we tire or burn our fingers, or that we shall ever wish ourselves back amongst the glooms of the old tinder-box.

THE STUPID COUPLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE ATLANTIC.

'THE STUPID COUPLE'—at least that was what the other passengers called them during the first few days of the voyage, after the ship had sailed from Queenstown. Not that they were so very stupid either, but people readily get nicknames on board a vessel, and a nickname once acquired is apt to stick.

John Pierrepoint and his wife had come on board the *Shasta* at Queenstown by the last tender a few minutes before the propeller commenced to revolve slowly, and they had not yet found their stateroom, when the signal, 'Full speed ahead,' passed from the bridge to the engine-room; and the throbbing of the great engines told all old travellers that their voyage was commenced in earnest, and that, till the ship entered New York harbour, the engines would not rest for a moment from their work of driving the great ship on. The saloon of the *Shasta* was quite full of cabin passengers, and she had many steerage and second-cabin passengers as well. She was the largest and newest ship of the line, and was commanded by the Company's commodore, Captain Hood, a general favourite, and known among old travellers to and from America as the luckiest skipper that had ever sailed the Atlantic. Perhaps it was because there were so many of these seasoned travellers, wise in the ways of steamers, on board, that John Pierrepoint and his wife seemed to be particularly inexperienced in travel, and therefore deserving of being called stupid; they must certainly never have taken a long voyage before; they showed no disposition to struggle for what some thought the best seats at table, and they accepted without a grumble the stateroom assigned to them, which was one of the smallest in the ship. In fact, they were too easily satisfied. The Pierrepoints were reserved because they knew no one on board; but this seemed to give them no concern, they being perfectly satisfied with their own society. Many of the American families and other passengers had known each other at home or had met before, either in other ships or travelling about in Europe, and were like a large party of old friends.

This journey in autumn to America was what the Pierrepoints called their wedding trip; but it was a long deferred one, for they had been married nearly six years, and had left three little children at home in careful hands. Before they were married, they had really settled to go to America for their wedding trip; but just then Mr Pierrepoint had inherited a property, and each year afterwards something had happened to prevent their plan from being carried out.

The weather was splendid out in the Atlantic. The ocean had its long low roll, sometimes showing a ripple where the wind touched it tenderly, and sometimes crisped by a light breeze, which generally died away at sunset, and each day the voyagers saw a red sun sinking into the water right ahead. At length, one afternoon, the voyage was half over—mid-Atlantic had been reached. Pierrepoint and his wife were far aft on the poop, close to the rail, he reading, and she knitting, as their custom was. She is a fair gracious woman, with gray eyes and squirrel-coloured hair, perhaps about twenty-five years of age. He is a long-limbed, well-knit fellow of thirty, deep-chested and lean, black-haired, with a crisp beard and tawny skin. He is dressed in one of his old white flannel cricketing suits, with a hat of the same stuff. People wore pretty much what they liked on deck, and this was John Pierrepoint's fancy; while some of the other gentlemen, with tall hats, glorious scarfs, diamond pins, and everything else to match, endeavoured by their dress to fascinate the ladies, who were sitting, or walking about the deck, in all the brilliant colours of a flower-garden.

There was one passenger who attracted more attention than any other, and this was not a young lady, nor a gentleman with a diamond pin; he was simply a little boy of eight; but then he was Captain Hood's son, and every one wished to be friendly with him and to amuse him. He had made friends of all the passengers, and was quite at home on board, and now was running to and fro on the poop among the groups of ladies and gentlemen, rolling a great coloured ball of hollow india-rubber.

Captain Hood's home was on the Hudson, a few miles from New York city. His elder children were girls, and little Jack was his only son. It had been an old promise, that as soon as Jack was eight years of age, his father was to take him a voyage to England and back; indeed, from the time that Jack was four years old, he had talked about this great treat he was to have; and in the meantime his interest in nautical matters grew large by watching the craft of all kinds passing up and down the Hudson, right in front of the windows of their house. When the time came, and Captain Hood

saw he could take Jack over, his mother was very unwilling to let him go; she feared some harm might happen to him, and raised all the difficulties and objections she possibly could; but Jack and his father carried the day. The first eastward run of the *Shasta* was a chance not to be missed; and the weather was very fine, and settled. Mrs Hood with her daughters came down to the wharf at New York to see the steamer off. Her last words to her husband were: 'Remember, if you don't bring Jack safe home, you needn't come without him.' The captain remembered these words later. He replied: 'All right, little woman; we'll be back with you for breakfast some fine morning in less than five weeks.'

During the voyage to Liverpool, all went well. The chief stewardess took Jack under her special care, and he slept in her cabin. While the ship was in the Mersey, Jack and his friend the stewardess went to stay at a farm in Lancashire, and only came down a day or two before the steamer sailed on her present voyage. The boy was now quite accustomed to life on board a steamer, and went where he liked all over the ship; the bridge and the steerage were the only forbidden places. He had become quite friendly with many of the sailors; and he had not the least objection to a confidential chat with some of the grimy and half-naked stokers, most of them Irishmen, who came up on deck when they could, from the depths of the stoke-hole, to get a breath of fresh air. The solemn old Scotch engineer was his particular favourite.

On this very day, when the voyage was supposed to be half over, and before the passengers came on deck to enjoy the evening sun, the conversation at dinner had turned upon the subject of persons falling overboard from a ship going fast, and the chances of saving them. Various persons at the table told their experiences of such matters; and after a little while, it seemed that the passengers who were joining in the discussion had formed themselves into two parties, one of which, comprising chiefly the landsmen and younger travellers on board, seemed to hold the opinion that it was a simple enough matter to pick a person up who had fallen over in daylight and in fine weather. 'If he can swim,' they said, 'he can keep himself up till a boat is lowered and rows to him. If he can't swim, some one who can, jumps overboard, and holds him up till both are rescued. Or a life-buoy is thrown to him, and that keeps him up.' But they had to admit that they had never seen this done.

The other party at table, headed by some captains of ships who were passengers by the *Shasta*, and some of the older travellers, were of a different opinion. They said that help almost always came too late; and that no matter how quickly a boat is lowered, the person who has fallen over is left so far astern that he sinks before he can be found—that, from a boat, it is very difficult to see such a small object as a man's head among the hollows of the waves, and this even in fine weather and with good light. If a man is a very good swimmer and has presence of mind, he has some chance, for he can keep himself up a long time; and if a boat is sent after him, he can call to it, or signal it, when he happens to rise on a wave at the same time that the boat rises.

One skipper told a story, which, however, did not relate to a man. He said: 'When I was homeward-bound from India last time, the first mate had a splendid large cockatoo, a great pet, and so tame that he would sit on your finger. Well, one day he flew overboard and settled down on the water astern. We had just come into the north-east trades, and were going about six knots. I threw all sails aback as soon as I could, and sent some hands in our quarter-boat after the bird. It took ten minutes or a quarter of an hour to get the boat out, and all the time I kept my eye on the bird; and when the boat was off, I went up into the mizzen rigging and watched the poor cockatoo for a long time; but the men in the boat couldn't find it; and we could not succeed in directing them to where it was. They came back without it.'

Another captain said: 'When I was in a steamer, I always kept one boat ready for lowering, with cover off and oars and all in her; but it takes you to be very quick to pick a man up who has fallen over. Many sailors can't swim, and then of course they go to the bottom at once.'

Shortly after this, the passengers came on deck. They did not know that, this day, the thing they had been talking about was to be enacted before their eyes.

Jack Hood was rolling his great ball and rushing about after it screaming with delight, when suddenly, after a strong throw, it fell on the rail, and then, with a bound, into the sea. The child stood still with amazement for a second; and then, running to where his ball had disappeared, he climbed on the rail to see what had become of it; and before any hand could reach him, he had fallen over into the waves. The terrified passengers saw him rise to the surface and stretch out his arms, while the seething foam from the ship's propeller turned him round and round in the water, and the ship rushed on, leaving him behind. The Pierrepoints were not very near the place where little Jack fell over; they were at the other side of the deck; but Mrs Pierrepoint, when she saw him climbing, laid her hand quickly on her husband's shoulder. He looked up instantly, and following her eyes to the spot, saw the boy just as he fell. In one moment he was on his feet, kicked off his canvas shoes, threw his hat on the deck, and turning his face towards the bridge, where he knew some of the ship's officers were always stationed, he called out in a voice which rang like a trumpet-call over the ship, 'Man overboard!' Then, with a quick run and leap, he had cleared the rail, and the broken twisting water of the ship's track had closed over him. He was on the surface again in a moment, and, taking a glance back at the ship, to know his position, stretched out into a long steady stroke in the direction where he knew the child was.

Great confusion and excitement fell upon the passengers, but not upon the officers of the ship. Captain Hood was standing on the bridge talking to the second officer, when he heard the cry of 'Man overboard!' He looked aft, and saw a man disappearing over the stern; then

he saw in the steamer's wake two heads, one dark, and the other small and fair; and further away, floating high, the coloured ball. A sailor who was cleaning some brass-work near the stern, ran forward, calling out to the captain: 'Your son has fallen overboard, sir, and a passenger has jumped after him.' The captain's hand was on the engine-room telegraph, and down into the depths of the ship went the signals. The engineer and some of his subordinates were sitting about in front of the great engines, in the mixture of lamplight and dim daylight which pervades that region. Some of the men had stretched themselves out on the floor of checkered iron plates. It was an idle time. The engines were going full speed and working well; one man was telling a story, when, to the astonishment of them all, the telegraph bell rang, and the index, which pointed to 'Full speed ahead,' moved across the dial to 'Stand by.' There was a general cry of 'What's wrong?' The engineer was close to the wheel which controlled the engines, and his assistants stood by. Again the bell rang, and the index pointed to 'Stop.' The engines came to a stand, the revolutions of the propeller stopped, a strange quiet fell on the engine-room; and the tremor all over the ship ceased. They all watched the telegraph. The bell rang again, and the index moved to 'Astern—slow;' and again in a minute or two, to 'Half.'

The engineer now had time to speak: 'What's wrong on deck? One of you run up and bring down word quick.'

Mickey, a fireman, with bare feet and bare shoulders, was standing at the foot of the almost perpendicular iron ladder; and at the engineer's word, he ran up as nimbly as a monkey; but he did not return; and in a few minutes another man went up, who returned immediately, all breathless, and told the others what had occurred; and that he had seen the first messenger, Mickey, in the boat which had been sent off to the rescue. All who could then went up on deck, to see the result. The head-engineer would not quit his post. The reversing of the engines had now brought the steamer to a stand. The next signal came down, 'Slow;' and the good steamer moved slowly backwards on her track.

When the first alarm was given, and while the captain, who never lost his presence of mind for a moment, was communicating with the engine-room, he made a sign to the second officer, who called out: 'Man overboard! Stand by to lower away the gig.' The sailors who were on deck ran to obey this order. A boat's crew of four hands and a cockswain were at once ready. The boat was safely lowered, and the men were at their oars. Before she cast off, the cockswain cried: 'I want a man for the boat's bow.' Mickey the fireman waited for no orders, but laying hold of the ropes, swung himself over, and slid down into the bow of the boat, which at once rowed quickly away. Before it set off, Mrs Pierrepoint ran over to the side and threw down into the boat's stern the Scotch plaid on which her husband had been lying.

Mrs Pierrepoint was quite calm; but the other passengers seemed afraid to approach her; they did not know just what to say—whether to congratulate her on her husband's daring, or to condole with her upon his danger. Some of the ladies were in hysterics; all were watching with the greatest concern the course of the boat, and trying to make out the child and the swimmer among the waves far astern; for the steamer had run more than a quarter of a mile before the boat was ready to leave her.

The men in the boat rowed fiercely. The passengers could see the cockswain and the bowman standing up, trying to distinguish something where the waves lifted; but even with glasses, they could see nothing of the swimmer.

A famous general, who had marched with a great army to victory, was on board; he did not know the Pierrepoints; but he came up now to Mrs Pierrepoint, and holding his hat in his hand, said: 'Madam, your brave husband has done a noble act. It is grand to see such pluck and dash. I trust you will have him back soon. Will you come up on the bridge beside the captain, where you can have a much better outlook over the sea; and perhaps you will make use of my binocular?'

'Oh, thank you,' she said. 'I shall be glad to have your glass, and to go on the bridge—if the captain allows me,' she added, smiling. 'But I don't think my husband is in danger; he has often been a long time in the water, and can swim well in his clothes. There is still plenty of light for the boat to find him. I only hope he may catch that dear little child in time. The boat should reach them soon.'

The general led Mrs Pierrepoint up to the bridge, and said a word to the captain. The captain at once came over, saying: 'The boat is close to them now; I saw them less than a minute ago through my glass on the top of a wave.'

'Do you see them? Are they together?' asked Mrs Pierrepoint.

'Yes,' replied the captain; 'I believe they are.' But his voice was now broken, and he took hold of Mrs Pierrepoint's hand. 'I watched my child from here, with the glass, till at last he floated so low that I could scarcely see him; and just as he seemed sinking, your husband dashed across the spot where he was, and I saw by a wave of his hand towards the ship that he had caught him. He is now waiting for the boat.—What a splendid swimmer he is!'

'O yes; he is a good swimmer. I am so glad he was near,' said Mrs Pierrepoint.—'I believe, captain, he will bring back your little boy safe.'

When Pierrepoint sprang over, he had been so quick, that he was not very far from the child; but he knew that all depended on reaching him soon, and he could only see him now and then, when the waves lifted them both at the same time, but those glimpses gave him the direction; and without minding in the least the fact that the steamer was receding from him at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and that he was left alone in the middle of the great Atlantic with no one near him but a little sinking child, he swam on as quickly as possible, saw the child on the side of a wave, made a dash at him, and caught him by the arm as he was sinking. Jack's fears had got the better of him; he had given up hope; but now he roused up, and with a cry, caught John Pierrepoint's beard.

Pierrepoint raised the child's head as far as he dared, and placed his little cheek against his own, while passing his left arm round Jack's waist. Jack began to recover from his fright, and as he had often bathed in colder water than this, he did not mind the sea so much, now that he had something to hold on to.

'Well, Jacky, how are you now, and what made you jump into the water?' asked Pierrepoint.

'Oh, take me back to papa—take me back to the steamer! Where is the steamer?'

'Now you must keep quiet, and not fret,' said Pierrepoint. 'We have just to wait here till we are sent for. Your father is sending a boat for us.—Are you cold, Jacky?'

'No; not very cold; but show me where the steamer is.'

'Well,' said Pierrepoint, 'rub the salt water out of your eyes against my cheek, and I'll turn round till we face the steamer; then, when we rise on the top of a wave, you must look quick.'

They looked; and there was the great steamer with her four masts and low red funnels, with clouds of white steam rushing out of her escape-pipes, as she lay almost stationary on the water about a quarter of a mile away.

Pierrepoint could see that the upper decks and bulwarks and the lower rigging were swarming with people; every one on board seemed to have come up. When they rose on the next wave, a great change had taken place for them—the sun had set. Pierrepoint saw it disappear as the wave lifted them, and the surface of the water became a dark gray; but the strong light still shone for a few seconds longer on the funnels and masts of the steamer.

Pierrepoint with his little burden floated so low that the men in the boat had not yet seen him; but he had seen the boat just as the sun disappeared, and now knew where to look for it. He pulled a white handkerchief out of his coat-pocket, and when they were on the top of a sea, he gave a shout and waved; but the call was unheeded; the sea sank from under them, and they were in the hollow before the boat had risen. The next time he succeeded. As the boat rose, the cockswain heard a call, and saw the swimmers on a wave. The boat's course was slightly altered, and in a few minutes the boat had them alongside.

All this time, Pierrepoint had been treading water quietly, only keeping a lookout, and encouraging Jack to keep up his heart; but Jacky could not have kept up much longer. The fright and cold were telling upon him, and as the boat came up, his big eyes closed, and his cheek dropped heavily against Pierrepoint's.

The cockswain now took charge of the situation. 'Don't be in a hurry, sir,' he called.—'How is the boy?'

'Oh, I think he is all right,' said Pierrepoint; 'he was quite lively a minute ago.'

The cockswain then called: 'Be careful now; steady, lads, there; be very careful. One of you catch the child by the arm, another of you lay hold of the gentleman.'

Pierrepoint had laid his hand lightly on the boat's gunwale and still held Jacky firmly. Mickey the fireman fastened his toes among the bottom boards of the boat, and stretching down till his face almost touched the water, caught little Jacky first by one arm and then by both, and with a dexterous twist raised him quietly from the water and laid him in the bottom of the boat. Two of the sailors then caught Pierrepoint by the shoulders and pulled him in; then they patted him on the breast and back, a way that sailors have of expressing sympathy and approval; and then they cheered and waved their caps towards the ship. The rowers again took their places, the boat was quietly turned, and the men rowed back towards the steamer.

Mr Pierrepoint and Mickey attended to the child. His colour now returned, and his eyes opened, and he sat up, the water running out of his linen clothes. Pierrepoint's eye now caught sight of his plaid lying in the boat, and he asked the cockswain to pass it to him.

'A lady threw it in as we were leaving,' the steersman said.

'O yes; I know very well who the lady was,' Pierrepoint replied. 'I wish I had her here just now to take care of the boy.' Then, seeing in what a womanly, gentle way Mickey was handling the child, he said: 'My black friend, I'll appoint you nurse, if Jacky does not mind the soot.'

Jacky looked up, and recognising the fireman as one of his friends, put his arms round his grimy neck.

'Sure, sir,' said Mickey, 'Master Jacky knows me quite well.'

'Then,' said Pierrepoint, 'pull off his wet clothes and roll him up in the plaid.'

This was done, and Jacky felt quite warm and dry. Mickey kept him on his knee, rolled up like a mummy.

One of the sailors handed Pierrepoint an old rough jacket, which he pulled on over his wet clothes.

The steamer had drifted round till her broadside was towards the boat, and therefore, as she could do nothing to lessen the distance, the men in the boat had to do the more rowing, and they got on but slowly, for the sea was a little rougher, and the light was going. The captain still stood on the *Shasta's* bridge, watching the boat through his binocular. He saw Pierrepoint and the boy pulled in, and then he could only see that the men seemed busy about something in the bottom of the boat; after that, he saw Pierrepoint sitting up, and a brown bundle in the fireman's arms. He knew this was his boy, rolled up in something; but he could not help questioning within himself whether his boy was coming back to him alive or dead.

Mrs Pierrepoint was still beside Captain Hood, and felt that she knew what was passing in his mind. The boat was now much nearer; they were both watching it intently, but the light was failing. At the same moment, they both saw Mr Pierrepoint stand up and wave his right hand in a peculiar way.

'That was a signal, madam; what does it mean?' asked the captain.

'Wait a minute till he repeats.—Yes; I see it plainly this time. He says, All well,' replied Mrs Pierrepoint.

These words were heard by some of the ship's officers and passengers who stood near, and they raised a cheer, which was taken up all over the deck, and passed across the water to the boat, which was getting near.

'Thank God!' said Captain Hood. 'We will soon have them on board again.' He then left the bridge in charge of the first officer, and went aft, accompanied by Mrs Pierrepoint, to the place where the gig would be brought on board. Here the quartermaster made a clear space on deck, and in the centre of the space stood the captain, Mrs Pierrepoint, and the stewardess. To her Mrs Pierrepoint said: 'Order a warm bath to be ready for the child;' and a steward was sent down to have this done.

The boat was now alongside under the davits; the oars were unshipped; the hooks of the lifting-tackle were fixed in the rings for raising the boat; all the hands but two climbed up the tackle ropes, to lighten the boat, and then a number of willing hands hauled away upon the tackle. The boat left the water, and mounted slowly high into the air till it was above the level of the ship's bulwarks; the davits were swung round, and the boat was gently lowered upon the deck. Then a mighty cheer burst out, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and cheer upon cheer rang over the water.

Little Jack looked out of his plaid with a smile on his face, while Mickey handed his precious bundle into Captain Hood's arms; and in a few minutes more Jack was having a warm bath, under the superintendence of his friend the stewardess; and a little later he was in the saloon with dry clothes on, as merry as if nothing whatever had happened.

When Pierrepoint stepped on the deck, he took his wife's hand in his for a moment; and then a rush was made at him, and both his hands were shaken till he thought his arms would be pulled off; but the captain came on deck at once and bore him off to one of the bathrooms, where a warm bath awaited him. A steward brought him a supply of dry clothes; and in half an hour he was in the saloon, and had to undergo another course of hand-shaking.

The captain said all he had to say in a very few words, and with a hand-grasp which said more than words.

The 'stupid couple' were now the heroes of the ship; and when the *Shasta* arrived in New York harbour, John Pierrepoint managed, by the captain's help, to escape being interviewed by the reporters. The reporters, however, heard the story in all its details from the passengers and officers, and the Pierrepoints found themselves famous.

Before the passengers separated, such a number of invitations were offered to the Pierrepoints, that, had they been able, they might have spent a year or two in America merely paying visits. Some of these invitations they were able to accept.

Captain Hood carried them off at once to his house on the Hudson, where little Jack was the first to bring his mother an account of the event of the voyage.

The Pierrepoints returned to England for Christmas without any sea adventures; but before they had been two days in America, John Pierrepoint wrote to his father to tell of their safe arrival in America, and he addressed the letter: 'The Earl of Hurst, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, England.'

THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

Of the various projects which have been brought forward during the last fifty years to establish interoceanic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, none deserves more consideration than that of a railway for the conveyance of ships across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico. On the successful completion of the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River in 1879, Mr. J. B. Eads conceived the grander project of extending that great river, commercially, into the Pacific Ocean. Since that day to the present moment, his time and energies have been directed to bringing forward and developing this important undertaking. The two principal reasons for its inception are—first, the shortening of the voyage by seven hundred miles over that of Nicaragua, and from twelve hundred to two thousand over that of Panama, on all the main commercial lines of the world. Second, the economy of this method in construction and operation.

Immediately on obtaining the concessions from the Mexican government, he visited the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and took with him engineers, who made the necessary surveys of the route. He extended and completed these surveys two years later, and obtained definite and detailed information which enabled him to locate the line for the construction of the railway, and to make the necessary sections and plans of the work, and a careful and detailed estimate of the cost of construction. These surveys showed that the ground was favourable over its entire length for the construction of a railway. These and other previous examinations made by other parties also established the fact that the climatic conditions were not unfavourable, and also that valuable materials and available labour were procurable on the Isthmus.

While the surveys were being made upon the Isthmus, and the estimates prepared, close attention was given to the mechanical appliances. The result has been that arrangements have been made for lifting, hauling, and handling vessels up to five thousand tons, and for conveying them by rail from ocean to ocean. These mechanical appliances are briefly as follows. The Coatzacoalcos River drains the main valley of the Isthmus on the Atlantic side. At its mouth is a bar, composed of alluvium brought down by the river. There are now fifteen feet of water on this bar, which can be cheaply deepened by means of parallel jetties. Inside the bar is a fine anchorage for ships with sixty feet depth of water. The river for twenty-five miles will be utilised for navigation. The terminus of the railway will be located at Minatitlan. An excavated basin from the river leads to the lifting-dock, which will be capable of raising the largest vessels in about fifteen minutes. It will be about four hundred and seventy-five feet in length, seventy-five feet in width, and twelve feet in depth, built of steel plates, with substantial bulkheads fore and aft and athwartships.

On a second deck, about seven feet below the upper deck, will be built a system of hydraulic rams, perhaps one hundred and fifty or more in number. These are to be connected together by pipes, and the whole system connected with an hydraulic pressure-pump, for actuating the rams.

The rams are arranged in longitudinal lines and cross lines, and the latter are spaced six feet seven inches apart. Under the central part of the vessel there will be one ram under the keel, one under the bottom on each side, one under the bilge, and one at the side of the vessel. These rams when raised come up through the upper deck of the floating dock. On this upper deck are placed six ponderous rails like those to be used on the railway. The carriage for transporting the vessels has a system of supports that correspond exactly with the rams in the dock. There is a continuous keel-block, and the supports, as well as the keel-block, are actuated by the rams underneath. Powerful centrifugal pumps will pump the water from the pontoon, which rises with the carriage upon it, under the vessel. Just before coming into contact with the vessel, the hydraulic pressure-pumps raise the presses under the supports, and bring the latter up to the vessel's hull, so that they exert a gentle pressure against the keel, bottom, and bilges, besides bringing up a series of adjustable girths at the sides of the vessel.

As the vessel rises slowly out of the water, its weight becomes greater and greater upon the supports, and consequently upon the rams that are holding them up. The peculiar arrangement of the rams causes the weight of the vessel to be equalised over the whole system, so that when it is entirely out of the water, and its whole weight resting upon the rams, they must bear it equally from stem to stern and from side to side. The supports, as they are thus placed against the vessel by the rams, are now locked to the girders of the carriage by adjusting nuts or hand-wheels, which are run down on the screw-thread cut into the columns of the supports. When this is done, the valve of the pressure-pump is opened, and the water which was under compression and held up the rams, escapes, and the rams recede downward into the pontoon. By this means the distributed weight of the vessel is transported to the carriage, and it now rests upon the girders in the same way that it rested upon the cross-lines of the rams. For instance, if there are thirty lines of rams, and the vessel weighs three thousand tons, there would be just one hundred tons upon each line of rams. When the load is transported from the rams to the carriage, there will be one hundred tons upon each of the thirty girders. Now there are just as many wheels under one girder as under another; consequently, each wheel bears its exact proportion of the load; that is, if the whole weight is thirty-six hundred tons, and there are three hundred and sixty wheels, there will be just ten tons, no more and no less, upon each wheel. It is not intended to bring more than eight or nine tons upon a wheel, although in their manufacture they will be tested to twenty tons. There is with each wheel a powerful spring, which will also be tested to bear a weight of twenty tons before closing. They will have a 'run' of about six inches; and when the maximum load is upon them there will still be a space of about three or four inches, which will allow the carriage to overcome any slight irregularities there may be in the track, and will also give an easy cushion for the vessel and the carriage to rest upon during the journey across the Isthmus.

The power for transporting vessels across the Isthmus will be one, two, three, or more locomotive engines of very powerful construction, capable of hauling two or three thousand tons each; such locomotives have already been constructed, and still larger ones may be, without going beyond the limits of a proper construction. The road-bed will be built of materials which are found on the whole line of the road; and the superstructure of the road-bed will consist of two feet of broken stone ballast and long steel-plated ties, on which will rest six steel rails, weighing from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds per lineal yard. The gradients to be overcome are comparatively light, and can be surmounted by locomotive power. The changes of direction, where it is necessary to make them to save very heavy mountain cuttings, will be made by large floating turn-tables. The vessel with its carriage will be run upon these tables; the water will then be pumped out of the pontoons which constitute the tables, and they will be revolved, resting upon a cushion of water, until they are in the new direction required. There are five of these floating turn-tables required to make the changes of direction. On the Pacific side, the terminus will be in a lake or lagoon, which will require dredging to give thirty feet of depth; and the harbour on this side will be commodious and entirely protected from the sea.

These in general are the plans proposed; and more recent investigations in reference to the comparative economy of transportation by ship-canal and ship-railway have shown conclusively that the latter is more economical both in construction and in operation. There is no doubt that ships may be moved with economy and with safety at a speed of about ten miles per hour, so that the distance of one hundred and thirty-four miles may be traversed, all delays included, in from eighteen to twenty hours. The time required to pass through the Panama Canal, about fifty miles in length, will not be less than twenty-four hours, comparing it with the time required in the Suez Canal. The canal at Nicaragua, one hundred and eighty-six miles total length, with from twelve to twenty locks, may require, perhaps, four days for ships to pass from ocean to ocean. The cost of the Panama Canal, as recently given by the naval officers of the United States and by other unprejudiced parties who have examined the work, and also by the *London Financial News*, is three hundred million to six hundred million dollars. The cost of the Nicaragua Canal would probably be not less than two hundred millions; the most reliable estimate being that of Major M'Farland, U.S.A., who estimated it at one hundred and forty million dollars.

It is more than probable that Mexico and the United States will unite to bring forward this important project to a speedy conclusion. The

work of construction, it is hoped, will commence in earnest this coming year; and it is calculated that four years is sufficient to complete and put the railway into operation.

A LITTLE TOAD-LORE.

When the faint bloom of dew is upon the lawn of a country-house, an odd creature will sometimes crawl out from amidst the thickets of rose and dahlia. Its presence is tolerated there, but only because grubs and slugs are worse company still. If its habits were not so secret, if it were given to parading where muslins flutter and clouded canes stab the air, it would hardly be permitted to find a covert in the old garden. And even as it is, there are few people who do not regard the toad with some aversion.

The strange tadpole transformations; the absorption of the tail, the gradual change of a gill-breather into a lung-breather—these wonders are common both to the toad and the frog families. But there is a considerable difference in the appearance of the spawn of the two reptiles: frog-spawn is deposited in masses, toad-spawn in strings that are often from twenty to thirty feet in length. The dots, too, that develop into toads are smaller and darker than those that indicate the incipient frogling. Later on in life, further points of difference are established. The frog has a large array of feeble teeth; the toad is toothless, whilst warts (or tubercles) exuding an acrid juice are peculiar to the latter animal. This distillation, it may be remarked here, is more acrid than the poison of serpents, but has not a like injurious effect when taken into the circulation. Toads are commonly tailless, but Carpenter tells us that tadpoles secluded from the light and kept at a low temperature will retain their tails and continue to grow as tadpoles. This explanation is strengthened and illustrated by the fact that the proteus, which inhabits underground lakes in the Tyrol, and is a member of the same family as the toad, has a tail somewhat tadpole-like.

The toad when squatted in the moss of a hillside, or when dug out of a garden border, looks anything but a lively and active animal. His appearance somewhat belies him. He has a more than womanly quickness of tongue, for instance; the root of that organ is placed near to the front of the mouth, and when at rest, its tip reposes in the aperture of the throat. Its motions are of a marvellous rapidity: the eye cannot follow them; a passing insect seems to melt into thin air, rather than to be caught by that agile organ and swallowed. As a climber, too, the toad is more than respectable, and there are numerous instances on record of his powers in this direction. He has been known to mount plastered and white-washed walls, to ascend flights of steps, and even to perform the feat of getting into a flower-pot; no easy matter, when the inclination of the exterior is considered. In accounting for these climbing feats, the very considerable stretch of his body and limbs when extended must not be forgotten. Capable, like the lion, of large meals and of long abstinences, the toad has a lion-like pride about the nature of his food. It is said that he will not prey upon anything that is not in motion; he disdains all butcher-meat, and has a gentlemanly instinct for pursuing flying game. Slugs, grubs, and worms and insects are the 'chief of his diet;' and there is an account of a naturalist who used to dissect toads and obtain rare insects, which he promoted from the stomach to the cabinet. There is little doubt that toads will eat bees and defy stings; as many as thirty-two bees have been found on opening a toad; and wasps and bees have been seen hanging by their stings to the mouths of toads. Snakes eat toads; and toads sometimes return the compliment, and eat small snakes. The toad's oddest meal, however, is that which he makes upon his own skin. When this is cast off, he rolls it into a commodious parcel and swallows it; thus affording an illustration of economy that would appear to have been overlooked by many instructors. This shedding of the skin causes the toad to appear of different colours at different times, and some people have been led to believe that his complexion changes with the weather. Other points of interest about him are the humiliating resemblance of the muscles of his thigh and leg to those of a man; the curious fact that he cannot breathe if his mouth be held open; and the equally curious fact that in his family, as in that of the cuckoos, there is a large preponderance of males.

The distribution of the toad in our islands is rather irregular; in a few districts, toads are even more numerous than frogs; in general they are much scarcer. The natterjack toad, distinguished by a bright yellow line along the middle of the back, and other peculiarities, while found in some localities, is entirely absent in others. In Gilbert White's time, this variety was plentiful in the neighbourhood of Selborne, but is said now to have entirely disappeared. The common opinion, that there are no toads in Ireland, is incorrect; in the south-western parts of the island the natterjack abounds, in spite of the strenuous disbelief of all true Irishmen in his existence. Either the natterjack or the common toad makes an amusing pet, and even where they are kept indoors, are easily fed on worms and meat. They have an advantage, too, over other pets, insomuch as they are creatures that will live forty or fifty years, or even more, in confinement.

The toad has an interesting natural history, and an unnatural history not less entertaining. There are the well-worn stories of the jewel in the toad's head, and of his sojournings for years in stone. There is a queer old story, too, of his resorting to a certain plant in order to cure himself of spider-bites. The old necromancers used him freely, and two toads dressed in green velvet that were unearthed some years ago had probably been part of the stock-in-trade of a friend of darkness. Nor are superstitions about toads gone from England yet; there are localities where the application of a toad is supposed to stop bleeding, and a dried toad is worn as a charm against rheumatism. In Devonshire, there is a family of foreign extraction, widely scattered over the county, whose members have a reputation for curing 'king's evil' by means of toads. In Tibet, according to Hué, the toad has a more terrible office. A kind of arch-toad dwells amidst

the mists of a lofty mountain-range, and unless duly propitiated, flings ice and avalanches down upon those who painfully thread the passes of the region!

FARMING AND FRUIT-CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

A farmer and fruit-grower in California writes as follows to the *Field:*

'Although I cannot entirely indorse the many encomiums which have lately been so lavishly bestowed upon the resources of our Golden State, I can truly say that it offers to intending emigrants, who are able and willing to work, opportunities for profitably investing a small capital, and obtaining in a few years a valuable property and a competence for life, which can hardly be found in any other portion of the globe.

'The errors into which I find most of my fellow-countrymen have fallen are, either purchasing too largely in proportion to their means, or making injudicious selections of land in their haste to commence operations. The result of my observation and experience is that the object of every settler should be to plant as many acres of vines and orchard as he can, and make both ends meet, pending their fruition, by what is called mixed farming. We make excellent wine, which sells at highly remunerative prices; and most of our counties produce excellent fruit, which, in canned form, has obtained a world-wide reputation.

'Space will not permit me to enter minutely into the profits of viticulture and horticulture; but a clear net profit of sixty pounds an acre is far from an excessive estimate of what is being regularly realised from the two last-named industries. Orchards or vineyards, however, like Rome, are not built in a day; and therefore it is necessary that a man of moderate means should, while they are maturing, produce cereal and root crops, not for sale as such, but in the more profitable form of stock, hogs, poultry, &c., for which there is a ready sale at good prices.

'To illustrate what can be done, I will take my own county of San Luis Obispo, where vines, olives, and all non-tropical fruits flourish in profusion. There good land, with ready access to market, can be bought at prices varying from one to three pounds an acre, adapted in all respects to the purposes I have mentioned; so that, with a minimum capital of six hundred pounds, an energetic man can acquire within six years a vineyard and orchard, producing a handsome income, and be able to exist in the meanwhile by his mixed farming. To carry out this plan, it is obvious that the settler must have some knowledge of viticulture and general farming, which he can only acquire thoroughly by working under some practical farmer, and taking ample time in selecting a suitable location, when, but not until, he is satisfied such occupation is certain to suit him.

'I have entirely ignored grain-raising, as, in my opinion, small capitalists cannot compete with men who, with all the appliances of modern science, grow wheat by the mile. Cattle-raising, though profitable, requires a large capital both to buy land and then stock it.

'One great factor in the happiness, contentment, and prosperity of the farmer is the excellence of the climate. The mean temperature of San Luis Obispo in January is fifty-six degrees Fahrenheit, and in July sixty-six degrees Fahrenheit. As compared with the mean temperature of Surrey, we find it fourteen degrees warmer in winter and two cooler in summer. The shortest day gives two hours more sunlight than in England, and the rainfall for the last twenty years averages twenty inches.

'It has been said that the greatest pleasures are the cheapest, and here we have excellent amusements at a nominal cost. We have lawn-tennis, polo, good shooting and fishing; and private theatricals are much in vogue, *Our Boys* having been played in our village hall with great success. We get all important news from Europe by telegraph in our local papers on the same day, and altogether are well within the pale of civilisation; and my young English friends here thoroughly enjoy alike their work and their play.'

HOMELESS.

Sad and weary, lonely, old,
Toiling on through winter's cold,
Homeless 'mid the snow and sleet,
Ragged limbs and naked feet,
Helpless, feeble, bent, and gray,
There he sweepeth all the day,
None to pity, none to give
Aught that makes it life to live.
Love—the word that makes a home
Far or near, where'er we roam;
Love—that guides us on our way
Through the dusk of sorrow's day;
Love—ah! what a power is this,
Filling darkest hour with bliss:
But he stands, the sweeper old,
Loveless, homeless, pale and cold,
'Mid the city vast and dim,
Not one soul to care for him.
Darkness sinks upon the street,
Snow is falling, swift and deep,
Yet he creepeth slowly on,
Faltering sorely, weak and wan.
Now before his dim old eyes,
Distant dreams of beauty rise,
Dreams of moments long, long dead,
Days and hours for ever fled;
Cottage home and dewy lane;
Summer-time he sees again;
Children pattering to and fro;
Silvery voices come and go;
Love is there, and Joy, and Home—
Whence no more his feet shall roam.

For a beam of glorious day
Chases all his dreams away;
Angel voices swell the song;
Harps are pealing loud and long;
Gates of heaven, dazzling, bright;
Glory bursts upon his sight.
Rest at last, no more to roam—
God in love has brought him Home.

P. E.

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NORSKE FARMS AND FARMERS.

Whilst travelling in Norway recently, the writer had an opportunity of obtaining some practical information in connection with farming in that country, and the following remarks are intended to illustrate the typical condition of the peasantry. In certain portions of the south, principally in the Christiania district, comparatively large farming operations are carried on. The contrast between Norwegian farms and those he has left behind at home, must strike the least observant British tourist. Yet, though he sees much that seems to him rude and antiquated, one soon finds there are not a few lessons awaiting the English agriculturist in the land of the vikings. So adverse are the conditions under which the Norske farmer struggles, that the latter must be almost 'after the manner born.' And it is not too much to add that, to an average John Bull, certain bankruptcy would result where a Norwegian farmer can make his bread and prosper.

The first impression of an ordinary Norwegian farm-steading is not very favourable. A cluster of houses, small and aged, crowd around a larger dwelling-house, which generally looks somewhat dilapidated. But this appearance is deceptive; for the walls being of wood, they look old in a few years, and become blotched and seared by the weather. The roof is of the same material, or, in the case of the principal building, either of red tile or slab. Sometimes the dwelling-house is painted white, when the effect is to relieve the sombre aspect of the group. The walls are usually stout and thoroughly weather-proof, planks about four inches thick being used in their construction. These planks are placed edgewise on one another, crossed and countersunk at the angles, and calked in the seams with dry moss. A skin of thin wood is placed over the outside, while the interior is lined smoothly with boards. Inside, there is an air of comfort and cleanliness. A table stands in the centre of the chief room; and along the wall a bench runs, which serves for chairs, of which there is usually a deficiency. From pots on the floor, ivy is sometimes trained upwards to the roof, giving the room a festive and refreshing look. Not unfrequently, the worthy farmer is proud to have the dresses of his daughters hung in conspicuous positions, in order that swains who call may see that the damsels are well provided with garments in case of a matrimonial alliance.

The cowhouses are generally an improvement on those usually seen in England and Scotland. The building is larger, and more space is allotted to each animal; while a clean wooden floor is ordinarily beneath the cattle. Little or no bedding is given. The level of the cowhouse is in most cases raised high enough to allow of a space beneath, into which the refuse is regularly swept through an opening in the floor.

Outside the buildings, one is apt to ask, But where is the farm? Look about you. Mountains hem us in on all sides; there is no room for fields as we know them at home; but grass grows luxuriously among the rocks, with occasionally a patch as large as an ordinary villa-garden. There, the farmer cuts a portion of his hay-crop, on which his horses and cattle are mainly dependent during the eight winter months. But his hay-field is yet wider spread. Glance upward some fifteen hundred feet, there, where an opening occurs in the dwarf-birch, and you will observe the diminished form of a man busy at work. That is the farmer, a thorough mountaineer, cutting the grass which grows on yonder narrow ledge of rock. He has been up since early morn, and will probably not descend till evening. Not a tuft of grass will be left ungathered; not a foot of level ground on that steep and rugged mountain side but will be visited, and its small crop carefully removed by the industrious bergsman. If he has a wide stretch of fjeld (hill-pasture or moorland) in his boundary, the farmer erects wooden sheds, in which he stores his hay till winter, when, by an ingenious contrivance, he has the whole

rapidly and easily conveyed to the valley. A familiar object in a Norwegian glen is the strong steel wire which stretches from the foot to the summit of the mountain. Down this wire the bundles of hay are expeditiously sent without labour, and then carried in sledges to the steadings. Without such a method, many weary journeys would be necessary ere all the hay required for a long winter could be brought down. It appears the Norwegian farmer borrowed the idea of this hay-telegraph from his brother hillsman of the Tyrol about eight years ago. The hay-crop is the product of natural grass, no seed being sown, nor any admixture of clover being used.

The cereals are generally oats and barley; these are planted wherever there is a likelihood of their growing. Small patches from twenty feet to as many yards square are common; while not unfrequently the corn-fields are but a name, for they meander like a stream in all directions among the huge boulders and bare rocky hillocks which compose so great a part of the surface of a farm-land. The heads are usually very light, and their appearance would cause a painful smile on the face of a Lothian farmer. Still, the people cheerfully sow and thankfully reap their scanty harvest, contented if providence gives them sufficient for their few wants.

The method employed in drying the hay and corn crops is different from that which obtains in Britain. In the former case, poles are erected on or near the patches, and between them ropes or long sticks are laid till a sort of six-barred railing is made. On these bars the hay is laid, and dried in a most effective manner. The corn, on the other hand, is tied in small bundles and impaled on poles placed at intervals in the field. These poles are about nine feet high, and capable of holding ten sheaves each. The grain is thus elevated above the ground; and should a rain-storm set in before it can be conveyed to the granary, little harm results, for half an hour's wind and sunshine thoroughly dries the crop. In the great valley of Voss, the fields are more extensive than those just described. Indeed, a field of two to three acres can be seen on more than one farm near Tringe.

With regard to the potato crop, the same kind of miniature farming occurs, only 'much more so,' as Mark Twain would say. A seed is dropped here and there wherever a possibility exists of its taking root. In the Nœrodal, the writer noticed potatoes growing *on* a boulder, where a soil of about eighteen inches had gathered or been placed. The 'field' was a triangle, whose sides were each about twelve feet in length!

Turnips would appear to be outside the economy of a Norwegian farm. Though a wide area was visited, embracing Bergens-Amt, Hardanger, and part of the Sogne district, not a bulb was visible: a curious feature, considering the importance of such a crop for winter food.

That portion of the farm given up to crop and fallow is styled the *in-marken*, or inside fields; between that and the fjeld are the *out-marken*. The latter are reserved, as a rule, for the cattle during winter; the hay being allowed to grow in the summer while the cows are at the *sæters* on the mountains. Manuring is not resorted to as a regular part of the routine; the fields are left from time to time for three or four years, by rotation, in grass.

The farmers themselves are worthy of more than the brief description which can be given here. A life of constant activity and mountain climbing has bred a class of men scarcely to be excelled. They are tall and strongly built, with no excess of flesh, for they are always in training. Their athletic frames are supplemented by good-humoured honest faces, always ready to break into a laugh. A uniform suit of pilot-cloth does not, however, enhance their appearance. One does not readily associate the Sunday clothes of a navvy with the Norwegian farmer. Their former dress, which some of the old men retain, is more becoming. And happily, we still find the true mountaineer's costume in some of the more secluded districts—a broad hat, short jacket of home-made cloth, ornate with bright buttons; leather knee-breeches; and heelless shoes of a soft tough hide. The never-absent knife hangs suggestively at the right side. Add limbs of large proportions, a frank face, a back as straight as a Guardsman's, and you see the typical fjeldsman. The farms of Sœbo and Skjœgadals will be familiar examples to the tourist.

In the summer months, female servants, or the daughters of the farmer, tend the cattle high up in the fjeld, living in *sæters* or cabins, where they prepare cheese and butter. This isolation of young women for three or four months each year is a peculiar feature, and one not calculated to meet with approval from the British mind. Indeed, the evils which spring from such a domestic arrangement are as real as their probability is evident; and they form a distinct blot on the otherwise simple and moral life of the people.

Excepting for such luxuries as coffee, sugar, and tobacco, the farmer in Norway can be independent of the outside world. His fields and stock give him food and clothing; while from the timber on his hillsides he builds his houses and manufactures his furniture. There is no lack of plate in those little farmhouses; the hostess can muster quite a display of silver mugs, spoons, and drinking-cups. Some of the spoons are worthy of special notice, for the patterns are delicate and chaste. A favourite kind is that with the thin twisted handle. Any Sunday or fête-day, one may also observe the profusion with which the female population adorn themselves with silver and gold. The arrival of a steamer in some of the less frequented districts is enough to stimulate the wives and lasses to attire themselves in all their bright costume and filigree nicknacks. It is occasionally the fortune of a wanderer among the fjords and fjelds thus to witness these gatherings of the women-folk. Many of the ornaments and plate find their way to shops in the larger towns, and also to hotel parlours, where they lie, tempting objects to the British matron and miss. On inquiring into the cause which led to the Norske women parting with their adornments, we were informed that it was generally done by intending emigrants, who thus turned their little hordes to good account.

There is no feudal principal in Norway. The land is held by its owner absolutely, without

any tenure from the king or superior. Property thus requires no charter, and the owners have never been subject to military service as vassals. The facility with which property can be transferred is refreshing to one who contemplates the complicated and costly machinery of the law to be encountered in Great Britain. A stroke of the district judge's pen is sufficient under the simple laws of Norway.

On the death of a farmer, his children—sons and daughters alike—have the property equally divided among them. Should the farm be insufficient for all their wants, an amicable arrangement is usually made, by which the surplus relinquish their shares on payment of a compensatory sum, and settle elsewhere, or emigrate. It might seem that this system of subdivision would ultimately result in impoverished holdings; but, as justly remarked by Mr Samuel Laing in his *Diary*, the reason that such an issue is prevented lies in the fact, that in Norway, the land being held in full ownership, 'its aggregation by the deaths of co-heirs and by the marriage of female heirs among the body of landowners, balances its subdivision by the equal succession of children.'

There is no aristocracy in Norway, unless it be that of successful enterprise and labour. The farmer owns no superior, is uniformly polite and hospitable to all; while servility and obsequiousness are utterly foreign to his nature.

Sufficient has been given in this short sketch to enable the reader to form an idea of Norwegian farms and farmers. If it should occur to any one to inquire why it is that men toil year by year in a hard and constant struggle, where farming is a task of the utmost difficulty and hazard, we feel sure the reply, and only reply, is this, that the land they till *is their own*. They love it, for on it their fathers lived—many of them can trace their ancestors as far back as the grand old days of the vikings—and they, unless compelled by force of circumstances, are happy to reap and sow the same acres season after season. With all the forces of nature arrayed against them, these men can show that their small holdings feed them and their children; and make them the backbone, the strength, of *gamle Norge*.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XL.

WARING was not so indifferent to the looks or feelings of his daughter as appeared. After all, he was not entirely buried in his books. To Frances, who had grown up by his side without particularly attracting his attention, he had been kindly indifferent, not feeling any occasion to concern himself about the child, who always had managed to amuse herself, and never had made any call upon him. But Constance had come upon him as a stranger, as an individual with a character and faculties of her own, and it had not been without curiosity that he had watched her to see how she would reconcile herself with the new circumstances. Her absorption in the amusement provided for her by young Gaunt had somewhat revolted her father, who set it down as one of the usual exhibitions of love in idleness, which every one sees by times as he makes his way through the world. He had not interfered, being thoroughly convinced that interference is useless, in addition to that reluctance to do anything which had grown upon him in his recluse life. But since Gaunt had disappeared without a sign—save those of a little irritability, a little unusual gravity on the part of Constance—her father had been roused a little to ask what it meant. Had the young fellow 'behaved badly,' as people say? Had he danced attendance upon her all this time, only to leave her at the end? It did not seem possible, when he looked at Constance with her easy air of mastery, and thought of the shy, eager devotion of the young soldier and his impassioned looks. But yet, he was aware that in such cases all prognostics failed, that the conqueror was sometimes conquered, and the intended victim remained master of the field. Waring observed his daughter more closely than ever on this evening. She was *distraite*, self-absorbed, a little impatient, sometimes not noting what he said to her, sometimes answering in an irritable tone. The replies she made to him when she did reply, showed that her mind was running on other matters. She said abruptly, in the middle of a little account he was giving her, with the idea of amusing her, of one of the neighbouring mountain castles: 'Do you know, papa, that everybody is going away?'

Waring felt, with a certain discomfiture, which was comic, yet annoying, like one who has been suddenly pulled up with a good deal of 'way' on him, and stops himself with difficulty—'a branch of the old Dorias,' he went on, having these words in his very mouth—and then, after a precipitate pause: 'Eh? Oh, everybody is——? Yes, I know. They always do at this time of the year.'

'It will be rather miserable, don't you think, when every one is gone?'

'My dear Constance, "every one" means the Gaunts and Durants. I could not have supposed you cared.'

'For the Gaunts and Durants—O no,' said Constance. 'But to think there is not a soul—no one to speak to—not even the clergyman, not even Tasie.' She laughed, but there was a certain look of alarm in her face, as if the emergency was one which was unprecedented. 'That frightens one, in spite of one's self. And what are we going to do?'

It was Waring now who hesitated, and did not know how to reply. 'We!' he said. 'To tell the truth, I had not thought of it. Frances was always quite willing to stay at home.'

'But I am not Frances, papa.'

'I beg your pardon, my dear; that is quite true. Of course, I never supposed so. You understand that for myself I prefer always not to be disturbed, to go on as I am. But you, a young lady fresh from society—— Had I supposed that you cared for the Durants, for instance, I should have thought of some way of making up for their absence; but I thought, on the whole, you would prefer their absence.'

'That has nothing to do with it,' said Constance. 'I don't care for the individuals; they are all rather bores. Captain Gaunt,' she added

resolutely, introducing the name with determination, 'became very much of a bore before he went away. But the thing is to have nobody —nobody! One has to put up with bores very often; but to have nobody, actually not a soul! The circumstances are quite unprecedented.'

There was something in her air as she said this which amused her father. It was the air of a social philosopher brought to a pause in the face of an unimagined dilemma, rather than of a young lady stranded upon a desert shore where no society was to be found.

'No doubt,' he said, 'you never knew anything of the kind before.'

'Never,' said Constance with warmth. 'People who are a nuisance, often enough; but *nobody*, never before.'

'I prefer nobody,' said her father.

She raised her eyes to him, as if he were one of the problems to which, for the first time, her attention was seriously called. 'Perhaps,' she said; 'but then you are not in a natural condition, papa—no more than a hermit in the desert, who has forsworn society altogether.'

'Allowing that I am abnormal, Constance, for the argument's sake'——

'And so was Frances, more or less—that is, she could content herself with the peasants and fishermen, who, of course, are just as good as anybody else, if you make up your mind to it, and understand their ways. But I am not abnormal,' Constance said, her colour rising a little. 'I want the society of my own kind. It seems unnatural to you, probably, just as your way of thinking seems unnatural to me.'

'I have seen both ways,' said Waring, in his turn becoming animated; 'and so far as my opinion goes, the peasants and fishermen are a thousand times better than what you call society; and solitude, with one's own thoughts and pursuits, the best of all.'

There was a momentary pause, and then Constance said: 'That may be, papa. What is best in the abstract is not the question. In that way, mere nothing would be the best of all, for there could be no harm in it.'

'Nor any good.'

'That is what I mean on my side—nor any good. It would be better to be alone—then (I suppose) you would never be bored, never feel the need of anything, the mere sound of a voice, some one going by. That may be your way of thinking; but it is not mine. If one has no society, one had better die at once, and save trouble. That is what I should like to do.'

A certain feminine confusion in her argument, produced by haste and the stealing in of personal feeling, stopped Constance, who was too clear-headed not to see when she had got involved. Her confusion had the usual effect of touching her temper and causing a little *crise* of sentiment. The tears came to her eyes. She could be heroic, and veil her personal grievances like a social martyr so long as this was necessary in presence of the world; but in the present case it was not necessary; it was better, in fact, to let nature have its way.

'That will not be necessary, I hope,' said Waring, somewhat coldly. He thought of Frances with a sigh, who never bothered him, who was contented with anything! and carried on her own little thoughts, whatever they might be, her little drawings, her little life, so tranquilly, knowing nothing better. What was he to do, with the responsibility upon his hands of this other creature? whom all the same he could not shake off, nor, even—as a gentleman, if not as a father—allow to perceive what an embarrassment she was. 'Without going so far,' he said, 'we must consult what is best to be done, since you feel it so keenly. My ordinary habits even of *villeggiatura* would not please you, any better than staying at home, I fear. We used to go up to Dolceacqua, Frances and I; or to Eza; or to Porto Fino, on the opposite coast. At no one of which places was there a soul—as you reckon souls—to be seen.'

'That is a great pity,' said Constance; 'for even Frances, though she may have been a Stoic born, must have wanted to see a human creature who spoke English now and then.'

'A Stoic! It never occurred to me that she was a Stoic,' said Waring with astonishment and a sudden sense of offence. The idea that his little Frances was not perfectly happy, that she had anything to put up with, anything to forgive, was intolerable to him; and it was a new idea. He reflected that she had consented to go away with an ease which surprised him at the time. Was it possible? This suggestion disturbed him much in his certainty that his was absolutely the right way.

'If all these expedients are unsatisfactory,' he said sharply, 'perhaps you will come to my assistance, and tell me where you would be satisfied to go.'

'Papa,' said Constance, 'I am going to make a suggestion which is a very bold one; perhaps you will be angry—but I don't do it to make you angry; and please, don't answer me till you have thought a moment. It is just this—why shouldn't we go home?'

'Go home!' The words flew from him in the shock and wonder. He grew pale as he stared at her, too much thunderstruck to be angry, as she said.

Constance put up her hand to stop him. 'I said, please, don't answer till you have thought.'

And then they sat for a minute or more looking at each other from opposite sides of the table—in that pause which comes when a new and strange thought has been thrown into the midst of a turmoil which it has power to excite or to allay. Waring went through a great many phases of feeling while he looked at his young daughter sitting undaunted opposite to him, not afraid of him, treating him as no one else had done for years, as an equal, as a reasonable being, whose wishes were not to be deferred to superstitiously, but whose reason for what he did and said were to be put to the test, as in the case of other men. And he knew that he could not beat down this cool and self-possessed girl, as fathers can usually crush the young creatures whom they have had it in their power to reprove and correct from their cradles. Constance was an independent intelligence. She was a gentlewoman to whom he could not be rude, any more than to the Queen. This hushed at once the indignant outcry on his lips. He said at last, calmly enough, with only a little sneer

piercing through his forced smile: 'We must take care, like other debaters, to define what we mean exactly by the phrases we use. Home, for example. What do you mean by home? My home, in the ordinary sense of the word, is here.'

'My dear father,' said Constance, with the air, somewhat exasperated by his folly, of a philosopher with a neophyte, 'I wish you would put the right names to things. Yes, it is quite necessary to define, as you say. How can an Englishman, with all his duties in his own country, deriving his income from it, with houses belonging to him, and relations, and everything that makes up life—how can he, I ask you, say that home, in the ordinary sense of the word, is here? What is the ordinary sense of the word?' she said, after a pause—looking at him with the indignant frown of good sense, and that little air of repressed exasperation, as of the wiser towards the foolisher, which made Waring, in the midst of his own just anger and equally just discomfiture, feel a certain amusement too. He kept his temper with the greatest pains and care. Domenico had left the room when the discussion began, and the lamp which hung over the table lighted impartially the girl's animated countenance, pressing forward in the strength of a position which she felt to be invulnerable, and the father's clouded and withdrawing face; for he had taken his eyes from her, with unconscious cowardice, when she fixed him with that unwavering gaze.

'I will allow that you put the position very strongly—as well as a little undutifully,' he said.

'Undutifully? Is it one's duty to one's father to be silly—to give up one's power of judging what is wrong and what is right? I am sure, papa, you are much too candid a thinker to suggest that.'

What could he say? He was very angry; but this candid thinker took him quite at unawares. It tickled, while it defied him. And he was a very candid thinker, as she said. Perhaps he had been treated illogically in the great crisis of his life; for, as a matter of fact, when an argument was set before him, when it was a good argument, even if it told against him, he would never refuse to acknowledge it. And conscience perhaps had said to him on various occasions what his daughter now said. He could bring forward nothing against it. He could only say, I choose it to be so; and this would bear no weight with Constance. 'You are not a bad dialectician,' he said. 'Where did you learn your logic? Women are not usually strong in that point.'

'Women are said to be just what it pleases men to represent them,' said Constance. 'Listen, papa. Frances would not have said that to you that I have just said. But don't you know that she would have thought it all the same? Because it is quite evident and certain, you know. What did you say the other day of that Italian, that Count something or other, who has the castle there on the hill, and never comes near it from one year's end to another?'

'That is quite a different matter. There is no reason why he should not spend a part of every year there.'

'And what reason is there with you? Only what ought to be an additional reason for going—that you have'—— Here Constance paused a little, and grew pale. And her father looked up at her, growing pale too, anticipating a crisis. Another word, and he would be able to crush this young rebel, this meddler with things which concerned her not. But Constance was better advised; she said hurriedly—'relations and dependents, and ever so many things to look to—things that cannot be settled without you.'

'And what may these be?' He had been so fully prepared for the introduction at this point of the mother, from whom Constance, too, had fled—the wife, who was, as he said to himself, the cause of all that was inharmonious in his own life—that the withdrawal of her name left him breathless, with the force of an impulse which was not needed. 'What are the things that cannot be settled without me?'

'Well—for one thing, papa, your daughter's marriage,' said Constance, still looking at him steadily, but with a sudden glow of colour covering her face.

'My daughter's marriage?' he repeated vaguely, once more taken by surprise. 'What! has Frances already, in the course of a few weeks——?'

'It is very probable,' said Constance calmly. 'But I was not thinking of Frances. Perhaps you forget that I am your daughter too, and that your sanction is needed for me as well as for'——

Here Waring leant towards her over the table. 'Is this how it has ended?' he said. 'Have you really so little perception of what is possible for a girl of your breeding, as to think that a life in India with young Gaunt——?'

Constance grew crimson from her hair to the edge of her white dress. 'Captain Gaunt?' she said for the first time, avoiding her father's eye. Then she burst into a laugh, which she felt was weak and half hysterical in its self-consciousness. 'O no,' she said; 'that was only amusement—that was nothing. I hope, indeed, I have a little more—perception, as you say. What I meant was'—— Her eyes took a softened look, almost of entreaty, as if she wanted him to help her out.

'I did not know you had any second string to your bow,' he said. Now was his time to avenge himself, and he took advantage of it.

'Papa,' said Constance, drawing herself up majestically, 'I have no second string to my bow. I have made a mistake. It is a thing which may happen to any one. But when one does so, and sees it, the thing to do is to acknowledge and remedy it, I think. Some people, I am aware, are not of the same opinion. But I, for one, am not going to keep it up.'

'You refer to—a mistake which has not been acknowledged?'

'Papa, don't let us quarrel, you and me. I am very lonely—oh, dreadfully lonely! I want you to stand by me. What I refer to is my affair, not any one's else. I find out now that Claude: of course I told you his name—Claude—would suit me very well—better than any one else. There are drawbacks, perhaps; but I understand him, and he understands me. That is the great thing, isn't it?'

'It is a great thing—if it lasts.'

'Oh, it would last. I know him as well as I know myself.'

'I see,' said Waring slowly. 'You have made up your mind to return to England, and accomplish the destiny laid out for you. A very wise resolution, no doubt. It is only a pity that you did not think better of it at first, instead of turning my life upside down and causing everybody so much trouble. Never mind. It is to be hoped that your resolution will hold now; and there need be no more trouble in that case about finding a place in which to pass the summer. *You* are going, I presume—home?'

This time the tears came very visibly to Constance' eyes. There was impatience and vexation in them, as well as feeling. 'Where is home?' she said. 'I will have to ask you. The home I have been used to is my sister's now. Oh, it is hard, I see, very hard, when you have made a mistake once, to mend it! The only home that I know of is an old house where the master has not been for a long time—which is all overgrown with trees, and tumbling into ruins, for anything I know. But I suppose, unless you forbid me, that I have a right to go there—and perhaps aunt Charlotte'——

'Of what are you speaking?' he said, making an effort to keep his voice steady.

'I am speaking of the Warren, papa.'

At this he sprang up from his chair, as if touched by some intolerable recollection; then composing himself, sat down again, putting force upon himself, restraining the sudden impulse of excitement. After a time, he said: 'The Warren. I had almost forgotten the name.'

'Yes, so I thought. You forget that you have a home, which is cooler and quieter, as quiet as any of your villages here—where you would be as solitary as you liked, or see people if you liked—where you are the natural master. Oh, I thought you must have forgotten it! In summer, it is delightful. You are in the middle of a wood, and yet you are in a nice English house. Oh, an *English* house is very different from those Palazzos. Papa, there is your *villeggiatura*, as you call it, just what you want, far, far better than Mrs Durant's cheap little place, that she asked me to tell you of, or Mrs Gaunt's *pension* in Switzerland, or Homburg. They think you are poor; but you know quite well you are not poor. Take me to the Warren, papa; oh, take me home! It is there I want to go.'

'The Warren,' he repeated to himself—'the Warren. I never thought of that. I suppose she *has* a right to it. Poor old place! Yes, I suppose, if the girl chooses to call it home'——

He rose up quite slowly this time, and went, as was his usual custom, towards the door which led through the other rooms to the loggia, but without paying any attention to the movements of Constance, which he generally followed instead of directing. She rose too, and went to him, and stole her hand through his arm. The awning had been put aside, and the soft night-air blew in their faces as they stepped out upon that terrace in which so much of their lives was spent. The sun shone on the roofs of the houses on the Marina, and swept outwards in a pale clearness towards the sky, which was soft in summer blueness, with the stars sprinkled faintly over the vast vault, too much light still remaining in heaven and earth to show them at their best. Constance walked with her father, close to his side, holding his arm, almost as tall as he was, and keeping step and pace with him. She said nothing more, but stood by him as he walked to the ledge of the loggia and looked out towards the west, where there was still a lingering touch of gold. He was not at all in the habit of expressing admiration of the landscape, but to-night, as if he were making a remark called forth by the previous argument, 'It is all very lovely,' he said.

'Yes; but not more lovely than home,' said the girl. 'I have been at the Warren in a summer night, and everything was so sweet—the stars all looking through the trees as if they were watching the house—and the scent of the flowers. Don't you remember the white rose at the Warren, what they call Mother's tree?'

He started a little, and a thrill ran through him. She could feel it in his arm—a thrill of recollection, of things beyond the warfare and turmoil of his life, on the other, the boyish side—recollections of quiet and of peace.

'I think I will go to my own room a little, Constance, and smoke my cigarette there. You have brought a great many things to my mind.'

She gave his arm a close pressure before she let it go. 'Oh, take me to the Warren! Let us go to our own home, papa.'

'I will think of it,' he replied.

FLOWERS AS NATIONAL AND PARTY EMBLEMS.

THE works of nature, no less than those of art, have their place in 'history's varied page,' and many are the associations which cling to the most common objects of the vegetable creation. The origin of flowers as national emblems may in most cases be accounted for by some occurrence in past history. Some of these events we would endeavour briefly to recall, adding the stories of a few of those floral badges which have a national as well as a personal interest.

The rose, the national flower of England, has ever been distinguished as the emblem of beauty. Ancient fable derives the crimson hue of many of its varieties from the blood of the heathen goddess of beauty. With equal credulity, medieval writers relate that the red rose sprung from the firebrands heaped round an early Christian martyr at Bethlehem. Tradition tells us that a rose appeared in the centre of King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester, and some antiquaries would deduce from this source its adoption as the emblem of England. But a more probable derivation is from the badges of the Plantagenet princes. The red rose was chosen as the device of his House by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the fourth son of Edward III.; while his brother Edmund, Duke of York, assumed the white rose. Years passed on, and the descendants of these princes, Henry VI. of Lancaster, and Edward IV. of York, gave to these badges a deeper significance by the Wars of the Roses, waged for the

possession of the crown of England. We need hardly remind our readers of the rival claims of the two Houses—that of York by descent through a female from Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III.; while the Lancastrian king was the direct descendant of John of Gaunt. In Shakspeare's well-known play of *Henry VI.*, we have a description of a picturesque scene in the Temple Gardens, where the leading noblemen on either side select the badges of their leaders from among the beauteous flowers of summer. But the white rose of York was doomed to be dyed with the crimson blood of thousands of the sons of England, ere the rival Houses were united by the marriage of Henry VII., the representative of Lancaster, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV. of York. Henceforth the rose appears as the national device of England. In the variety colour of the old-fashioned rose, the red petals of which are streaked with white, no less than in its popular name of the York and Lancaster rose, we have a memento of this troubled time in our country's history.

The rose has another association with English history, belonging to a later date. After the Revolution of 1688, the white rose was adopted by the Jacobites as the badge of the exiled House of Stuart, and the 10th of June was for a long time called White Rose Day, that being the birthday of the Pretender, as the son of James II. was called.

The Scottish thistle—said to be one of the most ancient badges on record—next claims our attention. The following legend accounts for its adoption as the emblem of Scotland. On one occasion in ancient times, an army of Danes landed unobserved on the Scottish shore. Finding that the Scots were encamped at a little distance, they resolved, contrary to their general rule, to endeavour to surprise them by night. Stealthily advancing upon the enemy's camp, they had nearly effected their purpose, and victory seemed already within their grasp, when one of the barefooted invaders trod upon a thistle. He was unable to suppress a cry of pain. The alarm was given; the Scottish warriors flew to their arms, and fell upon their assailants, whom they defeated with great slaughter. In gratitude to the plant which had thus guarded the sleeping camp, it was thenceforth assumed as the ensign of Scotland. The device, with the appropriate motto, 'Nemo me impune lacessit,' distinguishes the order of the Thistle, instituted in the sixteenth century. Dunbar's poems are said to contain the earliest mention of this flower as the Scottish emblem. His poem *The Thrissel and the Rois* was written in 1503, on the occasion of the marriage of James IV. to Margaret Tudor. Unfortunately it is impossible to determine which is the true Scotch thistle, but the best opinion seems to be that it is either *Onopordum acanthium* or *Carduus Marianus*.

We may now pass to the emblem of the sister isle, the trefoil or shamrock. It is related that when St Patrick landed in Ireland in the fifth century, having overcome the hostility of the savage islanders, he proceeded to instruct them in the doctrines of Christianity. But in vain did he endeavour to explain to them the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. His untutored hearers failed to comprehend his reasoning, till, plucking a trefoil to serve as an illustration, he inquired of them, 'Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these three leaves, to grow upon a single stalk?' This argument, according to the legend, immediately convinced the Irish, who yielded to St Patrick's efforts for their conversion. The shamrock was thenceforth dedicated to the saint, and became the national cognisance. It is somewhat unfortunate that this pretty story is not to be found in any of the lives of the great saint of Ireland, but it is still more unfortunate that it is again impossible to determine which is the true shamrock. According to the best authorities, however, the honour is due to the Black nonsuch or *Medicago*, or to the Dutch clover. Both these plants are worn on St Patrick's Day, and are held to be the true shamrock.

The little kingdom of Wales, early united to her more powerful neighbour of England, has also a distinctive badge drawn from the vegetable world. The origin of the Welsh leek is traced back to the seventh century. On St David's Day, 640, the Welsh under Cadwaller were marching against an English army, and wishing to adopt badges which might distinguish them from their enemies, they availed themselves of those most easily obtained. Each man plucked a leek from the field through which he was passing, and stuck it in his cap. The Welsh arms were victorious; the leek was adopted in grateful memory of the event as the national emblem, and was long worn by loyal Welshmen on every anniversary of St David's Day. In Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.*, that Prince claims the right, by his birth at Monmouth, to wear the leek. It would appear also that the Welsh contingent of the English army had worn this emblem at the battle of Poitiers. We recollect that a leek in diamonds occupied a prominent place in a present given by the ladies of the principality of Wales to the Princess of Wales on the occasion of her marriage.

The origin of the *fleur-de-lis* and the date of its adoption as the floral emblem of France have furnished an ample field for controversy, and indeed the original flower used seems not to have been the white lily at all, but a common purple iris. In this case also, a legend, quoted by Dr Brewer from Chifflet, declares its adoption to have been out of gratitude for victory. An aged hermit of Joye-en-Valle saw one night a miraculous light stream into his cell, and an angel appeared to him bearing an azure shield, on which were emblazoned three golden lilies. The celestial visitor commanded the hermit to give the shield to the pious Queen Clothilde. By her it was presented to her newly converted husband, who discarded in its favour the three black toads which had been hitherto his device; and as a result, the arms of Clovis were victorious over all his enemies.

A more prosaic origin of the *fleur-de-lis* is that which ascribes its adoption to Louis VII., who called it *fleur-de-louis*, after his own name. In early days the French standard was thickly strewed with that flower; but the number was reduced by Charles VI. to three, perhaps to correspond with the mystical number of the Trinity. The *flower-de-luce* is five times mentioned by Shakspeare, four of the passages

relating to the flower as the cognisance of France. King Henry V., in his charming wooing scene with the French princess, Katherine, thus addresses her: 'But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me? What sayest thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?' Edward III. added the flower to the arms of England on account of his claim to the crown of France; and we find it retained on the shield, and thus upon the gold and silver coinage of Great Britain up to the year 1801, or for two hundred and forty-three years after the loss of Calais.

The lily has been adopted as their badge by many smaller states, to denote in some instances descent from and union with the mighty power of France. In the long struggle between Pope and Emperor, whose conflicts form so large a share of the history of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the white lily was adopted as their party badge by the Ghibellines, or supporters of the Emperor; while the Pope's partisans, the Guelphs, wore the red lily.

We have another national emblem derived from the vegetable world in the pomegranate (Spanish *granado*) of Spain. The town of Granada is said to take its name from this fruit; by reason, it is supposed, of the number of pomegranate trees in its vicinity. When the Moorish power in Spain had been crushed, and Ferdinand and Isabella had entered Granada in triumph, and received the submission of the unfortunate Abdallah, the device of Granada was emblazoned on the arms of Spain; forming a fit emblem of the sunny and fruitful *vega* ('tract of land') added to the dominions of the Catholic sovereigns.

We are not aware that any distinctive historical associations are advanced to account for the adoption of the violet as the emblem of Athens, of the mignonette as that of Saxony, or of the sugar-maple as that of Canada. One other device of this nature we will recall—namely, that of the orange as the arms of the small town, inclosed on every side by French territory, from which the Princes of Orange took their name. The badge and colour of the Stadtholder's family during the troubles that followed the French Revolution became so hateful to the popular party, that, not satisfied with expelling their prince, the people not only eradicated the orange, lily, and marigold from their gardens, but even went so far, in their hatred of the aristocratic colour, as actually to forbid the sale of oranges and carrots in their markets. But time worked its usual result, and the banished Stadtholder returned to his people as king of the Netherlands, greeted with enthusiastic shouts of 'Oranje boven!' ('Orange for ever!')

We may now recall a few of those floral badges adopted by prominent characters in history. One of these, the *Planta genista* or broom, an emblem of humility, has given its name to a race of our kings. It was first assumed by Geoffrey, Earl of Anjou, the father of the first Plantagenet king, Henry II. According to tradition, the earl, when encamped on a heath just before a battle, plucked a golden spray and placed it in his helmet. The flower gleamed everywhere amid the swaying storm of battle, and the triumphant victor adopted his chance badge as his device. Another tradition makes him assume it during a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, as a symbol of humility.

After the battle of Bosworth (1485), where the House of York was finally overthrown, Henry VII. adopted as his device a crown in a hawthorn bush, in allusion to the crown which his predecessor Richard had so proudly worn, and which was found dinted and battered, hanging in a hawthorn tree on the field of battle.

The badge of the Stuarts was the Cluaran or Thistle. At the Restoration in 1660, twigs of oak were worn because Charles II. had escaped after the battle of Worcester by hiding in an oak-tree. It is understood, too, that an order of knighthood with the title of Knights of the Oak was at one time in contemplation, and some knights of the order were actually created; but the project was abandoned from a desire not to perpetuate invidious distinctions between the old and new adherents of the restored dynasty. The forget-me-not, the very name of which breathes its romantic story, served as the badge during his exile of the banished Henry of Lancaster, who was subsequently to ascend the throne of England as Henry IV. All his partisans wore the badge, and the rapturous welcome and ready support accorded to the aspiring Prince on his return, showed that though 'out of sight,' he had not been 'out of mind.'

In comparatively recent times, we have a flower with a hidden meaning associated with a somewhat similar cause. The violet was the badge of the Bonaparte party, when he who thought to rule the world was banished to his little sovereignty of Elba. 'To return in spring' was the meaning it conveyed to his adherents. In the following March, their expectations were realised by his reappearance in France. But his sun had already set, and a few months later saw him removed to a more distant place of exile.

Our readers will no doubt recall other instances of a similar nature to add to these historical memories of flowers; but we are content, by means of a few examples, to have pointed out the interest which clings to many plants and flowers apart from their recognised beauty and usefulness. On the other hand, lesser details such as these lend life and brightness to the records of past days.

ARIZONA DAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

So much has been written about mines, miners, and mining adventures, that I am happily saved all necessity for explanation at the commencement of my brief story. For instance, everybody knows what a 'rush' to any particular 'diggings' means; and it was through exaggerated reports of the richness of the deposits at Big Trees Gulch, Colorado, that I joined in the rush to that place. Like every other mining speculation I had tried—and I had tried many—this was a sad disappointment to the great majority. About one miner or one associated group in fifty, did well, and about one in fifty of these lucky ones had sense enough to keep their gains. Their comrades squandered all;

while the herd of unlucky ones toiled from early to late, at the hardest and most unpleasant work imaginable, for the payment of an ordinary mechanic in the cities—often for no payment at all. I had left tolerable prospects and a good home in England, against the advice of my friends, to make my fortune, by a short cut, in the gold-fields of the West; and, lucky or unlucky, shame prevented me—as it has prevented many prodigal sons before me—from acknowledging my error, and going back.

At our camp—we called it a 'city' in the columns of the *Big Trees Banner*—there were not a score of even wooden houses of any pretensions; tents, and ill-built huts or shanties, not good enough for stables in civilised countries, lodged our population. Such was the city; while we had in our community a fair share of the ruffians and bullies that are usually found on the frontier, or at the mines of the West—men of whom we read in the pages of divers writers, who would fain persuade us that there is something droll and jocular in the manners of these roughs, and a good deal of amusement to be found in their companionship. I have been much in the neighbourhoods where they are found, and never knew any general feeling beyond fear, dislike, and even disgust to be felt for such men. In these sentiments I was a thorough sharer, and yet fate so ordained it that the worst and most notorious of the whole crew—Arizona Dan—became my most intimate chum at Big Trees. I was trusted by him, and was with him in his last illness.

I had not been long at the town, where I was doing but badly, yet had of course heard all about the most prominent rowdies of the community, and among these, Arizona Dan was pre-eminent. He had acquired this name, not from his being a native of the territory, but because he had killed two men in the same evening at a mining camp there. I had seen this hero, but had not come into contact with him, or his partner, Five Ace Jemmy, a man still more disliked and dreaded than his bolder associate. Every man in the camp had a sobriquet. This partner was more of a gambler than a fighting rowdy, although he was credited with several homicides, and suspected of several others. The general disbelief in his fair-play may be traced in his nickname.

One night I was returning to the town from an outlying camp where I had been inspecting a claim which was for sale, when a storm broke upon the district with a suddenness only seen in mountain regions. At first, there was no rain, although, ere long, a tremendous deluge descended; but the thunder and lightning were almost continuous; for before the last sullen murmurs of a peal had rolled into silence among the distant peaks, another crash would burst. Then the lightning perplexed me more than the darkness. The track which I followed was rocky and broken, with abrupt unguarded descents on one side, which were almost precipitous. I knew the road, however, and hurried on. I had arrived almost at the end of the worst piece, when there was a brief lull in the roar and blaze of the thunder and lightning. This lull was followed by the deluge of rain I have mentioned, and with still heavier peals of thunder, but, in the brief interval, I thought I heard a groan. I was startled. Although not superstitious, there was something which seemed unearthly in the sound, and my first impulse was to hurry from the spot. It was repeated, however, and was too plainly the moan of a human being to allow me to leave without trying to find out from whom it proceeded. I moved cautiously to the side of the road whence the sound had come—for the ground was especially treacherous there—and leaning over the rocks, listened intently. As I did so, with a rush and a roar little inferior to the thunder itself, the first burst of rain fell; and a flash of lightning which bathed everything first in yellow, then in blue, and then in white light, showed every object as clearly as at noonday; and I saw, lying in a pool many feet below me, half covered by the water, the figure of a man. He had apparently fallen over.

The town was a mile distant. I could not hope to reach it and return with assistance in less than half an hour, and before that time, the dry gullies and fissures in the rocks would be flooded, and the pool where the miserable man was lying would be broadened and deepened, so that he would be drowned to a certainty. There was no alternative then. I crept carefully down the rugged face of the rocky bank, and half guided, half dazzled by the lightning, and almost beaten from my hold of the rocky points by the rain, I reached the water, and was able to find the man. With much difficulty I dragged him from the pool, into which half a score of small but angry torrents were already rushing, and then I saw that he was, or had been bleeding from an ugly cut on the scalp, just within the hair. I assumed that he had fallen down the precipice, and that this injury had stunned him.

I drew my flask from my pocket, and poured a few drops of whisky between his lips. The man eagerly sucked in the drops, drew a long breath, and showed signs of revival. I put the flask again to his mouth; again he eagerly sucked in the minute dose, and then, to my amazement, ere I could withdraw the flask, he thrust out his arm, clutched the vessel, tilted it almost upright, and took such a draught as would have choked me, and which, on the part of a man so nearly dead as I thought him, was nothing short of marvellous. When he ceased his draught, he drew another long breath, and looking at me, as a fresh flash lighted up the scene, said: 'Stranger, I reckon you have saved my life. Was I in that pool?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'you were insensible. I thought I heard a groan, and by the lightning I saw you, as I went along the track.'

'And you got down those rocks, in such a storm as this, stranger? You are real grit. But I won't talk now. I am Arizona Dan,

who never forgets a friend or an enemy. But I feel a kind of giddy and cold; so help me up, stranger.'

We found an easier path a little way on; but the gully in which we stood was so rapidly becoming flooded, that we were ankle-deep in water, although we knew our path, and picked the best places. Dan noted this, and said: 'The water will be six feet deep in that pool before this storm is played out.'

This was the commencement of my intimacy with Arizona Dan, who, as I supposed, had fallen over the rocks from missing his way in the darkness, or from an excess of whisky, to which he was addicted. He recovered quickly from his injuries, but not from his immersion in the pool. How long he had lain there, he did not himself know, but it was long enough to give a chill to his system, from which he never thoroughly recovered.

He insisted upon my telling him who I was, and where to find me, before we parted; and he came to my claim the next day. I thought he would have forgotten all about me; but I was mistaken in so supposing. With the strapping on his brow, and two or three ugly bruises on his face, he looked more truculent and dangerous than ever. He took me off to the *National Eagle Saloon*, our chief place of refreshment; and here he presented me to the assembled company, whom he addressed as 'the boys,' saying that this was his best and firmest friend, Thomas Lester, who had risked his own life to save the speaker's; and that if any man who heard him wished to do him, Arizona Dan, a good turn, and show himself his friend, he must be a friend to Thomas Lester. On the other hand, if any man wanted a fight, with or without notice, he could have it by saying a wrong word of Thomas Lester, or looking at him in an insulting manner. To show he was in earnest, he would stand refreshment all round; and if there was any man there who would not drink with him, let him come forward. Every man drank, and I believe every man shook me by the hand.

I was rather embarrassed by this public laudation of my merits, yet the annoyance was not without some counterbalancing good. I was by no means one of the 'shoot-at-sight' class, and the openly proclaimed championship of such a man as Arizona Dan meant a good deal in the way of protection. This I felt at the time; but I was not prepared for what followed. After the ceremony at the saloon, Dan desired my company at his claim, and thither we went.

His first object was to introduce me to his partner, Five Ace Jemmy, to whom I took an immediate and quite instinctive dislike. There was about this man none of the roughness which marked not only Arizona Dan, but nearly all the miners, myself among the others. In lieu of his face being covered with an unshorn beard, in which whiskers and moustache were mingled, his small peaked black beard and moustache were as neatly trimmed as though he had been a resident in London or Paris. His hair, too, was smooth and orderly; but with all this there was —or I fancied it—a sinister look about his narrow black eyes, which would have spoilt far handsomer features than the lean crafty face of Five Ace Jemmy could boast.

'See here,' began Arizona Dan, after he had introduced us to each other; 'my partner, Jemmy, is going to quit this claim to attend to his other business, and I shall want another man with me. Jemmy will still have a share in the washings, but not half, of course.—Now, Squire Lester, I have heard of you before, and your character is good; but if you were a perfect stranger, and the worst scallywag in the diggings, you saved my life last night, and you should be my friend. This is a big claim; we have struck a great lead, and you, Squire Lester, are coming in as my partner.'

And this was how I became a partner in the first profitable 'claim' I had ever worked, and this was the commencement of my intimacy with Arizona Dan. But for his great liking for me, which continued unabated, and induced him to defer to me in most things, and to waive some of his peculiarities in my presence, we might not have remained friends for any considerable time; but seeing how thoughtful and considerate he was in his way, I at last grew to like him much better.

This was by no means the case with Five Ace Jemmy, who divided his time between Big Trees city and another large camp at some distance, at each of which he had established gambling saloons, which were reputed to be of enormous profit to him. He came to see us at the old claim, sometimes; but I avoided him as much as possible, which was the easier to do, as he never cared to take any notice of me, whom he regarded as a contemptible, spiritless fellow, without enough brains or courage for either a miner or a gambler. Yet it was from him that I first learned the great change which was coming, and had indeed come, over Dan. Perhaps I was not so observant as I should be, but to me the big miner always seemed as rough, burly, and overwhelming as he had ever been. Jemmy, however, coming into our hut one day when I was there alone, asked after Dan, and ere I could answer, said: 'Oh! I see him. He is talking to the boys on the Copperhead Gulch claim; I reckon I will go to him, for I want to see the boys myself. I guess Arizona Dan will never see Arizona again—not that he wants to; he is a New Jerseyman. But he will join the majority before next spring.'

'What do you mean?' I said. 'What is there wrong about Dan? He is quieter and more friendly with everybody than he has ever been.'

'No one doubts that, squire,' returned Jemmy; 'but he has got the pison in him. He's a dead man. Look at him. If you had seen him three years ago, when he first came from'—— He left off abruptly, as though he felt he was saying too much, and went out of the hut; but his brief speech had opened my eyes.

I saw then how sunken were Dan's eyes, and how hollow his cheeks, while his voice, although still loud, was hollow also. My heart warmed to the man now; I never had really liked him before, although I had seen traces in him of better things than those on which his unpleasant reputation was built.

We were more together, too; for this last-mentioned visit of Five Ace Jemmy was to arrange for his absence during a considerable

time from Big Trees. In plain language, he had so offended the miners, that they were resolved to 'lynch' him if he did not leave, or 'vamoose the ranche,' as he phrased it. He had received a strong hint of this, and as, in such a case, even Arizona Dan's courage and prestige would not help him—would, indeed, only provide two victims instead of one—he discreetly resolved to go without further ceremony.

Five Ace Jemmy quitted Big Trees that very day. I was glad he was gone, for I had always felt a dislike of the man almost amounting to dread.

I could not help looking with increased interest at Dan on his return to the shanty, and as I did so, wondered how the change, now so visible in him, could have escaped my notice. He was so strange a man, although invariably friendly to me, that I scarcely knew how to speak to him on the subject. I thought that perhaps he had, of his own prompting, consulted the doctor—our only one: I hoped he had done so. But on asking Dr Hirkenschelds—a broken-English-speaking German, much given to beer-drinking, to smoking, and to gambling, but not an unskilful or unkindly man, for all that—I found that Dan had not been near him, and that the doctor was afraid of obtruding his advice on him.

I assured the medicine-man that Arizona Dan was by no means ferocious in private life, that he was rather of a melancholy turn than otherwise. With many polyglot oaths and international expressions, he declined to interfere, but recommended me, as a friend who had confidence in Dan's amiability, to take the matter up. This was the gist, at anyrate, of Dr Hirkenscheld's reply.

I had already made up my mind to do this, and that very night an opportunity offered. Dan was out late, as was often the case, and I had lain down on what we called a bed, and was dozing, when he came in. In lieu of throwing himself on his own buffalo robes and blankets, as was his practice, he sat for a while over the fire, to which he added a few sticks of wood, for the nights were now cold. The blaze from these showed his features distinctly, and perhaps, by their wavering light, increased the ominous look he wore. Be that as it might, the gloom and depression in his face were such as I had never before seen, and this, added to the unquestionable ravages which disease had made, changed his expression so much, that he would hardly have been recognised by any one who happened to catch a passing glimpse of the interior of our shanty.

'Dan,' I said, at last, after watching him for some time in silence, 'you are ill. You look unhappy, too. Why do you not confide in me, or some friend? and why do you not go and see old Hirkenschelds before it gets too late?'

Dan roused himself with an effort from his reverie, looked at me steadily for a few seconds, then broke into a short laugh, which was peculiarly bitter and unpleasant. 'Too late, Tom!' he ejaculated; 'it *is* too late. I have known for many days and weeks past that this winter will find rest for me at last. 'Tis high time.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so, Dan. Sorry, but not surprised, to hear you speak in such a tone of yourself. Your talk, when we are alone, is not like that of the run of the miners here; and though you have sometimes told me that I am not inquisitive, yet I have often thought that you were not always—not always'——

'Not always Arizona Dan!' he exclaimed. 'No, siree; I was not. You would hardly think it, Lester,' he continued after a pause, and in a voice and with an accent totally different from his usual style; 'yet I was once a respectable member of society. It does not seem possible, does it? Yes, I once had a home, was a law-abiding citizen—and once,' he said slowly, after another pause; then went on with again a change of tone: 'Well, I may tell you even that, some day, but not now. I am glad I have you for a friend, Tom; it will be some comfort to have an honest man about me when I die.'

'Die!' I exclaimed, with a laugh which was far from being real; 'we will talk about dying when we are a score of years older, when'——

'Don't drop into that false and useless style, Tom,' interrupted my companion. 'I am doomed. I know it; and I think you know it. We will talk more another day; for to-night, I want to sit and think of the past. This is somebody's birthday.'

Of course, after this I was silent, and at last fell asleep; but as long as my eyes were open, I saw Arizona Dan sitting and brooding moodily over the fire.

This conversation had broken the ice between us as regards the past; and as Dan grew weaker, which he did from day to day, he seemed to rely more on me and cling more to my society. At last he fairly broke down in strength, so that he could no longer go to the claim, and it was plain that the end drew near. At his wish, I sent for Five Ace Jemmy; but the latter had moved on to some more distant town, and although my message was forwarded, it was not likely that Jemmy would be with us very soon.

'I hope he comes while I am alive,' said Dan; 'if he does, I will speak my wishes before some of the best men in the city; and Five Ace Jemmy must abide by them. If not, he will cheat you, Lester, and would not mind killing you, to help him in it; for he is a dangerous man.'

I had known that intuitively, from the first time I spoke to the gambler; but I soothed Dan as well as I could by the conventional utterances about hoping for the best and so forth. Dan smiled sadly at these shallow consolations, and then turned away to doze.

One night, however, he had not spoken in his usual manner, had indeed scarcely spoken at all, and I thought he was sleeping. I knew, too, the time was at hand when he would not wake from his sleep, and this final slumber might come at any time, might even be now, so I was revolving many chances and changes in my mind, when suddenly Dan sat up in bed and exclaimed: 'Are you awake, Lester?—I see you are,' he continued, as I moved in answer. 'I have made up my mind to tell you something of my life. I thought I would go with my history untold,

as I could do no good to any one by revealing it; but I feel an irresistible longing to speak freely to some one, and my strength will not hold out many days longer. So come over here, and Arizona Dan will tell you who and what he was before he became the bully and ruffian you have known him; of what he was, when no one foresaw in him the whisky-drinking rowdy of the mines.'

I sat and listened. His story would perhaps interest the reader, as all such histories of decline and ruin have a painful interest and moral in them; but there was nothing very new. The fault was all on his own side; that was plain enough from his narrative; nor did he seek to disguise it, or to excuse himself in the least. Yet he said he had not told me all, perhaps not the very worst; he lacked courage to do so then; on another day he might have more nerve.

My heart ached for him when he told me what he had lost, what harm he had done, and spoke with such bitterness of his present condition. He detested his confederate, Five Ace Jemmy; but it appeared that they had known each other in the past, and that the bond between them was the bond of evil-doing then, strengthened and forged afresh by much of the same kind since. He sent no messages, urged me not to try and find out those who knew him, although he told me his real name. It would be better, he said, that nothing should ever be heard of him by those to whom his name could only bring painful recollections, shame, and disgrace. All through, he manifested the same strange friendship for me which had marked our intimacy. I hardly like, for fear of appearing egotistical, to say why this was so, but he fancied I was a better and honester man than perhaps in reality I am, and so he liked to have me about him.

On the next day, Five Ace Jemmy arrived; and Dan must have arranged all beforehand, for Jemmy's appearance was evidently a signal which called together eight or ten of our most prominent citizens, men who could command ten times that number of rifles; and in their presence the fast-sinking miner dictated his wishes, and explained the share Five Ace Jemmy had in the claim and other property. It needed no great penetration to see that this was very unpalatable to the latter; but there was no help for it. He was only there on sufferance, and no fraudulent pretences were likely to find favour with the leaders of Big Trees society.

The settlement was none too soon; Arizona Dan died that night, my hand clasped in his; and by his death I became comparatively a rich man, for he had left me wealth of which I knew something, as his mining claim was a valuable one.

'Five Ace has gone,' said Squire Hape, one of our dignitaries; 'and it is well for you, sir. That is so. If he could or dared have stayed in this city, your gold dust and your greenbacks would have benefited you but little. And if I was an insurance agent, I wouldn't have accepted your life at no figure. No, sir, I would not.'

That Jemmy was quite capable of the desperate acts the friendly speaker hinted at, or any other atrocity, was shown soon after by an audacious robbery of the mail, when an unusually valuable consignment was in transit; and there was every reason to suppose that this was arranged by the gambler.

SLEEP-WALKING FREAKS.

It is now some thirty years or more since I began life as a commercial traveller. During my travels on the road I have both seen and heard much that would make the poor penned-up citizens open their eyes with wonder. To those who are of active habits, and to whom the trammels of office-work would prove irksome and unendurable, the life of a commercial traveller appears all that could be desired. To me, its greatest attraction consists in the never-ending change of scene and society it entails. Every day one comes in contact with strange faces, makes short but pleasant acquaintances, and is enabled to study character in its ever-varying forms.

It was on one of my first journeys in the Midland counties, that I found myself compelled, one wet, disagreeable afternoon, to cut short my day's work and to put up at the only inn worthy of the name of which the village could boast. Fortunately, the host proved a homely, sociable fellow, ready to do all in his power to render me comfortable, so that my regret at being forced to take refuge in such an out-of-the-way place soon disappeared. After having satisfied my hunger and finished what writing I had to do, I repaired to the parlour, to see what was going on, for I thoroughly enjoy a chat after my day's work, and soon manage to get on friendly terms with those whom I may meet. On this occasion there were but four persons present when I took my seat and lighted my pipe. One was a ruddy-faced countryman, enjoying his mug of ale; another, a gentleman-farmer in the neighbourhood; the third person present, a doctor from London; and the fourth, a shabby-genteel-looking individual with a dissipated look, whom I afterwards learned was the son of a neighbouring clergyman.

When I entered, the conversation was upon the crops and local matters of which I knew little or nothing. By degrees it turned upon other questions, such as politics, upon which I was enabled now and again to offer an opinion, till, insensibly, I had worked my way into the little conclave and was thoroughly at my ease. Naturally, seated as we were round a comfortable fire, with soothing pipe and cheery glass, we felt on the best of terms with all the world. Anecdotes and stories of all kinds were narrated by each of us in turn, varied occasionally by personal remarks, banter, and repartee, which only tended to increase our good-humour. Our worthy host, who had a fluent tongue and an unfailing fund of anecdote, was in the midst of narrating some hunting experiences, when a cry of alarm—it was hardly a shriek—caused him to break off suddenly and make his way to the passage. Our curiosity being aroused, we followed him more leisurely, to learn whence the cry proceeded. In the hall we found the explanation. The host's wife had been surprised by finding one of her children seated at the foot of the stairs in his

night-shirt, endeavouring to lace up an imaginary pair of boots, with the intention apparently of going out. The boy was afterwards induced to return to bed, and we on our part resumed our seats in the parlour.

This little incident caused our conversation to turn upon sleep-walking, and many were the theories advanced as to the origin and cure of the infirmity. Our host informed us that his son had on one or two previous occasions walked in his sleep, but could hardly be considered a confirmed somnambulist. The family were one evening having supper, when they were startled by the youngster suddenly walking in, in his night-dress, and then going to the fireplace, where he strove his best to get up the chimney. But the freaks of this youngster were not to be compared with those of a school-fellow of the clergyman's son above mentioned, who narrated to us the story of the really remarkable feats performed during his sleep. Incredible as the story may appear, I have every reason to believe that the facts were by no means exaggerated; but of this my readers can judge, as I will repeat the narrative to the best of my ability as I heard it.

'I was educated,' said the clergyman's son, 'at a grammar-school near Leeds, and among the boys was the son of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood. Young Buckridge was dull and incapable of learning. All his thoughts seemed to centre upon the horses and cattle he had left, and his only wish was to be able to leave his books and return to his former playmates on the farm. It was both painful and irksome to him to prepare his lessons, for he could never retain anything long in his memory, although he might have laboured for hours to master his task. In spite of every encouragement on the part of the master to brighten up the boy's faculties, no signs of improvement could be seen. He seemed to become daily more wearied and tired of the disagreeable struggle he had to maintain to prepare his lessons. This state of things went on for some time, when suddenly an inexplicable change became manifest in the manner in which Buckridge prepared the tasks he was set. He who had been the dullest and most callous of scholars, suddenly became one of the most correct and perfect in the school. Formerly, he had been unable to struggle through his exercises, but now they were found to be carefully written and almost faultless. How he managed it was a mystery. During the day, he seemed as listless and inattentive as ever. He did not curtail his hours of play, neither did he give a minute more to study than formerly. The key to the enigma was at length discovered by an accident.

'In a room adjoining the dormitory where Buckridge slept, one of the junior masters used to sleep; and one night, fancying he heard a noise below in the schoolroom, he rose to see whether any one had broken into the house. Stealing quietly down-stairs, he peeped into the room and caught sight of Buckridge with a lighted lamp in his hand. Seeing that the boy was evidently asleep, he was led by curiosity to watch his movements. Buckridge walked to his desk, took out his books, arranged them in proper order, and began to study. The master, thinking it was a trick on the boy's part, shook and pinched him repeatedly, but without avail. The boy was insensible to everything. Having gone through all his lessons and mastered them, he walked up to the principal's desk and went through his imaginary examination with ease. The master informed the principal of what he had seen, and it was decided to watch his performance again the next night. Again the boy rose, stole stealthily down to the kitchen, lit a lamp, and repaired to the schoolroom. Here he once more opened his desk and prepared his lessons, with the addition of writing out an exercise. This finished, he walked up to the master's desk, where he repeated his lessons accurately in their proper succession. He even answered correctly several questions the master (was supposed to) put to him; and having passed through the ordeal, he returned with his lamp to the kitchen, and finally found his way back to bed.

'On being questioned next morning as to how he managed to become so perfect in his lessons, he declared he could not say, for it surprised himself. That his sleep was real, was undoubted, for he knew nothing of his nightly wanderings; nor was his vision affected when a strong light was held up close to his eyes. There can be no doubt that the worry attending his studies had preyed upon his mind, and his brain was still affected by the excitement and anxiety they caused him, even when his physical sensibilities were deadened by sleep.'

This story was listened to with keen attention by the small knot of interested listeners, and it was apparent at the close of the narrative that there was an inclination to doubt the veracity of the narrator. But whatever doubts we may have entertained speedily vanished when the doctor, a good specimen of the old-fashioned courtly English gentleman, ventured to observe that he was perfectly satisfied in his own mind of the genuineness of the story, for he had once in his own experience met with a case offering quite as many remarkable points as that we had just heard described. He was, he remarked, perfectly ready and willing to narrate the details of the case, if we cared to be troubled with a second narrative. Being assured that we were all eager to learn the particulars of his story, the doctor at once began:

'It was one Sunday evening in October that I received an urgent summons to go round to see a lad in the employment of a butcher close by. Apparently, the lad had caused great alarm by his extraordinary behaviour. It seems that he had sat down in a chair during the evening and dropped asleep. Presently, he started up, went for his whip, put on his spurs, and proceeded direct to the stable. The saddle not being in its usual place, he returned to the house for it, and being asked why he wanted it, he replied, to go his rounds. Returning to the stable, he mounted the horse, without a saddle. As he was powerfully made, it was only after considerable struggling that he was forced from the horse and taken indoors. At this moment I arrived upon the scene. The boy apparently seemed to think himself stopped at the turnpike gate. Taking sixpence out of his pocket, he held it out to pay the toll, and demanded the change. The sixpence was returned

to him, when he stated he wanted no nonsense, but his change. Threepence-halfpenny was then handed to him. "None of your gammon—that is not right," was his immediate reply; "I want a penny more"—making his proper change. This being given him, he made the motion of whipping and spurring his horse on. Being held down on his chair by force, he peremptorily ordered us to get out of his way and to let go his horse, or he would soon make us. He again spurred his steed, apparently to make it restive and to kick, crying out to us "to let go its head." Being afterwards taken into the shop, he was asked what orders he had taken. He then proceeded to go through the list of the customers, stating what each had ordered, naming rump steak for one, shoulder of mutton for a second, leg of lamb for a third, and so on. Ordered to clean the shop, he at once tucked up his sleeves preparatory to executing the order. It was only by main force that he was prevented.

'Thinking there might be some trickery at the bottom of his extraordinary conduct, I suggested that a good thrashing might teach him better manners. Several heavy strokes from a riding-whip were then laid across his back, but failed to cause any impression. After certain other measures had been adopted, he woke up with a start, being quite at a loss to understand the scene around him. He could not be persuaded that he had been doing anything but sleeping, and it was evident that he was perfectly unconscious of what had passed. He recollected very well several things he had done just before he fell asleep, but after that all was blank. His eyes were several times forced open during his trance, and the pupils contracted and dilated, but his vision was unaffected. When I first saw him, his pulse was one hundred and thirty-six, full and hard; but afterwards it sank to eighty, with a slight perspiration on his forehead. I afterwards learned that he had shortly before been attacked by fever, which had affected his head.

'Strange and unaccountable as this story may appear, I can assure you that it is not a solitary one, for I have been called in to attend many other cases of somnambulism, though none were so pronounced and striking as that which I have just described.'

These cases clearly prove, as dreams also do, that our mental faculties are by no means torpid during sleep; and it is curious that persons who are of sleep-walking habits should be able during sleep to do many things, and to accomplish safely many reckless feats, from which they would shrink with dread when not under the influence of sleep.

AN INCIDENT IN A NATIVE REGIMENT.

THE sentry who perambulated in front of the Quarter-guard of the 100th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry had ceased his monotonous walk for a minute to strike the brass gong, that hung suspended from a primitive-looking tripod, exactly eight times to denote the hour. Morning parade was just over, and Jack Sepoy had performed some of the most intricate evolutions laid down in the battalion drill-book with as much smartness and precision as the redoubtable Tommy Atkins himself; now the time had arrived for Colonel Longley Poole to hold 'orderly-room.' The building set apart for this purpose was a small brick structure, facing the parade-ground. It consisted of a broad outer veranda, two little wing rooms, and a central room of moderate dimensions. In this latter apartment, amid jingle of spurs and clank of scabbards on the *pucca* floor, the officers now assembled. The colonel sat in state before a large table, dotted over with books and writing paraphernalia. At his right elbow stood the adjutant, Lieutenant Philson; while on either side were grouped the remaining officers, European and native, of the regiment.

'Any prisoners this morning, Philson?' briskly inquired the commandant.

'Yes, sir, a couple,' replied the adjutant.

'Have them marched in, please.'

In a few seconds two sepoys stood facing their commanding officer. Each had beside him, as a guard, a file of men, armed with naked bayonets.

The more striking-looking of the prisoners, a *naick* (corporal) named Luchman Singh, was well worthy of notice. A shade or so fairer of complexion than the ordinary Hindu, he seemed quite six feet in height; and though rather slender of frame, was well and compactly built. A profusion of dark hair, consisting of beard, moustache, and whiskers, grew on his face; this was carefully brushed to right and left, and mingling behind the ears, was drawn upwards and securely stowed away under his *sŭfá* or turban. As he stood there, neat, sinewy, athletic, in his smart corporal's uniform, he looked the beau-idéal of an active and daring oriental soldier. Scanning him more attentively, however, one detected a latent fierceness in his roving black eyes, and an unpleasantly sensual expression on his handsome features.

Colonel Poole held the crime-sheet in his hand, and translated the charge aloud into Hindustani. The offence, which it is unnecessary to specify, was a gross one; and the listeners knew if the naick were found guilty, he would, at the least, be expelled from the regiment with ignominy.

There was an instant's pause, then followed the question: 'Well, Luchman Singh, what have you to say to this charge that is brought against you?'

The man's answer in Hindustani came promptly: 'It is entirely false, your Worship.'

'Bring forward your evidence, Philson,' said the commandant.

The witnesses, who were waiting without in the veranda, were duly summoned and heard; among them was Sher Singh, the *subadar* (native captain) of the prisoner's company. From their testimony it became apparent that the case against the naick was well-nigh overwhelming.

Once more Colonel Poole addressed him: 'You have heard the evidence, Luchman Singh; what have you to urge in your defence?'

'Sahib,' said the accused boldly, 'I am a man of high caste, a Rajpoot; wherefore should I commit this great crime? It is a conspiracy to dishonour me—to ruin my life, and Subadar

Sher Singh is at the head of it. He has always been my enemy. As for the evidence, it is an easy matter for one in his position to suborn men as false witnesses. Moreover, am I not a naick? and hasn't he a nephew in the ranks, on the lookout for promotion——?'

'Hold your tongue!' broke in Colonel Poole sternly. 'These insinuations will certainly not benefit your case, but the contrary. As, however, it will be out of my power to punish adequately such a crime as this, I have resolved to have you tried by a general court-martial; you had therefore better reserve your defence.'

Next, the inquiry relative to the second prisoner was proceeded with, and he too was sent down for trial. Both the men were then ordered out. The sepoy, who was only a private, was marched back to the Quarter-guard for confinement; while the naick, being a non-commissioned officer, remained as heretofore under arrest—that is, was on his honour not to leave the lines of his corps; otherwise, he was free.

At the time I write of—some ten years ago—the 100th Native Infantry were quartered at Burrabad, in the North-western Provinces of India, and Colonel Longley Poole had only recently been appointed to the command of the regiment. He was a smart officer, very erect of figure, and extremely neat in his apparel. There was, however, one portion of his attire to which the colonel paid especial attention—this was his boots. It was a pet weakness of his to be always well and elegantly shod. Now, it so happened, that on the day previous to the orderly-room scene I have just described, he had received a pair of new dress-boots from a certain well-known Calcutta tradesman, with whom he had dealt for several years past, and, as far as appearance went, the articles left nothing to be desired; but it still remained for Colonel Poole to see if they fitted. From previous experience, however, he had but little doubt of this, and he intended to wear them to dinner that evening. When, accordingly, about half-past seven, he strolled over to mess, he was annoyed to find that they were tight and uncomfortable. But it was too late to change, and of course he could bear the discomfort for a couple of hours or so.

Here, leaving the officers at dinner, I must, for the clear comprehension of this story, say a few words respecting the situation of the mess-house, both as regards the lines of the regiment and the commandant's bungalow. The latter was a commodious building, standing in the midst of a large compound or inclosure, and facing due east. The house was, so to speak, a corner one. A good metalled road ran outside the front wall of its grounds, and met to the south a similar one at right angles. Turning down this road, the mess-house was the second building on the left-hand side; hence it lay to the south-west or left-rear of the commandant's bungalow. By this way the distance between the two houses was about four hundred yards. There was, however, another and considerably shorter route, which Colonel Poole almost invariably used. This passed through his garden at the back, then through a gap in the inclosure-wall, skirting along the rear of the intervening compound, and so on to the mess-house. It was a mere path, full of inequalities and stony; nevertheless, it was a great convenience. As for the lines of the corps, they lay due north of the mess-house, and were about half a mile from it.

Evening twilight had deepened into night, and a young moon, gliding slowly towards the horizon, was shedding a ghostly radiance over the country, when across the broken ground above mentioned there flitted a dark shadowy figure, holding in its hand something that gleamed and glittered in the waning beams, and which a closer view would have revealed as a naked tulwar. The figure passed stealthily yet swiftly along the path that led to the colonel's bungalow, and just entering the compound, crouched behind the inclosure-wall, as if in ambush. An adjoining neem-tree cast its black shadow over the spot, adding to the gloom, and in a measure screening the intruder from the eyes of the inmates of the compound.

Meanwhile, at the mess-house the officers had risen from dinner. Colonel Poole was longing to get quit of the too fervent grip of his brand-new boots, for, as may be imagined, the passing hours had in no degree abated his sense of discomfort. But the walking home over the rough, stony track would be purgatory, and it required something of an effort on his part to make a start. At length, about ten o'clock he got up with the intention of moving homewards. Leaving the mess-house, as he descended the last step he slightly miscalculated its height, and the unexpected jar sent a thrill of pain through the imprisoned limb. 'Bother these wretched boots!' he ejaculated irritably.

By good luck, the adjutant happened just then to be smoking in the veranda. Noting his chief's discomposure, he said: 'But, colonel, why need you go by the path? Along the *pucca* road is perhaps a trifle further; but, on the other hand, it is smooth and even, and you will escape all chance of jerk or jar.'

'Capital suggestion that of yours, Philson,' replied the commandant. 'What creatures of habit we are, to be sure! Somehow, I thought it incumbent on me to return by my accustomed route; but I'll take your advice.—Good-night.' Saying which, he wheeled slowly towards the broad level road. In process of time he passed into his grounds by the wide gateway, then quietly and gingerly up the carriage-drive, and so entered the building. Immediately on his arrival, the whole house seemed to wake up: the lamp-lights were raised; servants began to stir; and his bearer, an old and valued retainer, stood ready to proffer such service as might be required of him.

At this moment, a succession of shouts from the *chokedār* or night-watchman created some excitement. 'Hillo! who's that? Who is running away there?'

'What is all this clamour about?' asked the colonel.

The valet slipped out to inquire; presently he returned. 'A man was peering into the house from behind the big neem-tree,' he explained; 'and the chokedār thinks he was armed with a drawn sword; but as soon as he was challenged, he disappeared.'

'The chokedār must have awoke suddenly from nightmare,' said Colonel Poole drily. Having partially undressed, he seated himself in

his most comfortable chair, while the bearer gently and delicately released his imprisoned extremities. Next thrusting his feet into a pair of handsome slippers, he lighted his pipe and took up a book, as it was much too early yet to think of sleep. In this way half an hour or more must have elapsed, and the colonel was considering whether the time had not now arrived for him to retire to bed, when he heard the rapid rush of many feet outside, and a subaltern of his, named Knowles, broke suddenly into the room.

'Colonel,' he gasped, breathless from excitement and running, 'Luchman Singh has run riot through the regimental lines. He has killed Subadar Sher Singh, and wounded several other men!'

'Take a good breath, my dear fellow, then tell me quietly all that has occurred,' said the colonel calmly, but even as he spoke, he commenced slipping on a pair of walking-boots.

'Indeed, sir, there is not much else to tell. A few minutes ago, the subadar-major in great haste sent Havildar Ahmed Khan—the man is waiting outside—to the mess-house to report that Luchman Singh had given way to homicidal mania, and had cut down Sher Singh with a tulwar, and injured two or three other sepoys. But you yourself have had a narrow escape, colonel!'

'*I!*—What on earth do you mean, Knowles?' demanded the colonel, looking up in astonishment.

'Havildar Ahmed Khan says'—— began the sub.—'Ho! Ahmed Khan, come in!' interrupted the colonel.

The man entered, the bearer following him; the two had evidently been exchanging confidences in the veranda.

'The havildar says,' resumed the sub, 'that just before the naick attacked the subadar, he was seen returning from a prowl over the bit of broken ground behind this bungalow of yours.'

Here the bearer, who had evidently caught the sense of the conversation, said in a low voice: 'Hazoor, a while ago, a man with a drawn sword was lurking behind the big neem-tree near the gap in the compound-wall; the night-watchman will swear to it.'

For an instant the colonel looked startled; the two accounts dovetailed and supplemented each other so curiously.

'Gracious powers!' he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, 'can it be possible that but for my returning home by the road, I should ere this have been foully murdered!' He paused a second, then hurriedly completing his toilet, strode swiftly out of the house, and, followed by Lieutenant Knowles and the havildar, made for the scene of the disturbance.

'I suppose Philson started for the lines as soon as he heard of the occurrence?' inquired Colonel Poole. 'Had the man been captured?'

'Not then, I believe,' answered the sub. 'They must, however, have made a prisoner of him by this time.'

And so it proved; for, on entering the regimental lines, the commandant was met by the adjutant, attended by a posse of native officers. They informed him that the consternation and excitement consequent on the crime had in a great measure subsided, that Luchman Singh had been taken after a desperate struggle, and was now secure, a prisoner in irons; that he was probably under the influence of bhang or some kindred intoxicant, for he had raged like a madman, raving incessantly of the wrongs and indignities he had been made to suffer, and asserting that the whole regiment, from the commanding officer downwards, was in league to ruin and destroy him.

It appeared he had intended, in the first place, before wreaking vengeance on lesser victims, to cut down the colonel as he returned from mess; but through (to him) some inexplicable circumstance, the latter had evaded him by coming home by the high-road. Being balked in this, he at once proceeded to carry out the second portion of his bloodthirsty programme, by killing Sher Singh, and wounding as many of his friends and acquaintances as had endeavoured to seize him.

Next morning, Naick Luchman Singh was handed over to the civil authorities, by whom he was in due course tried and executed.

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

The Indian maidens set little leaf-lamps afloat on the Ganges, and watch them drifting down into the darkness. The longer the prayer-laden vessel keeps its oil burning, the happier is the maid who launched it.

Falls the evening o'er the forest,
And the sun behind the trees
Tinges all the leaves with crimson,
As they flutter in the breeze.

Swiftly flows the sacred river,
Darkling with the growing night;
Fireflies flash across the water,
Little streams of lustrous light.

Through the tangled forest creeping,
Comes a soft-eyed Indian maid,
With a leaf-boat, that, fire-freighted,
Sends a halo through the shade.

Now upon the sacred river
Launches she the little boat,
And the wind and water playing,
Hurry to the lamp afloat,

Till the wavelets, lapping, lapping,
Trickle o'er the tiny leaf;
Indian maiden, watching, watching,
See, thy bark has come to grief.

For the flickering gleam has vanished,
Gone like spark in wintry air,
Leaving on the river, darkness;
Leaving in thine heart, despair.

All the dreams thy young heart cherished,
All the hopes thou lovedst so long,
Shattered—for the sacred river
Never gives its omens wrong.

. . . . .

Morning dawns across the river,
Bearing seaward on its breast,
Here, a leaf, and there, a maiden;
And the maiden is at rest.

A. S. D.

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AMONG THE SINAI MOUNTAINS.

Mount Serbal is one of the most distinct landmarks in the Sinai peninsula. Standing by itself eight thousand feet above sea-level, its lofty peaks are distinguishable from a great distance. By some it has been thought to be the actual Mount Sinai. It is a very magnificent mountain, and being isolated, has perhaps a more imposing effect than some of the others—Um Shaumur and Katerina, for example, which are really loftier.

Our caravan had encamped at the fertile oasis of Feiran, after a seven days' journey through the desert. About a mile through a wild-looking valley, Wady Aleiyat, roughly strewn with rocks and boulders, we came to the foot of Serbal. Here, dismissing the camels, our dragoman produced the luncheon-bag, not, it must be confessed, a very wise proceeding for the commencement of a climb. We had, in fact, rather underrated the difficulties of the ascent, and being shod with thin boots, and carrying umbrellas in place of alpenstocks, as one looked up at the shining and apparently perpendicular peaks, it seemed to be rather 'a heavy contract.' Our guide was a morose-looking Bedouin, named Hassan, who gazed wonderingly at us while at luncheon, and exchanged a few words with the dragoman Raad, informing him that the mountain belonged to him. At the entrance to Wady Aleiyat, Raad had already had a row with a Bedouin concerning *backsheesh* before we should go on 'his mountain;' but Hassan's claim was disposed of by a few stones thrown at his head, while the dragoman facetiously bade him 'take his mountain then.' However, he proceeded to 'guide' us after his own peculiar fashion, which consisted in his advancing rapidly before us till he was out of sight, and then sitting down for a comfortable smoke till we came up and discovered him.

Our path at first lay over a mere incline, filled with large boulders, till we came to a steep ravine between the peaks through which we were to make the greater part of the ascent. This part of the climb was very fatiguing. Huge blocks of rock some nine or ten feet sheer had to be surmounted; while treacherous stones and shifting sand had to be carefully guarded against, and the danger of dislodged rocks was a continual source of anxiety. The peak itself was the least difficult part of the climb, although from below it seemed, from its smooth and shining sides, to be quite impracticable. As we ascended, the view became very grand and impressive, and the air was perfumed with the odour of wild thyme and other sweet herbs. It was not much more than an hour to sundown when we reached the top of Serbal; and the view certainly repaid our toil. Um Shaumur, the monarch of the Sinaitic range, alone seemed to compare with Serbal; the other mountains all appeared dwarfed, but marked as distinctly as on a map. The greater part of the peninsula was spread out beneath us, the view on the north reaching over the Debbet er Ramleh to the dreary desert of Tih; on the south, the deep blue of the Red Sea merged into the darkness of the African coast; on the east, lay the mountains of Tûr—Sinai, properly so called, Katerina Sufsafeh Mûsa; while westwards, the Rahah range, and the whole course that we had travelled from Egypt, lay before us.

But the rapidly declining sun warned us that we had no time to linger, and we commenced the descent, which, easy enough while the sun remained above the horizon, became very difficult afterwards. Before we had accomplished a fifth part of the descent, we were in darkness. There would be no moon till midnight; and the darkness was deepened by the shadows of the peaks on either side of the ravine. To remain on the mountain till daybreak was our first thought; but we were parched with thirst, and Hassan said he feared to go down by himself to bring us some water. This was accounted for by our having come across the remains of an antelope at the top, that had evidently formed a recent repast for either leopard or wolf. There was

nothing for it but to find our way down as well as circumstances would allow, though now a slip of the foot or the loosening of a stone meant broken limbs—perhaps worse. Slowly we toiled along in the deep darkness; we shouted, if perchance we should make them hear the echo down below; we lighted fires of the mountain brushwood, partly to light our steps, partly in the hope of attracting the attention of the camel-men. Overhead, the stars shone brightly, only to make the darkness about us more complete. The thought of the hours that must go by before we could possibly get any water served to increase the terrible thirst. Sometimes a rock would be dislodged, and go leaping and crashing down the mountain-side with an appalling sound. As we approached the bottom, we saw a light in the distance, upon which we began to shout—that is to say, the dragoman did; and then we fired another bush. Raad now pushed forward, promising to send us some water. Two of the camel-men shortly appeared with lanterns, but no water. 'Ruah jeeb moieh!' (Run; bring us water!) we shouted from our limited stock of Arabic; and were delighted to find, from the look of intelligence on the face of one of the men, and the 'Tayih!' (Good!) with which he sped away, that he understood our wants. No nectar of the gods, no Heidsieck's monopole of the driest, no foaming Bass after a hot morning amongst the stubble, no shandygaff after a tough spin to Baitsbite or Iffley, was ever quaffed with the eagerness and enjoyment with which we drank that water.

It was past midnight when we reached the camels; and after drinking half-a-dozen more pannikins of water, fairly 'done up,' we rolled ourselves in our rugs, and lay down by the Bedouins' fire till the chill night-air began to warn us of colds and rheumatism and other ills; so, mounting our camels, we rode back to the camp. And here let it be told, to the infinite credit of Iskandu the cook, that at half-past three A.M., dinner (!) was placed upon the table, even to dessert and coffee, as though nothing out of the way had occurred. On complimenting him on his taste, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and remarked that he 'knew we must be somewhere; that we must come back somehow, and some time; and that we should certainly want dinner whatever time we did come.' So he had gone comfortably to sleep at his usual time, having told off one of the Bedouins as scout to inform him when there was a likelihood of our turning up. And thus dinner was cooked just as usual, only rather late. O British cook of the average *ménage*, what would you have done under like circumstances? Cooked your dinner at the usual time, and 'kept it hot' for the next few hours, fretting and fuming meantime, and making yourself and everybody else very uncomfortable!

What is thought to be the veritable Horeb is a long day's march from the foot of Serbal. Jebel Mûsa (Mount Moses) and Jebel Sufsafeh are also supposed to be the Sinai of Scripture. In a valley at the base of these mountains is the Greek convent of St Katherine, where the traveller is always welcomed by the monks, and supplied with guides for the various places of interest in the neighbourhood. The convent has a fortified appearance, surrounded as it is by high walls with small embrasures, a precaution by no means unnecessary in former times, when the monks had to hold their own against the lawless Arabs around them. Till within a very few years, visitors were only admitted through an opening in the wall, some twenty feet from the ground, on presentation of the letter that every party is obliged to have from the convent in Cairo. This being satisfactory, a chair was lowered by chains, and you were hoisted up. Now, however, you enter by the gate, and the monks are at peace and in friendship with the Bedouins; but the doles of bread to which every Arab is entitled in certain proportions—so much for man or woman or child—is still distributed through the opening.

Inside, the convent is cut up into little irregular-shaped courts and passages and alleys—flowers and shrubs here and there, and vines trained over the walls. You pass the monks at their various tasks—one washing clothes, another sifting beans, others rope-making, or carpentering, or at masons' work. They all seemed very dirty, except the Superior, and the Oconouros, the latter of whom acts as a sort of bursar or manager of the conventual affairs. Dean Stanley spoke of these Sinai monks as being the 'sweepings of the convents' (Greek) 'of Europe;' and nobody thinks he libelled them. They are sent here as to a sort of penitentiary. The Superior was a particularly affable old gentleman. He spoke French, and eagerly asked us for news of the Western world—of Germany, France, England, and, to our surprise, touched upon the current subjects of interest in each country. We were sorry we had not brought some newspapers with us, he seemed so dreadfully bored with himself and his surroundings. But perhaps, after all, this interest in Western affairs was assumed for our benefit—meant *backsheesh*, in fact. He had been at the convent for about eight months, and was in hopes of leaving before the year was out. Our dragoman was informed by one of the monks that he (the Superior) was undergoing a penance of banishment for some little trouble he had got into at Jerusalem.

On our arrival, we had been shown into a plainly furnished little room, and supplied with coffee and mastic—a very nasty liqueur, made from dates; after which refreshments and several glasses of cool water from the convent well—it is only in the desert one learns to appreciate the true enjoyment of pure water—we made a round of the establishment accompanied by the Superior. The church, built by Justinian, is remarkable for a mosaic of the Transfiguration, behind the altar, with the portrait of the founder; and we were also shown the Chapel of the Burning Bush, which is considered the holiest spot in Sinai. It is very rich in silver and oriental carpetings, and every one removes his shoes on entering, as in the Mohammedan mosques. The paintings and decorations of the church, as is commonly the case in the East, are tawdry and vulgar. In the library are some uncared-for, ill-bound books, carelessly thrown together higgledy-piggledy, and we were told that there were eighty chestfuls more—somewhere! Mental pabulum is clearly not in much demand amongst the monks of Sinai. In a room called the Archbishop's Room, showing some traces of furniture and with secular

pictures on the walls, we were shown a copy of the Psalms of David, written microscopically and beautifully on twelve duodecimo pages; and a manuscript of the four Gospels on vellum, in letters of gold, and supposed to date from the eighth century. Here is kept a visitors' book, in which you are at liberty to give your opinion about the convent. Most people refrain from this unkindness.

The garden of the convent is a charming spot, in the midst of the rock-bound Sinai; and the gay blossoms of the almond, orange, and peach mingle well with the melancholy looking cypress and dead green olive trees. In a recess is the charnel-house, with hundreds of skulls scattered about, with bones in heaps and in basketfuls. As in the Franciscan convent at Malta, the monks have here the contemplation of what they must some day come to always before them. The Superior did not accompany us inside the charnel-house. He said he hadn't been in yet; and added significantly, that he didn't intend to go if he could help it!

On the following day, we made the ascent of Mounts Mûsa and Sufsafeh. Our camels took us up Mûsa till we reached a small plateau where there was a well of water and a solitary cypress tree. Here we dismounted, visited the chapels of Elijah and Elisha, and saw the entrance to a cave said to be that in which Elijah 'dwelt in Horeb.' The ascent—which is now steep, but rendered easy by steps of stones—brought us in about an hour to the summit of Jebel Mûsa. Here is a small chapel and a mosque, and a fine view of the Tûr mountains. On an adjoining rock, our guide pointed out to us a discoloured mark spreading over a superficies of about ten square yards, which he informed us with all gravity was 'the mark of the back of Moses.'

This guide, by the way, was a particularly unclean monk from the convent, called Emmanuel. His garrulity was only equalled by his mendacity. He spoke a language in greater part Greek, but adorned by Arabic and Italian. Even Raad seemed able to make nothing of his longer stories. Every peculiar rock or tree or cairn or mound had its particular (and quite apocryphal) history; and scarcely a saint in the calendar but was pressed into his service. This sort of thing is annoying; and while one is fully impressed by the general features of Sinai, one is only wearied and disgusted with the palpable falsehood that endeavours to give a history to every object, regardless of probability even. So it is that at Jerusalem one can regard with reverence the immovable mountains and valleys—Mount Olivet, Mount Zion, the valleys of Kedron, Siloam, and Jehoshaphat; perhaps, too, the almost undoubted remaining stones of the Temple; while one is only moved to feelings of contempt at the localisation of events, encouraged by the Greek and Armenian priests for the deception of the poor and simple Russian and other Eastern pilgrims, to the profit of their respective churches.

We now descended, and lunched close by the chapels of Elijah and Elisha. Here the monk, surrounded by three or four little Arab boys, who had accompanied us, made coffee, and proffered some of the vile mastic, which latter we declined. Brother Emmanuel, however, helped himself rather freely, the result of which was that although his loquacity was in no degree lessened, his articulation became indistinct and his movements somewhat erratic. After traversing some comparatively level but broken ground between the peaks of the two mountains, we ascended the steep side of Sufsafeh, and at last reached a point where the great Plain of Rahah was spread before us. We recognised what Dr Robinson calls the 'adaptedness' of this spot to the events of the scriptural narrative, and it requires but little imagination to stir up in the mind a realisation of the events themselves.

The other places of interest about Sinai do not necessitate climbing, unless you should care to ascend Jebel Katerina; but it is a long day's task, and scarcely repays the trouble. In Wady Leja is a convent, the Deir el Arbain (the Convent of the Forty, so called in reference to the murder of forty monks by Arabs in the fourth century). Now, it is only occupied by a few of the dependents of St Katherine's, who cultivate the gardens surrounding it. In this wady there is a plentiful supply of water from springs in the mountain-side; and there are three or four gardens rich in fruit-trees. A cubic slab of granite in which are about a dozen slits, from which the water is supposed to have gushed when Moses smote it, is pointed out as 'the Rock of Moses.' The hole in which Aaron cast the golden calf, and the mount on which he stood when the 'people danced around' it, as also the spot where Moses threw down the Tables of the Law and broke them, are all pointed out for the benefit of those who care to accept the statements of the Sinai guides.

The convent claimed three pounds for the coffee and mastic and the services of Brother Emmanuel; while the Superior was made happy by a present of tinned meats, butter, and other articles of a distinctly unlenten character. The monks of Sinai are reported to live in a very ascetic manner; our experience of the chief and the brother led us to a different opinion.

With the peaks of Horeb covered with snow, and in the pure crisp and bracing air amongst these mountains, with their vastly interesting associations, an interval of three or four days may be very pleasantly passed, before again facing the scorching, shadeless desert journey.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLI.

FRANCES ate a mournful little dinner alone, after the agitations to which she had been subject. Her mother did not return; and Markham, who had been expected up to the last moment, did not appear. It was unusual to her now to spend so many hours alone, and her mind was oppressed not only by the strange scene with Nelly Winterbourn, but more deeply still by Claude's news. George Gaunt had always been a figure of great interest to Frances; and his appearance here in the world which was as yet so strange, with his grave, indeed melancholy face, had awakened her to a sense of sympathy and friendliness which no one had called forth in her before. He was

as strange as she was to that dazzling puzzle of society, sat silent as she did, roused himself into interest like her about matters which did not much interest anybody else. She had felt amid so many strangers that here was one whom she could always understand, whose thoughts she could follow, who said what she had been about to say. It made no difference to Frances that he had not signalled her out for special notice. She took that quietly, as a matter of course. Her mother, Markham, the other people who appeared and disappeared in the house, were all more interesting, she felt, than she; but sometimes her eyes had met those of Captain Gaunt in sympathy, and she had perceived that he could understand her, whether he wished to do so or not. And then he was Mrs Gaunt's youngest, of whom she had heard so much. It seemed to Frances that his childhood and her own had got all entangled, so that she could not be quite sure whether this and that incident of the nursery had been told of him or of herself. She was more familiar with him than he could be with her. And to hear that he was unhappy, that he was in danger, a stranger among people who preyed upon him, and yet not to be able to help him, was almost more than she could bear.

She went up to the empty drawing-room, with the soft illumination of many lights, which was habitual there, and which lay all decorated and bright, sweet with spring flowers, full of pictures and ornaments, like a deserted palace: and felt the silence and beauty of it to be dreary and terrible. It was like a desert to her, or rather like a prison, in which she must stay and wait and listen, and whatever might come, do nothing to hinder it. What could she do? A girl could not go out into those haunts, where Claude Ramsay, though he was so delicate, could go; she could not put herself forward, and warn a man, who would think he knew much better than she could do. She sat down, and tried to read; and then got up, and glided about from one table to another, from one picture to another, looking vaguely at a score of things without seeing them. Then she stole within the shadow of the curtain, and looked out at the carriages which went and came, now and then drawing up at adjacent doors. It made her heart beat to see them approaching, to think that perhaps they were coming here—her mother perhaps; perhaps Sir Thomas; perhaps Markham. Was it possible that this night, of all others—this night, when her heart seemed to appeal to earth and heaven for some one to help her—nobody would come? It was Frances' first experience of these vigils, which to some women fill up so much of life. There had never been any anxiety at Bordighera, any disturbing influence. She had always known where to find her father, who could solve every problem and chase away every difficulty. Would he, she wondered, be able to do so now? Would he, if he were here, go out for her, and find George Gaunt, and deliver him from his pursuers? But Frances could not say to herself that he would have done so. He was not fond of disturbing himself. He would have said: 'It is not my business;' he would have refused to interfere, as Claude did. And what could she do, a girl, by herself? Lady Markham had been very anxious to keep him out of harm's way; but she had said plainly that she would not forsake her own son in order to save the son of another woman. Frances was wandering painfully through labyrinths of such thoughts, racking her brain with vain questions as to what it was possible to do, when Markham's hansom stopping with a sudden clang at the door, drove her thoughts away, or at least made a break in them, and replaced, by a nervous tremor of excitement and alarm, the pangs of anxious expectation and suspense. She would rather not have seen Markham at that moment. She was fond of her brother. It grieved her to hear even Lady Markham speak of him in questionable terms: all the natural prejudices of affectionate youth were enlisted on his side; but, for the first time, she felt that she had no confidence in Markham, and wished that it had been any one but him.

He came in with a light overcoat over his evening clothes; he had been dining out; but he did not meet Frances with the unembarrassed countenance which she had thought would have made it so difficult to speak to him about what she had heard. He came in hurriedly, looking round the drawing-room with a rapid investigating glance, before he took any notice of Frances. 'Where is the mother?' he asked hurriedly.

'She has not come back,' said Frances, divining from his look that it was unnecessary to say more.

Markham sat down abruptly on a sofa near. He did not make any reply to her, but put up the handle of his cane to his mouth with a curious mixture of the comic and the tragic, which struck her in spite of herself. He did not require to put any question; he knew very well where his mother was, and all that was happening. The sense of the great crisis which had arrived took from him all power of speech, paralysing him with mingled awe and dismay. But yet the odd little figure on the sofa sucking his cane, his hat in his other hand, his features all fallen into bewilderment and helplessness, was absurd. Out of the depths of Frances' trouble came a hysterical titter against her will. This roused him also. He looked at her with a faint evanescent smile.

'Laughing at me, Fan? Well, I don't wonder. I am a nice fellow to have to do with a tragedy. Screaming farce is more like my style.'

'I did not laugh, Markham; I have not any heart for laughing,' she said.

'Oh, didn't you? But it sounded like it.—Fan, tell me, has the mother been long away, and did any one see that unfortunate girl when she was here?'

'No, Markham—unless it were Mr Ramsay; he saw her drive away with mamma.'

'The worst of old gossips,' he said, desperately sucking his cane, with a gloomy brow. 'I don't know an old woman so bad. No quarter there—that is the word.—Fan, the mother is a trump. Nothing is so bad when she is mixed up in

it.—Was Nelly much cut up, or was she in one of her wild fits? Poor girl! You must not think badly of Nelly. She has had hard lines. She never had a chance: an old brute, used up, that no woman could take to. But she has done her duty by him, Fan.'

'She does not think so, Markham.'

'Oh, by Jove, she was giving you that, was she?—Fan, I sometimes think poor Nelly's off her head a little. Poor Nelly, poor girl! I don't want to set her up for an example; but she has done her duty by him. Remember this, whatever you may hear. I—am rather a good one to know.'

He gave a curious little chuckle as he said this—a sort of strangled laugh, of which he was ashamed, and stifled it in its birth.

'Markham, I want to speak to you—about something very serious.'

He gave a keen look at her sideways from the corner of one eye. Then he said in a sort of whisper to himself, 'Preaching;' but added in his own voice: 'Fire away, Fan,' with a look of resignation.

'Markham—it is about Captain Gaunt.'

'Oh!' he cried. He gave a little laugh. 'You frightened me, my dear. I thought at this time of the day you were going to give me a sermon from the depths of your moral experience, Fan. So long as it isn't about poor Nelly, say what you please about Gaunt.—What about Gaunt?'

'Oh, Markham, Mr Ramsay told me—and mamma has been frightened ever since he came. What have you done with him, Markham? Don't you remember the old general at Bordighera—and his mother? And he had just come from India, for his holiday, after years and years. And they are poor—that is to say, they are well enough off for them; but they are not like mamma and you. They have not got horses and carriages; they don't live—as you do.'

'As I do! I am the poorest little beggar living, and that is the truth, Fan.'

'The poorest!—Markham, you may think you can laugh at me. I am not clever; I am quite ignorant—that I know. But how can you say you are poor? You don't know what it is to be poor. When they go away in the summer, they choose little quiet places; they spare everything they can. That is one thing I know better than you do.—To say you are poor!'

He rose up and came towards her, and taking her hands in his, gave them a squeeze which was painful, though he was unconscious of it. 'Fan,' he said, 'all that is very pretty, and true for you. But if I hadn't been poor, do you think all this would have happened as it has done? Do you think I'd have stood by and let Nelly marry that fellow? Do you think——? Hush! there's the mother, with news; no doubt, she's got news. Fan, what d'ye think it'll be?'

He held her hands tight, and pressed them till she had almost cried out, looking in her face with a sort of nervous smile which twitched at the corners of his mouth, looking in her eyes as if into a mirror where he could see the reflection of something, and so be spared the pain of looking directly at it. She saw that the subject which was of so much interest to her had passed clean out of his head. His own affairs were uppermost in Markham's mind, as is generally the case when a man can be supposed to have any affairs at all of his own.

And Frances, kept in this position, as a sort of mirror in which he could see the reflection of his mother's face, saw Lady Markham come in, looking very pale and fatigued, with that air of having worn her outdoor dress for hours which gives a sort of haggard aspect to weariness. She gave a glance round, evidently without perceiving very clearly who was there, then sank wearily upon the sofa, loosening her cloak. 'It is all over,' she said in a low tone, as if speaking to herself—'it is all over. Of course, I could not come away before'——

Markham let go Frances' hands without a word. He walked away to the further window, and drew the curtain aside and looked out. Why, he could not have told, nor with what purpose—with a vague intention of making sure that the hansom which stood there so constantly, was at the door.

'What is Markham doing?' said his mother with a faint querulous tone. 'Tell him not to fidget with these curtains. It worries me. I am tired, and my nerves are all wrong.—Yes, you can take my cloak, Frances. Don't call anybody. No one will come here to-night. Markham, did you hear what I said? It is all over. I waited till'——

He came towards her from the end of the room with a sort of smile upon his gray sandy-coloured face, his mouth and eyebrows twitching, his eyes screwed up so that nothing but two keen little glimmers of reflection were visible. 'You are not the sort,' he said, with a little tremor in his voice, 'to forsake a man when he is down.' He had his hands in his pockets, his shoulders pushed up; nowhere could there have been seen a less tragic figure. Yet every line of his odd face was touched and moving with feeling, totally beyond any power of expression in words.

'It was not a happy scene,' she said. 'He sent for her at the last. Sarah Winterbourn was there at the bedside. She was fond of him, I believe. A woman cannot help being fond of her brother, however little he may deserve it. Nelly'——

Here Markham broke in with a sound that was like, yet not like, his usual laugh. 'How's Nelly?' he said abruptly, without sequence or reason. Lady Markham paused to look at him, and then went on.

'Nelly trembled so, I could scarcely keep her up. She wanted not to go; she said what was the good? But I got her persuaded at last. A man dying like that is a—is a—— It is not a pleasant sight. He signed to her to go and kiss him.' Lady Markham shuddered slightly. 'He was past speaking—I mean, he was past understanding. I—I wish I had not seen it. One can't get such a scene out of one's mind.'

She put up her hand and pressed her fingers upon her eyes, as if the picture was there, and she was trying to get rid of it. Markham had turned away again, and was examining, or seeming to examine, the flowers in a jardinière. Now and then he made a movement, as if he would have stopped the narrative. Frances, trembling and crying with natural horror and distress, had

loosened her mother's cloak and taken off her bonnet while she went on speaking. Lady Markham's hair, though always covered with a cap, was as brown and smooth as her daughter's. Frances put her hand upon it timidly and smoothed the satin braid. It was all she could do to show the emotion, the sympathy in her heart; and she was as much startled in mind as physically, when Lady Markham suddenly threw one arm round her and rested her head upon her shoulder. 'Thank God,' the mother cried, 'that here is one, whatever may happen, that will never, never—— Frances, my love, don't mind what I say. I am worn out, and good for nothing. Go and get me a little wine, for I have no strength left in me.'

Markham turned to her with his chuckle more marked than ever, as Frances left the room. 'I am glad to see that you have strength to remember what you're about, mammy, in spite of that little break-down. It wouldn't do, would it?—to let Frances believe that a match like Winterbourn was a thing she would never—never——! though it wasn't amiss for poor Nelly, in *her* day.'

'Markham, you are very hard upon me. The child did not understand either one thing or the other. And I was not to blame about Nelly; you cannot say I was to blame. If I had been, I think to-night might make up: that ghastly face, and Nelly's close to it, with her eyes staring in horror, the poor little mouth'——

Markham's exclamation was short and sharp like a pistol-shot. It was a monosyllable, but not one to be put into print. 'Stop that!' he said. 'It can do no good going over it.—Who's with her now?'

'I could not stay, Markham; besides, it would have been out of place. She has her maid, who is very kind to her; and I made them give her a sleeping-draught—to make her forget her trouble. Sarah Winterbourn laughed out when I asked for it. The doctor was shocked. It was so natural that poor little Nelly, who never saw anything so ghastly, never was in the house with death; never saw, much less touched'——

'I can understand Sarah,' he said with a grim smile.

Frances came back with the wine, and her mother paused to kiss her as she took it from her hand. 'I am sure you have had a wearing, miserable evening. You look quite pale, my dear. I ought not to speak of such horrid things before you at your age. But you see, Markham, she saw Nelly, and heard her wild talk. It was all excitement and misery and overstrain; for in reality she had nothing to reproach herself with—nothing, Frances. He proved that by sending for her, as I tell you. He knew, and everybody knows that poor Nelly had done her duty by him.'

Frances paid little attention to this strange defence. She was, as her mother knew, yet could scarcely believe, totally incapable of comprehending the grounds on which Nelly was so strongly asserted to have done her duty, or of understanding that not to have wronged her husband in the one unpardonable way, gave her a claim upon the applause of her fellows. Fortunately, indeed, Frances was defended against all questions on this subject by the possession of that unsuspected trouble of her own, of which she felt that for the night at least it was futile to say anything. Nelly was the only subject upon which her mother could speak, or for which Markham had any ears. They did not say anything either after Frances left them, or in her presence, of the future, of which, no doubt, their minds were full—of which Nelly's mind had been so full when she burst into Lady Markham's room in her finery, on that very day. What was to happen after what 'the widow'—that name against which she so rebelled, but which was already fixed upon her in all the clubs and drawing-rooms—was to do; that was a question which was not openly put to each other by the two persons chiefly concerned.

When Markham appeared in his usual haunts that night, he was aware of being regarded with many significant looks; but these he was of course prepared for, and met with a countenance in which it would have puzzled the wisest to find any special expression.

Lady Markham went to bed as soon as her son left her. She had said she could receive no one, being much fatigued. 'My lady have been with Mrs Winterbourn,' was the answer made to Sir Thomas when he came to the door late, after a tedious debate in the House of Commons. Sir Thomas, like everybody, was full of speculations on this subject, though he regarded the subject from a point of view different from the popular one. The world was occupied with the question whether Nelly would marry Markham, now that she was rich and free. But what occupied Sir Thomas, who had no doubt on this subject, was the—afterwards? What would Lady Markham do? Was it not now at last the moment for Waring to come home?

In Lady Markham's mind, some similar thoughts were afloat. She had said that she was fatigued; but fatigue does not mean sleep, at least not at Lady Markham's age. It means retirement, silence, and leisure for the far more fatiguing exertion of thought. When her maid had been dismissed, and the faint night-lamp was all that was left in her curtained, cushioned, luxurious room, the questions that arose in her mind were manifold. Markham's marriage would make a wonderful difference in his mother's life. Her house in Eaton Square she would no doubt retain; but the lovely little house in the Isle of Wight, which had been always hers—the solemn establishment in the country would be hers no more. These two things of themselves would make a great difference. But what was of still more consequence was that Markham himself would be hers no more. He would belong to his wife. It was impossible to believe of him that he would ever be otherwise than affectionate and kind; but what a difference when Markham was no longer one of the household! And then the husband, so long cut off, so far separated, much by distance, more by the severance of all the habits and mutual claims which bind people together—with him what would follow? What would be the effect of the change? Questions like these, diversified by perpetual efforts of imagination to bring before

her again the tragical scene of which she had been a witness—the dying man with his hoarse attempts to be intelligible—the young, haggard, horrified countenance of Nelly, compelled to approach the awful figure, for which she had a child's dread, kept her awake long into the night. It is seldom that a woman of her age sees herself on the eve of such changes without any will of hers. It seemed to have overwhelmed her in a moment, although, indeed, she had foreseen the catastrophe. What would Nelly do? was the question all the world was asking. But Lady Markham had another which occupied her as much on her side. Waring, what would he do?

CHOLERA:

CAN IT BE PREVENTED BY INOCULATION?

HAPPILY for mankind, some men are 'specialists,' and keep their attention fixed on one subject, continuing to labour for its elucidation when there is no general public interest in the matter. As there is no royal road to what we call science, more than to other learning, it is only by such patient and continuous labour, aided it is true now and then by flashes of what looks like inspiration, that its victories are won. The object of the writer is to give what seems like an illustration of this truth in a short account of what some recent experiments have taught as to the best methods of averting the fatality caused by cholera, to which public attention has been directed, consequent upon its ravages in Spain and its later reappearance in France and Italy. The whole question is still surrounded with difficulties, and will for some time be the subject of much discussion. Without espousing either side in the controversy, we wish to lay before our readers a brief *résumé* of the facts and arguments that are being adduced.

Professor Burdon Sanderson, in May last, delivered before the Royal Institution a lecture in which were summarised the facts as to which experts are agreed with regard to this disease. And first let it be noted that true cholera —that is, Asiatic cholera—is native in India. Of course the opportunities of studying it there are very much greater than in Europe, where happily for the inhabitants its appearance is much more rare. Why this is so will appear further on. In October of the year 1817, 'an event occurred which at once gave the disease a significance it had not before possessed. The Marquis of Hastings, with an army of over ten thousand Europeans and a much larger native force, was in Bundelcund, not far from Allahabad, where cholera was then raging. Cholera had on several previous occasions interfered with military operations, but this time it attacked Hastings's European troops with a violence of which there had before been no example. The pestilence continued for several weeks with unabated destructiveness, until early in November the army was withdrawn from the Bundelcund, and moved westwards in its march towards Gwalior, on which the mortality at once subsided. Thousands of dead and dying were left behind, but cholera was left behind with them, and a lesson was learned which has since been often repeated in Indian experience—that when a military force is encountered by cholera, removal from the infected locality is the only effectual way of checking it.'

Now if cholera, as is popularly supposed, is, like zymotic diseases such as scarlet fever, capable of being communicated from one person to another, it does not seem at all clear how this result could happen. And yet it is certain that the removal of a person suffering from the disease will carry the infection from one district to another. Professor Sanderson puts another fact before us, namely: that after a period of quiescence, the poison-matter of cholera may recover its activity under suitable conditions. It is also certain that whatever the contagium or poison-matter is, it undoubtedly possesses the power of enormous self-multiplication, which is an essential property of all organisms. Summing up these facts and the conclusions from them, he observes: 'The conjecture, therefore, that cholera, like other epidemic diseases, owes its power of spreading to a living and self-multiplying organism, is so well founded, that we are justified in taking it as a starting-point from which we may at once proceed to inquire —first, where this self-multiplication takes place; and secondly, how it is brought about.'

In zymotic diseases between the time of infection with the specific organism and death (or the culmination of the disorder if it be not fatal), the organism multiplies *in the body* until it has consumed all its appropriate nourishment, or until it has produced such a quantity of its particular poisonous products, that like a human being confined in a close room, who is smothered from having converted a great part of the oxygen into carbonic acid, existence is no longer possible to it. This occurs not only in the human body, but in other media, and to organisms concerning which we know much more than we do about those peculiar to zymotic diseases, which are as yet very imperfectly understood. Yeast will cease to grow in a beer wort chiefly from two causes: first, when it has exhausted all its saccharine or other food; and secondly, when it has produced a large proportion of alcohol. The ferment which produces lactic acid is another example. Under suitable conditions it grows vigorously until it has produced lactic acid to the extent of about two per cent. of the liquid medium. Then it stops; but if the lactic acid be neutralised by the addition of an alkali—the organism will begin to grow again until the two per cent. limit be reached.

A single yeast cell, a single cell of the lactic ferment, a single rod of the peculiar bacillus or rodlike organism of splenic fever, or of the spirillum of relapsing fever, will, if placed in a suitable medium, in or out of the animal body, at once go on reproducing itself and producing its definite products, which in the animal or man 'communicate the disease.' This is not so with cholera. Not only have scientists up to the present time (according to Professor Sanderson—but on this point we shall have something to say further on) been unable to identify the peculiar organism; but, as Professor Sanderson remarks: 'Nor has it been found either that the bodies

of persons affected with cholera, or that any part of them, possessed the power of infecting healthy persons. Consequently, the opinion first arrived at, and formulated by Professor Pettenkofer, has come to be very generally adopted—that in cholera the multiplication of the germ takes place, not in the tissues of the sick person, but *in his environment*. . . . Putting this into plainer language, it means that when the cholera germ invades a previously uninfected locality, the first thing it does is not to find a home for itself—as the germ of smallpox, of cattle plague, or of splenic fever would do—*in the body* of some healthy person, but to sow itself in *whatever material at or near the surface of the earth is fit for its reception and vegetation*. Now in our study of the laws of diffusion of cholera we have seen that, although cholera may be repeatedly introduced by personal intercourse into an uninfected locality without result, it finally, after a longer or shorter latency, bears fruit; and this we explain on the hypothesis that of the two conditions which are essential to the fructification of the germ—namely, the presence of the organism itself, and the presence of a soil suitable for its growth, the latter is of more importance than the former; that, in short, the reason why a given town or country remains exempt from cholera—is not that the seed of infection fails to reach it, but that those local conditions which are necessary for its vegetation are wanting.'

We may remark, in passing, that the law stated in the last paragraph is entirely in accord with that proved to be true by Pasteur, Tyndall, and others, who have studied the question of those organisms whose seeds or germs are generally *airborne*. They are so minute, and so constantly present, that the chief reason they do not propagate more freely is that only a few media are suitable for their development. Professor Sanderson then goes on to point out that if we want to find this germ of cholera, we must search for it either in the soil or in the alimentary canal of infected persons; and he observes that it has hitherto been only sought in the latter. As is well known, Dr Koch, the discoverer of the germ or *bacillus* of consumption, which he has shown how to make visible under the microscope by a most ingenious plan of staining, claims to have discovered (1) 'That the germ in cholera has the form of a curved rod, which he likens to a comma; and (2) that the disease (cholera) is caused by the presence, growth, and multiplication of this organism in the apparatus for absorption contained in the lower part of the small intestine, and by the consequent formation there of an animal poison which produces the collapse, and the other fatal effects of cholera.' The incredulity with which these claims of Dr Koch have been received by the scientific world, and the reasons assigned by Professor Lankester and Dr Dallinger for not accepting them, are well known; and when Dr Klein, who was at the head of a commission appointed by the Indian government to report generally on the practical bearing of Koch's alleged discovery, swallowed a tumblerful of the organism in question without results, it seemed evident that the finding of the commission represented the true facts of the case—namely, that 'although the so-called cholera bacillus swarms in the intestine of every person affected with cholera, it does not there play the part which is attributed to it.'

But this is not quite the last word upon the matter, and if we turn to the August number of the *Nineteenth Century*, we shall hear what Dr Cameron has to say on the method of 'Anti-cholera Vaccination' practised by Dr Ferran, of Tortosa, in Spain. Dr Cameron, after animadverting on the Philistine spirit with which Englishmen have received Dr Koch's alleged discoveries, and Dr Ferran's method of inoculation based upon them, goes on to say: 'But the world moves, even though we may shut our eyes to the fact, and pooh-pooh it as a mere hypothesis. For my part, I prefer to examine evidence instead of ignoring it; and looking at the evidence regarding Ferran's discovery, and comparing it with what can be adduced in support of the discovery of Jenner, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that that evidence is as ample as it could well be made during the six months which have elapsed since Ferran inaugurated his system on himself, and that it is infinitely more crucial and convincing than anything which Jenner could bring forward ten years after his first experiment on his son.'

He then gives statistics to prove that the chance of not dying from smallpox is about thirty-one and a half times greater among the vaccinated than the unvaccinated; and contrasts with these figures those derived from a test experiment made by Dr Ferran in the island of Alcira, which contains sixteen thousand inhabitants, in April, May, and June of the present year. The results of this experiment go to show that the security against a *fatal* attack of cholera is as 22½ to 1. This is, no doubt, a grand result to have obtained, and as it is authenticated by eleven doctors in Alcira, there seems no *good* reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement, unless it is asserted that the eleven doctors wished to palm off cooked statistics on the public.

The theory upon which Ferran's procedure is based is founded upon the (asserted) discovery of Dr Koch, that the comma bacillus is the cause of cholera. We do not think Ferran's success can be said to have strictly *proved* Koch's assumption, but it certainly helps to strengthen it. This Dr Cameron seems to admit, and even Professor Lankester does not go so far as to say that the comma bacillus is *not* the cause of cholera, but only asserts that Koch had not rigorously established his case that it was.

Let us see what Ferran's method of inoculation is. It is, perhaps, now tolerably well known that most, if not all, of the small, almost ultra-microscopic organisms, for which Sedillot devised the name of microbes, like almost all other organisms in nature, have an egg or spore form as well as an adult stage. Their habits and forms are almost innumerable. They are the active agents in fermentation, putrefaction, and decay. Plants could not grow, digestion in animals would cease, if microbes were banished from the world, and on the other hand many diseases would cease. They propagate with such immense rapidity, that (as Dr Cameron says) during one revolution of the earth a greater number of generations will have sprung into life than man can boast of since the days of Adam. They

will flourish not only in their natural media, but in artificially prepared solutions, where the difficulty arises to keep the species pure. Here again Dr Koch has devised a simple and most ingenious method to insure this purity or separation of species. By cultivation in a preparation made in the form of a jelly, with proper precautions, this is accomplished.

Supposing now we have a pure cultivation of the comma bacillus in gelatine: if we introduce it into the human body, what happens? Dr Klein, as we have seen, when in India swallowed full doses, and was none the worse. Dr Koch utterly failed to reproduce the disease in animals, and, indeed, went so far as to say that he considered the brute creation insusceptible to it. Dr Cameron says: 'And yet these microbe dinners proved absolutely nothing more than would be proved if a philosophic horse should set himself to show that the parasitic bot-worm had nothing to do with the gadfly, by swallowing a mouthful of the full-grown insect. He would find himself none the worse; but he would have proved nothing, for he had simply swallowed the fly instead of the egg. . . . The puzzling thing about Koch's comma bacillus . . . was, how it could possibly do the mischief which he attributed to it. The smallest trace of acid killed it, and the gastric juice of every animal, including Dr Klein, into whose stomach it was introduced, digested it with perfect ease. . . . The most assiduous care on the part of Koch and his disciples having failed to induce it to produce spores, they asserted . . . that the cholera microbe does not propagate itself by spores. . . . Well, what Dr Ferran briefly alleges is, that he has discovered a method of inducing Koch's comma bacillus to produce spores, and that those spores, like the spores of other microbes, manifest a vitality incomparably greater than the adult form of the organism. Introduced into the stomach, they defy the acids of the earlier processes of digestion, and safely reach those portions of the intestine in which their happy hunting-ground is placed.'

This entirely agrees with what we before learned about the transmission of the disease. The organism requires to be in a different environment, and probably in a different stage of its life history, before it can infect mankind. So far theory, but science demands *proof* by experiment. Dr Ferran is stated by Dr Cameron to have furnished this proof by the following experiment before the Barcelona Commission: 'Under the eyes of its members, the comma bacillus has been developed into spores and spirillæ, and these again into comma bacilli. Before their eyes a quantity of the culture of the infective form has been taken, and divided into two parts. One strained through a Chamberland (porcelain) filter, so as to free it from organisms, has been injected into one series of guinea-pigs, and the result has been *nil*. The second, unfiltered, in half the previous doses, has been similarly injected into another series of guinea-pigs, and all have died; and from the blood of the infected animals the comma bacillus has been recovered. But there remained the proof of the prophylactic power claimed by Ferran for his vaccine. Again, before the eyes of the Commission, twenty guinea-pigs were taken, ten inoculated and ten not. A week later, they were subjected to injections of the same infective cultivation, the inoculated animals receiving it in larger doses. Again the result accorded with the prediction. The whole ten inoculated guinea-pigs lived, the ten not inoculated died. The demonstrations of other experimenters in the field of the causation of disease have stopped short at man. Ferran's did not. In the beginning of December, himself and his friend, Señor Pauli, the enthusiastic sharer of his researches, had inoculated themselves.'

Dr Ferran and his colleague evidently had faith in the efficacy of their preventive method, and were prepared to undergo a great deal of pain to demonstrate it, for Dr Cameron describes the alarming symptoms which supervened to be very like (as might have been expected) those of cholera. But by an improved method of 'gradual' inoculation these inconveniences seem to have been eliminated from the system. Before long it was put to a practical test by the Alcira experiment before referred to—which had the apparent result of saving fifty-three cases of cholera and forty-two lives in a population of eight thousand in eighteen days. Dr Cameron concludes thus: 'On the evidence I take my stand, and so far that evidence—which of course further evidence may explain or refute—seems to me to point to one conclusion, namely, that Ferran has discovered a hitherto unknown form of the cholera microbe, and that in that form it can be used as a vaccine hardly less potent against cholera than cowpock is against variola.'

Such an assertion, supported by such evidence as we have endeavoured to place before our readers in as concise a form as possible, is worthy, we think, of very careful attention. Dr Willoughby, in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, comments—severely enough—on what he calls the 'Cholera Inoculation Fallacy,' and Dr Cameron's 'special pleading' in its behalf. But surely it is not to be assumed as altogether unlikely that a Spanish doctor can discover where Englishmen have failed. It is stated that only Pasteur in France and Dr Cameron in this country have raised a voice in favour of Ferran. Of course Ferran may turn out to be utterly wrong; but Pasteur's reliability has been abundantly proved; and the fact that Ferran is a Spaniard is hardly sufficient proof that he has made a mistake. At anyrate, Englishmen should, we submit, try to maintain what Mr Arnold calls 'an open mind and a flexible intelligence' in this as in many other matters.

ARIZONA DAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

My fortunes improved from this time. The death of Arizona Dan seemed to mark an epoch in my life, from which my luck changed. I sold the mining claim for a large sum, and then left the district, bearing in mind the judicious hint of Squire Hape, and believing it was as well for me to be out of the way of Five Ace Jemmy. So I realised, and left for a distant State, where I speculated in claims, bought gold of the miners, started stores, and entered into a diversity of transactions, all of which were now as successful as some years before they had been the

reverse. At last I determined to leave the mines and the West altogether, and go back to England. But I did not carry out this resolution. Some slight business which I had undertaken for a friend at the mines caused me to visit a well-known town in an eastern State, which it will be convenient to call Streamville. I was much pleased with the busy yet snug and quiet town, and with the people I met there. Principal among these, and the one with whom I became most intimate, was a Mr Gabriel Lang, to whom my business call was directed. I was soon a frequent guest at his house, where he had the happiest home I ever knew; while his wife, to whom he had been married only a year or two, was the most amiable woman I had ever met. She was so quiet and retiring, that a stranger might at first regard her as tame and colourless; but this impression disappeared when she was better known. She then shone as a cheerful and delightful companion.

I think I never saw a couple so attached to each other, as were my friend Gabriel and his wife; and so much did I like their society, such an attraction had they for me, that I believe I should have settled at Streamville without further inducement. The further inducement was, however, supplied. Mr Lang's sister was living with him, and as one of my chief objects in returning to England had been to find a home and a companion for life, I soon saw that I could never hope to find a happier home, or a gentler partner, than I might choose in this quiet town in the State of New York. As my story does not profess to deal with such matters, I may condense greatly all I have to say in regard to my brief and happy courtship, and my still happier wedded life, for I married Phillis Lang ere many months were over. This was as much to the gratification of Mr Lang, I may almost say, as myself; while his wife in her own quiet way was as happy as any of us.

In England, I should probably have 'retired;' but here, where nobody ever thought of doing such a thing until he retired to the cemetery, I caught, I suppose, the prevailing taste, and, by way of occupying myself, bought a large share in some local steamboats; which speculation was as fortunate as all my recent attempts had been. At this time, I daresay, we all had our share of the minor crosses and troubles which beset everybody; but as all things are softened by distance, it seems to me, on now looking back, that for a couple of years there was absolute peace and unalloyed happiness in our little households. I know that Phillis was a devoted wife, and that when our first-born came, a son, she proved a devoted mother; while the happiness of Mr and Mrs Lang seemed enhanced by our own. At the risk of being tedious, I cannot help dwelling on the invariable cheerfulness of my friend Gabriel, and on the serene peacefulness which filled his home. This was perhaps rather more subdued than it would have been, from the retiring manners of Mrs Lang; but even this had its special charm. The almost shrinking reserve which marked her at first, was due, I fancied, to some prolonged illness she had at one time suffered, or perhaps to some great sorrow; but I never heard the latter spoken of, or in any way suggested.

We had been married more than two years, when I noticed a change in my friend Gabriel—a change greatly for the worse. He grew at once depressed and irritable. With this came also a too evident desire to avoid me, and even his sister. I thought at first that we had given offence in some way, and anxious, if I had done so, to remedy it, I approached the subject one day; but he perceived my drift instantly, and in a manner which was painfully earnest, assured me that I was wrong. He admitted that he was disturbed and harassed, but said that it was from no fault of his own, and, above all, from no fault of mine. I was never to entertain that belief, or to regard him otherwise than as an unchanged friend, even if he went to his grave without daring to explain what it was which so affected him. This was ominous enough, and although it silenced me for the time, yet it stimulated rather than damped my anxiety.

Of course I told Phillis, and she was more distressed than before at hearing it. She spoke to Mrs Lang, and found that she, too, had noticed this change, and was about to solicit our aid to find out its cause. Her husband was kinder than ever, but was much from home, and could not bear to remain an hour in one place. His restless manner suggested some money difficulties. Perhaps his business affairs had gone wrong, although I was at a loss to see how this could be. I determined to make another trial, and if my conjecture were right, he should be relieved from all anxiety, if it lay in my power to do it.

Phillis had gone to the Sycamores (Lang's house) to see her sister-in-law, and to give her some idea of what I proposed to do, but returned much earlier than I expected with traces of weeping and emotion in her face, and she was almost hysterical. When she recovered, she told me that she had found Mrs Lang, usually so calm, quiet, and self-possessed, in a state bordering upon distraction. She could get no explanation from her; indeed, Mrs Lang declared that her lips were sealed; and when Phillis, thinking that some impending crash was probably the cause of this emotion, told her of my intentions, and my hope of relieving her husband, she frantically exclaimed that such help was of no avail; that she knew all now, and that no business troubles assailed them. She begged Phillis to press her no further, and not speak to her brother on the subject, as the grief which now haunted them could be removed by no one.

This roused me to do or at least to attempt something. I did not believe in a policy of allowing the canker to gnaw at the hearts of the persons whom, out of my own household, I loved best in the world, without making an effort; and I went straight—'right away' would be the correct expression there—to the Sycamores. I fancied, and perhaps correctly, that even the face of the help who admitted me looked more troubled than was right, and finding that Lang was in his own room, half counting-house, half study, I went directly to him. He was seated at his desk, his head leaning on his hand; but no papers or books were there to give him even the show of being occupied. His air was that of a dejected, hopelessly broken-down man, as different from the cheerful Gabriel Lang I had known, as a corpse is from a living body. He

looked up at me with a sad smile, and ere I could speak, said: 'So you have come again, Tom, like a good fellow as you are. I am glad you have done so. I don't want to go mad, or shoot myself, but I shall do one of the two, or both, and perhaps shoot some one else at the same time, unless I can relieve my brain. So I will tell you all.'

I need hardly repeat what I said; everything that friendship suggested, I spoke, and told him that if it lay in the power of any human being to help him, I would sacrifice every dollar to do so.

'But dollars will not help me,' he said, with the same sad smile; 'and yet I shall have to part with a good many. But I would gladly spend ten times as many could I at once close, and then forget this fearful—— But you shall hear.' He paused, as if to nerve himself for the narrative, and indeed it required some effort to reveal the story he had to tell. I must condense it, so will only give the substance of what I heard.

Gabriel Lang and his wife had been sweethearts when they were boy and girl; and as they grew up, always thought to be married early. The friends on each side were agreeable. But misfortunes fell on Gabriel's family; and although such a disaster is less fatal to the hopes of young persons in the United States than almost anywhere else, yet it is always bad for them. The Lang family were obliged to remove. A removal in this case meant a journey of a thousand miles; and it was some time before any improvement in their fortunes took place.

During this time, another lover appeared for Milly, the girl to whom Lang was attached. This admirer was not only bold in his suit, but unscrupulous in the means he took to forward it. The postmaster also must have been in league with him; for all Gabriel's letters were intercepted, with all the earnest appeals to break his strange silence, which Milly wrote. One of them also procured the insertion of several apparently insignificant paragraphs in the local papers of the district to which the Lang family had gone; but these paragraphs were full of evil meaning for those left behind. In fine, the stranger won her parents over; and in desperation, believing herself to be deserted by Gabriel, the girl accepted him. They had been married about a year, when the postmaster was discovered to have been guilty of defalcations, and he fled the town. *Then* a letter reached Milly, referring to many others which had been sent; to her cruel silence; and saying also that the writer—of course Gabriel—only renewed the correspondence because he was now prosperous, was able to return to the East, and wished her to know that he was as devoted to her as ever—that he was unchanged and unchangeable.

The agony this letter caused, the treachery it revealed, almost killed the girl. When she recovered, her manner had the subdued, shrinking air which still marked her. She bitterly reproached her husband, who was not a man calculated to keep her love and respect, apart from this matter, and every semblance of happiness fled from their home. For another year she lived the life of a captive; while he broke through all restraints, and finally was obliged to fly, as his associate had done, but for a still graver crime; the law called it murder. He shot a man; six months after, he was himself killed in a western territory, in similar fashion, and some one—his previous associate, it was supposed—sent a newspaper, containing a full account of the catastrophe, to Milly's friends.

Gabriel also heard of it. He had previously learnt from a sister of Milly of the subtle treachery which had been practised. At once he came back to the East, where he found Milly leading the life of a recluse, or a nun, and sinking in health from day to day. He would not be repulsed, however. They had both been deceived; Milly had been guilty of no fault, and he demanded her hand as a recompense for all he had suffered. After some time she married him, and they experienced the most perfect happiness. Now, however—Gabriel's voice faltered here—the scoundrelly associate had reappeared; his party being in power, some services he had rendered them, with some partial restitution he had made, secured him from prosecution. But he had come as a messenger from Milly's first husband, whose death was a ruse to screen him from pursuit, as he had again been engaged in fatal brawls.

He was alive, but dared not come back to the East, where, indeed, he had no wish to appear. He had no desire, he said, to disturb the wedded bliss of his dear Milly; he had found another more to his taste, out West. But he did want money. If Lang would give a good sum down, and forward a little more as his wife's old friend required it, the first husband would remain incog.; but he must have the dollars. If any difficulty about this were made, he must write to a few old acquaintances in the town, revealing his existence, and leaving Milly and her husband to get out of the fix as best they could. The agent produced such letters and tokens as showed beyond doubt that he did come from the husband. And this frightful claim was what had been weighing upon Gabriel of late. He dreaded to comply with this demand for black-mail, as it was sure to encourage further applications, and what was worse, the man himself—this husband—was such a wild desperate character, that, pay what Gabriel would, he was certain to declare himself some day.

These considerations had caused Lang to hesitate, and the emissary being annoyed at this, made an application to Mrs Lang herself, preferring, as he said, to take a mild course, rather than cause a 'bust-up,' by writing to his principal. Such a revelation, naturally, had nearly driven Mrs Lang out of her mind, and in this dreadful position, what was to be done? What could be done? I was at a loss what to propose or say, to give him comfort. I stammered out two or three phrases which I knew, as I said them, to be miserably conventional and hollow.

'I have promised to see him to-morrow, Lester!' exclaimed Lang, paying no regard to my commonplaces; 'I have promised to meet him at the *Florida Hotel*. Anything rather than that he should come here! And if I can control myself, I have made up my mind to buy him off. I have determined upon doing so, then—during the lull which will come for a time—

realising all I have here, and under changed names, going with Milly to Europe. It is my only chance. But I can scarcely trust myself to arrange it. Will you come with me at noon to-morrow, and be my friend and spokesman?'

I readily promised this; and as I saw he brightened with the idea, professed highly to approve of his European scheme. I wrung his hand when we parted, with a renewed pledge to be with him on the next day, and so left him in somewhat better spirits.

There were many details I should have liked to hear, but did not care about troubling him then. As I had to pass the *Florida Hotel* on my road home, a feeling of curiosity, natural enough, I suppose, induced me to call there, and take a glass of sherry and bitters at the bar. I thought I should like to scrutinise the customers who came to the counter, or who passed in and out of the billiard-rooms, to see if haply I could guess the man whom I was to meet on the morrow. I had not stood at the bar for three minutes, when a man, who was evidently a resident, came up, and asked the clerk if there were any letters for him. The official answered in the negative, and the customer went up-stairs. I drank off my sherry, and left the hotel, with a new and unlooked-for train of thought flashing through my mind. I decided that I had seen the very man. I could not be mistaken in him, and I thought I could now see further into the scheme than poor Gabriel Lang had ever dreamt of. I could not be positive; but yet my conviction was enough to satisfy me, and it now seemed as though I ought to have found the clue earlier. I made up my mind to the course I would pursue, and waited the arrival of the appointed hour with, I doubt not, as much anxiety as my friend Gabriel himself. I thought it best not to confide my new suspicion to my wife, who was naturally anxious to know what her brother had said to me. I gave her a vague, general account, which might not have satisfied her but for my telling her of the appointment for the next day, when she thought she should learn full particulars of this mysterious trouble.

I met Gabriel as agreed, at a point a little distant from his own house, and we went at once to the *Florida Hotel*. My friend was pale, and owned that he had passed an almost sleepless night, nevertheless there was an air about him which savoured more of firmness and resolution, and this I was very glad to see. We inquired for Mr Battenby, and were told that he was in parlour No. 13 awaiting a gentleman; so we went up. I was right; it was the same man. Of course he had not expected to see two persons, and in spite of a great deal of self-possession—he was gifted with that quality—I could see he was startled. He would have been much more startled could he have recognised me as I did him, for I had known him on the previous night as Five Ace Jemmy; but I was so changed by the shearing away of all my ragged exuberant beard and shaggy hair, and by widely different costume, that he looked at me as an entire stranger.

'This is my friend,' said Gabriel; I had asked him not to mention my name at first, without giving him any reason. 'I have told him all. It will be better to have the assistance of a third person, as we shall be cooler in our discussion.'

'I shall be cool enough anyhow you may fix it,' returned Battenby—to call the man by the name he was there known by. 'If you choose to tell all the town your business, it is only a matter of taste, I suppose. You see, sir'—this was to me; 'you must see it if you have thoroughly taken hold of this matter—that our friend here can't help himself. His wife's first husband is alive, is a particular friend of mine, and can spile their domestic felicity; but he is a forgiving man, and has his own reasons for being so. That, he admits; so will rather take a few dollars now and then, than disturb this worthy couple.'

'And if I buy you off now, my life will be passed under constant drain of your blackmail'—— began Lang.

'If we are to come to business,' interrupted Battenby, 'we shall save time by not opening matters that are settled. I have given my word as a gentleman and man of honour, that I will adhere to any agreement we may make, and what more can you want? Besides, you can't help yourself anyhow.'

'I am not certain about that,' I said. It was the first time I had spoken, and the gambler looked keenly round at the sound of my voice, as though there was something in it which again startled him; but he merely said: 'Well?'

'Who is, or was, your friend?' I continued. 'What is his name? Where is he? Why does he not come himself?'

'As to the last item, stranger,' replied Battenby, with an ugly scowl which showed that he did not desire close questioning; 'he don't come, because he don't please. His name is Wilmott, as your good friend Mr Lang, or as his wife, anyhow, could have told you. He is in Colorado.'

'He *is* in Colorado,' I repeated, with a strong emphasis. 'Do you mean to say he lives there, or is dead and buried there?—Now, no evasions, Mr Battenby. You talk of being business-like; keep to your professions. Is the man you speak of alive this day in Colorado?'

'He is so, stranger,' answered the other, while Lang looked at me in the utmost amazement. 'But I tell you I don't propose to have any fooling around here. My friend Wilmott will come up and play an all-fired game in this town, if you try to fool him or me.'

'You lie!' I said, and then made a purposed pause.

'I lie! do I?' said the gambler, with an imprecation. 'When this affair is over, I shall have something to settle with you.'

'You will settle with me now,' I continued. 'The man you speak of was known as Arizona Dan'—Battenby started, and, so far as his dark, sallow complexion was capable of such a change, turned deadly pale—'he died in Big Trees city, Colorado, five years ago—nearly a year before my friend's marriage to his widow. You are the expelled gambler and cheat, Five Ace Jemmy, who fled the camp to avoid lynching, and who, it was afterwards proved, robbed the mail.—Move, you scoundrel, if you dare! and I will put a bullet through your brain.' I drew my revolver as I spoke, and 'covered' the gambler with it. I knew my man, and had come prepared.

'I have the drop on you, and will shoot you like a dog. If I give the alarm, and tell who you really are, you will be in the jail here in ten minutes. You know there was a thousand dollars offered for you by the mail Company; the reward is still out.'

'Who—who are you, then?' said the man, who was clearly beaten and baffled, and a cold perspiration which bedewed his forehead, showed that he was frightened also. 'Gabriel Lang,' I said, speaking to my friend, but never taking my eye from Jemmy, or my finger from the revolver; 'you may go home a free and happy man. This Wilmott, who was a homicide and a rowdy, but who was attached to me, and grateful for a service I rendered him, is dead. He died in my presence, and I stood by his grave. He confided to me his real name, and a great part of his career; not enough, however, to enable me to identify, at first, your wife with his unhappy victim. Of the truth of what I say, I can give you overwhelming proof, should it be needed.'

'And you!' suddenly exclaimed Battenby; 'you must be that loafing Tom Lester, of Big Trees.'

'I am,' I answered briefly.

'Many a day I have had a mind to draw a bead on you,' he continued—by which he meant, to shoot me—'and I wish I had done it. I knew there was no good in you.'

'This man, this detected cheat, shall own it all to you before he goes,' I went on; 'it shall be the price of his going.—Now, no swearing, Five Ace,' I said, as he commenced an explosion of violent language. 'You need not own it, unless you please; but you know the penalty; and that penalty shall be yours, even if you do agree, and are afterwards found in or near this State. Ring the bell, Gabriel, and send the waiter to the police barracks. Let him tell them that Five Ace Jemmy from Colorado is here. I will take care he does not escape.'

'I would rather avoid an exposure, for the sake of my wife'—— began Gabriel.

'Of course you would,' I interrupted; 'and this fellow owes his only chance of escape to my desire to spare Mrs Lang. He has told you how he likes me. I like him as little, and would sooner see him in the hands of the police than not. He is the only man for whose apprehension I would take money; but I own I should like to earn that thousand dollars through him; and I will do it if he delays five minutes.—Take out your watch, Gabriel.'

My tone and manner convinced the gambler that I was in earnest; as indeed I was, for I had seen quite enough of this man and his like, to know that no child's play would serve.

'Well—I cave in,' said Battenby, after a pause. 'You hold better cards than I do; but I wish I had guessed'—— He said a great deal that was bitter, but owned that my statement was true, and that it was for his own benefit and profit he had devised the scheme. He frankly owned that he considered he had 'struck ile' in black-mailing a wealthy citizen like Lang, and one well known to be devoted to his wife. With the same frankness, when once the promise to connive at his escape was passed, Mr Battenby owned that he had, as was surmised, intercepted the letters of Gabriel and Milly.

Five Ace Jemmy left the town the same afternoon, being unwilling, probably, to trust or to tempt us too much. We never saw him again, and are certain we shall never see him now, for he met a deserved fate at the hands of the vigilantes of an offended mining community in California.

I wish I could describe the change from hopeless misery to overflowing happiness, which filled the home of Gabriel Lang; or the delight of his wife, which was nearly equalled by the delight of mine. But even if I could tell this, I should be at a loss to convey an idea of the amazing admiration in which I was held. There never was any hero of ancient or modern renown who received more absolute adoration than I did, for the next few weeks. The only thing I can say to my credit is that I was heartily ashamed at having my services so unduly estimated, and tried my best to quench the ardour of my friends.

At anyrate, we were all the happier for the denouement, and I was thankful for having had the means in my hands of baffling such an atrocious scheme. Mrs Lang brightened from that time, and at this day looks younger and more cheerful than she did fifteen years ago.

AMERICAN BOOK-PIRACY.

THE curious literary anomalies which prevail at present between England and America are worthy of attention. Our American cousins sell us shiploads of cotton, grain, tinned meats, and other useful commodities, for all of which John Bull pays honest cash; but when it comes to a question of paying for our own home-grown literature, that is quite another matter. Why pay for a thing which can be had for the taking without payment? and so our British copyright books are freely reprinted and sold to a public of fifty millions or so for the sum of twopence-halfpenny upwards. Did the author and his publisher participate in the profits of this sale, the profits to both would be more than doubled; but such is the state of the American copyright law at present, that a book selling here at any price from a couple of shillings to a couple of guineas, may be freely reprinted across the water, and sold at a merely nominal figure without benefiting the British author or publisher by one halfpenny.

Such being the state of the law, let us see what effect it has when carried out in practice. We find it pressing hard in the first place on the American author and publisher, who is forced to compete against the brightest, freshest, and strongest stream of good literature that the world has ever seen. This has dwarfed and arrested the career of the American author not a little. Publishers having the best English literature at command for the taking, an American writer, unless he possesses great power or originality, has small chance of succeeding. And his price is also beaten down, for much better literature than he can produce can be published for the mere cost of production. He cannot stand against this.

It must not be supposed that an effort has not been made to mend matters. The American

Copyright League for the past fourteen months has urged the passing of an international copyright law, giving foreigners property in their books when published in America. A Bill was introduced into the House of Representatives, and another Bill into the Senate; but, sad to state, the forty-eighth Congress has adjourned without acting upon either. When international copyright was pressed upon Congress fifty years ago, it received the support of Webster, Clay, and Everett; but trade interest has hitherto prevented legislation on the subject. All our own leading literary men, including Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle, have spoken and written strongly upon the matter. While the property of the foreign patentee is defended, and the foreign playwright is allowed perpetual property in his acted play, the foreign author is mercilessly plundered. There are wealthy publishing houses in the States which would have had no existence but for the reprinting of English copyrights. Take away these, and many a publishing business would collapse like a pricked balloon. To the credit of many of these publishing houses be it mentioned, however, they are willing to pay the British author or publisher, and do pay, all they can; but the state of the law prevents them doing so. There would be little use in buying a book one day, when the next, another publisher could reprint it and undersell the person who made the bargain.

The executive Committee of the American Copyright League numbers amongst its members some of the most influential of her literary men. A series of public readings was lately given in New York on behalf of its funds, and a large sum was realised. Amongst those who took part and read from their own works were Mark Twain, (Samuel L. Clemens), Julian Hawthorne, Henry Ward Beecher, Will Carleton, Howells, Stoddart, and Boyesen.

The programme, amongst other mottoes and extracts, contained the following: 'There must be an international copyright arrangement. It becomes the character of a great country, firstly, because it is justice; secondly, because without it you never can have, and keep, a literature of your own.—*Charles Dickens* (*from a speech*).

'Authors and inventors are among the greatest benefactors of mankind. We should all be shocked if the law tolerated the least invasion of the rights of property in the case of merchandise; while those which justly belong to the works of authors are exposed to daily violation.—*Henry Clay and Daniel Webster* (*in a report*).

'All useful labour is worthy of recompense; all honest labour is worthy of the *chance* of recompense; the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has merited may be said to be the business of all legislation, polity, government, and social arrangement whatsoever among men.—*Thomas Carlyle* (*Petition on Copyright Bill*).

'It has been urged that an extended copyright would damage the public interest—that it would enhance the price of books. . . . Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of *cheap literature* and the interest of the public, that they should furnish me with their commodities at a very trifling percentage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher: "Sir: Respectin your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves."—*Tom Hood* (*Copyright and Copywrong*).

'Congress excludes Chinese labour because it interferes with white labour. But Congress still compels the American who writes a book to offer his labour in the market against labour which is not merely cheap, but is actually unpaid.—*Address of the Copyright League.*'

The 'libraries,' as the collections of books are called in which cheap reprints of British copyrights appear, extend some of them to five hundred volumes. The best known perhaps are Harper's *Franklin Square Library*, Munro's *Seaside Library*, and *Lovell's Library*.

A few examples, from American catalogues, of reprints of British copyrights may be interesting. Here is one of one hundred closely printed pages (J. B. Alden's), in which we find a cheap reprint of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, announced and described as undoubtedly the best popular encyclopædia in the market, until 'Alden's Manifold Encyclopædia' shall appear. The *Library Magazine*, of which about a dozen volumes have been issued, contains a 'hash-up' of articles from every well-known English magazine, including many from our own pages. *Choice Literature* is similar in contents. The familiar *English Men of Letters* series, published in this country at two shillings and sixpence, appear at fivepence a volume; the *Elzevir Library* comprises books and parts of books from one penny to fifteenpence; Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, &c., appearing for fivepence. There is a reprint of Ruskin's works in fifteen volumes at a much lower figure than one of his earlier books now costs with us; while his *Sesame and Lilies*, *Crown of Wild Olive*, and *Ethics of the Dust*, appear in one volume for about two shillings, or about one-tenth of what Mr Ruskin thinks it right to charge for them in England. Three firms, at least, have reprints of Ruskin's works; in its cheapest form *Modern Painters* is issued in paper covers, three volumes, at tenpence each; and *Stones of Venice*, in three volumes at one shilling each. The average published price of Black or Blackmore's novels in England is six shillings a volume; you can buy them in New York at from fivepence to fifteenpence. A remonstrance from Mr Hamerton regarding a cheap reprint of his *Intellectual Life* has only led to his letter being printed as an advertisement.

Lord Tennyson has of course suffered along with other English authors, and he seems to feel it too. When lately interviewed by a correspondent of the *New York Herald* on the subject of a proposed memorial to General Gordon, he said: 'Some of your New York publishers have published nearly all of my poems, and I have never received a penny from any of them. Should they now subscribe liberally to our Gordon Memorial, I should feel as if some atonement were made.' We doubt very much if any of the New York publishers will take this hint from the poet-laureate.

Messrs Dodd, Mead, & Co. announce a series of *Tales from Many Sources*, in which all the best known British magazines are laid under contribution. The large square pamphlet-looking books—of which the British publisher lately threatened us with an imitation—in Harper's *Franklin Square Library* now number close on five hundred volumes. Most of these are British novels, and if not paid for, it is not Messrs Harper's fault, who straightforwardly pay when it is possible to do so. The most that can be done is to pay for advance sheets; and as we know lately, the offer of two thousand pounds for an advance copy of the revised Old Testament was not successful.

The average price of an English novel or work in general literature in the *Franklin Square Library* varies from sevenpence-halfpenny to tenpence. For example, George Eliot's Life, published here at two guineas, is sold in this Library for less than two shillings. Froude's Life of Carlyle may be had at the same cheap rate; in fact, all that is newest and best in our literature is immediately reproduced at similar rates. Of course, along with these cheap reissues, there are dearer and finer editions for those who want them. Among the most notorious of American literary pirates is a firm who publishes the well-known *Seaside Library* of novels. This firm devotes itself mainly to the sale of English works, old and new, and we are informed the proprietors have realised a fortune of seven million dollars from their reprints.

Such are some of the anomalies in the trade of literature caused by the absence of an international copyright law, and of which we have only given a few specimens. It is true that we also reprint American books in this country without payment to author or publisher; but what we receive in this way is infinitesimal, as compared with what we give—or what is *taken* from us—in return.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OUR FOREIGN INDEBTEDNESS FOR FOOD-SUPPLIES.

THE annual statement of the trade of the United Kingdom for 1884, recently issued, enables us to see how much we are indebted to foreign countries for many of the necessaries of life. It seems strange, at first sight, with our depressed industries and land going out of cultivation, that we should have to pay to foreigners so much for farm and dairy produce. With a population of thirty-five millions to provide for, it is plain, of course, that we cannot feed and clothe ourselves entirely from native produce. But a glance at recent import-figures suggests that we might do a little more in that way. Leaving grain out of the question in the meantime, our foreign bill is a large one. There has been an increase, too, within recent years in many of the articles of food imported. Beginning with butter and butterine, the value of the imports was twelve and a half millions of pounds sterling; of which we paid five to Holland, about three to France, and to Denmark two millions. It would be well if the quantities and value of butter and butterine were distinguished in the Report. Bacon and hams come next, with a total value of about nine millions; oxen, bulls, cows and calves, eight and a quarter; cheese, five millions, of which commodity the United States sold us two and a half millions, and Canada a million and a half; Holland and France coming next in value. Eggs stand at about three millions, France sending us the half of this quantity, followed, though a long way behind, by Belgium and Germany. The district of Ancona, in Italy, alone furnishes about seventy-five millions of eggs for European consumption, weighing about four thousand two hundred and seventy-five tons; and for their transport, five hundred and twenty trucks, of ten tons each, are required. More than the half of this supply reaches the London market, a week being occupied in railway transit. For fruit and vegetables, we paid France about eight hundred thousand pounds; Spain, Germany, and Holland coming next in value. For poultry, game, and rabbits we paid more than half a million; of which three hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds went to Belgium.

In the British cereal year for 1884-85, recently closed, the flour imports had reached the enormous quantity of nearly ten million packages, which has been estimated, without taking the home supply into account, would give an allowance of half a hundredweight for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. With the exception of about one million packages, this supply came from the United States. We are apt to ask, when the wholesale prices of flour and mutton have been reduced twenty to twenty-five per cent. in recent times, who is pocketing the profit, as there is little or no reduction to the consumer.

Perhaps one lesson from these figures is, that in order to keep and create a new market, the producer must be in touch with public needs, and adapt himself by new methods to the requirements of the market. Our splendid service of steamers has brought us next door to an ever-increasing host of powerful competitors; we must be as active, industrious, and vigilant as they are, if we would not be losers in the race.

CURIOUS RECOVERY OF A LOST CHEQUE.

A short time since, a well-to-do tradesman in Leamington, Mr W——, received in the course of business a cheque for a considerable amount, drawn by a gentleman well known in the locality, payable to the order of the drawee, by whom it was indorsed. Placing the cheque loose in his pocket, Mr W—— walked down to the garden, some distance from his house, where he amused and exercised himself digging with a spade, after his wont, for some little time, eventually returning to his usual business. During the evening, when making up the accounts for the day, Mr W—— felt in his pocket for the cheque, intending to put it in a place of security. To his dismay, he could not, after turning out his pockets, find it. He at once searched every possible and impossible place, made inquiries of his wife, family, and assistants, but without avail; then,

through the chief, caused the police to be informed of his loss, and had hand-bills, offering a reward, circulated—in fact, took every precautionary measure that suggested itself, including the stoppage of the cheque at the local banks. The following day, no news was received from any quarter of a satisfactory character, although search was continued with unabated constancy. On the third day, interest began to slacken, and it was generally supposed that cash had been obtained for the cheque in one of the neighbouring towns. Mr W——, however, being most interested, continued his quest, leaving no stone unturned. Towards the evening of the fourth day, he, with a view to diverting his thoughts, once more began to dig with a spade over a portion of the piece of ground upon which he expended his surplus energy. A sudden idea occurred to him, and with eager haste, he commenced turning back the soil which he had dug over on the day of the loss. For some time he proceeded to work vigorously, but as the quantity previously removed diminished, his exertions somewhat flagged. At last, however, his perseverance was rewarded by the unearthing of a piece of soiled and crumpled paper, which upon being carefully spread open, revealed itself to his glistening eyes as the missing cheque.

A NEGLECTED BRANCH OF HOME INDUSTRY.

The *Chamber of Commerce Journal* remarks that the Belgian market-gardeners are indignant with their Minister of Agriculture because he has been telling them that when their vegetables reach the London market they are not fresh. Their anger has found vent in a comparison of their own enterprise with that of other nations; and it is astonishing to learn to how great an extent we are indebted to continental growers for our comestibles. It should not be astonishing, for public attention has so often been called to the lack of enterprise on the part of our own cultivators, that by this time we are pretty well acquainted with their deficiencies; but the extent of trade is so great, and the need of our farmers for remunerative crops is so pressing, that the neglect of market-gardening must ever evoke surprise. Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, all serve us with vegetables and dairy produce which could as easily, and—considering the charges of carriage—as cheaply be produced at home. The matter is of the more importance because the existence of a flourishing home-trade in vegetables, &c., would create a much more active demand for manufactures. There is no reason at all why millions now sent abroad in payment for produce should not be gained by cultivators at home—no reason, that is, unless the conditions of land-tenure constitute a barrier.

PLAYING AT HORSES.

A correspondent writes to us as follows: 'Visible from my sitting-room window is a long unfenced road, that leads to my house through the home-field. It leads also to the rectory; and, by several turnings and windings, to a farmhouse behind my own, and round to a coal-house situated at the rear. In the field through which this road leads there was turned out for the winter a mare, too young for continuous work, but old enough to have received a fair training as a "leader" in harness. At noon, one day, there entered upon the road, from the great highway beyond, a coal-wagon and pair of horses from the city adjacent, bringing a supply of coal to the house referred to. The mare had been gamboling round the field for a time; then it had laid itself down in many attitudes; and was now idly cropping choice patches of grass, fastidiously selected, when the jingle of the coal-wagon attracted it.

'I was not sufficiently observant at the time, but I am quite sure now that I must have noticed its sudden resolve to be mischievous—to indulge in some freak—to poke fun at the wagoner or his horses, or to make some feigned attack in the sheer idle naughtiness of the moment; for, with dilated nostrils, streaming mane, elevated tail, and with a plunge and scream, it was soon by the wagoner's side in a pretended fit of wild excitement. But the wagoner was not to be threatened or imposed upon, and he raised his whip in a warning way that was well understood; for the tactics of the mare were changed, and a plot or plan of a new comedy was immediately formed. Laying aside every appearance of excitement, or even of levity, the mare assumed the jaded look of a hard-worked horse, and placed itself promptly, but quietly, where an additional leader would be attached; and keeping that position as accurately as if it had been in complete harness, it preceded the wagon, carefully observing the orders addressed by the wagoner to his team, turning corners cautiously, and measuring and giving just the margin and space required here and there by the vehicle, finally stopping and stepping back as the wagon was backed to the cellar door! It then scampered off to its pasture.'

THANKS.

KIND friends! if aught that I could say,
Or aught that I could do,
Could tell the thoughts that fill my heart,
Or speak my thanks to you—

If any scattered words of mine,
Or seemly attitude,
Could do so much as half express
My depth of gratitude—

No choking throat should hold my tongue,
No act of courtesy,
No words of suited thankfulness
Should lack or wanting be.

But since no painted speech of mine
Can all my thanks convey,
And no complaisant act of mine
Can half my debts repay—

Oh, take my thanks!—blunt thanks, my friends,
And know that in them lies
Far more than just the utterance
Of that poor word implies. F. C. H.

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THE PROFESSIONAL SHARPER.

BY AN OLD HAND.

Like many professions, there are in the business of a sharper many different qualities and kinds of men. There are the rough and brutal, who, finding their work unproductive, do not hesitate to resort to more felonious undertakings. There are also those who, through thick and thin, stick steadily to their trade, with a kind of conviction that it is a legitimate calling; and there are others who, more subdued and gentlemanly, go about their work with refinement and ease. The last-described specimen of the craft is the most interesting. His movements never cause alarm; he is never put out of countenance by the accident of ill-luck, and never shows a temper other than even and gentle. What sort of nature underlies his demeanour it is impossible to define; but certainly, although his actions are something cat-like, he is never so indiscreet as to show the tiger. He is a great frequenter of public-houses, and usually visits those places of resort where the respectable artisan class sojourn for an evening's entertainment. If there is a piano in the establishment, he will occasionally be seen engaged in deep and earnest converse with the player. He is known to the barmen, and especially to the ladies, if there be any in the house. He pays them great deference; and generally speaks in a subdued and humble accent that has something shy in it. He is not over-neatly dressed, conveying the impression that the world is used up, and has collided against him in the process. He is clean shaved, somewhat lank, and having a ripple of pleasantness quivering on the clean upper lip. His most captivating characteristic is his blandness; he is bland to a degree—ever gentlemanly and refined in his attitudes and deportment.

As he walks leisurely and unconcernedly into he smoke-room or bar-parlour, he nods familiarly o the assembly, and at once sets the company t its ease. He remarks that 'It's warm;' or, Glorious weather;' or, 'Dear me, it's very wet,' or offers an unsolicited opinion concerning the music, if there happens to be any in the room. His opinion, although differing in expression occasionally, is always sympathetic. He is never a critic—always a panegyrist. He has an extensive range of knowledge. Have they ever heard Rubinstein? No! Perhaps they have heard Halle? No! Dear me; that's singular. Still, he does not know. After all, everything's in a name, and he dares to say many an obscure player may be quite equal to any of those who have sounding reputations. It's the way of the world—most peculiar way, certainly. They would say so if they had had his experience; and then, with earnest and concentrated expression, he launches out on a sea of experience; tells harrowing tales, short and pithy, about the continent and the doings there; tells how he has had his ups and downs, and, after exciting the partially excited mind of his auditors, he asks them if they know anything of the gay capitals of the continental countries.

Strange, that anything foreign has such an attraction. He seems to know and duly appreciate the weakness. Conjuring, he tells them with a glance of mystery, is one of the chief delights of the European cities. Paris! Ever been in Paris? No! Three or four significant shakes of the head follow, in order to add the required amount of wonder to the disclosures he might make if he liked. 'Baden-Baden! Ever there? No! Nor Vienna, nor Monte Carlo, nor Berlin? No! Astonishing, truly. Ah, there's life there, if you like. The people live, actually live, on excitement. Every boy in the street is a wizard, and every girl a clairvoyant. That is where life is enjoyed. A short pause, during which he seems to be visiting mentally the places of his narrative, and occasionally gulping them down into oblivion with each sip of his glass. He gazes from one to the other, and becomes even blander, and encourages their queries by a glance of the utmost interest.

The company expands, and others drop into a seat and throw an inquisitive look on him.

'You do not seem to have made the very best of your travels, then?' ventures one of the party.

'Ah, my friend, if you had travelled as I have done, you would not ask such a question. You would understand how difficult it is for a man of very limited knowledge to cope with men who are versed in almost every pursuit.'

Another pause, in which the past seems to have revived, and another sip.

'They must be extremely forward in the countries you mention.'

'Forward! Bless you, gentlemen, I could show you tricks that you would never dream of being possible, that I have been taught by the children of those places. For example, this penny-piece that I hold in my hand; you see it is there' (holding it up); 'and now—presto, it is gone' (disappears accordingly); 'and yet, if I may take the liberty of removing this gentleman's hat' (does so), 'you find the identical penny-piece lying calmly at the bottom, as if it had lain there all its life.'

Glances of wonder, succeeded by a peal of laughter, and a titter at the gentleman with the hat, follow the execution of this feat.

The conjurer sips his glass in an unconcerned fashion, intending to convey the impression that the feat is a mere bagatelle. The curiosity of the company is excited, and will not now be held back; it must be satisfied. The professor eyes the assembly in the blandest and most encouraging manner, yet withal with a veil of mystery overhanging his features, that serves to further excite them. A trio of voices demand another example of his skill, and in almost one breath, issue instructions to the waiter to refill the gentleman's glass. He takes a sip of the newly-brought liquor and coughs slightly.

'Well, gentlemen, you see it is a trifle hard on a person circumstanced like myself. I am not quite so well off as I used to be, and although it is a habit of mine occasionally to oblige a company, I have my objection to doing these little things in public, because I often meet friends who knew me in my palmy days, and it is always an embarrassment to me when I am met by any of my former associates. Nevertheless, if you really desire it, gentlemen, I will not be so ungentlemanly as to stand between you and a little enjoyment, if we can dignify it by that name.'

A unanimous expression of approval follows this deprecatory little speech, and a general demand for another exhibition of his skill is made in a reassuring tone.

The professor, with a tinge of reluctance that seems to intensify the determination of the audience to have the whole programme, spreads his long lank hands, with their knuckles downwards, on the table; and in a careless manner, asks if any gentleman could favour him with a half-sheet of paper. Presently, the required article is handed to our hero, and he dexterously fashions it into a sort of cup with a long point at the base. He then produces from his pockets two peas, which he places underneath this cup, passes his hands over the top, turns them backwards on the table, and asks one of the company to lift the cup. The cup is lifted, and—the peas are gone! He takes the cup again, places it on the table, and requests one of the audience to raise the cup. This is done, and—a large glass marble is found beneath it! The cup is carefully replaced, again lifted, and behold—a blank!

A feeling of wonder floats over the assembly, and vociferous applause proclaims their delight in the performance.

'That, gentlemen,' the professor explains with an air of indifference, 'is a trick very popular amongst the Arabs, but, like most of their tricks, is very simple. The next one is rather better. Will any gentleman, or number of gentlemen, oblige me with a loan of sixpence in pennies?'

Half-a-dozen hands are down at once into as many pockets, and the requisite amount of copper is immediately laid on the table.

'One, two, three, four, five, six. These, gentlemen, I place in this paper and screw tightly up. The paper I put under this tumbler, as you see. Will any gentleman kindly lend me his hat?—Ah! thank you. The hat I place beneath the table immediately under the glass containing the coppers, and when I say "Presto, hi! begone!" you hear the pieces drop one by one into the hat through the table.'

More amazement is depicted on every face.

'Some gentleman kindly remove the glass and count the coppers, to assure himself and the company they are still there.'

A hand is reached forth and withdraws the paper, only to find it—empty.

'The paper, gentlemen, I again screw tightly up and again place beneath the glass. The pennies I have still in the hat. My business now is to transfer the coins to their original place beneath the tumbler, which I proceed to do. You will perceive now, gentlemen, that the hat is empty; and if you kindly uncover the packet, you will find that they are where they were first placed.'

The packet is again unfolded, and the penny-pieces are found, to the increased astonishment of the company, to be resting where they were originally placed.

Another sip of his glass and a short cough, and the prestidigitator puts forward his hand and incloses the pieces preparatory to transferring them to his waistcoat pocket, a practice which, amid roars of laughter, he declares he learned while sojourning in Malta not more than twelve months ago. This feat, blended with the cheeriest ripple of laughter possible, completely vanquishes the company, one of whom slaps him familiarly on the back, and remarks very emphatically on his cleverness, which he holds to be unsurpassed. Two of the assembly join in the opinion that he is a very demon, following which demonstrative appreciation there is more laughter and more eagerness. Matters wax warmer. The conjurer's practised eye observes it with satisfaction.

'Gentlemen, I have a pack of cards here.' He pauses for a couple of minutes, which time he utilises by spreading the cards in every conceivable shape—runs them up his arm, curves them round the table, and throws them about with wonderful dexterity. 'Any person take a card from the pack and I will tell him what it is.'

One of the company takes a card, looks at it, and replaces it in the pack. The professor then juggles the card upside down, and then, in an earnest voice, asks: 'You are quite sure you remember the card you selected?'

'O yes.'

'Would you be surprised to find that this is it?'—holding up a card.

'Yes, I should be very much surprised.'

'Ah, I thought so. Are you sure you can say the same about this?'—holding up another card.

'Correct, by Jove!' exclaim the company, and there is general laughter, the distinguishing part of it being that the individual who selected the card was laughed at, the joke being that he had been led into a trap.

The professor smiles blandly. 'I have here,' he resumes, after a pause, 'a small wooden case. Any gentleman may inspect it. Pass it round and examine it. Thanks. All satisfied? Thanks.—O yes, it is wood; no deception whatever, I assure you. Simply, "The quickness of the hand deceives the"—— You know the phrase. Now, you will see that the case is made exactly like a cigar case, with hinges on the back so as to open and shut. I place the case thus on the table; I take the cards and shuffle, thus; I then request the company to take from the pack, say, half-a-dozen cards.—All done? How many have you? Six? Thanks. Now, have the kindness to replace them in the pack. You all remember your separate cards?—Yes; very well. Now, I take the case, which I open before you thus. You see that it is empty—nothing whatever in it. I then close it. Now then, No. 1. The card you took from the pack is the three of spades. I open the case. Do you recognise it? Thanks.—No. 2. You will see that the case registers the ace of spades. Do you remember the card—the card that you selected? Thank you.—No. 3. The case shows the ace of hearts. That yours? Thanks.—No. 4. I have here the king of hearts. Yours, you say? Much obliged.—No. 5. The card shown in the case is the knave of spades. Do you know it? Thank you.—The last card I have is the ace of diamonds. Does any one know the card?—Yours, sir? Ah, I thought so.—That completes the trick, gentlemen;' and he settles himself to another small sip, and to an additional relapse of unconcern.

This manœuvre brings 'the house down,' and there is a clamour for more. Some of the company request that the trick be shown; to which demand the professor puts on a blandly injured air, and asks if it is a fair thing to ask for, after his humble endeavour to entertain them. 'Gentlemen, I did at one time,' he continues in a subdued voice, 'teach that trick for two shillings a head, but I put it to you whether knowledge of that sort should be sold so cheaply?'

For the next half-minute there is a jingle of coins on the table, and about twenty shillings lie before him. What man could withstand the temptation? He at length yields to their cries, and shows the wonderful card-trick, which, as it is unfolded with a due amount of mysterious comment, becomes as transparent as glass, and takes the edge off their astonishment.

There is a lull in the popularity. Does the professor see it? He is now busy with a small ginger-beer bottle, which he rolls over and over. There is a half-crown inside it. All eyes are attracted at once. Several of the company take up the bottle, and put it down with an exclamation of more wonder. He is irrepressible, they think.

'Gentlemen,' he says, 'I will give the contents of that bottle to any person who will get it out without breaking the glass.'

The company clutch it again, and pass it through another examination, and put it down hopelessly with a laugh.

Taking the bottle in his hand, the professor gives it a jerk, and the silver piece drops into his palm. 'If any one doubts my word, or that the coin is in any way manufactured for the purpose, I will do the trick with a penny. Any gentleman in the room oblige me with a penny?—Thank you. I take the coin in my hand, thus; take the neck of the bottle in the other hand, and pass the coin in through the aperture before you can say "Jack Robinson."' The penny rattles in the bottle to the amazement of the audience, and they seize the bottle and make frantic and useless efforts to extract the coin.

The professor now leans back and calmly surveys the company, and in the blandest language and with the most earnest and mystic demeanour, says: 'That trick I teach for a shilling, gentlemen; although in eastern climes I had ten times the sum.'

A pause ensues, during which the auditory glance at one another perplexedly. At length a voice cries in a decided tone, 'I'll have a shilling's-worth anyhow;' and its possessor throws the coin down, which is at once followed by a dozen others. Stretching forth his hands, the man of business proceeds to detail the process of the deception, and how the deceit is successfully achieved.

Another lull of popularity. Astonishment has again faded. The company know his secret, and they find it is not a miracle; they are somewhat disappointed; they smoke their pipes in silence.

The professor throws a knife on the table. 'If any gentleman will kindly open that for me,' he says, 'I will pay him a sovereign.'

Some of the auditory grasp the knife and make strenuous endeavours to wrench the blade open. On it goes round the audience. Every man has his turn, but in vain. The task is hopeless. More mystery. The blank faces declare that it is impossible.

The owner says: 'Not at all, gentlemen; perfectly simple, nothing easier. Try it now.' (Throws the knife down again, and it is opened quite ordinarily!) 'Gentlemen, the secret is my own. I sell the secret for five shillings, and I throw the knife in. Is there any purchaser? I'm going away to-morrow, and if you really want a curiosity, there's your chance. Five shillings takes it. Any purchaser? None? Then, good-evening, gentlemen. I am heartily pleased to have met you. Good-evening to you all.'

Five minutes later, the man of business is entertaining a company in another 'house;' and

sitting alongside him is one of his previous audience, the foremost spokesman of the evening, to whom he will by-and-by count out half the proceeds of the evening's 'lay.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE question which disturbed Frances, which nobody knew or cared for, was just as little likely to gain attention next day as it had been on the evening of Mr Winterbourn's death. Lady Markham returned to Nelly before breakfast; she was with her most of the day; and Markham, though he lent an apparent attention to what Frances said to him, was still far too much absorbed in his own subject to be easily moved by hers. 'Gaunt. Oh, he is all right,' he said.

'Will you speak to him, Markham? Will you warn him? Mr Ramsay says he is losing all his money; and I know, O Markham, I *know* that he has not much to lose.'

'Claude is a little meddler. I assure you, Fan, Gaunt knows his own affairs best.'

'No,' cried Frances: 'when I tell you, Markham, when I tell you! that they are quite poor, *really* poor—not like you.'

'I have told you, my little dear, that I am the poorest beggar in London.'

'O Markham! and you drive about in hansoms, and smoke cigars all day.'

'Well, my dear, what would you have me do? Keep on trudging through the mud, which would waste all my time; or get on the knife-board of an omnibus? Well, these are the only alternatives. The omnibuses have their recommendation—they are fun; but after a while, society in that development palls upon the intelligent observer. What do you want me to do, Fan? Come, I have a deal on my mind; but to please you, and to make you hold your tongue, if there is anything I can do, I will try.'

'You can do everything, Markham. Warn him that he is wasting his money—that he is spending what belongs to the old people—that he is making himself wretched. Oh, don't laugh, Markham! Oh, if I were in your place! I know what I should do—I would get him to go home, instead of going to—those places.'

'Which places, Fan?'

'Oh,' cried the girl, exasperated to tears, 'how can I tell?—the places you know—the places you have taken him to, Markham—places where, if the poor general knew it, or Mrs Gaunt'——

'There you are making a mistake, little Fan. The good people would think their son was in very fine company. If he tells them the names of the persons he meets, they will think'——

'Then you know they will think wrong, Markham!' she cried almost with violence, keeping herself with a most strenuous effort from an outburst of indignant weeping. He did not reply at once; and she thought he was about to consider the question on its merits, and endeavour to find out what he could do. But she was undeceived when he spoke.

'What day did you say, Fan, the funeral was to be?' he asked with the air of a man who has escaped from an unwelcome intrusion to the real subject of his thoughts.

Sir Thomas found her alone, flushed and miserable, drying her tears with a feverish little angry hand. She was very much alone during these days when Lady Markham was so much with Nelly Winterbourn. Sir Thomas was pleased to find her, having also an object of his own. He soothed her, when he saw that she had been crying. 'Never mind me,' he said; 'but you must not let other people see that you are feeling it so much, for you cannot be supposed to take any particular interest in Winterbourn: and people will immediately suppose that you and your mother are troubled about the changes that must take place in the house.'

'I was not thinking at all of Mrs Winterbourn,' cried Frances with indignation.

'No, my dear; I knew you could not be. Don't let any one but me see you crying. Lady Markham will feel the marriage dreadfully, I know. But now is our time for our grand *coup*.'

'What grand *coup?*' the girl said with an astonished look.

'Have you forgotten what I said to you at the Priory? One of the chief objects of my life is to bring Waring back. It is intolerable to think that a man of his abilities should be banished for ever, and lost not only to his country but his kind. Even if he were working for the good of the race out there—— But he is doing nothing but antiquities, so far as I can hear, and there are plenty of antiquarians good for nothing else. Frances, we must have him home.'

'Home!' she said. Her heart went back with a bound to the rooms in the Palazzo with all the green *persiani* shut, and everything dark and cool. It was getting warm in London, but there were no such precautions taken; and the loggia at night, with the palm-trees waving majestically their long drooping fans, and the soft sound of the sea coming over the houses of the Marina—ah, and the happy want of thought, the pleasant vacancy, in which nothing ever happened. She drew a long breath. 'I ought not to say so, perhaps; but when you say home'——

'You think of the place where you were brought up? That is quite natural. But it would not be the same to him. He was not brought up there; he can have nothing to interest him there. Depend upon it, he must very often wish that he could pocket his pride and come back. We must try to get him back, Frances. Don't you think, my dear, that we could manage it, you and I?'

Frances shook her head, and said she did not know. 'But I should be very glad. Oh, very glad: if I am to stay here,' she said.

'Of course you would be glad; and of course you are to stay here. You could not leave your poor mother by herself. And now that Markham—now that probably everything will be changed for Markham—— If Markham were out of the way, it would be so much easier; for, you know, he always was the stumbling-block. She would not let Waring manage him, and she could not manage him herself.'

Frances was so far instructed in what was

going on around her, that she knew how important in Markham's history the death of Mr Winterbourn had been; but it was not a subject on which she could speak. She said: 'I am very sorry papa did not like Markham. It does not seem possible not to like Markham. But I suppose gentlemen—— Oh, Sir Thomas, if he were here, I should ask papa to do something for me; but now I don't know who to ask to help me—if anything can be done.'

'Is it something I can do?'

'I think,' she said, 'any one that was kind could do it; but only not a girl. Girls are good for so little. Do you remember Captain Gaunt, who came to town a few weeks ago? Sir Thomas, I have heard that something has happened to Captain Gaunt. I don't know how to tell you. Perhaps you will think that it is not my business; but don't you think it is your friend's business, when you get into trouble? Don't you think that—that people who know you—who care a little for you—should always be ready to help?'

'That is a hard question to put to me. In the abstract, yes; but in particular cases—— Is it Captain Gaunt for whom you care a little?'

Frances hesitated a moment, and then she answered boldly: 'Yes—at least I care for his people a great deal. And he has come home from India, not very strong; and he knew nothing about—about what you call society; no more than I did. And now I hear that he is—I don't know how to tell you, Sir Thomas—losing all his money (and he has not any money) in the places where Markham goes; in the places that Markham took him to.—Oh, wait till I have said everything, Sir Thomas; they are not rich people; not like any of you here. Markham says he is poor.'

'So he is, Frances.'

'Ah,' she cried with hasty contempt, 'but you don't understand. He may not have much money; but they—they live in a little house with two maids and Toni. They have no luxuries or grandeur. When they take a drive in old Luca's carriage, it is something to think about. All that is quite, quite different from you people here. Don't you see, Sir Thomas, don't you see? And Captain Gaunt has been—oh, I don't know how it is—losing his money; and he has not got any—and he is miserable—and I cannot get any one to take an interest, to tell him—to warn him, to get him to give up'——

'Did he tell you all this himself?' said Sir Thomas gravely.

'O no, not a word. It was Mr Ramsay who told me; and when I begged him to say something, to warn him'——

'He could not do that. There he was quite right; and you were quite wrong, if you will let me say so. It is too common a case, alas! I don't know what any one could do.'

'Oh, Sir Thomas! if you will think of the old general and his mother, who love him more than all the rest; for he is the youngest. Oh, won't you do something, try something to save him?' Frances clasped her hands, as if in prayer. She raised her eyes to his face with such an eloquence of entreaty that his heart was touched. Not only was her whole soul in the petition for the sake of him who was in peril, but it was full of boundless confidence and trust in the man to whom she appealed. The other plea might have failed; but this last can scarcely fail to affect the mind of any individual to whom it is addressed.

Sir Thomas put his hand on her shoulder with fatherly tenderness. 'My dear little girl,' he said, 'what do you think I can do? I don't know what I can do. I am afraid I should only make things worse, were I to interfere.'

'No, no. He is not like that. He would know you were a friend. He would be thankful. And oh, how thankful, how thankful I should be!'

'Frances, do you take, then, so great an interest in this young man? Do you want me to look after him for your sake?'

She looked at him hastily with an eager 'Yes'—then paused a little, and looked again with a dawning understanding which brought the colour to her cheek. 'You mean something more than I mean,' she said, a little troubled. 'But yet, if you will be kind to George Gaunt, and try to help him, for my sake. Yes, oh, yes. Why should I refuse? I would not have asked you if I had not thought that perhaps you would do it—for me.'

'I would do a great deal for you; for your mother's daughter, much; and for poor Waring's child; and again, for yourself. But, Frances, a young man who is so weak, who falls into temptation in this way—my dear, you must let me say it—he is not a mate for such as you.'

'For me? O no. No one thought—no one ever thought'—— cried Frances hastily. 'Sir Thomas, I hear mamma coming, and I do not want to trouble her, for she has so much to think of. Will you? Oh, promise me. Look for him to-night; oh, look for him to-night!'

'You are so sure that I can be of use?' The trust in her eyes was so genuine, so enthusiastic, that he could not resist that flattery. 'Yes, I will try. I will see what it is possible to do. And you, Frances, remember you are pledged, too; you are to do everything you can for me.'

He was patting her on the shoulder, looking down upon her with very friendly tender eyes, when Lady Markham came in. She was a little startled by the group; but though she was tired and discomposed and out of heart, she was not so preoccupied but what her quick mind caught a new suggestion from it. Sir Thomas was very rich. He had been devoted to herself, in all honour and kindness, for many years. What if Frances——? A whole train of new ideas burst into her thoughts on the moment, although she had thought as she came in, that in the present chaos and hurry of her spirits she had room for nothing more.

'You look,' she said with a smile, 'as if you were settling something. What is it? An alliance, a league.'

'Offensive and defensive,' said Sir Thomas. 'We have given each other mutual commissions, and we are great friends, as you see. But these are our little secrets, which we don't mean to tell. How is Nelly, Lady Markham? And is it all right about the will?'

'The will is the least of my cares. I could not inquire into that, as you may suppose; nor is there any need, so far as I know. Nelly is quite enough to have on one's hands, without thinking of the will. She is very nervous and very headstrong. She would have rushed away out of the house, if I had not used—almost force. She cannot bear to be under the same roof with death.'

'It was the old way. I scarcely wonder, for my part: for it was never pretended, I suppose, that there was any love in the matter.'

'O no' (Lady Markham looked at her own elderly knight and at her young daughter, and said to herself, What if Frances——?); 'there was no love. But she has always been very good, and done her duty by him—that, everybody will say.'

'Poor Nelly. That is quite true. But still I should not like, if I were such a fool as to marry a young wife, to have her do her duty to me in that way.'

'You would be very different,' said Lady Markham with a smile. 'I should not think you a fool at all; and I should think her a lucky woman.' She said this with Nelly Winterbourn's voice still ringing in her ears.

'Happily, I am not going to put it to the trial.—Now, I must go—to look after your affairs, Miss Frances; and remember, that you are pledged to look after mine in return.'

Lady Markham looked after him very curiously as he went away. She thought, as women so often think, that men were very strange, inscrutable—'mostly fools,' at least in one way. To think that perhaps little Frances—— It would be a great match, greater than Claude Ramsay—as good in one point of view, and in other respects far better than Nelly St John's great marriage with the rich Mr Winterbourn. 'I am glad you like him so much, Frances,' she said. 'He is not young; but he has every other quality; as good as ever man was, and so considerate and kind. You may take him into your confidence fully.' She waited a moment to see if the child had anything to say; then, too wise to force or precipitate matters, went on: 'Poor Nelly gives me great anxiety, Frances. I wish the funeral were over, and all well. Her nerves are in such an excited state, one can't feel sure what she may do or say. The servants and people happily think it grief; but to see Sarah Winterbourn looking at her fills me with fright, I can't tell why. *She* doesn't think it is grief. And how should it be? A dreadful, cold, always ill, repulsive man. But I hope she may be kept quiet, not to make a scandal until after the funeral at least. I don't know what she said to you, my love, that day; but you must not pay any attention to what a woman says in such an excited state. Her marriage has been unfortunate (which is a thing that may happen in any circumstances), not because Mr Winterbourn was such a good marriage, but because he was such a disagreeable man.'

Frances, who had no clue to her mother's thoughts, or to any appropriateness in this little speech, had little interest in it. She said, somewhat stiffly, that she was sorry for poor Mrs Winterbourn—but much more sorry for her own mother, who was having so much trouble and anxiety. Lady Markham smiled upon her, and kissed her tenderly. It was a relief to her mind, in the midst of all those anxious questions, to have a new channel for her thoughts; and upon this new path she threw herself forth in the fullness of a lively imagination, leaving fact far behind, and even probability. She was indeed quite conscious of this, and voluntarily permitted herself the pleasant exercise of building a new castle in the air. Little Frances! And she said to herself there would be no drawback in such a case. It would be the finest match of the season; and no mother need fear to trust her daughter in Sir Thomas's hands.

Sir Thomas came back next morning when Lady Markham was again absent. He told Frances that he had gone to several places where he was told Captain Gaunt was likely to be found, and had seen Markham as usual 'frittering himself away;' but Gaunt had nowhere been visible. 'Some one said he had fallen ill. If that is so, it is the best thing that could happen. One has some hope of getting hold of him so.' But where did he live? That was the question. Markham did not know, nor any one about. That was the first thing to be discovered, Sir Thomas said. For the first time, Frances appreciated her mother's business-like arrangements for her great correspondence, which made an address-book so necessary. She found Gaunt's address there; and passed the rest of the day in anxiety, which she could confide to no one, learning for the first time those tortures of suspense which to so many women form a great part of existence. Frances thought the day would never end. It was so much the more dreadful to her that she had to shut it all up in her own bosom, and endeavour to enter into other anxieties, and sympathise with her mother's continual panic as to what Nelly Winterbourn might do. The house altogether was in a state of suppressed excitement; even the servants—or perhaps the servants most keenly of any, with their quick curiosity and curious divination of any changes in the atmosphere of a family—feeling the thrill of approaching revolution. Frances with her private preoccupation was blunted to this; but when Sir Thomas arrived in the evening, it was all she could do to curb herself and keep within the limits of ordinary rule. She sprang up, indeed, when she heard his step on the stair, and went off to the further corner of the room, where she could read his face out of the dimness; and where, perhaps, he might seek her, and tell her, under some pretence: these movements were keenly noted by her mother, as was also the alert air of Sir Thomas, and his interest and activity, though he looked very grave. But Frances did not require to wait for the news she looked for so anxiously.

'Yes, I am very serious,' Sir Thomas said in answer to Lady Markham's question. 'I have news to tell you which will shock you. Your poor young friend Gaunt—Captain Gaunt—wasn't he a friend of yours?—is lying dangerously ill of fever in a poor little set of lodgings he has got. He is far too ill to know me or say anything to me; but so far as I can make out, it has something to do with losses at play.'

Lady Markham turned pale with alarm and

horror. 'Oh, I have always been afraid of this. I had a presentiment,' she cried. Then rallying a little: 'But, Sir Thomas, no one thinks now that fever is brought on by mental causes. It must be bad water or defective drainage.'

'It may be—anything. I can't tell; I am no doctor. But the fact is, the young fellow is lying delirious, raving. I heard him myself; about stakes and chances and losses, and how he will make it up to-morrow. There are other things too. He seems to have had hard lines, poor fellow, if all is true.'

Frances had rushed forward, unable to restrain herself. 'Oh, his mother, his mother—we must send for his mother,' she cried.

'I will go and see him to-morrow,' said Lady Markham. 'I had a presentiment. He has been on my mind ever since I saw him first. I blame myself for losing sight of him. But to-morrow'——

'To-morrow—to-morrow; that is what the poor fellow says.'

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

INFECTION.

INFECTION, our final theme, is a subject likely to present itself for the consideration of most home-nurses, and is, moreover, one on which there exists the widest difference of opinion on the part of those who know least of the matter. I have met with mothers so ignorant as to be anxious that all their children should have a given complaint at the same time, even going so far as to put a patient suffering from measles or scarlatina to sleep with unaffected children, in the hope of their catching the disease! On the other hand, there are nervous, fussy mothers who will not allow their little ones to go to school or to parties, or to make friends with other children, for fear of problematic disease, and who seem to look upon every outsider as a source of infection. But perhaps the majority of people take a middle course, and whilst shrinking from the first plan, and deriding the second, are scarcely wiser in their incredulity as to isolation and disinfecting. There is also in the minds of many such an idea that the spreading of infectious disease—especially amongst the young—is a matter beyond control, and that it is useless to attempt to interfere with the run of what are popularly known as 'children's diseases.' To such I would specially urge the consideration of the following facts.

(1) There is absolutely no natural law compelling children to run the gantlet of a series of infectious complaints. (2) There is danger more or less in all such complaints, and no constitution is bettered by the ordeal; whilst in very many cases, even with an apparently good recovery, seeds may be planted to bear bitter fruit in after-life. (3) An apparently slight case, in which the child is hardly ill, may be as fruitful a source of contagion as severer forms of the same disease; in fact, it is often the slight cases that do the most mischief; for when there is evident illness, a doctor will generally be called in, and will give preventive instructions; whilst in light cases, many a mother will not only trust to home-doctoring, but will exercise her own judgment as to the length of quarantine. (4) Infection is not a mere vague something which is too intangible for attack; but, on the contrary, it has definite means of propagation, which, once understood, may be fought against and overcome. (5) It is a matter of experience that even in lodging-houses, by the use of proper precautions, infection can be so arrested that the first case shall be the last.

There is an excellent work carried on in Hastings, under the name of the Sanitary Aid Association, which seeks to make these principles known amongst the poor; and so successful have been its operations, that in an experience of ten years, there has not been one case of failure. Speaking, too, from personal knowledge, I can say that there are many cases, both in schools and private families, where, by prompt and continued measures, the spread of scarlet fever even can be entirely arrested. But in order to set to work with a chance of success, it is necessary to clearly understand what infection is and in what way it is conveyed.

An infectious fever produces in the blood, and casts off in the various matters passing from the patient's body, certain germs or seeds, which, entering into another person's body, will grow and produce so much like poison as to cause the second person to be attacked with disease similar to that of the original patient. Of course, not everybody who breathes infected air is thus affected, especially if he has previously suffered from the same complaint; but it is these seeds or germs, only, which originate all infectious disease, and they come directly from the body of some sick person from which poison has escaped. Poison having been received into the blood, a period of incubation sets in, during which the affected person goes about as usual, unaware of the mischief that is at work within him. This period varies from a day or so to a fortnight, according to the nature of the disease and the patient's constitution; and is followed by the period of invasion, when there is, generally, slight chilliness, headache, sore throat, lassitude, and a desire to be alone; but sometimes this period of invasion is ushered in suddenly by violent shiverings, sickness, or overwhelming headache. In either case, the symptoms augment and increase, up to a certain point, and then, in favourable cases, gradually subside. The whole attack may occupy only a few days, or it may extend over weeks. In every case, the temperature of the body—taken with the clinical thermometer—rises above normal, especially at night, when there is frequently delirium.

In fevers characterised by a rash, its appearance is relieving, and as it dies away, the general symptoms subside. It is with this class of fever we propose to deal, and it will be simpler to take as typical, scarlet fever, which is the most difficult to deal with, on account of its gravity and of its fatal facility for spreading. In this complaint, every part of the patient's body throws off poison, not only by the breath and skin, but by every organ and special affection. Most people understand something of the danger of the peeling stage; but very few remember the peril attached to every kind of excreta and to

any sort of discharge. But, once get the idea of this all-pervading danger firmly rooted in the mind, and the remedy is almost self-suggestive; for, happily, there are within the reach of all, agents which have power to destroy poisonous germs, as they leave the body, or before they can attach themselves to fresh soil. For this purpose, there are various disinfectants in use, such as Condy's or Burnett's fluid, Hartin's crimson salt, or Calvert's carbolic. The doctor will probably name the special preparation he prefers, and directions for use will be found on each bottle; but it must always be remembered that disinfectants are valuable only in proportion as their use is thoroughly and systematically carried out. Many people forget that a disinfectant can only do a certain amount of work, after which it becomes used up, and is of no avail; for this reason, the crimson preparations are useful, as their change of colour points to the fact that their work is done; but the permanganate of potash, of which they are composed, is not in all respects powerful; and if used, they are generally supplemented by some form of carbolic acid, which is a most valuable agent as long as the fact of its being a strong poison is kept in view.

I have said that the doctor will probably name a disinfectant and give some general preventive instructions; but he cannot be expected to enter into those details of which the intelligent home-nurse should make herself mistress.

First, as to the sickroom: it should, if possible, be at the top of the house, that there may be no fear of poisonous fumes ascending. If the whole of the upper floor can be given up to the use of patient and nurse, all the better; but at anyrate, they should have two rooms exclusively their own, and no person who has not had the disease, whether child or adult, should sleep on the same floor, unless absolutely necessary. In all cases of scarlet fever of whatever degree, woollen hangings and carpets should be removed, though, where expense is no object, their place may be taken by washing-curtains and a crumbcloth. The contents of cupboards, wardrobes, or chests of drawers should be removed, and nothing of a woollen nature allowed to remain, except, of course, the patient's bedding, which will be much the same as for ordinary nursing, with the addition of a mackintosh sheet between the mattress and under-blanket.

Ventilation must be most carefully attended to in fever-cases, and a bright fire—except in the height of summer—should be kept burning day and night. It is also a good plan to pull the bed at least a foot away from the wall, that there may be a free current of air all round it.

A sheet soaked in disinfectant should be hung outside the door of the patient's room, and must be kept constantly wet. An excellent contrivance, known as 'Lacy's Isolation Sheet,' will save all trouble in this respect. It consists of an ordinary sheet, headed by a small tank, which can easily be fastened to the framework of the door, and which is so arranged as to keep the sheet constantly wet, without the drippings and mess associated with the usual methods of soaking or syringing. All particulars respecting these sheets may be obtained of the manufacturers, 24 Ringford Road, Wandsworth, S.E.; and to an amateur especially, the saving of trouble will be well worth the slight outlay.

All food should be brought to within a few feet of the sheet and left for the nurse to take, when the bearer has retired. The nurse's dress should invariably consist of some washing material, and it is well if she can avoid coming into contact with other members of the household; but should this be impossible, she should wear in the sickroom a loose cotton wrapper, which she can throw aside before leaving it; and she should also keep a pair of slippers in the second room, to change before she goes down; and her hands should have a thorough wash with carbolic soap. These directions apply specially to cases where there are other unaffected persons in the house; and if such are children, the nurse must refrain from kissing or handling them. Such a caution might seem unnecessary, but I have known more than one case in which a mother of intelligence has gone from the sickroom to the nursery, giving its inmates extra petting, to make up for enforced absence, and then has wondered that, 'in spite of all precautions,' one after another of the little ones has sickened! This is one reason why, as a rule, unaffected children should be removed from the house as soon as possible, subject to the doctor's orders, though, where this is impracticable, there is no need to lose heart, for, as I said before, except in special cases of delicacy, isolation and the free use of disinfectants are a pretty sure safeguard against the spread of fever, unless, as often happens, infection has been carried before the first case has come under treatment. On this account, I would strongly advise, particularly during an epidemic, that any child who appears to be out of sorts should at once be separated from his play-fellows, and if headache, sore throat, or sickness come on, a doctor should immediately be summoned.

Keeping in view what I started by saying, that every organ of the patient's body is capable of throwing off poison, it follows that everything he touches becomes infected. His bed and body linen, in spite of constant changing, become so highly charged with poison, that they need to be immediately plunged into a tub or bath of disinfecting fluid—which should be provided with a well-fitting cover—and left to thoroughly soak, after which they should be hung up to dry in the open air. Thus treated, and a fresh supply of disinfectant used for each change of linen, there will be no danger in sending it to the wash in the ordinary way. But there can hardly be greater cruelty than to send out of the house clothes charged with poison, which may spread disease right and left amongst those who have it least in their power to arrest its course.

The nurse's linen should be treated in the same way, and she should never allow her own or the patient's to lie about, as is so often done, till just before the laundress comes. In fact, it is half the battle to disinfect at once, and to keep clear of continued poison-shedding.

All cups, plates, spoons, &c., used by the patient, especially any that go down-stairs, should be placed in some disinfectant—not carbolic—before being thoroughly washed in the ordinary way.

If the use of the draw-sheet becomes necessary, it must be removed as often as soiled, and plunged at once into a special covered bath of extra strong disinfectant. The mackintosh underneath it should also be frequently sponged with disinfectant of the same extra strength; but it will need to be quickly sponged off with cold water, if the fabric is to be uninjured.

All water used for washing or gargling should have in it some non-odorous disinfectant; for the latter purpose, Condy's remedial fluid is excellent. If the patient has a cough, or discharge from the throat, he should be supplied with a small basin, half filled with disinfectant, which will need frequent renewal; but if, as often happens in such cases, there is extreme prostration, it will be better to get a supply of small pieces of rag, to be used once, and then burned, or, if the fire is not quick, put into strong disinfectant before being destroyed. The same course must be adopted, should poulticing be necessary. If used for an abscess, these poultices will be poisoned through and through, and it is better to disinfect thoroughly before burning. It is also a good plan to use a little Condy—subject to the doctor's approval—in the water used to make the poultice. Of course, anything in the shape of discharge, whether by abscess or from throat or ear, very much increases the difficulty of nursing, and calls for such great vigilance and care in handling, that amateur nursing is only allowable when it is impossible to obtain better; and indeed, in all cases of malignant scarlet fever, the patient will have a much better chance in skilled hands, very few of the inexperienced being able to attend to the question of infection, whilst having to battle with illness, hard enough to manage by itself.

In ordinary cases, not malignant, a careful following out of the above rules will suffice; but it is advisable also to disinfect the air of the room by the use of a spray-producer, two or three times a day, in addition to a saucer of carbolic on each side of the bed. It is also well to wipe over the floor and furniture with a cloth damped in disinfectant. The debris of the room should always be burned in a brisk fire, and never put into the ordinary dust-bin.

In convalescence, the same precautions must be continued, even though the patient appears to be quite well; for peeling of the skin (desquamation) will sometimes in the slightest cases not begin till the fourth week, and this is the period of greatest danger as regards the spread of disease. The patient, if a child, will have his toys about him, and if an adult, will very likely be reading books from a circulating library and writing letters to his friends, by both of which means he is sowing infection broadcast; so that, for home-nursing, it should be an inviolable rule that no letters shall be allowed to go out of the sickroom till the doctor gives consent, and that all toys and books shall be burned when the general cleaning-up takes place.

The length of quarantine must be determined entirely by the doctor, for patients may continue to give off infection from the skin and internal organs long after any external signs have ceased; and the nurse should encourage her patient to put up with the tedium of continued isolation, rather than run the risk of spreading what, those who know its worst forms will agree, is a terrible visitation.

Disinfectant baths, and sometimes oiling of the skin, precede the patient's release from quarantine; but this is a matter for the doctor's discretion. The nurse should be particular to inquire whether half-quarantine or any special precautions are to be observed after the patient has begun to mix with other people; and no child should be allowed to return to school without a certificate to the effect that he is free from the possibility of carrying infection.

As regards the final cleansing of the sickroom—if the above instructions have been carefully carried out, it will be enough to steep all the bed-clothes; to sponge bed, mattress, and pillow-ticks, and all the furniture, with strong disinfectant, and to sweep over floor, walls, and ceiling with carbolic powder, applied with a brush covered in flannel. Nothing need be destroyed beyond any unwashable articles worn by the patient during convalescence. His toys and books, sponge, and brushes—these to be burned in a brisk fire. All washable clothes, including bed linen and the nurse's garments, should receive a final disinfectant bath before being washed in the ordinary way. It is always well to ask the doctor if he considers such means sufficient; and should the nurse have reason to fear that the bed has become infected, she should not hesitate to say so, for a bed is just one of those things which is capable of holding infection for a practically unlimited time, and should there be the least doubt, it is wise to err on the safe side, and let the bed go away to be thoroughly disinfected and re-made.

Should the doctor advise fumigation of the sickroom, it may easily be done as follows: move all furniture away from the walls, spreading out or hanging up cushions, blankets, &c. Shut the register—the chimney having previously been swept—close all cracks round it, the windows or ventilators; then put an ordinary tin pail, half filled with water, in the middle of the room; lay across this a pair of tongs; place the requisite amount of sulphur—according to instructions—on an old tin tray; pour over the sulphur a little spirit; place the tray on the tongs; light the spirit, and retire quickly, closing the door, and fastening up the cracks all round. The fumes of the sulphur will destroy any lingering traces of infection, and the pail of water precludes the possibility of anything catching fire. The room should be left thus for twenty-four hours, and then thoroughly aired, door, window, and chimney being opened for a couple of days; but even then the smell will continue for some little time, and any furniture or clothing had better be left in the open air as long as convenient.

If a second room has been used, it will need the milder form of disinfecting, for though only the nurse has used it, she will most likely have carried with her some fever germs, especially in bad cases.

It sometimes happens that a person who has not had the fever is obliged to nurse a patient thus affected; and in this case, she will need to exercise vigilance on her own account. She should never, if possible, approach the patient while fasting. If she can take her meals in

another room, all the better; and in waiting upon him, she should try to stand between him and the window through which air is coming in. Of course, she will endeavour to avoid catching the patient's breath, and whilst coming into close quarters with him, she should try not to swallow. After every personal attention, she should gargle in another room with some disinfectant, and thoroughly wash her hands and nails with carbolic soap. Many people who neglect these precautions get a sore throat whilst nursing the fever, and though a nurse need not unnecessarily alarm herself should she feel such symptoms, she should never neglect to mention the fact to the doctor.

Speaking of the doctor, suggests one very important consideration. I have already alluded to the fact that many people will trust to home-doctoring in slight cases of fever; and unfortunately, it has become very much the fashion to denominate such attacks scarlatina, as distinguished from scarlet fever; whilst, as a fact, the names are as identical as the diseases, scarlatina being simply the technical name for scarlet fever; and moreover, the after-effects, as well as the power of spreading infection, may be quite as grave in slight cases as in more apparently serious attacks. Again, many mothers have not the slightest hesitation in undertaking the care of what they are pleased to term 'only measles;' and I have known children to be in actual danger before there has been the shadow of alarm on the part of the home-doctor. It is a pity such people cannot study the death-rates amongst children, and see how many victims are annually sacrificed to the folly and ignorance which stamps this particular complaint as 'so simple;' for though, of course, some children who have been properly cared for all through, sink, from special causes, as a rule the reverse is the truth; and the danger lies not so much in the disease itself—which really is of a mild character—as in those complications which are liable to occur from the commencement of the attack until some time after the patient appears to have quite recovered, and which need a practised eye to discover and arrest in the very beginning.

There is also this important consideration to be borne in mind—that it is by no means always easy to decide on the nature of a given complaint; for though in books the symptoms are duly arranged within decided limits, in actual experience those limits are often entirely disregarded, so that the doctor even may not be able to immediately pronounce an opinion, even where the mother is perfectly sure—to her own thinking—of the nature of the disease; and this accounts for the fact that in medical practice it is by no means uncommon to discover that there has been scarlet fever of a previous date, by the presence of organic disease, the patient being very likely ignorant of anything more serious that an attack of measles, treated with the proverbial saffron-tea.

One great difficulty in the way of checking the spread of measles is, that it is infectious during the early stage, when there is no rash, and the child appears to have only an ordinary cold; but it cannot hurt to try isolation, and the same rules for disinfecting should be observed, though the period of quarantine will not be so long as for scarlet fever.

It is a bad plan to put two children suffering from an infectious complaint to sleep together, the effect of which is a constant mutual poisoning. Let each patient have his own bed, and till the fever has subsided at least, keep the children separate.

In whooping-cough there is the same difficulty as with measles, for there is danger of infection before the cough has assumed the peculiar sound from which it derives its name. As soon as the nature of the complaint is thus announced, the child should be isolated; but beyond being separated from his playfellows, the only precautions needed are to supply him with a basin half filled with Condy's fluid, and to fully disinfect his handkerchiefs before sending to the wash; and if there is sudden sickness, to disinfect any article accidentally soiled.

Children often suffer more from terror than from the actual cough. 'Are I doing to shake?' was the pitiful cry of my last little patient, and in such cases, it is a great comfort to the sufferer to let him rest across your arm, thrown round his waist, during a paroxysm; and if ever 'spoiling' is allowable, it is when every little excitement brings on the dreaded cough. In all but the mildest cases, which are so slight as to need no medicine, I would urge the calling in of prompt medical advice, for, with delicate children, there is more or less liability to inflammation of the air-passages, and the remedial measures to be used are only fit for skilled hands. *Never* give a child any of the various preparations sold as specifics for whooping-cough; they mostly contain injurious drugs, and a child requiring medicine needs also watching and care beyond an amateur's. This is a specially needed caution, for many people are under the impression that *the* cure for whooping-cough is being out of doors, and though fresh air—especially change of air—is most desirable in convalescence, in the earlier stages, anything of the nature of damp or keen wind is enough to dip the scale on the side of bronchitis or inflammation of the lungs.

Diphtheria is a very difficult disease to manage, because, whilst highly infectious, it is almost impossible, in bad cases, to disinfect thoroughly as you go on. Scarlet fever precautions must be rigidly carried out, and the room will probably need special disinfecting—according to the doctor's orders—both during and after an attack. When the patient becomes too weak to sit up, he must be kept plentifully supplied with soft rags, which, after once using, should be thrown into strong disinfectant before being burned.

Smallpox is still, unhappily, in our midst, and though in the old days it used to be dreaded, alike for its innate horror and its almost unlimited power of spreading, it is now, I think, more easily managed than scarlet fever or diphtheria, because of the antidote always ready to hand. The great thing is to isolate or remove the patient at once, and to see that all members of the household needing it are re-vaccinated. I have known this plan succeed so well, that in a family of twelve children, the first patient has remained the last, in spite, too, of his having come into contact with several of the unaffected, all of whom however, had been primarily vaccinated. One

shudders to think of the terrible results that one such case would have produced, not so very many years ago; and those who refuse to let their children be vaccinated, not only lay themselves open to danger, but expose their innocent victims to the chance of suffering, which needs to be seen or felt to be rightly estimated. I venture to say that no parent with any sort of kindly feeling would neglect this simple safeguard, if he had experienced only the torture of that peculiar, indescribable back-ache, which is frequently but the earnest of worse things to come for the small-pox patient.

COLONIAL TRAINING FOR GENTLEMEN'S SONS.

Rapid as has been our advance in almost every kind of social progress during the last forty or fifty years, it is probable that no greater strides have been made in any department than in that which includes education. Yet how enormous is the opening for further progress in this direction! Probably one-half of all our social troubles is due to the present lamentable neglect of the great question of education—using the word in that wider sense which includes not 'schooling' merely, but all sorts of general and technical training intended to fit men and women for their special stations in life. If we look around us, we may see—in spite of much distress and many complaints as to the keenness of competition and scarcity of employment—a considerable demand for really first-class workmen and workwomen in not a few branches of industry. There is, both in this country and in our colonies, an almost unlimited demand for well-trained domestic servants and competent cooks; yet, in spite of this unsupplied demand, may be seen in every direction—in the slums and back-streets of London and other large towns, in the cottages of the poor in country villages, in our jails and workhouses, all alike—numbers of growing girls and slovenly women, who, had they been taken in hand in time, might have been trained with ease to fill efficiently these vacant posts, instead of being allowed to lead lives which are often nearly useless, and too often, lives of want and misery, if not of crime.

Then, again, there is not one of our colonies that does not stand in the most grievous need of that which is the life and soul of all countries—namely, population; yet, again, we have in England thousands upon thousands of loafers and ne'er-do-wells—let alone our paupers!—many of whom are frequently in the direst want, and nearly all of whom are now so irretrievably set in the ruts of their wretched lives as to be utterly unable to profit by emigration, even if unlimited funds were forthcoming to send them out to the colonies. It is impossible to deny that, had these received proper attention when young, very much could have been done, with comparative ease, and great benefit and economy to all concerned, towards converting them into exactly the kind of men our colonies so sorely want to till their millions of acres of vacant, though fertile, land. In short, greater care is needed in nearly every branch of industry, especially to train the young to perform efficiently those particular duties in life for which they are destined. The 'raw material'—so to speak—we have in abundance, and it would actually cost less in the long-run to convert it into manufactured goods of the kind required, than to allow it to run to waste, as is now so largely done. The subject of 'technical education' for mechanics and others of a like class has been deservedly receiving much attention of late; but this short-sighted nation still requires to be made to see more clearly that technical education, of one sort or another, is required in nearly every vocation in life—as much for the son of a country squire, destined some day to become a member of parliament, as for the ragged and destitute children, many of whom might, with the greatest advantage to all concerned, be trained to become respectable domestic servants or thriving colonists.

The whole subject is a very large one, and it is not intended in the present place to do more than treat briefly of one of its minor, though still important, branches—that of a colonial training for the sons of gentlemen and others of high birth and good education. Whether or not emigration is, on the whole, a desirable thing for the sons of clergymen, doctors, and the like, is a point which will not be discussed herein; it is enough to accept the fact that many such go out for better or for worse—too often, it must be admitted, for the latter, though this is in most, if not all, cases clearly due to a total want of preparation for the life of a colonist. A recent writer, who must at least be credited with a good knowledge of his subject, says: 'From long experience, I should say that not over ten per cent. of the people above the rank of a labouring man who go to America succeed there, though the reason of this is not hard to find.' This reason, he goes on to explain, is, that 'the greater number go without the slightest idea as to what they are going to do, or how they are going to do it; nor have they, in many instances, either capital or practical knowledge enough to command success.' It is the object of the present paper to point out how the one great cause of this too frequent failure may be best avoided.

The training usually undergone by young men of the middle and upper classes is of such an absurdly ridiculous kind, if intended to fit the object of it for the life of an emigrant, that one could hardly do otherwise than laugh at the whole matter, were it not clearly a case for serious commiseration. Let us select, for the sake of example, a case which is fairly typical of numberless others. We will imagine some country clergyman with perhaps a large family and an income of, say, three hundred pounds per annum—sufficient at anyrate to enable him to live respectably in his comfortable rectory, but not sufficient to enable him to give all his sons a thorough training in any particular trade or profession. Under these circumstances, one at least will probably be destined for a colonial life. The father of course sees the necessity of giving all his sons a good schooling, to commence with. The one whose fortunes we are following is accordingly sent to an establishment where he obtains the usual amount of book-learning, which will include a more or less

thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, as well as a fair acquaintance with arithmetic, geography, science, modern languages, and with that wearisome catalogue of the misdeeds of the great potentates of past ages, commonly called history. The youth leads a fairly easy genteel life; his vacations are spent in visiting school-fellows, in picnics, boating-parties, cricket-matches, and similar recreations. In time, perhaps, he is promoted to one of the larger public schools, where he will probably make many friends and pick up a good deal of polish, but will learn little or nothing that will be of use to him in his after-life in the colonies. Yet, when this young man leaves school at the age of seventeen or eighteen, his father too often fondly imagines that he has done all that was required to fit his son for a colonial life. Had the son been destined, as some of his brothers probably are, either for the church, the army, the bar, the navy, or the medical profession, the preliminary training he has already undergone would have fitted him fairly well for the further training he would have to undergo; but, as he is destined for the colonies, it may be truly said that not only has he not received a training fitting him for his future life, but he has positively received a kind of training likely to *unfit* him for it.

When this elegantly dressed, finely polished, book-learned young man finds himself in due course in one or other of the colonies, he at once takes up his abode at some good club or hotel in one of the principal towns, calls on old acquaintances, presents his letters of introduction—if he have any—and professes himself to be on the lookout for employment. The idea of leaving the town, of going out into the country districts, and of taking service with some plodding settler, living in a rough farmhouse, and doing most of the work of the farm with his own hands, is, naturally enough, quite foreign and repulsive to his whole nature. He has probably never done a stroke of really hard manual labour in all his life—has, in fact, never been brought up to do anything of the kind. Yet, practically speaking, almost the only kind of employment the colonies can offer to new-comers is directly manual, and is usually connected with agriculture; and when the small stock of money which the emigrant brought out is exhausted, he will be compelled by necessity to take to this kind of work. If in Australia, he probably goes up into the bush or the back-country and helps to herd cattle; if in New Zealand, he may go to sheep-tending; if in the Canadian north-west, he may drift—as many have already done—into the ranks of the mounted police, or he may turn-to and work for his board for some settler living in a rude and comfortless shanty on the prairie. When this period arrives, the hardships, more or less inseparable at first from a settler's life in a new country, come upon the 'greenhorn' with ten times the severity they need have done, had only his well-intentioned though mistaken parent done what all those who have any acquaintance with the subject must regard as the only rational thing to do under the circumstances—namely, to train his son with the special view of fitting him to the life for which he is destined.

But the matter does not end with the emigrant's feeling of mental distress at finding himself, when fresh from a comfortable home, compelled to undergo—very likely among rough and ignorant strangers—things which his previous bringing-up has rendered distasteful to him—at first, at anyrate—to work in the open fields from dark to dark, to eat the coarsest of coarsely prepared food, and to lodge in a wretched shanty, if not for a time in the open air; for, even supposing that the emigrant is a determined young fellow, well supplied with the pluck and energy of youth, that he struggles against, and in time overcomes his difficulties, still his lamentable want of experience is but partially removed. The success of his whole life as a colonist is still imperilled. He knows little or nothing of agricultural matters, has probably never handled a plough or milked a cow, does not know how to swing an axe, to put up a fence, or build the roughest of log-shanties; perhaps hardly even knows how to harness a horse. Yet, if he is ever to get on, he must know all these things; and if the luckless youngster endeavours to start farming on his own account before he has thoroughly learned them, he will probably pay for the necessary experience a very large part, if not the whole, of his very limited capital. His knowledge of Latin and Greek, his acquaintance with algebra and history, will not in any way assist him to acquire the experience he must have. The poorest and worst-educated farm-labourer, however newly arrived, occupies for the time a more desirable position in life than a freshly arrived gentleman's son of the class indicated. The manual labour, the rough life, and the coarse food are only what the former is accustomed to; while every settler would sooner employ him than the gentleman's son, because he has a practical acquaintance with his trade.

Such a picture as that now sketched is not a pleasant one to contemplate; yet it cannot be denied that thousands of well-bred young Englishmen, on first emigrating, have experienced hardships and vexations quite as great as those described; and it is certain that the parents of most of these must be accused of culpable ignorance or negligence in sending out their sons under such conditions. Of those who have succumbed under the hardships, and have drifted into the large towns, only to become whisky-drinkers and gamblers, but little need be said, though they are not a few. The writer has already stated that it is not his intention to discuss the abstract desirability of emigration for gentlemen's sons; but he cannot resist saying that, if the emigration is to be carried on under such conditions as those described, it had far better not be carried on at all. This, however, leads directly to the question: 'Can nothing be done to alter this state of things?'

The only answer obviously is that, by rational means, very much could undoubtedly be done to remedy it. These means would consist for the most part in the adoption of a special course of practical instruction for those destined for a colonial career. If this be not done, the greater part of the blame for the too frequent non-success of well-educated young men in the colonies must be laid at the door of the parents and others who are responsible for their training, rather than upon the young men themselves.

It is hardly to be expected that before the age of thirteen or fourteen years any boy should exhibit such marked characteristics as would enable a parent to decide whether or not his son was fitted for a colonist's life; but after passing that age, the question can usually be answered with fair accuracy. At this period of life, therefore, those youths who are destined for a colonial career should be taken from the ordinary schools, and sent to others at which they would undergo a course of instruction specially planned with a view to fit them for commencing life in the colonies at, say, the age of seventeen to nineteen. It is essential that the practical nature of such an education should be its main characteristic. Whilst ordinary school-work should be in no way neglected, the pupils should gradually be accustomed, as an integral part of their education, to perform real, outdoor, manual labour. A *literary* master—as distinguished from a *practical* master—should, therefore, be provided, exactly as in an ordinary school. Side by side with his arithmetic, languages, and the like, each pupil should be taught to handle the plough; to do rough carpentering and blacksmith's work of various kinds, including the building of bridges and houses, the shoeing of horses, and the repairing of carts, farm-implements, and machinery; to do simple cookery; to take charge of and manage horses and other live-stock; and generally, to perform with his own hands most of the ordinary operations of an English farm.

In addition to the foregoing essentials, it is very desirable that the pupils should have a fairly comprehensive knowledge of the theory of farming, of the principles of geology, and of the charge of engines and other machinery. There are, of course, other things which it would be advantageous for the pupil to know something of, such as the rudiments of book-keeping, land-surveying, dam-building, seamanship, and other matters mentioned in the rather alarmingly long list of necessary accomplishments given by Major-general Feilding in his valuable paper, 'Whither shall I send my son?' (*Nineteenth Century*, July 1883). It may be thought by some that the list of requirements given above is unnecessarily long; but it should be remembered that, in young countries, the 'division of labour' is not nearly so complete as in older ones: every man is in no slight degree a 'jack-of-all-trades.' A part of each day should be devoted to each kind of instruction. At certain stated hours, one class should turn to outdoor work, another to school-work, while another might be learning how to cook. Early rising should certainly be enjoined by the rules of the establishment; and, amusing as the idea may seem at first, it would be well if, during the pleasanter portions of the year, the pupils were given some experience of camp-life. Clearly, if the object is to fit the pupils for a colonial life, the accommodation provided should be of a plain and inexpensive kind; and as the institution should be situated in the country, where rents and the expenses of living are low, and as the work done by the pupils whilst learning would to some extent benefit the institution, it is certain that the cost of such an education would be considerably less than that of ordinary schooling; while at the same time it would most effectually prepare the pupils for their future career, instead of actually unfitting them for it.

It is quite unnecessary to enumerate other small details as to how the establishment should be conducted. Such a training as that described would undoubtedly have about it much that would amuse and fascinate youths of sixteen or seventeen years; and it may be very safely stated that lads who were too delicate to undergo such a course of training, or to whom such a life would be distasteful, would certainly fail in the colonies, and consequently, should never be sent there.

Undoubtedly, the foregoing scheme of education could be most effectively carried out by the establishment of a 'Colonial Training College' on an extensive scale, with a regular staff of teachers, and a sufficiently large extent of farm-land attached. This would of course involve the expenditure of a considerable sum of money; but if done in a rational manner, there ought to be no question of the institution being a self-supporting and remunerative concern, while the benefits it would confer upon the pupils would be very great. Much good could, however, be accomplished by the adoption of far simpler means. There are many large farmers in the eastern counties and elsewhere who might profitably utilise one of the large and rambling, though comfortable old houses—now so often filled with the families of several labourers—belonging to their 'off-hand' farms, as a school, with a competent master—perhaps the clergyman of the parish—engaged to superintend the scholastic studies of, say, twenty or thirty pupils, and another teacher to direct their practical outdoor work. The pupils should, under proper supervision, be required to take part in the actual work of the farm; they would have the chance of becoming good shots—a matter of some importance in the colonies; and they would enjoy all the other advantages of English country life. The farmer, on the other hand, ought to be able, if he managed his undertaking skilfully, to profit, in these times of agricultural depression, both by the unpaid-for labour of his pupils and by the more direct proceeds of the establishment. The scheme thus roughly sketched out is well worth a trial.

It is true that there are Agricultural Colleges of various kinds both in England and in the colonies; but very few, if any, of these exactly answer the requirements of the case. Those in this country are, very naturally, better fitted for training English farmers than colonial settlers; while youths sent to those in the colonies would have to undergo an unnecessarily early separation from home and friends, and would lose the great benefits derivable from the influence of English refinement and a sound English education. At the present time there are in England several institutions more or less nearly answering to the required description. The Agricultural School at Aspatria, near Carlisle, trains some of its pupils for the colonies on moderate terms. Accommodation for a limited number of pupils and excellent opportunities for properly training them are provided on the Eastwood Manor Estate, of seven hundred acres, near Bristol; but the terms are above the means of the class from which the majority of emigrants are drawn. An institution at Hollesley Bay, Suffolk, under the name of

'The Colonial College and Training Farms, Limited,' promises very closely to answer to the requirements of the case. It is to be regretted that the scheme for the establishment of a suitable college on an extensive tract of land which has been acquired in Dorsetshire for that express purpose, as foreshadowed in Major-general Feilding's article already alluded to, has not yet been carried out, though it has not been abandoned. The case of the ordinary English 'farm-pupil' has little or no bearing upon the matter in hand; while, of the system under which young men are placed out with settlers in the colonies to be taught farming, the best that can be said is that it usually leads to fraud.

SHARP SAYINGS.

In Ireland, a sharp fellow is said to be as 'cute as the fox of Ballybotherem, which used to read the papers every morning to find out where the hounds were to meet. It was probably an Irishman who said: 'Man is like a potato—never sure when he will get into hot-water.' But Pat has rivals in many countries, some of whom could run him close in repartee and sharp sayings.

It must have been some foreigner taking off our national reserve who described the meeting of two Englishmen on a steamer in mid-ocean. One asked: 'Going across?' 'Yes. Are you?' And there the conversation ended.—A gentleman at a foreign restaurant who had just been assisted to a bottle of wine, was thus addressed by the smiling proprietor of the establishment: 'Now, what do you think of my wine, eh? Genuine first-rate stuff, isn't it?'—'O yes; as far as that goes,' replied the other, smacking his lips; 'it fairly makes one's mouth *water*.'—An item from a German paper says: 'The cashier of a Prussian bank has absconded with a considerable sum of money, and will, according to astronomical calculations, be seen again in four hundred and fifteen years.'

Many a boarding-house patron gets into hot-water when he ladles out the soup, says one of the American papers, which generally contain some smart sayings on various topics. Another paper commenting on the assertion that the human figure is six times the length of the feet, remarks, that the Chicago people must be about twelve feet high. With much humour and satire, we are informed how a lamentable mistake was lately made by a girl in St Louis. She married a man under the impression that he was her father's coachman, and he turned out to be a Mexican nobleman. She pronounced him a fraud, and wants to get rid of him.

'Can dogs find their way home from a distance?' is a question frequently asked. It is according to the dog. If it is one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from Africa. If it is a good one, he is apt to get lost if he goes round the corner.—A great writer says: 'A man ought to carry a pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment.'—'Yes,' remarks a Yankee editor; 'and one short pencil devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about two thousand years, and then have the original point on.'

Some men, says another writer, are ever ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these amateur apothecaries: 'An idea struck us yesterday;' and before we could finish he advised us: 'Rub the part affected with arnica.'

The man who said, 'A landlady who boards her lodgers, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak being her coffee, and her strong, the butter,' would probably be ungallant enough to agree with the following: 'The reason why a woman always adds a postscript to her letter is because she's bound to have the last word, if she has to write it herself.' Equally uncomplimentary was the man who, reading that a woman's voice can be heard for two miles by a man in a balloon, remarked that perhaps that was the reason so few men go up in a balloon.

A wit says the times are so dull that it is difficult for him even to collect his ideas. Perhaps this is the man, said to be so lazy that he has worked but once, and that was when he was labouring under a mistake. Another wag says: 'To forget a wrong is the best revenge, particularly if the other fellow is bigger than you.'—'I do not say that that man will steal,' said a witness on a trial; 'but if I was a chicken, I'd roost high when he was around.' A humorist says: 'If you think no one cares for you in this cold world, just tell your neighbours that you propose to keep hens. You will be surprised to see what an immediate interest they will manifest in you.' A philosopher declares that no thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable; but that philosopher is reminded by another that he probably never spent a forenoon among his friends trying to borrow a five-shilling piece.

'The wisest of all sayings,' said a member in a club, 'is the old Greek maxim, "Know thyself."'—'Yes,' remarked another; 'there's a deal of wisdom in it; "Know thyself," but never introduce a friend.' A country-woman made an amusing remark to a thirsty tourist who had emptied several cups of milk and asked for more. Bringing him a large bowl filled with milk, she said: 'One would think, sir, you had never been weaned!'—A young married man gazing at two trunks in the hall belonging to his mother-in-law, sadly observed: 'She has brought her clothes to a visit; would that she had brought her visit to a close.' As witty was the critic's comment on hearing that a lawyer had composed a poem on 'My Conscience.' 'It ought to sell well,' said he; 'the public are fond of novelties.'

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hit the right nail on the head when he remarked 'that people usually do more harm with their tongues than with their toes.'—'What is the usual definition of conscience?' asked a man of his pastor. 'A man's rule for his neighbour's conduct is about the way it comes out practically,' was the apt reply.—'What a number of ladies there were at church this morning wearing sealskin cloaks!' exclaimed Smith's wife. 'I counted no less than twenty-seven.'

'Do you think that is the proper way to occupy one's mind while at church?' replied Smith. 'I didn't notice a single one.'

'One can scarcely be expected to notice such things, when one's asleep,' was the sharp retort.

Not very complimentary to the sex was the answer of an old bachelor to a young mother, who exclaimed: 'Shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy boys about your knees?'—'No, ma'am,' said he; 'I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket.'

'You say your brother is younger than you, yet he looks much older.'—'Yes, he has seen a great deal of trouble; but I never married,' was the ready reply. More sarcastic is the next. 'Are you fond of tongue, sir?'—'I was always fond of tongue, madam, and like it *still*.'

'John, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?' asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. 'Arsenic!' gruffly answered John.

Rather severe are the three following comments. 'I've turned many a woman's head,' boasted a French dandy. 'Yes,' replied his hearer—'away from you.'—'That's the sort of umbrella that people appropriate,' said a gentleman to a companion one morning, showing him a very handsome one. 'Yes,' rejoined his companion quickly; 'I thought so when I saw you holding it.'—The guests having dined, the host hands round a box of cigars. 'I don't smoke myself,' he says; 'but you will find them good—my man steals more of them than any other brand I ever had.'

THE VALUE OF SUNSHINE.

'WHAT a horrible glare! The sun will take all the colour out of the carpet;' and such-like remarks, issue daily from the lips of thrifty housewives in summer. The value of sunlight is but little understood, and yet its advantages are apparent everywhere. Note the pale cheeks of the town-bred child which passes more than half its existence in the house, and which, when out of doors, the sun usually reaches through a veil-like cloud of smoke. Note, again, a geranium grown in a dimly-lighted cellar. Its leaves will be pale, if not almost white, for lack of sunlight, and it will look only what it is—a weakly, sickly plant. Transplant child and geranium into the country—roses bloom at the end of a few weeks on the cheeks of one, flowers and green leaves appear on the other. But sunlight does more than give rosy cheeks and health; it absolutely prevents disease in many cases; for, if given time enough, it kills the germs of the air which produce putrefaction. It seems to be a wonderful provision of nature that the putrefaction which is often caused by the heat of the sun, can be prevented, or even stopped after it has commenced, by exposure of the putrefying substance to direct sunlight. This fact is evidenced in sun-dried meat or fish. If the meat or fish, instead of being hung in the sun, were placed, subject to a similar heat, in the shade, it would quickly become tainted. It is clear, therefore, that the light has as important an influence in the operation as the heat. The latter dries up the juices; the former prevents putrefaction; for in sunlight, the germs which bring about that state cannot continue to live.

Many experiments have been attempted to determine the effect of sunlight on germs; but the results have been anything but satisfactory, being rather mystifying than otherwise. A French savant, M. Duclaux, has, however, recently conducted certain experiments on the ordinary germs of the air that produce putrefaction, with some definite and therefore gratifying results. The experiments, though no doubt difficult to carry out, were very simple in their nature, and are quite within the comprehension of the ordinary reader.

M. Duclaux commenced by cultivating the microbes which are chiefly responsible for the 'turning' of milk, because a microbe that can break down a substance such as milk would, generally speaking, be very similar to the disease germ that breaks down the tissues of the body. At the germ-forming period, he introduced some into each of a number of carefully sterilised flasks. The flasks he then stopped with wool, so that the air, but no fresh germs, could enter. The various flasks were then treated in different ways. Some were exposed to sunlight; others were kept in ordinary light—that is, not in the sun; others, again, were kept in an ordinary light, but in a temperature equal to sun-heat. The results proved the great value of sunlight. The milk in the flasks which were exposed to heat only, turned putrid almost immediately—that is to say, the germs preserved their vitality. (It had been ascertained that for three years the germs could be exposed to a tropical heat, provided there was no direct sunlight, without harm to them.) The results were very different with regard to the flasks exposed to the sunlight: in these, it was found that, after a month, the power of putrefaction of the germs decidedly diminished, and that their vitality was lowered. After two months' exposure, the noxious germs were destroyed in two out of five flasks. There the experiments stopped. It is probable, if not certain, that different varieties of germs require different periods of exposure to sunlight to be killed.

These scientific experiments are valuable as showing *how* mankind is benefited by sunlight. That mankind is so benefited has been acknowledged for ages by thoughtful persons, though the extent of those benefits are not so generally known or appreciated as they ought to be. Except in the hottest summer weather, sunlight should be admitted freely into houses; and never, even on the plea that otherwise the sun will put out the fire, should blinds be pulled wholly or partially down in winter. It should at the same time be borne in mind that in hygiene, fresh air ranks equal to sunlight in importance. 'Live on the sunny side of the street, for there the doctor never comes,' is a proverb which should never be forgotten, and is the outcome, not of scientific experiments, but of the experience of generations.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS AND CASUALTIES.

DURING the twelve months ending December 31, 1884, the total number of personal accidents on all the railways and on railway premises in the United Kingdom amounted to one thousand one hundred and eighty-six persons killed and eight thousand and twenty-three injured. This of course includes passengers, railway servants,

trespassers, suicides, and all other classes, and all kinds of accidents; but the number of persons killed and injured from accidents to trains, rolling-stock, or permanent way, &c., is very much smaller, there being thirty-one passengers killed and eight hundred and sixty-four injured; and of servants of Companies or contractors, twenty-three were killed and one hundred and fifteen injured.

By accidents from other causes, but still connected with the movement of vehicles used exclusively upon railways, one hundred and four passengers were killed and six hundred and twenty-seven injured; while from the same class of accidents, five hundred and twenty-three servants of Companies or contractors were killed and two thousand two hundred and four injured. These 'accidents from other causes' include, in the case of passengers, falling between trains and platforms (twenty-nine killed and sixty-one injured); falling on to the platform, ballast, &c., when getting in and out of trains (six killed and four hundred and five injured); accidents whilst crossing the line at stations (forty-one killed and twenty-two injured); from falling out of carriages during the travelling of trains (seven killed and thirty injured, &c.). This class of accidents includes, in the case of servants, accidents during shunting and other operations while on duty, and whilst crossing or standing on the line on duty; accidents from coming in contact with bridges, &c., during the travelling of trains, &c.

During the year, sixty-five persons were killed and twenty-seven injured while passing over railways at level crossings. Of trespassers, two hundred and ninety-five were killed and one hundred and eighty-seven injured; while fifty-three persons committed suicide. Forty other persons were killed and seventy-six injured, not coming in any of the classifications given above.

In the class of accidents occurring on railway premises, but not connected with the movement of vehicles used exclusively on railways, fifty-two persons were killed and three thousand nine hundred and twenty-three injured. Out of these, six of the killed and two hundred and forty-one of the injured were passengers; seven killed and ninety-four injured were persons on business at stations; and the remainder, thirty-nine killed and three thousand five hundred and eighty-eight injured, were servants. In connection with this class of accidents, several of a very peculiar nature may be noticed. They include three passengers killed and one hundred and fourteen injured while ascending or descending steps at stations, thirty-nine injured by being struck by barrows and falling over packages, &c., on station platforms, and two killed and thirty injured from falling off platforms. In the case of servants, six were killed and nine hundred and eighty-two injured while engaged in loading and unloading or sheeting wagons; three were killed and three hundred and twenty-two injured by the falling of wagon-doors, bales of goods, lamps, &c.; six were killed and two hundred and thirty-three injured from falling off platforms, ladders, &c.; from stumbling whilst walking on the line or platforms, one was killed and two hundred and thirty-four were injured; while working at cranes or capstans, three were killed and one hundred and sixty-nine injured; and one was killed and forty-nine were injured by being trampled on or kicked by horses. The occupation of a platelayer on a railway would seem to be a very dangerous one, for during the twelve months, one hundred and twenty-five servants of this class were killed and one hundred and fifty-four injured.

After reading all these particulars of killed and injured, it might be inferred that railway travelling is a dangerous mode of transit; but when the number of passengers carried is taken into consideration, it will be found that such is by no means the case. During the twelve months ending December 31, 1884, over six hundred and ninety-five million passengers were conveyed on all the railways in the United Kingdom, and, as stated before, the number of passengers killed during the same period from accidents to trains, rolling-stock, &c., was thirty-one, and the number injured, eight hundred and sixty-four, or an average, very nearly, of one killed out of every twenty-two millions carried, and one injured out of every eight hundred thousand carried.

During the year, thirty-one horses, thirty-nine oxen and cows, one hundred and thirty-two sheep, ten pigs, and ten donkeys were run over and killed. We wonder how many dogs!

'WAIT FOR ME.'

Seaward runs the little stream,
Where the wagoner cools his team,
Where, between the banks of moss,
Stand the stepping-stones to cross.
O'er them comes a little maid,
Laughing, not a bit afraid;
Mother, there upon the shore,
Crossed them safely just before.
This the little lassie's plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, so swift the waters run,
One false step, 'twere all undone;
Little heart begins to beat,
Fearing for the little feet.
Soon her fear will all be lost,
When the stepping-stones are crossed;
Three more yet on which to stand—
Two more—one more—then on land!
'Tis the little lassie's plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, for you, my laughing lass,
When the years have come to pass,
May one still be near to guide
While you cross Life's river wide.
When no helping hand is near,
None, if you should call, to hear,
Think, however far away,
Mother still knows all you say;
E'en in heaven heeds your plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

G. Clifton Bingham.

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THE STORY OF LAND.

As what is comprehensively called 'the Land Question' is occupying so much thought and attention everywhere in the country just now, and seems likely to attain even greater prominence, we have thought it would be of interest to present a brief historical sketch of the system of land-tenure in Britain and of the growth and changes in the public burdens on land. It would serve no good purpose to consider the conditions of society in ancient Britain prior to and during the Roman rule, for whatever these conditions were, they were dispelled by the Saxon invasion. As it is to the coming of the Saxons that we look for the beginning of the 'making of England,' so it is from the Anglo-Saxon period that we must trace the rights in and the burdens on land.*

Of the Teutonic race, which from the fifth to the seventh century overran Britain, we have Mr Green's authority for saying that 'the basis of their society was the free landholder.' They were bound together by blood-bond, which widened, with settlement, into a tie of land. 'Land with the German race seems everywhere,' says Mr Green, 'to have been the accompaniment of full freedom. The freeman was strictly the freeholder, and the exercise of his full rights as a free member of the community to which he belonged was inseparable from the possession of his "holding."' Besides the freemen or *churls*, there were the nobles or *eorls*, from whom were selected the leaders in war-time and the rulers of villages in times of peace. The selection was voluntary; and the nobles had no legal privileges above the freemen, who were the actual rulers as well as the possessors of the settlements. It was thus a race of republican landowners who dispossessed the ancient Britons, and who, as soon as the bloody work of conquest was over, settled down to occupy and till the land as they had done in their northern home. The conquered land was divided by lot among the conquerors, the freemen; and prisoners-at-war unable to pay ransom, became the serfs—ploughmen, shepherds, cowherds, &c.—of the capturer. Out of these apportioned lands, again, the kings rewarded by gifts of sections those who rendered the State signal service. Thus arose the *thegns*, who superseded the old *eorls*, and became the foundation of the English nobility in Britain.

Society, then, in the Anglo-Saxon period was composed of landed proprietors (or freemen) and slaves, and the rulers were elected by and endowed by the freemen. Neither gold nor cattle nor any other movable wealth would make a man a 'freeman.' Land was not only the basis of civil rank, but also the foundation of all personal privileges. The survival of this state of things is to be seen in our own day in the high estimation in which property in land is held, its social importance, and its political influence. And it was in such a condition of society that we trace the genesis of the taxation of privately owned land for the needs of the commonwealth. The kings subsisted on the produce of the folklands allotted to them; and when all the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy merged under one sovereign, the several territories so allotted became one great royal demesne. Besides this, from every shire where folkland had been allocated to others or appropriated by townships, the king received an agreed compensation, which was called the *feorum fultum*. Taxes for special purposes were from time to time imposed by the Witenagemote, and one of these taxes was the *shipgeld*, which took the form of a levy upon every shire for the provision and equipment of ships of war in proportion to the property of the shire. But the first express tax upon land was the *Danegeld*.

* The chief authorities consulted for this article are: Green's *Short History of the English People;* Hallam's *Constitutional History of England;* the Cobden Club's *Systems of Land-tenure in Various Countries;* Dowell's *History of Taxation and Taxes in England;* Arthur Arnold's *Free Land;* and the official Statistical Abstracts.

This was levied in A.D. 991, and its object was to raise money wherewith to buy off the Danish rovers who were ranging the coasts and harrying the villages. It was imposed at first at the rate of one shilling for every *hide* of land held by freemen. A hide of land used to be considered one hundred acres, but is now considered to have meant one hundred and twenty acres. The rate grew, as the incursions of the Danes increased, and sometimes ran up to four shillings the hide. When first imposed this tax realised ten thousand pounds. This was in 991; but in 1002 the Danegeld had to provide twenty-four thousand pounds; in 1007 thirty-six thousand pounds; in 1012 forty-eight thousand pounds; and in 1018 seventy-two thousand pounds.

Although this tax was devised for the express purpose of buying off the Danes, it was retained long after the Danes had ceased to trouble. The revenue was found very useful, and it was always possible to 'expect' attacks, which would justify the levy. Still, like all taxes, it was very unpopular, and became increasingly difficult to collect, so much so, that the kings had often to gather in the money at the point of the sword, and to employ their paid soldiers as collectors. The Danegeld endured till the time of Edward the Confessor, who abolished it.

Of the system of land-tenure in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, it is to be observed that freemen had absolute right to alienate their lands by gift or sale, to dispose of them by will, and to transmit them by inheritance. There was obligation for military service in case of invasion, and there was also a law by which in some cases land reverted to the State on failure of male heirs. There was thus something like a resemblance to feudalism even before the Norman Conquest.

When the Normans came, William simply stepped into possession of the property of his royal Saxon predecessors. That property, or demesne, had grown to be of vast extent, and was considered to be inalienable from the Crown. The Norman kings added to it the lands which they confiscated from rebellious Englishmen. For a time, the revenue from the royal demesne was sufficient for the requirements of the Conqueror, supplemented as it was by the right to assess the tenants of the demesne on occasions of extraordinary military expeditions; to impress carriages and horses whenever and wherever required for the conveyance of the royal household and *impedimenta;* to receive supplies of provisions, &c., at prices fixed by the king's officer; and to claim a cask or two from every cargo of wine entered at any port. But by-and-by the Danegeld was reimposed—namely, in 1084, when an attack was threatened by Sweyn of Denmark. The rate this time was higher than ever—namely, six shillings per hide of land. This land-tax was imposed from time to time by all the Norman kings, at varying rates; and in Stephen's time, became an annual charge of two shillings per hide. It can be traced on the Exchequer Rolls down to 1163.

But Norman William also introduced the feudal system, which changed the conditions of the tenure of land. Repeated revolts of the English led to the repeated confiscation of lands, which were redistributed among his Norman supporters. These allocations were made with obligations for specified military services in return, and gradually the whole of the landowners of the country were brought under the same system of vassalage. The feudal system was not completely established until the time of William Rufus, although the Doomsday Book placed all landowners as vassals either to the king or to some tenant of the king.

Under the feudal system, every vassal was bound, in return for the land he held, to assist his lord in fight; and the lords, in turn, were bound to aid the king in proportion to the extent of their estates. At first, there was no clear limit of service; but the arrangement in time became, that a knight was to be furnished for every four to five hides of land held of which the annual value was twenty pounds. The term for such service became also limited to forty days annually; so the tax paid by the landowners to the state, represented by the king, was their own personal service, and that of a knight for every 'knight's fee' they held, for the term named. This was the ordinary service; but there was also special service required for special occasions, which was usually commuted into a money payment. The Norman system also established primogeniture, and removed the right to alienate land or to devise it by will. Not until the time of Henry VIII. was the power restored for the testamentary disposition of land; and not until the time of Charles II. was military tenure finally abolished by law.

The Court of Exchequer was established by William the Conqueror, and was so called because of the checkered cloth laid on the table where the accounts and money were placed for audit. It was in the reign of Henry II., and by arrangement with this Court of Exchequer, that the military obligation upon landowners was transformed into a fixed money-tax. This tax was called *scutage* (shield-money), and was at the rate of two marks, or twenty-six shillings and eightpence, for every knight's fee of land—equal to twenty pounds of annual rental. The rate was only exigible in case of war or threatened war, and varied from time to time according to circumstances. In the same reign, the peculiar obligations of the tenants of the royal demesne were also commuted into money payments, called *tallage*, which was assessed on different bases for town and country.

The scutage continued to be levied as required for more than a century, and at times was so onerous that it was provocative of continual disputes between the nobles and the king. Ultimately, in 1213, some of the nobles pleaded exhaustion by previous levies, denied liability, and refused to pay any more. Then came Magna Charta, one of the clauses of which was, that 'No scutage or aid shall be imposed in the kingdom unless by the common consent of the realm, except for the purpose of ransoming the king's person, making his first-born son a knight, and

marrying his eldest daughter once; and the aids (levies) for these purposes shall be reasonable in amount.' Another clause provided for the calling and constitution of the 'common counsel of the realm' for imposing scutage. After this, scutage was levied at different times down to 1322, and then disappeared.

But another form of land-tax was devised in 1194, to take the place of the Danegeld. It was called the *carucage*, because it was levied upon the *carucate* or quantity of land that could be ploughed by one plough in one season. The rate of the first carucage was two shillings the carucate; but it appears for the last time in 1224, and is thereafter replaced by a general tax on movables. This was leviable upon rents, as well as upon crops, cattle, stock-in-trade, and other possessions, and finally settled into a charge of a fifteenth and a tenth of the valuation for the year. The 'fifteenth and tenth' thus became merely a name for a compounded fixed charge upon the whole population. But in 1382, 'on account of the poverty of the country,' the landowners took the whole burden of this tax, not as a precedent, but 'for reverence of God, and for the support, aid, and relief of the poor commonalty, who appeared to be weaker and poorer than theretofore.' In the following year, the former method was returned to, and it remained in force down to 1399.

In 1404, a special tax on land was imposed by Henry IV.'s parliament on all landowners possessing land of the annual value of five hundred marks or more. It was at the rate of five per cent., and was therefore one pound in every twenty pounds of rental. In 1411, this tax was altered to one upon all landowners of not less than twenty pounds annual value, and was at the rate of six shillings and eightpence for every twenty pounds clear. In 1431, besides the re-imposition of the 'fifteenth and tenth,' the tax on the knight's fee was continued, and a tax was imposed for the first time upon land not held for knight-service—that is, upon freeholders. It was soon superseded by other subsidies not necessary to detail here. In 1450, we find a graduated income-tax granted, which included all freeholders of lands and tenements, as well as fees and profits. One or other or all of these forms of taxation existed in varying degrees down to the time of the Tudors. Under the Tudors' Subsidies' Acts, the charge upon landowners was four shillings in the pound for all freehold, according to the clear annual value.

Under the Stuarts, repeated levies of 'fifteenths and tenths' occurred, but did not bring in money quick enough, so that a poll-tax was tried by Charles I. After this, a land-tax was instituted upon a new basis. A lump sum to be raised was levied upon each county and town, and was then re-assessed upon the several occupiers of land—tenants having the power to deduct their payments from the rents.

Under the Commonwealth, the assessments were made more equitable. They were levied by the local authorities, and proportioned to the means of the taxpayers. After the Restoration, the old Tudor system was reverted to; but, proving offensive, was again abandoned; and the Commonwealth system prevailed during a great part of the reign of Charles II. It was also used in the earlier years of the reign of William III.; but in that reign, a new system came into vogue. About 1692 a tax was levied for one year of a uniform rate of four shillings in the pound on the annual value of all lands. This was to meet the expenses of the war with France. As the assessment was not rigorous, the rate produced less than was expected, and it produced less and less as the tax was reimposed in succeeding years. In 1697, the rate was made three shillings in the pound; but the Act, in authorising it, also fixed the amount which it should yield, which led to a considerable change in the method of assessing property. The same principle was followed in succeeding years, the rate nominally varying from one, two, three, to four shillings in the pound, but always for a fixed sum, which was to be raised *pro ratâ* in the various counties and towns.

This principle of levying an annual fixed sum to be contributed by the land remained in force until 1798, and at first it was, as has been said, four shillings in the pound. But this amount was not permanent, and fluctuated from time to time, falling as low as two shillings, but never rising above four. In 1798, prior to the imposition of a general income-tax of ten per cent., Pitt constituted the land-tax a perpetual charge of four shillings in the pound, subject to redemption and purchase. It was a charge defined by the Act which specified the various districts, and power was given 'to persons interested in lands to buy up and become themselves entitled to an amount of rent-charge equal to the tax.' In the first year, nearly half a million was so redeemed, which was a great help to the government finances; but for some years afterwards, the terms of redemption were less favourable. Between 1800 and 1878, some £840,000 was redeemed; and in 1879, the amount remaining payable annually in respect of this land-tax was reduced to £1,075,000. Since 1798, then, this fixed but redeemable burden has remained upon land, and land has been bought and sold subject to it. This charge was quite apart from all subsequent levies upon the profits of lands under the headings of the various property and income taxes which have been in vogue down to our own time. The income-tax as at present constituted levies, under Schedule A, a tax upon the income, or rents, from all landed property including houses, of eightpence in the pound.

In 1881, the remnant of the old land-tax in Great Britain realised upon the assessments of 1798, £1,050,000; while the yield under Schedule A—that is, the profits from land in the United Kingdom—of the income-tax was £3,545,000. Land also contributed largely under the head of succession duties, which yielded £3,064,000 for probate, and £3,592,000 for legacy and succession duties, equal to £6,656,000.

In 1853, Mr Goschen stated that the special contribution by land to imperial taxation was only five and a half per cent. of the total taxes raised. At the same time, it was stated that in Holland, land paid nine per cent.; in Austria, seventeen and a half per cent.; in France, eighteen and a half per cent.; in Belgium, twenty and a half per cent.; and in Hungary, thirty-two and a half per cent. But a comparison of this sort is quite imperfect, unless we have a complete

statement of the entire taxation of each country including local burdens. In many parts of this country, the local burdens on land are very heavy, and charges are met thus which in other circumstances and in other countries would fall upon the national exchequer. In Sussex, for instance, the poor-rate alone was at one time as high as eight shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny in the pound.

It is of importance, therefore, to show here, from some official tables compiled in 1868, and which we give in a footnote, the proportions of imperial and local taxation borne by owners of real property in this country. We are also enabled to give for comparison the figures applying to seven continental countries. The first table shows the total taxation, the second the proportion thrown on property.*

In 1881–2, the total of imperial and local taxation was ninety-one and a half millions—a considerable increase; but the relative proportion, that is to say, the percentage falling upon land, remained about the same. In the estimates for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1885, the land-tax was put at £1,055,000, the house-duty at £1,880,000, and the property and income tax at £12,050,000. The actual yield from Schedule A (profits from land) in the year ending March 31, 1884, was £3,680,560, out of a total of £10,695,046. The total annual value of land assessed in the country was £65,957,323.

The figures here given show that land in the United Kingdom bears a larger share of public burdens than land in any country of Europe of which we have returns, except Belgium. Whether or not it should bear a still further proportion, we do not propose to discuss here; but what we have educed shows that many of the arguments of a certain section of reformers are based upon inaccurate conceptions both of the previous conditions of land-tenure and of the existing position.

It is to be remembered that in English law there is no absolute ownership of land. According to Williams—an authority upon the laws of property—'no man is in law the absolute owner of lands. He can only *hold an estate* in them.' That estate may be copyhold, estate tail, or fee simple; but it is not absolute property, because the law can, and does, compel a man to part with lands, upon due compensation, for the public good. Cases in point are the making of railways, docks, and so forth, in which the advantage of the community overrides the private interest of the holder. In this sense, then, the land does actually belong to the State; but not, of course, in the literal sense, which is usually ascribed to nationalisation. In these remarks, we have sought to avoid controversy, and to give only a plain statement of facts which are necessary to form just conclusions with regard to measures now being so widely discussed.

* Table I.—Total Taxation.

Countries.	Imperial.	Local.	Total Imperial and Local Taxes.
United Kingdom	£65,395,000	£25,155,000	£90,550,000
France....	60,161,000	21,347,000	81,508,000
Russia....	42,878,000	5,679,000	48,557,000
Prussia....	13,297,000	..	..
Holland...	5,505,000	1,649,000	7,154,000
Belgium...	4,846,000	1,597,000	6,443,000
Austria....	20,636,000	1,524,000	22,160,000
Hungary..	8,577,000	..	..

Table II.—Taxation upon Real Property.

Countries.	Imperial.	Per Cent.	Local.	Per Cent.	Total Imperial and Local Taxes.	Per Cent.
United Kingdom	£8,157,000	12·47	£20,007,000	79·54	£28,164,000	31·11
France.....	17,636,000	29·31	5,893,000	27·60	23,529,000	28·87
Russia.....	5,093,000	11·88	3,303,000	58·00	8,396,000	17·28
Prussia.....	2,041,000	15·35	..	..	..	..
Holland....	1,206,000	21·91	236,000	14·26	1,442,000	20·16
Belgium....	1,784,000	36·82	273,000	17·07	2,057,000	31·92
Austria.....	5,382,000	26·10	808,000	53·02	6,190,000	27·93
Hungary...	3,320,000	38·69	..	..	..	..

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Lady Markham did not forget her promise. Whatever else a great lady may forget in these days, her sick people, her hospitals, she is sure never to forget. She went early to the lodgings, which were not far off, hidden in one of the quaint corners of little old lanes behind Piccadilly, where poor Gaunt was. She did not object to the desire of Frances to go with her, nor to the anxiety she showed. The man was ill; he had become a 'case;' it was natural and right that he should be an object of interest. For herself, so far as Lady Markham's thoughts were free at all, George Gaunt was much more than a case to her. A little while ago, she would have given him a large share in her thoughts, with a remorseful consciousness almost of a personal part in the injury which had been done him. But now there were so many other matters in the foreground of her mind, that this, though it gave her one sharp twinge, and an additional desire to do all that could be done for him, had yet fallen into the background. Besides, things had arrived at a climax; there was no longer any means of delivering him, no further anxiety about his daily movements; there he lay, incapable of further action. It was miserable, yet it was a relief. Markham and Markham's associates had no more power over a sick man.

Lady Markham managed her affairs always in a business-like way. She sent to inquire what was the usual hour of the doctor's visit, and timed her arrival so as to meet him and receive all the information he could give. Even the medical details of the case were not beyond Lady Markham's comprehension. She had a brief but very full consultation with the medical man in the little parlour down-stairs, and promptly issued her orders for nurses and all that could possibly be wanted for the patient. Two nurses at once—one for the day, and the other for the night; ice by the cart-load; the street to be covered with hay; any traffic that it was possible to stop, arrested. These directions Frances heard while she sat anxious and trembling in the brougham, and watched the doctor—a humble and undistinguished practitioner of the neighbourhood, stirred into excited interest by the sudden appearance of the great lady with her

liberal ideas, upon the scene—hurrying away. Lady Markham then disappeared again into the house, the little trim shallow London lodging-house, with a few scrubby plants in its little balconies on the first floor, where the windows were open, but veiled by sun-blinds. Something that sounded like incessant talking came from these windows, a sound to which Frances paid no attention at first, thinking it nothing but a conversation, though curiously carried on without break or pause. But after a while the monotony of the sound gave her a painful sensation. The street was very quiet even without the hay. Now and then a cart or carriage would come round the corner, taking a short-cut from one known locality to another. Sometimes a street cry would echo through the sunshine. A cart full of flowering plants, with a hoarse-voiced proprietor, went along in stages, stopping here and there; but through all ran the strain of talk, monologue or conversation, never interrupted. The sound affected the girl's nerves, she could not tell why. She opened the door of the brougham at last, and went into the narrow little doorway of the house, where it became more distinct, a persistent dull strain of speech. All was deserted on the lower floor, the door of the sitting-room standing open, the narrow staircase leading to the sick man's rooms above. Frances felt her interest, her eager curiosity grow at every moment. She ran lightly, quickly up-stairs. The door of the front room, the room with the balconies, was ajar; and now it became evident that the sound was that of a single voice, hoarse, not always articulate, talking. Oh, the weary strain of talk, monotonous, unending—sometimes rising faintly, sometimes falling lower, never done, without a pause. That could not be raving, Frances said to herself. Oh, not raving! Cries of excitement and passion would have been comprehensible. But there was something more awful in the persistency of the dull choked voice. She said to herself it was not George Gaunt's voice: she did not know what it was. But as she put forth all these arguments to herself, trembling, she drew ever nearer and nearer to the door.

'Red—red—and red. Stick to my colour: my colour—my coat, Markham, and the ribbon. Yes, her ribbon. I say red. Play, play—all play—always: amusement: her ribbon, red. No, no; not red, black, colour death—no colour, means nothing, all nothing. Markham, play. Gain or lose—all—all: nothing kept back. Red, I say; and red—blood—blood colour. Mother, mother! no, it's black, black. No blood—no blood—no reproach. Death—makes up all—death. Black—red—black—all death colours, all death, death.' Then there was a little change in the voice. 'Constance?—India; no, no; not India. Anywhere—give up everything.—Amusement, did you say amusement? Don't say so, don't say so. Sport to you—but death, death, colour of death. Black, or red—blood, all death colours, death. Mother! don't put on black—red ribbons like hers—red. Heart's blood. Not the bullet—her little hand, little white hand—and then blood-red. Constance! Play—play—nothing left—play.'

Frances stood outside and shuddered. Was this, then, what they called raving? She shrank within herself; her heart failed her; a sickness which took the light from her eyes, made her limbs tremble and her head swim. Oh, what sport had he been to the two—the two who were nearest to her in the world! What had they done with him, Mrs Gaunt's boy—the youngest, the favourite? There swept through the girl's mind like a bitter wind a cry against—Fate was it, or providence? Had they but let alone, had each stayed in her own place, it would have been Frances who should have met, with a fresh heart, the young man's early fancy. They would have met sincere and faithful, and loved each other, and all would have been well. But there was no Frances; there was only Constance, to throw his heart away. She seemed to see it all as in a picture—Constance with the red ribbons on her gray dress, with the smile that said it was only amusement; with the little hand, the little white hand that gave the blow. And then all play, all play, red or black, what did it matter? and the bullet; and the mother in mourning, and Markham. Constance and Markham! murderers. This was the cry that came from the bottom of the girl's heart. Murderers!—of two; of him and of herself; of the happiness that was justly hers, which at this moment she claimed, and wildly asserted her right to have, in the clamour of her angry heart. She seemed to see it all in a moment: how he was hers; how she had given her heart to him before she ever saw him; how she could have made him happy. She would not have shrunk from India or anywhere. She would have made him happy. And Constance, for a jest, had come between; for amusement, had broken his heart. And Markham, for amusement—for amusement! had destroyed his life; and hers as well. There are moments when the gentle and simple mind becomes more terrible than any fury. She saw it all as in a picture—with one clear sudden revelation. And her heart rose against it with a sensation of wrong which was intolerable—of misery, which she could not, would not bear.

She pushed open the door, scarcely knowing what she did. The bed was pulled out from the wall, almost into the centre of the room; and behind, while this strange husky monologue of confused passion was going on unnoted, Lady Markham and the landlady stood together talking in calm undertones of the treatment to be employed. Frances' senses, all stimulated to the highest point, took in, without meaning to do so, every particular of the scene and every word that was said.

'I can do no good by staying now,' Lady Markham was saying. 'There is so little to be done at this stage. The ice to his head, that is all till the nurse comes. She will be here before one o'clock. And in the meantime, you must just watch him carefully, and if anything occurs, tell me. Be very careful to tell me everything; for the slightest symptom is important.'

'Yes, my lady; I'll take great care, my lady.' The woman was overawed, yet excited by this unexpected visitor, who had turned the dull drama of the lodger's illness into a great, important, and exciting conflict, conducted by the highest officials against disease and death.

'As I go home, I shall call at Dr ——'s'—

naming the great doctor of the moment—'who will meet the other gentleman here; and after that, if they decide on ice-baths or any other active treatment—— But there will be time to think of that. In the meantime, if anything important occurs, communicate with me at once, at Eaton Square.'

'Yes, my lady; I'll not forget nothing. My 'usband will run in a moment to let your ladyship know.'

'That will be quite right. Keep him in the house, so that he may get anything that is wanted.' Lady Markham gave her orders with the liberality of a woman who had never known any limit to the possibilities of command in this way. She went up to the bed and looked at the patient, who lay all unconscious of inspection, continuing the hoarse talk, to which she had ceased to attend, through which she had carried on her conversation in complete calm. She touched his forehead for a moment with the back of her ungloved hand, and shook her head. 'The temperature is very high,' she said. There was a semi-professional calm in all she did. Now that he was under treatment, he could be considered dispassionately as a 'case.' When she turned round and saw Frances within the door, she held up her finger. 'Look at him, if you wish, for a moment, poor fellow; but not a word,' she said. Frances, from the passion of anguish and wrong which had seized upon her, sank altogether into a confused hush of semi-remorseful feeling. Her mother at least was occupied with nothing that was not for his good.

'I told you that I mistrusted Markham,' she said as they drove away. 'He did not mean any harm. But that is his life. And I think I told you that I was afraid Constance—— Oh, my dear, a mother has a great many hard offices to undertake in her life—to make up for things which her children have done—*en gaieté du cœur*, without thought.'

'*Gaieté du cœur*—is that what you call it,' cried Frances, 'when you murder a man?' Her voice was choked with the passion that filled her.

'Frances! Murder. You are the last one in the world from whom I should have expected anything violent.'

'Oh,' cried the girl, flushed and wild, her eyes gleaming through an angry dew of pain, 'what word is there that is violent enough? He was happy and good, and there were—there might have been—people who could have loved him, and—and made him happy. When one comes in, one who had no business there, one who—and takes him from—the others, and makes a sport of him and a toy to amuse herself, and flings him broken away. It is worse than murder—if there is anything worse than murder,' she cried.

Lady Markham could not have been more astonished if some passer-by had presented a pistol at her head. 'Frances!' she cried, and took the girl's hot hands into her own, endeavouring to soothe her, 'you speak as if she meant to do it—as if she had some interest in doing it. Frances, you must be just!'

'If I were just—if I had the power to be just, is there any punishment which could be great enough?—His life? But it is more than his life. It is misery and torture and wretchedness, to him first, and then to—to his mother—to'—— She ended as a woman, as a poor little girl, scarcely yet woman-grown, must—in an agony of tears.

All that a tender mother and that a kind woman could do, with due regard to the important business in her hands, and a glance aside to see that the coachman did not mistake Sir Joseph's much frequented door—Lady Markham did to quench this extraordinary passion, and bring back calm to Frances. She succeeded so far, that the girl, hurriedly drying her tears, retiring with shame and confusion into herself, recovered sufficient self-command to refrain from further betrayal of her feelings. In the midst of it all, though she was not unmoved by her mother's tenderness, she had a kind of fierce perception of Lady Markham's anxiety about Sir Joseph's door, and her eagerness not to lose any time in conveying her message to him, which she did rapidly in her own person, putting the footman aside, corrupting somehow by sweet words and looks the incorruptible functionary who guarded the great doctor's door. It was all for poor Gaunt's sake, and done with care for him, as anxious and urgent as if he had been her own son; and yet it was business too, which, had Frances been in a mood to see the humour of it, might have lighted the tension of her feelings. But she was in no mind for humour, a thing which passion has never any eyes for or cognisance of. 'That is all quite right. He will meet the other doctor this afternoon; and we may be now comfortable that he is in the best hands,' Lady Markham said with a sigh of satisfaction. She added: 'I suppose, of course, his parents will not hesitate about the expense?' in a faintly inquiring tone; but did not insist on any reply. Nor could Frances have given any reply. But amid the chaos of her mind, there came a consciousness of poor Mrs Gaunt's dismay, could she have known. She would have watched her son night and day; and there was not one of the little community at Bordighera—Mrs Durant, with all her little pretences; Tasie, in her young-ladyhood, who would not have shared the vigil. But the two expensive nurses, with every accessory that new-fangled science could think of—this would have frightened out of their senses the two poor parents, who would not 'hesitate about the expense,' or any expense that involved their son's life. In this point, too, the different classes could not understand each other. The idea flew through the girl's mind with a half-despairing consciousness that this, too, had something to do with the overwhelming revolution in her own mind which carried everything before it. A man of her own species would have understood Constance, he would have known Markham's reputation and ways. The pot of iron and the pot of clay could not travel together without damage to the weakest. This went vaguely through Frances' mind in the middle of her excitement, and perhaps helped to calm her. It also stilled, if it did not calm her, to see that her mother was a little afraid of her in her new development.

Lady Markham, when she returned to the

brougham after her visit to Sir Joseph, manifestly avoided the subject. She was careful not to say anything of Markham or of Constance. Her manner was anxious, deprecatory, full of conciliation. She advised Frances, with much tenderness, to go and rest a little when they got home. 'I fear you have been doing too much, my darling,' she cried, and followed her to her room with some potion in a glass.

'I am quite well,' Frances said; 'there is nothing the matter with me.'

'But, I am sure, my dearest, that you are overdone.' Her anxious and conciliatory looks were of themselves a tonic to Frances, and brought her back to herself.

Markham, when he appeared in the evening, showed unusual feeling too. He was at the crisis, it seemed, of his own life, and perhaps other sentiments had therefore an easier hold upon him. He came in looking very downcast, with none of his usual banter in him. 'Yes, I know. I have heard all about it, bless you. What else, do you think, are those fellows talking about? Poor beggar. Who ever thought he'd have gone down like that in so short a time? —Now, mother, the only thing wanting is that you should say "I told you so." And Fan; no, Fan can do worse; she can tell me that she thought he was safe in my hands.'

'It is not my way to say I told you so, Markham; but yet'——

'You could do it, mammy, if you tried—that is well known. I'm rather glad he is ill, poor beggar; it stops the business. But there are things to pay, that is the worst.'

'Surely, if it is to a gentleman, he will forgive him,' cried Frances, 'when he knows'——

'Forgive him! Poor Gaunt would rather die. It would be as much as a man's life was worth to offer to—forgive another man. But how should the child know? That's the beauty of society and the rules of honour, Fan. You can forgive a man many things, but not a shilling you've won from him. And how is he to mend, good life! with the thought of having to pay up in the end?' Markham repeated this despondent speech several times before he went gloomily away. 'I had rather die straight off, and make no fuss. But even then, he'd have to pay up, or somebody for him. If I had known what I know now, I'd have eaten him sooner than have taken him among those fellows, who have no mercy.'

'Markham, if you would listen to me, you would give them up—you too.'

'Oh, I'—— he said with his short laugh. 'They can't do much harm to me.'

'But you must change—in that as well as other things, if'——

'Ah, if,' he said, with a curious grimace; and took up his hat and went away.

Thus, Frances said to herself, his momentary penitence and her mother's pity melted away in consideration of themselves. They could not say a dozen words on any other subject, even such an urgent one as this, before their attention dropped, and they relapsed into the former question about themselves. And such a question—Markham's marriage, which depended upon Nelly Winterbourn's widowhood and the portion her rich husband left her. Markham was an English peer, the head of a family which had been known for centuries, which even had touched the history of England here and there; yet this was the ignoble way in which he was to take the most individual step of a man's life. Her heart was full almost to bursting of these questions, which had been gradually awakening in her mind. Lady Markham when left alone turned always to the consolation of employment—of those letters to write which filled up all the interstices of her other occupations. Perhaps she was specially glad to take refuge in this assumed duty, having no desire to enter again with her daughter into any discussion of the events of the day. Frances withdrew into a distant corner. She took a book with her, and did her best to read it, feeling that anything was better than to allow herself to think, to summon up again the sound of that hoarse broken voice running on in the feverish current of disturbed thought. Was he still talking, talking, God help him! of death and blood and the two colours, and her ribbon, and the misery which was all play? Oh, the misery, causeless, unnecessary, to no good purpose, that had come merely from this—that Constance had put herself in Frances' place, that the pot of iron had thrust itself in the road of the pot of clay. But she must not think—she must not think, the girl said to herself with feverish earnestness, and tried the book again. Finding it of no avail, however, she put it down, and left her corner and came, in a moment of leisure between two letters, behind her mother's chair. 'May I ask you a question, mamma?'

'As many as you please, my dear;' but Lady Markham's face bore a harassed look. 'You know, Frances, there are some to which there is no answer—which I can only ask with an aching heart, like yourself,' she said.

'This is a very simple one. It is—have I any money—of my own?'

Lady Markham turned round on her chair and looked at her daughter. 'Money,' she said. 'Are you in need of anything? Do you want money, Frances? I shall never forgive myself, if you have felt yourself neglected.'

'It is not that. I mean—have I anything of my own?'

After a little pause. 'There is a—small provision made for you by my marriage settlement,' Lady Markham said.

'And—once more—could, oh, could I have it, mamma?'

'My dear child! you must be out of your senses. How could you have it at your age—unless you were going to marry?'

This suggestion Frances rejected with the contempt it merited. 'I shall never marry,' she said; 'and there never could be a time when it would be of so much importance to me to have it as now. Oh, tell me, is there no way by which I could have it now?'

'Sir Thomas is one of our trustees. Ask him. I do not think he will let you have it, Frances. But perhaps you could tell him what you want, if you will not have confidence in me. Money is just the thing that is least easy for me. I could give you almost anything else; but money I have not. What can you want money for, a girl like you?'

Frances hesitated before she replied: 'I would

rather not tell you,' she said; 'for very likely you would not approve; but it is nothing—wrong.'

'You are very honest, my dear. I do not suppose for a moment it is anything wrong. Ask Sir Thomas,' Lady Markham said with a smile. The smile had meaning in it, which to Frances was incomprehensible. 'Sir Thomas—will refuse nothing he can in reason give—of that, I am sure.'

Sir Thomas, when he came shortly afterwards, said that he would not disturb Lady Markham. 'For I see you are busy, and I have something to say to Frances.'

'Who has also something to say to you,' Lady Markham said with a benignant smile. Her heart gave a throb of satisfaction. It was all she could do to restrain herself, not to tell the dear friend to whom she was writing that there was every prospect of a *most happy* establishment for dear Frances. And her joy was quite genuine and almost innocent, notwithstanding all she knew.

'You have written to your father?' Sir Thomas said. 'My dear Frances, I have got the most hopeful letter from him, the first I have had for years. He asks me if I know what state the Warren is in—if it is habitable? That looks like coming home, don't you think? And it is years since he has written to me before.'

Frances did not know what the Warren was; but she disliked showing her ignorance. And this idea was not so comforting to her as Sir Thomas expected. She said: 'I do not think he will come,' with downcast eyes.

But Sir Thomas was strong in his own way of thinking. He was excited and pleased by the letter. He told her again and again how he had desired this—how happy it made him to think he was about to be successful at last. 'And just at the moment when all is likely to be arranged—when Markham—— You have brought me luck, Frances. Now, tell me what it was you wanted from me?'

Frances' spirits had fallen lower and lower while his rose. Her mind ranged over the new possibilities with something like despair. It would be Constance, not she, who would have done it, if he came—Constance, who had taken her place from her—the love that ought to have been hers—her father—and who now, on her return, would resume her place with her mother too. Ah, what would Constance do? Would she do anything for him who lay yonder in the fever, for his father and his mother, poor old people!—anything to make up for the harm she had done? Her heart burned in her agitated troubled bosom. 'It is nothing,' she said—'nothing that you would do for me. I had a great wish—but I know you would not let me do it, neither you nor my mother.'

'Tell me what it is, and we shall see.'

Frances felt her voice die away in her throat. 'We went this morning to see—to see'——

'You mean poor Gaunt. It is a sad sight, and a sad story—too sad for a young creature like you to be mixed up in. Is it anything for him, that you want me to do?'

She looked at him through those hot gathering tears which interrupt the vision of women, and blind them when they most desire to see clearly. A sense of the folly of her hope, of the impossibility of making any one understand what was in her mind, overwhelmed her. 'I cannot, I cannot,' she cried. 'Oh, I know you are very kind. I wanted my own money, if I have any. But I know you will not give it me, nor think it right, nor understand what I want to do with it.'

'Have you so little trust in me?' said Sir Thomas. 'I hope, if you told me, I could understand. I cannot give you your own money, Frances; but if it were for a good—no, I will not say that—for a sensible, for a wise purpose, you should have some of mine.'

'Yours!' she cried almost with indignation. 'O no; that is not what I mean. They are nothing—nothing to you.' She paused when she had said this, and grew very pale. 'I did not mean—— Sir Thomas, please do not say anything to mamma.'

He took her hand affectionately between his own. 'I do not half understand,' he said; 'but I will keep your secret, so far as I know it, my poor little girl.'

Lady Markham at her writing-table, with her back turned, went on with her correspondence all the time in high satisfaction and pleasure, saying to herself that it would be far better than Nelly Winterbourn's—that it would be the finest match of the year.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION IN SUTHERLAND.

In many parts of the Highlands there are various superstitious practices still resorted to for the cure of disease. One of the strangest and most interesting cases of this kind may be met with in the county of Sutherland. Here, in an unfrequented spot near the foot of Strathnaver, lies a small loch, to which superstition has ascribed wonderful healing virtues. Its fame has spread far and wide in the northern counties, and pilgrimages are made to it from many remote districts of Sutherland, from the adjoining counties of Caithness and Ross, and even from Inverness and the Orkney Islands. It is not known when the loch first came into repute with the sick; but it must have been when superstition had a strong hold in this country, and ignorance prevailed among the people; for this belief in the mysterious curative power of the water can be traced back through several generations. The water, and also the leaves of a plant which grows in the loch, are still used by the sick at their homes; but to derive full benefit from these, the 'patients' must make a visit to the spot.

The tradition as to the origin of this healing virtue is as follows: A woman from Ross or Inverness at one time came to Strathnaver pretending to cure all forms of disease by means of water into which she had previously thrown some pebbles, which she carried about with her. She soon secured a wide reputation in the strath on account of the miraculous cures with which she was credited. Many persons looked with covetous eyes upon the mysterious pebbles, and would fain have got possession of them; but the people dreaded to expose themselves to the supernatural power with which the woman was

supposed to be endowed, by endeavouring to deprive her of the pebbles by unfair means. At length, however, a man named Gordon, in whose house she lived, determined to possess himself of them, and formed a plot for their capture. But the woman, discovering his design, escaped in the direction of the loch. Gordon pursued. Finding that she could no longer escape her pursuer, the woman threw the pebbles far out into the loch, exclaiming in Gaelic, *Mo-nar!* (that is, 'shame!' or literally, 'my shame!'). From this exclamation the loch is said to have received the name which it still retains—Loch-mo-nar, and the pebbles are supposed to have imparted to the water its curative power.

One would suppose from this simple legend, which attaches no conditions to the manner in which patients should avail themselves of the peculiar power with which the water is imbued, that it would be an easy matter for one to test its efficacy. There are, however, many ceremonies to be observed—as strange as they are inconvenient to the unfortunate patients; though how they originated cannot be ascertained. The only condition which appears reasonable is that by which the covetous Gordon and all his descendants are for ever denied any benefit from the water. There are only four days in the year on which cures can be effected—the first Monday (old style) of February, May, August, and November; and the ceremonies must be gone through between twelve o'clock on Sunday night and sunrise on Monday morning. The practice of visiting the loch in February and November has long been discontinued, owing, doubtless, to the extreme unpleasantness of taking a midnight bath at such times.

Shortly after midnight, the patients begin to arrive in carts, attended by relatives or friends, many of the arrivals having travelled long distances during the previous Sunday. Without loss of time, the sick are transferred to the banks of the loch, and roaring fires are lit in several places. This accomplished, the patients immediately seek a cure by first throwing a piece of silver money into the loch as a kind of tribute; then, wading into the water, they plunge three times beneath the surface; and finally a few mouthfuls are swallowed by each patient. Those who are able to take their bath without assistance, may suit themselves as to the length of time they will remain in the water; but their unfortunate brethren who require to be carried in, often narrowly escape drowning, through the mistaken zeal of their friends, who are careful to give them a thorough immersion—presumably on account of these cases being of a more serious nature. Having all regained dry ground, they proceed to dress themselves, and collect around the fires which have for some time been blazing near the water's edge. The welcome warmth of the fires is supplemented with plenty of *uisgebeatha;* and eatables of various kinds soon make their appearance. These they now proceed to discuss amid lively conversation, interspersed with many stories of former visits to the loch, and the marvellous cures which resulted.

The scene at this moment, as the midnight picnic begins, is a very weird and striking one. The blazing fires reveal in a strong light the faces of the company, some of whom are still only half-dressed; while upon the surrounding heather and the dark water close by, is cast a peculiar and ever-changing ruddy glare. Beyond, is the blackness of night—nothing being visible except the dark outline of the neighbouring hills, whose huge forms show themselves dimly against the sky. As soon as the dawn begins to appear, the gathering breaks up, and all prepare for departure—it being a rule that they must be out of sight of the loch before the sun rises, else their trouble will have been in vain. After filling the now empty whisky bottles with water, for the use of helpless patients at home, a start is made on the homeward journey, and the scene assumes its usual aspect.

These strange proceedings have of late years been gradually falling into disuse, but even still they may be occasionally seen. At one time, scores of men and women used to visit the loch—some to try its efficacy, while others went out of mere curiosity, for the 'Loch-mo-nar night' doings always created great interest in the district. Many cures were attributed to the mysterious power of the water. It is noticeable, however, that the majority of those who sought such a cure were persons suffering from nervous complaints and disordered imaginations, to whom the excitement of a midnight plunge in the loch, preceded and followed by a long journey in the bracing air of the hills and glens, might contribute all that was necessary to restore them to health, especially when supplemented by a strong belief that a speedy cure would follow. The water gets the credit of all the cures; while, on the other hand, the failure to restore a patient's health is generally attributed to some breach of the observed conditions.

THE KNAVE OF DIAMONDS.

My name is George Lewis. I was born in Dublin; and I am a commercial traveller. My first attempt to become a bagman was attended with such remarkable circumstances, that I venture to think they will be deemed worthy of record in these pages. In the autumn of 1881 I was a clerk in a lawyer's office, on a very small salary and with long hours of business. I saw no prospect of any improvement, and was becoming more discontented every day with my position, when chance threw in my way the book recording the Life of George Moore, the Napoleon of bagmen, and I at once yearned to tread in his footsteps, and see more of the world and its doings than I could ever hope to do in my then secluded position. I had an elder brother living in London, in the King's Road, Chelsea, and to him I communicated my desires and my ambition. He invited me to come to London, as presenting a better field for the promotion and attainment of my wishes. I therefore left Dublin as soon as circumstances would permit, and took up my abode in the King's Road, Chelsea. I diligently perused the advertisements in the daily papers; and in about a week after my arrival in London, came across the following: 'Wanted—A Traveller to journey between London and Vienna. A knowledge of

German unnecessary. Liberal salary. Unexceptionable references given and required. Address C. R., Post-office, Charing Cross.'

I wrote in reply, and stated my wishes and qualifications, giving my address at a neighbour's house. I received an answer in due course, requesting that I would be in front of the *Times* advertising office, in Queen Victoria Street, at seven P.M. on the following Monday. I kept the appointment in company with my brother, and paced up and down in front of the office for nearly an hour; but C. R. did not put in an appearance. Naturally, I felt much disappointed, and somewhat disgusted at this treatment. In two days I received a second letter, signed Charles Ross; but the letter itself was written in a different hand from the previous one. The gist of the letter was as follows. The writer expressed his regret that he had been unable to keep his appointment, in consequence of an unexpected summons to Birmingham on important business; but that he would this time meet me on the following Tuesday, in front of the Vestry Hall in the King's Road, Chelsea, as that road appeared to be my place of residence, and I should thus be put to as little trouble as possible. He requested that I would come *alone*.

The circumstances appeared somewhat suspicious, and to be enveloped in an element of unnecessary mystery. For a time, I felt disposed to ignore the communication altogether; but my brother persuaded me to probe the matter to the bottom, and said he would be a witness of the interview, but at a distance.

When the day arrived, I proceeded to the Vestry Hall; and after waiting a few minutes, was accosted by a man of gentlemanly appearance and address. He was fair in complexion, and his face was closely shaven. 'Mr Lewis,' 'Mr Ross.' The introduction was complete. He proposed that we should adjourn to a more secluded place, where we could discuss the business in private. As we walked along the King's Road, he conversed on miscellaneous topics. Presently, we arrived at an open space where bricks and mortar encumbered the ground, and half-built houses stood around, looking ghastly in the fast gathering gloom of an autumnal evening. Then my companion faced me, and thus began: 'I wish you to convey a large quantity of valuable diamonds to Vienna. You will have to make three journeys, and take thirty thousand pounds-worth each time. I will give you one hundred pounds before you start on your first journey, and one hundred and fifty on your return. Two hundred ere you start on your second journey, and two hundred and fifty on your return. And three hundred on your return from your third and last journey. You will thus receive the sum of one thousand pounds for your trouble, which I think you will admit is a liberal recompense.'

I was petrified with astonishment. At length I ventured to gasp forth a few words: 'Why do you thus place implicit confidence in an entire stranger?'

My companion replied: 'You have an honest face; but I shall not trust you, nevertheless. You will never be lost sight of. One of my colleagues will always be at hand. Your ignorance of German will prevent you from talking of your commission. I forgot to mention that you must not carry firearms, as that might arouse suspicion.'

In a dazed manner, I murmured: 'Whence come these diamonds?'

'They are stolen,' replied my companion with the most supreme *sang-froid*.

I resolved to temporise for a while. 'In what way should I transport them?'

'See!' said my friend, unbuttoning his coat, and displaying a waistcoat, with broad stripes in the pattern. He pulled a string, and I beheld, where the stripes had been, lines or packages of tissue-paper, within which were secreted the costly gems. 'Should you divulge what I have told you,' he proceeded, 'your life would not be worth a week's purchase. Even now, we are watched by two confederates.'

I involuntarily felt grateful that *I* also had a friend who would report proceedings, if any violence were attempted.

'Will you turn your head for a moment? I wish to show you how speedily I can change my outward appearance.'

I complied, taking the precaution to stand as far away as possible from my mysterious friend.

In a few seconds, he exclaimed: 'You can now look this way.'

In place of my fair-complexioned, smooth-shaven companion, I now saw a swarthy man, with a black beard and moustache, while by some mechanical change in the lapels of his coat his attire was completely different.

'Of course you run the risk of being captured with the stolen diamonds on your person, and for that risk we pay you on the liberal scale I have mentioned. But you are, I presume, completely unknown to the police, and if you proceed on your journey in a quiet, natural manner, the risk is infinitesimal.'

During this speech, I had made up my mind to assume compliance; otherwise, I felt convinced I should never leave that lonely place with life. I said I would attend to any communication, and do my best in the matter. We shook hands and parted, as he recommended that we should not be seen together more than necessary. I cordially agreed with him, and walked away at a rapid pace. I had mentally decided not to return to my proper home till after midnight, as I felt convinced I was under surveillance; so I entered the house of my friendly neighbour, and on some pretence, chatted with him till after midnight, when I crept back to my own house like a thief.

My brother strongly advised that I should leave London at once for several months, until the thieves had selected some fresh and more willing instrument for their nefarious designs. I am almost ashamed to confess that the terror of the vengeance of the desperate crew with whom I was so nearly associated, prevented me from giving information to the authorities. I left London the following morning by the early newspaper train, and remained in a quiet country village for several months, during which time I was informed that the house of my neighbour, where I had taken refuge, was constantly besieged by inquisitive beggars and persons inquiring for imaginary individuals. I chanced to come across a diamond merchant, to whom

I related the story. He said I should never have made more than one journey to Vienna. They would have paid me the first sum, and remitted the entire bulk at once, and then summarily dispensed with my services; so that, out of the first hundred pounds, I should have had to disburse the amount of my journey to Vienna and back with all the contingent expenses. But the offer of ten times that sum was intended as an overwhelming temptation, to which many hitherto honest men might succumb.

I had ceased to give attention to the subject, and was placidly pursuing my chosen duties as a commercial traveller, when the London public and the country in general were startled by a large robbery of diamonds from the Post-office in Hatton Garden. This was in April 1882. Then came the arrest of three men at Berlin, who were finally extradited by the English ambassador. On the first appearance of the thieves at a London police court, I made an effort to be present; and in the tallest of the three prisoners, I recognised the Knave of Diamonds, my old friend Charles Ross.

PRESERVED MILK.

Were it necessary to endeavour to persuade the reader of the importance of milk as an article of food, we could not do better than refer him to writers upon the subject, who agree that its value cannot be over-estimated, inasmuch as 'it is capable of supporting animal life without any other food;' and as practical proof of the public belief in the statement, we would point to the glasses of milk seen now on all refreshment counters, being preferred by many to the stronger beverages sold at the same places. But this additional demand for the rich and nourishing fluid is sometimes difficult to meet. In the country, the supply at times runs short, on account of the extra demand from our large towns and cities. But this is not all. Very much milk is wasted, for it soon turns sour; and although even then it may be good for pigs, to humanity it is lost. The chief object of this paper is to throw some light upon the only substitute for fresh milk—namely, preserved or 'condensed milk,' which is not understood as it deserves to be; such objections to it being raised, as an excuse for its non-use, as: 'Surely it cannot contain all the constituent parts of milk.'—'Don't you think it is adulterated?'—'It is sold in tins, is it not, and it won't keep after it is once opened?'—'It is expensive, I believe.'—'Do you think it is *really* nutritious?'—'I wonder whether they are clean and particular in the process of preserving it?'

Let us endeavour to answer some of these objections. First, then, as to condensed milk containing all the constituent parts of milk. How can it be otherwise, when the milk is taken straight from the cow, and, while still warm, put through the refrigerator—the first step in condensing? This being the case, it is not robbed of its cream; butter, consequently, is rather higher in price in the neighbourhood of a milk-factory, because it is less plentiful, the cream being in the milk which is sent to the factory.

With regard to its adulteration—our own manufacturers assure us upon the label on each tin, that only the purest sugar is used in preserving it; and as there is little or no sediment either before or after we boil it, their assurance seems sound.

Then as to its keeping—the writer has kept it after it has been opened for three weeks, and even a month, and then it was pure and sweet, only a little dried by exposure to the air.

The question of expense needs but to be glanced at for us to see that condensed milk is the cheaper. A fivepenny or sixpenny (one pound) tin of preserved milk makes two quarts of good milk; and we know that fresh milk varies in price from fourpence to sixpence per quart. It makes excellent puddings, at the rate of half a one-pound tin to a quart of water; and for infants' food, directions are given with each tin.

Last, but not least, the cleanliness of its manufacture, of which we are assured by a recent visit to one of our milk-factories. We enter the great stone yard, and are shown the lifts which convey the cans of milk up into the loft, where they are weighed and their contents passed on; the empty cans being returned in similar manner. That these cans are clean we may be sure, for the farmer takes care of that for his own sake, as no milk would be accepted at the factory which was not pure; and pure it could not be unless the can which contained it was perfectly clean.

Now we follow our guide into a large room with a pavement floor. Here there are large baths of cold fresh water, in which the cans of condensed milk float until they are to be removed to fill the little cans which are being prepared for the milk. Here a continual stream of cold water keeps everything cool and clean; but of course we have no desire to remain long, as the paved flooring is overflowing with water, and the atmosphere is such as would render a prolonged stay more enjoyable when the thermometer stands at ninety in the shade rather than when it registers forty-five; so we pass on to see the making of the little cans. Here is a machine for cutting the tin into the required lengths, after it has been well wiped on both sides with a clean cloth; and *there* is one for cutting out the circles for the tops and bottoms. The sheet of tin is scarcely touched with the hand, the machine cutting out and at the same time throwing the shining circlets into a basket, which when full is carried into the soldering-room. Here they are put together, pressed into shape, and soldered by machinery, passing so quickly before our eyes that we are dazzled by the bright flashes of the tins. Next, they are tested, each one separately, to see if they are air-tight. If not, they are sent by the examiner to the 'repairing-room' to be made so. They are then carried by boys, on wooden trays, to the 'filling-room,' where the women sit, each with a large bright canister before her, having a tap, which she turns, holding the tin can to receive the creamy fluid. These cans are filled with great rapidity, and are then carried away on the wooden trays, to be finally soldered; thence to the labelling department; and lastly, to the packing-room, to be put up in paper and boxes

for travelling, large quantities of this milk being sent abroad.

To our question as to the return of empty tins, we are told 'it would never do; we should not know into whose hands they had been; and it would not be worth our while. As it is, we can answer for the purity of everything. We commence with the raw materials, as you have seen, even to the timber of which our packing-cases are made, which you shall see, if you like.'

We *do* like; and are soon watching the intricacies of cutting the slabs of wood into the required lengths for bottoms, sides, and tops or lids. But our interest is at its height when we see the great machine gently, and almost noiselessly, drive in a row of nails at once, so that with one or two turns the box is strongly made. After it is filled with tins of milk, it comes back once more, to have the lid nailed on, and is complete.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen has proved to be in every respect a great success. The subjects discussed have been in point of general interest up to the average, and the meeting has fulfilled one of its most important uses, in giving to the public an epitome of the work done by various brain-workers during the past twelve months. Those who have not the leisure or opportunity of studying the 'Proceedings' of our various learned societies are able, by means of the published abstracts of papers brought before this annual gathering, to learn the progress that is being made in the chief fields of research, and every reader is likely to find more than one subject in which he can take an interest. Even the utilitarian mind which has no patience with the term 'original research' unless it bears immediate commercial fruit, must acknowledge that the Association deals with matters of a highly practical and valuable nature.

In Mr W. H. Preece's paper on the Strength of Telegraph Poles, the curious fact came to light, that for the past thirty years our telegraph engineers have been misled by the textbooks in imagining that fir-poles had about double the strength which they really possess. A series of careful experiments has lately shown this to be the case, and as a consequence, stronger trees are now selected for supporting the wires. Another question dealt with by the energetic electrician to the General Post-office related to the relative merits of iron and copper wire for telegraphic purposes. A wire two hundred and seventy-eight miles long has recently been erected for experiment between Newcastle and London. This wire weighs one hundred pounds to the mile against four hundred pounds—the weight of the thicker iron wire generally used—the cost of each being about the same. The copper wire shows a decided superiority in speed of working, the relative figures being as follows: In simplex working the copper will transmit four hundred and fourteen words per minute, against three hundred and forty-five words for iron; and in duplex working, copper two hundred and seventy, and iron two hundred and thirty-seven, words per minute. It is also proved that copper is by far the better conductor for telephonic purposes. With reference to the improvement that has been made in the rate of working the Wheatstone automatic apparatus, Mr Preece stated that whereas in 1877 the speed was eighty words per minute, it has now reached the extraordinary rate of four hundred and thirty words per minute.

Professor W. L. Macadam, in the course of an interesting paper on the Diatomaceous Deposits in Aberdeenshire, stated that last season some hundreds of tons of this earth had been employed by Messrs Nobel in the manufacture of dynamite—dynamite being, as our readers will remember, simply a porous earth moistened with nitro-glycerine. A great future was anticipated for the district where the deposit occurs; but the industry was doomed, owing to the discovery of a far more powerful explosive in blasting-gelatine.

Professor M'Kendrick's paper on the Action of Cold upon Microphytes gave an account of some experiments made with a machine specially constructed for the purpose. Putrescible substances in hermetically sealed vessels were exposed for some hours to an extremely low temperature, after which they were allowed to thaw, and were kept for some time in a warm room. The substances were afterwards submitted to the searching eye of the microscope. As a result it was found that organic fluids may be exposed to a temperature of one hundred and twenty degrees below zero (Fahrenheit) for at least one hundred hours; but after being kept in a higher temperature of about eighty degrees, fermentation and putrefaction will go on in the ordinary way. Thus the hope of any practical result from sterilisation by cold is destroyed. The important point in these experiments is the certainty that fresh meat cannot be tinned and exported, as cooked meat is.

In drawing attention to the neglect of the antarctic region as a field for exploration, Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney gave a summary of what had already been learned regarding that far-off region, from which he thinks we may infer that the South Pole is capped by an eternal glacier. He advocates the formation of an expedition which should pass a winter in the antarctic zone, so that the conditions and phenomena may be compared with what we know about the arctic regions.

The paper upon that all-important subject Casualties at Sea was chiefly valuable for the interesting discussion which it raised. Sir James Douglass, in giving his opinion upon ships' lights as a protection against collision, considered that all such indications were only available for a short distance. What is wanted is some plain system of signalling which shall be visible for two or three miles. He wondered why no more effective alarm than a whistle was in common use, and would have a steamer use all her boiler-power in sounding a fog-horn, which should be heard for a distance of two or three miles in any weather. Incidentally it was stated that a new system of buoys had been practically arranged, and that very soon they would bear one universal language.

Want of space unfortunately prevents us giving even a brief account of many other papers brought before the British Association at its recent meeting; but we cannot refrain from pointing out the extreme interest attaching to Mr Thurn's account of his recent ascent of Mount Roraima, and still more so to Sir John Lubbock's recent researches into the ways of his humble friends the ants and bees.

It is a well-known fact that in warfare, for every bullet which finds its billet, many hundreds are fired away which do no harm to anybody. As a case in point, we may mention the circumstance that in three months of his weary captivity at Khartoum, General Gordon's troops fired away half a million cartridges without making any sensible diminution in the number of their opponents. One of the chief reasons of this waste of powder and shot is the difficulty of judging distance and correctly adjusting the rifle so that it may be elevated to the required pitch. The same difficulty holds good of course with reference to artillery, and until 'they get the range,' artillerymen cannot hope for much result from their work. With the view of meeting this difficulty, many so-called range-finders have been invented, some of them of a most complicated and cumbersome description. Two, however, have lately been introduced, one of British and the other of German origin, which present such advantages in portability and ease of working that they are likely to supersede all others; but which is the better of the two in practice, remains to be proved.

The Weldon Range-finder is a little instrument the size of a watch, containing two prisms cut at different angles, and it is used in the following manner: The observer brings first one prism to his eye, and observes in it the reflected object whose distance from him he is desirous of ascertaining. He projects this object upon some other object in the distant landscape, and makes a mental note of their apparent conjunction. Then presenting the other prism to the object in the same way, he notes that the two images will not come into the same place unless he moves his position—it may be some yards ahead. When this is done, the distance he has paced is taken as a Base line, which, multiplied by fifty, will give the solution of the problem desired. This instrument has been adopted by the War department.

The other Range-finder to which we call attention is the Telemeter of Lieutenant von Ehrenberg, which is so far like that just described in being of the size of a watch, but is unlike it in every other respect. It depends for its efficiency not upon the sense of sight, but upon hearing, and is based upon the well-known circumstance, that sound takes a definite time to travel through the air, averaging three hundred and sixty yards per second. In practice, the observer notes the flash of a gun from the enemy's lines, upon which he depresses a knob on the instrument, which causes its finger to travel round the dial. When the sound of the discharge reaches his ear a few seconds later, another touch stops the hand. A glance at the dial then indicates exactly the distance which the sound-wave has travelled. It will be seen that both these instruments are simple in design and use; but we are inclined to favour the British one, as it in no way depends upon the action of the enemy.

The sudden appearance of a new star in the Andromeda nebula represents one of those marvels of the heavens which even the cleverest astronomers can tell us very little about. The spectroscope has decided that the star is within the star-cloud, and there our knowledge of it comes to an end. The strange appearance will serve to remind the thoughtful once more of the extreme littleness of our globe when compared with the vast range of the universe; for we are reminded that although this star only became apparent just now, the event, whatever it be, happened probably more than a century ago; at least, it is estimated that the star is situated at such a distance from us, that its light travelling at about one hundred and eighty thousand miles a second, would take such a period of time to reach this earth.

Fresh subsidences in the salt districts of Cheshire, owing to the constant dissolution of the rock-salt below by the pumping out of brine, have given rise to the erroneous idea that through the cracked earth the salt deposits may become contaminated with sewage. That such a thing can hardly occur will be acknowledged when it is remembered that the earth through which such matter must percolate will act as a filter and purifier. But even if any germs did find their way to the salt, they must be destroyed by the heat that is used subsequently to drive off the water by evaporation, before the product is ready for market. It is too much the fashion in these days to discover lurking sanitary dangers where none exists.

In a German technical paper, Herr Emmerig asserts that from careful observations he has made he is convinced that bees give warning of an approaching thunderstorm. Bees that are generally quiet and harmless will on such occasions become excited and irritable, attacking any one who approaches the hive, even if it be their usual attendant and familiar friend. Sometimes he has observed that when the barometer and hygrometer have foretold a coming storm, the bees have remained perfectly quiet, and no storm has come. On the other hand, the bees have often foretold by their behaviour the approach of a storm which has subsequently arrived, when the instruments have afforded no indication of it.

A house containing in one of its upper rooms a quantity of old iron, was recently struck by lightning at Neufchatel, Switzerland, and burned to the ground. An account of the occurrence was brought before the French Academy of Science, and it was suggested that the metal in the house attracted the lightning. M. Calladon, in refusing to accept this explanation, said that there was no truth in the popular supposition that a building with a metal roof, or with metal in its construction, was more liable to lightning-stroke than other buildings, provided that the metal were not in direct communication with the earth. But he suggested that the presence of the iron in the house referred to had very likely led to its destruction by fire. For it is well known that any combustible substance placed between two conducting surfaces—and in this case the mass of iron and the humid atmosphere outside

the house would represent such surfaces—would be in danger should an electrical discharge take place between them.

Artificial lithographic stones have been invented, and are manufactured at Frankfort by M. Rosenthal. The ingredient used in their preparation is simply cement, which has, however, to go through careful manipulation before the stones are fit for the printer's use. The mode of manufacture is briefly as follows: Finely ground cement is mixed with water and allowed to harden into slabs. These slabs are next heated, and wetted with water until they crack in every direction. Once more the material is ground into fine powder, and is mixed with an equal quantity of dry cement. The mixture is now put into moulds, still in a dry state, and is subjected to very heavy pressure. Whilst still under pressure, water charged with a certain quantity of very fine cement is forced through the mass and binds its particles together.

Professor Dunnington of the University of Virginia has hit upon a way of preserving chalk diagrams and drawings made for class illustration, which may be found useful by many of our readers. Some teachers and lecturers are remarkably expert with blackboard and chalk, and we have seen sketches in differently coloured crayons so finely executed that it seemed a pity to efface them at the end of the lesson. Professor Dunnington makes his drawings in coloured chalks on unsized paper, and they are subsequently passed through a bath of very dilute varnish composed thus: Dammar varnish one part, spirits of turpentine twenty-five parts. After being hung up to dry for a few hours, the drawings so prepared can be handled without any chance of the chalk-lines rubbing away. The varnish has fixed the chalk particles firmly to the paper.

Mr S. Pichler has devised a system of raising trucks of minerals from the shaft of a mine, which is very ingenious, and of which we have lately had the opportunity of inspecting a working model. The method is based on the man-engine, which has now been in use for many years in Cornwall and other mining districts. The man-engine consists of two long beams, which extend down the whole length of the shaft, to which are attached little platforms at intervals of about six feet. The beams are governed by a seesaw attachment to the engine at the pit-bank, so that they are constantly moving up and down in reverse directions to each other. By this motion, the platforms at every stroke of the engine are made for a brief time to pause opposite one another, so that a man wishing to ascend the shaft has merely to watch his opportunity and step from platform to platform, on the right and left hand beams alternately, until he arrives at the top. He can, of course, descend to his work in the same way. In Mr Pichler's arrangement, the platforms would be large enough to accommodate a truck of coal or other mineral, and they are so contrived that on meeting one another they tip up obliquely. This tip naturally causes the truck resting on the platform to run off to the platform which next is brought against it, and so the vehicle runs from side to side until it reaches the mouth of the shaft. This method would, if adopted, not only save much labour, but would prevent coal being knocked into small pieces by constant change of receptacle.

A village in Switzerland more than five thousand feet above the sea-level, and surrounded on all sides by snow-clad mountains, with a climate where the thermometer often stands at twenty degrees Fahrenheit in the day, and below zero at night, does not seem to be quite the right place for consumptive patients to winter in. Yet, such is Davos, where, for many seasons recently, doctors have been sending their patients with the best results. These results are due to the extreme dryness and purity of the air, the dryness removing catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and the absence of organic matter in the air preventing irritation and breaking-up of lung tissue. Patients are recommended to begin their stay in the place during the summer, so that the coming autumn may acclimatise them and enable them to bear the cold of winter. The place has plenty of amusements, and the only fear is that it may become overcrowded, when its benefits must surely disappear. For further particulars of this new health-resort we refer our readers to a long account of it published in the *Times* newspaper of September 30th.

A new kind of paving material under the name of Grano-metallic Stone has recently been introduced, and is now under trial in a portion of the Strand, London. It is composed of blast-furnace slag and granite in certain proportions, which are crushed and mingled with Portland cement. A rough ballast forms the substratum of the roadway or footpath under treatment, and the new material is laid upon this after having been mixed with an alkaline solution into a paste. The process of laying is inexpensive, and the pavement is ready for traffic in ordinary weather in twelve hours. Mr Bryant, of Palace Chambers, Westminster, is the patentee.

INVENTIONS.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN SPIRIT STOVES.

Messrs H. A. Knox & Co., of Hounsditch, London, and of New York, have recently brought out a spirit stove, which, while it tallies with preceding articles of a similar kind in the means by which the light is produced, is fitted with a simple but effective mechanism by which the light can be regulated. This mechanism is of the following description: the wire-gauze elliptical disc through which the oil filters upon the wick below is surrounded by a margin of metal plate, and beneath this metal plate are fitted two crescent-shaped slides, which, moved backwards and forwards by means of little rods projecting from either side of the stove, have the power to reduce the flames to the smallest size, and, if desired, finally to extinguish them. With the 'Eclipse' Spirit Stove, baby's food, &c., can be kept warm or simmering for any length of time.

A SAFE STIRRUP.

Recognising the elements of danger which exist in the kind of stirrup that has so long been in use—notably that which results from its inability to release the foot of the rider if in the event of an accident he falls from the saddle—Mr R. Wright, of High Lodge, Richmond, Yorkshire,

has recently brought before the attention of equestrians a novel invention, and one which we should think is likely to prove a boon. One thing is aimed at in the Safety Saddle Stirrup-iron, and that is the releasing of the rider's foot immediately he falls from the saddle and before he reaches the ground. This end is attained by the following means: the bottom of the stirrup, or that part which receives the sole of the rider's boot, is set upon pivots, and thus revolves freely in harmony with any movement of his foot. A joint occurs, too, upon each of the side-arms of the stirrup, and these yield with a slight pressure; while still further 'give' is imparted to the contrivance by the rod under which the attaching strap passes being made to revolve freely. Mr Wright points out that the invention gives a more springing action, and is much easier in use, than the 'uncouth primitive iron hoop' hitherto known as a stirrup. This latter contrivance, he contends, has caused the deaths of numbers of persons, who, when they have fallen from the saddle, have been dragged along with their heads to the ground, and thus killed. As it seems impossible that this could occur when the new stirrup is used, the novelty ought to command attention.

MANGLE, WRINGER, AND TABLE COMBINED.

With the development of effective mechanical processes, the practice of 'washing at home'—and thus abolishing a ready means by which infectious diseases can be brought into a household—is rapidly spreading; and as a consequence, machines of different types are introduced into our kitchens. That these machines should, as at present, stand in their positions occupying space uselessly during six out of every seven days, is a domestic misfortune; at least, so it has apparently appeared to Messrs Thomas Linley and Sons, of Stanley Street, Sheffield, who have brought out an ingenious combination machine. On 'washing-day,' this is a mangle, and, with a little modification, a wringing-machine; while during the remaining days of the week it fills the rôle of a stout and useful kitchen table, and, as far as a hasty glance can tell, nothing but a kitchen table. The arrangement, indeed, by which the mechanical part, from being securely fixed in the wooden frame, is divested of its fly-wheel and folded down beneath the table-top, is of so effective a kind as to entirely hide it from view. Nor must it be supposed that this arrangement is obtained at the expense of strength and durability; for the rollers and other parts of this machine are made as large, as strong, and as thick as in ordinary machines.

AN INGENIOUS FISHING-FLOAT.

Bottom fishers have from time immemorial been put to a great inconvenience in the pursuance of their craft. They have been unable, when angling in anything of a breeze, to detect a 'nibble' or the 'bite' of a small fish from the movement of their floats caused by the ripples of the water. Thus, many fish have been missed, and many times anglers have 'struck' at nothing. Mr A. V. Catmur, of 18 Ebury Street, London, has introduced the 'Eclipse' float, which does away with the inconvenience in question. A porcupine quill, having a small ivory ball at the top and a cork cone at the bottom, has in the centre a loosely-running cylinder of the latter material, occupying less than the intervening space. The line passes through the ball, the cylinder, the cone, and a little eye attached to the bottom extremity of the quill. When in the upright position in the water—and it may be added that the float is 'self-cocking'—the cylinder occupies a central position between the ivory ball and the cone, it being separated from both by a small space. The entire contrivance will rise and fall upon the ripples; but a 'bite,' or tug upon the line, will draw down the quill and its ball-appendage, without affecting the cylinder. Thus, when the angler sees his float bobbing up and down, he will take no notice; but when he sees that the ivory ball descends towards the top of the cylinder, he will know that there is a fish attacking his bait and that he may 'strike.'

TWENTY-TWO TOOLS IN ONE.

A combination tool, invented by Captain Hartshorne, of the Bengal army, and which has been commended by Lord Napier of Magdala, appears to possess considerable advantages. Captain Hartshorne's implement is no child's toy, but an article which might find a fitting place slung from the saddle of a cavalry soldier or in the knapsack of a traveller. Forged from only two pieces of wrought-steel, without any brazing or welding, the implement comprises as many as twenty-two tools, and weighs two and three-quarter pounds. Combined are a hammer and a hatchet, wire-nippers, four files and a rasp, a saw, a screw-driver, a crowbar, a bradawl, and a pair of tongs; while the instrument further comprises a pair of compasses, a twelve-inch rule, a straight-edge, and a T square. If, too, a portion of the metal is buried in a block of wood, the remaining part represents a useful little anvil; while the implement, having a known weight of two and three-quarter pounds, can be used as a poise for weighing forage, &c. The makers are Messrs Hill and Son, of 4 Haymarket, London; and the price is twenty-five shillings, eleven shillings extra being charged for a solid leather case.

A POCKET FILTER.

The idea of a filter which, carried in the pocket, can be used to convert the brackish and impure water which the soldier, tourist, &c., encounters at almost every turn, into a harmless liquid with which he can readily slake his thirst, is not a new one; but in the Maignen Patent 'Watch' and 'Soldier's Filtre Rapide' there are many valuable characteristics which are quite novel. The two forms in which the invention is manufactured differ from one another, not in the principle on which they perform their common function, but in their mechanical construction. The 'Watch' filter is shaped like the familiar portable time-piece; the 'Soldier's' is cylindrical in form. We will give a description of the latter. It consists of a frame covered with asbestos cloth, this asbestos cloth being coated with powdered carbo-calcis, which is the filtering medium, and which can be discharged—along with all the impurities it may have arrested—and replaced, the process being gone through as often as necessary. The frame is

inclosed in a cylindrical tin box measuring five inches by one and a half, which can be conveniently used as a drinking-cup. Attached to the filter is an india-rubber tube, through which the water may be drawn from a rivulet, bottle, cask, &c. The contrivance can, however, be used without this tube; while a third method of use possible is that on the principle of a siphon, water being automatically drawn impure from one vessel and discharged pure into another. The patentee is Mr P. A. Maignen, of 32 St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap, E.C.; and the agent, Mr Goy, of 21 Leadenhall Street, E.C.

TO PREVENT CANDLES 'GUTTERING' AND 'SLOPPING.'

Mr G. F. Thompson, of 3 New Street, Warwick, has brought out a simple and efficacious little contrivance called a 'Patent Candle Economiser,' which aims at preventing, in the first place, the waste entailed in the 'guttering' or running over of a candle; and in the second, the inconvenience and injury attending the 'slopping' or spilling of grease-drops. As is well known, both when being carried about and when placed even in a slight draught, a candle is apt to misbehave itself in the manners indicated; and it is not too much to say that this circumstance has done not a little to restrict its use, and to banish from the desks and tables of many, a form of illuminant which for softness and subdued brilliancy holds a high place. Mr Thompson's 'Economiser,' which is made of brass, is nothing more than a short piece of tubing curved in at the top in a manner to make the circumference of the upper extremity smaller than that of the lower. The contrivance is placed over the head of the candle; and upon the wick being ignited, the melted superficial grease finds its level beneath the apex of the 'Economiser,' the curved character of which proves the means of imprisoning the liquid and preventing its running over the side. Something of the kind was, we believe, brought out a few years back; but the metal employed being lead or pewter—both of which are very heavy, and quick conductors of heat—the devices served actually to melt away the candle. Mr Thompson himself has not arrived at his present result without considerable preliminary experimentation. His first little dome-shaped contrivances were made of tin, and these served their purpose well. But he aimed at realising a further improvement, and so tried brass. At first, he made his 'Economiser' too heavy, and found that they got rather hot. The more recent samples, however, on which he rests his reputation, scarcely get hot at all, and cool as soon as the candle is extinguished.

PRESERVING VEGETABLE AND ANIMAL FOOD.

An apparatus for preserving food, constructed on strictly scientific lines, has been patented by Mr B. H. Thwaite, of 37 Victoria Street, Liverpool. Four, eight, or more small chambers, constructed to contain meat, poultry, vegetables, &c., are arranged around a vessel containing water. Beneath this vessel there is a receptacle holding a specially made oil-lamp, intended to burn pure paraffin or other hydro-carbon. Connecting tubes, fitted with valves, join the several food-chambers with the receptacle containing the lamp; while other connecting tubes, also fitted with valves, run from the food-chambers to the water-vessel. The last-named itself carries an outlet cock. Turning to the principle on which the apparatus is constructed, it should be stated that, food having been placed in the preserving chamber, the lamp is ignited, and the valves of the two sets of connecting tubes having been opened, the outlet cock of the water-vessel is also opened. The issuing liquid occasions an aspirating action in the vessel, and, through the connecting tubes, the air is drawn from the preserving chambers. The consequent displacement is filled up by the gaseous products of combustion which find their way from the lamp-receptacle through the connecting tubes. As soon as the water in the vessel falls to a given level, the lamp may be extinguished and all the valves closed. The air has thus been withdrawn, and, in the gaseous products from the lamp-receptacle, a powerful antiseptic has taken its place. The result is that food can be preserved in the chambers in a perfect state—no suspicion of decomposition manifesting itself—for several months.

SONG.

Oh, three little birds on a bramble spray!
Each flew to find him a nest:
There was one went rarely over the sea;
And one flew straight for the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He winged his way to the watery West,
Where one that I love sits sighing.

Oh for the withering bramble spray,
And the bird that sleeps in his nest!
There is one in a castle over the sea;
And one in a pine in the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings at a lattice far in the West,
Where one that I love lies dying.

Ah me, for the thorny bramble spray
And the weary bird in his nest!
There is one that dreams of the silver sea;
And one looks over the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings o'er a grave in the silent West,
Where one that I love is lying.

PHILIP THYNE.

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POOR JACK.

In a great nation such as ours, essentially maritime, it is astounding how few there are who have any acquaintance with the manners and customs of the sailors of our mercantile marine. Our ships on every sea, some perchance steaming onwards with the distressing glare of a scorching tropical sun at noontide falling vertically on the devoted heads of their crews, their stokers fainting by reason of the intense heat and utter stagnation of the atmosphere; others, their canvas straining and timbers creaking in fierce conflict with the ice-cold blasts of the gales of the polar seas; or throughout the long dreary nights and short days of dense fog, all hands with every sense alert, in dread anticipation lest at any moment some massive iceberg should drift across their path, carrying destruction upon them.

These pioneers of civilisation, not unworthy descendants of the hardy Norsemen who first turned in furrows the waters of the German Ocean with their rude keels, are as much strangers to the dwellers in our country towns and hamlets as the inhabitants of the interior of Africa or Swift's Lilliputians. The novelist represents them as men full to the brim with nautical phrases, given to hitching up their trousers and pulling their forelocks; men incapable of talking on any theme like a rational being, their jaws always revolving some choice piece of hard tobacco, in order to extract its dark juice, which they expectorate wherever they may be. The painter holds forth Jack to the world with his nether limbs encased in garments evolved from the painter's inner consciousness; while, on the other hand, his manly breast is exposed to all the winds that blow. In both cases he is totally misrepresented. This may be due to the fact that the sailor of the royal navy is always seen in his uniform. His jaunty hat with streamers flying in the wind, his painfully clean knife lanyard, his peculiarly shaped unmentionables, his rolling gait, and bronzed countenance, all conspire to impress the mind of the average landsman with the feeling that this is the real Simon Pure. He has all the outward and visible signs of a toiler of the deep, without which, as the advertisements have it, none are genuine. Would that the sailors of our vast merchant navy could assimilate in these respects with their more fortunate brethren of the sister service. Nothing, however, can be more dissimilar than the dress and deportment of the two classes. They are as far apart as the poles of the universe.

To the man-of-war's man is assigned the guardianship of our commerce. He is supported by the money of the nation; his officers are gentlemen, who vie with each other in their zealous efforts to keep him presentable and of good morals. He is rarely overburdened with work, and that which he has is of a very light character. His food is well cooked by trained men, and scrupulously clean. He is not compelled to draw rations which he does not care to eat. The value of these rations is placed to his account at a specified price, thus enabling him to supply himself with more pleasing fare when in port. During the greater part of his life he is swinging to moorings in some snug harbour, taking at times a pleasure-trip to sea just for the benefit of his health and 'to keep his hand in.' If ill, he has good medical advice ready to hand. On returning home, he is granted leave of absence to display himself to his admiring townsfolk. When age creeps upon him, he is pensioned off with something to live upon; while at his death, if he should wish it, he is granted a funeral with naval honours. This is the *beau idéal* of a sailor's life. To a youth wishing to adopt a seafaring life, we unhesitatingly say that the royal navy is to be preferred to the merchant service.

Now, let us turn to the latter picture—the very seamiest life one could follow. And yet, without 'Poor Jack,' commerce would be at a stand-still. Of what use would be the products

of our looms and factories, of what avail our industries of coal and iron, if we had no hardy mariners to carry our textile fabrics, our coal, and our iron, across the stormy ocean, bringing back more rare and more valuable necessaries, together with the luxuries which render the lowly cottage home of the present day equal in point of comfort to the ancient baronial hall?

Cromwell, when he framed the Navigation Laws, struck at the root of Holland's supremacy as a carrier on the high seas. Great Britain at once assumed the sceptre, which she has wielded ever since. The Lord Protector, with great wisdom foresaw that the British nation had been ordained by her insular position to carry commerce into the most remote parts of the earth. Unless she were mistress of the seas, the occupation of her people would be limited to the tillage of the soil. We should be compelled to depend on the precarious results of toilsome agriculture. Our sailors have carried our religion and our advanced civilisation at the same time as our articles of merchandise. They have brought back with them the arts and sciences peculiar to other nations. They have been, although perhaps unwittingly, prime factors in doing good to our own people and to all mankind. They conduct our overflowing population in safety to new and more inviting shores, to found cities and states, which shall hereafter make their voices heard with no uncertain sound in the great councils of the world. Notwithstanding all this, the merchant sailor is scarcely known outside of his own circle. He has helped to swell the banking account of many a shipowner, yet but scant justice has been meted out to him. He is, as a class, deteriorating both physically and morally, and it is fairly within the limits of probability that the genuine merchant sailor will, unless some alteration takes place, soon be almost as rare as the mastodon.

Why is this? We cannot believe that there is anything of necessity demoralising in the life of a seafarer. The ocean with its ever changing aspect; the wondrous phenomena of the atmosphere; the gorgeous sunsets and azure vault of the heavens above him, studded with myriads of effulgent stars, afford him subjects for elevated feeling. Nor can it be affirmed that life on the ocean is prejudicial to health; nowhere is there such an unlimited supply of fresh air and ozone. It is, however, a lamentable but indisputable fact that our merchant sailors are sadly altering for the worse. We have shown that this cannot be attributed to any evils inherent in the life itself; it must therefore be due to remediable external influences, over which Poor Jack may or may not have control. He is sliding down a steep social plane, attaining a greater velocity as he descends. His naval confrère, however, has moved onwards both in personal comforts and moral qualities in one unbroken march of improvement.

What are the causes acting so injuriously to the merchant seaman? Can any feasible remedies be proposed? These are the questions which force themselves upon our attention, and call for our careful consideration. In our opinion, the sailor of himself can do but little to arrest his downward progress. Circumstances are too strong for him. It would appear that it is to the shipowners to whom we must look to arrest the degeneracy of the British seaman. The principal causes of his deterioration are the introduction of steamships; the abolition of compulsory apprenticeship; want of kindred feeling between the shipowner and his employees; the almost complete absence of any home influence whatever while on shore; drunken habits; and last, but not least, the bad accommodation on board ship.

The introduction of steam as a motive-power on the deep sea effected a complete revolution in the condition of the merchant seaman. The old collier craft of the North Sea were swept away. These vessels constituted a splendid nursery of seamen, merchant and naval. They were family ships, wherein the sailors had an interest in their welfare. Now, a single steamship is owned by many people. It may so happen that the mild rector in some out-of-the-way country parsonage is indirectly, in his capacity of shareholder in some single ship Company, the cause of great suffering to his fellow-man at sea. Sailors cannot be trained in steamships, which in most instances have only rudimentary masts. The stately tea-clipper with her lofty spars, graceful lines, and immense spread of canvas, has disappeared. It would break the heart of the old-time clipper-sailor if he were to see these straight-stemmed, ungraceful steamers which have taken over the tea-trade. Even the route is changed since his day; although it is possible, if the trying quarantine regulations recommended by the Sanitary Congress be adopted, it would pay the shipowner better to adopt the old Cape route, in preference to that of the Suez Canal. Our ships are too valuable to be needlessly delayed at the behest of any foreign power. Everything is now made of iron or steel, and, as far as possible, worked by steam. This is the iron age in reality. The iron has entered into the seaman's soul. Stokers have been brought in who were drawn from a lower class than that from which sailors came; these rough, uncouth men have reacted on the sailor with whom they mess. Moreover, in steamers it is sufficient if the man before the mast know how to steer; this can be easily acquired, and his other duties call for no more skill; he is simply a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Hence sailors of the old type are becoming few and far between.

It was formerly compulsory on all owners to carry a certain number of youths as apprentices to the nautical profession; but shipowners petitioned against this, and compulsory apprenticeship was abolished. An apprentice would usually be of the lower-middle class. His parents had to pay a premium with him, and he was bound to serve an apprenticeship of seven years; at the end of which time he was, as a rule, eligible for a junior officer's post, when occasion offered. Now, but few ships carry apprentices; while in steamers it is out of the question. It is true that we have reformatory and other training-ships for boys partly to supply the deficit. But, we ask, why should the mercantile marine be deemed just the place to send refuse gathered from the criminal classes? The falling-off in apprentices also led to the introduction

of foreigners in great numbers, till, at the present date, probably more than half the crews of ships flying the British flag are aliens. We remember three large ships lost a little while ago the crews of which were almost without exception Scandinavians. In two ships well known to us, one hailing from Liverpool, the other from London, not a man on board of either was a subject of Her Britannic Majesty. These foreigners are mostly Scandinavians and Russians. They are excellent seamen, but certainly not the elite of their race. In many cases they are deserters from their own country's ships. They are untidy in their habits, too often addicted to drunkenness, and far inferior in morality to the apprentices whom they have supplanted. Their redeeming virtue in the eyes of the shipowner is their excessive quietness.

In the present state of shipowning, the employers and employed are rarely brought into personal contact. The men are treated as inferior kinds of machines, to be used when requisite, but not of sufficient value to retain when the exigency is satisfied. In many cases, when the ship gets in, Jack is sent about his business. If Poor Jack should require money in a foreign port, or even in British India, the rate of exchange is sure to tell against him. He is not allowed to draw much. The captain, however, kindly agrees with a so-called bumboat man, or purveyor of small stores, to pay for whatever his crew may buy. Now, money is what Jack wishes for. The trader will advance him one rupee if he is allowed to call it two; thus Jack receives, say, five rupees, and becomes a debtor to the trader for ten.

When Jack gets home, his troubles assume another form. In this respect he is, however, thanks to the Board of Trade, far better off than formerly. We cannot bestow too much praise on that department for their paternal care of him in the face of vested interests. The sailor can now, if he chooses, proceed to his home at once. The Board of Trade has proper officials who attend to his accounts, and, by means of the post-office, remit his money to him. There are many sailors who have no relatives: they either lodge at the Sailors' Home or at private boarding-houses. With respect to Sailors' Homes, though infinitely better than boarding-houses, they are capable of great improvement. The influence of home is conspicuous by its absence.

A great deal of the drunkenness of sailors appears to be caused by the enforced abstention from alcoholic drink during a long passage, and the sudden return to beer and spirits when they arrive in port. The landsman who is in the habit of taking his wine or beer at regular intervals is able to drink freely without showing it; while Poor Jack is madly inebriated with a relatively small quantity. He then becomes the stupid prey of the hawks and decoy-birds which hover round him while on shore. He resembles the flying-fish, which escapes the dangers of its natural element, only to fall easily into others.

At sea, the accommodation is simply abominable. Let us take, by way of example, one of the finest Australian clippers sailing from the port of London. See her at her loading berth, a triumph of the ship-builder's art. Surely a large ship with no expense spared in her fittings, has well-appointed quarters for her sailors. She has cow-houses and sheep-pens on most approved principles; but the misery of the sailor's resting-place is indescribable. It is under a small deck, right forward, called the topgallant forecastle, comparable only to a dungeon. The huge chain cable leads through this space which is to be the home of the crew. The bunks are three tiers high, so that the lower bunk is but six inches from the floor. The windlass is also inside, and when, on heaving up anchor, the chain comes in covered with slimy fetid mud, which falls off in great flakes on the floor, the whole place is covered with the pestiferous ooze of Father Thames. His dripping oil-clothes form many rivulets, as he is compelled to hang them up by the side of his bed. The cow and the pig are furnished with the necessary comfort; the higher animal, man, is not deemed worthy of such attention. The death of a cow appears in the profit-and-loss account; the diseases contracted by bad housing of seamen do not appear. It is a true saying that 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' How, then, can we expect our men to be moral, when they are herded together with less decency than the brute beasts on board? The cooks, to whom the preparation of very indifferent food is intrusted, have little or no training, as any one is deemed fit for this post in a merchant-ship. Three days a week, when the temperature is perhaps ninety degrees in the shade, the scalding hot pea-soup makes its appearance with unfailing regularity. The so-called pudding—a simple compound of flour and water unassisted by either fruit or suet—might be deemed the production of some fallen race; housewives would not recognise it. No condiments of any kind are served out. The tea is boiled in a greasy caldron. All things are unsightly.

We would wish especially to point out that the foregoing remarks do not apply to our large lines of Atlantic steamers, which are becoming every day more after the man-of-war pattern.

Plimsoll did good work for our sailors; much more remains to be done. We hear of commissions on the Housing of the Poor; they might well have extended their inquiries to Poor Jack. His case is a strong one, and only requires the light of public opinion to be thrown on it.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLIV.

It had seemed to Frances, as it appears naturally to all who have little experience, that a man who was so ill as Captain Gaunt must get better or get worse without any of the lingering suspense which accompanies a less violent complaint; but, naturally, Lady Markham was wiser, and entertained no such delusions. When it had gone on for a week, it already seemed to Frances as if he had been ill for a year, as if there never had been any subject of interest in the world but the lingering course of the malady, which waxed from less to more, from days of quiet to hours of active delirium. The business-

like nurses, always so cool and calm, with their professional reports, gave the foolish girl a chill to her heart, thinking, as she did, of the anxiety that would have filled, not the house alone in which he lay, but all the little community, had he been ill at home. Perhaps it was better for him that he was not ill at home, that the changes in his state were watched by clear eyes, not made dim by tears or oversharp by anxiety, but which took him very calmly, as a case interesting, no doubt, but only in a scientific sense.

After a few days, Lady Markham herself wrote to his mother a very kind letter, full of detail, describing everything which she had done, and how she had taken Captain Gaunt entirely into her own hands. 'I thought it better not to lose any time,' she said; 'and you may assure yourself that everything has been done for him that could have been done, had you yourself been here. I have acted exactly as I should have done for my own son in the circumstances;' and she proceeded to explain the treatment, in a manner which was far too full of knowledge for poor Mrs Gaunt's understanding, who could scarcely read the letter for tears. The best nurses, the best doctor, the most anxious care, Lady Markham's own personal supervision, so that nothing should be neglected. The two old parents held their little counsel over this letter with full hearts. It had been Mrs Gaunt's first intention to start at once, to get to her boy as fast as express trains could carry her; but then they began to look at each other, to falter forth broken words about expense. Two nurses, the best doctor in London—and then the mother's rapid journey, the old general left alone. How was she to do it, so anxious, so unaccustomed as she was? They decided, with many doubts and terrors, with great self-denial, and many a sick flutter of questionings as to which was best, to remain. Lady Markham had promised them news every day of their boy, and a telegram at once if there was 'any change'—those awful words, that slay the very soul. Even the poor mother decided that in these circumstances it would be 'self-indulgence' to go; and from henceforward, the old people lived upon the post-hours, lived in awful anticipation of a telegram announcing a 'change.' Frances was their daily correspondent. She had gone to look at him, she always said, though the nurses would not permit her to stay. He was no worse. But till another week, there could be no change; then she would write that the critical day had passed—that there was still no change, and would not be again for a week; but that he was no worse. No worse—this was the poor fare upon which General Gaunt and his wife lived in their little Swiss *pension*, where it was so cheap. They gave up even their additional candle, and economised that poor little bit of expenditure; they gave up their wine; they made none of the little excursions which had been their delight. Even with all these economies, how were they to provide the expenses which were running on—the dear London lodgings, the nurses, the boundless outgoings, which it was understood they would not grudge. Grudge! No; not all the money in the world, if it could save their George. But where—where were they to get this money? Whence was it to come?

This Frances knew, but no one else. And she, too, knew that the lodgings and the nurses and the doctors were so far from being all. The poor girl spent the days much as they did, in agonised questions and considerations. If she could but get her money, her own money, whatever it was. Later, for her own use, what would it matter? She could work, she could take care of children, it did not matter what she did: but to save him, to save them. She had learned so much, however, about life and the world in which she lived, as to know that were her object known, it would be treated as the supremest folly. Wild ideas of Jews, of finding somebody who would lend her what she wanted, as young men do in novels, rose in her mind, and were dismissed, and returned again. But she was not a young man; she was only a girl, and knew not what to do, nor where to go. Not even the very alphabet of such knowledge was hers. While this was going on, she was taken, all abstracted as she was, into Society—to the solemn heavinesses of dinner-parties; to dances even, in which her gravity and self-absorption were construed to mean very different things. Lady Markham had never said a word to any one of the idea which had sprung into her own mind full grown at sight of Sir Thomas holding in fatherly kindness her little girl's hands. She had never said a word, oh, not a word. How such a wild and extraordinary rumour had got about, she could not imagine. But the ways of Society and its modes of information are inscrutable—a glance, a smile, are enough. And what so natural as this to bring a veil of gravity over even a *débutante* in her first season. Lucky little girl, some people said; poor little thing, some others. No wonder she was so serious; and her mother, that successful general—her mother, that triumphant match-maker, radiant, in spite, people said, of the very uncomfortable state of affairs about Markham, and the fact that, in the absence of her executor, Nelly Winterbourn knew nothing as yet as to how she was 'left.'

Thus the weeks went past in great suspense for all. Markham had recovered, it need scarcely be said, from his fit of remorse; and he, perhaps, was the one to whom the uncertainties were a relief rather than an oppression. Mrs Winterbourn had retired into the country, to wait the arrival of the all-important functionary who had possession of her husband's will, and to pass decorously the first profundity of her mourning. Naturally, Society knew everything about Nelly: how, under the infliction of Sarah Winterbourn's society, she was quite as well as could be expected; how she was behaving herself beautifully in her retirement, seeing nobody, doing just what it was right to do. Nelly had always managed to retain the approval of Society, whatever she did. In the best circles, it was now a subject of indignant remark that Sarah Winterbourn should take it upon herself to keep watch like a dragon over the widow. For Nelly's prevision was right, and the widow was what the men now called her, though women are not addicted to that form of nomenclature. But Sarah Winterbourn was universally condemned.

Now that the poor girl had completed her time of bondage, and conducted herself so perfectly, why could not that dragon leave her alone? Markham made no remark upon the subject; but his mother, who understood him so well, believed he was glad that Sarah Winterbourn should be there, making all visits unseemly. Lady Markham thought he was glad of the pause altogether, of the impossibility of doing anything; and that he was allowed to go on without any disturbance in his usual way. She had herself made one visit to Nelly, and reported, when she came home, that notwithstanding the presence of Sarah, Nelly's natural brightness was beginning to appear, and that soon she would be as *espiègle* as ever. That was Lady Markham's view of the subject; and there was no doubt that she spoke with perfect knowledge.

It was very surprising, accordingly, to the ladies, when, some days after this, Lady Markham's butler came up-stairs to say that Mrs Winterbourn was at the door, and had sent to inquire whether his mistress was at home and alone before coming up-stairs. 'Of course I am at home,' said Lady Markham; 'I am always at home to Mrs Winterbourn. But to no one else, remember, while she is here.' When the man went away with his message, Lady Markham had a moment of hesitation. 'You may stay,' she said to Frances, 'as you were present before and saw her in her trouble. But I wonder what has brought her to town? She did not intend to come to town till the end of the season. She must have something to tell me.—O Nelly, how are you, dear?' she cried, going forward and taking the young widow in her arms. Nelly was in crape from top to toe. As she had always done what was right, what people expected from her, she continued to do so till the end. A little rim of white was under the edge of her close black bonnet with its long veil. Her cuffs were white and hem-stitched in the old-fashioned *deep* way. Nothing, in short, could be more *deep* than Nelly's costume altogether. She was a very pattern for widows; and it was very becoming, as that dress seldom fails to be. It would have been natural to expect in Nelly's countenance some consciousness of this, as well as perhaps a something at the corners of her mouth which should show that, as Lady Markham said, she would soon be as *espiègle* as ever. But there was nothing of this in her face. She seemed to have stiffened with her crape. She suffered Lady Markham's embrace rather than returned it. She did not take any notice of Frances. She walked across the room, sweeping with her long dress, with her long veil like an ensign of woe, and sat down with her back to the light. But for a minute or more she said nothing, and listened to Lady Markham's questions without even a movement in reply.

'What is the matter, my dear? Is it something you have to tell me, or have you only got tired of the country?' Lady Markham said, with a look of alarm beginning to appear in her face.

'I am tired of the country,' said Mrs Winterbourn; 'but I am also tired of everything else, so that does not matter much.—Lady Markham, I have come to tell you a great piece of news. My trustee and Mr Winterbourn's executor, who has been at the other end of the world, has come home.'

'Yes, Nelly?' Lady Markham's look of alarm grew more and more marked. 'You make me very anxious,' she cried. 'I am sure something has happened that you did not foresee.'

'Oh, nothing has happened—that I ought not to have foreseen. I always wondered why Sarah Winterbourn stuck to me so. The will has been opened and read, and I know how it all is now. I rushed to tell you, as you have been so kind.'

'Dear Nelly!' Lady Markham said, not knowing, in the growing perturbation of her mind, what else to say.

'Mr Winterbourn has been very liberal to me. He has left me everything he can leave, away from his heir-at-law. Nothing that is entailed, of course; but there is not very much under the entail. They tell me I will be one of the richest women—a wealthy widow.'

'My dear Nelly, I am so very glad; but I am not surprised. Mr Winterbourn had a great sense of justice. He could not do less for you than that.'

'But Lady Markham, you have not heard all.' It was not like Nelly Winterbourn to speak in such measured tones. There was not the faintest sign of the *espiègle* in her tone. Frances, roused by the astonished, alarmed look in her mother's face, drew a little nearer almost involuntarily, notwithstanding her abstraction in anxieties of her own.

'Nelly, do you mind Frances being here?

'Oh, I wish her to be here! It will do her good. If she is going to do—the same as I did, she ought to know.' She made a pause again; Lady Markham meanwhile growing pale with fright and panic, though she did not know what there could be to fear.

'There are some people who had begun to think that I was not so well "left" as was expected,' she said; 'but they were mistaken. I am very well "left." I am to have the house in Grosvenor Square, and the Knoll, and all the plate and carriages, and three parts or so of Mr Winterbourn's fortune—so long as I remain Mr Winterbourn's widow. He was, as you say, a just man.'

There was a pause. But for something in the air which tingled after Nelly's voice had ceased, the listeners would scarcely have been conscious that anything more than ordinary had been said. Lady Markham said 'Nelly?' in a breathless interrogative tone—alarmed by that thrill in the air, rather than by the words, which were so simple in their sound.

'O yes; he had a great sense of justice. So long as I remain Mrs Winterbourn, I am to have all that. It was his, and I was his, and the property is to be kept together.—Don't you see, Lady Markham?—Sarah knew it, and I might have known, had I thought. He had a great respect for the name of Winterbourn—not much, perhaps, for anything else.' She paused a little; then added: 'That's all. I wished you to know.'

'O my dear,' cried Lady Markham, 'is it possible—is it possible? You—debarred from marrying, debarring from everything—at your age!'

'Oh, I can do anything I please,' cried Nelly.

'I can go to the bad if I please. He does not say so long as I behave myself—only so long as I remain the widow Winterbourn. I told you they would all call me so.—Well, they can do it! That's what I am to be all my life—the widow Winterbourn.'

'Nelly—O Nelly,' cried Lady Markham, throwing her arms round her visitor. 'Oh, my poor child! And how can I tell—how am I to tell——?'

'You can tell everybody, if you please,' said Mrs Winterbourn, freeing herself from the clasping arms and rising up in her stiff crape. 'He had a great sense of justice. He doesn't say I'm to wear weeds all my life. I think I mean to come back to Grosvenor Square on Monday, and perhaps give a ball or two, and some dinners, to celebrate—for I have come into my fortune, don't you see?' she said with an unmoved face.

'Hush, dear—hush! You must not talk like that,' Lady Markham said, holding her arm.

'Why not? Justice is justice, whether for him or me. I was such a fool as to be wretched when he was dying, because—— But it appears that there was no love lost—no love and no faith lost. He did not believe in me, any more than I believed in him. I outwitted him when he was living, and he outwits me when he is dead.—Do you hear, Frances?—that is how things go. If you do as I did, as I hear you are going to do—— Oh, do it if you please; I will never interfere. But make up your mind to it—he will have his revenge on you—or justice; it is all the same thing.—Good-bye, Lady Markham. I hope you will countenance me at my first ball—for now I have come into my fortune, I mean to enjoy myself. Don't you think these things are rather becoming? I mean to wear them out. They will make a sensation at my parties,' she said, and for the first time laughed aloud.

'This is just the first wounded feeling,' said Lady Markham. 'O Nelly, you must not fly in the face of Society. You have always been so good.—No, no; let us think it over. Perhaps we can find a way out of it. There is bound to be a flaw somewhere.'

'Good-bye,' said Nelly. 'I have not fixed on the day for my first At Home; but the invitations will be out directly. Good-bye, Frances. You must come—and Sir Thomas. It will be a fine lesson for Sir Thomas.' She walked across the room to the door, and there stood for a moment, looking back. She looked taller, almost grand in still fury and despair with her immovable face. But as she stood there, a faint softening came to the marble. 'Tell Geoff—gently,' she said, and went away. They could hear the soft sweep of her black robes retiring down the stair, and then the door opening, the clang of the carriage.

Lady Markham had dropped into a chair in her dismay, and sat with her hands clasped and her eyes wide open, listening to these sounds, as if they might throw some light on the situation. The consequences which might follow from Nelly's freedom had been heavy on her heart; and it was possible that by-and-by the strange news might bring the usual comfort; but in the meantime, consternation overwhelmed her. 'As long as she remains his widow!' she said to herself in a tone of horror, as the tension of her nerves yielded and the carriage drove away. 'And how am I to tell him—gently; how am I to tell him gently?' she cried. It was as if a great catastrophe had overwhelmed the house.

In an hour or so, however, Lady Markham recovered her energy, and began to think whether there might be any way out of it. 'I will tell you,' she cried suddenly; 'there is your uncle Cavendish, Frances. He is a great lawyer. If any man can find a flaw in the will, he will do it.' She rang the bell at once, and ordered the carriage. 'But, O dear,' she said, 'I forgot. Lady Meliora is coming about Trotter's Buildings, the place in Whitechapel. I cannot go. Whatever may happen, I cannot go to-day. But, my dear, you have never taken any part as yet; you need not stay for this meeting; and besides, you are a favourite in Portland Place; you are the best person to go. You can tell your uncle Cavendish—— Stop; I will write a note,' Lady Markham cried. That was always the most satisfactory plan in every case. She sent her daughter to get ready for going out; and she herself dashed off in two minutes four sheets of the clearest statement, a *précis* of the whole case. Mr Cavendish, like most people, liked Lady Markham; he did not share his wife's prejudices; and Frances was a favourite. Surely, moved by these two influences combined, he would bestir himself and find a flaw in the will!

In less than half an hour from the time of Mrs Winterbourn's departure, Frances found herself alone in the brougham, going towards Portland Place. Her mind was not absorbed in Nelly Winterbourn. She was not old enough, or sufficiently used to the ways of Society, to appreciate the tragedy in this case. Nelly's horror at the moment of her husband's death she had understood; but Nelly's tragic solemnity now struck her as with a jarring note. Indeed, Frances had never learned to think of money as she ought. And yet, how anxious she was about money! How her thoughts returned as soon as she felt herself alone and free to pursue them, to the question which devoured her heart. It was a relief to her to be thus free, thus alone and silent, that she might think of it. If she could but have driven on and on for a hundred miles or so, to think of it, to find a solution for her problem! But even a single mile was something; for before she had got through the long line of Piccadilly, a sudden inspiration came to her mind. The one person in the world whom she could ask for help was the person whom she was on her way to see—her aunt Cavendish, who was rich, with whom she was a favourite, who was on the other side, ready to sympathise with all that belonged to the life of Bordighera, in opposition to Eaton Square. Nelly Winterbourn and her troubles fled like shadows from Frances' mind. To be truly disinterested, to be always mindful of other people's interests, it is well to have as few as possible of one's own.

Mrs Cavendish received her, as always, with a sort of combative tenderness, as if in competition for her favour with some powerful

adversary unseen. There was in her a constant readiness to outbid that adversary, to offer more than she did, of which Frances was usually uncomfortably conscious, but which to-day stimulated her like a cordial. 'I suppose you are being taken to all sorts of places?' she said. 'I wish I had not given up society so much; but when the season is over, and the fine people are all in the country, then you will see that we have not forgotten you.—Has Sir Thomas come with you, Frances? I supposed, perhaps, you had come to tell me'——

'Sir Thomas?' Frances said with much surprise; but she was too much occupied with concerns more interesting to ask what her aunt could mean. 'Oh, aunt Charlotte,' she said, 'I have come to speak to you of something I am very, very much interested about.' In all sincerity, she had forgotten the original scope of her mission, and only remembered her own anxiety. And then she told her story—how Captain Gaunt, the son of her old friend, the youngest, the one that was best beloved, had come to town—how he had made friends who were not—nice—who made him play and lose money—though he had no money.

'Of course, my dear, I know—Lord Markham and his set.'

At this Frances coloured high. 'It was not Markham. Markham has found out for me. It was some—fellows who had no mercy, he said.'

'O yes; they are all the same set. I am very sorry that an innocent girl like you should be in any way mixed up with such people. Whether Lord Markham plucks the pigeon himself, or gets some of his friends to do it'——

'Aunt Charlotte, now you take away my last hope; for Markham is my brother; and I will never, never ask any one to help me who speaks so of my brother—he is always so kind, so kind to me.'

'I don't see what opportunity he has ever had to be kind to you,' said Mrs Cavendish.

But Frances in her disappointment would not listen. She turned away her head, to get rid, so far as was possible, of the blinding tears—those tears which would come in spite of her, notwithstanding all the efforts she could make. 'I had a little hope in you,' Frances said; 'but now I have none, none. My mother sees him every day; if he lives, she will have saved his life. But I cannot ask her for what I want. I cannot ask her for more—she has done so much. And now, you make it impossible for me to ask you!'

If Frances had studied how to move her aunt best, she could not have hit upon a more effectual way. 'My dear child,' cried Mrs Cavendish, hurrying to her, drawing her into her arms, 'what is it, what is it that moves you so much? Of whom are you speaking? His life? Whose life is in danger? And what is it you want? If you think I, your father's only sister, will do less for you than Lady Markham does——! Tell me, my dear, tell me what is it you want?'

Then Frances continued her story. How young Gaunt was ill of a brain-fever, and raved about his losses, and the black and red, and of his mother in mourning (with an additional ache in her heart, Frances suppressed all mention of Constance), and how *she* understood, though nobody else did, that the Gaunts were not rich, that even the illness itself would tax all their resources, and that the money, the debts to pay, would ruin them, and break their hearts. 'I don't say he has not been wrong, aunt Charlotte—oh, I suppose he has been very wrong!—but there he is lying: and oh, how pitiful it is to hear him! and the old general, who was so proud of him; and Mrs Gaunt, dear Mrs Gaunt, who always was so good to me!'

'Frances, my child—I am not a hard-hearted woman, though you seem to think so—I can understand all that. I am very, very sorry for the poor mother; and for the young man even, who has been led astray; but I don't see what you can do.'

'What!' cried Frances, her eyes flashing through her tears—'for their son, who is the same as a brother—for them, whom I have always known, who have helped to bring me up?—Oh, you don't know how people live where there are only a few of them, where there is no society, if you say that. If he had been ill there, at home, we should all have nursed him, every one. We should have thought of nothing else. We would have cooked for him, or gone errands, or done anything. Perhaps, those women are better; I don't know. But to tell me that you don't know what I could do. Oh,' cried the girl, springing to her feet, throwing up her hands, 'if I had the money, if I had only the money, I know what I would do!'

Mrs Cavendish was a woman who did not spend money, who had everything she wanted, who thought little of what wealth could procure; but she was the Quixote in her heart which so many women are where great things are in question, though not in small. 'Money?' with a faint quaver of alarm in her voice. 'My dear, if it was anything that was feasible, anything that was right, and you wanted it very much—the money might be found,' she said. The position, however, was too strange to be mastered in a moment, and difficulties rose as she spoke.—— 'A young man. People might suppose—— And then Sir Thomas—what would Sir Thomas think?'

'That is why I came to you; for he will not give me my own money—if I have any money. Aunt Charlotte, if you will give it me now, I will pay you back as soon as I am of age. Oh, I don't want to take it from you—I want—— If everything could be paid before he is better, before he knows—if we could hide it, so that the general and his mother should never find out. That would be worst of all, if they were to find out—it would break their hearts. Oh, aunt Charlotte, she thinks there is no one like him. She loves him so; more than—more than any one here—and to find out all that would break her heart.'

Mrs Cavendish rose too, and stood up with her face turned towards the door. 'I can't tell what is the matter with me,' she said; 'I can scarcely hear what you are saying. I wonder if I am going to be ill, or what it is. I thought just then I heard a voice. Surely there is some one at the door. I am sure I heard a

voice—— Oh, a voice you ought to know, if it was true. Frances—I will think of all that after—just now—— He must be dead, or else he is here!'

Frances, who thought of no possibility of death save to one, caught her aunt's arm with a cry. The great house was very still—soft carpets everywhere—the distant sound of a closing door scarcely penetrating from below. Yet there was something, that faint human stir which is more subtle than sound. They stood and waited, the elder woman penetrated by sudden excitement and alarm, she could not tell why; the girl indifferent, yet ready for any wonder in the susceptibility of her anxious state. As they stood, not knowing what they expected, the door opened slowly, and there suddenly stood in the opening, like two people in a dream—Constance, smiling, drawing after her a taller figure. Frances, with a start of amazement, threw from her her aunt's arm, which she held, and calling 'Father!' threw herself into Waring's arms.

THE GORSE.

In spring, many a waste common and heath is bright with the showy, golden flowers of the gorse. If we pluck and examine one of these flowers, we shall find that in all essential points it is similar to that of the pea. The gorse, in fact, belongs to the great natural order of plants which includes the peas, the vetches, the clovers, and a host of other well-known flowers. Now, this pea tribe is interesting to the scientific botanist because of the many modifications which have occurred in past time among the different species belonging to it. Perhaps the most common of these modifications is the conversion of leaves into tendrils, by aid of which, plants like the peas and the vetches climb some distance from the ground, and so gain light and air which would have been excluded in a lower position.

The gorse affords us an excellent instance of modification in another direction. Any one who examines the gorse carefully cannot fail to be struck with its entire want of leaves; it is simply one mass of thorns and spines. The question at once suggests itself, has the plant always been possessed of these organs, or was there a time when it was clothed with leaves, like ordinary plants? We shall be better able to answer that question by considering for a few moments one or two other plants of a prickly character. Let us take the bramble and the hawthorn. It is quite apparent at first sight that there is a difference between the prickles of the bramble and those of the hawthorn, and this difference is proved by further examination. If the thorn of a bramble be pressed laterally with the thumb, the branch being meanwhile held firmly in the hand, it breaks away from the stem quite easily, leaving a smooth scar behind; but if the prickle of a hawthorn be treated in the same manner, it snaps abruptly, leaving a jagged rupture, and showing that it was connected with the internal wood of the stem. The truth is that the thorn of the bramble is a modified hair, while that of the hawthorn is an arrested or aborted branch. Here, then, is a difference in origin between organs serving the same purpose—namely, protecting from browsing animals the tender green shoots and leaves.

But the gorse has gone a step further, for not only have the branches been modified into thorns, but the leaves themselves have been modified into spines. If a few of the seeds of the gorse be planted in a spot where they can be observed, it will be found that the plant, instead of coming up ready-armed with spines, as might be expected, comes up with the characteristic three-lobed leaf of the clovers; and continued observation will show in an interesting manner the gradual conversion of these leaves into spines. Now, what does this mean? Its coming up with ordinary leaves points to a period in its history when it was wholly clothed with these leaves. The plant was, however, exposed to so many dangers, that, to insure its existence, part of the branches and leaves were modified into prickles, to protect it against browsing animals; and in process of time, the struggle became so fierce, that all the foliage leaves had to be converted into these defensive organs. This change was necessarily very gradual, and worked out only in the course of ages. The metamorphosis is, however, so complete, that the original leaves are now produced only at a very early stage in the life of the individual plant—a stage which corresponds to a remote period in the history of the race.

The gorse, however, could not make this change without making many others. Leaves are not useless appendages; on the contrary, they perform important functions. If we strip the thin skin from the lower surface of an ivy leaf, and put it under a microscope, we shall find it crowded with countless little mouth-like openings, technically known as 'stomata.' These mouths open and shut according to the state of the weather, and it is by means of them that communication is maintained between the internal parts of the leaf and the air. Many persons think that plants derive all their sustenance from the ground, the fact being that they get a very large portion of it from the air. Air contains carbonic acid gas. When air is admitted by these stomata into the interstices of the cells in the interior of leaves, their green colouring matter has the power, under the action of sunlight, of breaking up the carbonic acid gas into its constituent elements of carbon and oxygen; the carbon being fixed or retained in the body of the plant, and the oxygen being freely returned into the air. In this way the plant gets a great part of its food. Now, stomata are nearly always confined to leaves, and they are generally found on the under surface of these appendages. The reason of this is that, being on the under surface, they escape the fierce heat of the sun, and so act freely and regularly. In some plants, however, such as the leek, whose leaves grow

perpendicularly, and whose surfaces are therefore equally exposed, the stomata are spread indifferently over each side. In water-plants, again, whose leaves float on the surface of the water, the stomata are confined almost entirely to the upper surface—a remarkable exception to the general rule. But the gorse has no leaves. What, then, has become of its stomata? If a moderately young plant be examined, a very unusual feature will be noticed. In most plants as large as the gorse, the green colouring is confined to the leaves; but in the gorse, we find that the whole plant—spines, thorns, and stem—is green. The conversion of foliage leaves into defensive organs has necessitated this change. A spine does not give such a large spread of surface as a leaf; and if the stomata of the gorse were confined wholly to the spines, the plant would soon lose that hard, woody, resisting character which makes its defences so formidable. Consequently, spine, thorn, and stem are green, and one and all are crowded with the little mouth-like organs found only on the leaves of ordinary plants. The loss of surface involved by the change of leaves into spines is thus compensated, and the plant getting in this way sufficient food-material, is able, by its strong, hardy character, to take a good position in the struggle for existence. Doubtless, these two changes of which we have been speaking went on side by side, the range of the stomata gradually extending as the leaves were more and more perfectly modified into spines.

A habit very valuable to the plant seems to have been acquired and perfected simultaneously with the development of spines, and that is the power of forcibly ejecting its seeds. In hot summer weather, it is no unusual thing to hear, in the neighbourhood of a gorse-clad common, the sharp crackling noise of the pods as they open and shoot the seeds on all sides. By this method of seed-dissemination, gorse plants gradually extend themselves, and so grow in vast compact masses, often covering large areas. This mode of growth is of great advantage to the plants. It adds to the effectiveness of their defensive organs; and by its density, and consequent shade, prevents any but a few favoured plants from growing in the same soil. In the flowering season, too, it increases the general attractiveness, the combined brilliancy of countless blossoms being much more likely, by their splendour, to allure fertilising insects, than the display of a single plant.

These few points on which we have touched do not by any means exhaust the noticeable features of the gorse, but they serve to show how interesting a plant it is. We have seen that it has not always been what it is now. By tracing the development of the individual plant, we get a glimpse of the gorse in bygone times, and see—faintly it may be, but no less surely—the many changes through which it has passed. How successful these modifications have been, how beneficial they are to the plant, every common and heath testifies. Wherever the gorse is seen, it is green and flourishing. Being destitute of leaves, it holds forth no attraction either to browsing mammals or nibbling rodents; and should either of these be tempted to attack its tender green stems, it keeps both alike at bay with its array of formidable spines. The gorse, in short, is one of many plants which have derived inestimable advantages from judicious modification.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It is generally conceded that there are few prettier places on the south-west coast of England than Boscombe Regis, and that is no scant praise. It is little more than a scattered hamlet, with a few old-fashioned houses of the better kind and a score or so of detached villas, built on the slope of a hill and fronting the sea. As yet, to the annual shoal of Cockney excursionists, Boscombe Regis is a *terra incognita*, for which happy immunity it is doubtless indebted to the fact of its being a dozen miles from the nearest railway station. Still, those who live there all the year round are by no means so buried alive and shut out from the great world—especially during the summer and autumn months—as some people might imagine. If the boarding-houses, like the visitors, are not very numerous, it can be safely averred that they are select and somewhat exclusive; and many families who find Boscombe Regis agree both with their constitutions and their pockets, have a happy knack of coming year after year, in which case it need scarcely be said that the oftener they find their way there the more welcome they are made. But not even during the depth of winter is Boscombe entirely cut off from the world and left to stagnate alone. Its air is so balmy, its temperature so equable, and it is so sheltered and shut in from cold winds, that many people of delicate health find it suits them between October and March better than any other locality, and consequently make it their headquarters during the period in question.

One of the prettiest, if one of the smallest, of the Boscombe villas is entitled Trevenna Cottage. It is a white two-storied house, festooned with creepers of various kinds, and standing in its own grounds, half-way up the slope of the hill. From the terrace in front of it there is a splendid view of the bay and of the high yellow headlands which shut it in like two protecting arms.

When old Mrs Bevington, who had lived at the Cottage for twenty years, died, her nephew, who inherited her property, and who was a busy London man, at once advertised it as being to let furnished. Not long did it remain empty. One sunny afternoon, within a couple of months of the old lady's death, a fly from Mumpton Junction brought two gentlemen and a lady, who at once proceeded to take possession of Trevenna Cottage. Several boxes of luggage were brought by the local carrier later on.

The new occupants of the Cottage proved to be a certain Captain Avory, his wife, and a relative of theirs—a gentleman in an advanced stage of pulmonary disease. In the course of

the forenoon following his arrival, Captain Avory inquired his way to the house of Dr Mayfield, the elder of the two medical practitioners of which Boscombe Regis could boast, and handed his card to the servant who answered his ring. At this time, Dr Mayfield was close on sixty years of age. He was a good-hearted, simple-minded practitioner of the old school, clinging to the methods of treatment which were in vogue when he first started in life. Having some private means of his own, he could afford to take life in the easy-going fashion which best suited him, and more than once he had been known to turn over a lucrative patient to his brother-practitioner, who was burdened with an expensive wife and a numerous family.

When Dr Mayfield entered the room into which Captain Avory had been ushered, that gentleman at once introduced himself as the new occupant of Trevenna Cottage.

'If you will call when next you are that way, I shall feel obliged,' he said. 'It is a cousin of mine whom I am desirous that you should see. A sad case, poor fellow! Consumption in an aggravated form, so I have been given to understand. Since he returned from Australia, the climate of which did not suit him, he has been living in the north of England. His lungs were always delicate; and last winter, having had the misfortune to be snowed up for about twenty hours in the drift of a Scotch railway, we have now before us the deplorable result. The medical man who has been attending him since the beginning of his illness has ordered him here as—I am afraid to think—a last resource.'

'If his lungs are naturally delicate,' said the doctor, 'I should have thought that the Australian climate would be far more likely to suit him than that of England.'

Captain Avory shook his head. 'Edward is not of a communicative disposition. I can give you no particulars. I only judge that the climate did not agree with him, from a few casual remarks which he has let drop from time to time.'

Dr Mayfield promised to call at Trevenna Cottage in the course of the afternoon, and with that the captain went his way.

It can scarcely be said that the doctor was very favourably impressed by Captain Avory; and yet, when he came to think over their interview, he was at a loss to specify even to himself what was the particular trait or feature about his visitor which rendered him objectionable; but that he was objectionable to him he could not deny. The captain was a slightly built, florid-complexioned man of forty-five or fifty years of age, partially bald, such hair as he had left at the sides of his head being carefully brushed forward so as to droop in a limp wisp in front of each of his rather large red ears. He had a boldly curved aquiline nose, and a sandy moustache, through the rift of which his long sharp teeth gleamed whenever he smiled, which he had a knack of doing very often. It was when he smiled that the doctor liked him least. He affected a certain jaunty juvenility of manner which had not the air of being quite natural. It might have suited him when he was a quarter of a century younger, but at fifty years of age it seemed somewhat out of place.

Dr Mayfield called at Trevenna Cottage in the course of the day, where he was received by the captain, who introduced him in the first place to Mrs Avory, and secondly to his cousin, the doctor's patient that was to be, Mr Edward Saverne. Mrs Avory, a small-featured, rather fragile-looking woman, although considerably younger than her husband, must yet have seen her thirtieth birthday. She was quiet in all her movements, and had one of those low, almost caressing voices which sound so soothingly in the ears of the sick. She had long white eyelashes, which gave her a somewhat peculiar appearance; and the moment she began to talk to any one, her eyes began to blink and kept on blinking as long as she continued talking. She had thin firm-set lips, which rarely unbent into a smile; and despite the fragility of her appearance, and her low pleasant tones, she gave one the impression of being a woman of indomitable will—a will before which that of her husband would be as a reed shaken by the wind. There can be little doubt, in fact, that Mrs Avory was the virtual head of the household at Trevenna Cottage.

In our thoughts we generally associate that dire disease, consumption, with the young—with those who are still in the spring-time of life; but when Dr Mayfield entered Mr Saverne's room, he perceived that his patient was a man of forty, or even a year or two more than that. A dark-haired, dark-bearded, sallow-faced man he was, with hollow cheeks, and deep-set eyes, in which smouldered a sort of sullen fire. He was coughing as the doctor entered the room, and his cough told half the tale. Mayfield sat down beside him, and when he was sufficiently recovered, proceeded to put a few brief questions to him, which he answered readily enough, but with an air of indifference, as though both questions and answers were already familiar to him.

'I think, for my own satisfaction, and providing you have no objection, that I should like to sound your chest to-morrow,' the doctor said.

'I had much rather you did nothing of the kind,' he answered, with a sort of weary petulance. 'My chest has been sounded twice already. Why go through the process a third time? You know better than I can tell you that I am a doomed man. Pray, let me linger out my few remaining days as quietly as may be. I shan't be here long to trouble any one.'

The doctor's heart echoed his words: doomed he was indeed.

Captain Avory joined his visitor at the garden gate and walked with him down the lane. 'I am afraid you find my cousin in a very poor way, doctor?' he said.

'I should certainly have preferred to find him better in health than he is.'

'Ah, I fear poor dear Edward is not long for this world,' he remarked with a sigh.

'We are none of us long for this world, if it comes to that,' replied the doctor tartly. There was something in the captain's manner rather than in his words which irritated him, and yet he could not have told why.

Captain Avory changed the subject abruptly,

and after a little talk on indifferent topics, the two men parted at the corner of the lane.

After this, Dr Mayfield called at Trevenna Cottage almost daily, and for a time it seemed as if the soft balmy air of Boscombe, ozonised by the breath of the great Atlantic, was effecting a radical improvement in his patient's condition; and yet he knew but too well that such improvement could be but temporary. For the first month or so the sick man's appetite grew better, his eyes looked brighter, and his cheeks a trifle less hollow. 'I never feel chilled here, as I used to do so often at Sto——, at the place I was last at in the north,' he said more than once. Dr Mayfield remarked to himself, as a somewhat curious fact, that neither he nor the captain nor Mrs Avory ever by any chance mentioned the name of the place from which they had come; it was always alluded to vaguely as 'the north.'

Every fine day for some weeks Mr Saverne was wheeled out in a Bath-chair with Captain Avory in attendance. He liked to be drawn up and down the stretch of firm yellow sands at the head of the bay. But after a time there came a longish spell of bad weather; and when the fine weather returned, Mr Saverne was surprised, although the doctor was not, to find how much more quickly his out-door exercise, gentle though it was, tired him, than it had done previously. A little while longer, and the Bath-chair had to be discarded; and all that the sick man could do was to have his couch wheeled out on the terrace and there recline in the sun for a little while during the warmest part of the day. The end was drawing perceptibly nearer.

One forenoon, while Mr Saverne was still strong enough to get out in the Bath-chair, Dr Mayfield encountered him as he was being drawn along by Timothy Bunce; but this time, for a wonder, he was not accompanied by Captain Avory, but by a person of the opposite sex. Bunce stopped instinctively as the doctor drew near, and he in his turn came to a stand. After a few words had passed between them, Mr Saverne said with a nod of his head: 'This is my—I mean, a relative of mine, Mrs Preedy, who has made a long journey on purpose to see me.—Maria, this gentleman is Dr Mayfield, who is doing his best to patch me up for a little while.'

Mrs Preedy and the doctor bowed; and then the latter went on to make a few remarks about Boscombe, and how beneficial its climate often proved to people in delicate health. Mrs Preedy listened and smiled faintly, but, like her relative, she was apparently a person of few words. She was a woman whose age might be judged to be nearer forty than thirty. In person she was tall, gaunt, and angular. She had a prominent nose and high cheek-bones, and she was what is generally termed 'hard-featured.' She looked like a woman who had been schooled by much trouble, and whom nothing now could greatly move. She was dressed entirely in black, but her garments were not those of a person in affluent circumstances.

After a little desultory talk, chiefly on the doctor's side, the latter raised his hat, and the little procession moved slowly on its way. Next day, when he called at the Cottage, Dr Mayfield saw nothing of Mrs Preedy, nor did any one there mention her name.

No sick man could have been more assiduously waited upon than was Mr Saverne. Mrs Avory was indefatigable in her attentions; she was continually hovering around him, and for ever trying to anticipate his slightest wish. In fact, the doctor somehow got the idea into his head that there were times when Mr Saverne would fain have dispensed with such continuous attentions, that he would like to have been left more to himself, and that now and then Mrs Avory's persistent kindness worried him into an irritability which was anything but beneficial to him. Be that as it may, Mrs Avory's demeanour never varied, nor apparently was any expense spared to gratify the whims or fancies of the sick man.

After a time, it seemed to Dr Mayfield that Mrs Avory was considerably overtaxing her strength—this was after Mr Saverne had become much worse; and he hinted as much to her, and suggested the advisability of obtaining the services of a trained nurse, so as to relieve herself in some measure. But she only shook her head, and set those firm lips of hers still more firmly. 'I could not reconcile it to my conscience,' she said, 'to allow dear Edward to be waited upon by a hired nurse, while I have health and strength to attend to him myself. No, Dr Mayfield; you must just allow me to go on in my own way. It will be time enough to claim assistance when I break down.'

It was quite evident from the first that Mr Saverne was a man of reserved and uncommunicative disposition. Yet occasionally, when not pressed for time, Dr Mayfield would sit down by him for a little while and attempt to draw him into conversation by starting some topic which he thought would be likely to interest him. But nothing seemed to interest him except very faintly, and before long the genial, chatty old man would have to give up the effort as hopeless. Just about that time, the doctor had a nephew who was on the point of going out to settle in Australia, and it seemed to him that Mr Saverne, after his long residence in that country, might be able to furnish him with some information which would be of service to his young relative. But when the subject was broached, he saw that he had unwittingly touched a sore point. A faint flush came into the sick man's cheeks. 'If you don't mind, doctor, I would rather not talk about Australia,' he said; 'my experiences in that country were not of a pleasant kind, and I don't care to have them revived in my memory.'

Dr Mayfield hastened to apologise.

But if Mr Saverne was reticent and uncommunicative in his intercourse with his medical attendant, he was equally so, as far as could be judged, in his relations with the captain and Mrs Avory. When it was necessary for him to speak to them or to answer some question of theirs, what he had to say was couched in the fewest possible words. He seemed to accept all their attentions and all their efforts to render him comfortable as if they were no more than his due, and entirely as a matter of course. For Captain Avory he appeared to have conceived an especial dislike. More than once the doctor

noticed his eyes follow the retreating form of that gentleman with a strange sullen gleam in them, as though he were nursing some deep-rooted feeling of animosity against him.

Simple-minded and unsuspicious as Dr Mayfield was by nature, he yet had a feeling that within the four walls of Trevenna Cottage lay hidden a mystery of some kind, the key to which he knew not where to look for.

By-and-by it came to pass that the sick man could no longer get out of doors, although he could still sit up for a couple of hours daily, propped up with pillows in an easy-chair. The end was drawing near with rapid strides, and he knew it; but no one ever heard him give utterance to the slightest murmur or complaint of any kind. Mrs Avory was now compelled to call in some one to assist her. The person she selected was not a trained nurse, but a middle-aged woman from a neighbouring village, who had had the charge of an invalid gentleman for several years, and was consequently at home in a sickroom.

It was no surprise to Dr Mayfield when, on making his usual call one morning, he found that Mrs Preedy had arrived since his last visit. She was sitting by Mr Saverne's side as he went in, holding one of the invalid's hands in both of hers; but she at once rose, bowed, and left the room. He found her waiting for him in the garden at the termination of his visit.

'He is worse—much worse than I expected to find him,' she said abruptly as the doctor drew near.

'Everything is being done for him that can be done. He lacks for nothing.'

'O yes, I know all that. I am not complaining,' she replied with something like a sob in her voice. Then after a moment or two she said: 'I have a little favour to ask of you, Dr Mayfield.'

'Anything that I can do for you, Mrs Preedy, I shall be happy to do.'

'It is only to beg of you to let me know—to send me a telegram—before the end comes, so that I may be in time to see him once again in this world.'

'But surely the captain or Mrs Avory'——

'No, no; it is no use trusting to them,' she interrupted. 'They would not send for me; they would rather I did not see him again.—Here is my address,' she added as she slipped a scrap of paper into his hand. 'You will send me a telegram, will you not, so that I may be in time?'

'I will; I promise.'

'Oh, thank you—thank you!' she cried; and with that her hard face softened and her eyes became suffused with tears. 'He is my brother, and he has always been very dear to me,' she added simply. 'But that is a secret which I ought not to have told you; only, I know that with you it will be quite safe.'

What new phase of mystery was here! The doctor went his way thoroughly puzzled.

Mr Saverne became weaker day by day. On calling one morning and stepping quietly into his room, Dr Mayfield found him asleep. Mrs Dempster, the nurse, was sitting by his side. While the doctor was gazing at his wan and wasted features, the dying man began to move uneasily and to mutter in his sleep. 'Florrie, my darling Florrie, why don't you come to me?' he said. Then after a pause: 'They keep you from me—they won't let you come near me—wretches that they are!'

'Does he often talk in his sleep?' inquired the doctor of the nurse.

Before the woman could answer, Mrs Avory answered for her. She had entered the room in her usual noiseless fashion. 'It is only during the last few days that he has begun to ramble in his sleep,' she replied, blinking rapidly with her eyes.

'Who is the "Florrie," if I may ask, to whom he was alluding just now?'

'That is more than any of us know. We never heard him mention her name till the other evening, when he was asleep. Captain Avory's opinion is that the person dear Edward alludes to must be some one he knew in Australia. Certainly, we are not acquainted with any one of that name in England.'

On making his customary call about a week later, Dr Mayfield saw that the end was now very near. After leaving the bedroom, he sought the captain and Mrs Avory, who were just finishing breakfast. 'If there is any one—any relatives or friends,' he said, 'who would like to see Mr Saverne before it is too late, I think it would be advisable to summon them without delay.'

They looked at each other for a moment, and then the captain said: 'Thank you, doctor, for telling us; but I don't think it will be needful to summon any one—in fact, I may tell you that there is no one to summon. We are dear Edward's only near relatives; and as for friends—I opine that he left most of them behind in Australia.'

'Mrs Preedy?' the doctor ventured to suggest.

The captain frowned. 'Mrs Preedy is only a very distant relation,' he answered; 'and as she was here so short a time ago, I see no necessity for her to come again. Besides, she is very poor, and can ill afford so long a journey. I shall of course inform her when all is over.'

The doctor bowed, bade the pair good-morning, and went.

Mrs Preedy only a distant relative! Why, she herself had told him that she was Mr Saverne's sister, and, somehow, he felt that he would take her word in preference to that of the captain. He had given her his promise that he would summon her when it became necessary to do so, and the time was now come. He walked at once to the post-office and despatched the following telegram: 'If you wish to see Mr S. alive, you must come without delay.' Mrs Preedy's address was No. 5 Town Row, Stonelands, Derbyshire.

It may be mentioned here that although there was no access by railway to Boscombe Regis, a telegraphic wire had been laid down some years previously between that place and Mumpton Junction, a dozen miles away.

When Dr Mayfield called at the Cottage next forenoon, he found Mrs Preedy already there. Evidently she must have travelled all night. She thanked him with a look. Neither the captain nor Mrs Avory appeared to have the

slightest suspicion that her arrival at that particular time was the result of anything more than a coincidence.

A few hours later, Mr Saverne passed quietly away.

IRISH STEP-DANCING.

DANCING is a favourite pastime amongst the Irish peasants, and there is no lack of dancing-masters, who make their living by teaching the 'steps.' Indeed, even people of position learn 'step-dancing,' such as jigs, reels, and hornpipes. Very pretty steps they are, and far more difficult to learn and dance correctly and well than the ordinary valse or polka, which, after all, have but one step, the chief thing being to dance that one step gracefully and smoothly. In a jig, there are as many as twenty different steps, and each single step has what is termed 'its double,' a somewhat similar step, but more complicated than the single. To dance even five steps of the jig with their double requires, independently of the perfection only attained by practice, constant repetition and great exertion. To dance twenty steps and their double—in all about forty—straight through, would be almost impossible; besides, it would occupy too much time. Yet a different jig, apparently, could be danced by one person several times during the same evening, by doing, say, five steps each time. But you must begin a jig by dancing the 'rising' steps—this rule never changing. The steps in a reel are not unlike those in the jig, but are much less tiring.

Some months ago, a very good dancing-master came to our village in Ireland; and some friends of ours got private lessons in the 'steps' from him during the day, the evenings of course being devoted to the working-class. 'Marvin' was a young man, not more than eight-and-twenty, I should think, and he had been for many years teaching the steps. The son of a respectable farmer, and having a wonderful taste for music and dancing, he could not settle to farmwork or any trade, and much against his parents' wishes, determined on being a teacher of dancing. Accordingly, he was 'bound' to a dancing-master; and when he had learned enough to enable him to teach, did so. He went from village to village, staying from one to three months in each, just as he found he had pupils and it paid. The court-house or national school was generally given to him, for one seldom can get a large room in villages; and besides, beyond a trifle to the keeper, there is little expense attending. Marvin varied his fees according to those he taught and also according to the size of the village; a smaller sum being accepted from the labourer than the shopkeeper or farmer—a shilling and one-and-sixpence being accepted weekly from the former for each one; while two-and-sixpence, and even three shillings, were paid by the latter.

Marvin told me that, on an average, he derived an income of two hundred pounds a year by teaching the 'steps.' Belonging to the better class of Irish dancing-masters, Marvin had a fiddler, a blind man, who accompanied him on his rounds; but he did not pay him—'benefits' being organised to do this; two and three pounds, sometimes even more, according to the number present, being collected at such a time. Notice of a 'benefit' for the fiddler is generally given some nights before.

We learned six steps of the jig, and their double: a 'slip' jig, a four-hand reel, and three steps of the Highland fling. For my part, I had almost too many to practise. These and others, such as the 'Moneen Jig,' 'Irish Jig,' 'High Call Cap,' 'the Garden of Daisies,' 'the Blackbird,' 'the Priest and his Boots,' 'St Patrick's Day,' come under the title of 'steps;' our valses and polkas, &c., being termed 'circular dances;' while the quadrilles are called 'sets.' These are now much indulged in by shop-people and the better class of farmers, being considered by them more like what the 'ladies and *gintlemin*' do. Knowing their 'steps' is looked upon by the peasantry as a necessary part of their education, quite as much as to read or write—and I have often heard them express contempt for a girl or 'boy' who, to use their own words, 'has no dance'—therefore, parents who can ill afford it, will do without necessaries even to have their children taught their steps when a dancing-master comes their way.

Marvin was most amusing in some of his expressions, particularly when he tried to use a French word. For instance, in connection with the reel, the word *chassez* was frequently used by him; and until one got accustomed to his pronunciation of it—*shass-her!* it was perhaps a trifle puzzling. On one occasion, I remember he asked how we polished our floor for dancing. I said with French chalk and spermaceti. He seemed puzzled; but asked for pen and paper to write the mixture down, in case he should forget it. I gave both to him; but again he seemed perplexed, and once more asked the names, and how to spell them, which I did, going twice over 'spermaceti.' At last he asked me to write, remarking that he was not able to write, only to speak the French language!

There are many kinds of dancing 'benefits.' Marvin had two during the ten weeks he spent in our village—both for the fiddler. The dancing-school is of course held in the evening, when the day's work is over—half-past six to nine or ten o'clock being the usual hours. On benefit nights they dance till much later. On such a night, when all the company have assembled, the fiddler or dancing-master, whichever one the benefit is for, goes round with a plate or, more generally, his hat; and each person present willingly gives a trifle. Sometimes, if the collection is good and the person so 'benefited' is, as the people express it, a 'dacent man,' he will go out and buy porter and cakes (biscuits) as refreshments for the 'ladies.' The men don't require such attention, or perhaps, to speak more to the point, don't get it. There is a story told of a dancing-master in our village, who, when about concluding his lessons for the evening, was interrupted by the entrance of a young farmer, whose hob-nailed brogues made a woful clatter. Advancing towards the dancing-master, he said he came to learn his steps. ''Tis late in the day ye are, I'm thinkin',' replied the master. 'Me classes are about bein' closed, an' I am now teachin' me pupils *grease* [we presume he meant grace] in their movements.'

I have known several cases where poor people wanting to thatch their cabin, perhaps, or to buy

a pig without any means to do so, will organise a benefit, and thus obtain the necessary money. For this purpose, a written notice will be carried round to the neighbours. Sometimes they may just be told 'Pat Murphy' wants money to set the praties, and he will hold a benefit on Friday (or, more generally, Sunday) night. Perhaps fifty neighbours will come. Of course, so many could not possibly come into a small cabin at once; but they always take it in turn to '*fut* the floor'—for in step-dancing, only a certain number can dance at a time. These people will dance away all night, subscribe their mite, and never eat or drink anything, because, naturally, such poor people could not provide food for so many. It is not unusual for the neighbours each to bring some victuals with them, such as bread, tea, and sugar; and these will be divided and distributed as far as they will go.

Another kind of benefit for the same purpose is got up by raffling—a goat, a turkey, or a concertina, perhaps a donkey, being the most general things to raffle. The winner will sometimes provide refreshments, often getting up a second raffle to do so. The music for step-dancing is pretty, and is, when played on the piano, very tiring to the fingers to keep up for any length of time, till you get accustomed to it. In the 'High Call Cap,' the men beat time in one part to the music with their feet, while in another part they do so by clapping their hands; and the general effect is very pretty.

To dance the steps really well, one must be nimble and active. I remember seeing a number of the peasants, who, to try and perfect themselves in their 'dance,' danced on the road near some trees, and constantly held on to some of the low branches, to enable them to jump high and use their feet to advantage. There is a story told of a certain mayor who did not know how to dance; and as there was to be the customary ball on St Patrick's night at the vice-regal court, at which he was, as is usual, to dance with Her Excellency, he hired a private room, and when his shop was closed at night, went there, where a dancing-master met him to teach him his steps, unknown, as he hoped, to any one. Unfortunately, it leaked out, and some people annoyed the poor mayor sorely by standing outside the window and saying: 'Right foot, left foot, hay foot, straw foot. Faix, thin, an' Paddy 'tis you as can soon *fut* the floor.' The origin of hay foot, straw foot, was, that when, as is sometimes the case, the right foot or hand was not known from the left, a dancing-master often tied a wisp of hay on one foot and of straw on the other, and thus forcibly impressed the difference.

Many dancing-masters can teach the steps and play the fiddle at the same time; such belong to the poorer class, and make their living as much by playing at wedding-feasts or '*live* wakes' as by teaching the steps. The meaning of a '*live* wake' may not be so generally known as is the usual term of 'wake.' The actual meaning is the same—that is, both kinds of wake are held with the same idea, a 'keeping of the last night together.' A 'wake' is of course the last respect or compliment, so to speak, that can be shown a dead friend before he is laid to rest. A 'live wake' is held the night before people emigrate, and is the scene of much mirth and dancing, so that the *last* night spent in the old country may be remembered by those who seldom if ever return. The friends coming to these live wakes generally bring food with them, because the cabin is bare in every sense previous to the departure of its occupants. The fiddler sends his hat round and makes his collection. At a wedding-feast, a musician and dancing-master combined will get three and four pounds, and there may be two or three fiddlers.

I remember, when driving, seeing one on the road whom I knew. Poor old 'Shauneen' (Johnny) had his hat off, and with his pocket-handkerchief wiped his streaming face. I stopped to speak and ask the old man whither he was bent. 'To the weddin', sir, yer honour, of Bill Flaherty's daughter; an' the road is long an' the bagpipes heavy; an' 'tis late I'll be, I'm afeared.' So I bade him sit beside the coachman, and he should get a 'lift.' Some days afterwards, he called to express his gratitude, playing the 'Fox-hunter's Galop' while he spoke, and telling me he earned three pounds by being in time to perform and put the dancers right in their 'sets.'

In concluding these remarks, I must add that for my part I think dancing-masters ought to be encouraged in our circle, because there really is something to learn, in fact real hard work in the 'steps;' and very few of us, who, though able to glide gracefully *à la trois temps* to the strains of Liddel's band, could 'foot the floor' in such perfect time, to the music of perhaps a penny whistle, as do the Irish peasants in the many difficult steps of an Irish jig.

LIFE-LINKS OF HISTORY.

THE ages of history are often linked together in a very remarkable way by the lives of individual men. A striking instance of this will appear in the facts we are about to relate. There was a man living a few years since in a village in Lancashire whose life wanted but one link to connect it with the period of the Commonwealth. That link was supplied by his father, who was born in 1657, one year before the death of the great Protector, Cromwell, and lived through the reigns of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, George I., and to the twenty-fifth year of the reign of George II. He married in his early days a young woman who had been nurse in the ancient family of the Chethams of Turton Tower, near Bolton. She died, and for some years William Horrocks, for such was the name of the subject of our narrative, remained a widower; but in 1741, when eighty-four years old, he married his housekeeper, a buxom damsel of twenty-six. As may be supposed, his marriage excited considerable attention, and among those who took great interest in it were the Chetham family, with whom his former wife had been a great favourite, and who greatly respected the now aged bridegroom. He and his bride were summoned to the Hall, where they were shown much kindness; their portraits were painted; and they were dismissed to their home laden with wedding presents. The portraits of the couple were placed in the gallery of the Hall, where they remained till they came into the

possession of a lady near Manchester, a relative of the Chetham family, with other portraits of its members. What changes had occurred during that man's life, living as he did till 1752, when he died at the advanced age of ninety-five! He had witnessed the decadence of the Stuart dynasty; the reign of William and Mary had come to a close; Anne had for a few years revived the rule of the Stuart race; the House of Brunswick had been called to the vacant throne, and far into the reign of the second sovereign of that family had the old man's life been prolonged.

The fruit of his second marriage was a son, James Horrocks, who was born in 1744, in the seventeenth year of the reign of George II., and who lived to see the events that transpired during the latter part of that reign, and those which followed far on into the reign of our present illustrious Queen, as he was living till 1843, and was then a hale old man, one hundred years of age. Shortly after that time, he passed away, and now lies gathered to his fathers in the village graveyard of the parish where he spent his days. Thus these two lives connect the times in which we live with that of the great Protector, extending as they do over a period of one hundred and eighty-six years. It may be interesting to our readers to state, as showing the physical contour and healthful vigour of this man, that he was, even when he had attained his hundredth year, of noble stature and appearance; his venerable countenance expressed a benevolent mind, and his silvery locks were truly a crown of honour. He stood nearly six feet high when he raised himself to an erect posture, and was by no means deficient in mental capacity. His conversation was, for his age, lively, and not wanting in humour. On one occasion, not long before his decease, he said to his daughter, a staid old woman: 'I wonder what I shall dream next. I dreamed last night I was going to be married again, and who knows but I could find some lady that would have me yet.'

His son-in-law, with whom he lived, was an old gray-headed man, and not near so quick in intellect as his more aged father-in-law, who often had, as he said, to 'insense him,' when it was desired to communicate or explain to him any circumstance that had transpired. His physical powers were shown in a remarkable exploit in the year 1833. It was winter, and an election of a member of parliament was to take place for South Lancashire at Newton, fifteen miles from Bolton. Walking to the latter place, three miles from his home, he travelled by rail to the former; but, missing the train when he wanted to return, he walked the distance to Bolton, and thence to his abode, a journey of eighteen miles—no little achievement for a man ninety years of age.

Reference has been made to the portraits of his father and mother which were painted at the instance of the Chethams. These came into the possession of the old man in a singular way. There was a sale of the property at the Hall which the family had inhabited, and he repaired to it for the purpose of purchasing them, but found they had been removed, and were, with the portraits of that family, in the possession of the lady above mentioned. He therefore went to her and expressed his desire to have them. The lady was so much taken with the man, and touched by his wish to become their possessor, that she, though parting with them reluctantly, presented them to the old man, and they were taken home by him with a gladdened and grateful heart. He retained them as precious heirlooms to the day of his death.

There may be other instances in which the lives of two individuals have extended over an equal space with this father and son; but we have not met with any which, considering all the circumstances surrounding them, have been so truly remarkable; forming life-links of the past with the present; covering the whole period from the Cromwellian to the Victorian age, from the Commonwealth to the time in which we ourselves live.

A DANGEROUS POINT ON THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

It has long since come to be recognised as an imperative necessity that wherever, along the coast or out in the ocean, the presence of an exposed or semi-exposed reef or shoal represents a danger to passing ships, the perilous point should be indicated by a lighthouse, a lightship, or a buoy; and this in face of the circumstance that these safeguards can often only be provided at enormous cost. Now, we think it will be news to many people to learn that there is a point on the great maritime high-road on which the Suez Canal occurs, where navigation is attended with great dangers—where, in fact, a number of lives, and much valuable shipping and cargo, are annually lost—but where the lighthouses which would afford safety are not to be found. Passing through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, one enters the Gulf of Aden, the opening of which is at Cape Guardafui, where the coast of Africa turns sharply to the south, and the Indian Ocean is fairly entered. About eighty miles below Cape Guardafui occurs Ras Hafun, a prominent headland, connected with the mainland by a narrow strip of sand. Vessels coming from the East steer a course to 'make' the coast between the two headlands. But there is no light on either; the lead-line, owing to the great depth of the water even against the very cliffs, is of little guidance; and navigation, as a consequence, often becomes a matter of mere guesswork. One will naturally inquire: Why are there no lights on these two headlands to guide the navigator? The answer is brief, but eminently to the point. Because both Cape Guardafui and Ras Hafun are in the hands of an uncivilised people. The latter belongs to the Mijjertheyn tribe; and the former is under the sovereignty of the Sultan of the northern Somali. A traveller has spoken of these latter people as being 'extremely violent and quarrelsome in their disposition, notorious for cheating and lying,' and as pursuing for the most part a wandering, pastoral life. Where is the wonder that such a race should not only themselves abstain from putting up guiding lights to passing vessels, but should be ill disposed to allow a stranger to do the work for them? As a matter of fact, it will probably be an outside nation which will ultimately carry out the enterprise; and circumstances point unmistakably to England, it is thought, as being that nation.

As things at present exist, the hardy but savage inhabitants of this portion of Africa derive absolute profit from the wrecks which occur off the coast, as the remnants of cargo, timber, and rigging washed up upon the beach represent valuable perquisites. There can be no doubt that a very determined effort must be made on the part of England—as the nation which has the greatest stake in the water highway which leads to India—to come to such terms with the natives as will admit of the erection and maintenance of beacons on the two dangerous headlands, and indeed on any neighbouring points that may require to be made easily distinguishable to the mariner. This view of the question is taken by Sir Travers Twiss in a paper 'On International Conventions for the Maintenance of Sea-lights,' which he recently read at the twelfth annual conference of the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, held at Hamburg. He gave it as his opinion that it is within the range of practical probability that both the Mijjertheyn and the Somali tribes may be found to be amenable to motives of self-interest, if they are approached with due caution. 'The first step,' he justly says, 'should be to wean them from the habit of regarding the goods of the shipwrecked mariner as providential spoil of the sea; the second step may then be attempted—namely, to induce them to welcome a light-tower, by offering to them a subsidy which shall more than compensate their chiefs for the annual loss of revenue which may ensue to them upon the cessation of wrecks upon their coast.' After stating that England 'may reasonably be expected to take the lead in negotiating treaties with the natives of the coast,' Sir Travers declares that she cannot, however, be expected, if she should succeed with her negotiations, 'to undertake the task of erecting and maintaining the necessary lights without the co-operation of other nations, who have a like, although not an equal interest with her in the safety of the navigation of the Gulf of Aden.'

It appears that in accordance with what may be called the common law of Europe, Great Britain would not be entitled to levy dues on passing vessels on account of lights not within her own territory; but Sir Travers Twiss thinks that an international convention might give her such a right. In conclusion, we may indorse a suggestion that Sir Travers has thrown out. 'Until,' he says, 'a common understanding can be arrived at upon a subject of such general interest to humanity, it may be possible to keep a steam light-vessel stationed off Cape Guardafui, notwithstanding the violence of the monsoon; and the light of that vessel would serve as a rounding light for vessels coming from the southward.' This is a really good idea, and we trust, if it proves practical, that it will be carried out.

SALMON SOLD FOR ONE CENT EACH.

Recent advices from New Westminster, in British Columbia, describe the big run of salmon which occurs every fourth year in the Fraser River. 'The "canneries" which are running,' says a Canadian newspaper, 'are said to be taxed to their utmost capacity to pack the vast quantities of fish which are being caught, as they were coming by hundreds of thousands. No such large and extensive run of salmon has been known before. The total average pack promised to be twenty thousand cases to each cannery engaged; making the total probable pack of the Fraser River canneries for this season from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty thousand cases. On the 1st of August, Ewen's cannery did the biggest day's packing ever done on the Fraser River, canning a total of fourteen hundred cases in one day. The canneries have been paying their fishermen from three to five cents a fish; but owing to the plentiful supply, salmon have been offered and sold for one cent each, the proprietors being willing to accept such a small price rather than throw the fish overboard.'

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

We had heard the night-birds calling in the thickets far away,
While the shades of eve were falling, while the twilight gathered gray,
And the scented gales of gloaming wafted secrets from the sea,
And the first pale star was gleaming in a golden mystery.

Then a holy calm enwrapt us, and a blissful silence fell;
Far away the doves were 'plaining, droned the beetle in the dell.
Ah! the words that are not uttered, like the songs that are not sung,
Are more musical in cadence than are known to mortal tongue.

Had we eaten of the lotus, or was this a land of spells,
This an isle of ancient fable where a great Enchanter dwells?
Naught is fair but that we dream of; and we dreamt a little while,
As the wanderer in the desert dreameth of the distant Nile.

All that bygone time we dreamt of, when the earth was fresh and young,
And great Pan beside the river piped the rustling reeds among.
There were naiads in the streamlets, there were dryads in the trees,
And the apples still hung golden in the fair Hesperides.

We are wiser; we have banished from their haunts the gods of old;
All that wondering faith has vanished with the outlived Age of Gold;
Yet, when moonlight winds are blowing, lovers' voices, blending low,
Murmur still the same old story Paris whispered long ago.

. . . . . .

Yonder moon is growing paler; soon within the reddening sky,
Shall the star of morning vanish as the Sun-god draweth nigh,
And the visions that are born in the sweet silence of the night,
Like mist armies on the hillsides, from his darts shall take their flight. J. W.

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TIMBUCTOO.

Timbuctoo has now been seen for the fifth time by a European—and, so far as known, only for the fifth time. Though still the chief emporium between Northern and Central Africa, though boasting a long and distinguished past, and though, in view of the rapidity with which African exploration and colonisation are now advancing on all sides, probably destined, in no distant future, to more than reassert all its ancient importance, yet, down to the present day, this 'Queen of the Desert,' as it is sometimes called, has imaged itself in the eyes of only five Europeans.

In 1630, a French sailor named Paul Imbert, having been wrecked on the Atlantic coast, was taken prisoner by the Arabs, and sold as a slave. As such, he was taken compulsorily to Timbuctoo, whence he was transported to Morocco, and there died, before a French expedition, organised in 1632, arrived in time to deliver him. Nearly two centuries of complete disconnection between Europe and Timbuctoo next elapse before the second European, Major Laing, a native of Edinburgh, who, from the coast of Sierra Leone, had already made several successful plunges into the interior, arrived in August 1826 at Timbuctoo. The goal of his expedition, to which he had been commissioned by the English government, was the exploration of the Niger. Starting from Tripolis, he had crossed the Desert by way of Rhadames and Tuat. Unhappily, about a month after reaching Timbuctoo, between that town and Arawan, Major Laing was murdered, and with him perished all the records of this enterprise. Two years afterwards, in May 1828, Timbuctoo was sighted for the third time by European eyes, and for the first time by a European who has transmitted to us an account of his visit—by the Frenchman, René Caillié. Allured by the prize of ten thousand francs offered by the Paris Geographical Society to whoever brought them evidence of having reached Timbuctoo, and impelled by his own taste for adventure, René Caillié first acquired a fair command of the Arabian language and manners, and, feigning to be an Egyptian in quest of his native country, he pursued a toilsome march eastwards from Senegambia, till, footsore and wayworn, he alighted at the town of Jenni, on the Niger, whence he made a descent of the river to Kabara, the port of Timbuctoo. The fourth European in the list of Timbuctoo visitors is the distinguished German traveller, Heinrich Barth, who entered the town on the 7th September 1853, and stayed there full seven months, making a good use of his opportunity, and taking full and intelligent note of all he saw, so that, by his reports, Europe was for the first time enabled to grasp and hold a concrete, careful, and altogether trustworthy image of the city in the Great Desert, through which the economic life reciprocated between Northern and Central Africa was mainly accumulated and distributed. And now we come to Dr Oscar-Lenz, the last of the Europeans who, down to the present hour, have helped to lift the sandy curtain which hides Timbuctoo from our view. He has recently returned from a very successful African exploration, on which he was despatched in the autumn of 1879 by the German African Society. Starting from Morocco and surmounting the Atlas highlands, of which he made a special survey, Dr Lenz traversed the Desert by a new route, and arrived on July 1, 1880, at Timbuctoo, whence, bending westwards, he touched Senegambia, and followed the Senegal to its mouth at St Louis, a route likewise never before trodden by European; thus opening up two roads into the capital of the Desert, one from the north, another from the west. Dr Lenz's stay in Timbuctoo itself lasted only from the 1st to the 18th July; and his account of the Desert city is little more than a corroboration of Barth's description, which, after a lapse of twenty-six years, he found to be still essentially correct.

Timbuctoo extends in the form of a triangle on the left or northern bank of the Niger, with its base to the river, at an interval of about nine miles, and its apex to the north. It is

but little elevated above the mean level of the river, though about eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; about seventeen and a half degrees north latitude, by three and a half degrees west longitude. Entering the town from the north, you cross an unsightly tract, some thousand feet broad, exposing only the litter and rubbish of waste buildings. To the left, again, you mark the sepulchre of Faki Mahmud, which, though now outside the town, must have once been embraced within its walls. Plainly, the Timbuctoo of to-day occupies only a fraction of the area over which it extended in its flourishing days. Nor is the town girdled in by any walls or citadels, its last ramparts having been razed in 1826, under an invasion of the Fulahs, a dominant people to the south and west. The many conquests of the town, and its frequent change of masters, have, along with its physical defences, battered down all its political independence or self-consciousness, so that the inhabitants, now restricted exclusively to economic and commercial life, pay passive dues to whichever people have the ascendency for the time being —now to the Fulahs, now to the Tuariks, the two ruling races of the surrounding lands. As regards the actual magnitude of the town, Barth counted nine hundred and fifty houses, with a population of thirteen thousand; but Dr Lenz calculated the population, which at the time of his visit was perhaps somewhat swollen by a more than usual influx of Fulahs and Tuariks, at twenty thousand.

The town consists of round thatch huts on the outskirts, relegated to the negroes, and of clay houses, constituting the town proper, all pretty much of one description. As a specimen of the better class, take the house assigned to Dr Lenz during his stay of eighteen days. Situated in a rather broad street, it is surrounded by a court, whence a small stair leads to the first floor, which is occupied by a nice large room. Thence, mounting a few steps, you emerge on the terrace, which, again, is crowned by a structure containing a very pretty room, with one window looking to the court, and another to the terrace. The body of the house is built of clay bricks, the floors are of hardened clay, the doors and windows of wood. The windows, prettily carved, display the Moorish horseshoe form. A few simple ornaments at the gates give the finish to a fairly substantial building. Timbuctoo has no less than seven different divisions of distinctive character and name, the south-eastern one being the handsomest and the residence in particular of the rich Rhadamese merchants. The only public buildings, however, in this so exclusively commercial town are the mosques—four large and three small ones, the largest or 'Great Mosque,' two hundred and sixty-two feet by one hundred and ninety-four feet, and containing twelve naves or aisles dating as far back as 1327. It is a stately edifice, at present flanking the extreme western end of the town, though, in the more flourishing times of Timbuctoo, it must have towered up proudly in the centre. Altogether, the town has, it must be confessed, a rather dreary aspect. The eye is not relieved by the sight of public squares, nor refreshed by the view of public gardens, nor, indeed, by hardly any refreshing green. Before the conquest of the city by Hamed-el-Mansur of Morocco, in the sixteenth century, trees are said to have been numerous in Timbuctoo; but after that event, they were all cut down for the purpose of boat-building. Add the hot south winds, which blow particularly between July and September, often accompanied by violent thunderstorms; the numerous *dayas* or depressions in the soil outside the town, especially to the south, to collect almost the only water available for drinking and cooking purposes; the Niger, close by, frequently inundating the flat land and leaving pestilential pools, and it will readily be understood how Timbuctoo is by no means sanitarily all that could be desired, but apt to inflict fever on its European visitors, as both Barth and Dr Lenz found to their cost.

The one redeeming feature in the natural aspect of Timbuctoo is its wealth of birds and other animals. A tiny species of finch is as common there as sparrows with us; bevies of pigeons, diversified by ravens, crows, and starlings, are constantly on the wing, while there is no lack of hawks and eagles to give them occasional chase. Numberless black storks are stalking about the *dayas;* while ostriches, shorn of their ornamental feathers, are everywhere to be seen. There are, besides, plenty of humped cattle. The asses of Timbuctoo, large, and of a gray-yellow colour, with a deep black stripe along the backbone, are pretty animals, and, what is more, very hardy, and not at all particular about the quality of their food, nor even difficult to satisfy in respect to its quantity. The horses are a small race, but hardy and fleet. In the evening, you see long trains of camels, asses, and horses plodding soberly to the *dayas*, to quench their day's thirst.

The population of Timbuctoo is a congeries of motley and diverse elements, the better and most effective constituent being formed by the Morocco Arabs, who, however, in consequence of marriage, generation on generation, with negresses, are grown to be mostly of dark complexion. Another element consists of the numerous descendants of the old Sonrhay negroes and the negro slaves drawn from the remotest parts of the Soudan. Other elements are the wild warlike Tuariks, of Berber stock, harsh in speech and insolent in demeanour, their faces hidden under a *litham* (blue cloth), through which only the eyes peer, their bodies jingling with armour, sword, sabre, and lance. To these have to be added the Fulahs, a fanatic but rather cultivated and handsome people, of light complexion, slightly arched nose, straight forehead, fiery glance, long black hair, and shapely limbs; wanderers from Bornu and Sokoto; Arabs from the Western Sahara, Algiers, &c.

Timbuctoo is like one great mart, wherein merchants negotiate the exchange of the products of the north with those of Southern Soudan. This emporium is under the government of the *Kahia*, whose function resembles

that of a *Bürgermeister* or mayor (inclusive of aldermen and town-council), but who wields no political authority. The office is hereditary in the family of the Er-Rami, who have been planted in Timbuctoo since the Moroccan conquest of the sixteenth century. They originally emigrated from the south of Spain to Morocco, and are hence called 'Andalusi.' A whole quarter of Fâs is still named from them, and the Andalusian women have the repute of superior beauty. The present Kahia, Muhammed Er-Rami, is of decidedly negro-like appearance; of cunning yet withal good-natured physiognomy, meaning really no mischief to any one by his cunning; readily excited to laughter, and when laughing, his jetty face glistens all over. There is not a trace of fanaticism in him, and should he ever be guilty of severities against a Christian, it would only be under foreign influence. The Kahia visited Dr Lenz every evening, attended by a large retinue, and accompanied by some 'men of great learning,' who always at once entered into a religious discussion with our traveller's interpreter, Haj Ali. Among these 'learned men,' some were of quite light complexion, like the Moors of Morocco. The Kahia handsomely discharged the duties of hospitality to our traveller during his stay of eighteen days, sending him abundance of provision all the time. Other well-to-do people of Timbuctoo, likewise, whom Dr Lenz came to know, piled his table with a superfluity of entertainment, so that he and his party had not only no hotel bills to pay, but had always an excess of good cheer to hand over to the poorer people.

The other important personages in Timbuctoo whom Dr Lenz met were Abadin-el-Bakay, at the head of the Fulahs, an ambitious man, proud of his birth, and particularly learned, whose father had honourably protected Barth, and who was therefore disposed not to do any harm to the present traveller, though, from fear of rousing the fanaticism of his followers, he maintained only a negative attitude towards him; and the 'sultan' or chieftain, Eg-Fandagumu, at the head of the rival Tuariks, then in the ascendant, and drawing the duties levied on the imports and exports of Timbuctoo. The Tuariks suffer much from distemper of the eyes, caused partly by their uncleanly habits, and partly owing to the sandstorms of the desert.

Timbuctoo, as has been already stated, is a purely commercial town, and hardly grows or manufactures anything. The fine leather goods, wrought among the numerous populations to the south and west, are manufactured only in the smallest fraction for home use in the town itself. The most striking of these is a pretty leather pouch worn round the neck by a leather cord, and used for holding tobacco, steel, flint, and timber. Properly, there is no industry whatever in Timbuctoo. All its supplies come from the outside. Even its vegetables it draws immediately from the port of Kabara, which, built on a height close to the river, comprises one hundred and fifty to two hundred clay houses, and a population of some two thousand negroes, besides foreign merchants of Timbuctoo and Tuat, has two small market-places, and cultivates rice, a little cotton, and different kinds of melon, to be sold at Timbuctoo. Besides leather-work, large and excellent straw-hats, pottery, clothes, &c., are drawn mostly from the south. The main dress of the people, the long, wide, blue *tobe*, is manufactured out of native material, dyed blue, and often adorned on both sides with silk embroidery. A *tobe* of this latter description forms a very acceptable present in the Soudan. The dear but excellent native manufacture is, however, being rapidly driven out of the market by the 'cheap and nasty' English material.

About five thousand camel-loads of goods come to Timbuctoo every year from the north by the two main routes of Morocco and Rhadames. The wares coming from the north are cloth, blue cotton, green Chinese tea, sugar, waxlights, dates, and tobacco. The kola nut, which in the Soudan takes the place of tea, coffee, and cocoa, is also largely imported from the lands of the Sierra Leone coast and Ashantee. The exports to Europe, on the other hand, are ostrich feathers, gum, and some gold, as also ivory and negro slaves to the northern African states. Timbuctoo is especially an emporium for salt, which it receives from the beds of Taudeni, and sells to the people of the south. The salt is brought in plates, each a metre long, and weighing about sixty pounds. One such plate sells at a *mitkal* of gold, which is equal to eight or nine thousand cowries—that is, nine to ten shillings.

The people of Timbuctoo live on the whole very comfortably in an economic sense, and Dr Lenz saw very few signs of poverty or beggary among them. They have three meals a day. The first, at nine A.M., consists of small, new-baked wheaten loaves, 'of altogether excellent quality,' pieces of which, in eating, you successively dip into dishes of honey or fluid butter. The main meal, at three P.M., is composed of two, sometimes three, courses, supplied by kuskus, vegetables, mutton or beef, poultry and pigeon. Everything is tastefully prepared. But what are kuskus? They are made of the flour of wheat, barley, maize, or even negro millet. The meal is moistened; then, by a peculiar movement of the palm and the fingers, it is twirled off into small grains. It is next dried in the sun. The kuskus are not cooked, but steamed by being put in an earthen pot, riddled with small holes at the bottom, which is placed over another pot filled with water, and resting on the fire. Emptied into a dish, the kuskus are strewn over with saffron sauce; then flesh and vegetables are tastefully scattered over them, and they are eaten with the fingers of the right hand—though it requires some practice to carry them to the mouth without dropping any. Fish is relegated almost exclusively to the negroes, and a person has sunk very low who will eat any kind of fish. The evening meal, between nine and ten, consists generally of rice mingled with small pieces of meat. No spirituous liquors are drunk; the solid food is washed down only with water, taken from the calabashes.

It will perhaps surprise the reader to hear that the people of Timbuctoo are well up in current European news, and were quite ready to converse with Dr Lenz on the results of the last Russian war. His contemplated visit to Timbuctoo was also known there before he had yet crossed the Atlas Mountains. There are

schools attached to the mosques; and the great majority of the inhabitants can read and write, know large parts of the Koran by heart, and are able to dispute on it.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLV.

'I FOUND him in the mood; so I thought it best to strike while the iron was hot,' Constance said. She had settled down languidly in a favourite corner, as if she had never been away. She had looked for the footstool where she knew it was to be found, and arranged the cushion as she liked it. Frances had never made herself so much at home as Constance did at once. She looked on with a calm amusement while her aunt poured out her delight, her wonder, her satisfaction in Waring's ears. She did not budge herself from her comfortable place; but she said to Frances in an under-tone: 'Don't let her go on too long. She will bore him, you know; and then he will repent. And I don't want him to repent.'

As for Frances, she saw the ground cut away entirely from under her feet, and stood sick and giddy after the first pleasure of seeing her father was over, feeling her hopes all tumble about her. Mrs Cavendish, who had been so near yielding, so much disposed to give her the help she wanted, had forgotten her petition and her altogether in the unexpected delight of seeing her brother. And here was Constance, the sight of whom perhaps might call the sick man out of his fever, who might restore life and everything, even happiness to him, if she would. But would she? Frances asked herself. Most likely, she would do nothing, and there would be no longer any room left for Frances, who was ready to do all. She would have been more than mortal if she had not looked with a certain bitterness at this new and wonderful aspect of affairs.

'I saw mamma's brougham at the door,' Constance said. 'There you must take me. Of course, this was the place for papa to come; but I must go. It would never do to let mamma think me devoid of feeling. How is she, and Markham—and everybody? I have scarcely had any news for three months. We met Algy Muncastle on the boat, and he told us something—a great deal about Nelly Winterbourn—the widow, as they call her—and about you.'

'There could be nothing to say of me.'

'Oh, but there was, though.—What a sly little thing you are, never to say a word!—Sir Thomas.—Ah, you see, I know. And I congratulate you with all my heart, Fan. He is rolling in money, and such a good kind old man. Why, he was a lover of mamma's *dans les temps*. It is delightful to think of you consoling him. And you will be as rich as a little princess, and mamma to see that all the settlements are right.'

'I don't know what you mean,' Frances said abruptly. She was so preoccupied and so impatient that she would not even allow herself to understand. She went to where her father sat talking to his sister, and stood behind his chair, putting her hand upon his arm. He did not perhaps care for her very much. He had aunt Charlotte to think of, from whom he had been separated so long; and Constance, no doubt, had made him her own too, as she had made everybody else her own; but still he was all that Frances had, the nearest, the one that belonged to her most. To touch him like this gave her a little consolation. And he turned round and smiled at her and put his hand upon hers. This was a little comfort, but it did not last long. It was time she should return to her mother; and Constance was anxious to go, notwithstanding her fear that her father would be bored. 'I must go and see my mother, you know, papa. It would be very disrespectful not to go. And you won't want me, now you have got aunt Charlotte. Frances is going to drive me home.' She said this as if it was her sister's desire to go; but as a matter of fact, she had taken the command at once. Frances, reluctant beyond measure to return to the house, in which she felt she would no longer be wanted—which was a perverse imagination, born of her unhappiness—wretched to lose the prospect of help, which she had been beginning to let herself believe in, was yet too shy and too miserable to make any resistance. She remembered her mother's note for Mr Cavendish before she went away, and she made one last appeal to her aunt. 'You will not forget what we were talking about, aunt Charlotte?'

'Dear me,' said Mrs Cavendish, putting up her hand to her head. 'What was it, Frances? I have such a poor memory; and your father's coming, and all this unexpected happiness, have driven everything else away.'

Frances went down-stairs with a heart so heavy that it seemed to lie dead in her breast. Was there no help for her, then? No help for him, the victim of Constance and of Markham, no way of softening calamity to the old people? Her temper rose as her hopes fell. All so rich, so abounding, but no one who would spare anything out of his superfluity, to help the ruined and heartbroken. O yes, she said to herself in not unnatural bitterness, the hospitals, yes; and Trotter's Buildings in Whitechapel. But for the people to whom they were bound so much more closely, the man who had sat at their tables, whom they had received and made miserable, nothing! oh, nothing! not a finger held out to save him. The little countenance that had been like a summer day, so innocent and fresh and candid, was clouded over. Pride prevented—pride, more effectual than any other defence—the outburst which in other circumstances would have relieved her heart. She sat in her corner, withdrawn as far as possible from Constance, listening dully, making little response. After several questions, her sister turned upon her with a surprise which was natural too.

'What is the matter?' she said. 'You don't talk as you used to do. Is it town that has spoiled you? Do you think I will interfere with you? Oh, you need not be at all afraid. I have enough of my own without meddling with you.'

'I don't know what I have that you could interfere with,' said Frances. 'Nothing here.'

'Do you want to quarrel with me?' Constance said.

'It is of no use to quarrel; there is nothing to quarrel about. I might have thought you would interfere when you came first. I had people there who seemed to belong to me. But here—you have the first place. Why should I quarrel? You are only coming back to your own.'

'Fan, for goodness' sake, don't speak in that dreadful tone. What have I done? If you think papa likes me best, you are mistaken. And as for the mother, don't you know her yet? Don't you know that she is nice to everybody, and cares neither for you nor me?'

'No,' cried Frances, raising herself bolt upright; 'I don't know that! How dare you say it, you who are her child? Perhaps you think no one cares—not one, though you have made an end of my home. Did you hear about George Gaunt, what you have done to him? He is lying in a brain-fever, raving, raving, talking for ever, day and night; and if he dies, Markham and you will have killed him—you and Markham; for you have been the worst. It will be murder, and you should be killed for it!' the girl cried. Her eyes blazed upon her sister in the close inclosure of the little brougham. 'You thought he did not care, either, perhaps.'

'Fan! Good heavens! I think you must be going out of your senses,' Constance cried.

Frances was not able to say any more. She was stifled by the commotion of her feelings, her heart beating so wildly in her breast, her emotion reaching the intolerable. The brougham stopped, and she sprang out and ran into the house, hurrying up-stairs to her own room. Constance, more surprised and disconcerted than she could say, came in with an air of great composure, saying a word in passing to the astonished servant at the door. She was quite amiable always to the people about her. She walked up-stairs, remarking, as she passed, a pair of new vases with palms in them, which decorated the staircase, and which she approved. She opened the drawing-room door in her pretty, languid-stately, always leisurely way.

'How are you, mamma? Frances has run up-stairs; but here am I, just come back,' she said.

Lady Markham rose from her seat with a little scream of astonishment. 'CONSTANCE! It is not possible. Who would have dreamed of seeing you!' she cried.

'O yes, it is quite possible,' said Constance when they had kissed, with a prolonged encounter of lips and cheeks. 'Surely, you did not think I could keep very long away?'

'My darling, did you get home-sick, or mammy-sick as Markham says, after all your philosophy?'

'I am so glad to see you, mamma, and looking so well. No, not home-sick, precisely, dear mother, but penetrated with the folly of staying *there*, where nothing was ever doing, when I might have been in the centre of everything, which is saying much the same thing, though in different words.'

'In very different words,' said Lady Markham, resuming her seat with a smile. 'I see you have not changed at all, Con.—Will you have any tea? And did you leave—your home there—with as little ceremony as you left me?'

'May I help myself, mamma? Don't you trouble. It is very nice to see your pretty china, instead of Frances' old bizarre cups, which were much too good for me.—Oh, I did not leave my—home. I—brought it back with me.'

'You brought——?'

'My father with me, mamma.'

'Oh!' Lady Markham said. She was too much astonished to say more.

'Perhaps it was because he got very tired of me, and thought there was no other way of getting rid of me; perhaps because he was tired of it himself. He came at last like a lamb. I did not really believe it till we were on the boat, and Algy Muncastle turned up, and I introduced him to my father. You should have seen how he stared.'

'Oh!' said Lady Markham again; and then she added faintly: 'Is—is he here?'

'You mean papa? I left him at aunt Charlotte's. In the circumstances, that seemed the best thing to do.'

Lady Markham leaned back in her chair; she had become very pale. One shock after another had reduced her strength. She closed her eyes while Constance very comfortably sipped her tea. It was not possible that she could have dreamed it or imagined it, when, on opening her eyes again, she saw Constance sitting by the tea-table with the plate of bread and butter before her. 'I have really,' she explained seriously, 'eaten nothing to-day.'

Frances came down some time after, having bathed her eyes and smoothed her hair. It was always smooth like satin, shining in the light. She came in, in her unobtrusive way, ashamed of herself for her outburst of temper, and determined to be 'good,' whatever might happen. She was surprised that there was no conversation going on. Constance sat in a chair which Frances at once recognised as having been hers from the beginning of time, wondering at her own audacity in having sat in it, when she did not know. Lady Markham was still leaning back in her chair. 'Oh, it's nothing—only a little giddiness. So many strange things are happening. Did you give your uncle Cavendish my note? I suppose Frances told you, Con, how we have been upset to-day?'

'Upset,' said Constance over her bread and butter. 'I should have thought you would have been immensely pleased. It is about Sir Thomas, I suppose?'

'About Sir Thomas? Is there any news about Sir Thomas?' said Lady Markham with an elaborately innocent look. 'If so, it has not been yet confided to me.' And then she proceeded to tell to her daughter the story of Nelly Winterbourn.

'I should have thought that would all have been set right in the settlements,' Constance said.

'So it ought. But she had no one to see to the settlements—no one with a real interest in it; and it was such a magnificent match.'

'No better than Sir Thomas, mamma.'

'Ah, Sir Thomas. Is there really a story about Sir Thomas? I can only say, if it is so, that he has never confided it to me.'

'I hope no mistake will be made about the settlements in that case. And what do you suppose Markham will do?'

'What can he do? He will do nothing, Con. You know, after all, that is the rôle that suits him best. Even if all had been well, unless Nelly had asked him herself'——

'Do you think she would have minded, after all this time? But I suppose there's an end of Nelly now,' Constance said regretfully.

'I am afraid so,' Lady Markham replied. And then recovering, she began to tell her daughter the news, all the news of this one and the other, which Frances had never been able to understand, which Constance entered into as one to the manner born. They left the subject of Nelly Winterbourn, and not a word was said of young Gaunt and his fever; but apart from these subjects, everything that had happened since Constance left England was discussed between them. They talked and smiled and rippled over into laughter, and passed in review the thousand friends, whose little follies and freaks both knew, and skimmed across the surface of tragedies with a consciousness, that gave piquancy to the amusement, of the terrible depths beneath. Frances, keeping behind, not willing to show her troubled countenance, from which the traces of tears were not easily effaced, listened to this light talk with a wonder which almost reached the height of awe. Her mother at least must have many grave matters in her mind; and even on Constance, the consciousness of having stirred up all the quiescent evils in the family history, of her father in England, of the meeting which must take place between the husband and wife so long parted, all by her influence, must have a certain weight. But there they sat and talked and laughed and shot their little shafts of wit. Frances, at last feeling her heart ache too much for further repression, and that the pleasant interchange between her mother and sister exasperated instead of lightening her burdened soul, left them, and sought refuge in her room, where presently she heard their voices again as they came up-stairs to dress. Constance' boxes had in the meantime arrived from the railway, and the conversation was very animated upon fashions and new adaptations and what to wear. Then the door of Constance' room was closed, and Lady Markham came tapping at that of Frances. She took the girl into her arms. 'Now,' she said, 'my dream is going to be realised, and I shall have my two girls, one on each side of me. My little Frances, are you not glad?'

'Mother,' the girl said, faltering, and stopped, not able to say any more.

Lady Markham kissed her tenderly, and smiled, as if she were content. Was she content? Was the happiness, now she had it, as great as she said? Was she able to be light-hearted with all these complications round her? But to these questions, who could give any answer? Presently she went to dress, shutting the door, and between her two girls, retired so many hundred, so many thousand miles away, who could tell? into herself.

In the evening, there was considerable stir and commotion in the house. Markham, warned by one of his mother's notes, came to dinner full of affectionate pleasure in Con's return, and cheerful inquiries for her. 'As yet, you have lost nothing, Con. As yet, nobody has got well into the swim. As to how the mammy will feel with two daughters to take about, that is a mystery. If we had known, we'd have shut up little Fan in the nursery for a year more.'

'It is I that should be sent to the nursery,' said Constance. 'Three months is a long time. Algy Muncastle thought I was dead and buried. He looked at me as if he were seeing a ghost.'

'A girl might just as well be dead and buried as let half the season slip over and never appear.'

'Unless she were a widow,' said Con.

'Ah! unless she were a widow, as you say. That changes the face of affairs.' Markham made a slight involuntary retreat, when he received that blow, but no one mentioned the name of Nelly Winterbourn. It was much too serious to be taken any notice of now. In the brightness of Lady Markham's drawing-room, with all its softened lights, grave subjects were only discussed tête-à-tête. When the company was more than two, everything took a sportive turn. Of the two visitors, however, who came in later, one was not at all disposed to follow this rule. Sir Thomas said but little to Constance, though her arrival was part of the news which had brought him here; but he held Lady Markham's hand with an anxious look into her eyes, and as soon as he could, drew Frances aside to the distant corner in which she was fond of placing herself. 'Do you know he has come?' he cried.

'I have seen papa, Sir Thomas, if that is what you mean.'

'What else could I mean?' said Sir Thomas. 'You know how I have tried for this.—What did he say? I want to know what disposition he is in. And what disposition is *she* in? Frances, you and I have a great deal to do. We have the ball at our feet. There is nobody acting in both their interests but you and I.'

There was something in Frances' eyes and in her look of mute endurance which startled him even in the midst of his enthusiasm. 'What is the matter?' he said. 'I have not forgotten our bargain. I will do much for you, if you will work for me. And you want something. Come, tell me what it is?'

She gave him a look of reproach. Had he, too, forgotten the sick and miserable, the sufferer, of whom no one thought? 'Sir Thomas,' she said, 'Constance has money; she has stopped at Paris to buy dresses. Oh, give me what is my share.'

'I remember now,' he said.

'Then you know the only thing that any one can do for me. Oh, Sir Thomas, if you could but give it me now.'

'Shall I speak to your father?' he asked.

These words Markham heard by chance, as he passed them to fetch something his mother wanted. He returned to where she sat with a curious look in his little twinkling eyes. 'What is Sir Thomas after? Do you know what that silly story is about? They say that old fellow is after Lady Markham's daughter. It had better be put a stop to, mother. I won't have anything go amiss with little Fan.'

'Go amiss! with Sir Thomas. There is nobody he might not marry, Markham—not that anything has ever been said.'

'Let him have anybody he pleases except little Fan. I won't have anything happen to Fan. She is not one that would stand it, like the rest of us. We are old stagers; we are trained for the stake; we know how to grin and bear it. But that little thing, she has never been brought up to it, and it would kill her. I won't have anything go wrong with little Fan.'

'There is nothing going wrong with Frances. You are not talking with your usual sense, Markham. If that was coming, Frances would be a lucky girl.'

Markham looked at her with his eyes all pursed up, nearly disappearing in the puckers round them. 'Mother,' he said, 'we know a girl who was a very lucky girl, you and I. Remember Nelly Winterbourn.'

It gave Lady Markham a shock to hear Nelly's name. 'O Markham, the less we say of her the better,' she cried.

There was another arrival while they talked—Claude Ramsay, with the flower in his coat a little rubbed by the greatcoat which he had taken off in the hall, though it was now June. 'I heard you had come back,' he said, dropping languidly into a chair by Constance. 'I thought I would come and see if it was true.'

'You see it is quite true.'

'Yes; and you are looking as well as possible. Everything seems to agree with you. Do you know I was very nearly going out to that little place in the Riviera? I got all the *renseignements;* but then I heard that it got hot and the people went away.'

'You ought to have come. Don't you know it is at the back of the east wind, and there are no draughts there?'

'What an ideal place!' said Claude. 'I shall certainly go next winter, if you are going to be there.'

THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

This celebrated literary book-club was instituted in Edinburgh in the year 1823, its object being the selection and printing of rare and valuable historical and literary documents and works relating to Scottish affairs and antiquities. Many curious literary gems, consisting of unique manuscripts, chartularies of monastic and religious houses, early records, old Scottish poetry, memoirs, histories, diaries, letters, &c., together with other scarce literature relating to Scottish matters, were known to be hidden away in family charter-chests, private repositories, and libraries, which, if printed, would afford important and profitable information on historical and other subjects, but, as then existing, were practically unattainable. Some years previously, the Roxburghe Club had been formed in London, having the same objects in view; but its attention had been entirely confined to the printing of scarce old tracts or ballads relating to England; and a desire was frequently expressed by literary men for the formation of a similar club in Scotland. The prime mover in originating this proposed club was Sir Walter Scott, who, at the period referred to, was the centre of a celebrated literary circle in Edinburgh. The leading members of this circle were well-known bibliophiles, who had devoted much time and attention to literary matters and to book-collecting. There were Thomas Thomson, advocate, 'the learned, legal, and constitutional antiquary;' David Laing, the eminent Scottish archæologist, who from the formation of the club to its close discharged the arduous duties of honorary secretary; Robert Pitcairn, W.S.; Henry Cockburn, John Clerk, Dr John Lee, James Maidment, advocate, Robert Dundas of Arniston, Archibald Constable, Patrick Fraser Tytler, and many other bibliographers and scholars, who rendered great service in starting and promoting the new club.

Considerable difficulty was at first experienced in the choice of a name for the club, and amongst those at first suggested was that of the Abbotsford; but Sir Walter 'most pointedly declined such a distinction.' In a letter written to Dr Dibdin by Sir Walter Scott, two days previous to the inauguration of the club, the following passage occurs: 'It will not be uninteresting to you to know that a fraternity is about to be established here something on the plan of the Roxburghe Club, but having Scottish antiquities chiefly in view. It is to be called the Bannatyne Club, from the celebrated George Bannatyne, who compiled by far the greatest manuscript record of old Scottish poetry.'

George Bannatyne, whose name was chosen for this the first literary book-club in Scotland, was born in the year 1545, his father being a writer in Edinburgh. George was engaged in mercantile business, and seems to have been an ardent admirer of old Scottish poetry. He even wrote verses himself; but his celebrated collection of ancient poetry is the work on which his fame rests, and for the inheritance of which his posterity ought ever to feel grateful. The circumstances under which the work was completed were somewhat remarkable. In September 1568, the plague, which then occasionally visited Scotland, broke out in Edinburgh, causing terror and alarm, and sweeping away large numbers of the population. Bannatyne, at this time only twenty-three years of age, in order if possible to shun the plague, retired into seclusion to await its departure, but whether in Edinburgh or elsewhere has not been ascertained. To utilise his time to advantage, he had resolved to make a compilation of the old poetry of Scotland; and many valuable relics of past times were by this means saved to posterity, the manuscript transcripts being now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

The Bannatyne manuscript became a family heirloom, and as such, was held by several generations of the compiler's descendants. It was borrowed by Allan Ramsay for the purpose of selecting from its pages materials for his collection known as the *Evergreen*, published in 1724; and Lord Hailes also published a small volume containing some of its treasures in 1770. Two years later, by the liberality of the third Lord Hyndford, it was finally deposited in the Advocates' Library. The volumes have since been used by numerous compilers for the purpose of making extracts, and the whole has lately been carefully transcribed and printed for the members of the Hunterian Club, an institution formed in Glasgow several years ago.

The Bannatyne Club was formed on February 15, 1823. Sir Walter Scott was its first president, and continued to occupy that office till his death in 1832. Following the plan of the Roxburghe Club, the membership was limited to thirty-one, with an annual subscription of four guineas. In course of time, however, applications for admission became so numerous that the number of members was gradually increased to one hundred, the subscription being raised to five guineas. It was arranged that the paper to be used for the books printed for the club should be made from private moulds, having an appropriate device or water-mark, by which these works could be identified.

The club pursued its labours till the year 1861, when it was brought to a termination, after having produced one hundred and sixteen works of various kinds, forming upwards of one hundred and sixty volumes. These works, issued in quarto size, were carefully and ably edited, and many were compiled with great difficulty from unique manuscripts, requiring much patience and skill in transcribing. The collection includes chartularies of the abbeys of St Andrews, Kelso, Melrose, Dunfermline, Brechin, Moray, Dryburgh, Aberbrothock, Inchaffery, &c., all being of vast interest, as affording rich historical information and excellent materials for illustrating ancient laws and national usages, names and pedigrees of old families, transmission of land, habits, and modes of life, &c. A brief reference to some of the principal works issued by the Club will at once show the nature of the whole series, and the practical value of such an institution.

The Ragman Rolls (a term of uncertain origin) are the rolls or records of homage done by the Scottish nobility to King Edward I. in 1296. This volume has been transcribed from the original records and documents preserved in the chapter-house at Westminster and in the Tower of London, and contains the largest and most authentic enumeration of the nobility, barons, landholders, and burgesses, as well as clergy, prior to the fifteenth century.

The Discoverie and Historie of the Gold Mynes in Scotland, 1619, a most singular work, which furnishes a complete and instructive history of the mining schemes which agitated the whole of Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Black Book of Taymouth, a reproduction of 'a curious genealogical history compiled in 1598 by Mr William Bowie, and dedicated to Sir Duncan Campbell, ninth Lord of Glenurquhay;' together with bonds of manrent, inventories, extracts from courtbooks, muster rolls, and original letters, from the year 1570 to 1619.

Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, a remarkable work, compiled from original ancient records and manuscripts, embracing an extraordinary variety of cases which engaged the attention of the Scottish tribunals from 1488 to 1624. These are illustrated by valuable historical notes, and reveal many curious pictures of the national customs, habits, and superstitions of bygone times.

The Darien Papers, being a selection of original letters and official documents relating to the establishment of a colony at Darien by the Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies, 1695–1700. The work contains a plan of the harbour at the Isthmus of Darien, and facsimile of signatures, &c.

Collection of Ancient Scottish Prophecies, in alliterative verse, a remarkably curious work, reprinted from the rare edition of 1603.

The Regalia of Scotland, a collection of interesting papers connected therewith, from 1621 to 1818.

Such are but a few specimens of the literary gems which by means of the Bannatyne Club were drawn from obscurity. Many others equally valuable and interesting might be quoted, including the famous volume of Etchings by Lord Eldin; and many fine specimens of rare old Scottish poetry. The portraits, engravings, and fac-similes of plans and manuscripts, illustrating many of these works, add greatly to their value as records of Scottish history and literature.

Lord Cockburn took a lively interest in the Bannatyne Club from its beginning; and in his interesting *Memorials of his Time*, under date December 1832, thus writes regarding it: 'It has now one hundred members, paying five guineas yearly, many of them having besides contributed costly volumes; and there is as much canvassing for admission into it as for a return to parliament.'

It may be mentioned that complete sets of the books are now almost unobtainable. Only small numbers of the earlier issues were printed to supply the then limited membership, and these seldom occur for sale except when some well-known library is dispersed. Some of the public libraries, however, have managed to acquire sets more or less complete.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

As Captain Avory made it a special request that Dr Mayfield should attend Mr Saverne's funeral, that gentleman consented to do so. He and the captain, together with a certain Mr Kerrison, a lawyer from Exeter, whom the doctor now met for the first time, were the only followers. But when they entered the church, they found there a tall black-veiled figure, whom Dr Mayfield had no difficulty in recognising as Mrs Preedy. She had taken a lodging in the town, and had there awaited the day of the funeral. When the captain's eyes fell on her, he gave vent to a half-smothered exclamation of annoyance. She followed the body to the grave, walking a little apart from the others; and just as the coffin was being lowered, she placed on it a beautiful wreath of exotics, which she produced from under her long black cloak. They left her standing, veiled and motionless, by the side of the grave, when they turned to depart.

Luncheon was laid at the Cottage when they got back; and after that, as Captain Avory wished it so, Dr Mayfield agreed to wait and hear the reading of the will.

'It was a great surprise to me to hear that poor Saverne was dead,' remarked Mr Kerrison

during an absence of the captain from the room.

'Did you not know that he was ill?' queried the doctor.

'I was not even aware that he had returned from Australia.—You must know,' added the lawyer, 'that he and I were very intimate many years ago; in fact, I acted the part of best-man at his wedding.'

'I never heard that Mr Saverne had been married.'

'Oh, but he had been, and to a very charming woman. It was the loss of her and of his child—he had only one—a few months afterwards, that drove him abroad. Although I never heard from him after he went away, I certainly thought he would not return to England without communicating the fact to me, more especially as his will was drawn up by me, and has been in my keeping ever since he left home, a dozen years ago.'

'A man in his state of health might well be excused many things.'

'Edward Saverne, as I remember him, was one of the most unlikely of men to die of any pulmonary complaint. But of course one can't foretell these things.'

At this juncture the captain returned. Luncheon over, they adjourned to the drawing-room to hear the will read. Here they were joined by Mrs Avory. The reading of the will did not occupy many minutes. It was a very simple document. By it the testator bequeathed everything of which he might die possessed to his cousin, Lucius Avory. The 'everything,' it now appeared, resolved itself into a policy of insurance on the testator's life for the sum of five thousand pounds.

'Poor dear Edward does not seem to have made much headway in the colonies,' remarked the captain as the lawyer refolded the document. 'He had only a matter of between three and four hundred pounds when he got back home; and what with keeping up the premium on the policy and the expenses of his illness, I fancy a twenty-pound note would about cover the balance now standing in his name at the bank.'

'While he was abroad, he remitted the money to you, did he not, for payment of the premium?' asked Mr Kerrison.

'He remitted it to his bankers in London, and they remitted it to me. I used to receive a draft every midsummer and Christmas as regularly as the time of payment came round; and just as regularly, till he returned to England, the insurance Company's receipt was forwarded by me to Australia.'

'Ah, poor fellow,' remarked Kerrison, 'he little thought when he insured his life for so large a sum, that both wife and child would so soon be taken from him!'

Captain Avory shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply.

'By the way,' said the lawyer as he was putting on his overcoat in the hall, 'who was that tall veiled woman who laid a wreath on our poor friend's coffin this morning?'

'Some distant relative of his wife, I fancy,' answered the captain in his off-hand way. 'She came once or twice to see Edward during his illness, but I never rightly understood the nature of the link between them.'

What could be Captain Avory's motive in making for the second time so deliberate a misstatement of fact? It was a question which the more Dr Mayfield pondered over, the less probability there seemed of his being able to answer it.

A few days later, Captain Avory called upon the doctor. He intended starting for London the following morning, where he had an appointment with Mr Kerrison; and he wanted a copy of the certificate of his cousin's death, in order to lodge the same with the insurance Company. The document in question was duly supplied him.

About a fortnight later, Dr Mayfield was waited upon by a stranger, who announced himself as Mr Muncaster, from the Stork Insurance Office, London, adding that his object in calling was to make a few inquiries respecting the illness and death of the late Mr Edward Saverne. He was a gentlemanly, shrewd-looking man; and Dr Mayfield told him that he should be pleased to answer to the best of his ability any questions he might think fit to put to him.

He thanked the doctor, and then, having produced his note-book, he said: 'Mr Saverne was insured in our office for the sum of five thousand pounds. Whenever a heavy policy falls in, we make it a point to satisfy ourselves by personal inquiries, as far as it is possible to do so, that the claim made upon us is a genuine one, and that we are not being made the victims of a fraud.'

'A very laudable precaution on your part,' replied the doctor blandly.

'This document was, I presume, made out by you?' said Mr Muncaster, producing the certificate that had been given to Avory.

'It was.'

'How long had you professionally attended Mr Saverne at the time of his death?'

'Ever since his arrival at Boscombe, seven months ago.'

'Then, he was ill when he came here?'

'At my first interview with him I saw that he was a doomed man.'

'Mr Saverne, I presume, came here ostensibly for the benefit of his health. From what place did he come?'

'That is more than I can tell you. Both he and Captain Avory spoke vaguely of having come from some place in the north, but beyond that I know nothing.'

'Can you give me any idea as to the date of Mr Saverne's arrival in England from Australia?'

'That also is a point respecting which I am altogether ignorant.'

'I presume that Mr Saverne resided under the same roof with the Avorys from the time of their arrival here up to his death?'

'He did. They all lived together at Trevenna Cottage.'

'And their treatment of Mr Saverne was uniformly kind, and all that the circumstances of the case necessitated?'

'It was. Mrs Avory nearly wore herself out in nursing Mr Saverne.'

'By the way, Dr Mayfield, can you tell me who Captain Avory really is?'

'I know no more than the man in the moon.'

'I ask because we can't find his name in any Army List either of recent date or as far back as a dozen years ago, and he hardly looks like a naval man.'

'There are no suspicious features in the case, I trust; nothing to lead you to doubt the *bona fides* of the claim?' remarked the doctor presently.

'Nothing tangible, certainly; and yet I cannot say that our directors are altogether satisfied. I have had an interview with Mr Kerrison, the lawyer who had the custody of the will for so many years. It seems somewhat singular, considering on what intimate terms he and the testator appear to have been in former times, that he should have been left in ignorance of the latter's return to England. Then, again, when Captain Avory was asked the name of the vessel by which his cousin returned, he declared at once his inability to supply it. His statement was that Mr Saverne had come home quite unexpectedly, and had followed him and his wife to Buxton, at which place they were staying for a short time. When asked the name of the hotel or boarding-house at which Mr Saverne joined him and his wife, in order that we might endeavour to trace that gentleman's name in the visitors' list, he stood upon his dignity, as if his honour had been impugned, and positively declined to afford us any further information in the matter; neither would he furnish us with the name and address of the medical practitioner who attended his cousin previously to his coming under your care. There the matter rests for the present. The captain is pressing for an early settlement of his claim; but, as I said before, we are not quite satisfied, and five thousand pounds is a large sum of money. All this, of course, I tell you in the strictest confidence.'

Dr Mayfield shook his head. He had answered Mr Muncaster's questions to the best of his ability, and did not see his way to assist him further. It seemed to him that the insurance Company were unduly and needlessly suspicious in the affair. What more natural than that a man in Captain Avory's position should lose his temper and refuse to answer a lot of questions which, while apparently trivial in themselves, were in reality little better than an insult when put to any one who retained a grain of self-respect? Such questions, in fact, were nothing less than an implication of fraud, and the captain was quite justified in resenting them.

Such were some of the thoughts that passed through the worthy doctor's mind as he sat gazing at Mr Muncaster through his spectacles, while the latter made a few entries in his note-book.

Presently Mr Muncaster put away his book with something of the air of a man who has come on a bootless errand, and then, after a little talk on ordinary topics, he proceeded to take his leave.

About three weeks had elapsed, and Dr Mayfield had ceased to think of the matter, when one day, as he was turning over the contents of his desk, he accidentally came across the scrap of paper which Mrs Preedy had slipped into his hand when she begged of him to summon her by telegraph in time to enable her to be by her brother's side during his last moments. The sight of this paper set the doctor thinking, and caused him to ask himself again the question which he had asked several times previously: In what way was it possible to reconcile Mrs Preedy's statement that Mr Saverne was her brother with Captain Avory's statement that the relationship between them was of the most distant kind? The more the doctor puzzled over this problem the more uneasy and disquieted he became.

'What a pity it is,' he murmured, 'that I did not think about all this when Mr Muncaster was here! There may be something in it, or there may be nothing. If Captain Avory's claim on the insurance Company is a genuine one, no harm could possibly have come of my speaking out; while, on the other hand, if there is anything fraudulent in connection with it, the more light that can be thrown on the transaction the better.'

Presently he called to mind that it only wanted about a week to his birthday, an anniversary which he always made a point of keeping with his sister in London; and he then and there resolved to start for town at once, where he would call on Mr Muncaster and tell him all about the episode of Mrs Preedy, leaving him to act on the information in whatever way he might deem advisable. Next day, Dr Mayfield walked into the palatial offices of the Stork Insurance Company and asked to see that gentleman.

'What you have just told me is singular—very singular,' remarked Mr Muncaster to his visitor, when the latter had brought his narrative to a close. 'And I am more obliged to you than I can say; only, I do so wish that I had known of this a little earlier. The fact is, a letter was posted to Captain Avory only three hours ago, in which he was informed that the Board had now sanctioned the settlement of his claim, and that a cheque for five thousand pounds would be waiting his acceptance here at noon on Wednesday next.'

'I am glad of that,' exclaimed the doctor with an air of relief. 'I felt sure all along that everything would turn out right in the end.'

Mr Muncaster laughed a silent laugh. 'I am by no means so sure on that point as I was half an hour ago,' he said.

The doctor's face fell. 'You don't mean to say that what I have just told you'—— he began, and then he stopped abruptly.

'My dear sir, I don't mean to say anything at present, except this: that it is just possible that what you have now told me may serve to throw an unexpected ray of light on certain phases of the affair we have been discussing, which so far have remained in obscurity. Your information may prove valuable, or it may prove of no value whatever. In any case, I mean at once to put it to the proof.'

'May I ask what it is that you purpose doing?'

'What I purpose is, to go down to Stonelands and hunt up Mrs Preedy.' As he spoke, he consulted a Bradshaw for a few moments, and

then glanced at the clock. 'I find there is a train from St Pancras in an hour and a half, which is timed to reach Stonelands at ten P.M. That is the train by which I shall travel.'

OXFORD PASS SCHOOLS.

'SMALLS.'

In a great number of modern novels, we read —it is incidentally mentioned—that the hero, if an Oxford man, has got 'a Double First;' if a Cantab, that he was, of course, 'Senior Wrangler;' but the 'Double First' is the usual distinction, perhaps because the words are more euphonious. Probably, if all the peers and peeresses, descended from 'families founded at the Conquest,' and endowed with vast estates, who appear in English fiction, had really existed, England would have had to grow to the size at least of Australia to accommodate them; and similarly, if the names of all the 'Double Firsts' who are mentioned by authors had really figured in the class lists, these latter would have swelled to dimensions which might well have astonished college tutors and made examiners despair.

But, in point of fact, 'a Double First' is not quite so common, or so easily obtained, as novelists would lead people to believe. Moreover, authors—and more especially authoresses—seem often to entertain very vague and hazy ideas both as to what 'a Double First' may be, and also as to how it is to be achieved. It is noticeable that a 'hero' scarcely ever gets a 'First;' he is never content with anything less than the 'Double.'

The old Double First meant a first class 'in Literis Humanioribus' (old languages) and in Mathematics, which were once upon a time the only Honour Schools. But that is changed, and there are now, in addition to these, four other schools—Theology, Modern History, Jurisprudence, and Natural Science; while this last is again divided into three—Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Novelists would therefore—it is humbly suggested—do well if, for the future, they would be kind enough to specify in which of these divisions their hero took his 'Double First,' and not leave their readers in doubt whether they are to consider him a classical and mathematical, or a theological and modern-historical, or a natural science man, especially as the characteristics of those who have taken their degrees in these different schools are usually very distinct.

The object of this article is to treat not of Honour Schools, but of Pass Schools. Let us begin, then, in company with the 'Fresher,' at his first 'varsity exam., Responsions, better known as 'Smalls.' This ordeal is generally undergone by the freshman in his first term. If he fails to pass, he probably has another and yet another 'shot;' for though the regulations of each college vary in strictness, yet the general rule is that undergraduates must pass Smalls by the end of their first, and Mods (Moderations) by the end of their second year; while, as the former—alone amidst Oxford examinations—recurs three times each year, it follows that at most colleges people have a threefold chance.

The first indispensable requisite is to go through the solemn ceremony of 'putting your name down.' This process consists—unless your college tutors undertake to do the business for you—in marching up the hall of the institution, of which the presiding proctor is a member, to the high table where he awaits the herd of undergraduates. He is assisted by a pro-proctor, and also by those faithful myrmidons yclept 'Bulldogs.' Here is to be heard the monotonous chink of the sovereigns as they fall one by one into the soup-plate which forms their usual receptacle, while the neophyte humbly presents his 'matric. paper'—that is, his certificate of matriculation—and the form on which he has had to write a list of his subjects. The extent of choice accorded, in this the first fiery furnace through which aspirants to an Oxford degree have to pass, is not great. Arithmetic, grammar, and Latin prose are obligatory on all; and in each, one paper is set. Let us imagine, then, these preliminaries over, and the day fixed for the commencement of the examination at length arrived. We will say that it is the Lent Term, that the day is wet, and that the time is 8.50 A.M. Behold the unhappy wights wending their way towards those dark and dismal buildings, called 'The Schools,' which are to them what the Inquisition was to the sixteenth-century heretic. All the youths are apparelled—in addition to the orthodox cap and gown—in black morning-coats and white evening-ties, a fashion which fate, custom, or tradition has ordained.

The doors are opened; and after a few minutes' inevitable confusion, caused by the difficulty each man experiences on the first day of an examination in finding his own table, people settle down to their work, and no sound is to be heard but the rustling of papers and the scratching of pens. It is beautiful to see the joy and ardour, as yet undamped by any memory of past defeats, with which the young beginner addresses himself to his task.

How different is the aspect of the 'old hand,' who recognises at once the dreadful fact that he is again upon his trial; and who, after a few vain attempts to cope with the easiest questions before him, abandons himself to the melancholy pleasure of inscribing his name and the date of the impending catastrophe in ink, or with his knife, on the little table at which he sits. These tables become in course of time perfect monuments of agony, and the literature to be found on them is curious and, indeed, probably unique. Deeply scored by the knives and marked by the pens of the countless generations of victims who have made their wooden surfaces the record of their despair, they furnish a dreadful warning to their present employers of the fate which too probably awaits themselves.

As time advances and the allotted three hours wear to an end, the several aspects of the youths who sit at these tables become even more varied and interesting than those of the tables themselves. You see one gentleman, who erst with smiling contentment pursued his smooth career (on paper), now, with his pen projecting from betwixt his pallid lips, staring wildly upwards and around, as if seeking in the air for inspiration. Another, while his hand is apparently

paralysed by doubt, has his head bent down, even until his face almost touches the printed questions which perplex his soul. But by this time the one hundred and eighty precious minutes have almost worn away, and the voice of the presiding examiner falls on the ears of the 'panting crowd' in sounds of dreadful import: 'I must ask for your papers, gentlemen, in ten minutes.' Simple words apparently; but oh, the thrill which they occasion in the hearts of the hearers!

The gentleman with the paralysed hand immediately regains the use of that member, and commences to write as if he really hoped to overtake Time. The staring youth and the youth with his nose on his paper ply their pens with the same desperate earnestness; while occasionally some hapless being—at the back of the room—whom even the exigences of the moment fail to inspire with ideas, can be heard to groan aloud.

It should be observed, however, that a Pass School differs from an Honour School in that, while in the latter nearly every one writes to the last moment, in the former, most men have given up their papers and departed before the last horrible instant of inevitable separation arrives. Those who in this case remain are either people insufficiently crammed, or else who have the misfortune to be slow writers. The demand for the papers has generally to be repeated again and again in tones of constantly increasing fierceness, before they are at length rendered up. 'Gentlemen, I must ask for your papers'—'I must have your papers, gentlemen, if you please'—'Gentlemen, I really must have your papers'—'Gentlemen, I must ask you to cease writing.' At last: 'I cannot take your papers, gentlemen, unless they are at once given up.' Even this intimation sometimes fails to take effect upon a stubborn few; and it becomes necessary for the examiner to go round and about the long rows of little tables himself, and perhaps literally with his own hands take the papers from the 'pictures of despair' before him. Next follows a rush back to your college, or your 'diggings,' for lunch; and then once more a gathering at the schools, where the conversation largely consists of prophecies of woe to come. Not one individual in ten ventures to say that he thinks he is 'through.'

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the tortures of an Oxford Passman—or Honourman, either—end, like those of a candidate in an ordinary exam., with his paper-work. On the contrary, when this is finished, there ensues a terrible interval of waiting, more or less protracted according to the place of your name on the alphabetical list, which is followed by a most excruciating species of vivisection, known as *vivâ voce*. On one side of a long, green-baize-covered table, strewn with books, sit three examiners; while on the other side, facing them, is a student with ashen looks, quivering voice, and unsteady limbs. His mental sufferings are often made more intolerable by the presence of strangers, and even—will it be believed?—of ladies! Yes, the cruelty of Roman maids and matrons, who crowded to the amphitheatre to behold the agonies of striving and dying men, has its parallel in our own times in the callous indifference to human pain with which fair visitors to Oxford flock to witness the torments of those who are being thus 'put to the question.' They have come to see the sights of the place, and this is one of them. They are heedless of the aggravation of misery their presence brings.

When our friend, having finished his *viva*, or rather having been finished by it, rushes away with despair depicted on his countenance, he still has before him a ghastly period of suspense. Unless he happens to be in the last batch of men taken, he may yet have to wait for days before he at length learns his fate. This is finally ascertained by repairing to the 'Clerk of the Schools,' who is to be found therein, and by asking him if he has a '*testamur* for Mr So-and-so of So-and-so.' It is a duty generally, though by no means invariably, performed by deputy, and the office of the intermediary is frequently a very painful one. Thus, supposing it is asked: 'Have you a *testamur* in Smalls for Mr Lastshot of John's?' there ensues an awful pause while the man of destiny, who is quite as well known to most undergraduates as the Martyrs' Memorial, turns over the packet of 'bits of blue' in his hands. 'No, sir' at last comes, in long drawn-out accents; and it forthwith becomes the melancholy task of the sympathising inquirer to repair to the trembling expectant and break to him—as gently as may be—the mournful intelligence that he is 'ploughed.' It is worthy of note that, however well assured of this fact the latter may have hitherto professed himself to be, the absolute assurance of it falls upon him with none the less force. On the other hand, if the errand of the messenger employed be crowned with success, he returns at headlong speed, and rushes with astounding clamour into the rooms of the favourite of fortune whose *testamur* he has obtained. Other friends probably appear, and there ensues what a newspaper would term 'tumultuous applause'—hurrahing, patting on the back, and vociferous congratulation. If the chance of success has been somewhat critical, he will very possibly celebrate his triumph by giving a 'wine,' a species of conviviality which too often earns a more forcible title.

Such are some of the details attendant upon the operation of 'passing Smalls;' but it should be observed that in one important point the conditions recently existing have undergone alteration. Since Lent Term 1882, the 'new schools' which deform, or adorn, 'the High' have, for examination purposes, begun to replace the old; and those who now seek to compass the first stage towards the attainment of their degree, assemble, not, as of yore, in an open quadrangle, but within the great hall of the modern building. Thence they are admitted into vast chambers, where luxuries unknown to their predecessors await them. For, whereas the introduction into the old schools of any lighting apparatus, or of any system calculated to maintain the vital heat of the human frame, was strictly prohibited, and whereas it was therefore no unwonted sight in winter-time to see ulsters and railway-rugs resorted to in the vain endeavour to keep out the cold, future generations of Oxford-men will be granted the previously unheard-of comfort derived from the functions of hot-water pipes,

and will also not be required, henceforth, to rely for illumination solely on the light of the sun, which, by a little after four P.M. on a winter's day, is usually chiefly conspicuous by its absence.

POOR LITTLE MISS MOONSHEE.

PICTURE to yourself a neat little figure, habited in a rustling brown silk gown, point-lace cap and collar, and black mittens; a small elderly lady with mild wandering blue eyes, and a tremulous mouth, whose uncertain glance and shrinking manner spoke of some terrible shock sustained by the nervous system in days gone by. Such was Miss Moonshee when I first made her acquaintance.

I was the daughter of a Melbourne merchant, and born and brought up in that city; but at the date of my story (1872), we had removed to Richmond, a suburb of the Victorian capital. A strong active girl of seventeen, I was daily in the habit of walking up to town to attend classes at a school in —— Street. During my walk to and from Melbourne, I was more than once struck by the appearance of one of the cottages which I passed. It was a neat little place, painted white, with green veranda posts. The windows which faced the road were full of rare geraniums and ferns; and the trimly kept garden-plot was planted with all manner of fragrant old-fashioned flowers and herbs. It was the lady of the cottage, however, who, even more than her pleasant surroundings, interested me. When the sun shone, she was always to be seen, dressed in the fashion I have already described, seated under the veranda in a low chair busily engaged in netting. Like Penelope's web, her task seemed endless, and she seldom raised her eyes from her work, which engrossed all her attention. An old Irishwoman, who was continually hovering about, either weeding or watering the garden, appeared to be her only domestic; but I was soon to become better acquainted with both lady and servant.

One hot January afternoon I was plodding slowly homewards, my mind full of a certain stiff German exercise required by Herr H—— on the morrow. In my preoccupation, I was in the act of passing the white cottage with the green veranda posts without looking, as I usually did, to see if the old lady was in her accustomed place, when a cry of unmistakable anguish from the interior arrested my steps. To unlatch the garden-gate and hurry up to the front door was the work of a moment. There, however, I paused, undecided whether to knock and offer my services, or retrace my steps. While I hesitated, the door was opened from within, and the old Irishwoman presented herself, beckoning me to enter. Silently I followed her into a prettily furnished sitting-room, bright with pictures, books, and flowers. This much I took in at the first glance; my second rested on the evident cause of the old Irishwoman's distress—the pale inanimate form of her mistress, which lay stretched on a couch near the window. The poor lady was in a dead-faint, a phase of indisposition sufficiently alarming to her faithful domestic, who, in an agony of tears, asked if it was any use to send for the doctor.

Now, I had had considerable experience in the treatment of fainting-fits, my mother being unhappily subject to frequent lapses into unconsciousness, from which, acting under the doctor's orders, I had generally been successful in recovering her. I therefore spoke reassuringly to old Mally—she had told me her name—and at once set about applying the restoratives to the invalid that I had found so useful on former occasions. In a short time we had the satisfaction of seeing the poor lady open her eyes and fix a bewildered look on her maid, who was on her knees by the couch. Her glance then rested on me with a puzzled expression.

'You have been ill,' I explained gently; 'and Mally and I have been trying to make you better.'

'It is very good of you to take so much trouble with a foolish old woman, my dear,' she replied in a weak voice; and the ghost of a smile flitted over her pallid face.

'Ould and foolish!' indignantly repeated Mally, furtively drying her eyes on her apron, and turning a beaming face towards her mistress. 'Sure, it's joking you are, Miss Kathleen. And what would Masther Shane say, did he hear you miscalling his sweet Kerry rose?'

The old Irishwoman's words had a wonderful effect on the invalid. A faint pink flush suffused her cheeks, her eyes shone, so that for the moment she looked almost pretty. The change, however, was but fleeting. The colour quickly faded, her eyes resumed their usual expression; and murmuring something to the effect, that one is always fair to those who love one, she closed her eyes, as if to shut out some disagreeable recollection. Presently, she said, in a low entreating voice: 'Oh, Shane darling, why do you linger? Old age is creeping on, and I am weary of waiting—oh, so weary!' And as she spoke, the tears trickled slowly down her thin cheeks.

I was glad when the entrance of the maid with the tea-things roused her. Desiring Mally to place the tray on a small table beside her, the little lady sat up, and insisted on pouring out a cup of tea for me, apologising, while handing me the bread and butter, for what she called her rudeness. 'I was overcome with old memories, my dear, so I hope you will excuse me.' The tea was strong, and under its stimulating influence my hostess became quite talkative. She told me her name was Kathleen Moonshee; that she was by birth a native of County Kerry, Ireland, but had been for more than thirty years resident in Victoria. 'But I have never quite liked the colony, my dear,' she said in her gentle way; 'and Mally and I would have left it long ago, but for a reason of our own. There is a friend, a very dear friend, who has promised to join us some day soon, it may be to-day;' and her eyes brightened. 'I cannot tell for certain, however. But when he does come, we shall all go home together to the cool green Kerry meadows and

its beautiful lakes.—You have heard, I daresay, of the lakes of Killarney?'

I admitted I had read of them, but begged her to describe them, which she did in a rather rambling fashion, stopping frequently to inquire if she were wearying me. At last the clock warned me that it was getting late, and I rose to go.

'Am I to have the pleasure of seeing you again?' asked Miss Moonshee, as she took my proffered hand. 'Mally and I are not very entertaining; but we should be delighted to see you, if you care to come.'

'I shall be very pleased to come,' I replied; and shaking her hand heartily, took my leave, being followed to the gate by the old Irishwoman, calling down blessings on my head.

When I told the story of my adventure at home, at the same time declaring my intention of paying Miss Moonshee an early visit, my father laughed, and patted me on the cheek. 'Please yourself, Polly,' he said; 'but I am inclined to think your new friend is neither more nor less than a harmless lunatic.'

My father's opinion of Miss Moonshee did not greatly astonish me. There was decidedly something peculiar about her; but, argued I, that is no reason why I should not fulfil my promise. So it came about that two days later I again found myself in the little lady's parlour. This visit proved the forerunner of many more, until, from an occasional caller at the white cottage with the green veranda posts, I became the daily visitor and intimate friend of its mistress. I had learned to love poor little Miss Moonshee with a protecting fondness, such as the young and strong sometimes entertain for the old and weak. Moreover, to me she seemed the embodiment of that old-world refinement, that, assertive young colonial as I was, I could thoroughly appreciate. And she clung to me, this gentle Irish lady, looking eagerly for my coming, and following me with wistful glances when I took my leave. She spoke but seldom of her past, and although adverting at times to her long-expected friend, seemed, on the whole, to prefer drawing me on to talk of my school friends and studies. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, she would warble plaintive Irish ballads to her harp, in a wonderfully clear true voice, the sound of which always drew old Mally from the kitchen. I was accustomed on those occasions to sing *The wearin' o' the Green* to a piano accompaniment; and when Mally's national enthusiasm was sufficiently stirred by its irresistible passion and pathos, to dash into a jig, thereby setting the old woman capering like a true daughter of Erin.

Mally invariably apologised to her mistress for 'shaking her foot,' as she termed the antics she indulged in; then, bestowing an admiring glance on me, usually added insinuatingly: 'Sure, miss, nobody as hadn't a drop of the real ould blood could lilt the tune as you do.'

'You think she has Kerry blood in her veins, Mally?' Miss Moonshee would say with a smile.

'Sorra a doubt of it; and if Masther Shane heard her play *The Rocky Roads to Dublin*, he'd say the same.'

The little lady's face always reddened at the mention of the foregoing name, and I noticed that immediately afterwards she became restless, making frequent excursions to the window, from which she returned sighing heavily. I had long ago identified 'Masther Shane' with the dear friend whose advent she anticipated. 'Some old lover,' I said to myself, 'knocking about the world, but still confidently expected by the faithful heart, that believed in vows long since forgotten by the wanderer.' Was this how matters stood, or was the much-talked-of friend a phantom of poor little Miss Moonshee's weak brain?

I put the question rather abruptly to old Mally one day when engaged in interviewing her parrot in the kitchen: 'Who is Mr Shane? And do you really expect him?'

The old Irishwoman's face went as white as the table napkin she was ironing. 'What put it into your pretty head to ask?' she inquired coaxingly, but with a suspicious glance.

'Well, Mally, I have thought more than once that, as the Scotch say, he is lang in comin'.'

'You may well say "long," miss,' returned old Mally tearfully. '"Tisn't in this world Miss Kathleen will ever set eyes on him.'

'You don't mean to say he is dead!' I exclaimed.

The old woman nodded mournfully; then asked in a whisper if I were quite sure her mistress was asleep. Yes; I was quite sure; she had dozed off while I was playing one of my simple lullabies; and when I stole from the room, had fallen into a profound slumber.

'The saints send her dreams of Masther Shane!' piously ejaculated Mally, who, like her mistress, belonged to the 'ould religion;' 'for 'tis the only comfort she has, poor darling.'

'But Mr Shane, who was he?' I put in eagerly.

'One of the ould O'Connells, of course. Kings they were before the Conquest, miss, and from first to last an open-handed race. And by reason of that same generosity, Masther Shane, when he came of age found, that saving the ould Hall and two hundred acres of bog, sorra a foot of the great estates of his ancestors belonged to him. —And now, miss, I'll tell you the whole story, for it's you desarves to be treated like a friend of the family, so kind you've been to my poor lady.' There was a solemn look on her wrinkled face as she made the promise; and without further preamble, old Mally related her tale, somewhat as follows.

'Miss Kathleen and Masther Shane were cousins, and reared together at the Hall by Miss O'Connell, their aunt, for they were orphans. Fine childer they were; and they grew up among the kindly Kerry folks, who loved them for their own sakes, as well as for the good blood that showed itself so plainly in both. For hadn't Miss Kathleen the bloom of the rose, the eye of the dove, and the sweetest temper in Ireland? And wasn't Masther Shane tall and handsome, with curly black hair, the eye of the hawk, and the bould bearing of the O'Connells? Sure, they were made for each other, everybody said; and so they seemed to think, the young masther being barely one-and-twenty, and his cousin but eighteen when they were betrothed. Wirra! but sorrow was at hand. Miss O'Connell the aunt died; and her income,

that had kept them all comfortable, died with her; so, as I said before, except the ould Hall, a bit of wet bog, and a trifle of money in the bank, Masther Shane was left penniless. As for Miss Kathleen, her sweet face was her fortune.

'Well, miss, the poor young masther was nigh desperate; he couldn't tear himself away from his cousin; and if he married her, there was little but starvation before them. 'Twas mighty hard on the young creatures; but the darker things looked, the closer they clung to one another; and however despondent he might be, the masther had always a smile for Miss Kathleen; while she, God bless her, loved the very ground he walked on. I had nursed them both, so it was quite natural they should confide in ould Mally.

'Och, but it was a black day when Masther Shane made up his mind to seek his fortune in Australia. 'Twas young Edward Doyle put it into his head to emigrate. He was the second son of Squire Doyle of Killibog Castle; and having a bit of money, he thought would make it more by sheep-farming in Victoria. Miss Ellen, his sister, the toast of the county, and a great friend of Miss Kathleen's, was wild to go with him; and the long and short of it was, Masther Shane, Miss Kathleen, and the two young Doyles made up their minds to try their luck together in the far-away land.

'Sure, 'twas hard to leave Kerry, where I'd been born and reared; but 'twould have been harder to bid good-bye to my darlings; so I up and said I would go with them, if they would but take me. "Of course we'll take you, Mally," says Masther Shane in his joking way. "We're four giddy young creatures; and it's a quiet decent body like yourself we need to keep us in order."

'So it was settled; and before three months had elapsed, we had left ould Ireland and sailed for Melbourne in a big emigrant ship. Ah, weary me! but there was sweethearting galore aboard. All the gentlemen were head and ears in love with my young ladies. But Miss Kathleen had no eyes save for her cousin; and Miss Ellen flouted them all to their faces, all but a young English officer, who had a smile now and again from her—just to keep up his heart, she said.

'We took close on five months to make the voyage; and pleased all on board were when the anchor was dropped in Hobson's Bay. Melbourne was a small place in the year we landed, more like a village than the great city of to-day. But the young folks were in high spirits, ready to make the best of everything, even the dirty inn they were forced to put up at the first night ashore. Next day, the gentlemen hired a small four-roomed cabin, into which we moved, and where the young things were as happy as the day was long. It had been arranged that Miss Kathleen's wedding was not to take place until Masther Shane and young Doyle had built their house on the land allotted to them somewhere in the Western District; the ladies remaining in Melbourne under ould Mally's charge during their absence.

'The night before they left, I was cooking the supper in the kitchen, when Masther Shane called me into the parlour. The young Doyles were out, and he and Miss Kathleen were sitting together on the sofa. Her head was hidden on his shoulder, and she was crying bitterly; while he, poor boy, a troubled look on his handsome face, was trying to comfort her; but 'twasn't a bit of use. "Shane," she sobbed, "'tis the first time we've been parted, and my heart tells me we shall never meet again."

"Mally," says the masther despairingly, "what can I say to comfort her?" Then a sudden thought striking him, he turned to his cousin, with a smile, and "Mavourneen," says he, "you haven't forgotten the ould story we read long ago of the brave Sir Roland, who sounded his horn in the Pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, when he was sore beset by the Moors, and how Charlemagne the great emperor heard the sound where he was hunting, more than a hundred miles away?" She said she remembered the tale. "Well," says he, "am not I your own true knight, asthore? And although I haven't a horn like the gallant Sir Roland, I have something just as good—a stout stockman's whip. So, if danger befall, I'll just fetch a sounding smack with the lash, and here in this cabin you'll hear the noise."

'He was smiling all the time he was speaking; but Miss Kathleen took it seriously. "You won't forget," says she. "Sure and I won't," says he, "if you'll promise not to fret till you hear the sound of the lash."—"I promise," says she; and with that Miss Ellen and her brother came in at the front door, and I went back to the kitchen.

'Well, miss, Masther Shane and his friend started next day with half-a-dozen men and four wagons. "You'll take care of Miss Kathleen," said the poor boy wistfully when bidding me good-bye; "and should anything happen to me, you'll never desert her, will you, Mally?"—"Can you doubt it?" said I. "But what should happen to one as is prayed for by a pure saint like my young lady?"—"What, indeed," muttered he; and then he wrung my hand, and hurried off to take his last kiss from the sweet lips he loved so well, little thinking 'twas the very last on this side the grave.

'So we were left alone, the two young ladies and myself, in the little cabin in Melbourne. Miss Kathleen kept her word, and didn't fret, though many a time her heart was full. She just went quietly about the house, thinking of her cousin and nought else. 'Twould have been a dull time but for Miss Ellen Doyle. She was the one to be always singing, joking, or laughing, and the days sped rapidly until the ninth after the young gentlemen had set out on their journey. 'Twas a Friday night—I remember it well, for sorra a bit of fish could I get for the dinner that day; and Miss Ellen laughed when I came back empty-handed, and says she: "We shan't dine to-day, Mally; we'll just wait till tea-time." And so they did. Passing nine o'clock, they would have me into the parlour. "For, Mally," says Miss Ellen, "we want you to tell us one of your capital stories. Let it be about Kerry." We were sitting round the table, our knitting in our hands. I was between the young ladies, and had just opened my mouth to say that the story I meant to give them was called the Banshee of Gobkillin, when, without a bit of

warning, my darling Miss Kathleen gave a sudden start—"The stock whip!" she cried, "I heard it distinctly!" Miss Kathleen trembled like an aspen leaf; and calling to mind Masther Shane's words, my heart sank within me. She lay back in her chair without a sign of life, her fair young face convulsed with such a look of terror as I never saw before or since.

'We got her into bed, and then Miss Ellen ran out for a doctor; and chancing to meet Mr Webb, the surgeon of the ship that carried us to Melbourne, brought him back with her. He was both kind and skilful, and did his best for my stricken darling; but he told us plump and plain that her case was a mortal bad one. 'Twas brain-fever she had; and for weeks she lay 'twixt life and death, raving ever and always of her cousin and the danger he was in.

'The fever was at its height, when, late one night, young Edward Doyle knocked at the door. Ochone! but he had the bad news to tell. Masther Shane, the last and best of his race, was dead, murthered by the blood-thirsty blacks. It was on the ninth evening after they had left Melbourne that the savages set upon them, taking them at unawares as they sat round their camp-fire. But a volley from the white men's pistols sent the blacks back into the bush howling like fiends. Then it was that the masther, vowing vengeance on the savages, plunged into the wood in hot pursuit of them. The others followed, but in the darkness lost sight of him; nor did they find the poor boy till daybreak. He was lying under a tree quite dead, the blood slowly oozing from a deep wound in his side. He had flung away his empty pistol; but his right hand still gripped the heavy whip with which he had seemingly defended himself against his enemies. They buried him where he fell, under the shade of a blue-gum, with only a rude cross at his head, to mark where the last of the O'Connells lay.

'Such was the sad tale young Doyle told us, the tears running down his face the while, for he loved Masther Shane like a brother, and his heart ached for Miss Kathleen. The doctor shook his head when he heard the story. 'Twould be a merciful thing, he said, provided his patient did recover, that all recollection of the past should have faded from her mind.

'She did recover, poor darling, but very slowly. At first, we thought her memory was entirely gone. By degrees, however, she began to remember, and by-and-by asked for her cousin. To please her, we said he had gone on a long journey up-country; and when we found she believed it, Mr Webb told us to keep up the delusion.

'Well, miss, there isn't much more to tell. Miss Ellen Doyle married the English officer who was so sweet on her during the voyage out, and went with him to Tasmania. About the same time, Squire Doyle's eldest son having been killed in the hunting-field, Misther Edward was written for by his father. But before he went, he had this cottage built and furnished for Miss Kathleen; and he and Mrs Major Gayworthy—Miss Ellen Doyle that was—settled a small pension on my mistress, that keeps her in comfort. Here we've lived for over thirty years; and except for the longing she has to see her cousin, it hasn't been altogether an unhappy time for my poor lady. I used to worry myself, thinking how lonesome she'd feel if I were taken first. But since she's come to know and love you, miss, I've been quite easy; for should anything happen to ould Mally, I know you'll never see her at a loss.'

The old Irishwoman had told her tale with emotion. Nor could I for the moment help crediting the supernatural element in the story. But at this moment Miss Moonshee's voice was heard calling me by name, and I hurried to the sitting-room. Never had I seen her more animated. Her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks crimson, and she smiled gaily as I entered. 'My dear,' she cried, 'I have had such a sweet dream, all about the dear friend you have often heard me mention—my cousin Shane. But I must show you his likeness.' And with fingers that trembled sadly, the poor lady opened a locket she always wore, disclosing the miniature of a fine-looking youth, with a pleasant expression on his frank open countenance.

'Is he not handsome?' she enquired, gazing fondly on the smiling face.

'He is indeed,' I returned, feeling the tears gathering in my eyes.

'Dear Shane, what a deal he must have gone through! But he is really coming to-night, ah! yes, and then how happy we shall be. I may not tell you my dream to-day,' she added with a little laugh; 'but to-morrow, you will look in to-morrow before you go to church? Then, my dear, you shall know all.'

I gave the desired promise; and shortly after, bent my steps homewards, meditating on poor little Miss Moonshee's sad history and harmless delusion. The morrow found me an hour before church-time at her door. It was opened by Mally. 'Miss Kathleen has overslept herself,' she said; 'but I'll just tap and ask if she won't see you in bed.'

Repeated knocks at her mistress's door eliciting no response, the old Irishwoman turned the handle and peeped in. 'She's sound asleep, poor darling,' she whispered. 'Just cast your eyes on her, miss, and see how pleased she looks.'

I did so. The expression on her face was indeed a happy one; but there was that about it which caused me to step quickly forward and lay my hand lightly on the brow of the sleeper. It was icy cold! Yes; he had come for her at last, the long-expected lover. For, gazing on the placid countenance of the dead, who could doubt but a vision of the beloved one had gladdened the soul of the sleeper, and left its impress on her smiling face, ere death had claimed its prey!

''Twould be a sin to wish her back, so happy she looks,' wailed poor old Mally.—'But oh, Miss Kathleen, darling, why didn't you take me with you!'

The separation was but of brief duration. The faithful old Irishwoman soon followed poor little Miss Moonshee to the grave; and a white marble cross in a corner of the Melbourne Cemetery marks the spot where mistress and maid sleep their last sleep.

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LOUIS PASTEUR.

On the façade of a little house in the Rue des Tanneurs at Dôle may be seen a plate bearing, in letters of gold, the following inscription: 'Here was born Louis Pasteur, December 27, 1822.' It was placed there in the presence of the living man, as he was borne in a triumphal procession along the streets of the old town where he had spent his early days. 'England has ceased to stone and burn her prophets,' says Froude in his Life of Carlyle; 'she is contented to pay them some moderate homage, and leaves the final decorating work to future generations.' In Germany and France, the final decorating work is less grudgingly awarded. The crowns with oak leaves are not only given to actors and prima donnas, and still less to politicians, but they are worn by men of science, to whom the word 'success' bears a different meaning from that which is commonly given to it amongst ourselves: with them, success does not mean money or fame; it means the attainment of that knowledge which shall be of lasting benefit to humanity.

Pasteur's parents were of humble origin, and poor. His father, an old soldier, decorated on the field of battle, took up the trade of a tanner when, the war over, he returned to France, and was obliged to work very hard to keep the wolf from the door. Nevertheless, he found time every evening to superintend the lessons of his son, who at an early age was sent to college, and of whom he was determined to make an educated man. The boy, however, was no infant prodigy; and it is reported of him that he did not always take the shortest road either to or from school. He was fonder of drawing than anything else, and whenever he could escape from his books, would amuse himself by taking portraits of his neighbours. An old lady at Arbois was heard to regret, as time went on, this wasted talent, and to say: 'What a pity he should have buried himself in chemistry, for he might have made his fortune as a painter!' In due time, however, the passion for work, afterwards so imperative, was born within him. He left Arbois for Besançon, and there received the degree of *bachelier des lettres*. He was immediately appointed tutor in the same college; and in the intervals of his duties he followed the course of mathematics necessary to prepare him for the scientific examinations of the Ecole Normale. There, at the first examination, he passed fourteenth on the list. But this did not satisfy him: he began a new year of preparation, settling himself to work in a silent corner of Paris. He then came out fourth; and in 1843, he was enabled, in the great school where he was destined to take so distinguished a place, to follow out to his heart's content his passion for chemistry.

At this time, two professors as different as possible both in manner and system of teaching, exercised an equal influence over their pupils. Dumas, at the Sorbonne, polished and grave, was accustomed to dwell on general principles; Balard, at the Ecole Normale, vivacious and enthusiastic, overwhelmed his audience with the multitude of facts, and did not always give his words time to follow his thoughts. One day, as he was showing potash in the lecture-room to the students, he exclaimed with fervour: 'Potash—which—potash then—potash in short—which I now present to you.'

The rules of the Ecole Normale might well be copied in many other educational institutions; they leave much to the student himself, who has free access to the laboratories and the library, where he may consult all the scientific journals and reviews. Presupposing the earnest purpose of the individual, this system greatly develops the spirit of research; but to Pasteur were lacking many of the advantages enjoyed by the present day students, for, although he was made 'dean' at an incredibly early age, and intrusted with the scientific studies at the Ecole Normale Supérieure, he had no laboratory; and when he petitioned the Minister of Public Instruction for one, the reply was worthy of the period when science was at a discount, when Claude Bernard lived in a small damp garret, and Berthelot was

nothing more than an assistant in the Collège de France. The reply was this: 'There is no clause in the budget to grant you fifteen hundred francs a year to defray the expense of experiments.'

Pasteur, whose only thought was to learn, to question, and to study, did not hesitate to establish a laboratory—a very modest one, however—at his own expense; and there was probably born within him that scientific imagination which has been lately somewhat mistily described as a preconceived idea. He was too simple to arrogate to himself any unusual or peculiar method of discovery; but he used to say that nothing could be done without preconceived ideas; and Professor Tyndall commenting on the words, insists that they are far from meaning ideas without antecedents: using his own poetic vein, he remarks that the days are gone for ever when angels whispered into the hearkening human ear secrets which had no root in man's previous knowledge or experience; and that the only revelation now open to the wise arises from 'intending the mind' on acquired knowledge. At the time when Pasteur undertook his investigations on the diseases of silkworms, he had never seen a silkworm; but the preconceived ideas he brought to bear upon the subject were the vintage of garnered facts.

Remaining as Balard's assistant at the Ecole Normale, although he had been offered the professorship of Physics in the Lycée of Tournon, Pasteur began the study of crystals; and the manner in which he—still so young a student—explained away the difficulties which had appeared insurmountable to the great investigator Mitscherlich, immediately attracted the attention of the Academy. When, some time later, Biot brought the inquirers together, Mitscherlich said: 'I had studied with so much care and perseverance, in their smallest details, the two salts which formed the subject of my note to the Academy, that if you have established what I was unable to discover, you must have been guided to your result by a preconceived idea.' And this was absolutely the case, for the result was reached by simple common-sense; and the wonder is, not that a searcher of such penetration as Pasteur should have discovered a difference in the facets of otherwise analogous crystals, but that an investigator so powerful and so experienced as Mitscherlich should have missed it. But besides the discovery that certain crystals supposed to be identical are not really so, Pasteur went on to further and exceedingly curious conclusions. He satisfied himself of the distinction between minerals or artificial products and the products which are extracted from vegetables. Such conclusions—supported, it is needless to say, by the most careful experiments—are sure to arrest the attention of a large class of people, who, dreading materialism, are ready to welcome any generalisation which separates the living from the inanimate world; and even should they be considered somewhat insecure, the studies from which they were drawn are known to be sound, and must endure for ever, however theory may change and inference fade away.

Pasteur was now led by force of circumstances to relinquish a line of research which still possesses for him an invincible attraction. By a sudden turn, he was thrown unexpectedly upon the subject of fermentation; and fermentation led to the study of diseases; but he still laments that he never had time to retrace his steps. At the time when Pasteur was nominated dean of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille, fermentation was but little understood. The yeast-plant had been discovered; and a German manufacturer of chemicals had noticed that common commercial tartrate of lime fermented on being dissolved and exposed to a moderate heat. His solution, he described, which was at first limpid and pure, became turbid, and this was owing to the multiplication of a microscopic organism. Pasteur recognised in this little organism a living ferment, and became assured that ferments are in all cases living things; the substances formerly regarded as ferments being in reality the food of ferments. But whence come these minute organisms? It was impossible for Pasteur to accept the theory of spontaneous generation, so enthusiastically supported by Ponchet and others. One by one he explained the fallible nature of their experiments, and proved, by his own, that not a single circumstance had yet appeared to justify the assertion that microscopic organisms come into the world without germs or without parents like themselves. He speedily brought the most scientific men to his own conclusions. M. Fleurens, permanent secretary of the Academy of Sciences, delivered his opinion before the whole Academy in the following words: 'As long as my opinion was not formed, I had nothing to say; now it is formed, and I can speak. The experiments are decisive. If spontaneous generation be a fact, what is necessary for the production of animalcula? Air and putrescible liquids. Now, Pasteur puts air and putrescible liquids together, and nothing is produced. Spontaneous generation, then, has no existence. Those who still doubt, have failed to grasp the question.'

Pasteur had now the key to many problems. He traced all the maladies of wine to a specific organism which acted as a ferment, and could be destroyed at a temperature of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit without injury to the wine. It was the same thing with beer: the causes of deterioration are identically the same; and the heating of bottled beer as a means of preservation is now largely practised, especially in Europe and in America.

Pasteur's next investigations were directed to the diseases of silkworms. In the year 1849, an epidemic threatened to destroy the whole silkworm commerce of France. The symptoms were variable, and would break out sometimes

in the eggs, sometimes in the 'worms,' sometimes during the processes of moulting. Innumerable remedies were tried without success, and the cultivators were in despair. Pasteur was persuaded to leave for a time the experiments which had been so fruitful, and to advance with hesitation on an unknown road; but the misery of the population of certain departments in the south of France decided him to accept the offer made him by his old master Dumas, who had been nominated Reporter of the Commission set on foot to determine the best means of combating the epidemic. Pasteur started for Alais, where the plague was raging, and had not been there many hours when he was able to show to several members of the Agricultural Committee some infinitely small bodies in certain worms. He found them in the eggs, the worms, and the moths; but, curiously enough, not always in those which showed signs of disease. Other observers had already suggested a possible connection between the malady and these little bodies, but had failed to follow out the investigation. Pasteur affirmed that here was the disease, and—twenty days after his arrival—that it was only in the moths that search should be made for them; that the germ of the malady might be present in the eggs and escape detection; in the worm also it might elude microscopic examination; but that in the moth it reached a development so distinct as to render the recognition immediate. From healthy moths, healthy eggs were sure to spring; from healthy eggs, healthy worms; from healthy worms, fine cocoons; so that the problem of restoration to France of its silk husbandry reduced itself to the separation of the healthy from the unhealthy moths, the rejection of the latter, and the exclusive employment of the eggs of the former. This was the substance of the note which Pasteur presented to the Committee of Alais. He soon settled the question of contagion, upon which opinions were much divided. He gave healthy worms leaves over which infected worms had passed, and found, by this means, he could communicate the disease to as many worms as he chose. It therefore became no longer possible to doubt that pébrine was a contagious disease. The simple method by which Pasteur insured the cultivator against a recurrence of the epidemic is now universally adopted. As soon as her eggs are laid, the moth is crushed in a mortar and mixed with a little water; the mixture is examined by the microscope, and should a germ of the disease be found, the eggs are immediately destroyed, with everything belonging to them. Workshops are met with everywhere at the time of the cultivation, in which women and young girls are steadily employed, under strict supervision, in pounding and examining the moths, setting aside those eggs which are perfectly healthy, and destroying the rest.

Pasteur returned to Paris crowned with success; but he had overtaxed his strength, and was seized with paralysis. Seeing, as he thought, the near approach of death, he insisted upon dictating a last note on his important studies; but the end was not yet, and there were many more triumphs in store for him.

Advancing in his discoveries on living ferments, he drew nearer and nearer to a knowledge of the causes of contagious diseases; but he rather drew back from this special inquiry. The ancient medical theory of parasites and living contagia was revived, and Pasteur's own researches on fermentation had much to do with it. He could no longer maintain the part of mere spectator, and taking up the investigations of Davaine, Rayer, and Roch, he approached the study of the terrible cattle-plague, which for so many years had eluded all research. No doubt could be entertained of the parasitic nature of the disease, to which all animals were subject excepting birds. And here Pasteur stepped in with what Tyndall calls a 'hand specimen' of his genius. The temperature which prohibits the multiplication of the poisonous parasite is forty-four degrees; the temperature of the blood of birds is forty-two degrees—it is therefore close upon that which destroys infection, and might well be the cause of their immunity. Pasteur then made the following experiment. He placed the feet of a fowl in cold water, thereby considerably lowering the temperature. He then inoculated it, and in four-and-twenty hours it was dead. The argument was clinched by inoculating a chilled fowl, allowing the fever to come to a head, and then removing the patient, wrapped in cotton-wool, to a warm chamber, where it rapidly recovered; proving that the career of the parasite was brought to an end. The experiment is conclusive, and is full of suggestiveness as regards the treatment of fever in man. The next step was the consequence of long dwelling on the mystery of vaccination. Since most diseases are in their nature non-recurrent, why should there not, he argued, be found for each of them a preventive disease, which, being similar, but not so virulent, should act as a safeguard? Pasteur found that lengthened contact with free air weakens the contagion, or the microscopic parasites; they are living things, demanding certain elements of life, as do other living things, and they may so use up that which the body contains as essential to their growth, that it may be impossible to produce a second crop. Even a less vigorous parasite may suffice to exhaust the soil, and then a highly virulent one may be introduced, and will prove powerless. This is the whole secret of Jenner's discovery; but he employed it only in a single disease, leaving the field to Pasteur, who grasped at once the nature and extent of the discovery, and applied it with results which have appeared almost miraculous.

In 1881, Pasteur communicated to the Academy his discovery, that by repeated 'cultivations' of a poisonous parasite, much of its virulence could be destroyed—that, in fact, it might be rendered benign; and though much applause followed his exposition, some of his colleagues could not help suggesting that there was a little romance in the theory. The President of the Society of Agriculture at Melun invited Pasteur to make a public experiment of splenic fever vaccination. He accepted; and on May 5, 1881, an immense concourse of interested spectators assembled to watch the result. A flock of sheep was divided into two groups; those in the one were vaccinated, those in the other were left alone. A number of cows were similarly treated. After fourteen days, all the animals were inoculated with a

virulent kind of cattle-disease; and three days subsequently, twenty-one sheep which had not been protected by vaccination were dead, and the remaining ones were dying. The vaccinated sheep had hardly suffered at all. It was the same thing with the cows. A burst of enthusiasm followed these marvellous results; and although every new discovery is sure to be opposed, the significant fact remains that Pasteur is overwhelmed with applications for vaccine.

Pasteur is now over sixty years of age, but he still continues his researches with unabated energy; the last have reference to the most terrible malady of all—to hydrophobia, concerning which we may have something to say by-and-by. The immense possibilities which his discoveries are constantly revealing leave hardly any prospect too wide for fulfilment.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Frances slept very little all night; her mind was jarred and sore almost at every point. The day with all its strange experiences, and still more strange suggestions, had left her in a giddy round of the unreal, in which there seemed no ground to stand upon. Nelly Winterbourn was the first prodigy in that round of wonders. Why, with that immovable tragic face, had she intimated to Lady Markham the tenure upon which she held her fortune? Why had it been received as something conclusive on all sides? There is an end of Nelly. But why? And then came her mission to her aunt, the impression that had been made on her mind—the hope that had dawned on Frances; and then the event which swept both hope and impression away, and the bitter end that seemed to come to everything in the reappearance of Constance. Was it that she was jealous of Constance? Frances asked herself in the silence of the night, with noiseless bitter tears. The throbbing of her heart was all pain; life had become pain, and nothing more. Was it that she was jealous—*jealous* of her sister? It seemed to Frances that her heart was being wrung, pressed till the life came out of it in great drops under some giant's hands. She said to herself, No, no. It was only that Constance came in her careless grace, and the place was hers, wherever she came; and all Frances had done, or was trying to do, came to nought. Was that jealousy? She lay awake through the long hours of the summer night, seeing the early dawn grow blue, and then warm and lighten into the light of day. And then all the elements of chaos round her, which whirled and whirled and left no honest footing, came to a pause and disappeared, and one thing real, one fact remained—George Gaunt in his fever, lying rapt from all common life, taking no note of night or day. Perhaps the tide might be turning now for death or life, for this was once more the day that might be the crisis. The other matters blended into a phantasmagoria, of which Frances could not tell which part was false and which true, or if anything was true; but here was reality beyond dispute. She thought of the pale light stealing into his room, blinding the ineffectual candles; of his weary head on the pillow growing visible; of the long endless watch; and far away among the mountains, of the old people waiting and praying, and wondering what news the morning would bring them. This thought stung Frances into a keen life and energy, and took from her all reflection upon matters so abstract as that question whether or not she was jealous of Constance. What did it matter? so long as he could be brought back from the gates of death and the edge of the grave, so long as the father and mother could be saved from that awful and murderous blow. She got up hastily long before any one was stirring. There are moments when all our ineffectual thinkings, and even futile efforts, end in a sudden determination that the thing must be done, and revelations of how to do it. She got up with a little tremor upon her, such as a great inventor might have when he saw at last his way clearly, or a poet when he has caught the spark of celestial fire. Is there any machine that was ever invented, or even any power so divine as the right way to save a life and deliver a soul? Frances' little frame was all tingling, but it made her mind clear and firm. She asked herself how she could have thought of any other but this way.

It was very early in the morning when she set out. If it had not been London, in which no dew falls, the paths would have been wet with dew; even in London, there was a magical something in the air which breathed of the morning, and which not all the housemaids' brooms and tradesmen's carts in the world could dispel. Frances walked along in the silence, along the long silent line of the Park, where there was nobody save a little early schoolmistress, or perhaps a belated man about town, surprised by the morning, with red eyes and furtive looks, in the overcoat which hid his evening clothes, hurrying home to break the breadth of the sunshine, the soft morning light, which was neither too warm nor dazzling, but warmed gently, sweetly to the heart. Her trouble had departed from her in the resolution she had taken. She was very grave, not knowing whether death or life, sorrow or hope, might be in the air, but composed, because, whatever it was, it must now come, all being done that man could do. She did not hasten, but walked slowly, knowing how early she was, how astonished her aunt's servants would be to see her, unattended, walking up to the door. 'I will arise and go to my father.' Wherever these words can be said, there is a peace in them, a sense of safety at least. There are, alas, many cases in which, with human fathers, they cannot be said; but Waring, whatever his faults might be, had not forfeited his child's confidence, and he would understand. To all human aches and miseries, to be understood is the one comfort above all others. Those to whom she had appealed before, had been sorry; they had been astonished; they had gazed at her with troubled eyes. But her father would understand. This was the chief thing and the best. She went along under the

trees, which were still fresh and green, through the scenes which, a little while later, would be astir with all the movements, the comedies, the tragedies, the confusions and complications of life. But now they lay like a part of the fair silent country, like the paths in a wood, like the glades in a park, all silent and mute, birds in the branches, dew upon the grass—a place where Town had abdicated, where Nature reigned.

Waring was an early riser, accustomed to the early hours of a primitive people. It was a curious experience to him to come down through a closed-up and silent house, where the sunshine came in between the chinks of the shutters, and all was as it had been in the confusion of the night. A frightened maid-servant came before him to open the study, which his brother-in-law Cavendish had occupied till a late hour. Traces of the lawyer's vigil were still apparent enough—his waste-paper basket full of fragments; the little tray standing in the corner, which even when holding nothing more than soda-water and claret, suggests dissipation in the morning. Waring was jarred by all this unpreparedness. He thought with a sigh of the bookroom in the Palazzo all open to the sweet morning air, before the sun had come round that way; and when he stepped out upon the little iron balcony attached to the window and looked out upon other backs of houses, all crowding round, the recollection of the blue seas, the waving palms, the great peaks, all carved against the brilliant sky, made him turn back in disgust. The mean London walls of yellow brick, the narrow houses, the little windows, all blinded with white blinds and curtains, so near that he could almost touch them—'However, it will not be like this at the Warren,' he said to himself. He was no longer in the mood in which he had left Bordighera; but yet, having left, he was ready to acknowledge that Bordighera was impossible. It had continued from year to year—it might have continued for ever, with Frances ignorant of all that had gone before; but the thread of life once broken, could be knitted again no more. He acknowledged this to himself; and then he found that in acknowledging it, he had brought himself face to face with all the gravest problems of his life. He had held them at arm's-length for years; but now they had to be decided, and there was no alternative. He must meet them; he must look them in the face. And *hers*, too, he must look in the face. Life once more had come to a point at which neither habit nor the past could help him. All over again, as if he were a boy coming of age, it would have to be decided what it should be.

Waring was not at all surprised by the appearance of Frances fresh with the morning air about her. It seemed quite natural to him. He had forgotten all about the London streets, and how far it was from one point to another. He thought she had gained much in her short absence from him; perhaps in learning how to act for herself, to think for herself, which she had acquired since she left him; for he was entirely unaware, and even quite incapable of being instructed, that Frances had lived her little life as far apart from him, and been as independent of him while sitting by his side at Bordighera, as she could have been at the other end of the world. But he was impressed by the steady light of resolution, the cause of which was as yet unknown to him, which was shining in her eyes. She told him her story at once, without the little explanations that had been necessary to the others. When she said George Gaunt, he knew all that there was to say. The only thing that it was expedient to conceal was Markham's part in the catastrophe, which was, after all, not at all clear to Frances; and as Waring was not acquainted with Markham's reputation, there was no suggestion in his mind of the name that was wanting to explain how the young officer, knowing nobody, had found entrance into the society which had ruined him. Frances told her tale in few words. She was magnanimous, and said nothing of Constance on the one hand, any more of Markham on the other. She told her father of the condition in which the young man lay, of his constant mutterings, so painful to hear, the Red and Black that came up, over and over again, in his distracted thoughts—the distracting burden that awaited him if he ever got free of that circle of confusion and pain—of the old people in Switzerland waiting for the daily news, not coming to him as they wished, because of that one dread yet vulgar difficulty which only she understood. 'Mamma says, of course they would not hesitate at the expense. O no, no! they would not hesitate. But how can I make her understand? and we know'——

'How could she understand?' he said with a pale smile, which Frances knew. '*She* has never hesitated.' It was all that jarred even upon her excited nerves and mind. The situation was so much more clear to him than to the others, to whom young Gaunt was a stranger. And Waring was in his nature something of a Quixote to those who took him on the generous side. He listened—he understood; he remembered all that had gone on under his eyes. The young fellow had gone to London in desperation, unsettled, and wounded by the woman to whom he had given his love—and he had fallen into the first snare that presented itself. It was weak, it was miserable; but it was not more than a man could understand. When Frances found that at last her object was attained, the unlikeliness that it ever should have been attained, overwhelmed her even in the moment of victory. She clasped her arms round her father's arm, and laid down her head upon it, and, to his great surprise, burst into a passion of tears. 'What is the matter? What has happened? Have I said anything to hurt you?' he cried, half touched, half vexed, not knowing what it was, smoothing her smooth hair half tenderly, half reluctantly, with his disengaged hand.

'Oh, it is nothing, nothing! It is my folly; it is—happiness. I have tried to tell them all, and no one would understand. But one's father—one's father is like no one else,' cried Frances, with her cheek upon his sleeve.

Waring was altogether penetrated by these simple words, and by the childish action, which reminded him of the time when the little forlorn child he had carried away with him had no one but him in the world. 'My dear,' he said, 'it makes me happy that you think so. I have

been rather a failure, I fear, in most things; but if you think so, I can't have been a failure all round.' His heart grew very soft over his little girl. He was in a new world, though it was the old one. His sister, whom he had not seen for so long, had half disgusted him with her violent partisanship, though his was the party she upheld so strongly. And Constance, who had no hold of habitual union upon him, had exhibited all her faults to his eyes. But his little girl was still his little girl, and believed in her father. It brought a softening of all the ice and snow about his heart.

They walked together through the many streets to inquire for poor Gaunt; and were admitted with shakings of the head and downcast looks. He had passed a very disturbed night, though at present he seemed to sleep. The nurse who had been up all night, and was much depressed, was afraid that there were symptoms of a 'change.' 'I think the parents should be sent for, sir,' she said, addressing herself at once to Waring. These attendants did not mind what they said over the uneasy bed. 'He don't know what we are saying, any more than the bed he lies on.—Look at him, miss, and tell me if you don't think there is a change?' Frances held fast by her father's arm. She was more diffident in his presence than she had been before. The sufferer's gaunt face was flushed, his lips moved, though, in his weakness, his words were not audible. The other nurse, who had come to relieve her colleague, and who was fresh and unwearied, was far more hopeful. But she, too, thought that 'a change' might be approaching, and that it would be well to summon the friends. She went down-stairs with them to talk it over a little more. 'It seems to me that he takes more notice than we are aware of,' she said. 'The ways of sick folks are that wonderful, we don't understand, not the half of them; seems to me that you have a kind of an influence, miss. Last night he changed after you were here, and took me for his mamma, and asked me what I meant, said something about a Miss Una that was true, and a false Jessie or something. I wonder if your name is Miss Una, miss?' This inquiry was made while Waring was writing a telegram to the parents. Frances, who was not very quick, could only wonder for a long time who Una was and Jessie. It was not till evening, nearly twelve hours after, that there suddenly came into her mind the false Duessa of the poet. And then the question remained, who was Una, and who Duessa? a question to which she could find no reply.

Frances remained with her father the greater part of the day. When she found that what she desired was to be done, there fell a strange kind of lull into her being, which strangely took away her strength, so that she scarcely felt herself able to hold up her head. She began to be aware that she had neither slept by night nor had any peace by day, and that a fever of the mind had been stealing upon her, a sort of reflection of the other fever, in which her patient was enveloped as in a living shroud. She was scarcely able to stand, and yet she could not rest. Had she not put force upon herself, she would have been sending to and fro all day, creeping thither on limbs that would not support her, to know how he was, or if the change had yet appeared. She had not feared for his life before, having no tradition of death in her mind; but now an alarm grew upon her that any moment might see the blow fall, and that the parents might come in vain. It was while she stood at one of the windows of Mrs Cavendish's gloomy drawing-room, watching for the return of one of her messengers, that she saw her mother's well-known brougham drive up to the door. She turned round with a little cry of 'Mamma' to where her father was sitting, in one of the seldom used chairs. Mrs Cavendish, who would not leave him for many minutes, was hovering by, wearying his fastidious mind with unnecessary solicitude, and a succession of questions which he neither could nor wished to answer. She flung up her arms when she heard Frances' cry. 'Your mother! Oh, has she dared!—Edward, go away, and let me meet her. She will not get much out of me.'

'Do you think I am going to fly from my wife?' Waring said. He rose up very tremulous, yet with a certain dignity. 'In that case, I should not have come here.'

'But, Edward, you are not prepared. O Edward, be guided by me. If you get into that woman's hands'——

'Hush!' he said; 'her daughter is here.' Then, with a smile: 'When a lady comes to see me, I hope I can receive her still as a gentleman should, whoever she may be.'

The door opened, and Lady Markham came in. She was very pale, yet flushed from moment to moment. She, who had usually such perfect self-command, betrayed her agitation by little movements, by the clasping and unclasping of her hands, by a hurried, slightly audible breathing. She stood for a moment without advancing, the door closing behind her, facing the agitated group. Frances, following an instinctive impulse, went hastily towards her mother, as a maid of honour in an emergency might hurry to take her place behind the Queen. Mrs Cavendish on her side, with a similar impulse, drew nearer to her brother—the way was cleared between the two, once lovers, now antagonists. The pause was but for a moment. Lady Markham, after that hesitation, came forward. She said: 'Edward, I should be wanting in my duty, if I did not come to welcome you home.'

'Home!' he said, with a curious smile. Then he, too, came forward a little. 'I accept your advances in the same spirit, Adelaide.' She was holding out her hands to him with a little appeal, looking at him with eyes that sunk and rose again, an emotion that was restrained by her age, by her matronly person, by the dignity of the woman, which could not be quenched by any flood of feeling. He took her hands in his with a strange timidity, hesitating, as if there might be something more, then let them drop, and they stood once more apart.

'I have to thank you, too,' she said, 'for bringing Constance back to me safe and well; and what is more, Edward, for that child.' She put out her hand to Frances, and drew her close, so that the girl could feel the agitation in her mother's whole person, and knew that, weak as she was, she was a support to the other,

who was so much stronger. 'I owe you more thanks still for her—that she never had been taught to think any harm of her mother, that she came back to me as innocent and true as she went away.'

'If you found her so, Adelaide, it was to her own praise, rather than mine.'

'Nay,' she said with a tremulous smile, 'I have not to learn now that the father of my children was fit to be trusted with a girl's mind—more, perhaps, than their mother—and the world together.' She shook off this subject, which was too germane to the whole matter, with a little tremulous movement of her head and hands. 'We must not enter on that,' she said. 'Though I am only a woman of the world, it might be too much for me. Discussion must be for another time. But we may be friends.'

'So far as I am concerned.'

'And I too, Edward. There are things even we might consult about—without prejudice, as the lawyers say—for the children's good.'

'Whatever you wish my advice upon'——

'Yes, that is perhaps the way to put it,' Lady Markham said, after a pause which looked like disappointment, and with an agitated smile. 'Will you be so friendly, then,' she added, 'as to dine at my house with the girls and me? No one you dislike will be there. Sir Thomas, who is in great excitement about your arrival; and perhaps Claude Ramsay, whom Constance has come back to marry.'

'Then she has settled that?'

'I think so; yet no doubt would like him to be seen by you. I hope you will come,' she said, looking up at him with a smile.

'It will be very strange,' he said, 'to dine as a guest at your table.'

'Yes, Edward; but everything is strange. We are so much older now than we were. We can afford, perhaps to disagree, and yet to be friends.'

'I will come if it will give you any pleasure,' he said.

'Certainly, it will give me pleasure.' She had been standing all the time, not having even been offered a seat, an omission which neither he nor she had discovered. He did it now, placing with great politeness a chair for her; but she did not sit down.

'For the first time, perhaps it is enough,' she said. 'And Charlotte thinks it more than enough. Good-bye, Edward. If you will believe me, I am—truly glad to see you, and I hope we may be friends.'

She half raised her clasped hands again. This time he took them in both his, and leaning towards her, kissed her on the forehead. Frances felt the tremor that ran through her mother's frame. 'Good-bye,' she said, 'till this evening.' Only the girl knew why Lady Markham hurried from the room. She stopped in the hall below to regain her self-command and arrange her bonnet. 'It is so long since we have met,' she said, 'it upsets me. Can you wonder, Frances? The woman in the end always feels it most. And then there are so many things to upset me just now. Constance and Markham—say nothing of Markham; do not mention his name—and even you'——

'There is nothing about me to annoy you, mamma.'

Lady Markham smiled with a face that was near crying. She gave a little tap with her finger upon Frances' cheek, and then she hurried away.

A CHAT ABOUT IRONCLADS.

If the immortal Nelson could rise from his tomb in St Paul's Cathedral and go on board Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible*, he might reasonably be excused for thinking he was in a different world from that which he left some eighty years ago. Probably the only familiar sights to him would be an anchor or a stray coil of rope; he might well rack his brains to know what the other things on board were intended for. Turrets, eighty-one ton guns with their automatic and hydraulic fittings, electric machines, herculean engines, Whitehead torpedoes with their submerged firing apparatus, pneumatic telegraphs, telephones, electric lights, rocket torpedoes, torpedo steamboats, watertight doors and compartments, strange machine-guns, and many other equally incomprehensible things he would see crowded together in one immense, heavily armoured floating citadel, called, what would seem in mockery to him, a ship.

But without speculating on the probable feelings of the great naval hero, any visitor to Portsmouth can judge for himself as to the vast change which has taken place within the last thirty or forty years in the structure of ships of war. Let us walk through the dockyards and glance at the unwieldy forms of the modern ironclads building there, and then look out on the harbour and see the hulks of the many stately old line-of-battle ships riding at anchor, remnants of former fleets whose thunder has struck terror into the hearts of thousands of enemies—then the fact of this change will be at once apparent.

A modern ironclad is an enormous piece of complicated mechanism. In order to protect this mechanism from hostile shot, the greater part of it is placed under water and covered by a thick steel deck; the remainder above water being protected by vast armour-plates varying from eight to twenty-four inches in thickness. From the exterior, an ironclad is by no means a thing of beauty; one writer has described it as 'a cross between a cooking apparatus and a railway station;' but in place of this ingenious parallel, imagine a low flat-looking mass on the water; from the centre rises a huge funnel, on either side of which are a turret and a superstructure running to the bow and stern; two short pole masts, with platforms on the top for machine-guns, complete an object calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the veteran sailor who remembers the days of the grand old line-of-battle ship, with its tall tapering masts and white sails glistening in the sun. A stranger going on board one of our newest types of ironclads would lose himself amid the intricacies and apparent confusion of the numerous engines, passages, and compartments; it is a long time, in fact, before even the sailors find their way about these new ships, and the Admiralty allow a new ironclad to remain three months in harbour on first commissioning before going to sea, in order that the men may become acquainted with the uses of the several fittings on board, each ironclad that is built now being in many ways an improvement on its predecessor.

Those who have not been on board a modern ironclad can form no idea of the massiveness and solidity of the various fittings; the enormous guns, the rows of shot and shell, the huge bolts, bars, and beams seem to be meant for the use of giants, not men. Although crowded together in a comparatively small space, everything is in perfect order, and ready at any moment to be used for offensive or defensive purposes. It is not, perhaps, generally known that the captain of a man-of-war is ordered to keep his ship properly prepared for battle as well in time of peace as of war. Every evening before dark the quarters are cleared and every arrangement made for night-battle, to prevent surprise by a better prepared enemy. When at anchor in a harbour, especially at night, the ship is always prepared to repel any attempts of an enemy to board or attack with torpedoes or fireships. In addition to the daily and weekly drills and exercises, once every three months the crew are exercised at night-quarters, the time of course being kept secret by the captain, so that no preparations can be made beforehand, the exercise being intended to represent a surprise. In the dead of night, when only the officers of the watch and the sentries posted in the various parts of the ship are awake, the notes of a bugle vibrate between the decks; immediately, as if by magic, everything becomes alive; men are seen scrambling out of their hammocks, and lights flash in all directions; the huge shells are lifted by hydraulic power from the magazines, placed on trucks, and wheeled by means of railways to the turrets; men run here and there with rifles, boarding-pikes, axes, cases of powder and ammunition; others are engaged laying fire-hose along the decks, others closing the water-tight doors; while far down below, the engineers, stokers, and firemen are busy getting up steam for working the electric-light engines, turrets, &c. At the torpedo ports, the trained torpedo-men are placing the Whiteheads in their tubes; others are preparing cases of gun-cotton for boom-torpedoes. In ten minutes, however, all is again silent and each man stands at his station ready for action. The captain, followed by his principal officers, now walks round the quarters and inspects all the arrangements for battle, after which various exercises are gone through. A bugle sounds, and numbers of men rush away to certain parts of the ship to repel imaginary boarders; another bugle, and a large party immediately commence to work the pumps; another low, long blast is a warning that the ship is about to ram an enemy, and every man on board stretches himself flat on the decks until the shock of the (supposed) collision takes places. After a number of exercises have been gone through, the guns are secured, arms and stores returned to their places, the men tumble into their hammocks again, and are soon fast asleep.

It would be interesting to glance at some of the principal offensive and defensive capabilities of a modern ironclad. The first-class line-of-battle ship of fifty years ago carried as many as a hundred and thirty, what would be called in the present day, very light guns; in contrast to this we read in a naval paper that Her Majesty's armour-plated barbette ram *Benbow*, now building on the Thames, is designed to carry *two* guns weighing a hundred and ten tons each. These enormous weapons are forty-three feet eight inches long, and are capable of sending a shot weighing three-quarters of a ton to a distance of seven miles. The effect of a shell from one of these guns piercing the armour of a ship and bursting would be very disastrous, and there are few if any ships whose armour, when fairly hit at a moderate distance, could withstand such a blow. At the same time, an enemy would probably be steaming past at the rate of fourteen or fifteen knots, and with only two guns, it is difficult to say how many hits would be scored; and a ship may be hit many times before a vital part is affected. The wisdom, therefore, of placing guns of such immense size on board a ship is doubtful, and it is a question whether four guns of half the weight would not do more execution. A time when the *Benbow* would show to advantage would be when opposing forts. There is no masonry or stonework in the world, except perhaps the Pyramids, that could stand long before the fire of such a ship. A stone fort under these circumstances becomes a trap for the destruction of all within it. Armoured forts, or earthworks, are the only species of land fortifications capable of withstanding the fire of guns of the above description.

Guns, however, although terrible in effect, are now supplemented by other and more deadly means of offence. Foremost amongst these stands the Whitehead or Fish Torpedo. This infernal machine can be discharged from tubes in the side of a ship to a distance of a thousand yards under water at a speed of twenty-five miles per hour. Armed with its charge of gun-cotton it rushes forth on its mission; and, if successful in striking the ship against which it is aimed, explodes, and rends a large hole in her side, through which the water pours in huge quantities. In order to protect a man-of-war from this danger, she can be surrounded at short notice with thick wire-nettings, hanging from projecting side-spars, against which the torpedo explodes with harmless effect. These nettings are, however, principally intended for use when ships are at anchor in harbour at night; they could not well be employed in action with an enemy, as they offer such resistance to the water as to reduce the speed of the ship by four or five knots, and so encumber her as to render her liable to be rammed by a more active opponent.

All large ironclads now have two or three torpedo boats. These craft are constructed of steel one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and steam at a speed of sixteen knots, some of the larger kind reaching twenty or twenty-one knots an hour. Carrying two Whiteheads, they are valuable auxiliaries to the parent ship; their rapid movements, together with their dangerous freight, distracting the attention of an enemy.

Machine-guns, however, form a very effective remedy for them; a single torpedo boat attacking an ironclad would, directly she got within range, be riddled with Gardner and Nordenfelt shot, and sunk in about fifteen seconds. It is only when three or four approach in various directions, or during night attacks, that they become really dangerous. The electric search-lights, with which most large men-of-war are now provided, will show a torpedo boat at the distance of a mile

on the darkest night; but there is of course always a chance of their getting close enough to a ship to discharge a torpedo before they are discovered. The Italians are now building boats which they term torpedo-hunters. They are to have great speed, and are intended to chase torpedo boats, and destroy them by means of light machine-guns, of which they carry two or three varieties.

The bow of many of our ironclads is constructed for the purpose of ramming (running down and sinking) an antagonist. To use a ram requires great speed and facilities for turning and manœuvring quickly; for the latter purposes, short ships are better than long ones. It would be a comparatively easy thing for a ship steaming fourteen knots to ram another that could only steam ten; a small ship might also out-manœuvre and ram a long one; but it would be extremely difficult, in fact almost impossible, for a ship to ram another vessel of equal speed and length. To secure facilities in turning and manœuvring, all our modern ships are built as short as possible, and have two screws, each worked by entirely separate sets of engines, so that one can go ahead whilst the other goes astern. If one set of engines is disabled, the other can still work independently, and a fair speed be maintained. We always think that two ships at close quarters trying to ram one another, must be like a game at chess, requiring the closest observation of your opponent's movements and the nicest judgment for your own, a wrong move being fatal to either.

People often wonder what would be the results of a great naval battle at the present time. Would many ships be destroyed? Would the loss of life be great? Let us try to describe shortly a few of the probable features of a fight between two fleets of modern ironclads. Although two hostile fleets might approach one another in some tactical formation, this could not be adhered to for any length of time, and the battle would soon become a series of independent duels between individual ships. This is at once apparent when we consider that most if not all of the ships would have rams, and it would therefore be highly necessary for a captain to have perfect control over the movements of his ship, to prevent her being rammed by an enemy. At the outset of the action, the torpedo boats would probably take a very active part, and until exterminated, which they certainly would be in time, would engage great attention, and be effective in sinking a few ships. It may be safely concluded that every ship would be steaming fast during the action, this being necessary to avoid being rammed, to get into favourable positions for discharging torpedoes, and to elude the fire of an enemy. Heavy-gun fire would of course be maintained from the commencement of the action, and those ships whose engines got disabled from this cause would speedily be rammed; and at this point we consider that great loss of life would take place, for the reason that the boats of a ship, being always exposed to machine-gun fire, would at an early stage of the action be riddled and shattered with shot; and in the incredibly short time in which a ship sinks after being rammed, it would be impossible for the crew to improvise other means to save themselves from drowning. No steps seem yet to have been taken by our Admiralty with a view of providing for this contingency. It has been suggested that a Hospital Ship, bearing the Geneva cross, should accompany a fleet into action, to receive the wounded. We would make a further suggestion—namely, that this ship should be provided with fast-steaming boats, peculiarly marked to show their pacific nature, which should proceed to the assistance of the crew of a sinking ship; by this means numbers of the men might be saved who would otherwise certainly be drowned. It is not probable that the loss of life from gun-fire would be large, as a great part of the crew of an ironclad would be under water, the rest being inside the armoured portions of the ship. Few ships would be able to get into favourable positions for discharging Whitehead torpedoes from their tubes; even if they did so, the course of one of these machines is so erratic when discharged from a ship in motion, that it would in nearly every case miss its mark. The time for the use of Whiteheads would be from the torpedo boats at the commencement of the fight.

To sum up, it is the opinion of many naval men of authority that a modern naval battle would only occupy about half the time of a fight in the old Trafalgar days; that half the ships employed would be sunk, and that most of the remainder would be so battered as to be unfit for further service for months to come.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

At the very time that Mr Muncaster was speeding northward on his self-imposed errand, two letters fraught with import, both of them addressed to Trevenna Cottage, were being borne on the wings of steam in an opposite direction. In those days, the evening mail from London was due in Boscombe Regis about eight o'clock, the last stage of its journey being by road.

It was now late autumn, and the weather was broken and stormy. In the tiny drawing-room at Trevenna Cottage, rendered cheerful by lamplight and firelight, sat Captain Avory and his wife, the latter busy over some kind of needle-work, but not so busy that her eyes could not find time to glance now and again at her husband's troubled face, as he sat on the opposite side of the fireplace, his meerschaum between his lips, and his slippers on his feet, for the captain abjured ceremony at home when there was no company. After a time he rose, and crossing to the window, he drew aside the curtain and peered out; but it was too dark to discern even the outlines of the laurels on the lawn.

'What can have become of that plaguy postman?' he cried petulantly. 'He is never to his time in this dog-hole of a place.'

'It struck eight just five minutes ago,' was the quiet answer, 'so that he is not so very late after all. Besides, he may have nothing for us to-night.'

'You always were a Job's comforter,' he answered bitterly. 'But look here! If I don't hear something definite, either to-night or to-morrow morning, from those beggarly insurance

people, I'll wait no longer, but go up to town at once and favour them with a piece of my mind.'

'I would not do anything so rash and ill-advised, if I were you. I would just write them a quiet but firm reminder that all your preparations for going abroad are completed, and ask them to favour you with the date on which you may expect to hear finally from them.'

'That's all very well, Louisa; but I never could take things so coolly as you,' was the captain's querulous rejoinder as he resumed his seat by the fire. 'Look what a continual state of suspense I'm in. I can neither eat nor sleep. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall end by becoming afraid of my own shadow.'

'You worry yourself without occasion. To my mind, everything is going on charmingly. These affairs always take time. I wish you would go down to the billiard-room at the *Crown* and amuse yourself there for an hour or two. The change would do you good.'

'I couldn't handle a cue to-night were it to save my life. Every nerve in my body seems on the flutter.'

'Try a little cognac,' suggested Mrs Avory sweetly.

'The old remedy,' he answered with a shrug. 'But I suppose there's no other.'

His hand was on the bell, when suddenly both he and his wife started and glanced at each other. They had heard the creaking of the garden gate. A moment later came the sound of heavy footsteps on the gravel, and then the postman's knock resounded through the cottage. Mrs Avory's busy fingers seemed turned to stone. The captain held his breath like a man in deep water. They heard the front door open and shut, they heard the postman's retreating footsteps, and then, in came Susan, carrying a couple of letters on a salver.

The captain made a clutch at them. One of them he let drop unconcernedly on the table; over the other his fingers closed instinctively. His first glance at the envelope had revealed to him the monogram of the Stork Insurance Company. Mrs Avory was intent on her work again. Servants have sharp eyes, and it would not do to let Susan suspect that there was anything unusual in the wind.

'News at last,' said the captain, not without a tremor in his voice, as the door closed behind the girl. 'Good or bad, eh, Lou? Are we saved or are we doomed to everlasting smash?'

'Open it, dear,' was all that his wife said as she blinked at him rapidly with her white eyelashes.

He tore open the envelope, and his eyes traversed the few lines in the inclosure at lightning speed.

'Saved, saved!' he cried in a hoarse voice as he dashed down the letter and sprang to his feet. 'It's all right, Lou—all right! The cheque's to be ready for me at noon on Wednesday next.' He began to pace the room with rapid strides, one hand buried deep in his pocket, while he tugged excitedly with the fingers of the other at the ends of his sandy moustache.

Mrs Avory reached quietly across the table and possessed herself of the letter. She gave vent to a low sigh of relief when she had finished reading it. The golden apple, the fruit of so many desires, the object of so much scheming and of so many machinations, was at last about to drop into the hands of her husband and herself. An immense weight seemed to have been suddenly lifted off her heart.

Her husband stopped in his walk and confronted her. 'The servants are under notice, are they not?' he asked.

'They are under a week's notice, and have been for the last month. They can be sent away at any time.'

'That's all right, then. Our boxes had better be packed and sent to London to the cloak-room at the terminus by the first train on Tuesday. You and I will travel up by the last train on the same day. On Wednesday I shall receive the cheque, which I shall at once get cashed, and on Thursday morning we shall be in Paris. Two days later, we shall be safe across the Spanish frontier, where all Scotland Yard couldn't lay a finger on us.' His eyes sparkled, his cheeks were flushed. He turned away with a laugh and a snap of his fingers, and resumed his pacing to and fro.

'There is another letter, Lucius, which you have not yet opened,' remarked Mrs Avory presently.

'Some beggarly tradesman's account,' answered the captain with a sneer. 'There will be more than one of them dished next Wednesday when they find the nest empty and the birds flown. I should like to be by and see the fun when they make the discovery. It's about time we made tracks, Lou; our credit here wouldn't have stretched out much longer.'

He took up the second letter and glanced at the superscription. The writing seemed familiar to him, but just then he could not call to mind whose it was. He tore open the envelope without a misgiving. But the instant his eyes fell on the writing inside, before he had time to read even a line of it, he knew from whom it had come. His face turned as white as the paper in his hands, while the room and everything in it seemed to swim before him. Pulling himself together by an immense effort, he drew closer to the lamp, and began to read the letter with eyes that seemed to devour the next line before they had fully taken in the sense of the one that preceded it. The letter ran as under:

LONDON, *Dufour's Hotel*,
October 8.

DEAR LUCIUS—You will be surprised to learn that I am here in the Great Babylon, and I am almost as much surprised at it myself. I landed on Tuesday, and am devoting a few days to sight-seeing before hunting you up. I will defer till we meet all explanations as to the reasons for my sudden return. You are such an erratic being, that I had to obtain your address from my bankers, before feeling sure where a letter would find you. I purpose leaving London by the 4.15 P.M. train on Monday next for Boscombe Regis. I am told that I must book to Mumpton Junction, and that I shall have to do the remaining distance by road. Perhaps you can contrive to meet me at the junction; but if it's at all inconvenient, don't bother. I shall no doubt be

able to hire a trap at the station. Remember me to your wife, who, as well as yourself, is, I trust, in the best of health.—Hoping to see you both very shortly, believe me, your affectionate cousin, EDWARD SAVERNE.

Lucius Avory's heart withered within him long before he reached the end of the letter. He let it drop from his nerveless fingers, and sinking into the nearest chair with a groan, he buried his face in his hands. All the golden fabric of fraud which he and his wife had built up with so much labour and cunning, as at the touch of an enchanter's wand had fallen in ruins around them. The avenger was on their footsteps, and soon would overtake them; before them loomed a future at whose blackness his soul shrank aghast.

Her husband's exclamation startled Mrs Avory. Up to that moment she had not been heeding him, her thoughts being busy trying to pierce the vista which a perusal of the first letter had opened before her mind's eye. She stared at him for a moment in silent wonder. What could possibly have changed him so suddenly? She reached over for the letter. Her quick brain took in the contents and all that they implied almost at a glance. What little colour there was in her face died out of it, and she bit her thin under-lip with her sharp white teeth, in her effort to keep down the sudden rush of emotion; her hand trembled perceptibly as she replaced the letter on the table. She glanced across at her husband. His elbows were resting on the table and his face was hidden by his hands. 'Lucius, look up; try to be a man,' said Mrs Avory after a few moments, in a tone of some asperity.

He lifted a face that seemed to have suddenly grown several years older, so lined and haggard did it look. 'We are ruined, ruined! Nothing can save us,' he groaned.

'I am not so sure on that point as you seem to be,' answered his wife coldly. 'In any case, let us face the difficulty. Let us consider it; let us try whether we cannot discover some loophole of escape. Come what may, it is useless to whine like a whipped cur.'

The taunt stung him. He stifled the exclamation that rose to his lips and scowled savagely at his wife.

'I admit that the situation looks all but hopeless, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies,' resumed Mrs Avory. 'It is certainly a remarkable coincidence which brings this man here, under this roof, at this particular time. He writes that he will be here on Monday evening; had he delayed his visit till Wednesday evening, it would not have greatly mattered. By that time, he would have found the Cottage empty and all trace of us lost.'

'Why not write to him and get him to postpone his visit?' broke in the captain eagerly. 'Could you not tell him that I'm down with some bad kind of fever, and that it would be dangerous for him to come?'

Mrs Avory considered for a minute, and then shook her head. 'No; that would hardly do, I think. You know the kind of man Edward is. If he were told there was illness or danger, he would be only the more likely to rush down by the first train, thinking that he might possibly be of service. And even if we were to put forward some minor excuse, with the view of postponing his visit, that would not be unattended with danger. The chances are that, a few days hence, when he has grown tired of London, if he does not come here, he will make his way to Exeter with the view of looking up Mr Kerrison—and where should we be in that case, *cher ami!*'

The captain shivered, but had nothing to urge in reply.

'No; Edward Saverne must come here, to Trevenna Cottage, at the time he proposes to come. You must meet him at the junction, and drive him back in the trap yourself. There is one small point in our favour—it will be quite dark by the time he arrives.'

'And after that?' queried the captain savagely. 'What about next morning? You may perhaps remember that Ned was always an early riser. He will be out of doors by six o'clock, and by breakfast-time half the folk in Boscombe will know his name and all about him. And where shall we be in that case?'

'Let me think,' replied Mrs Avory, and that more as if speaking to herself than to her husband. He lay back in his chair, gnawing the end of his moustache and watching her with gloomy, furtive eyes. He had had ample proof in times gone by of his wife's ability to extricate herself and him from difficulties of various kinds, and it seemed to him just possible that, desperate as was their present strait, her quick-working brain might, even at the eleventh hour, discover some loophole of escape.

She was going on with her needle-work again, but her eyelids were blinking rapidly, and, as her husband knew, it was a sign that she was trying to work out some difficult problem in her mind. There was no sound save the ticking of the little clock on the chimney-piece, and an occasional burst of rain and wind against the casement outside. A quarter of an hour passed without a word being spoken. At length Mrs Avory looked up. 'I think I see a way; but it is a way beset with difficulties,' she said quietly, and at the same moment a strange, sinister light flashed into her coldly luminous eyes.

The captain leaned forward eagerly, while a deep flush mounted to his cheeks. 'You do! What is it? You were always clever, Lou,' he exclaimed.

She glanced round, as if to make sure that no one was within hearing; then she said in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper: 'You remember Hoogies and what you told me, months ago, about it?'

He stared at her for a moment; then he said: 'Of course I do; but what of that?'

'The first thing to-morrow you must endeavour to find Bosy Groote.'

The shade of perplexity deepened on his face. 'Bosy Groote!' he exclaimed. 'I don't understand.'

'Hush!' said his wife with a sudden lifting of her finger, as a discreet tap sounded on the door. Next moment Susan entered with bedroom candles.

As a rule, the tenants of Trevenna Cottage

kept early hours; but to-night the lamp in the little drawing-room was not extinguished till long after midnight.

SOME QUAINT JUDGMENTS.

EVERY one, of course, is familiar with the judgment delivered by King Solomon in the case of the two mothers. Extraordinary as it must have at first appeared to those who heard it, it had, nevertheless, the effect of bringing out the truth, and making manifest which of the rival claimants was the genuine one. Scattered about in the various histories and records of men and nations are to be found many other decisions of despotic kings and princes, unrestrained by the iron hand of statute law and precedent, which seem equally quaint, and yet were equally effective in bringing about the desired result. The case in which Portia appeared as counsel is no fiction of Shakspeare's, though she herself may be. The main facts of the singular bond and its attempted enforcement, and the consequent trial and judgment, as related in *The Merchant of Venice*, are fairly well-authenticated matters of history.

There is a story related of a judgment given by Pedro the Cruel of Spain imbued with very much the same spirit as the one delivered in the court at Venice. A slater was engaged in repairing the roof of a house, and while so engaged, through some false step or some other accident, lost his balance and rolled down the slanting side of the roof, and fell over the edge into the street below. Just at this moment—unfortunately for himself, though fortunately for the slater—a man was passing along the street just in front of the house whose roof was being repaired. Upon him the slater fell, knocking him to the ground with such force that he eventually died of the injuries he received; while the slater does not seem to have been much the worse for *his* fall, being saved from any violent concussion with the hard pavement by the interposition of the body of the unfortunate wayfarer. The dead man's son brought an action against the slater, asking that he might receive punishment for killing his father, and be made to pay to him, the son, damages to compensate him for his loss. The king, before whom the matter was laid, inquired into it, and satisfied himself that the slater was in no way to be blamed, his fall and its fatal consequence being purely accidental. In delivering his judgment, he said that it was natural that the son should desire some satisfaction for the death of his father at the hands of the man who had killed him, and that this he was ready to order him. The slater must go and stand exactly in the position where the deceased man had been at the time of the accident; and the son might mount on to the roof of the house and throw himself thence on to the slater, and so mete out to him the same treatment as had been meted out to his, the plaintiff's, father. The son, however, like Shylock, declined to run the risks incidental to carrying out the judgment.

The Emperor Claud was appealed to by a young man, who complained that his mother had disowned him, saying that he was no son of hers, and in no way entitled to any share of the family property. The emperor investigated the matter, and came to the conclusion that, though there was no way of quite conclusively proving that the young man was the son of the woman, there was yet, practically, no doubt about it. He ordered the woman to be brought before him, and said to her: 'Do you still deny that this man is your son?' The relationship was persistently denied. 'Well, then,' said Claud, 'if he is not your son, he shall be your husband. I order that you be immediately married to him.' This unexpected command reawakened in her the maternal feeling; and confessing her perjury, she fully acknowledged the young man as her son.

It is related of the Sultan Soliman II. that, upon his return to Constantinople after the conquest of Belgrade, a poor woman came to him, complaining that her cottage had been broken open by some of his soldiers, who had carried away all her goods while she was asleep. Soliman smiled, and told her she must have been sleeping hard if she had not heard the noise the men must have made in carrying away her property. 'It is true, my lord,' she boldly replied, 'that I slept soundly, because I believed your Highness was watching over me.' The sultan, though he felt the force of her rebuke, nevertheless admired her reply, and took steps for the restoration of her property and the punishment of her spoilers, giving her as well twenty pieces of gold.

Scaliger relates that a gentleman of high position, named Macaire, one of the bodyguard of King Charles V. of France, having some grudge against one of his comrades, Aubry de Montdidier, meeting him one day in the forest of Bondy, near Paris, accompanied only by his dog, treacherously murdered him, and buried his body. What the dog was doing while his master was being murdered, Scaliger does not tell us; but it appears to have been temporarily absent, probably hunting. When it returned, it found out the spot where its master's body was buried, and lay down on the grave, and kept watch over it till the pangs of hunger drove it in quest of food. It trotted off into Paris to the kitchen of one of Montdidier's most intimate friends, where it was well known, and hospitably received. Food was offered to it; and when the poor animal had satisfied its hunger, it set off again for its master's grave in the forest of Bondy. Next day, the same conduct was repeated, and for several days afterwards. At last the curiosity of one of the servants who fed the dog was aroused as to the cause of its daily visits, and he resolved to follow it. He traced it to the forest, and saw it lie down on a spot where the earth appeared to have been recently disturbed. The dog, seeing the man approach, began to howl in a melancholy way, as though it were trying to inspire pity. The appearance of the ground and the dog's singular conduct led to a search being made, when the body of Montdidier was discovered. The dog subsequently attached itself to the owner of the kitchen where it had gone daily for food; and it was noticed that every time it met Macaire, who moved in the same society as his new master, it flew at him, and would have worried him, if it had not been pulled away by those who were at hand. This behaviour of the dog caused some suspicion to

grow up against Macaire. Charles V., hearing of the matter, wished to inquire into the truth of it, and gave orders that Macaire and the dog should both come before him. Immediately the dog saw Macaire, it again flew at him with its accustomed fury. The king severely questioned Macaire as to what he knew of Montdidier's death, and exhorted him to tell the truth. Macaire denied all knowledge of it. Charles then decreed that Macaire and the dog should meet in single combat; the man being furnished with a thick staff; and a barrel with one end knocked out being provided as a place of shelter for the dog, in case it should be hard pressed. The duel commenced. The dog began by bounding about, just outside the reach of the staff, till it saw its opportunity. Then it made a furious spring and caught Macaire by the throat and dragged him to the ground. The unfortunate man, finding he could not free himself, cried for mercy, and confessed his crime. He was thereupon delivered from the dog, but only to be given into the custody of the law, by whose sentence he was afterwards executed.

The Duke of Ossone is celebrated for the many quaint judgments and decisions delivered by him while viceroy of Naples. Some of them seem actuated rather by a spirit of pleasantry than by one of justice. One day the duke had to choose a galley-slave who should be liberated in honour of some great festival. He went on board one of the galleys, and standing in front of the first bench of rowers, six in number, he began to question them all as to what had brought them there. The first one contented himself by calling God as a witness to his innocence, and protesting that he was there for no reason at all. The second said his punishment and disgrace were the work of his enemies and not the consequence of any crime. The third protested that a crying injustice had been done him by his being sent there without any trial. The fourth said that the lord of his village had become enamoured of his wife and had caused him to be sent there out of the way. The fifth declared that he came from the hamlet of Somma, and that he had been implicated in a robbery there, in which he really had had no part at all, and that all his neighbours would bear witness to his honesty. The sixth, who had observed that all these excuses and justifications did not seem to please the duke, took a different tone. 'Your Excellency,' he said, 'I come from Naples; and though the town is a large one, I do not believe that it contains a greater scoundrel than myself. They have been merciful to me in only sending me to the galleys.'

The viceroy looked at the man keenly for some moments, and then, turning to those in attendance upon him, said: 'Let this scoundrel be released from his chains; he will corrupt all those honest men.' Then he presented him with some money to provide himself with clothing, and besought him to try to live a better life in the future.

Two days afterwards, another prisoner was to be liberated, and the duke again proceeded to the galleys to select one. Information as to what had happened on the previous occasion had reached the slaves in the galley which the duke boarded, and they believed that the best way of getting their liberty was to blacken themselves as much as possible, seeing that that course had succeeded so well before. Of all the three hundred in the galley there was not one who did not confess that he was soiled with the vilest crimes, and had richly deserved wheel or gallows.

'This is strange,' said the duke, 'to see so many people with souls so black. Their punishment is the health of the state, which they would infect by their bad example. What crimes would they not commit if they were at liberty! I shall order them all to be still more vigorously guarded,' which he did; freeing only a monk, because he ingenuously said that the chains of the galley were less oppressive than those of the monastery. His punishment was the penalty of a double apostasy of which he had been guilty.

'Well,' said the duke, 'return to your monastery, since there you undergo a severer punishment.'

A rich old merchant, seventy years of age, named Morelli, boasted that he had gained the whole of his fortune without leaving Naples. He had never been away from it, he said, for five-and-forty years, and he vowed he would never go beyond sight of its walls. The Duke of Ossone heard of the old man's speeches, and sent to him one of his officers forbidding him, on the part of the king, to leave the kingdom on pain of forfeiting a fine of a thousand crowns. Morelli received the prohibition with mockery, and jested about it with his friends. To leave the kingdom was the last thing in the world he should think of doing. Had he not said that nothing could induce him to travel out of sight of his beloved Naples? Soon, however, he began to feel a curiosity as to what could have prompted this command of the king's, and he began to torment himself by all sorts of vague guesses and reflections, till the matter took such hold of his thoughts that it threw him into a nervous and miserable condition, and even prevented him from sleeping. At last, to deliver himself from a state of inquietude which he could no longer bear, and to satisfy his longing to do that which had been forbidden him, he sent a thousand crowns to the viceroy, and passed over the Neapolitan border into the Papal States. He stayed there only one night and then returned to Naples. The viceroy, upon hearing of his return, distributed half of the thousand crowns among Neapolitan hospitals, and returned the rest to Morelli, saying that this would suffice to teach the public how fools were punished.

About the same time there was in Naples another rich merchant named Ferronelli, noted for his avarice. This man had had the misfortune to lose an embroidered purse containing fifty gold ducats and fifty Spanish pistoles, together with a ring worth a thousand crowns. This loss was a cause of great grief to Ferronelli; and he sent a crier through Naples proclaiming that any one finding the purse and restoring it and its contents to the owner should be rewarded with the fifty pistoles. A poor old widow found it, and brought it to Ferronelli. As soon as he saw it and its rich contents, he felt tempted to cozen the old woman out of the greater part of the promised reward. The temptation was too strong for the avaricious man to resist; and while he was counting over the pistoles, he dexterously pushed out of sight thirty of them, and said to

the widow: 'I promised the fifty pistoles that were inside the purse to the finder; but I see you have already taken thirty of them. Here are the other twenty.'

The old woman protested that she had not taken a single coin; but it was in vain. Ferronelli insisted that she had already appropriated thirty of the pistoles, and must, therefore, now be contented with the balance of twenty. The old woman was obliged to yield, and went away with what she could get, which was indeed a large sum for her.

Talking matters over, however, with her friends afterwards, she was advised to lay the affair before the viceroy and to beseech his interference. The merchant was summoned before the viceroy, and gave his account of the matter.

The duke, when he had heard Ferronelli's story, replied: 'It is not likely that the old woman should have abstracted part of the money in the purse, as, if she had been dishonestly inclined, she might have taken the whole. This purse cannot, therefore, be yours; for yours, you say, contained fifty pistoles, and this one does not. In my opinion, you ought to be punished for having appropriated what does not belong to you.'

'My lord,' urged Ferronelli, 'I recognise the purse perfectly. I know the embroidery; besides, there are my ring and my fifty ducats in it. I beseech your Excellency not to allow me to be deprived of what is rightfully mine.'

'You must be deceiving yourself,' replied the viceroy. 'Does not the Mint turn out all ducats alike, and is it not possible that the jewellers should have made more than one ring like yours, and that there should be more than one purse embroidered in the same fashion as yours? The essential point is that your purse contained fifty pistoles, while this one does not.'

Then addressing himself to the widow, he said: 'Go, my good woman; take the purse; you are fairly entitled to it.'

One example more of this viceroy's method of dispensing justice, and we will conclude. There was in Naples a young Spanish exquisite, one Bertrand Solus. One day, while he was lounging about in one of the busier parts of the city, a porter, carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulder, tried to make his way through the crowd. Solus was directly in his path, and the porter called out to him several times, 'Make way, please,' without producing any effect. He then attempted to pass him as best he could; but, unfortunately, the wood came in contact with the young man's velvet dress and gave it an ugly rent. Highly indignant, he laid an information against the porter, and asked that he might be punished. The viceroy—having inquired privately into the circumstances before going into court—told the porter that he was to pretend to be dumb, and was to reply by signs only to anything that might be said to him. When the viceroy took his seat on the bench, Solus laid his complaint before him, and asked for judgment against the porter. The viceroy turned to the porter and asked him what he had to say in reply to the charge. The porter only shook his head and made signs with his hands.

'What judgment do you want me to give against a dumb man?' asked the viceroy of Solus.

'Oh, your Excellency, the man is an impostor. I beseech you not to believe that he is dumb. Before he ran against me, I distinctly heard him cry out, "Make way."'

'Then,' replied the viceroy, 'if you heard him ask you to make way for him, why did you not? The fault of the accident was entirely with yourself; and you must pay this poor man compensation for the trouble you have given him in bringing him here.'

TRACING A STOLEN BANK-NOTE.

Some years ago I was resident in New York. One day a gentleman, who announced himself as the British consul at that port, entered my father's office, saying that he wished to speak with Mr M——.

'That is my name,' I replied.

'Pardon me,' said the consul; 'but I was under the impression that the Mr M—— whom I am desirous of seeing was an older man than you are.'

'Ah, it is my father, then, whom you want. Unfortunately, he is, and has been, for some days past confined to the house by indisposition. Can you communicate to me the nature of your business, and it may be in my power to attend to it, in his absence?'

'I am obliged to you,' said the consul. 'Well,' he added, after some slight hesitation, 'I should like to speak with you in private for a few minutes, if convenient.'

'Certainly;' and having shown the old gentleman into an inner room, I requested him to be seated, and waited for him to broach the matter concerning which he had sought the interview.

Without preface, the consul took out from a pocket-book a twenty-pound Bank of England note, handed it to me, and said: 'I believe this note passed through your father's hands about two months ago.'

'Very possibly,' I replied, rather surprised at the question. 'But I can ascertain for a certainty in a moment.' Then, summoning a junior clerk, I desired him to bring me the rough cash-book. On looking over its pages, I soon came across an entry regarding a Bank of England note, the amount, date, and number of which corresponded with those of the one before me.

'I find,' I said, 'that this note *was* in my father's possession at the time you mention.—But may I ask the object of your making the inquiry?'

'It is this. Some fourteen months since, this note was abstracted from a letter posted at Glasgow for Aberdeen. Nothing was heard of the stolen money until five weeks ago, when the note was stopped, on being paid into the Bank of England by a firm of private bankers. They stated that it had been received by one of their customers in the ordinary course of business. The customer, when applied to, said that it had been remitted to him by a Mr M—— of New York. I have therefore been instructed by my government to trace, if possible, the note

during the period it was in this country. Can you inform me from whom your father had it?'

'Easily,' I said, referring to the book before me. 'It was bought of a Mr White, who has an Exchange Office in Wall Street. But I fear,' I added, 'you will find it very difficult, if not quite impracticable, to carry the matter further; since it is the usage with brokers to buy English bank-notes offered for sale without asking any questions, being aware that, even if they have been stolen, "the innocent holder" can legally enforce the cashing of them.'

'That is true. I agree with you that it is most unlikely that Mr White will be able to let me know who was the person from whom he bought the note; however, I shall call upon him without delay, since it is just possible that he may have it in his power to afford the information I seek.' Then, after thanking me for my courtesy in the matter, the consul took his leave; and I presumed that I should hear nothing more of the affair.

However, some months later, I was lunching at Delmonico's one day, when the consul entered the room. Recognising me, he came over to the table at which I was seated and took a chair beside me. In the course of conversation, he said: 'You recollect the circumstance of my calling upon you, some little time ago, with respect to a stolen Bank of England note?'

'Perfectly.'

'Well, after all, I *was* successful in tracing the note.'

'How was that?' I inquired.

'I will tell you. When I left your office, I went to that of Mr White. He referred to his books, and found that he had changed the note for the manager of one of the agencies of the Central Railroad Company. I then called upon that gentleman. He had no recollection of the individual from whom he had received the money; and disappointed, I was leaving the establishment, when a clerk interposed, and addressing his employer, he said: "Mr Suydam, we had the note in question from a man who bought a through-ticket for Chicago. He came in to inquire what was the fare to that city. I told him. He said that he would go by our line, but that he must first change some English money at a broker's. I informed him that this was quite unnecessary, as I would take it in payment of his ticket, at the current rate of exchange. To this suggestion he agreed; and thus the note came into our hands. Why I remember so clearly the transaction is, that the man's name was a rather unusual one—Blenkiron, and I had to ask him how he spelt it. Mr Blenkiron mentioned incidentally that he was going West, to fill a situation in a large manufacturing establishment; but he did not say the nature of the business, nor the name of the firm which had engaged his services."

'Furnished with these particulars,' continued the consul, 'I met the difficulty of putting myself in communication with the man in this way. I wrote to him, stating the information I sought, and addressed my letter to him at the *Poste Restante*, Chicago. At the same time, I caused advertisements to be inserted in two of the leading daily newspapers in that city, notifying Mr Blenkiron that there was a letter for him at the head post-office. Well, some days afterwards I had a reply to my communication, informing me that the writer had received the bank-note from an uncle in Bombay, whose address he gave me. This information I forwarded to the postal authorities in England, on whom, of course, devolved the duty of pursuing all further inquiries with respect to the matter; and for some little time thereafter I heard nothing more about the business. However, subsequently, I learned the sequel of it. The Mr Blenkiron, resident in Bombay, when communicated with, stated that the note had been sent to him by a merchant in Glasgow. That merchant had received it from a tradesman in the same place; that individual, in his turn, had taken it from a clerk in one of the branch post-offices in that city, in payment of his account. Thus, finally, the theft of the money having been brought home to the clerk in question, he was duly tried, and convicted of the offence.'

This was the consul's story, which struck me as a rather curious one. It is said, with justice, that the strength of a chain is simply the strength of its weakest link. In this case, some of the links of the chain of circumstances which had rendered it possible to trace the people through whose hands the stolen bank-note had passed, had been of the slightest, and had threatened on more than one occasion to part. Yet, by a concurrence of purely fortuitous events, they had not done so; but, on the contrary, the chain had held together so strongly as to bring an offender to justice, after so long a period had elapsed since the commission of the crime, that the criminal doubtless supposed himself quite safe from detection.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AUSTRALASIAN TRADE.

At the first meeting of the Australasian Trade Section of the London Chamber of Commerce, Alderman Sir William M'Arthur referred to the great importance of the trade represented by the Section. Its yearly total had now reached one hundred and fifteen million pounds, and in it some three millions of colonists were concerned; whereas in Canada, with its four and a half millions of people, the trade was not quite fifty million pounds, though it should be borne in mind that Canada, being the senior colony, was largely supplied from its own home productions with many articles which the younger Australasian colonies imported from the mother-country. This showed how important were our commercial relations with those colonies. He pointed out that while the United States of America—whither, until quite lately, emigration had largely flowed—only bought the productions of the United Kingdom to the amount of ten shillings per head, Canada and other colonies to the extent of three pounds per head, the value taken by Australia was at the rate of six pounds per head. On the other hand, we were large importers from Australia, the principal staple being wool, which we received to the extent of one million bales, weighing three hundred pounds each, in a year. Large quantities of Australian gold were brought into this country, the value having been as high as

twelve millions a year, though it had gradually fallen to six millions. We were continuing to look to Australia for an increasing portion of our food-supply, the total cereal export from South Australia alone being eight hundred thousand tons. A growing trade in dead-meat had also been created, both in beef and mutton, and as many as twenty-five thousand carcasses of sheep were brought by one vessel. One Australian industry which should be more largely developed was that of wine. The wine of Australia was remarkably good; but there was a serious drawback to material progress in the trade—namely, the duties now charged on importation into this country. The shilling duty on every gallon of colonial or foreign wines only applied to those up to the strength of twenty-six degrees; whereas the natural wines of Australia ranged as high as twenty-eight and thirty degrees, and consequently they were at a serious disadvantage in competing with others.

ENGLISH CALICOES IN CHINA.

The English Consul-general in his last Report about the trade of Shanghai takes notice of the increasing trade in American cottons during 1884. The greatest increase is in the item of sheetings, the chief markets for which are the colder districts of northern and north-western China, where these are used for clothing or tent-coverings. Lancashire, however, is beginning to awaken to the necessity of furnishing a more suitable material, which is coming to be favourably known in this region. The consul at Chinkiang says that there are fewer complaints than formerly of the sizing of English goods, but that English goods are far less durable than American, though costing only half the money. The sizing process has undoubtedly sown throughout China a wide distrust of foreign cottons. He says that English cottons are too fragile, and American too dear to suit the thrifty, practical Chinese peasant. For the import to be proportionate to the huge market open, an article as soft, as durable, and nearly as cheap as the native cottons, must be made. American drills and sheetings are very popular for their stoutness and strength, and are worn by all who can afford to pay a high price. Inner garments are made from the cheaper English cottons; but clerks, scholars, and the lower-middle class, together with a few farmers, buy the cheap English goods. Those engaged in outdoor labour—an immense multitude—wear native Chinese cottons, which outwear three or four English fabrics. The satisfaction of the demands of these customers should be the aim of our manufacturers at home.

The Reports from Hankow and Newchwang show that English textiles are barely holding their ground. The consul at Newchwang remarks that 'English cotton goods are far cheaper than either American or Chinese; but, owing to their bad quality, are far less economical in the end. If our manufacturers wish to retain their hold in this market, they must devote more attention to the purity and durability of the goods they turn out.' Another consul repeats that what is wanted is a cloth similar to the strong native cotton cloths of China, and for which our manufacturers would find an illimitable market.

PAPER RAILWAYS.

No use seems at first sight more extraordinary for paper than that of a material for railway wheels. As a building material it is becoming common in America, being especially valuable on account of its lightness for the upper portions of large buildings; indeed, an immense dome has been constructed of it with much success. Of course, to call the material 'paper' is somewhat misleading, the substance used for these purposes being merely the pulp after subjection to enormous pressure. Paper railway wheels have, as has been previously stated, been severely tested in America, and not found wanting. It is nevertheless somewhat of a surprise to learn that what may be called a paper railway is shortly to be laid down in Russia. According to *Galignani*, an American Company has been established in the environs of St Petersburg, having a large factory devoted to this special manufacture, by the authorisation of the Russian Ministry of Finance. The Company is about to lay down a line with paper rails and wheels between the capital and Warsaw. We should imagine that there would be far less vibration and noise on lines of compressed paper than on lines of metal, with a consequent increased comfort to travellers. The qualities of this compressed paper are lightness and great tensile strength combined with much durability. The new material might be introduced with advantage into the manufacture of vehicles.

NEMESIS.

When he and she were ten and eight,
  His little wife was she;
And both were quite content to wait
  Till he a man should be.
They played together as they grew;
  A tyrant lord was he—
They 'd quarrel when the clock was two,
  And make it up at three!

At fifteen he on girlish toys
  Looks down with scornful mien;
And she disdains to play with boys
  At feminine thirteen.
His matrimonial views are cool,
  At love he gaily mocks;
She boasts a dearest friend at school,
  And daily lengthening frocks!

When twenty sees him quite a man,
  Its bliss has one alloy:
She laughs at him behind her fan,
  And calls him such a boy.
For she has lovers now galore,
  Who smiles and favour crave;
And he who tyrannised of yore,
  Is now her humblest slave!

They now are middle-aged; 'tis said
  His chin a beard now covers;
And strange to say, she 's not yet wed,
  In spite of all her lovers!
But vain for her to sigh for him,
  For so the story tells—
Grown weary of caprice and whim,
  He 's married some one else!

G. Clifton Bingham.

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PAINLESS DEATHS.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

In our every-day experience, the question is frequently asked us, 'What is the least painful method of killing my pet dog?' (or cat, or other animal); and from what we have heard from others, we are glad to be able to state that nowadays the question is a common one. Glad! not because we rejoice at the general destruction of dumb animals, but because we are gratified to see a very widespread desire among a large proportion of the people to destroy, when compelled by necessity to do so, as humanely and as gently as possible.

A short while ago, had one of the lower animals rendered itself sufficiently obnoxious to deserve death, or, from other causes, was ordained to die, the only thought worthy of the consideration of the destroyer was the choice of the readiest weapon with which the deed might be done. To some extent the same remark would be at the present time true of the bulk of the uneducated classes; but thanks to the spread of education, and the feelings of tenderness and gentleness it engenders, so cruel a fashion is gradually dying out.

Let us suppose, for the sake of making the subject clearer, that we have a pet dog which must be destroyed; and let us take the doomed creature to different classes of persons, and request them to suggest the best means for its destruction. Let us in the first instance take it to that specimen of humanity—or inhumanity, if you please—which, for the sake of distinction, has been called 'a rough,' and ask his advice. He will, in all probability, suggest two methods, which have been very largely used, and still are to some extent—namely, hanging or drowning, and he will perhaps assure you that it will be but a few struggles, and then all will be over. Next, take it to a sportsman, and you will be told to shoot it; take it to an apothecary, and you will be told to use a very active poison—strychnine, perhaps, or corrosive sublimate, or white arsenic, or prussic acid; take it to a doctor, and perhaps he may tell you the same, or he may tell you to give chloroform first, and drown or otherwise kill the animal while under its influence.

Not one of these methods can we indorse, and we speak from experience, having witnessed the death of many animals under each of these methods, even when applied in the most skilful manner. Drowning is a barbarous and cruel method. The head must be forcibly submerged in water; and who that has seen the struggles and heard the cries of a half-drowned animal, should it for a moment get one breath of air, can say that its death was unattended with great and violent pain. Can any one who has witnessed the convulsive struggles—the sudden drawing up of the lower limbs towards the throat, the stifled cry, the bursting eyeballs of an animal when killed by hanging, say its death was a painless one? As for the strong-poison treatment, in our opinion it is worse than the two just mentioned, for not only is the suffering most acute, but it is enormously prolonged. Many a poor thing have I seen subjected to what was called skilful treatment in this way, and seldom have I experienced more sickening feelings than when watching the agonies of the dying creature. Many a stout and stern heart have I known on such occasions to resolve that they would not look upon such sights again. No; the death by strong poisons is very, very far from being a humane method. Shooting is too slow and uncertain, and ought to be had recourse to only under exceptional circumstances, when no other methods are applicable.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is very watchful in regard to the humane destruction of animals, and punishes any offender for cruel treatment.

There is one other method, seldom recommended because it is somewhat difficult of application, but which is nevertheless largely employed, and deserves more general recognition. It is the

one suggested by Dr Richardson, and used every week for the destruction of cart-loads of wandering and worthless dogs which find their way to the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea, and consists in killing chiefly by means of the gas known to chemists as carbonic oxide. Under the influence of this gas, the animal sinks into an insensible sleep, from which it never wakes, and without the least sign of pain. It is the form of death so frequently chosen by French suicides, and unwarily has found many a victim in the weary wayfarer who has laid himself to sleep on the warm bank on the leeward side of a burning limekiln.

Its application does not necessitate so much additional trouble and skill as to make it impracticable or unpopular. The animal has only to be placed in an air-tight chamber connected by a pipe with another chamber in which a charcoal fire is lighted. The products of combustion pass along the pipe to the chamber in which the animal is confined, and before long it dies, to all external appearances, a painless death. The quantity of carbonic oxide gas necessary for the destruction of an animal is very small. Le Blanc found that animals could live in an atmosphere containing twenty-five per cent. of carbonic acid, but died in one containing one and a half per cent. of carbonic oxide, and that recovery was more difficult in the latter case. It is therefore evident that but a very small quantity of this gas is sufficient to cause death.

Dr Richardson, in his lecture before the Society of Arts, has given full details of the method he employs. The process was first tried last May, and since that time, from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dogs per week have been destroyed. It need hardly be added that this humane method deserves to be widely known.

To carry on this work of destruction on so large a scale, Dr Richardson has devised a more elaborate apparatus than that referred to above. His 'lethal' chamber consists of a double-cased box, made of well-seasoned timber, the opening between the casings being closely packed with sawdust. One side has a door through which the cage containing the doomed animals is passed. When the door is closed, carbonic oxide gas, together with the vapour of chloroform and carbon disulphide, proceeds from stoves into the chamber until there is sufficient to cause the death of every one of the confined animals. To ascertain when the whole have ceased to breathe, use is made of a long trumpet-shaped stethoscope made of bamboo; and so delicate is it, that the continued breathing of a single animal, even among a great number, can be detected. As soon as the breathing has completely ceased, no more gas is admitted. No more humane method could possibly be devised.

But Dr Richardson goes a step further, and points out that the method can be applied to animals which are killed to supply us with food; that the flesh of animals so killed is in no way altered, and that the blood can be drawn as completely after as before the animal has been narcotised. It has not yet been applied to oxen and horses, the necessarily larger size of the lethal chamber being in itself a difficulty. Moreover, large animals require a higher percentage of gas to produce in them narcotic effects. Dr Richardson hopes to make electricity practically useful in killing the larger animals.

The physiological effect of carbonic oxide has long been supposed by chemists to depend on the formation of a compound of carbonic oxide with the hæmoglobin or matter in the red corpuscles of the blood, by which the latter is prevented from exercising its function as an absorbent of oxygen. But whatever its action may be, one thing is certain, that it is a really humane method of slaughtering animals, and on this account we earnestly hope its application will receive that attention it so richly deserves.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE dinner, it need scarcely be said, was a strange one. Except in Constance, who was perfectly cool, and Claude, who was more concerned about a possible draught from a window than anything else, there was much agitation in the rest of the party. Lady Markham was nervously cordial, anxious to talk and to make everything 'go'—which, indeed, she would have done far more effectually had she been able to retain her usual cheerful and benign composure. But there are some things which are scarcely possible even to the most accomplished woman of the world. How to place the guests, even, had been a trouble to her, almost too great to be faced. To place her husband by her side was more than she could bear, and where else could it be appropriate to place him, unless opposite to her, where the master of the house should sit? The difficulty was solved loosely by placing Constance there, and her father beside her. He sat between his daughters; while Ramsay and Sir Thomas were on either side of his wife. Under such circumstances, it was impossible that the conversation could be other than formal, with outbursts of somewhat conventional vivacity from Sir Thomas, supported by anxious responses from Lady Markham. Frances took refuge in saying nothing at all. And Waring sat like a ghost, with a smile on his face, in which there was a sort of pathetic humour, dashed with something that was half derision. To be sitting there at all was wonderful indeed, and to be listening to the small-talk of a London dinner-table, with all its little discussions, its talk of plays and pictures and people, its scraps of political life behind the scenes, its esoteric revelations on all subjects, was more wonderful still. He had half forgotten it, and to come thus at a single step into the midst of it all, and hear this babble floating on the air which was charged with so many tragic elements, was more wonderful still. To think that they should all be looking at each other across the flowers and the crystal, and knowing what questions were to be solved between them, yet talking and expecting others to talk of the new tenor and the last scandal! It seemed to the stranger out of the wilds, who had been banished from society so long, that it was a thing incredible, when he was thus thrown into it again. There were allusions to many things which he did not understand. There was something, for instance,

about Nelly Winterbourn which called forth a startling response from Lady Markham. 'You must not,' she said, 'say anything about poor Nelly in this house. From my heart, I am sorry and grieved for her; but in the circumstances, what can any one do? The least said, the better, especially here.' The pause after this was a minute but marked, and Waring asked Constance: 'Who is Nelly Winterbourn?'

'She is a young widow, papa. It was thought her husband had left her a large fortune; but he has left it to her on the condition that she should not marry again.'

'Is that why she is not to be spoken of in this house?' said Waring, growing red. This explanation had been asked and given in an undertone. He thought it referred to the circumstances in which his own marriage had taken place—Lady Markham being a young widow with a large jointure; and that this was the reason why the other was not to be mentioned; and it gave him a hot sense of offence, restrained by the politeness which is exercised in society, but not always when the offenders are one's wife and children. It turned the tide of softened thoughts back upon his heart, and increased to fierceness the derision with which he listened to all the trifles that floated uppermost. When the ladies left the room, he did not meet the questioning, almost timid look that Lady Markham threw upon him. He saw it, indeed, but he would not respond to it. That allusion had spoiled all the rest.

In the little interval after dinner, Claude Ramsay did his best to make himself agreeable. 'I am very glad to see you back, sir,' he said. 'I told Lady Markham it was the right thing. When a girl has a father, it's always odd that he shouldn't appear.'

'Oh, you told Lady Markham that it was—the right thing?'

'A coincidence, wasn't it? when you were on your way,' said Claude, perceiving the mistake he had made. 'You know, sir,' he added with a little hesitation, 'that it has all been made up for a long time between Constance and me.'

'Yes? What has all been made up? I understand that my daughter came out to me to'——

'Oh!' said Claude, interrupting hurriedly, 'it is *that* that has all been made up. Constance has been very nice about it,' he continued. 'She has been making a study of the Riviera, and collecting all sorts of *renseignements;* for in most cases, it is necessary for me to winter abroad.'

'That was what she was doing there—her object, I suppose?' said Waring with a grim smile.

'Besides the pleasure of visiting you, sir,' said Claude, with what he felt to be great tact. 'She seems to have done a great deal of exploring, and she tells me she has found just the right site for the villa—and all the *renseignements,*' he added. 'To have been on the spot, and studied the aspect, and how the winds blow, is such a great thing; and to be near your place too,' he said politely, by an after-thought.

'Which I hope is to be your place no more, Waring,' said Sir Thomas. 'Your own place is very empty, and craving for you all the time.'

'It is too fine a question to say what is my own place,' he said with that pale indignant smile. 'Things are seldom made any clearer by an absence of a dozen years.'

'A great deal clearer—the mists blow away, and the hot fumes. Come, Waring, say you are glad you have come home.'

'I suppose,' said Claude, 'you find it really too hot for summer on that coast. What would you say was the end of the season? May? Just when London begins to be possible, and most people have come to town.'

'Is not that one of the *renseignements* Constance has given you?' Waring asked with a short laugh; but he made no reply to the other questions. And then there was a little of the inevitable politics before the gentlemen went up-stairs. Lady Markham had been threatened with what in France is called an *attaque des nerfs,* when she reached the shelter of the drawing-room. She was a little hysterical, hardly able to get the better of the sobbing which assailed her. Constance stood apart, and looked on with a little surprise. 'You know, mamma,' she said reflectively, 'an effort is the only thing. With an effort, you can stop it.'

Frances was differently affected by this emotion. She, who had never learned to be familiar, stole behind her mother's chair and made her breast a pillow for Lady Markham's head, a breast in which the heart was beating now high, now low, with excitement and despondency. She did not say anything; but there is sometimes comfort in a touch. It helped Lady Markham to subdue the unwonted spasm. She held close for a moment the arms which were over her shoulders, and she replied to Constance: 'Yes, that is true. I am ashamed of myself. I ought to know better—at my age.'

'It has gone off on the whole very well,' Constance said. And then she retired to a sofa and took up a book.

Lady Markham held Frances' hands in hers for a moment or two longer, then drew her towards her and kissed her, still without a word. They had drawn nearer to each other in that silent encounter than in all that had passed before. Lady Markham's heart was full of many commotions; the past was rising up around her with all its agitating recollections. She looked back, and saw, oh, so clearly in that pale light which can never alter, the scenes that ought never to have been, the words that ought never to have been said, the faults, the mistakes—those things which were fixed there for ever, not to be forgotten. Could they ever be forgotten? Could any postscript be put to the finished story? Or was this strange meeting—unsought, scarcely desired on either side, into which the separated Two, who ought to have been One, seemed to have been driven without any will of their own—was it to be mere useless additional pain, and no more?

The ladies were all very peacefully employed when the gentlemen came up-stairs. Lady Markham turned round as usual from her writing-table to receive them with a smile. Constance laid down her book. Frances, from her usual dim corner, lifted up her eyes to watch them as they came in. They stood in the middle of the room for a minute, and talked to each other

according to the embarrassed usage of Englishmen, and then they distributed themselves. Sir Thomas fell to Frances' share. He turned to her eagerly, and took her hand and pressed it warmly. 'We have done it,' he said in an excited whisper. 'So far, all is victorious; but still there is a great deal more to do.'

'I think it is Constance that has done it,' Frances said.

'She has worked for us—without meaning it—no doubt; but I am not going to give up the credit to Constance; and there is still a great deal to do. You must not lay down your arms, my dear. You and I, we have the ball at our feet, but there is a great deal still to do.'

Frances made no reply. The corner which she had chosen for herself was almost concealed behind a screen which parted the room in two. The other group made a picture far enough withdrawn to gain perspective. Waring stood near his wife, who from time to time gave him a look, half watchful, half wistful, and sometimes made a remark, to which he gave a brief reply. His attitude and hers told a story; but it was a confused and uncertain one, of which the end was all darkness. They were together, but fortuitously, without any will of their own; and between them was a gulf fixed. Which would cross it, or was it possible that it ever could be crossed at all? The room was very silent, for the conversation was not lively between Constance and Claude on the sofa; and Sir Thomas was silent, watching too. All was so quiet, indeed, that every sound was audible without; but there was no expectation of any interruption, nobody looked for anything, there was a perfect indifference to outside sounds. So much so, that for a moment the ladies were scarcely startled by the familiar noise, so constantly heard, of Markham's hansom drawing up at the door. It could not be Markham; he was out of the way, disposed of till next morning. But Lady Markham, with that presentiment which springs up most strongly when every avenue by which harm can come seems stopped, started, then rose to her feet with alarm. 'It can't surely be—— Oh, what has brought him here!' she cried, and looked at Claude, to bid him, with her eyes, rush to meet him, stop him, keep him from coming in. But Claude did not understand her eyes.

As for Waring, seeing that something had gone wrong in the programme, but not guessing what it was, he accepted her movement as a dismissal, and quietly joined his daughter and his friend behind the screen. The two men got behind it altogether, showing only where their heads passed its line; but the light was not bright in that corner, and the new-comer was full of his own affairs. For it was Markham, who came in rapidly, stopped by no wise agent, or suggestion of expediency. He came into the room dressed in light morning-clothes, greenish, grayish, yellowish, like the colour of his sandy hair and complexion. He came in with his face puckered up and twitching, as it did when he was excited. His mother, Constance, Claude, sunk in the corner of the sofa, were all he saw; and he took no notice of Claude. He crossed that little opening amid the fashionably crowded furniture, and went and placed himself in front of the fireplace, which was full at this season of flowers, not of fire. From that point of vantage he greeted them with his usual laugh, but broken and embarrassed. 'Well, mother—well, Con: you thought you were clear of me for to-night.'

'I did not expect you, Markham. Is anything—has anything——?'

'Gone wrong?' he said. 'No—I don't know that anything has gone wrong. That depends on how you look at it. I've been in the country all day.'

'Yes, Markham; so I know.'

'But not where I was going,' he said. His laugh broke out again, quite irrelevant and inappropriate. 'I've seen Nelly,' he said.

'Markham!' his mother cried, with a tone of wonder, disapproval, indignation, such as had never been heard in her voice before, through all that had been said and understood concerning Markham and Nelly Winterbourn. She had sunk into her chair, but now rose again in distress and anxiety. 'Oh,' she cried, 'how could you? how could you? I thought you had some true feeling. O Markham, how unworthy of you *now* to vex and compromise that poor girl!'

He made no answer for a moment, but moistened his lips, with a sound that seemed like a ghost of the habitual chuckle. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know you made it all up that the chapter was closed *now;* but I never said so, mother. Nelly's where she was before, when we hadn't the courage to do anything. Only worse: shamed and put in bondage by that miserable beggar's will. And you all took it for granted that there was an end between her and me. I was waiting to marry her when she was free and rich, you all thought; but I wasn't bound, to be sure, nor the sort of man to think of it twice when I knew she would be poor.'

'Markham! no one ever said, nobody thought'——

'Oh, I know very well what people thought—and said too, for that matter,' said Markham. 'I hope a fellow like me knows Society well enough for that. A pair of old stagers like Nelly and me, of course we knew what everybody said. Well, mammy, you're mistaken this time, that's all. There's nothing to be taken for granted in this world. Nelly's game, and so am I. As soon as it's what you call decent, and the crape business done with—for she has always done her duty by him, the fellow, as everybody knows'——

'Markham!' his mother cried almost with a shriek—'why, it is ruin, destruction. I must speak to Nelly—ruin both to her and you.'

He laughed. 'Or else the t'other thing—salvation, you know. Anyhow, Nelly's game for it, and so am I.'

There suddenly glided into the light at this moment a little figure, white, rapid, noiseless, and caught Markham's arm in both hers. 'O Markham! O Markham!' cried Frances, 'I am so glad! I never believed it; I always knew it. I am so glad!' and began to cry, clinging to his arm.

Markham's puckered countenance twitched and puckered more and more. His chuckle sounded over her half like a sob. 'Look here,' he said.

'Here's the little one approves. She's the one to judge, the sort of still small voice—eh, mother? Come; I've got far better than I deserve; I've got little Fan on my side.'

Lady Markham wrung her hands with an impatience which partly arose from her own better instincts. The words which she wanted would not come to her lips. 'The child, what can she know!' she cried, and could say no more.

'Stand by me, little Fan,' said Markham, holding his little sister close to him.—'Mother, it's not a small thing that could part you and me; that is what I feel, nothing else. For the rest, we'll take the Priory, Nelly and I, and be very jolly upon nothing. Mother, you didn't think in your heart that YOUR son was a base little beggar, no better than Winterbourn?'

Lady Markham made no reply. She sank down in her chair and covered her face with her hands. In the climax of so many emotions, she was overwhelmed. She could not stand up against Markham; in her husband's presence, with everything hanging in the balance, she could say nothing. The worldly wisdom she had learned melted away from her. Her heart was stirred to its depths, and the conventional bonds restrained it no more. A kind of sweet bitterness—a sense of desertion, yet hope—of secret approval, yet opposition, disabled her altogether. One or two convulsive sobs shook her frame. She was able to say nothing, nothing, and was silent, covering her face with her hands.

Waring had seen Markham come in with angry displeasure. He had listened with that keen curiosity of antagonism which is almost as warm as the interest of love, to hear what he had to say. Sir Thomas, standing by his side, threw in a word or two to explain, seeing an opportunity in this new development of affairs. But nothing was really altered until Frances rose. Her father watched her with a poignant anxiety, wonder, excitement. When she threw herself upon her brother's arm, and, all alone in her youth, gave him her approval, the effect upon the mind of the father was very strange. He frowned and turned away, then came back and looked again. His daughter, his little white spotless child, thrown upon the shoulder of the young man whom he had believed he hated, his wife's son, who had been always in his way. It was intolerable. He must spring forward, he thought, and pluck her away. But Markham's stifled cry of emotion and happiness somehow arrested Waring. He looked again, and there was something tender, pathetic, in the group. He began to perceive dimly how it was. Markham was making a resolution which for a man of his kind was heroic; and the little sister, the child, his own child, of his training, not of the world, had gone in her innocence and consecrated it with her approval. The approval of little Frances! And Markham had the heart to feel that in that approval there was something beyond and above everything else that could be said to him. Waring, too, like his wife, was in a condition of mind which offered no defence against the first touch of nature which was strong enough to reach him. He was open not to everyday reasoning, but to the sudden prick of a keen unhabitual feeling. A sudden impulse came upon him in this softened, excited mood. Had he paused to think, he would have turned his back upon this scene and hurried away, to be out of the contagion. But fortunately, he did not pause to think. He went forward quickly, laying his hand upon the back of the chair in which Lady Markham sat, struggling for calm—and confronted his old antagonist, his boy-enemy of former times, who recognised him suddenly, with a gasp of astonishment. 'Markham,' he said, 'if I understand rightly, you are acting like a true and honourable man. Perhaps I have not done you justice, hitherto. Your mother does not seem able to say anything. I believe in my little girl's instinct. If it will do you any good, you have my approval too.'

Markham's slackened arm dropped to his side, though Frances embraced it still. His very jaw dropped in the amazement, almost consternation of this sudden appearance. 'Sir!' he stammered, 'your—your—support—your—friendship would be all I could'—— And here his voice failed him, and he said no more.

Then Waring went a step further by an unaccountable impulse, which afterwards he could not understand. He held out one hand, still holding with the other the back of Lady Markham's chair. 'I know what the loss will be to your mother,' he said; 'but perhaps—perhaps, if she pleases: that may be made up too.'

She removed her hands suddenly and looked up at him. There was not a particle of colour in her cheek. The hurrying of her heart parched her open lips. The two men clasped hands over her, and she saw them through a mist, for a moment side by side.

At this moment of extreme agitation and excitement, Lady Markham's butler suddenly opened the drawing-room door. He came in with that solemnity of countenance with which, in his class, it is thought proper to name all that is preliminary to death. 'If you please, my lady,' he said, 'there's a man below has come to say that the fever's come to a crisis, and that there's a change.'

'You mean Captain Gaunt,' cried Lady Markham, rising with a half-stupefied look. She was so much worn by these divers emotions, that she did not see where she went.

'Captain Gaunt!' said Constance with a low cry.

(To be concluded.)

'OLD FOLKS WILL SERVE YOU BEST.'

WE once heard of a boy who described his aunt as 'past thirty, but still active;' and certainly mental and bodily activity are not attributed to the sex if they want to earn a livelihood much after that period. The matter of premature superannuation affects both sexes, however, and we cannot do better than make as a text of our discourse the following wise saw, culled from a volume of epigrams lately published by the poet William Allingham:

> Old folks, though weak, will serve you best; of late,
> Conscience in work is gone quite out of date.

Never were words more appropriately spoken, and never was the truth they convey more

painfully brought home to our minds than in the present day! Not only in the humbler walks of life, where the breadwinner's chances depend mainly upon sinews and muscle, but in superior callings, where experience and tested aptitude should be the first requisites, qualities with which bodily prowess has nothing to do, we find the same premium put upon inexperience and incapacity. The man of fifty, from the admiral down to the city clerk, who, without any fault of his own, is compelled to seek employment, is set aside simply because he happens not to be ten or fifteen years younger. One might suppose, indeed, that at fifty a human being's intellectual faculties in the natural order of things fail him altogether, and that, like the unfortunate Immortals in *Gulliver's Travels* who were despised at eighty, he is 'held incapable of any employment of trust or profit.'

The case of women is harder still. A woman's youth, from a business point of view, is short-lived indeed. Working women may be past thirty but still active, for all employers care! Female assistants must be younger than that wonderful boy's aunt, for instance, since we rarely by any chance find any but quite young women behind a counter. Older ones could do the necessary work as well, and even better. They are, however, less ornamental, and contribute less to the agreeable aspect of the place. But the question arises, unless these superannuated shopwomen marry, what becomes of them? What is the future of these discarded ones 'past thirty, but still active?' We are driven into the belief that as the openings for them are fewer even than their contemporaries of the other sex, large numbers drift away on the sea of misery and destitution.

Rich ladies, the wealthy spinsters, who, as we are told, are to constitute such a force in English society fifty years hence, could hardly spend their money better than in opening shops and business houses for which the qualification should be 'past thirty, but still active.'

Here, also, is a hint for our Postmaster-general. Why should female clerks in the postal service consist of pert giglets hardly out of their teens? Here is an occupation for women till eyesight and bodily strength begin to fail, and this is not often the case till they have attained their fiftieth or even sixtieth year. Many women, indeed, can achieve as much mental and bodily work at sixty-five as in the heyday of youth.

The short-sightedness of this undue deference paid to youth is self-evident. Perhaps in no age was youth so self-asserting, arrogant, and wanting in respect, as now. Our young men and young women, especially those who have had exceptional advantages in the matter of education and culture, wholly fail to realise their proper place in society, and what they owe to their forerunners and elders; so true are these wise words of Goethe: 'There is one thing no one brings with him into the world, and it is a thing on which everything else depends; that thing by means of which every man that is born into the world becomes truly manly—namely, Reverence.'

Our German neighbours, indeed, have a proverb, which, cruelly ironic as it sounds, is not without truth: *Jugend hat keine Tugend* (Youth has no virtue); and true it is that, for certain virtues, it would be unreasonable to look to youth; yet these are some of the very qualities most needed in the conduct of human affairs, such as experience, disinterestedness, assiduity—in short, that conscience in work which our poet tells us is out of date.

A certain measure of indifference, selfishness, insensibility to the interests of others, general indifference, is inseparable from that period of existence, when all is expectation and looking forward. Duty, in the larger sense of the word, the measure of justice one human being is bound to deal out to another in the least as well as the most trifling transaction, the sense of responsibility only age can give—these are lessons of life not to be learned at once. Later on, during those brief years allotted to both sexes, by custom and general opinion, as their prime, men, no more than women, are likely to do their work better than when, from a business point of view, they are set aside as incapable. On the contrary, the daily discharge of routine duties, however irksome, will be easier to those who have learned, perhaps by bitter experience, the value of time, of money, and of conscience. Granting that a man or woman of sixty may not be able to get through so much work in the same time as those half their age, is not the conscience put into the work to be taken into consideration? True enough is it, as our poet says:

> Conscience in work is quite grown out of date.

Never were wages so high, never expectations of work-people so exalted as now, and never was it more difficult to get any piece of manual work efficiently done. The job is got through somehow, paid for, and there is an end of the matter.

Old servants, too, are rapidly running out of date. The time-honoured retainers of former years are now replaced by pretty girls and smart young men, who stay with each employer just till they can improve their position, and no more; whereas serving-folks who have grown gray in their master's service, naturally have their interests at heart, and prevent that spoliation in the kitchen which goes well-nigh to ruin so many families.

Youth has charms. 'A pretty girl is the poetry of the work-a-day world,' says one of our novelists. Unfortunately, the greater part of human affairs has to do with bare prose; and for the daily transactions of business, bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and a slim figure, are less necessary than steadiness, rectitude, and unswerving devotion to work-a-day duty.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

NOTWITHSTANDING their late vigil, Captain Avory and his wife were up betimes next morning, and had breakfasted by nine o'clock. Then Susan was sent to the *Crown Hotel* for a fly, which presently drove up to the gate. Then the captain and his wife appeared, equipped to encounter the weather, which was still broken and stormy, and were driven away. But when the fly had climbed the slope on which the scattered houses

of Boscombe are built, and had reached the high-road which skirts its summit, the captain alighted. His road lay one way, and that of his wife the other. Mrs Avory's destination was Alvebury, a small town some half-dozen miles away, at which place there was no one to whom she was known. Her object in going there was to post her husband's reply to his cousin's letter. It would scarcely have been judicious to post at the Boscombe office a letter addressed to 'Edward Saverne, Esq.,' seeing that every one in the place was aware that a gentleman of that name had died and been buried there only a few weeks previously.

Captain Avory's answer to his cousin's letter was written from his wife's dictation. It was couched in judiciously affectionate terms, and expressed the writer's pleasure at the prospect of meeting again his long-absent relative. The captain then went on to say that he would not fail to meet his cousin at Mumpton Junction at the time stated; but should anything meanwhile intervene to delay his journey, he was requested to send a telegram informing the captain on what day and by what train he might be looked for.

When husband and wife parted at the point where their roads diverged, the captain turned up the collar of his waterproof, pulled his hat more firmly over his brows, and set his face eastward. He had the wind and rain in his teeth as he walked, and at another time he would have felt the discomforts of the weather keenly; but this morning he had far other food for his thoughts. He was bound on an errand such as none but a desperate man would think of undertaking. So long as the influence of his wife's presence was upon him, so long as the magnetism of her stronger will made itself felt, the task before him, although beset with dangers and difficulties, had yet seemed feasible and full of promise; but now that he was left to himself, his hopes and his courage at once sunk to zero. Just then, he felt as if he would gladly have given all that he had ever possessed if he could have put back the hand of time—if he could have been again as he was twelve months ago, before his wife's voice had whispered the first syllable of temptation in his ear. Ah! how readily he had yielded to it. What a golden vista her words had conjured up! Of his own free-will, he had woven the net mesh by mesh around him, till now there only remained one last desperate chance of escape. Fool, fool that he had been!

With such and other bitter thoughts gnawing at his heartstrings, he trudged doggedly forward, the whips of rain lashing his face unheeded. When he had gone about a couple of miles, the road began to trend downwards. He was nearing one end of the long irregular stretch of cliff fronting the bay, in the midst of whose green luxuriant lap bask the white villas of Boscombe Regis. So far, he had encountered no one, except a country carrier jogging slowly along on his hooded cart, and two drenched, woe-begone tramps. For this he was thankful; the fewer people he met by the way the better. But now that he was nearing his destination, a new fear gripped him like a vice. What if the man he was going in search of was not at home, and was nowhere to be found! The thought turned him sick and dizzy, and he was obliged to come to a stand for a few moments, with his hand resting against the trunk of a tree. If Bosy Groote had one of his wandering fits on him—and what more likely?—then would Mrs Avory's cunningly elaborated scheme collapse as at a breath, leaving behind it nothing save ruin black and irretrievable.

He took a flask of brandy from his pocket, and administered to himself a liberal dose of its contents. It brought back a little colour to his pinched features, and nerved him with a sort of dogged courage to face whatever the next half-hour might have in store for him.

Still deeper dipped the road, while the growth of timber on either hand broadened out into a gloomy plantation, through whose intricacies nothing could be discerned. Another quarter of a mile, as the captain was aware, would have brought him to the end of the plantation and on a level with the shore. After about a mile of this level sandy road, with the sea full in view on the right, it began to climb again and wind its way over the shoulder of the eastern-most of the two headlands which shut in Boscombe Bay. On the other side of this headland, and almost in its shadow when the sun was drawing toward the west, lay the little fishing hamlet of Cawdray.

But not so far as this would Captain Avory's footsteps take him to-day. While still in the deepest shadow of the plantation, he slackened his pace, and keeping his eyes on the hedge of blackberry bushes which bordered the road on the right, he went slowly forward till he apparently found the sign for which he was looking. What that sign was, was best known to himself; in any case, his face brightened a little; and having first given a glance up the road, then down it, and seeing no one coming either way, he pushed through a small gap in the prickly hedge, and proceeded to thread the mazes of the plantation with the air of a man to whom they were not altogether unfamiliar. Five minutes' walking brought him to the further edge of the wood and in full view of a broad reach of sandy shore, with the gray, heaving waters of the Channel widening out beyond till they lost themselves in the rain-smitten horizon.

But Captain Avory had no eyes this morning save for one object, and that object was the ruinous and blackened remains of what had once been a two-storied dwelling, which stood at a point where the trees had gone down to meet the sands, or it might be where the sands had crept up to meet the trees. The house was roofless except one corner of it, and only one chimney was left standing. But when from that chimney the captain saw a thin spiral of smoke slowly crawling, his heart gave a great throb of relief. It was the sign and signal that Bosy Groote was at home, and he felt as if one-half of his errand were already accomplished. As Captain Avory picked his way, first along the sand, and then over a scattered heap of stones which had once formed part of the boundary-wall of the house, he became aware of the sound of music. 'It's Bosy with his fiddle,' he muttered. After pausing

for a moment to listen, he crossed a paved court-yard, the pavement of which was now buried inches deep under the ever-shifting sand; and unceremoniously opening a door made of boards roughly nailed together, he halted on the threshold and surveyed the scene before him.

The room into which he now peered had originally been the kitchen of the burned-out house, and was the only part that was left with a roof on it; but even here the intermediate flooring between the upper and the lower stories had been burned away, so that when you looked up, you saw nothing above you but half-charred rafters and the slates of the roof. That this roof was by no means weather-proof was proved by three or four patches of rain-water on different parts of the floor. The wide old-fashioned window, in which not a single pane was left, was roughly boarded up, except a space of a few inches at the top. Such daylight as there was in the place found its way through this aperture. The room was furnished, if furnished it could be called, in the simplest possible style. A couple of three-legged stools, an empty cask for a table, a low rough pallet in one corner covered with a bag of straw and a couple of horserugs, a frying-pan, a kettle, and a tin teapot, together with a plate and mug of the same ware, comprised the whole of the visible effects. The fireplace was low and wide; but the grate had been torn away years ago, and its place was now filled by a dozen or so of loose bricks, in the midst of which smouldered a few dying embers.

The sole occupant of this wretched domicile was a man who was sitting cross-legged on the pallet in the corner playing the fiddle, and whose age might have been anything between thirty and fifty. As he sat there, he looked like a man who at the least would stand six feet in height, so broad were his shoulders, so long and muscular his arms. But when he stood up it was seen that, large as his body was, his lower extremities were those of a dwarf. To add to the incongruity of his appearance, his shrunken legs bowed out below the knees, as if unable to sustain the weight above them, and when he walked, or rather waddled, he turned his feet inward. He had a large head, and a long thin face seamed and lined through much exposure to the weather. He had a long vulturine nose, the end of which came to within a quarter of an inch of his mouth. His eyes were as keen and rapacious as those of some bird of prey. His long black hair hung in tangled locks round his shoulders, and his head was crowned with a high conical hat of soft black felt, much the worse for wear.

At the moment of Avory's entrance, this singular being was scraping away at some nightmare improvisation of his own, which seemed to have neither beginning, middle, nor end; but which, lacking all method though it did, was not devoid of a certain weird originality. He looked up and nodded as the captain's figure darkened the doorway.

'How do, cap'en?'

'How do you do, Bosy? How's the world using you by this time?'

'About as well as I'm using it, cap'en, I reckon; and that ain't no great shakes.'

'Well, cease that caterwauling, there's a good fellow. I've a matter of business to talk to you about.'

'Caterwauling? Oh! It's a little thing of my own, cap'en, as sweet as early dewdrops, and as pathetic as the lowing of a bull-calf.' As he spoke, he put away the fiddle on a shelf behind him and slid to the ground. 'Be seated, my noble prince,' he said, indicating one of the stools with a wave of his arm. With that, he stirred up the dying embers; and seating himself on the other stool, he crossed one crooked leg over the knee of the other and glanced up keenly at his visitor.

Captain Avory's first proceeding was to bring out his flask—it held a quart—and place it on the head of the empty cask. Bosy's eyes sparkled, and he smacked his lips involuntarily. The captain's next proceeding was to produce a small canvas bag, half full of gold; this, after a preliminary chink, he placed beside the flask. At sight of this, Bosy's eyes seemed to strike fire. Next he brought out his meerschaum and tobacco-pouch, and having filled the former, he passed the pouch to Bosy, who produced a short black pipe from his waistcoat pocket and proceeded to follow his visitor's example. No sooner were the pipes fairly under way, than the captain helped Bosy and himself to a liberal supply of brandy. Bosy drank his, undiluted, out of the tin pannikin. 'It's good enough for me without water,' he said, as again he smacked his lips.

'Now for business,' said the captain.

'Ay, now for business,' responded Bosy, drawing his stool a little nearer that of the other.

It is not needful to set down all that passed at the interview between these two strangely assorted companions; what resulted from it we shall learn later on.

Hoogies—how it came by its name no one seemed to know—might with reason be termed the ancestral home of Bosy, or Ambrose Groote, seeing that it had been built by his great-great-grandfather a century and a half ago, and that each succeeding generation had made it their home. Originally, there had been fifty or sixty acres of land attached to the house, but that had got into other hands long ago. Then, the Grootes had always kept up a connection with the fishing-trade, and time out of mind had owned two or three of the Cawdray smacks. But, more than all else, they had been noted smugglers at a time when smuggling was a lucrative and semi-respectable profession. It was Bosy's father who first squandered the property, which had come down to him from three generations of thrifty ancestors. He was a lazy, drunken ne'er-do-weel, who attended every race within a circuit of fifty miles, and was fleeced by men as unscrupulous as himself, but far more cunning. At length the last fishing-boat had to be sold to pay creditors who would no longer be denied; and after that, Marvel Groote would seem to have gone rapidly from bad to worse. There were dark whispers afloat respecting a pedlar who had been seen going towards Hoogies in the dusk of an autumn evening and who from that hour had disappeared. It was even said that the fever which little Bosy Groote had about this time—he was then five or six years old—which left him with a warp of the mind from which he never recovered,

had its origin in a terrible fright—that, in fact, the child waking up in the middle of the night, had seen his father dragging the pedlar's body down-stairs to its ready-made grave in the garden. But it could scarcely have been anything more than surmise on the part of those who whispered this strange story to each other. In any case, a year or two later, Marvel Groote brought matters to a characteristic climax by setting fire to the house in one of his drunken fits and making it at the same time his own funeral pyre. After that, Bosy and his mother disappeared; and as years passed away, their names and very existence were almost forgotten.

A quarter of a century had come and gone when Bosy Groote found his way back alone to the ruined home of his youth. The place had an uncanny reputation, and had never been rebuilt. The sands had gradually encroached on it till what had formerly been a smiling garden, was now as waste and barren as the rest of the shore. Cottagers from the neighbouring village who wanted to build a pigsty or inclose a patch of ground had made a free use of the materials which were here ready to their hands; and there is little doubt that had not Bosy returned, the whole house would have disappeared piecemeal in the course of a few more years. Such as it was, however, Bosy now made it his home.

Five years had passed since his return. How he lived, no one seemed to know or care. He had no friends, was intimate with no one, and, so far as was known, no foot but his own ever crossed his threshold. In summer, when the weather was fine and the days long, he would wander about the country-side with his fiddle, playing at merry-makings and junketings of various kinds, and be rewarded by sixpence here or a shilling there, together with as much to eat and drink as he wanted, and now and then with permission to sleep in a barn or outhouse. Bosy, in fact, was a familiar figure within a circuit of twenty miles round Boscombe. It was generally held that he was not quite right in his mind, though in what particular he differed from other people no one seemed able clearly to define. Others there were who held that he was just as sane as his neighbours, and that it was only to serve his own ends that he rather encouraged the idea of his being mentally deficient. Be this as it may, every one looked upon Bosy as being thoroughly harmless—although, curious to relate, little children seemed to have some instinctive dread of him, and always ran to their mothers the moment they set eyes on him.

Occasionally during the winter, Bosy would disappear from his usual haunts for three or four months together, and no one ever knew what became of him at such times. If questioned, he would say: 'I've just come back from a visit to the man in the moon. He and I are old cronies. I play to him, and he sings to me; only he has such a queer, cracked voice, that it makes me nearly die of laughing to hear him. But I'm glad to get back again, for it's mortal cold up there, I can tell you.'

It only now remains to be explained how Captain Avory and Bosy Groote came to be on such intimate terms. When the captain was a boy, he spent a year at a school at Boscombe Regis; but this was a fact which he now kept carefully to himself. One day, when out walking, accompanied by his master's Newfoundland dog, he had come across a poor decrepit, half-witted lad who was being buffeted and cuffed by half-a-dozen boys bigger than himself. Young Avory had at once taken sides with the weaker; and by threatening to set his dog on the lad's tormentors, had effectually scared them away. Bosy Groote had never forgotten this service; and when the two men met more than thirty years later, they mutually recognised each other. More than once since then, the captain had found his way to Hoogies.

The flask was nearly empty, and they had refilled their pipes more than once before the captain and Bosy brought their talk to an end. When they had arranged all preliminaries to their satisfaction, the captain opened the canvas bag and proceeded to count out ten bright new sovereigns into his companion's long lean hand. 'There will be ten more for you,' he said, 'as soon as what we have to do is fairly completed.'

The moment Bosy's fingers closed on the gold, he gave utterance to a peculiar half-idiotic chuckle, which even startled the captain for a moment.

'By Jove!' he muttered, 'I should not like to be here alone with him at night if he thought I had much money about me.—Don't forget,' he said as he rose, 'that you are to be at the Cottage not a minute later than eight o'clock on Monday evening next. It will be quite dark at that time; but should any one be about, wait till he is gone before you open the garden gate. Mrs Avory will be prepared to receive you, and will give you some supper. I shall not reach the Cottage till about half-past nine. You clearly understand?'

'Of course I understand, my noble prince; I ain't neither deaf nor stupid. I'll be there to the time, never fear.—What a lark it will be, though, for the poor gentleman. Ho, ho, ho! I can't help laughing; it will be such fun for all of us, but 'specially for him!'

(To be concluded.)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway is now completed, and on the 8th November the first through-train from Montreal arrived at Vancouver. The line is two thousand eight hundred miles long, and the average speed, including stoppages, was twenty-four miles per hour. With the advantages open to travellers by the construction of this railway, it will before long be possible to travel from Liverpool to the Pacific in ten days.

The Madrid Commission appointed to investigate the question of the efficacy of inoculation as a remedy against cholera—a question which has raised such fierce discussions in Spain for and against the originator of the operation, Dr Ferran—has issued its verdict. The Commission is of opinion that the inoculations cannot be considered inoffensive, and that the epidemic is actually propagated by them. Nor is it demonstrated by the results that the inoculations secure immunity from cholera. Moreover, the person

inoculated is for the first few days rendered more susceptible to contract any other form of disease. This adverse verdict will be a sore disappointment to those who believed that an antidote to a most terrible disease had at last been found.

From experiments lately carried out in the Aquarium at the Inventions Exhibition respecting the sleep of fishes, it appears that sleep is common to certain fish, and that all take rest at intervals. Roach, perch, gudgeon, tench, and some others rest periodically; and among marine fish, dory, conger-eel, dogfish, and all flat-fish seem to have the same instincts. Others seem to be ever wakeful, although they rest occasionally. The pike is an example of these latter. This fresh-water shark, though he may poise himself motionless for hours together and appear to be lethargic and lazy, is nevertheless always wakeful, and on the lookout for the wherewithal to satisfy his voracious appetite. At the Brighton Aquarium, not long ago, we observed how in one tank a beautiful company of silvery herrings were sailing unceasingly round a central rock. We were informed that the busy crowd rested, suspended in the water, directly the lights were extinguished every night.

All old sailors know that the best ropes that can be made are those produced from Manila hemp-fibre, and they also know that lives will often depend upon the trustworthiness of such a rope. Hitherto, no inferior fibre was known that could be mixed with true Manila without ready detection. But unscrupulous dealers have discovered in a fibre known as Sisal hemp—which comes from Sisal, Yucatan, in the Gulf of Mexico—an adulterant which, while resembling true Manila hemp, has the advantage of being much cheaper. A fact, too, with which they do not care to concern themselves is, that the new material possesses only half the strength of that which in other respects it imitates so well.

Messrs Frost, well-known rope-manufacturers, have recently pointed out that a ready test exists for detecting rope which has been thus sophisticated, a test of such a simple nature, that any one can make it without special apparatus. Taking three pieces of rope—one of pure Manila, one of Sisal, and one of the two fibres mixed together—they separate the untwisted threads, and roll each into a little ball between the palms of the hands. The three little woolly balls are now burned on an iron shovel, with the result that the pile of ash which each leaves is quite different from the others. The Manila hemp gives a grayish-black ash; the Sisal, a whitish gray; while the adulterated rope furnishes a residue in which each tone of colour is readily distinguishable. This simple and ready test of such a really important article of commerce will, it is hoped, make shipowners and those of whom they buy their ropes both more careful of the quality of the goods supplied.

The old admonition, 'Do not speak to the man at the wheel,' which appears on most steam-vessels, may now possibly have to be supplemented by another to the effect that umbrellas must not be brought near the compass needle. On a recent occasion, such an apparently innocent instrument seriously interfered with the correct working of a ship's compass. Upon examination by experts, the umbrella was found to be powerfully magnetised. Its owner had probably stood with it at some time near a working dynamo-machine, and magnetic induction had done the rest. We may remind our readers of a fact not generally known, that the steel parts of watches are often affected in the same way if their owners bring them near such machines, and a correct timekeeper can be rendered quite untrustworthy in that manner.

The explosion of the one hundred and forty tons of dynamite which were used to destroy Flood Rock—the great obstruction in New York Harbour—was successfully carried out last month. The shock lasted forty seconds, and was accompanied by a huge mountain of water, which rose to a height of two hundred feet above the spot where the mine was laid. Although the tremor caused by the shock was felt for many miles, it occasioned no damage to property. Timid people can take some comfort from this last circumstance; it shows that the villainous threats which have been made to destroy our cities by dynamite are simply impossible of realisation. In the case before us, the work of preparation has occupied the time and labour of skilled engineers for ten years, while of course they had the countenance and assistance of the authorities in all they did. Criminal attempts would have to be made under far different conditions.

Mr Joseph Thomson's expedition to the Niger some nine months ago, which we briefly chronicled at the time, has just terminated, and he has returned to England, having accomplished his mission with the greatest success. It will be remembered that he went out under the auspices of the African Trading Company to secure the good-will of the natives and their rulers, and to open up a large district to the civilising influences of commerce with Britain. The traveller speaks well of the prospects of a good trade in the region which he has explored, and he tells us that the country is densely populated, not by naked savages, but by Mohammedan tribes. He humorously describes them as having a passion for voluminous wrappings—'people who take fourteen yards of cloth to make a pair of trousers, and quite as many for a turban.' The country is not unhealthy, and is extremely fertile.

In the middle of last month, a shower of fine sand fell in various parts of Italy and Sicily. The chief of one of the Italian observatories reports that the phenomenon was accompanied by a strong south-west wind. The shower of dust obscured the view of the neighbouring mountains, and the plants were all covered with an abundant reddish-yellow layer of sand. In the *Times*, the phenomenon is described at length as a 'shower of meteoric sand;' but there is no proof given that the falling particles had their origin beyond the confines of the earth.

The telpherage system of automatically transporting goods from one place to another by the agency of electricity, which was invented by the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin, has now assumed practical shape; for a rodway on this principle was opened last month at Glynde, in Sussex. The line is a double one, and consists of horizontally laid steel rods supported at intervals on T-shaped poles eighteen feet high. The cross-piece of the T is eight feet long, and one of the steel

rods rests at either end. Trough-shaped buckets, each holding about two hundredweights, are suspended on light frames furnished with grooved wheels which run on the steel rods. A train of ten such buckets is driven by an electro motor, and the duty of the present system is to convey clay from the pit to a siding, whence it is carried in trucks to some cement works. The opening of this novel mode of conveyance aroused much interest. It is said to work well, but in several minor details can be improved.

The use of automatic sprinklers for the extinction of fires seems now to be attracting very general attention among owners of mills and warehouses. According to Professor Sylvanus Thompson, of the Finsbury Technical College, one English firm alone has fitted up no fewer than twenty thousand of these contrivances in different parts of the country. Mr Thompson gives it as his opinion that as insurance rates rise with the risk, it will in many cases pay better to put up sprinklers, than to insure. We may remind our readers that these sprinklers are immediately put into action by any sudden rise in the temperature of the apartment where they are placed. An incipient fire is thus smothered at the time when water can do the best service, that is to say, at the very first outbreak.

The question of the possibility of heating steam-boilers, and more particularly the boilers of marine engines, by means of liquid fuel, has, as we have on former occasions hinted, for many years occupied the attention of engineers. In Russia, the problem has been already solved, both in the case of railways and steam-vessels, many of the latter which run on the Caspian Sea being served with fuel of that kind. In Britain, innumerable experiments have been made in this direction without affording any practical result; but at length a trading vessel of eight hundred tons burden, the *Himalaya*, has been fitted with the necessary apparatus, which is found to work in the most satisfactory manner. This apparatus consists of a coil of pipe conveying superheated steam from the boiler, with a smaller pipe within it at its point of delivery, for the reception of the liquid fuel, which flows from tanks on deck. The rush of steam carries the petroleum forward in the form of spray into a combustion chamber which occupies the place of the ordinary furnace. The *Himalaya* formerly carried two hundred and forty tons of coal, and her consumption of that fuel was estimated at nine tons per day. This bulky fuel is now superseded by oil. The advantage of the latter over the former is obvious so far as saving of space is concerned. Early in November, the *Himalaya* reached Granton from London, when it was found that the consumption of oil on the voyage had been little over eight gallons per hour, costing about one pound per day, which, when compared with the cost of coal, is one-seventh. It may be added that in addition to the saving in coal, a corresponding saving in labour was effected, two firemen doing the duty of five.

The Midland Railway Company are about to try the experiment of substituting steel sleepers for the wooden ones hitherto in use, and with that object, have ordered a sample lot of five thousand, which will be made in Belgium. It appears that none of our British firms possessed the necessary plant to carry out such an order, except at a price that was far in excess of that demanded by the Belgian firm, which already has made steel sleepers for use in that country.

The street tramways of Birmingham are about to be remodelled, and the town-council have unanimously decided to adopt the cable system of traction. This system has already been extensively applied in America; but as yet we are able to point to only one example of it in this country—namely, on Highgate Hill, London, where it continues to work satisfactorily.

An essay upon 'Paper and the Industries connected with it,' which was recently read before the Académie des Sciences by M. Bontarel, contained some remarkable statistics. In the United States alone, paper is made to the amount of half a million tons annually, while at the beginning of the century none at all was made in that country. In Europe, that amount is just doubled. The value of the raw material on this side of the Atlantic is worth twenty millions sterling. There are also some wonderful figures given regarding the number of steel pens and lead pencils, which in these days are in such demand among civilised nations.

A New York journal tells us of a traveller who recently brought from certain Peruvian sepulchres a collection of petrified human eyes, which he handed to a jeweller to be set in gold and arranged as a necklace. The workmen while executing the order became ill one after the other, and their indisposition was supposed to be due to the mineral poisons used in the embalming process. The whole story is rather a ghastly one, and we are glad to see that Professor Flower, of the British Natural History Museum, has destroyed its most repulsive feature. He says that 'the objects referred to are not human eyes, but the dried crystalline lenses of the eyes of a species of cuttlefish which were used as ornaments by the ancient inhabitants of South America, and are often found in their graves.'

It seems but the other day that our troops were armed with the Snider rifle, the performance of which was such a marked improvement upon that of the old muzzle-loader. But the Snider was soon replaced by the Martini-Henry; and now even that wonderful weapon of precision is to be superseded by a new army service rifle. In the new arm the diameter of the bore is reduced, the weight of the bullet is reduced also by as much as one-fifth, while the powder-charge remains as before. By these and other means, the muzzle velocity of the bullet will be greatly increased, and the trajectory lowered, while the recoil will be less, and the general accuracy of shooting much improved. It is not yet decided whether a detachable magazine, which would practically turn the weapon into a repeating rifle, is to be added.

In one of those ingenious romances by Jules Verne in which science is so pleasantly blended with fiction, a submarine boat is described. This boat travels on or under the water at the will of its captain, sinks or rises to the surface, and is used for the destruction of other vessels, should occasion arise. The romance has become a reality.

The Nordenfelt submarine boat, recently publicly tried in Sweden, will do nearly all that was credited to its imaginary prototype. Such a vessel armed with torpedoes and able to creep beneath the vessels of a hostile fleet totally unperceived, is a possibility almost too terrible to contemplate. Its invention, however, need not be deplored, for it brings us nearer to that time when instincts of self-preservation will compel every nation to seek arbitration rather than war.

The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company are now carrying out an experiment on our east coast which may in its results be of the greatest commercial importance not only to ourselves but to other nationalities. They have demonstrated the possibility of holding constant communication by telephone with a light-ship moored ten miles away. Such light-ships are plentiful enough on our east coasts, where they guard vessels from running aground on the innumerable sandbanks which abound there. Signals from such light-vessels are made when any ship runs aground, and there are never wanting hardy men who will launch their boats from the coast when such signals are seen or heard. But it is obvious that if each floating beacon were in electrical communication with the mainland, the exact place of a ship in distress could at once be telephoned, and much time in that way saved. Having practically demonstrated to them that the thing is possible, the authorities will surely lose no time in arranging that every light-ship on our coasts shall be in electrical communication with the shore.

It has been calculated that the Kimberley diamond region has produced since the year 1870 more diamonds than were yielded by all the mines in the world during two centuries preceding that date. The selling price since 1882 has been reduced nearly one-half, and it is generally admitted that over-production is responsible for this. People who have capital locked up in the form of these costly gems have reason, therefore, to be anxious about their reduction in value. There is also the possibility that science will point out how carbon can be artificially produced in its purest crystalline form, so as to become the veritable diamond. Indeed, the problem has been already solved, but the gems produced have been very small, and the cost of getting them far out of proportion to their market value.

Our American friends are fond of the colossal in every way. Their last work, which they facetiously call the eighth wonder of the world, takes the form of a huge model elephant, compared with which the largest known specimen of the living animal is but a pigmy. The erection was at first intended for an hotel; but the idea has degenerated into a mere show-place, which in the hands of a Company is to attract sightseers. With a length of one hundred and fifty feet, and a height of nearly one hundred feet, the edifice presents features of engineering skill which are well worthy of remark. Built of timber, the structure is covered with a skin of tin-plate. The entire weight of the building, if it may be called so, is one hundred thousand tons. It is situated on Coney Island.

The longest conduit ever made will be represented by the pipe which it is proposed to lay down from Baku to Batoum. Its duty will be to carry petroleum from the one place to the other, a distance of five hundred and thirty miles.

INVENTIONS.*

A NEW LIFE-BUOY.

A LIFE-BUOY possessing several most novel and useful features has recently been brought before the public. The body of the invention is a large circular copper case, in shape similar to the familiar cork and canvas life-buoys. In order that its utility shall not be destroyed by the accidental presence of a crack or puncture, this circular copper case is divided into eight watertight compartments. There is a recess in the metal containing a spirit-flask and a whistle. At opposite sides of the buoy, the two ends of a chain are attached, and the loop thus formed, which is pendent about three feet, is intended as a foothold for the 'man overboard.' An attached loop of rope and a metal ring are for the purpose of suspending the buoy, in readiness for use, over the vessel's side, and also, when it has been called into practical requirement, of hoisting it with its human burden upon deck. But the feature of the 'Whitby' Buoy upon which it may mainly rest its chief claim to usefulness and novelty is its illuminant. On opposite points on the outside of the invention are metal loops, through which run tubes having above a length of about a couple of feet, and having small canisters attached immediately below. These canisters contain quantities of calcium, which, as it may be necessary to explain to the less scientific of our readers, is a yellowish-white metal intermediate between lead and gold in hardness, and present in chalk, stucco, and other compounds of lime. When calcium is placed in contact with water, the latter rapidly decomposes, with the result that lime is formed, and hydrogen escapes. Owing to the construction of the canisters, when the buoy is thrown into the sea, the water comes in contact with the chemical, and flames are at once produced automatically at the summit of the tubes. The calcium contained in the canisters is sufficient to produce an illuminant capable of burning for one hour. It should be mentioned that the buoy is furnished with supplementary hand-lights, and that flags, upon staffs of a foot or so in length, are in readiness to be attached to the ends of the metal tubes. Though the contrivance is primarily constructed with a view to be used by one individual, it possesses a buoyancy capable of sustaining two or more men upon the surface of the water.

One of the chief advantages possessed by the buoy is the easy method by which it admits of being hoisted on board with its living freight. Preceding contrivances have necessitated the lowering of a boat, a feat which, in a very high sea, is attended with great difficulty and danger, and which sometimes is actually impossible. The various means by which any one overboard in possession of the life-buoy can, with his flags, his lights, and his whistle, effect the end which is so

* These inventions, and others that may follow, are not *all* necessarily recent.

desirable, and indicate his whereabouts, must commend themselves to every one. The 'Whitby' Life-buoy is being supplied by Messrs J. W. Gray and Son, of 115 Leadenhall Street, London, to the royal navy, and bids fair to supersede the old service-buoy.

The invention was recently formally put to trial from the royal yacht *Osborne*, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, Lord Charles Beresford, and a distinguished gathering, when the results were such as to give general satisfaction. Lord Charles reports that it is 'vastly superior to the service-buoy,' and that he 'never saw anything more perfect.'

A 'WASHABLE' WALL-PAPER.

Messrs Storey, Bros. & Co. of Lancaster have brought out a novelty which would seem to possess no little utility. It is a fabric for covering walls, to which the name of 'Tectoreum' has been given. While it possesses an artistic appearance, it can be repeatedly and thoroughly washed with soap and water without suffering any injury, being entirely impervious to damp. It is very durable, is as cheap as ordinary wall-paper, and can be applied in the usual way; while inasmuch as it checks the inroads of damp into a room, it can lay claim to hygienic qualities. It has always been possible to clean, by diverse means, the different articles of domestic furniture; and the only structural portions of a room which one has not been able thoroughly to wash have been the walls. With the new material in use, the walls may be scoured as freely as the floor; and the consequent advantages in the case of hospitals, schools, and other buildings, in which perfect cleanliness is so essential, will be considerable.

A WINDOW FIRE-ESCAPE APPARATUS.

What seems to be a useful mechanism for affording a means of escape, independent of outside aid, from the window of a house whose lower parts are enveloped in flames, has been patented by Mr H. Hargreaves, of 92 Osborne Road, Forestgate, London, E. The appliance—which is intended to be stowed beneath the dressing-table that usually stands before the window of a bedroom—consists of a vessel or bag capable of holding several persons, a stout iron framework partially covered with a stretch of canvas and an apparatus for paying out and receiving in two stout ropes. This apparatus is fixed inside the room just below the window-sill, and consists of an axle having at one extremity a winch-handle, and carrying two rope-reels controlled by a powerful hand-brake. Upon a fire occurring, the dressing-table is removed; the iron framework is turned upon its hinges through the open window so as to lie at right angles to the wall of the building; and the bag—to either side of which the ropes are attached—is hoisted through the sash and dropped through the projecting iron frame, immediately before the stretch of canvas. Thus the apparatus is in readiness for use; and we are told that the operations up to this point need not have occupied eight seconds. The individual who has constituted himself, or herself, the operator now assists the escaping persons on to the canvas platform and into the pendent bag. No difficulty is encountered here, young children, aged persons, and invalids being able to enter the vessel with readiness. The first contingent in, the operator manipulates the brake and lowers the bag to the ground; raising it again, when it has discharged its occupants, by means of the winch-handle. If there still remain any persons in the burning house besides the operator, he again proceeds to lower them in the manner described. Afterwards, he has to busy himself with his own safety, for effecting which, special facilities are afforded. He has done with the gear previously manipulated, and now turns his attention to two independent ropes, coiled on reels in the bag itself. The ends he hooks on to the iron framework, immediately afterwards entering the bag, and lowering himself to the ground by means of a small brake attached to the reels. We are assured that even young children of either sex can be readily instructed to use the apparatus with ease and perfect safety.

A NEW SYSTEM OF DREDGING.

A novel system of dredging, but one which seems likely to supersede former imperfect methods, has been devised recently. A vessel propelled by hydraulic power is employed, the time selected for operation being an ebb-tide, and from this vessel specially devised telescopic tubes project beneath. Water is forced through these under immense pressure, and in powerful jets or streams enters the accumulations of sand, mud, &c.—known as 'silt'—which it is desired to remove from the bed of the channel. The silt at once rises, and in accordance with one of the laws of hydraulics, is held in suspension, and carried along by the tide. The inventor of the new system—Mr B. H. Thwaite, of 37 Victoria Street, Liverpool—says that as the vessel is gradually propelled through the water, enormous accumulations of silt can be disturbed and removed in a mere fraction of the time required by the usual dredging operations.

HOW TO BECOME A PATENTEE.

By an Amending Act, passed on the fourteenth of August of this year, some slight changes were introduced in the procedure of obtaining a patent. Under the principal Act, complete specifications had to be sent in within nine months of making application for a patent, and had to be accepted within twelve months of the same time. By the payment of a small fee to the Comptroller, that official may now, if he think right, extend the two periods by one month and three months respectively; and where such extension is allowed, an extension of four months is allowed for sealing the patent. Under the old Act, the period was fifteen months. It will be seen, therefore, that a patent must be sealed within nineteen months of making the application, which otherwise becomes void. Previous to the passing of the Amending Act, provisional specifications and drawings were open to the public; but they are now neither open to public inspection nor are they published. Inventors who abandon their applications, do not, therefore, by their attempt to obtain a patent, let the world into their secrets, as was formerly the case. It appears that doubts

arose whether, under the principal Act, persons, one of whom only was the inventor, could jointly obtain letters-patent. By the Amending Act it is declared that it has been and is lawful to grant such patents under the principal Act.

MECHANICAL SUBSTITUTE FOR A HORSE.

Some time ago, a gentleman who was prevented, by physical disqualification, from continuing the exercise on horseback which had always been so beneficial to his health, was possessed with the singular notion that it would be possible to construct a machine which, when seated upon, could be made to evolve the same action as a galloping horse. The inventor made his machine; it answered its purpose to his complete satisfaction; and the device having been patented, it has recently been manufactured and brought before the public. Whimsical as is the purpose of the machine, it has upon trial been commended by many medical authorities, and won no little favour. The 'rider' seats himself upon an ordinary leather saddle, his feet being in fixed stirrups, and his hands grasping a handle attached to a metal projection. The saddle is firmly attached to a small wooden platform below by means of metal connections. This platform is suspended by leather straps from the topmost extremities of four semicircular steel springs, which are firmly attached at the bottom to the metal foundation of the machine. Seated upon the saddle, the operator can be swayed about in all directions. Beneath the platform are four padded buffers—corresponding to the horse's feet—and by the weight and motion of the operator's body, these buffers strike or bump, at each depression, upon the foundation below, so that, with a little practice, an automatic imitation of horse-exercise can be produced. The movement can be made either very easy or very violent. By the full use of the handle, a good muscular action is said to be given to the chest and lungs. For invalids and all of a weak bodily constitution, the machine is strongly recommended. It is adjustable for the use of persons of different stature and weight; and for those condemned to sedentary employment, its daily use is said to be attended with beneficial results. The Automatic Horse-exercising Machine is manufactured by the Western Mechanical Company, Exeter.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PASTEUR'S SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF HYDROPHOBIA.

A DISEASE which is perhaps more awful than Asiatic cholera has at last, there is every reason to believe, been conquered by science. M. Pasteur, who has devoted his life to the development of the Germ theory of disease, and who, by close study of the effects of inoculation on the lower animals, has saved many thousands of sheep from that terrible scourge called splenic fever, has at last demonstrated that hydrophobia in man can be cured by similar means, and two cures have already been actually accomplished.

At the Academy of Medicine, Paris, M. Pasteur has given a statement of his researches and experiments regarding hydrophobic virus, with a view to its being utilised for the purposes of preventive inoculation. Only after having experimented on hundreds of dogs and rabbits, has he succeeded in obtaining the virus, inoculation with which is not only a means of preventing the disease among dogs, but a remedy, if taken in time, for hydrophobia in those who have been bitten. It was necessary also to perform experiments not only on animals but on men. This was a serious matter. M. Pasteur some time ago stated that he had experimented with success on a man in a hospital, but that he did not then wish to say anything of the results, as a single case did not seem to him sufficiently conclusive. However, M. Pasteur has now spoken of a second case, which was conclusive, and of a third which was in the course of treatment. A boy twelve years of age, named Meister, had come from Alsace with his mother. He had been bitten fourteen times. Inspection of the dog which had bitten him left no doubt that it had suffered from hydrophobia. M. Pasteur took the celebrated Dr Vulpian, along with a professor of the School of Medicine, to see Meister. The two doctors stated that he was doomed to a painful death and might be experimented upon. The treatment thoroughly succeeded, and Meister is in perfect health. When the treatment began, he had been bitten sixty hours, and had travelled from Alsace to Paris. A shepherd boy of fifteen, named Judith, bitten a fortnight ago, had been a week under treatment, and M. Pasteur was confident of curing him.

As to the origin of hydrophobia, M. Pasteur always says that nobody in the world can explain primal causes. As to its cure, his theory, he remarked, will require study by the profession in order to be made practical; but he emphatically stated that a cure for hydrophobia had been found.

This news is all the more welcome to us, for it comes at a time when in this country an extraordinary increase of the number of cases of rabies in dogs is reported. In South London, one veterinary surgeon alone has during the past six months had at least one case of rabies to deal with weekly; while during the same period the London coroners have had more inquests to hold on deaths from hydrophobia than they have known for many years previously. As rabies in dogs is conveyed by one animal to another by biting, and as hydrophobia in man is produced in the same way, it is obvious that a general law that all animals should wear a muzzle would very quickly stamp out the dread disease. This, however, would be punishing the great majority of innocent dogs for the infinitesimal minority of tainted ones, though in Jutland, some years back, the disease, which had assumed alarming proportions, was successfully arrested by a law which compelled all owners to chain or lock up their dogs, while the unfortunates which had no home were mercilessly killed.

UTILISATION OF WASTE FISH-PRODUCTS.

Amongst the schemes for the utilisation of what are now regarded as waste products in connection with our fisheries, is a comprehensive one promoted by Mr Nordenfelt, of gun-making celebrity, and which many of the visitors at the Aberdeen meeting of the British Association had

an opportunity of testing in a practical way. Already, there is a factory at work in Aberdeen for the realisation of this project; and it is proposed to extend operations to fishing districts in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Sir Spencer Walpole estimates that in connection with herring-curing alone we annually throw away thirty thousand tons of fish-refuse.

At the public luncheon in connection with the British Association, there was a demonstration of what could be done in the utilisation of what are now waste fish-products. Those who were present were treated to some extraordinary dishes. There were fish-extracts after the manner of Liebig, from which, with the aid of vegetables, soups were prepared. When it was explained that some of these extracts were derived from whale's flesh, the soups were regarded with some suspicion, but without reason, for they were as fresh and savoury to the palate as could be desired. Other novelties were extracts made from lobsters, crabs, mussels, &c. In the preparation of tinned lobsters, there is a great deal of waste, the flesh from the tail and claws only being preserved. An excellent extract can, however, be made from what was formerly regarded as offal, which has the same fine taste and flavour as the flesh of the lobster. The crab may be treated in the same way.

In order to show, further, how cheapness and utility may go hand in hand, it is intended to establish Penny Kitchens, where a wholesome meal of potatoes and fish may be enjoyed for that coin.

The idea of the promoters of this new departure seems to be that every part of the fish can be utilised. The whale's flesh will be made to yield oil, extract of food, glue, meat-fibrine for dogs, and guano. The bones will yield oil, gelatine, and bonemeal; the entrails, glue and guano. From the blood will be drawn albumen; and the sinews and skin will be tanned into leather. From cod and ling will be produced the usual dried fish, or an extract, and glue and guano.

INDIAN TEA.

A continental newspaper remarks, that the increasing favour Indian tea enjoys in England and her colonies is causing considerable anxiety to the producers of Chinese tea and to the European tea-firms established in China. Calcutta alone exported last year 62,773,187 pounds of tea to England, as against 58,830,478 pounds in 1883, and 51,579,704 pounds in 1882; whilst the Australian and New Zealand markets received in 1884, 1,029,463 pounds of Indian tea, as against 696,479 pounds in 1883. It is true that this latter figure exhibits a considerable falling-off as compared with the year 1882; but at present, Australia has also begun to give the preference to the teas of India, the quality of which surpasses by far the average produce of China, as does likewise that of the teas of Ceylon, for which there is also a prosperous future in store. The successes obtained by Natal in the cultivation of tea give rise to the supposition that South Africa will within a short time provide itself with home-grown tea. The total exportation of the largest Chinese tea-port, Foochow, amounted during the past season to 77,631,997 pounds, as against 81,100,875 pounds during the same period in the preceding year. [The total exports of tea from China to the United Kingdom, 1875–83, have been over one hundred and forty millions of pounds annually.] At Hankow, Canton, Shanghai, and Macao, the proportion will probably be the same, or nearly so. The decrease in the exportation of tea from the whole of China, as compared with the preceding year, will amount to about ten millions, and this diminution is essentially to be attributed to the deterioration of the quality of Chinese tea. The sorts of tea produced in the province of Fukien, which were formerly very highly esteemed, are principally those which have deteriorated the most.

The cultivation of tea on Chinese methods was first tried by the Indian government in 1834, and the most profitable growth is a hybrid between the indigenous and Chinese varieties. Assam supplies about seventy-seven per cent. of the total yield, and the industry is almost entirely in the hands of Europeans.

These statements are amply borne out by a reference to the state of our retail trade in Indian tea. A recent number of the *Grocer* says that Indian tea is gaining favour with the retail trade, who are evidently turning their attention more to Assam than to China growths, owing to the taste which is spreading amongst consumers for teas of undoubted strength and quality. Useful China teas are to be had suitable to the requirements of the home-trade, but they are generally weaker than Indian. A sample of Natal-grown tea sold for more, in London, lately, than a similar sample from Ceylon.

FOOD-ADULTERATION.

The Annual Report of the Local Government Board for last year shows that there are now two hundred and sixty public analysts, appointed in various parts of the country under the Sale of Food Act, to guard the interests of consumers. About twenty-three thousand analyses of samples of food were made. In connection with the grocery trade, out of five hundred and fifty-one samples of flour examined, only six were found adulterated. Spirits, butter, and coffee seem to lend themselves most easily to adulteration. Of two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight samples of spirits examined, there were about five hundred cases of adulteration; in the case of eighteen hundred and thirty-two samples of butter, there were three hundred and seventy-three; and of thirteen hundred and thirty-eight samples of coffee, two hundred and seventy-two. In the case of jam, out of two hundred and eleven samples, twenty-four were adulterated; and of seven hundred and seventy samples of mustard, eighty-two contained foreign admixtures. The Report is severe on the sale of butterine as genuine butter. 'The sale of imitations of butter is apparently on the increase, and there is no doubt that they are generally purchased as butter. We have no information as to actual injury being caused to health by the consumption of butterine, which is mainly composed of beef or pork fat, though it is stated to be less easily digested than real butter. The practice, however, of selling it in substitution for and at the price of genuine butter is not only a fraud on the buyer, but is exceedingly

hurtful to the English and Irish dairy-trade.' Coffee continues to be one of the chief subjects of adulteration, the mixture sold as such frequently consisting of one-fourth part of coffee added to three-fourths of chicory. No attempt is made to adulterate sugar, apparently, for the three hundred and twelve samples analysed were all found to be genuine.

FRUIT-GROWING IN THE FENS.

A contemporary remarks that the quantity of fruit which has this year been grown in the neighbourhood of Wisbech is enormous, a considerable portion of the crop having found its way to London for the purpose of conversion into jam. Upon a farm of some hundred and forty acres, the growth of strawberries for preserving has this season been a speciality; and it is said that for two or three weeks as much as ten tons-weight was the periodical consignment to London of this one fruit alone. The gooseberry crop has also been a good one, the berries being raised upon bushes planted beneath pear or plum trees, in order to keep them green, which is their most marketable condition. Many farms of considerable extent, which only a year or two ago produced corn at a loss, now grow fruit at a profit; and the increased area under the latter description of crop may easily be estimated, when it is stated that hundreds of Londoners of the class which supplies the hop districts with pickers have been imported into Wisbech during the past two months. Taken as a whole, the crop of currants, strawberries, gooseberries, plums, and other preserving fruits has this year been an exceptionally heavy one in that district, and consumers of jam are likely to have a good time.

ANOTHER USE FOR CHLORAL HYDRATE.

In addition to the use of chloral as an opiate, mentioned in article 'Curiosities of Poisons' (*Journal*, No. 92), a medical correspondent kindly points out that it is also a very powerful preservative of animal tissues. It has the property of checking the decomposition of a great number of albuminous substances, such as milk and meat, and is consequently largely used by medical men for the preservation of anatomical structures, and for their preparation for the microscope. Ten grains to the ounce (liquid measure) of water is the ordinary strength used; and to preserve any very large anatomical specimen, two or three ounces may be used of the chloral, to be dissolved in water sufficient to cover the material. Personne recommends its use with glycerine for the preservation of anatomical specimens.

UNSWEETENED PRESERVED MILK.

In connection with the subject of 'Preserved Milk,' the manufacture of which we have already described (*Journal*, No. 96), it may be well to state, that *un*sweetened preserved milk may also be had. For those who do not want thirty or forty per cent. of cane-sugar in their preserved milk, good ordinary milk may be had which has simply been concentrated by careful evaporation at a very low temperature to one-fourth of its bulk. One quart of the liquid condensed milk mixed with three quarts of water will produce four quarts of ordinary fresh milk. It is claimed for this preparation that it will keep good in any climate: it is used in some of the London hospitals, and was of service to the sick and wounded during the Soudan campaign, some of the nurses preferring it for this purpose to the sweetened milk. Mr Gail Borden of White Plains, New York, has the honour of originating the industry of 'plain condensed milk,' and 'preserved milk' to which sugar has been added. He introduced his plain condensed milk in 1851, and ten years afterwards his preserved milk was largely used by the American army in the field. The manufacture was introduced to Switzerland in 1865, and now condensing factories are established in England, Ireland, Denmark, Norway, Bavaria, and other countries.

ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,
Sung to a careless throng;
There were none that knew the singer,
And few that heeded the song:
Yet the singer's voice was tender
And sweet as with love untold;
Surely those hearts were hardened,
That it left so proud and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory
That touches the woods in spring,
Of the strange soul-stirring voices
When 'the hills break forth and sing,'
Of the happy birds low warbling
The requiem of the day,
And the quiet hush of the valleys
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner,
A woman, worn with strife,
Heard in that song a message
From the spring-time of her life:
Fair forms rose up before her,
From the mist of vanished years;
She sat in a happy blindness,
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,
And hushed the last sweet tone,
The listener rose up softly,
And went on her way alone.
Once more to her life of labour
She passed; but her heart was strong;
And she prayed, 'God bless the singer!
And oh, thank God for the song!'

FLORENCE TYLEE.

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LORD TOLLEMACHE'S COTTAGE-FARMS.

BY A SPECIAL REPORTER.

The present condition of British agriculture is an anxious one for all concerned, the landlords, the farmers, the labourers, and the nation as a whole. Everywhere, the old system is in process of modification, and all sorts of experiments are being suggested and tried. In the multitude of counsellors there is both wisdom and folly. Some advocate the re-creation of the old yeomen; others are eager to foster peasant proprietors; others, again, urge co-operation among the labourers. Doubtless, all these methods of dealing with the soil will be tried; and it is well that they should; for only actual trial, over a sufficiently long period, will prove or disprove the fitness of the methods. The present phase of agricultural depression is not confined to England; it is more or less acute throughout Europe; America has its own special share of it; Asia and Africa and Australasia are by no means free from it. This universality of affliction is a grim consolation to British farmers, and it ought to give them courage to bear the trials of a most exceptional period.

Agricultural reformation being unavoidable, it is wise to accept it in a cheerful and hopeful spirit. Bad as the actual state of things is, it might be worse; dark as the immediate future seems to landlords and farmers, it is not wholly indicative of ruin, if both will come to a friendly understanding. While many are vainly contending for the continuance of the old system of tenancy, cultivation, and labour, some have embraced the new order of things with satisfaction to themselves and those associated with them.

Conspicuous among the English landlords who are adapting themselves to the times is Lord Tollemache of Peckforton Castle, Cheshire. He has in his own way solved one of the problems of the hour—that of satisfying the agricultural labourer, for the experiments of Lord Tollemache have gone on for many years. By the courtesy of his lordship the writer was permitted to visit his cottage-farms, to question the labourers and their wives, to judge from reports and visible facts how the experiments have ended. They are in every respect most encouraging. The landlord is satisfied, the farmers are satisfied, the labourer is satisfied. While dread and perplexity pervade the shires, the happy dwellers upon Lord Tollemache's estates are at peace. Every large farm is occupied; and in case of a vacancy, there are numerous applications. Every labourer's cottage is tenanted; and the obtaining of one is the great object of those living outside. The contrast between these cottages and the ordinary dwelling of the English farm-labourer is striking.

They are mostly built in pairs, and stand each upon about half a rood of garden-land. The windows are large, the structures are substantial, the sanitary details excellent. The living-room is a sort of parlour-kitchen, home-like to a degree, and fitted with all sorts of conveniences for domesticity. Behind, are a scullery and a pantry. There are three bedrooms, one down stairs and two above, which are wholesome and comfortable. Few artisans even of the better class have such homes in our best-built cities. In the rear is a yard for coals, and a large oven for baking the family bread. Regarding this, much was heard in praise from the housewives. Still further in the rear is an outhouse for a cow and a calf; also a capital piggery. These buildings are so constructed as to facilitate dairy operations as much as possible. Adjacent to the dwelling is a little croft of land of about three acres. At the time of the writer's visit, a goodly haystack adorned a corner of each croft, showing that the grass-crop had been a good one. In each croft, a cow was feeding upon a pasture which the autumn had not much thinned. Although many of the cows did not appear to be of a very illustrious race, they were in capital condition and are good milkers. No doubt the breeds will be improved as time goes on, for 'advance' is the standing order of the community.

As far as possible, each cottage-farm has its pasture adjacent. But where the symmetry of the large farms prevents this, or where it is beneficial to the tenants to be associated in a larger pasture, modifications are made. On one part of the estate were three cows in a triangular meadow. Their owners 'bone' and fertilise the land in common; they also mow and make the hay in the same manner. From inquiry, it appeared that this joint system was rather objected to by the labourers; each likes to be lord of his own little place and to keep neighbours on the other side of the hedge. But though feelings run in this unsocial groove, the associated tenants fully appreciate the advantages that Lord Tollemache offers to them. Not one would have given up his cow and pasture; on the contrary, all were grateful for the privileges they enjoyed. In the neighbourhood of the castle many cows are pastured in the park. These variations in the cottage-farm system show its flexibility to all the conditions. The primary object is to give every labourer the opportunity to keep a cow; and that object is attained. The rent of cottage and three acres of land is ten pounds per annum.

The labourer and his wife are not heavily burdened by the work of their little farm. Both are skilled in dairy operations; if they have a family, the care of the cow and pigs adds but little to the toil of life. There were no evidences of over-worked men; and the vivacity of the women and children proved that they were living pleasantly. As an average, the labourer pays his entire rent-charge out of the profits of his farm. Besides, he has ample supplies of dairy produce and bacon. The generality of cottagers make butter of their surplus milk; it is of a good quality, though inferior to the delicate butter made by the Dutch and Danish small farmers. In time this stigma ought to be removed, as there is no reason for the inferiority save want of care. The cattle and the pastures of these Cheshire dairymen are superior to those of Holland and Denmark. If the rising generation were taught the art of butter-making by an expert from some of the agricultural colleges, and if prizes were given by Lord Tollemache for first-class butter, the improvement of quality would soon add to the income of the cottagers. Small industries of this kind can only hope for high success on *quality*.

Some few small farmers convert their milk into cheese, which is the special product of the district. But the ordinary Cheshire cheese is of great size, and many small farms must combine to make them profitably. And the makes of this sort have no chance to rank high. Cheshire cheese, unless of the super-excellent kind, has not the reputation that it formerly had. In their struggle with adverse times, many farmers have gone in for quantity, and have attempted to compete with common American makes, instead of working on the old system. This foolish attempt has done much harm to cheese-makers in general; and bitter are the complaints heard in every dairy and market-place that Cheshire cheese is falling out of esteem. It will be further injured by the introduction of the poorly made cheeses of small farmers.

In establishing cottage-farmers upon his estates, Lord Tollemache had three ends in view. The first was, to satisfy the natural and praiseworthy desire of the labourers to have a cow, and land to maintain it. The second was, to train the rising generation of labourers' children in dairying and agricultural pursuits from infancy. That can only be done when the household is engaged in the tending of animals and the cultivation of the soil. The offspring of rural labourers, who have no home but a hovel in a village or in the grimy suburb of a manufacturing town, are rather repelled from rustic pursuits than won to them. Cut off from intercourse with farm-life, owning nothing that depends upon their care, either in garden, field, or stall, the labourer's family as they grow up go into the ranks of town artisans or those of the rudest toilers. The spectacle of their father's continued drudgery at low wages, his discontent with a hard lot that is without hope of amelioration, repel them from following the paternal occupation. In another fifty years, the country would be denuded of labourers, if the alarming migration to the towns went on at the same ratio as during the past fifty years. But that is not the whole mischief—the labourer is deteriorating. Complaints are heard on every side that farm-servants are not so useful as their parents were. They are careless, restless, eager for amusement; and higher wages but intensify their failings. This is an *ex parte* judgment, it is true; and as farmers have got into the habit of thinking dismally upon all things connected with their business, they may paint the labourer in darker colours than he deserves. Still, no one doubts that our rural toilers are different from their sires; and it is the duty of great landowners to prevent the deterioration and discontent of a class that plays so indispensable a part in the national welfare.

Lord Tollemache has intervened to save the old English labourer from extinction, and he has the satisfaction of having done it admirably well. The labourers upon his extensive Cheshire estates are markedly superior to those of their class in most counties. Their wives are robust, their children unusually intelligent, and the social atmosphere of the neighbourhood is exhilarating. In every house visited, the furniture was good and excellently cared for. Neatness and cleanliness were evidently habitual; and from these habitations will proceed a race of farm boys and girls that will add to the moral and material prosperity of England.

Public-houses are to be found in the hamlets, but they receive little custom from the cottagers, and are closed during Sunday. Encouraged in thrift, the community waste very little upon drink. When the labourer has finished his day's work, he has always some little job to do about his farm. His interests and ambitions fence him off from vice. When he finds time to smoke his evening pipe, he leans upon his garden gate and looks at the boundaries of his croft, wishing that they might be expanded. He would like another acre or two, another cow, and a few more pigs. He is winning at the game of life, and is encouraged to go on.

It is just upon this point that Lord Tollemache and his cottage-farmers are divided in opinion. The labourer wants more land, believing that he could manage an extra acre or two with very little

more exertion. Lord Tollemache thinks that three acres are quite as much as the labourer can control, and that if the holdings were to be enlarged, the scheme would be liable to miscarry. And his lordship is perhaps right. Under the present system, the labourer stands firmly upon his little enterprise. If his cow dies, he is not ruined, merely impoverished for a time. If the hay-crop is a failure, he simply makes no profit for a season. Backed up by his weekly wages, he can pull through difficulties inherent in his farming venture. In proportion as he extended his scale of operations, he would extend his risks of disaster. Further, if the labourer were to embark upon larger undertakings, he would be less efficient as an employee. No man can serve two masters, even though one of them be himself. If the labourer's farm were extended to six acres, his mind would be dwelling upon his own cattle and crops instead of those of his master; and the extra toil would prevent him from doing his work as well as at present. Of course, labourers with growing families of half-a-dozen handy children might get on very well. But it is necessary to deal with average conditions in cottage-farming as in all other things, in building up a system. For the labourer, *as a labourer*, the three-acre farm is both the maximum and minimum, the 'happy mean' of our agricultural method. As he is, the labourer has all that a man in his position can obtain—a comfortable refined home, a pleasant and facile means to employ his leisure and savings; neither too much work nor too little; and last and greatest, the opportunity to bring up his family healthfully, usefully, and happily.

The third object Lord Tollemache had in view in establishing cottage-farms was the supply of high-class labourers for his large tenant-farmers. This has been done; and it is the proud boast of the neighbourhood that the labourers on the Tollemache estates are unexcelled in England. As the district is exclusively devoted to dairying, the labourers need to be smart and capable in handling cattle, quick to observe any symptoms of sickness among them, and so adapted to their dumb charges as to obtain the highest results in tending them. Many of the large farms milk sixty to seventy cows, and make one cheese, weighing from seventy to ninety pounds, per day. Milking is, therefore, a most important operation, and must be done quickly to be done well. On some of the farms the labourers' wives assist at this, for which they receive payment in coin, food, and milk. Some labourers are partly fed by their employers. The wages are from sixteen to seventeen shillings a week on a yearly average; and with the other emoluments in kind, bring up the pay to something near twenty shillings a week. Add to this the profits of the cottage-farm and the earnings of wives and children, and it will be seen that the Tollemache labourers are among the most fortunate of their class. A process of natural selection has gone on until they have become the *élite* of their craftsmen. When death or other cause makes a vacancy in their ranks, there is an eager rush from the outside to get the coveted cottage-farm and all the other advantages connected with it. Not only is the pay of the labourers exceptionally good, the work is easy to a degree unknown to other dairy districts. Lord Tollemache is a reformer of the all round sort, and the proofs of it are as striking in the large farm-steadings as in the cottages.

In many parts of Cheshire, the old-style farm still exists. The stockyard befouled with litter, from which trickle unsavoury and unsightly streams at all seasons. A hideous mass of manure fills the centre or a corner; untidiness, clumsiness, and squalor are the rule. These unpleasant objects form the foreground of the picture, visible from the farm-kitchen or parlour. Dirt and disorder prevail. Lord Tollemache has indeed changed all that. His farmhouses resemble manor-houses, hunting-boxes, squire-like homesteads, anything but the ancient Cheshire farmer's home. Where the manure-heap once stood is now a beautiful green grass plot, fit for tennis or other similar games. The house is fronted by a garden, filled with flowers of every kind, and tended with loving care by the women of the house. Within it are the comforts, the elegances, and the refinements that one finds in the villas of St John's Wood or other æsthetic middle-class tenements. Only in some of the wealthy farmers' houses in America has the writer seen so many charming things as in the Tollemache cheese-makers' dwellings. Exteriorly and interiorly, a transformation has taken place that is hard to realise as having happened in half a generation.

The milking of seventy cows is an interesting sight; and those who perform the work in these splendid dairy-farms are marvellously apt. In a very short space of time the work is done, and the fragrant fluid is taken to the dairy, where all the devices for saving labour are at hand. Nowhere were evidences seen of those rude labours which exhaust the dairymaid. Machinery spares the muscles, science tells the truth of temperatures, steam cleanses the utensils, and pumps convey the whey by underground conduits to the piggeries. The manufacture of the gigantic Cheshire cheeses is carried on with a quietude and ease that is delightful to witness. No worry, no wasteful bustling; order, precision, exactitude prevail.

Men and women, masters and employees, are singularly different from those who made the famous Cheshire cheeses a while ago. There is a smartness about them that is not rural; they have a width in their thinking that is foreign to the native Cheshire mind; yet they are all children of the soil. They are not living under exceptional circumstances, but have to compete for existence. Cattle-plagues, from the desolating rinderpest to the last lingering troubles of foot-and-mouth disease, have impoverished them enormously. American cheese has hammered down prices to desperation. Spurious butters have kept profits at a low ebb for years; and now milk is down to sevenpence per gallon. Yet Lord Tollemache's tenants are not in arrears; no farms are to let; and if a vacancy happens, it is sought for by scores of farmers, who wait for a chance to come on the ground. Good management, not patronage-philanthropy, is the explanation of Lord Tollemache's success in dealing with his tenants and labouring cottagers.

To each of his tenants, Lord Tollemache gives a lease of twenty-one years at a fixed rent. In case the tenant may wish to vacate his farm,

he is free to do so at any time. But his lordship cannot dismiss the tenant before the expiry of the lease, except for violation of its terms. This compact is the basis upon which the whole system rests. It gives the tenant security against disturbance. He goes into his work with a whole heart. The cottage-farmer becomes possible under such a system; for his employer being secured of his farm, he is secured of his employment; and can apply his savings to his own little undertaking without fear of disturbance.

It may be said that cottage-farms are more likely to succeed in a dairy district than in a purely arable one, and that Lord Tollemache's system is not applicable to the country as a whole. Perhaps not; but at anyrate it is easy for other landlords to make experiments of the same kind under different conditions. Success and failure can only be ascertained by practical methods; and from what has been done in Cheshire and other counties, enough is known to make a *primâ facie* case for cottage-farms.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Lady Markham was a woman, everybody knew, who never hesitated when she knew a thing to be her duty, especially in all that concerned hospitals and the sick. She appeared by George Gaunt's bedside in the middle of what seemed to him a terrible, long, endless night. It was not yet midnight, indeed; but they do not reckon by hours in the darkness through which he was drifting, through which there flashed upon his eyes confused gleams of scenes that were like scenes upon a stage all surrounded by darkness. The change had come. One of the nurses, the depressed one, thought it was for death; the other, possessed by the excitement of that great struggle, in which sometimes it appears that one human creature can visibly help another to hold the last span of soil on which human foot can stand, stood by the bed, almost carried away by what to her was like the frenzy of battle to a soldier, watching to see where she could strike a blow at the adversary, or drag the champion a hair's-breadth further on the side of victory. There appeared to him at that moment two forms floating in the air—both white, bright, with the light upon them, radiant as with some glory of their own to the gaze of fever. He remembered them afterwards as if they had floated out of the chamber, disembodied, two faces, nothing more; and then all again was night. 'He's talked a deal about his mother, poor gentleman. He'll never live to see his mother,' said the melancholy attendant, shaking her head. 'Hush,' said the other under her breath. 'Don't you know we can't tell what he hears and what he don't hear?' Lady Markham was of this opinion too. She called the doleful woman with her outside the door, and left the last battle to be fought out. Frances stood on the other side of the bed. How she came there, why she was allowed to come, neither she nor any one knew. She stood looking at him with an awe in her young soul which silenced every other feeling. Nelly Winterbourn had been afraid of death, of seeing or coming near it. But Frances was not afraid. She stood, forgetting everything, with her head thrown back, her eyes expanded, her heart dilating and swelling in her bosom. She seemed to herself to be struggling too, gasping with his efforts for breath, helping him—oh, if she could help him!—saying her simple prayers involuntarily, sometimes aloud. Over and over again, in the confusion and darkness and hurrying of the last battle, there would come to him a glimpse of that face. It floated over him, the light all concentrated in it—then rolling clouds and gloom.

It was nearly morning when the doctor came. 'Still living?'—'Alive; but that is all,' was the brief interchange outside the door. He would have been surprised, had he had any time for extraneous emotions, to see on the other side of the patient's bed, softly winnowing the air with a large fan, a girl in evening dress, pearls gleaming upon her white neck, standing rapt and half unconscious in the midst of the unwonted scene. But the doctor had no time to be surprised. He went through his examination in that silence which sickens the very heart of the lookers-on. Then he said briefly: 'It all depends now on the strength whether we can pull him through. The fever is gone; but he is as weak as water. Keep him in life twelve hours longer, and he'll do.'

Twelve hours!—one whole long lingering endless summer day. Lady Markham, with her own affairs at such a crisis, had not hesitated. She came in now, having got a change of dress, and sent the weary nurse, who had stood over him all night, away. Blessed be fashion, when its fads are for angels' work! Noiselessly into the room came with her, clean, fresh, and cool, everything that could restore. The morning light came softly in, the air from the open windows. Freshness and hope were in her face. She gave her daughter a look, a smile. 'He may be weak, but he has never given in,' she said. Reinforcements upon the field of battle. In a few hours, which were as a year, the hopeful nurse was back again refreshed. And thus the endless day went on. Noon, and still he lived. Markham walked about the little street with his pockets full of small moneys, buying off every costermonger or wandering street vendor of small-wares, boldly interfering with the liberty of the subject, stopping indignant cabs, and carts half paralysed with slow astonishment. It was scarcely necessary, for the patient's brain was not yet sufficiently clear to be sensitive to noises; but it was something to do for him. A whole cycle of wonder had gone round, but there was no time to think of it in the absorbing interest of this. Waring had employed his wife's son to clear off those debts, which, if the old general ever knew of them, would add stings to sorrow—which, if the young man mended, would be a crushing weight round his neck. Waring had done this without a word or look that inferred that Markham was to blame. The age of miracles had come back; but, as would happen, perhaps, if that age did come back, no one had time or

thought to give to the prodigies, for the profounder interest which no wonder could equal, the fight between death and life, the sudden revelation in common life of all the mysteries that make humanity what it is—the love which made a little worldling triumphant over every base suggestion—the pity that carried a woman out of herself and her own complicated affairs, to stand by another woman's son in the last mortal crisis—the nature which suspended life in every one of all these differing human creatures, and half obliterated, in thought of another, all the interests that were their own.

Through the dreadful night and through the endless sunshine of that day, a June day, lavish of light and pleasure, reluctant to relinquish a moment of its joy and triumph, the height of summer days, the old people, the old general and his wife, the father and mother, travelled without pause, with few words, with little hope, daring to say nothing to each other except faint questions and calculations as to when they could be there. When they could be there! They did not put the other question to each other, but within themselves, repeated it without ceasing: Would they be there before——? Would they be there in time?—to see him once again. They scarcely breathed when the cab, blundering along, got to the entrance of a little street, where it was stopped by a wild figure in a gray overcoat, which rushed at the horse and held him back. Then the old general rose in his wrath: 'Drive on, man! drive on. Ride him down, whoever the fool is.' And then, somewhat as those faces had appeared at the sick man's bedside, there came at the cab window an ugly little face, all puckers and light, half recognised as a bringer of good tidings, half hated as an obstruction, saying: 'All right—all right. I'm here to stop noises. He's going to pull through.'

'Mamma,' said Constance next evening, when all their excitement and emotions were softened down, 'I hope you told Mrs Gaunt that I had been there?'

'My dear, Mrs Gaunt was not thinking of either you or me. Perhaps she might be conscious of Frances; I don't know even that. When one's child is dying, it does not matter to one who shows feeling. By-and-by, no doubt, she will be grateful to us all.'

'Not to me—never to me.'

'Perhaps she has no reason, Con,' her mother said.

'I am sure I cannot tell you, mamma. If he had died, of course—though even that would not have been my fault. I amused him very much for six weeks, and then he thought I behaved very badly to him. But all the time I felt sure that it would really do him no harm. I think it was cheap to buy at that price all your interest and everything that has been done for him—not to speak of the experience in life.'

Lady Markham shook her head. 'Our experiences in life are sometimes not worth the price we pay for them; and to make another pay'——

'Oh!' said Constance with a toss of her head, shaking off self-reproach and this mild answer together. 'It appears that there is some post his father wants for him to keep him at home; and Claude will move heaven and earth—that's to say the Horse Guards and all the other authorities—to get it. Mamma,' she added after a pause, 'Frances will marry him, if you don't mind.'

'Marry him!' cried Lady Markham with a shriek of alarm; 'that is what can never be.'

Meanwhile, Frances was walking back from Mrs Gaunt's lodging, where the poor lady, all tremulous and shaken with joy and weariness, had been pouring into her sympathetic ears all the anguish of the waiting, now so happily over, and weeping over the kindness of everybody—everybody was so kind. What would have happened had not everybody been so kind? Frances had soothed her into calm, and coming downstairs, had met Sir Thomas at the door with his inquiries. He looked a little grave, she thought, somewhat preoccupied. 'I am very glad,' he said, 'to have the chance of a talk with you, Frances. Are you going to walk? Then I will see you home.'

Frances looked up in his face with simple pleasure. She tripped along by his side like a little girl, as she was. They might have been father and daughter smiling to each other, a pretty sight as they went upon their way. But Sir Thomas' smile was grave. 'I want to speak to you on some serious subjects,' he said.

'About mamma? Oh, don't you think, Sir Thomas, it is coming all right?'

'Not about your mother. It is coming all right, thank God, better than I ever hoped. This is about myself. Frances, give me your advice. You have seen a great deal since you came to town. What with Nelly Winterbourn and poor young Gaunt, and all that has happened in your own family, you have acquired what Con calls experience in life.'

Frances' little countenance grew grave too. 'I don't think it can be true life,' she said.

He gave a little laugh, in which there was a tinge of embarrassment. 'From your experience,' he said, 'tell me: would you ever advise, Frances, a marriage between a girl like you—mind you, a good girl, that would do her duty not in Nelly Winterbourn's way—and an elderly rather worldly man?'

'O no, no, Sir Thomas,' cried the girl; and then she paused a little, and said to herself that perhaps she might have hurt Sir Thomas' feelings by so distinct an expression. She faltered a little, and added: 'It would depend, wouldn't it, upon who they were?'

'A little, perhaps,' he said. 'But I am glad I have had your first unbiased judgment.—Now for particulars. The man is not a bad old fellow, and would take care of her. He is rich, and would provide for her, not like that hound Winterbourn.—Oh, you need not make that gesture, my dear, as if money meant nothing; for it means a great deal. And the girl is as good a little thing as ever was born. Society has got talking about it; it has been spread abroad everywhere; and perhaps if it comes to nothing, it may do her harm. Now, with those further lights, let me have your deliverance. And remember, it is very serious—not play at all.'

'I have not enough lights, Sir Thomas. Does

she,' said Frances, with a slight hesitation—'love him? And does he love her?'

'He is very fond of her; I'll say that for him,' said Sir Thomas hurriedly. 'Not perhaps in the boy-and-girl way. And she—well, if you put me to it, I think she likes him, Frances. They are as friendly as possible together. She would go to him, I believe, with any of her little difficulties. And he has as much faith in her—as much faith as in—— I can't put a limit to his faith in her,' he said.

Frances looked up at him with the grave judicial look into which she had been forming her soft face. 'All you say, Sir Thomas, looks like a father and child. I would do that to papa—or to you.'

Here he burst, to her astonishment, into a great fit of laughter, not without a little tremor, as of some other feeling in it. 'You are a little Daniel,' he said. 'That's quite conclusive, my dear. O wise young judge, how I do honour thee.'

'But'—— Frances cried, a little bewildered. Then she added: 'Well, you may laugh at me if you like. Of course, I am no judge; but if the gentleman is so like her father, cannot she be quite happy in being fond of him, instead of——? O no! Marrying is quite different—quite, *quite* different. I feel sure she would think so, if you were to ask her, herself,' she said.

'And what about the poor old man?'

'You did not say he was a poor old man; you said he was elderly, which means'——

'About my age.'

'That is not an old man. And worldly—which is not like you. I think, if he is what you say, that he would like better to keep his friend; because people can be friends, Sir Thomas, don't you think, though one is young and one is old?'

'Certainly, Frances—witness you and me.'

She took his arm affectionately of her own accord and gave it a little kind pressure. 'That is just what I was thinking,' she said, with the pleasantest smile in the world.

Sir Thomas took Lady Markham aside in the evening and repeated this conversation. 'I don't know who can have put such an absurd rumour about,' he said.

'Nor I,' said Lady Markham; 'but there are rumours about every one. It is not worth while taking any notice of them.'

'But if I had thought Frances would have liked it, I should never have hesitated a moment.'

'She might not what you call like it,' said Lady Markham dubiously; 'and yet she might'——

'Be talked into it,' for her good? I wonder,' said Sir Thomas with spirit, 'whether my old friend, who has always been a model woman in my eyes, thinks that would be very creditable to me?'

Lady Markham gave a little conscious guilty laugh, and then, oddly enough, which was so unlike her—twenty-four hours in a sickroom is trying to any one—began to cry. 'You flatter me with reproaches,' she said. 'Markham asks me if I expect *my* son to be base; and you ask me how I can be so base myself, being your model woman. I am not a model woman; I am only a woman of the world, that has been trying to do my best for my own. And look there,' she said, drying her eyes; 'I have succeeded very well with Con. She will be quite happy in her way.'

'And now,' said Sir Thomas after a pause, 'dear friend, who art still my model woman, how about your own affairs?'

She blushed celestial rosy red, as if she had been a girl. 'Oh,' she said, 'I am going down with Edward to the Warren to see what it wants to make it habitable. If it is not too damp, and we can get it put in order—I am quite up in the sanitary part of it, you know—he means to send the Gaunts there with their son to recruit, when he is well enough. I am so glad to be able to do something for his old neighbours. And then we shall have time ourselves, before the season is over, to settle what we shall do.'

The reader is far too knowing in such matters not to be able to divine how the marriages followed each other in the Waring family within the course of that year. Young Gaunt, when he got better, confused with his illness, soothed by the weakness of his convalescence and all the tender cares about him, came at last to believe that the debts which had driven him out of his senses had been nothing but a bad dream. He consulted Markham about them, detailing his broken recollections. Markham replied with a perfectly opaque countenance: 'You must have been dreaming, old man. Nightmares take that form the same as another. Never heard half a word from any side about it; and you know those fellows, if you owed them sixpence and didn't pay, would publish it in every club in London. It has been a bad dream.—But look here,' he added; 'don't you ever go in for that sort of thing again. Your head won't stand it.—I'm going to set you the example,' he said with his laugh. 'Never—if I should live to be a hundred,' Gaunt cried with fervour. The sensation of this extraordinary escape, which he could not understand, the relief of having nothing to confess to the general, nothing to bring tears from his mother's eyes, affected him like a miraculous interposition of God, which no doubt it was, though he never knew how. There was another vision which belonged to the time of his illness, but which was less apocryphal, as it turned out—the vision of those two forms through the mist—of one, all white, with pearls on the milky throat, which had been somehow accompanied in his mind with a private comment, that at last false Duessa being gone for ever, the true Una had come to him. After a while, in the greenness of the Warren, amid the cool shade, he learned to fathom how that was.

But were we to enter into all the processes by which Lady Markham changed from the 'That can never be!' of her first light on the subject, to giving a reluctant consent to Frances' marriage, we should require another volume. It may be enough to say that in after-days, Captain Gaunt—but he was then Colonel—thought Constance a very handsome woman, but could not understand how any one in his senses could consider the wife of Claude Ramsay worthy of a moment's comparison with his own. 'Handsome, yes, no doubt,' he would say; 'and so is

Nelly Markham, for that matter; but of the earth, earthy, or of the world, worldly; whereas Frances'——

Words failed to express the difference, which was one with which words had nothing to do.

THE END.

A CHRISTMAS RIDE IN 1807.

'THE story of the mailcoach, please, grandfather,' says my little *great*-grandson, when he and his mother spend a short time with me every Christmas-tide.

It is not very much; though to me, at that time a lad of seventeen years, it seemed a good deal; and I like to think of it among other remembrances of days past, after all these years; and sometimes, with an old man's garrulity, to tell it to others besides my great-grandchildren, if I can get any to listen. I am an old man, long past threescore and ten. Born in 1790, ninety-five years are up to this time the days of the years of my pilgrimage; but the circumstances of my story are fresh and clear in my memory.

What changes since my youth! The stagecoaches and their gallant teams gone, never to come back; and the scream of the locomotive now echoes where in my day the horn of the mailcoach guard sounded pleasantly over hill and valley, through country road and village street. But time is up, and now they are ready to start, and we climb into the box seat, for which we have duly paid our fare to Salisbury by the half-past eight night mailcoach from Bristol. The coachman deftly gathers up the reins, the guard winds his horn, and we sally briskly, though carefully, out of the capacious inn-yard in the old town of Bristol, on our way to Salisbury. I was taking this journey for my father, who was in business at Bristol, and was intrusted by him with important papers, to be delivered to a friend at Salisbury. Coach-travelling was not without its dangers; and even at the time of which I am speaking, the remembrance of an occasional highwayman had not died out. But the accident which befell us was not of this sort; and although we were in danger of our lives and limbs, our foes cared nothing for money or valuables; and I believe no stagecoach passenger in England, before or since, ever met with danger from such enemies as ours were on this particular night of the 28th of December 1807. Passing through the narrow streets of old Bristol, we left the town by Temple Gate, where now stands the joint station of the Great Western and Midland Railways, over the winding Avon, through Arno's Vale; peaceful then on that winter night, as now and again the moon shone out between the clouds; peaceful, too, still, with its beautiful cemetery. On five miles, through the little town of Keynsham, little changed these seventy-eight years, where the good people were already going to bed; then through Bath, with its stately terraces and mansions, and on to Melksham, rich in corn-mills and sacking manufactories; then through Devizes—'The Vies,' in the vernacular of the eighteenth century peasants—famous in those days for its malting and brewing. Nothing unusual happened on our journey thus far. We changed horses at the stages, and all went well; but the circumstances of the rest of the journey were so strange, so 'uncanny,' and the feelings of apprehension and mystery formed in my youthful mind were so strong, that seventy-eight years have not impaired the freshness of them in my memory.

We left Devizes with fresh horses—four bays, splendid animals, nearly thoroughbred; but when about three miles of this stage were passed, all four horses began to show unusual symptoms of unsteadiness, and a strong inclination to slacken speed, till at length they could with difficulty be persuaded to walk, and that slowly, and with frequent dead stops. Our coachman, an old roadster, handed me the reins, and got down. To his great mystification and annoyance, his horses were in a state of nervousness and tremor. The night had now become darker and very cold, with a strong south-easterly wind driving huge black clouds before its snowy breath, and with an occasional break in the clouds, showing a keen bright star, or the young crescent moon jewelled in the deep dark winter sky. The roads were frozen as hard as adamant, and sent back the footfalls of the horses in clear ringing notes. Here and there were slight powderings of recently fallen snow. Our coachman was fairly nonplussed. Never knew such a thing before. Looked about with the guard's lantern—harness and gear all right, and remounted the box and took the reins. The horses for some minutes refused to start, but submitted to be led by the guard and one of the passengers a short distance, when they condescended to walk slowly as before, and nothing more could be got out of them. No amount of whip would avail, and when applied too freely, resulted in a series of sharp kicks from one of the wheelers, much to the alarm of the inside passengers. This state of things went on for some hour and a half, as we dragged slowly along on our way towards Salisbury, in a south-easterly direction—right 'up wind,' as a fox-hunter would say—through a bleak country, sparsely inhabited. We had not passed a roadside house for some miles.

One of the 'outsides' suggested that the Northern Lights might possibly have been the cause of the horses' fright; but though they had been visible at starting, they had entirely disappeared before our present team were put to. This suggestion was not supported. A badger or two had also been seen by the roadside during the lighter intervals of the night; but that was not then very uncommon, and certainly would not account for the condition of our horses. Speculation was useless. A sort of weird influence seemed to be in the air, and none of us felt very lively.

Our next stage was about four miles farther, our coachman told us; and with fresh cattle he should make up for lost time.

'But yet you see, sir,' he said to me, 'there are no four horses on this road that can beat these 'ere for pluck and go; and now look at 'em, that is if you can see 'em, for it 's got precious dark this last few minutes.'

Our horses, as if with one consent, stopped suddenly, and appeared very uneasy, and the leaders attempted to turn round, which was the more extraordinary, as the next stage was within so short a distance, and which of

course they knew. The guard thought he heard a confused noise like howling of dogs and shouting—very distant, he said. Every one thought it must be very distant indeed, as no one else heard any sound except that made by the wind. All seemed wrapped in the stillness and darkness of the winter night. After another careful examination of the horses by coachman and guard, they were, by dint of much coaxing, induced to start again, but at no better pace than a walk. Shortly afterwards, one of the passengers remarked that the wind, which had hitherto been blowing from the south-east, had suddenly veered to the south-west, and that, if this continued, we might expect a thaw. Our horses, as if in some way affected by this change, broke into a trot, and we began to congratulate ourselves that we were now getting clear from our state of bewilderment, when, on coming to the brow of a steep hill, the drag was put on, and the horses brought to a walk, and we commenced to descend. At the bottom of this declivity, which was about a furlong in length, ran a small stream, now hard frozen, and on the opposite side the road again rose sharply. Our weather-wise friend said that our hopes of a thaw might be given up, for the wind had now shifted back again to the old quarter. This was when we were rather more than half-way down the hill, and went near to be the cause of a disaster to us, for our leaders again endeavoured to turn back, as they did a short time before; but the guard was quickly at their heads, and by leading and pulling, and with judicious touches of the whip, we got safely to the bottom, where we pulled up to remove the drag before ascending the opposite hill. On both sides of the road hereabout were thick fir plantations, and the darkness was intense, relieved only by the coach-lamps, which in those days were not very brilliant.

The coachman and guard, assisted by two of the passengers, now took out the horses for a more thorough inspection of the harness, pole, splinter-bar, &c., before starting up the hill, when we were startled by the sound of horses being ridden furiously down the hill through the darkness in front of us—we were drawn up close to the 'near' side of the road—and in a moment a riderless horse galloped past us; and close behind, a second horse with the shafts of a vehicle still attached; and we all then heard the howling of dogs only a short distance in our front. Our horses now seemed as if mad, and having been detached from the coach and from each other, they quickly became unmanageable, and broke away from those who held them, and were immediately lost in the darkness.

We now heard numerous long-drawn howls, proceeding apparently from a number of animals rushing down the hill towards us. Those who were in the road quickly clambered up into their places on the coach, and the guard handled the blunderbuss with which the coach was always 'armed.' However, the darkness was too black for us to see much; but the howling of the rapidly approaching brutes, which every one now felt could not be dogs, sent a cold shudder through us. Just as they were upon us, the moon shone through a rift in the clouds, and we quite plainly saw six large gray wolves rushing past in full cry after the horses. We were stupefied with astonishment; how this could be, what to think, what to do, we knew not.

After some time and talk, it was agreed that we should leave the coach and walk, carrying the mail-bags, to the next stage, at a small village inn about two miles ahead. This we did, keeping together, and it was fortunate that there were no women-passengers, the coachman going first with the lantern, and the guard bringing up the rear with the blunderbuss. On reaching the top of the hill, we came upon a broken-down wagon in the middle of the road; and on making an inspection with our lantern, we found it to be the remains of a large van belonging to a travelling menagerie ('wild beast show,' in those days). The large hindermost doors were open, and on the sides of this van was painted the word 'Wolves.' This accounted partially, but not fully, for our night's adventure. On making further search, we found a man lying in a ditch by the side of the road some fifty yards from the van, grievously torn and insensible, but alive. One of our passengers happened to be a doctor; and under his directions, with such attention as could be given on the spot, and with the help of stimulants, he came to himself in about a quarter of an hour. He told us that he was in sole charge of the van and six wolves, his company being short-handed through illness; that in consequence of an accident, he had started from their last halting-place about ten hours after the rest of the company; that the wolves, perhaps from cold and hunger, were very restless for a considerable time before they escaped (hence the reason of our highly-bred horses, with their instinctive dread of wolves, and their acute scent favoured by the direction of the wind, refusing to approach nearer to the van, far away on the road before them); that he entered the 'keeper's compartment' of the van to see that all was safe, when one of the largest of the animals made a great spring, breaking the old and rusty bars of the cage; this liberated the whole of the wolves; and to save himself, he was obliged to unbolt the outer doors and run for his life. Two of the wolves fastened on him, and would, no doubt, have soon made short work of him, had it not been that his horses in their terror broke away down the hill with loud snorting and neighing, whereupon the two wolves left him, and joined the others in pursuit of the horses. He remembered nothing more, and must have been insensible until we discovered him.

We carried the poor fellow to the village to which we were going; and he was afterwards taken on to Salisbury for better surgical attention. The fire and light of the inn were very welcome after the cold and darkness of the journey. Our horses did not fall a prey to the wolves; but the shaft-horse of the van was killed by them, and partly devoured. The whole country-side turned out with all kinds of weapons, from guns down to heavy sticks, for the destruction of the wolves, which, however, we afterwards heard had committed some havoc in the sheepfolds before the last of them succumbed to a farm-labourer's well-handled pitchfork, a week after his escape.

We were not long permitted to enjoy the comfort

of our inn, for the coach was quickly brought up to the door with a fresh team, with which our Jehu certainly did his best to redeem his promise of making up for lost time.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. V.

BETWEEN Thursday and Monday, no telegram or further communication of any kind reached Trevenna Cottage from Mr Saverne. Accordingly, on the afternoon of the latter day, Captain Avory hired a horse and wagonette from the *Crown Hotel* and drove over to Mumpton Junction to meet his cousin. That the captain was nervous and ill at ease, need scarcely be said, and he wished fervently that the next few hours were safely tided over. He had nerved himself with brandy before setting out on his journey; and his first proceeding, after reaching the station, was to make his way to the refreshment counter.

At eight o'clock to the minute, Bosy Groote knocked cautiously at the back-door of Trevenna Cottage, and was at once admitted by Mrs Avory. The two servants had been paid their wages and sent away earlier in the day. Mrs Avory installed Bosy in the kitchen; and after providing him with sundry refreshments and telling him that he was at liberty to smoke, she left him to his own devices.

The train by which Mr Saverne travelled was only a few minutes late in its arrival at Mumpton. Captain Avory stood on the platform, a nervous tremor affecting him from head to foot, as he watched the passengers alight. Presently there emerged from the crowd a face and figure which he recognised at the first glance, changed though they were in some measure by the passage of a dozen years. His heart gave a great throb as he went forward quickly with a white face and lips which twitched involuntarily behind the smile of welcome they now wore. A moment later and the two cousins had gripped each other's hand.

Edward Saverne, who was several years younger than the captain, was a thin, slightly built but wiry-looking man, with a sun-embrowned complexion, and a plentiful tangle of brown beard and moustache. He had a pleasant smile and kindly eyes. He was one of those men whom other men—and women too, for that matter—seem to take to and like instinctively, without waiting to ask themselves whether or not it is wise on their part to do so.

'You are scarcely a bit altered,' said the captain to his cousin as they stood for a moment full in the light of the station lamps. 'You are browner, and perhaps a trifle broader across the shoulders; but I should have known you again anywhere.'

'Time's finger doesn't seem to have scored *you* very heavily in passing,' remarked the other smilingly. 'Yet, now I scan you more closely, you look pale and careworn—nervous even, and that is worse than all. What's amiss? Nothing wrong at home, I hope? Or perhaps it's only your liver that's out of order? That poor liver has much to answer for.'

The captain laughed a little dismally. 'There's nothing the matter with me that I am aware of,' he said; 'except that of late I've been suffering somewhat from insomnia. As you say, there's no doubt it's that plaguy liver.'

Five minutes later, they had lighted their cigars and were bowling in the wagonette rapidly along the road to Boscombe, Mr Saverne sitting on the box by his cousin, with his one portmanteau behind.

It was a dark moonless night, with scarcely a breath of air stirring. The few stars that were visible twinkled faintly, as if they were farther off than usual. The two men as they drove along had much to talk about; but, truth to tell, the conversation was mainly kept up by Mr Saverne, for, despite all his efforts, the captain's thoughts would wander from the subject in hand, and busy themselves anent a certain task which must imperatively be got through before dawn. It was therefore with a divided mind that he listened to his cousin's explanations of the reasons which had induced him to return so unexpectedly to England. By-and-by, a turn of the road showed them the few scattered lights of Boscombe twinkling like glow-worms on the slope of the hill; and a few minutes later, they drew up at the gate of Trevenna Cottage.

The door was wide open, a lamp shone in the hall, and Mrs Avory was waiting at the threshold to receive them. There had been no love lost between her and Edward Saverne in years gone by. He had not liked her, and she had not liked him, and each of them knew it. But all this had happened years ago; and when a long-lost kinsman returns from over the seas, old animosities ought to be quenched, at least for the time being, and a home-welcome extended to the wanderer. Accordingly, Mrs Avory, in her usual quiet, undemonstrative way, was full of cordiality, and in the course of three or four minutes, almost succeeded in making her guest believe that she was really glad to see him again. She ushered him into the dining-room, where a cheerful fire was burning, with a small round table in front of it laid for two persons.

'There must be no formality, Edward, I beg,' she said. 'Never mind your dress. It is only a bit of supper I've got ready for you and Lucius. We are primitive folk here, and we never dine later than five. You must not mind if I wait on you myself this evening. The fact is,' she added confidentially, 'I had to send away both my servants this morning at a moment's notice. The usual thing, of course—dishonesty. It was impossible to keep them. So we are all alone to-night; but you won't mind that for once, I daresay. I have a cook coming on trial in the morning.'

The captain, meanwhile, had taken the horse and trap round to the stable at the back of the Cottage, having previously arranged at the hotel that he should keep them till next day. There he found Bosy Groote, who proceeded to

groom and feed the horse. A brief colloquy ensued between the two men, after which the captain went indoors and joined his cousin in the dining-room.

Mrs Avory had provided an appetising little supper, to which her kinsman did not fail to do justice; but it was only by an effort that the captain contrived to swallow a few morsels. Of this, however, Mr Saverne saw nothing. Mrs Avory plied him with so many questions, and had so many things to tell him on her own account, that he had no attention left for anything else. 'Really,' he thought to himself, 'Louisa has improved vastly since we last met. I had no idea she could make herself so agreeable.'

When supper was over and Mrs Avory had cleared the table, the two men drew their chairs closer to the fire, for the night seemed suddenly to have grown chilly.

'What would you like to drink? A little hot punch, or what?' asked Avory at the moment his wife re-entered the room.

Edward Saverne hesitated. He was an abstemious man both by temperament and inclination; but to-night he certainly did feel as if a little warm punch would be grateful to him.

'I think I know of something that Edward would like still better,' remarked Mrs Avory sweetly. 'Although so long ago, I have not forgotten that he used to have, what he will excuse me for calling, a little weakness for mulled port—especially, I think, when it had been made by me.—What say you, Edward, to a little mulled port to-night, concocted after the old recipe?'

Edward laughed. 'I think it a very happy suggestion,' he said; 'and I hope to find that your old skill has not deserted you. I tried my hand at it once or twice in Australia, but the memory is a painful one.'

'Punch for me,' said the captain with a laugh. 'I call mulled port a mollycoddle drink, though Lou certainly does know how to brew it.' Speaking thus, he handed his cigar case to his cousin and then took a weed himself.

A tiny copper kettle was singing merrily over a spirit-lamp on the sideboard; and all ingredients being at hand, Mrs Avory at once set about mixing a large tumbler of port-negus for her cousin and one of grog for her husband.

'Try that,' she said as she handed Mr Saverne's glass to him with a smile.

He took a long appreciative sip at it; then he nodded and smiled and said: 'Your fingers have not forgotten their cunning, Louisa. It's a tipple fit for the gods.'

'One request,' she said—'don't neglect to drink it while it's hot.'

The captain was in the act of striking a match at the moment his cousin lifted the glass to his lips, but apparently he forgot to apply it to his cigar, and allowed it to burn itself out in his fingers. Before striking another, he took a long pull at his tumbler, and Mr Saverne could not help noticing how his hand shook as it held the glass.

Mrs Avory opened the folding-doors which gave access to the drawing-room, and seating herself at the piano, she began playing some slow, dreamy melody in a minor key, while the two men went on with their talk in the adjoining room.

Up to this point, Captain Avory's share in the conversation had been little more than a nominal one; but now he seemed at once to brighten up, and plunged into some reminiscences of his boyish days in which he and his cousin had been mixed up together. The more voluble the captain grew, the more taciturn his cousin became. The room was cosy, the fire was cheerful, his easy-chair was soft and comfortable, and his cigar was of a choice brand. Somehow, as he sipped and sipped again at his negus, the less inclined he became for talking, and the more inclined he became to listen to Lucius, to whose voice the notes of the piano formed a sort of subdued rhythmic accompaniment. Gradually and imperceptibly, he began to lose all sense of time and place. Twice he caught himself nodding, and drew himself up with a start; but the influence that was upon him was too powerful to be long resisted. For a minute or two longer, Avory's voice droned in his ears, but without conveying any more sense to him than the droning of a wasp would have done; for a minute or two longer, he heard the liquid tinkle of the piano like faint, vague music coming from afar; then his head sunk gently back on the cushions of his chair, and he remembered nothing more. The narcotic administered by Mrs Avory in the mulled wine had worked its intended effect.

'He's off!' whispered the captain to his wife a minute later.

Mrs Avory came forward and looked closely at the sleeping man. After carefully testing the action of his pulse, she lifted his lids one after the other and examined the pupils of his eyes.

'Yes, I think he will do,' she said to her husband, with that strange sinister smile which sometimes lighted up her face. 'You see, my dear, that I was a doctor's daughter to some purpose. You had better go and rouse up Bosy Groote and get everything in readiness as quickly as possible.'

The captain went without a word, his face as white as a sheet. He was dreadfully agitated, for he could not help reflecting that it was just possible his cousin might never wake again in this world. He found Bosy asleep on the rug in front of the kitchen fire; but he sprang to his feet at a touch, and at once proceeded to the stable to harness the horse; while Avory inducted himself into a rough overcoat, tied a muffler round his neck, and put on his head a travelling cap which he rarely used. Bosy returned in the course of a few minutes; and then he and the captain proceeded to carry out to the wagonette a number of articles which had previously been placed in readiness by Mrs Avory. This done, Avory, followed by Bosy, went back to the dining-room.

Two minutes later, Mr Saverne, wrapped in a blanket, had been safely deposited on a long horse-hair cushion at the bottom of the wagonette, with an old blue cloak of the captain's thrown lightly over him. Bosy then got into the vehicle and shut the door, and Avory mounted to the box.

Scarcely a word had hitherto been spoken by any of the three. Mrs Avory now said to her

husband: 'I shall sit up till you return. You will get back as quickly as possible?'

'You may rely upon that,' was the answer.—'You don't think there's any likelihood that the jolting will waken him?'

'None whatever; you may make your mind easy on that score. An earthquake would scarcely waken him for the next four hours.'

Two minutes later, they had started on their way to Hoogies. Midnight struck as they wound slowly up the hill. Not a light was anywhere to be seen. Darkness and silence lay all about them. As soon as they had got fairly into the road which skirts the crown of the hill, their progress became a little accelerated, although it was still necessary to drive carefully, in order that the unconscious man might be shaken as little as possible. At length they reached that part of the road where it becomes narrower, and dips abruptly towards the shore, and is shut in on either hand by gloomy masses of foliage. At this point the captain was obliged to come to a stand; he could not see his hand before him. Bosy, who knew the road almost as well by night as by day, suggested the advisability of leading the horse down the hill. To this Avory agreed; so Bosy alighted, and down they went slowly till at length they reached the end of the plantation and emerged on to the level road by the shore. It was necessary to skirt the extreme end of the plantation, so as to reach the sands, and then to go back along them for a short distance, and in that way arrive at the house.

At length they reached the fire-blackened ruin which was their destination. During the whole journey from Trevenna Cottage to Hoogies, they had neither met nor overtaken any one. As soon as they drew up, the captain threw the reins over the horse's back and alighted. Bosy went forward into the house, and presently returned with a horn lantern, in which a candle burned dimly.

'Get up into the trap and see that he is all right,' said Avory in a hoarse whisper.

Bosy, lantern in hand, obeyed. The captain scarcely breathed while the brief examination was being made. 'He's all right—as fast as a rock,' said Bosy as he stepped down.

Captain Avory breathed again; and producing his spirit-flask, he partook of a copious dram, and then gave another to his companion. There still remained much to be done.

The two men went indoors, and, instructed by Avory, Bosy lighted a couple of candles, which he stuck in empty bottles on the chimney-piece. At that hour of the night they had no fear of any one spying on them from without. Bosy's next act was to clear away everything from the middle of the floor. That done, he crossed to the wide old fireplace, and thrusting one arm inside it nearly to his shoulder, he felt for, and found an iron ring attached to a chain, which he pulled down by some exertion, and then fixed it in that position by means of a hook firmly imbedded in the brickwork of the chimney. The moment he pulled the ring, a certain plank in the floor sank about two inches, and then slid out of sight beneath the plank next to it. In the fissure thus revealed were two more iron rings about two feet from each other. Bosy now came forward, and kneeling on one knee, took hold of one of the rings, while the captain took hold of the other. Pulling thus together, they gradually lifted up a large square trap-door in the middle of the floor, and then fixed it in an upright position by means of a couple of stanchions. At their feet now gaped a huge black cavity or cellar, hollowed out of the soft friable rock on which the house was built. In the old smuggling days, this had been the receptacle and hiding-place for many a 'run' of contraband goods. After his mother's death, there was no one living but Bosy who knew the secret of the hiding-place; but to Captain Avory, when the latter happened to call one day, he had revealed it as being a matter of little moment. It was nothing now but a curious memento of a state of things which had died out long years agone.

As the captain gazed into the yawning cavern, it looked so like a huge grave that he could not repress a shudder. And yet it was to this living tomb that he was about to consign his cousin, who had never done him an injury! Avory was not so hardened in ill-doing as not to feel acutely the turpitude of the deed on which he was bent; but he was as a man who is being dragged forward by the hand of an inexorable Fate, which he is powerless to resist, and from which there is no escape. He had gone so far on the road he had chosen, that no turning back was possible for him. Go forward he must at any and every cost. He shrank back with an inward groan.

Bosy, meanwhile, was bringing in a number of packages from the wagonette. When there were no more to bring, he took a candle in his hand, and by means of a loose wooden ladder, he descended through the trap-door into the cellar, which extended under nearly the whole of the kitchen. It was as dry and as free from damp as on the day it had been hollowed out of the sandstone. It was ventilated by means of a small shaft, which opened into the chimney above. Some preparations for the reception of his guest had already been made by Bosy. His rude truckle bedstead was arranged in one corner; and the empty cask had been brought down to serve as a table, together with one of the three-legged stools, in lieu of a chair; while in another corner stood a large earthen pitcher filled with water.

The captain now proceeded to hand down to Bosy the articles removed by the latter from the wagonette. These comprised candles, a candlestick, matches, a small spirit-lamp and kettle, sundry provisions, a bottle of brandy and another of port, together with a few articles of crockery.

'Looks like a pallis fit for a king—blest if it don't!' whispered Bosy, as he glanced round it admiringly when the last article had been handed to him. 'Wouldn't care tuppence if I was shut up here myself.'

As soon as Bosy had ascended from the cellar, the captain and he held a consultation. They had forgotten to bring with them the rope needful to assist them in lowering the sleeping man into the cellar. Bosy's quick wits assisted him in solving the difficulty. 'There's the reins,' he said; 'why can't we make use of them?'

'The very thing!' exclaimed Avory. 'Get them at once.'

As soon as Bosy had fetched the reins, he and the captain proceeded to lift Mr Saverne —still lying on the long cushion—out of the wagonette and deposit him on the kitchen floor. The reins were then passed under the cushion, one at the head, the other at the feet, after which the conspirators proceeded slowly and carefully to lower the cushion and its burden into the depths below. This safely accomplished, the two men descended one after the other, the reins were removed, and Mr Saverne was then lifted on to the truckle bedstead. The blanket was still round him in which he had been wrapped at the Cottage; and a second one was now laid over him. A fresh candle was lighted, and after that, there was nothing more to be done. Avory bent over his cousin for a moment; the latter was breathing heavily but regularly—it was the breathing of a man in a deep dreamless sleep. Never in his life had Captain Avory loathed himself as he did at that moment.

Two minutes later, the ladder had been drawn up, the trap-door had been lowered, and the mysterious plank had slid back into its groove. There was no trace visible of the deed which had just been enacted.

Captain Avory, who shook in every limb, fortified himself and Bosy with another dram from his flask; then he said: 'In order that there may be no blunder on your part, I will again refresh your memory with regard to what still remains for you to do. Now, listen carefully. As soon as you hear the gentleman below stirring, but not till then, you will leave here without letting him in any way have a knowledge of your presence. Should you not hear him stirring by noon to-morrow, or rather to-day, for it's now past one o'clock, you will hasten at once to the Cottage and inform me of that fact. But, as a matter of course, he will waken up long before that time. The moment you hear him move, you will steal away, and not come near the place till midnight on Wednesday. The noise you will then make will attract his attention, and he will at once endeavour to attract yours. When he has succeeded in doing this, you will open the trap-door in the same way that it was opened to-night; you will lower the ladder, and you will help him to ascend. You will profess to be as much surprised as himself at finding him there. You have been away in another part of the country for several days, and know nothing whatever of the affair. Who can possibly have shut him up in the place where you have found him!'

Bosy, who had been following the captain's instructions with eager nods and smiles, now broke out with a shrill 'Ho, ho, ho!' in which there seemed to lurk an echo of madness. 'I'm fly, cap'en, I'm fly,' he cried. 'Ah! I fancy I can see the gent's face when he comes blinking up the ladder, and wants to know where he is! But, as you say, cap'en, who could possi-bly have put him there? Ho, ho, ho!' Then, with a sudden change of tone, he said: 'But you promised me ten more bright yellow boys, cap'en, when the job was done—don't forget that!'

'I have not forgotten. Here is the money;' and with that Avory counted ten sovereigns into Bosy's lean claw-like hand.

Five minutes later, Captain Avory had set out on his way back to Trevenna Cottage.

THE TREATMENT OF CONVICTS AND DISCHARGED PRISONERS.

Among the many efforts of Christian philanthropists to alleviate the misery and distress of the unfortunate, few are more worthy of public support and sympathy than the Societies which seek to assist those unfortunates who have been led astray from the straight way, to return to the path of honesty and integrity—no easy matter, when surrounded by every temptation, and no kind friends to receive them on discharge from prison. But strange to say, some of the discharged prisoners themselves seem to have a prejudice against the very Societies organised for their benefit; and it is for the purpose of dispelling such illusions that a correspondent who has made strict investigation into the matter has sent us some reliable information from personal observation.

About six weeks before a convict is to be discharged, he is asked if he wishes to book for one of the Aid Societies. On his deciding on one, he is notified in due time that they will receive him. His gratuities are paid over to the Society; and he can either have his clothing from the prison or from the Society, which is a matter of importance to the prisoners; so (says our correspondent) I purpose taking them and the reader to the Royal Society in Aid of Discharged Prisoners, 39 Charing Cross, London. The prisoners are taken from the prison in a cab, and on arriving at the chambers of the Society, are shown into a room, where a substantial breakfast is set before them, consisting of a large plate of ham with *white* bread —which seems to fill the men with ecstasy, after what they call the 'sawdust' bread they have been used to—and unlimited coffee. After doing justice to these things, they are called singly into the secretary's room, where they are interviewed by a gentleman of the Committee as to their plans and the best way in which the Society can assist them.

These are gentlemen who are in high social positions, who attend personally one day each in his turn; and now and then the President, the Duke of Westminster, goes and talks to the men. They are next taken by a clerk to some upper rooms, well stocked with clothing of all kinds. Those who get their things here, on leaving the prison, are supplied with a suit of clothes, also one cotton shirt, one flannel shirt, with flannel drawers, one pair of socks, and a necktie. The suit is only lent; but the other things, the person who receives them keeps.

Several men were fitted during the writer's visit, and the secretary kindly gave me a bill of one of their outfits. I assert positively that no one could ever dream where that man had got his clothes, or where he had just come from, which cannot be said of those who get their clothes from the prison. The following is the bill of the outfit I have mentioned: Tweed suit, 17s. 6d.; two coloured Oxford shirts, 4s.;

two pair of stockings, 1s. 8d.; black silk necktie, 1s. 3d.; braces, 1s.; serviceable hat, 2s. 9d.; boots, 7s.—Total, £1, 15s. 2d. As this man's outfit came to two shillings less than the sum allowed, he took, besides, two pair of socks and a nice muffler. If this outfit had been purchased in the shops, it would have cost considerably more. After being clothed, the man was taken again to the secretary. If he wanted employment, he was supplied with a note to certain employers, and sufficient money for his wants till he called again. But if he was going down the country, he was told what time to be at the station. An agent would meet him there, and give him his railway ticket and a sovereign.

There seems to be an idea that going to the Society means getting 'lagged' again; which report has been raised by men who have been reconvicted, and who declare the Society to be in league with the police. When I hinted this to the secretary, he indignantly repudiated it, and declared that the police have several times accused the Society of withholding information which would have enabled them to capture certain men. But, as the secretary observed, both his duty and inclination prompt him to assist men to get into honourable positions and get an honest living.

Another idea among prisoners is, that unless they have some gratuities to pay into the Society's hands, the latter won't receive them. I looked through the Society's books, and saw a number of cases where men without money and unable to find work had been supported by the Society for several weeks. I spoke to two men who had been treated in this manner, and they were warm in expressing their gratitude for the kindness they had received. Another man came in during my visit to ask for more money. He said he had been to all the places indicated in the note, but could not get any work. I think the fellow never wanted any work; and if he happens to get reconvicted, he is just the one to set the prisoners against the Society by his false statements.

The secretary showed me a letter received that morning from a man he had sent to New York some weeks previously with a letter of introduction to an agent there, who got him employment with an English farmer eighty miles from New York, at five dollars a week and board and lodging. He lived and had his meals with the family. He spoke with rapture of the kindness he met with. His master being a teetotaler, he became one also, and hoped soon to save enough to take a farm of his own! This is one of many cases where they have been the means of assisting men to regain their lost positions; yet many prisoners persist in believing the reports of wretches who seem incapable of speaking the truth. The secretary, Major Tillbrook, has invited governors and chaplains to come and examine his books, &c.; but very few of them have been zealous enough to take the trouble, so he trusts to time to prove whether he has conscientiously done his duty or not. As for myself, I can heartily recommend all prisoners to book for the Royal Society, 39 Charing Cross, and get their clothing from them. Those who sincerely wish to turn to the path of honesty will receive every encouragement and assistance from the Society. I would also beg to call the attention of the wealthy to this good cause, and ask them to promote it by their donations.

On the subject of gratuities to convicts, there has been so much written of late years, that any addition may seem superfluous; but, as much of what I have read on the subject could only have been obtained from a secondary source, and as I have had unsurpassed opportunities for several years of observing and studying the subject in all its bearings, I venture to hope my remarks may throw fresh light on the matter, and call the attention of the authorities to the subject.

I am convinced that the only true principles of criminal reformation are these: (1) To create and develop self-respect; and (2) to create and encourage habits of industry. Now, in practice, the very reverse happens. It is, as a rule, through lacking these two qualities that men become criminals; and seeing that to be the case, it cannot be expected that habits of industry are to be created by setting them to work which they may be unfitted for and by giving them no interest in their labour. Under such conditions, every artifice is resorted to, to evade or scamp their work; whereas, by giving them a fair percentage on the value of their labour, it would cease to be repulsive, and they would gradually acquire a liking for it. As they saw the money accumulating on their credit sheet, they would be stimulated to further exertion by the prospect of being able on their release to start themselves in the way of getting an honest living. Habits of industry, to be lasting, must be spontaneous, not forced. The men in the convict prisons have a certain task to perform, which, as a rule, is an easy one. The same amount of work outside would not support a man. As no one likes to work more than he is forced to do, especially at work he gets little or nothing for, the consequence is, that after a number of years of easy work, it has become a settled habit. On his release, being unable to do more work, he cannot compete with other working-men; and unless he is a man of more than ordinary virtue and resolution, he soon gets disheartened, gives up the struggle, and relapses into crime again; whereupon he is denounced as an incorrigible scoundrel, and gets sent back to prison, to have every hope blasted of being able to raise himself to an honest position. All his heroic struggles against adverse circumstances are ignored; and in the bitterness of his heart, he vows eternal enmity to all laws and society. There you have a man able and willing to commit any crime; one who reflects on the number of years of his life and labour he has been robbed of. He is thereby stimulated by revenge, as well as by the desire to make up at somebody's expense what he considers he has been robbed of.

The longer a man is kept under these conditions, the less are his chances of extricating himself; for, under the so-called 'Prevention of Crimes Act,' a man who has been twice convicted of crime is at the mercy of every policeman who may owe him a grudge; or who, knowing his power over him, may be base enough to misrepresent some little act, such, for instance, as seeing him in certain places where other people may be with impunity. In the case of this man, some sinister motive is alleged and believed, and the

unfortunate creature is sent to twelve months' hard labour; so that these so-called Prevention of Crimes Acts are the means of committing crimes, by occasionally sending innocent men to prison. These Acts are unjust, and utterly inadequate to prevent crime. I assert that the majority of men who get reconvicted, would not have been so, had they had the means, on their release, of a fair start. This can best be done by allowing the prisoner to use his powers of application while in prison to earn by his labour enough to start him in life again; or to emigrate, which is the best thing he can do.

The present system of giving gratuities is unfair and unequal. Convicts doing penal servitude have to pass through the following classes, namely, probation class, one year, of which nine months are spent in separate confinement, during which they receive no gratuity or remission. If they are not reported for misconduct, they go into the third class, and get one shilling a month for twelve months. They next pass into the second class, and get one shilling and sixpence a month for twelve months; after which they enter the first class, and receive two shillings and sixpence a month for twelve months, until they have earned three pounds altogether. By the time they have earned this money they will have done four years; but a man under sentence of five years only does about three years and eleven months, so that he cannot earn the three pounds; yet, provided he has done nine months in the first class, he is eligible to be recommended for a further gratuity not exceeding two pounds; whilst those under sentences over five years can be recommended for an extra three pounds—to get which, he must be in the special class; and to obtain which, he must pass through the first class without any reports. Now, here is the unfairness. One man is doing ten years, is working in the shoemakers' shop, and his labour is worth fourteen or fifteen shillings a week; another man doing five years is closing boot uppers, and his labour is worth about three shillings and sixpence a week; yet, if he has passed nine months in the first class, he gets five pounds; whilst the ten years' man—who has to pass over four years in the first class, and may probably get reported in that time, for, say, speaking to another prisoner, which will keep him from getting into the special class—on discharge will only get three pounds. Even a fifteen or twenty years' man will get no more.

One would think that in making pecuniary awards, the chief thing to be considered would be what a man has earned by his labour; yet practically, that is not considered of any account, for a lazy schemer, who will perhaps be picking oakum or other equally unpaying work, and earning about fourpence a day, providing he does not get reported—and such schemers know how to fawn round the officers, and generally escape being reported—then gets the full gratuity of six pounds. Where is any fairness or justice in such a system? It only encourages laziness and scheming, and offers no inducement to a man to take any interest in his work or try to improve his craft. The consequence is, none of them do what they could or would do, if they were allowed something on all they did.

I ask any reader of this paper to imagine himself through some sudden act, intentional or accidental, sentenced to twenty years, perhaps in the bloom and vigour of manhood; and after doing fifteen years, is liberated, when he finds he has nearly forgotten his trade. He is weak, and wants good nourishment; the best years of his life have been wasted; and he has done no good to himself or anybody. Reflect, reader, what a feeling such treatment would raise in your heart. Would it not be one of bitter resentment? I know of many men doing ten, fifteen, or twenty years for striking officers in the army or navy! These men are honest men, and never been in prison before, as a rule. They were tried by courts-martial, composed of the brother-officers of the officers they had struck. I venture to suggest that courts-martial should not be allowed to give such sentences. I submit that if a man commits a crime, he must be punished; and in many cases the judges will acknowledge they give long sentences, not so much for the crime committed, as to make it a long time before he can commit it again. Now, the government declares it seeks not so much to punish a criminal as to reform him; then why not let the earlier portion of his sentence be made a punishment, while the crime is fresh in his memory, and the latter part be applied to his reformation? This can be best effected by giving him facilities for acquiring habits of industry, by letting him earn money all through his sentence—which will place him in a position to help himself by his own means, instead of seeking, and not finding, help from others.

I think the fairness and justice of these remarks will commend themselves to all humane persons; and I trust may meet with the generous consideration of the authorities.

A WINTER VISIT TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

In the middle of a winter exceptionally severe, my friend came over to Paris to pay me a long expected visit, having seized the only opportunity which a temporary release from home-duties afforded him of leaving England. He was very desirous of seeing Fontainebleau; and although it was unfortunate that he was unable to choose a more propitious season, I determined that not even this opportunity should be lost of paying the place a visit. So off we started to the *gare de Lyon*, and were soon rolling along through the bitterly cold air. Inside the carriage we were cosy enough, having provided ourselves with ample coats and rugs, and having the benefit of two large foot-warmers, which on French railways never belie their name, and which in this instance were entirely at our disposal as the only occupants of the compartment.

But what a picture of starving cold outside! Through the snow, which had been lying three weeks or more on the ground, nothing appeared save the skeleton trees standing like ghostly mutes at Nature's funeral, shrouded in the far distance by that steel gray pall to which such weather owes the name of 'black frost.' The windows were covered with a sheet of sparkling ice, which we rubbed away many times with our

hands; but almost before we had time to look through, the space was again frozen over. We were not sorry on such a day to walk the distance —some two miles—which separates the station of Fontainebleau from the town; and by the time we arrived in front of the handsome railing shutting off the large court of the château from the street, all the stiffness and cold of the journey had disappeared. But if the walk had restored our circulation, it had also served to remind us that it was breakfast-time, and a *déjeûner* served in the dining-room of one of the hotels opposite the palace, found us sharp set. Here our excellent hostess, knowing that *ces messieurs* must be dreadfully cold, lit us a splendid fire, and drew our table close up to it, so that we enjoyed our meal in warmth and comfort. Thus fortified, we put on our coats, and went across to the *Cour des Adieux* to find a guide. Very loth was the guardian whose turn it was to accompany us to leave the warm room where he and his companions were seated round a large porcelain stove. But having at last unmistakably convinced himself that it was his turn, he buttoned up his coat over his scarlet waistcoat, and with a shudder and a sigh, came out, crossed the court, and proceeded to introduce us under the great horse-shoe staircase into the château.

Let us pause here for a moment and carry ourselves back seventy years. See that short pale man who speaks from the staircase to that throng of soldiers who stand round with drooping heads and moistened eyes, moved beyond speech, as his words of farewell fall upon their ears. Now he ceases, the fire dies from his eyes, and the veterans throng round for a last look, through their unwonted tears, at their beloved leader, ere he turns to go from them, as they think, for ever. But less than a year has passed when the whirligig of events brings him there again, and cheer after cheer rings through the yard from the dense throng of troops, as, with flushed cheek and sparkling eye, he speaks to them of triumph. Off go bearskin and shako, and the throats of a thousand veterans welcome him.

'*Par ici, messieurs,*' says the guardian; and back to the tomb rush the martial shades, nothing left but the snow-covered yard and staircase. The name of the place—*La Cour des Adieux* (the place of parting)—alone perpetuates the episode.

Now at last we are inside that famous palace, a monument of French sovereigns from Louis IX. to Napoleon III. There are many who take but a languid interest in the palace of Fontainebleau. For these, it is a mere collection of beautiful rooms and furniture, with which it is necessary to be acquainted as a topic of conversation, but for which one visit amply suffices. When you have seen it once, you have seen it enough, whereas the beauties of the forest never pall; nay, the more often you visit it, the more beauties you discover therein. But after willingly conceding to the forest all the beauty which it incontestably possesses, the student of the past must confess that it is difficult to tire even of the palace. It is a place so teeming with associations and memories, that no one, unless an entire stranger to the romance of history, can fail to tread with pleasure, not once but many times, its silent halls. Other royal palaces may be more imposing both in external appearance and magnificence of interior; Versailles, with its vast frontage, and the size and splendour of its rooms, doubtless leaves all others far behind. But none can vie with Fontainebleau for richness of historical incident, nor can any call up so vividly the past glories of the French court.

We enter first the chapel with its quaint side-pews, whence the ladies of the court and nobles, separated by their white-flowered panels from the common crowd, witnessed the royal baptisms and marriages, so many of which have been solemnised there. On next to the suite of rooms occupied by Napoleon I., who of all French sovereigns most loved Fontainebleau. See the table where he reluctantly signed his abdication, and the mark where he dashed his knife into it, in impotent rage. Further on, the bath-room of Marie Antoinette, the panels of which are of looking-glass, painted with festoons of flowers, and as fresh as if of yesterday. Round the ceiling, hanging from it, is a cornice of small flowers in Sèvres porcelain. These exquisitely beautiful decorations were brought from Versailles, where they originally embellished a room in the palace of the Grand Trianon. Not less luxurious is the bedroom of the same hapless queen. The coverlet and curtains of the bed, the chairs, the panels of the walls, are all in silk of the same pattern, tasteful festoons of flowers, worked on a light blue ground, with the queen's initials in the centre. Not all the lavish care of numerous succeeding owners has prevented the coverlet and curtains from becoming frayed and worm-eaten; but the hangings still remain perfect masterpieces of the Lyons looms, whence they issued a century ago. The embroidered initials call up sad recollections, so let us go on to the adjoining *Salle du Conseil*, with its round green-covered table and chairs. Here, at this very table, under the warring First Empire, decisions were taken big with the fate of nations; and momentous councils were held under that Second Empire, whose motto was peace, though it, too, was often identified with war. Next comes the throne-room, separated from this by a wall many feet thick, painted dark blue, with gold *fleurs-de-lis*, a design which carries us back to the time of St Louis. On we go through rooms with elaborate ceilings and inlaid floors of corresponding design, some of which emanated from the artistic mind of the locksmith-king Louis XVI., until we reach the library, a long low room, the favourite haunt of Napoleon III. Here he spent many hours in study and in arranging the books, some of which bear his name on the cover.

How can words be found to describe all the beauties of the succeeding rooms or the memories they recall! To do the latter would be to write an entire history of France. Here, over this chimney-piece, an equestrian statue in relief of Henri IV.; this is the study of Francis I.; in that room Louis XIII. was born: indeed, it would

seem that each room brings back a separate reign. Let us linger a few moments in the *Salle des Fêtes*, the ballroom of the palace, and endeavour to do justice to its beauties. Oak panels decorated with silver crescent and golden laurels, with which mingle the initials of Henri II. and Diana of Poitiers. A deep recess, with cushion seats in each of the many windows, where the ladies smile and flirt between the dances. The ceiling by that Italian, honoured, by long residence at the French court, with a French name, le Primatice. A portrait of the old master, painted by himself, goes down to posterity in one of the numerous figures which crowd the ceiling. When the court is tired of dancing, and the strains of the last minuet have died away from the musicians' gallery, the attendants wheel in supper tables from the doors at the other end. Where are now the balls and feasts, which then seemed never ending? Gone, alas, for ever! Bacchus and Terpsichore have joined hands, and fled with that extinct court which invoked their presence, never more to return. Yet now, fancy may picture the moonlight shining in upon the spectres of fair women and brave men, who pace together the stately minuet, while ghostly musicians play instruments which give forth no sound. Even in daylight, little imagination enables us to hear again the sound of music and laughter which re-echoed so often from old Primaticcio's ceiling, and to people once more that ancient hall with succeeding generations of rank and beauty.

Time passes, so we must fain pass on through the room where Pius VII. was held a prisoner during the First Empire. A very tolerable captivity, so far as comfort goes, in rooms with Cordovan leather hangings, Beauvais tapestry and frescoes. Under the glass cover of an inlaid table the signature of the pope in red ink is shown. Last of all the rooms before we come to the theatre is the curious *Galerie des Assiettes*, decorated—as its name implies—with plates screwed into oak panelling, each bearing a representation of a royal palace.

We are now only separated by a passage from the *Salle de Spectacle* or theatre, which must indeed have seen many famous 'spectacles,' comparatively modern though it is. Pull off one of the holland covers of the balcony seats, and look at the splendid golden silk with which it is covered. On the front row, on one side of the gangway, the seat of that unfortunate lady who still lives an exile amongst us; on the other, that of her departed husband. Below, in the pit, sat the officers; above, in boxes, decently separated by a gilded lattice from the effulgence of Empire, the servants of the palace. Behind the balcony are retiring-rooms for the ladies, with luxurious lounges and soft carpets. In this tiny space, the *comédiens ordinaires du roi* (or *de l'empereur*), bidden by royal command from their splendid house in the Rue Richelieu, performed in the presence of the court. The scenery remains untouched, as it was at the last performance held there, now nearly twenty years ago. The stage is only shown to those who have obtained a special permission, which we had not; but a little persuasion was sufficient to prevail upon the guardian to commit this slight breach of duty; and after assuring himself that no one was following, he produced a key, and let us in through a small door, which he carefully locked after him. A novel experience it was to tread the boards of that stage, where so many celebrated actors had trod, and to look on the house with its holland-covered seats. We stayed so long wandering about the greenroom and peering into the dressing-rooms, that only a reminder from our guide that we were trespassers, drew us thence. He, however, was substantially rewarded, when at last he ushered us forth again, into the chilly air, and with a '*Bonjour, messieurs*,' hurried back to his warm corner by the stove.

Full as we were of the beauties of the palace, we felt that even at this period of the year our visit would not be complete until we had seen something of the forest; so, having still a little time to spare, we plunged at random into it. The bare trunks and snow-covered ground could only give the faintest idea of its summer splendour, and we were soon content to return and make our way homewards, after resting and marvelling a moment at its supernatural stillness and solitude.

Evil as were the ways of the old courts which had their home at Fontainebleau, the guest departing from this feast of beauty is fain to except them from the old adage, and believe that whereas the evil they did is interred with their bones, the good remains in the pictures, the statues, the tapestries, and all the thousand-and-one beauties of the palace, their united handiwork, incentives to the achievement of further artistic triumphs by posterity. Though the grave has closed upon the splendour of their lives, utter oblivion can never overtake them while this noble edifice remains their witness.

COQUETTE.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Because her eyes to me and you
The brightest are and bluest,
Shall storms arise between us two,
The oldest friends and truest?
She smiles on me; my heart is light,
And yours is steeped in sorrow,
And yet the flower I gave to-night,
She 'll throw to you to-morrow.
Coquette is she; so say with me:
'Let him who wins her wear her;
And fair—however fair she be,
There 's many a lassie fairer.'

But if it hap, and well it may,
That each in vain has pleaded,
If all my songs are thrown away,
And all your sighs unheeded,
We 'll vow ourselves no hermit's vows,
We 'll cross no foaming billow,
We 'll bind about our dismal brows
No wreaths of mournful willow;
But show, in spite of her disdain,
We yet can live without her;
And joining hands, we 'll laugh again,
And think no more about her!

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PLEASURES FOR THE SICK.

Cheerfulness and a brave heart win half the battle in many an illness. Why should not the sufferer be made as happy as may be? Happiness and suffering are not such incompatible states as they appear at first sight. The long imprisoned days may after all remain in memory as a happy time. For a child, it has perhaps left an impression of a quiet interval when there was much putting out of one's tongue to the doctor, but also much petting and pudding. Why should it not leave for older minds an impression of a gentler interval of life, when there was pain perhaps to be endured, but much also to be enjoyed—more kindness and more of the pleasures that love can create even amid suffering; for what is there that love cannot do? Alas! there is one thing that love cannot do, and it comes readily to mind when we are thinking of the sick—it cannot save. It cannot even spare pain, though it craves to bear the pain instead. Yet, even so, what is there that love will not do? For what it cannot ward off, it can soften. It can devise means for making short the tedious hours; and when suffering is not acute or weakness extreme, it can beguile the sick into enjoying pleasures, which, given with sympathy, may amount even to positive happiness.

Visits are supposed to afford consolation; but what kind of visits are these to be? When a man has toothache, and the landlady or the parlour-maid makes a speech of consolation, it is sometimes a visit that intensifies the aching. 'Ah, sir,' says the compassionate landlady, '*I* know what it is to have the toothache, sir. I've had it that bad, sir—it was like shutting my jaws on the edge of a knife, sir!' This comfort is meant to go straight to the sufferer's heart; it generally goes straight to his teeth. When a rustic condoles with a friend who has a sprained foot, he tells him for his comfort all about the boy who got his leg caught in the reaping-machine; and when my lord's valet is privileged to console his master whose gout has appeared alarmingly early, ten to one that my lord's valet will mention the agonies of his late master 'with the chalk round about his knuckles as big as marbles!' In fact, in some quarters, the ailments of other unfortunates seem to be considered the most encouraging and strengthening topic that can be chosen.

The real object in view ought to be to induce the mind to forget the sufferings of the body. The news of the day, told little by little, is a pleasure to an invalid. Of course, in suggesting these pleasures, we are always presupposing that those only are selected which the sufferer is able to bear. For instance, a hostile political article from the *Times* would hardly be soothing to a statesman incapacitated from work; or adulation of the last new novel would not help an overworked writer to lie still and wait for health. The great secret of success in conversation by the sick-bed is simply to take to heart the interests and the sympathies of those for whose sake we speak. Often enough, unkind sayings are made to travel, and the seeds of dissension fly as readily as thistle-down. Why not collect from memory, instead, the *kind* things we have heard said of our helpless friend, or of those he cares for most? It would be the sowing of a whole harvest of trusty friendship, all ready for the time of return to outer life and to friends perhaps uncared for before. There are very few of our acquaintance of whom we have not heard kind words, too genuine to flatter in the telling. Not only cheering words and tones, but cheering looks form the pleasures of the sick. If there be a new face in the room, let it be a bright face; there is no sunshine like the sunshine of bright looks. Above all, the constant companion at the bedside should give the pleasure of bright looks, cost what they may.

Reading aloud is supposed to be a certain source of recreation; it is the constant offer of kind-hearted visitors, who never dream that unless well done, it may be, instead, a certain source of headaches and an intolerable bore. Reading for the sick is an art in itself. What is to be read? And how is it to be read? These are questions that must be settled with

care and judgment, differently in each individual case. But a few suggestions may help those who are anxious to make reading a rest and a pleasure in a sickroom. Let us suppose, for example, that a story is chosen. It may be a book like *Alice in Wonderland;* for children's books have a charm for the old in their simplicity, and require but little mental effort. Or it may be a humorous book from the other side of the Atlantic. Or it may be a novel. All through, our case is merely for example; more serious reading is often a source of peace and comfort, but our subject here is merely recreation. The first thing to do is to glance through the book, to choose, and, if need be, to mark with a pencil the most lively or characteristic passages. These passages are to be read and the story told to connect them. Or if the reading-time be long enough, only dull pages or heavy paragraphs might be marked, and all the unmarked parts read, with only a few words told to bridge over the excisions. The narrative need not, as a rule, be scrupulously read from the first page to the last; and if the reader has not quick perception enough to suit it to the listener as he goes along, a few pencil-marks ought at least to warn him of dry or unsuitable passages coming. The best reader will be quick enough to make his changes as he reads, adding a word to explain who speaks in the dialogue, or running on over tedious pages, so as to keep the listener's attention.

A little at a time is a golden rule in reading for the sick. We must read for them as the birds sing for us—with plenty of short pauses. Their thoughts are not so active as ours; leave them quiet moments to follow. Above all, if they enjoy a joke, let them hear us enjoying it too, for there is contagion in laughter; and as long as the gleam of fun lasts, let us not hurry them away to hear other things, and forget it. It is hardly necessary to hint that the reading should be slow, and the voice at once distinct and full of life—not loud, but quiet and clear, with a variation of tone sympathetic with the sense of the reading. In this manner, a book would be known and enjoyed without being laboriously read all through; and a little reading ought to provide occupation for a long time, for there should be many stoppages for talk, like wayside stations on a railway journey. The more amusing the talk, the better; critical remarks, thrown in as we go along, may brighten not only the wayside pauses but the journey itself; like an amusing friend in our railway carriage inclined to talk of what is to be seen by the way.

All occupations ought to be spread out to cover lightly the long day of helplessness. We cannot do with the sick what we ourselves do in health, turn from one duty to another, anxious to lose no moments between, so that the most work may be got through in the shortest time. Their attention has to be gently engaged during their waking hours; those hours can have but little occupation to cover them, so we must spread it all out lightly with short breaks and gaps. A little thing may occupy weak hands and a weary mind very pleasantly for a long time; there is no losing time then, and there should be no hurry; all is gain that gives an interest to the long helpless hours.

Quiet is necessary between the pleasures of the sick, and then especially it is important to leave in view something pleasant for the eyes to look upon. A bouquet of flowers or, better still, a flowering plant, by day gives a charm to even a dull room; but the plant and the invalid should perhaps part company at night. The decoration of the room will lose its value unless little changes are made; the coming of a new bit of ornament of any kind is, for the sick, something like a new plaything to a child. If the room be dull and somewhat dark, brightness is hardly less needed than whiteness and neatness. We have seen the whole wall of a little room brightened by one fan of Christmas or New Year cards hanging flat against the dingy room-paper; the cards were gummed to a cardboard foundation the shape and size of a large open fan, and a hanging bow of a rich colour was supposed to be the fastening at the point below, where the fan opens. Such decorations as this, placed sparingly and with taste, are better than large pictures for a dull room. The foreign objects that are now sold, as one might say, for half nothing, are very useful, too, for brightening the corners and the mantel-shelf, and making gay some table, whence they ought to banish the useless bottles and spoons that are sometimes a hideous sight in a sickroom. The decoration of the room is one of the pleasures of convalescence, and it is also a necessary pleasure in those very sad cases where a person whose mind is energetic is obliged, perhaps by some painful accident, to lie in the same room for weeks or months. In summer, when it can be managed without danger of cold, a sight of the prospect from the window—a glimpse of the fields and skies—is one of the greatest pleasures for the imprisoned life.

Another pleasure for an invalid is the chance of doing something for those who are well. Even the giving of advice, or giving hints for the household or the room, or for the studies of children, or for the dresses of daughters, is all a cheering change. It means that the sick are of use; and they long to be useful again. Let them help a little, if it be possible; let them even enjoy the delusion that their share in some work is important; certainly it ought to be valued. Fancy-work, and especially knitting or crochet-work with wool, is a good pastime for feminine hands in convalescence. Sometimes the pleasure is greater when the knitted wool is destined for the poor, to whose children such work is very useful. These are some of the pleasures that make home precious contrasted with sickness in hospitals; and for those who are obliged to be hospital patients, some of the home pleasures might be contrived. If people knew how books, pictures, and illustrated papers are prized in hospitals, they would make an effort to provide them, and also toys and Christmas cards for children. But, above all, the

greatest pleasure of the sick is the easiest to give. One comfort at least ought to come with all affliction: it ought to be a revelation of the love that lives for them in other hearts.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. VI.

STONELANDS is a quiet, old-fashioned country town of about two thousand inhabitants, on the borders of the Peak district. It had been dark for some hours when Mr Muncaster alighted at the railway station and inquired his way to the one tolerable hotel of which the little town can boast. Next morning, he sallied forth, and was not long in finding his way to No. 5 Town Row, the address given him by Dr Mayfield. It proved to be a small six-roomed house, one of a number of others similar in size and appearance. There was a card in the window announcing apartments to let, which struck Mr Muncaster as being somewhat singular in such an out-of-the-way spot. But he found later on that Stonelands is a great gathering-place for anglers during the fishing season, many of whom prefer to hire quiet rooms of their own, rather than put up with the noise and bustle of an inn.

Mr Muncaster, who was a man of quick resolves, crossed the road and knocked at the door of No. 5. His summons was responded to by a tall, thin, faded woman, in deep mourning, whom, from the description given him by Dr Mayfield, he had no difficulty in recognising as Mrs Preedy. Yes, he could have the apartments—a bedroom and a small sitting-room—if he chose to pay a week's rent in advance, she told him in reply to his queries; adding that, in a place like Stonelands, they never troubled gentlemen about references. Two hours later, Mr Muncaster was comfortably installed in his rooms. So far, fortune had favoured him more than he had dared to hope. A little later, he discovered that when Mrs Preedy was without lodgers, she lived entirely alone, but that when her rooms were occupied, a neighbour's daughter was called in to assist in the household duties. That first afternoon, Mrs Preedy herself took in Mr Muncaster's tea—the old-fashioned hours for meals being still adhered to in Stonelands.

'I am afraid, ma'am, that you have recently lost a near relative?' Mr Muncaster ventured to remark, with a glance at Mrs Preedy's black gown.

She stared at him for a moment or two with a sort of cold suspicion, and then she said drily: 'Yes, sir, a very near relative.—Will you please to ring if you want anything more?' It was evident that no information was to be gained by questioning Mrs Preedy.

Next morning the neighbour's daughter, Maggie, appeared on the scene and took in the new lodger's breakfast. Mr Muncaster was not long in finding out that the girl had a tongue, and liked to hear herself talk, especially when Mrs Preedy was not by to check her loquacity. In less than twenty-four hours, Maggie and Mr Muncaster were on the best of terms. The girl was flattered by the evident interest which the pleasant, smiling gentleman from London took in her gossip and chatter.

On the third morning after his arrival, as Mr Muncaster was munching his toast, he and Maggie being alone in the house at the time, he said to the girl: 'I see that Mrs Preedy is in deep mourning. I presume that she has lately lost some one very near and dear to her?' He purposely refrained from looking at Maggie as he put the question; he was afraid she might notice the eager light in his eyes.

'She's in mourning for her brother, sir. She was very fond of him.'

'Then she will no doubt feel his loss very much. Did he die here in Stonelands?'

'O no, sir. At some place a long way off—some place by the sea, a deal warmer than it is here. It was consumption he died of. He was ill for more than a year, poor man.'

'No doubt, Mrs Preedy was with him when he died?'

'O yes, sir. She got a telegraft, and was just in time to see him at the last.'

'Did you know this Mr—Mr'——

'Mr Sadgrove, sir—Matthew Sadgrove was his name.'

For a moment or two, Mr Muncaster scarcely breathed. What startling discovery was he on the brink of? He went on toying carelessly with the butter-knife.

'Yes, I knew him quite well,' continued the garrulous Maggie. 'He was living here in this house, at the time he was first took bad. He was a schoolmaster, sir; and after he lost his wife, he came to Stonelands; but he didn't seem to get on very well, and then his health broke down, and he had to give up the school. After that, he went away, and I never saw him again.'

'Mr Sadgrove had no family, I suppose?'

'One little girl, sir. She's away in France, living with some friends of her mother's. There is a likeness, sir, in the album both of Mr Sadgrove and his little girl. Perhaps you would like to see them?'

Mr Muncaster's heart came into his mouth, as the saying is. It was all he could do not to betray his eagerness.

'It is a sad story, Maggie; but life abounds with such,' he replied. 'Yes, I think I should like to see the portraits you speak of.'

Accordingly, Maggie fetched the album out of Mrs Preedy's sitting-room, and pointed out to Mr Muncaster the likeness of Mr Sadgrove, and also that of his daughter, a girl apparently about ten years of age. On the latter was written the name 'Florrie Sadgrove.'

Mr Muncaster had not forgotten what Dr Mayfield had told him. Florrie was the name which the man who called himself Edward Saverne had uttered more than once in his sleep during the last days of his illness. Here was another link in the chain of evidence!

He gave the album back to Maggie with some commonplace remark, and presently the girl left the room, taking the book with her.

Mr Muncaster put on his hat and went out for a walk in the quiet fields. In truth, his blood felt slightly fevered. He could no longer doubt that he held the clue to a daring and ingenious imposture; yet he could not help

marvelling at the series of apparently trivial circumstances which, following one on the other, had ended by placing that clue in his hands.

The question now was, what his next step ought to be; but it was a question which a few minutes' thought sufficed to decide. It was evident that the next link in the chain of evidence must be the identification of Matthew Sadgrove with the man who died at Boscombe Regis and was buried there under the name of Edward Saverne. Dr Mayfield was the only man who was able to settle that point, and there was only one mode by which he could do it. The moment Mr Muncaster saw his next step clearly, he turned back in the direction of his lodgings, but he called in at the post-office on his way. In answer to his inquiry, the official there told him that there was only one delivery at Boscombe Regis on Sundays. That was all he wanted to know. Saturday morning was now here; and on Wednesday next at noon Captain Avory would call by appointment at the London office for his cheque. But Mr Muncaster had made up his mind that when the captain put in an appearance, it should not be a cheque, but checkmate, that he should find in readiness for him. He went back to his lodgings, got out his desk, and made a pretence of being busy letter-writing; but he was, in fact, quietly on the watch, and he sat with the door ajar, listening to every movement in the house. It was needful that, by hook or by crook, he should obtain possession of the portrait of Matthew Sadgrove.

The day wore on; his simple dinner was partaken of, and then he was left alone again, but still he sat waiting. At length his opportunity came. Mrs Preedy went out to make her Saturday purchases; and Maggie, taking advantage of the fact, was soon gossiping over the garden-wall with another young lady similarly circumstanced to herself. The sound of their careless chatter, with now and then a shrill burst of laughter, reached Mr Muncaster in his sitting-room. He rose, and opening his door a little wider, he stood for a minute listening; then with light quick footsteps, he crossed the little passage which divided his room from that of Mrs Preedy, and opening the door of the latter, he went in. One rapid glance round showed him the object he had come in search of. It lay, with some other books, on a table near the window. With dexterous fingers he extracted the photograph he wanted, and then, having replaced the album, he got back undiscovered to his own room. It was an act which under other circumstances Mr Muncaster would never have thought of perpetrating; but in this case he hoped the end would justify the means. In fighting against cunning and chicanery, one cannot always choose one's weapons.

There was just time to catch the evening mail. Mr Muncaster wrote a few hurried lines to Dr Mayfield, in which he asked him to be good enough to inform the writer by return of post whether he recognised the inclosed photograph as a likeness of any one whom he had ever known or attended professionally. He purposely mentioned no names in his note; he wanted the evidence, if any should be forthcoming, to be unsuggested by any hint on his part. He went out and posted the letter. The answer was to be addressed to him at the Stonelands post-office.

The letter reached Dr Mayfield in due course on Sunday morning; but as there is no mail out of Boscombe Regis on the evening of that day, his answer did not reach Mr Muncaster till late on Monday. Dr Mayfield wrote to the following effect: 'The photograph inclosed in your letter, which I now return, is an undoubted likeness of the late Mr Edward Saverne, the gentleman who died a few weeks ago at Trevenna Cottage. That is a point on which there can be no mistake, for, although the portrait would appear to have been taken previously to the commencement of his last illness, his features were of too marked a character, and the resemblance is too striking, to leave any room for doubt.'

Mr Muncaster smiled grimly as he refolded the doctor's note. 'It is just as I thought,' he said. 'In the morning, Mrs Preedy and I must have a little private confab; and after that, hey presto! for London, in time to welcome our friend the captain on Wednesday.'

Mr Muncaster went to bed that night in high good-humour with himself, and yet he was puzzled—so much puzzled, in fact, that he was able to obtain but little sleep. Judging from what Dr Mayfield had told him of Mrs Preedy, and from what he had seen of her, he could scarcely bring himself to believe that she was a woman who would knowingly allow herself to become an instrument in the perpetration of a fraud of any kind. If his knowledge of human nature was not at fault, then was Mrs Preedy just the opposite of a person of that stamp; yet, on the face of the affair as it now stood, the evidence seemed dead against her. Of her brother, he of course knew no more than Dr Mayfield had told him; but it seemed scarcely open to doubt that in taking another man's name and personality on himself, he must have known quite well what he was about. But then came the question—by what motives were Mrs Preedy and Matthew Sadgrove influenced in conniving at the personation of another man by the latter? Sadgrove himself was dead; in what way, then, was it possible for him to benefit by the fraud. It was a question over which Mr Muncaster puzzled himself in vain. With regard to Captain Avory's motives in the affair, it was not needful to ask what they were.

At breakfast next morning, Mr Muncaster could not help noticing that Maggie had recently been in tears. In answer to his questions, she told him in a hurried whisper that Mrs Preedy had discovered that the portrait of her brother had been abstracted from the album, and that she had said it was impossible that any one but Maggie could have taken it.

Mr Muncaster mused for a moment or two, then he said: 'Set your mind at rest, Maggie. It was I who took the portrait.'

'You, sir? Oh!' exclaimed the astonished girl.

'I had certain reasons for borrowing it for a couple of days; but you may tell Mrs Preedy that I am quite prepared to return it, if she will favour me with a few minutes' conversation as soon as breakfast is over.'

Half an hour later, Mrs Preedy walked into the room, her black-mittened arms folded across her chest, looking as grim and uncompromising as ever.

'Pray be seated, Mrs Preedy; I hope that I shall not have occasion to detain you very long,' said Mr Muncaster, indicating a chair opposite his own on the other side of the little table.

She favoured him with a slight inclination of the head and sat down.

'In the first place, allow me to return the photograph of your brother,' went on Mr Muncaster, 'and at the same time to crave your pardon for the liberty I took in removing it from your album.'

'It was indeed a very great liberty on your part, sir,' she answered in a dry, harsh voice, 'more especially considering that you are a total stranger to me.'

Mr Muncaster smiled. 'I trust, Mrs Preedy, that we shall not be total strangers to each other after to-day.'

'I do not understand you, sir.'

'You will by-and-by, I have no doubt. It is now due to you to give you my reasons for surreptitiously abstracting the portrait of a man whom I never saw in my life.'

'It was an act, sir, which nothing can excuse. It was certainly not the act of a gentleman.'

Mr Muncaster let this remark pass. Leaning forward a little with his arms on the table, and fixing his eyes steadily on Mrs Preedy, he said impressively: 'I took the likeness from your album, madam, because I wanted to obtain a little information respecting the late Mr Matthew Sadgrove, otherwise known as Mr Edward Saverne.'

If a bomb had exploded at Mrs Preedy's feet she could scarcely have been more startled. Her face turned a ghastly yellow; she half rose from her chair, and then sat down again; she gasped for breath, and the words she tried to speak died away in an inarticulate murmur.

'Take your time, ma'am, take your time,' said Mr Muncaster encouragingly. 'It will be necessary that I should put certain questions to you, but they will be few and simple, and all that I ask from you is a straightforward answer to each of them.'

Evidently Mrs Preedy was a woman of considerable nerve. In a very short time she had recovered her composure, and was to all appearance as cool and collected as usual.

'My brother is dead,' she said at length with a little quaver in her voice, 'and I am not in the habit of talking about family affairs to strangers.'

'Quite right, Mrs Preedy; a very laudable precaution on your part, all things considered. But there are exceptions to every rule, and this is one of them.'

'What is it that you want to know?' she asked after a short silence, looking very hard at Mr Muncaster.

'I want to know the reasons which induced your brother, whose real name was Matthew Sadgrove, who was a schoolmaster by profession, and who has a daughter at the present time living in France, to accompany a certain Captain Avory and his wife to Boscombe Regis, and there live, die, and be buried under the name of Edward Saverne—a supposed cousin of Captain Avory, who was said to have recently returned from Australia. That is what I want to know, Mrs Preedy.'

Again she changed colour, but she kept on staring stonily into Mr Muncaster's eyes, almost as though he had mesmerised her. After a little while she said: 'I know of no right by which you come here and put such questions to me. In any case, I decline to answer them. The matter to which you refer can by no possibility concern you: me it does concern. It is my business, and such I intend it to remain.'

Mr Muncaster noticed that she did not attempt any denial of the facts he had put before her, as many people in her place would undoubtedly have done. This seemed to him a hopeful sign.

'If that be your determination, Mrs Preedy,' he said, 'I am sorry to say that I can only look upon you as being equally guilty with Captain Avory as regards the vile fraud which you and he in conjunction would seem to have'——

'Fraud! fraud!' burst out Mrs Preedy excitedly. 'What is the man raving about? I have had nothing to do with any fraud.'

There was that in her tone and manner which went far towards convincing Mr Muncaster that she was speaking the truth; so, in order to simplify matters, he now proceeded to enlighten her as to his name, occupation, and the object of his journey to Stonelands, but without telling her the source from which he had derived his information respecting her brother. Never in his life had he seen any one more genuinely astonished than was Mrs Preedy. She was now as ready to volunteer information as she had been reticent before. What she had to tell, when she had in some measure recovered her composure, was to the following purport.

When Matthew Sadgrove's school failed and his health broke down, the prospect before him and his sister was of the gloomiest kind. Mrs Preedy had an annuity of thirty pounds a year, and the cottage in which she lived was her own; but beyond that she had nothing except what she might make by means of a few chance lodgers during the summer months; while her brother was absolutely penniless. From the beginning of his illness, Sadgrove apparently felt sure that he would never recover, and it was this conviction on his part which would seem in a great measure to account for what followed. Another point which preyed on his mind, and was not without its influence on after-events, was the consciousness that in a little while his daughter would be left not only fatherless, but penniless. His wife's friends had taken charge of her for a time, but it was quite understood that the arrangement was merely a temporary one.

It was at Cleethorpes, a quiet little watering-place on the Lincolnshire coast, that Sadgrove, who was there for the benefit of his health, made the acquaintance of Captain Avory and his wife. As to how the introduction came about, Mrs Preedy did not seem quite clear. They may have been lodging in the same house, or they may have met casually on the sands, and have struck up an acquaintanceship, as people often do in such quiet places. Be that

as it may, Captain Avory had not been many times in the ex-schoolmaster's company before he began to sketch the outline of a certain scheme by means of which, according to him, they both might largely benefit. It would appear that Sadgrove in one of his despondent moods had told the captain that he knew himself to be a doomed man, and the latter on his part must have had some inkling of the necessitous circumstances of the invalid. The proposition elaborated by him little by little, so as to gradually familiarise his hearer's mind with its peculiar features, was to the following effect: Sadgrove was at once to leave the bleak Lincolnshire coast, and go and reside with Captain Avory at a certain sheltered nook on the south-west coast—a change which would have the undoubted effect of prolonging the sick man's life. There he was to have every care and attention which his case might require, free of cost to himself. Further, within three months of Sadgrove's death, whenever that event should take place, the captain would bind himself to pay over to Mrs Preedy the sum of five hundred pounds for the sole use and benefit of Sadgrove's little daughter. In return for this, all that the sick man was required to do was to change his name and identity—to be no longer Matthew Sadgrove, the ex-schoolmaster of Stonelands, but to be henceforward known to the world as Edward Saverne, a cousin of Captain Avory, lately returned from Australia. Of course, not the slightest hint was dropped with regard to the policy of insurance. The captain's explanation of his reasons for suggesting that Sadgrove should personate another man, although specious, was flimsy in the extreme; it seems, however, to have sufficed to satisfy the simple, unpractical minds of the schoolmaster and his sister, and no suspicion of any wrong-doing on the captain's part appears ever to have found its way into their thoughts. What he told them was, that his cousin, Edward Saverne, had been lost several years before in the Australian bush, where he had doubtless either been starved to death or murdered by the natives; but that, in consequence of no legal proof of his death being procurable, certain property of considerable value, at the present time in Chancery, could not be touched or rendered available for the benefit of the surviving members of his family. In short, the captain stated his case so plausibly that Sadgrove was in the end won over to play his part in the plot. We have seen how very nearly the audacious captain's fraudulent scheme was to proving successful.'

Such was the story told by Mrs Preedy to Mr Muncaster. It enlightened the latter with regard to several points which had hitherto puzzled him. That there could be found people so simple, so lacking in knowledge of the ways of the world, as to allow themselves to be imposed upon by a lie so specious, but at the same time so transparent, as that told by Captain Avory, seemed to his practical mind most amazing. Yet here was the fact before him. As regarded Mrs Preedy, it was impossible to doubt her *bona fides* in the matter; and if he did not feel quite so satisfied that her brother had been equally guiltless, yet, the man being now dead, it was only charitable to give him the benefit of the doubt.

'And you say, sir, that it was nothing but a fraud from beginning to end?' remarked Mrs Preedy, when she had brought the narrative to a close.

'It was that, and nothing else.'

'Who could believe there was so much wickedness in the world! Who would have thought that smiling, smooth-spoken Captain Avory—though I never quite liked him in my own mind—would have turned out to be such a villain?' Then, after a brief pause, she said: 'And so my poor Florrie won't get her five hundred pounds, after all.'

'There is not much likelihood of that, Mrs Preedy,' answered Mr Muncaster with a smile, as he shut up and put away his note-book.

'Well, well, the poor lassie must just come and share my bit and sup. Providence won't let us starve.'

'You surely don't think, my dear madam, that even if Captain Avory had succeeded in getting the five thousand pounds, you would ever have seen one penny of the five hundred he promised you?'

'Why not, sir—why not? I have his promise in writing up-stairs.'

'Which is not worth so much as the paper it is written on. You may rely upon it that from the first Captain Avory never intended to pay the five hundred pounds, nor a fraction of it. He would have been out of England in less than twelve hours after receiving his cheque from the insurance Company, and you would never have seen or heard from him more.'

MY THEATRICAL DÉBUT.

AN OLD STORY.

How to choose a profession is a problem, the solution of which has puzzled the brains of old and young time out of mind. The antiquated method of thrusting a square peg into a round hole still survives with much the usual result. If the first false step be not quickly corrected, it will need no spirit from the vasty deep or necromantic spell to foretell the issue. Mediocrity is simply the grave of misapplied powers; talents run to seed in a soil unsuited to their growth.

Within a few months of attaining my eighteenth year, my apprenticeship was brought to an untimely end in consequence of the sudden death of my master. It was then that this all-important riddle of 'What shall I do with it?' fairly confronted me, demanding an instant reply. With the promptness which comes of inexperience, and the audacity which accompanies youth, I overcame the difficulty by meeting it half-way. The obstacle was transformed into an instrument wherewith I hoped to accomplish a long-desired purpose. Early imbued with a love for the stage, I recognised in this broken engagement an opening by means of which I could attain a position amongst those whose study it was to hold the mirror up to nature; in short, I fancied I saw my way to becoming an actor without infringing any duty human or divine. With boyish vanity, I regarded my physical qualifications for the task with a degree of complacency I have lived to smile at. I saw in imagination my name prominently set forth on every hoarding, the whilst

my talent was acknowledged, and the report thereof dwelt pleasantly on the lips of men. Ah, if only my capacity had equalled my enthusiasm! But I had fallen into the common error of looking at one side of the picture merely.

Notwithstanding my boasted attempt at independent action in the choice of a career, it may be remarked that I was specially careful to conceal my resolve. My predilection for theatrical amusements was no secret; indeed, in our small family circle I was regarded as 'Sir Oracle' in all matters touching the modern drama and its interpreters. So far, so good; but I felt sure that any active co-operation in the rites of Thespis would meet with a storm of opposition it would be unwise to provoke. Nor was the reason far to seek.

Five-and-forty years ago, the brave old histrions of my youth laboured under a ban, inasmuch as they were looked upon as standing but just without the pale of vagabondage. Smug respectability stood aloof. Society—with a capital S—affected an utter ignorance of the whole community, excepting in so far as they ministered to its amusement. That this spirit of ultra-exclusiveness was keenly felt and quietly resented, will surprise no one; but who shall say how many a stout heart was wrung in this unequal contest?

Without, therefore, running counter to the wishes of my parents, which I desired to avoid, I saw no immediate prospect of attaining my object, when fate or chance brought about an accidental acquaintance with a near neighbour, who afterwards became a town celebrity, and whose early death is to this hour mourned by all lovers of histrionic art. A kindred ambition to shine behind the footlights quickly ripened a kindly feeling into friendship, and by means of R——'s influence, I was introduced to a Dramatic Club, thence to a private theatre.

The ruling powers of the club to which we belonged had exercised sound discretion in selecting certain pieces supposed to come within the margin of the powers, or as yet undeveloped genius that might be discovered in the persons of its members. Murder was *not* on this occasion to be considered as one of the fine arts, therefore Shakspeare was eschewed. It was finally arranged that we should enact two of Douglas Jerrold's dramas, *The Rent Day* and *Black-eyed Susan*. R—— had been unanimously chosen to play Bullfrog and Gnatbrain; while to my share fell the characters of Toby Heywood and Captain Crosstree. A commendable anxiety to make the thing go well induced us to solicit the assistance, at the last rehearsal, of Smythson, the manager of the 'Minor' Theatre, for the which service a certain consideration was offered, and accepted. I have at this moment a distinct recollection of the expression that stole over the face of the old histrion when two of our company solicited his help—the ultra-regal manner, which from long assumption had become habitual, gave place to a look of incredulous surprise. The request, he alleged, was unprecedented; but he would further our views to the best of his poor ability!

An off-night was chosen, and we set to work in real earnest. Those among us who came to 'play at acting' were disconcerted at being drilled into the first rudiments of a craft demanding the exercise of every faculty. Objurgation, entreaty, and command were levied at each of us in turn. We were reminded that for the time being the lofty reputation of the 'Royal Pantheon'—a pet title of the manager's—was in our keeping, and that, moreover, several provincial lessees—'men of worth and substance'—had passed their word of honour to be present at the representation. With *one* exception, we offered the old actor our most implicit obedience. The Reuben Heywood of the evening—a tripe-dresser by trade—strongly objected to make his first entrance other than over a stile, as directed in the acting copy of the *Rent Day* named above; the orthodox property must be supplied, or he would throw up his part. Finally, he taxed the proprietor with negligence in not providing the article in question.

This imputation wounded the manager in his most vulnerable part—the reputed credit of the establishment. He at once assumed the port of a Coriolanus, and fixed the little tripe-dresser with his glittering eye. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said he. 'Unquestionably, you are a stranger to the boards of the Royal Pantheon. This stage, sir, has been graced by beauty, and adorned by genius. The temple may be small' [the acting space was about fourteen by twelve]; 'but,' continued he, standing with his back to the orchestra, and extending his arms, 'its resources are unlimited! In evidence of my extreme care and attention, I may inform you, gentlemen'—addressing those of the company who were lounging about the wings—'without any undue breach of confidence, that my friend the respected lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, had kindly proffered the loan of the identical property used by James Wallack, Esq., on the original production of this drama. It was in due course transferred to the stage of the Royal Pantheon; but upon careful examination, it was discovered that in its manufacture rusticity had not been sufficiently observed. It was, moreover, frail, and needed readjustment. My master-carpenter—a provincial by birth—is at this moment busily employed in imparting the necessary characteristic features'—here a loud hammering is heard below—'and I may confidently predict an artistic triumph!'

'Hear, hear. Bravo, Smythson.'

'Gentlemen, I thank you.—We will now, if you please, proceed with the business of the scene.'

The following evening—*the* night of performance—the male portion of our merry company assembled in a low-ceilinged room under the stage. Sundry jets of gas projecting from the walls threw a light on the benches which were attached to three sides of it. A large metal basin filled with water, together with a piece of yellow soap, were placed at one corner near the swing-door, behind which a coarse towel was suspended. Printed bills in various colours of past and forthcoming performances were lavishly bestowed on every available space. Among the rest, of course our own programme figured prominently. But over the mantel-piece, tacked to the frame of the mirror, was a written document advertising the cast of Colman's *Iron Chest*, with the charges demanded from the

amateurs for the performance of the several characters. I append a copy: Sir Edward Mortimer, thirty shillings; Wilford, a guinea; Fitzharding, fifteen shillings; Adam Winterton, sixteen shillings; Old Rawbold, seven shillings; Samson, twelve shillings; Armstrong, ten shillings; Orson, twelve shillings; First Robber, six shillings; Second Robber, five shillings; Third Robber, four shillings; Fourth Robber, four shillings; Robbers' Boy, four shillings; Servant, two shillings. For the personation of the female characters—Lady Helen, Barbara, Blanch, and Judith—no charges were made. The nightly cost of the house to the club, including gas, music, and dresses, was, if I remember right, about four pounds ten shillings.

Whilst I have been recounting the above particulars, the perruquier has been busily employed with R——'s wig, and in giving the finishing touches to his general 'make-up.' The house was reported to be full; and certain premonitory hints had been heard from the band—two fiddles and a piccolo, the drum being absent through indisposition. Impatient of delay, the audience grew restive and noisy. 'Are you ready, Mr Strickland?' shouted a loud voice from the stairs.

'We shall be at your service immediately, sir,' answered the jocose hairdresser, who at once laid violent hands on the head of Beanstalk, clapping thereon a fiery-red scalp.

'Ring in the overture,' cried the manager.

The sound of the little bell was hailed with uproarious delight by the people in front, and the entire orchestra cheerfully responded by playing a selection from the most familiar street tunes then in vogue.

Again was the stentorian voice of the manager heard demanding the presence of the characters for the opening. A scramble ensued on mounting the narrow stairs leading to the stage, during which the youth who played Old Crumbs received a severe contusion on the eye. With the exception of this untoward accident, all went fairly well from the rising of the curtain to its final fall.

Reuben had not only been gratified in due course with the promised 'stile'—which was in truth of the clumsiest description—but he had displayed a good deal of wholesome vigour in the performance of his part, gaining thereby long and loud applause. The young lady who played the characters of Rachel Heywood and Black-eyed Susan also won the suffrages of the audience by her ready conception and emotional sensibility. R—— was excessively nervous; but despite this serious drawback, his capacity for comic delineation was made clear. There were indications, too, of that rare faculty of getting *inside* a personality, as it were—a power of complete identification, that made him famous in his latter days.

These tentative efforts did not escape the shrewd eyes of manager Smythson, who had himself been an actor of marked ability in his time. For the moment, he abandoned his stilted phraseology, and addressed him in terms of earnest commendation.

I well remember how deeply R—— was touched by this early recognition, and how during our walk home over Waterloo Bridge into Lambeth, we dwelt with enthusiasm on the events of the night. The unaccustomed plaudits had been most musical, and the sweet sounds were still dwelling in our ears. Looking back to this event through the long vista of many years, I do not remember that we indulged in any vain estimate of our joint successes; proud we certainly were; but the predominant feeling was a profound satisfaction that we had not altogether failed. Anyway, a most important point had been gained by this adventure, inasmuch as it had opened our eyes to the fact that we were thoroughly ignorant of the simplest rules of technical routine. The acting copy of the drama gave copious directions as to entrances and exits; but how to effect these steps with propriety was an enigma yet unsolved. Crossing the stage was held to be almost as difficult as rounding Cape Horn. How to stand, how to walk, how to take a chair, and how to sit on it, were questions not easily decided. But of this we were quite clear—that it was necessary we should know something of the English tongue, and how to speak it with due emphasis and discretion. It was also confessed that dancing, fencing, and a cognisance of music were desirable acquisitions. It dawned upon us very gradually that these difficulties were not to be evaded, that prior to becoming competent journeymen in the profession, a long, and possibly a tedious apprenticeship would be necessary.

Let it at once be noted that this view of the case did not deter us from seeking other interviews with our friendly mentor in Catherine Street. Besides being a teacher of elocution, he was also a theatrical agent. A large apartment on the first floor was made to serve a double purpose, a greenroom by night, an office during the day, business hours eleven to three. Here, with an adroit dexterity, did manager Smythson endeavour to supply the various needs of his country clients. To the uninitiated, a catalogue of these wants would have been mysterious and bewildering. A 'heavy man' and a 'singing chambermaid' were required at B——; a 'low comedian,' to sing between, was solicited to make up the company at M——; the lessee of the theatre at F—— demanded at once a 'walking gentleman' with a share of juvenile business; a 'good old man' would be gratefully received at the Theatre Royal, P——. A 'leading man of experience to undertake the duties of stage-management' was urgently desired to apply without delay to the proprietor of the R—— Theatre, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Potteries. Openings for gentlemen who aspired to the functions of 'general utility' were numerous and pressing.

Within a brief period of our joint début, the which our flattering manager loudly extolled as a 'histrionic triumph,' I and my friend mounted the well-known stairs leading to the official sanctum, bent on trying our fortunes in the provinces. Here, amid heaps of playbills, letters, and other official documents, sat our 'philosopher and friend,' clad with all the authority of imperial Jove. With such a regal air did he dispense his favours, that the financial preliminaries contingent thereon seemed to savour of impertinence. Nevertheless, our fees were accepted with serene benignity;

and the interview terminated with much good counsel, an impressive 'God bless you, my children,' together with a note of introduction to our respective managers. R—— was despatched to Bristol as 'second low comedian' at an accepted salary of one guinea per week; whilst my humble talents as 'walking gentleman' were entered for active service on the Kentish circuit, which included Ramsgate, Deal, Dover, &c., at the modest stipend of twenty shillings for the same period. Thus, then, was 'My Theatrical Début,' springing from a mood half sportive, half earnest, made the harbinger of a life's career.

THE LOST BEAR-HUNTERS.

I.

It was December in the early part of the present century. The winter had commenced in good earnest, although the fall of snow was less than usual in Canada. Time has wrought changes in the district of London, Ontario, since then. At the date of our story it was very thinly peopled; the settlements were few and far between. Facilities for emigration were few; there were no steamships to bridge the Atlantic; railroads had not been dreamed of; the British government was less liberal with land-grants, and there were fewer inducements for that varied enterprise which is now making the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

Some gentlemen 'in reduced circumstances,' whom necessity had driven to seek to repair their fortunes in that land of deep snows and long winters, had obtained possession of large tracts of land, which they sought to let at a very low rental to the poorer class of settlers, in order to found for themselves or their successors extensive estates as landed proprietors after the English model. Mr T—— held one of these extensive tracts, almost equal to a modern-sized county in dimensions. Among the few who accepted his terms as settlers were John Howay and Thomas Nowlan. Howay was an Englishman by birth, and had been some years in Canada. Nowlan was an American, and had spent the whole of his long life as a backwoodsman, which means that he was inured to all kinds of difficulties and dangers, and that he was not lacking in the ordinary resources of a man who had spent his best years in the wilds. Howay, though a younger man, was past the middle age.

Early on a December morning, Howay started from his loghut for a day at wood-cutting. Besides his axe, he had his gun and his dog Lion. He soon discovered the tracks of three bears, which they traced to a large tree three miles distant. Bears are not comfortable neighbours; and cows and sheep and pigs are not safe within their reach; besides which, their skins could be utilised for various purposes; while, if young, their flesh would prove an acceptable addition to the winter's stock of food; and moreover, the fat, if not sold for bear's grease, would be useful for many other purposes.

Perhaps it was his eagerness to secure one of the bears, or even all three, as his own prize, which led him on to immediate attack, instead of returning to the settlement for help, as he should have done. He began, therefore, at once to cut down the tree. But as the tree was at least sixteen feet in circumference, this was no light work. It was needful, too, that he should keep a good look-out, in case his movements should disturb the bears. This he began to do, but, slackening his attention, he was presently put on the alert by the fall of a large piece of bark. Looking up into the tree, he discovered, to his no small consternation, the largest of the bears descending the tree, tail foremost. The appearance of the bear warned him to prepare for the worst; so, putting down his axe, he seized his gun, with the intention of firing. Second thoughts, however, led him to hesitate. He might wound but not kill the animal, and so exasperate him, and increase his own danger. While he was thus deliberating, the bear had nearly reached the ground, when the dog set up such a furious barking that the bear worked swiftly up the tree again. On reaching the top of the trunk where the limbs branched out, he paused, and turning round, surveyed both man and dog with a fierceness which was truly alarming.

Howay wished now that he had sought the help of his neighbours, for his position seemed more and more perilous. Rallying his courage, however, he seized his gun, and lodged a ball in the animal's neck, which brought him lifeless to the ground. But, strange to say, this success rather excited the fears than stimulated the courage of Howay. He could not make sure of killing the others, and in turn he might be their prey. Instead, therefore, of felling the tree, he made the best of his way to call in the aid of some neighbours. He returned with two men, three dogs, and another axe. The tree was soon cut through, but, in falling, it struck against another, and broke off just about the middle, at the identical part where the bears had stationed themselves. Stunned and confused, the animals ran so close to one of the men that he actually put the muzzle of his gun close to the shoulder of the larger bear, and lodged two balls in its body. The other made off and escaped unhurt, while the dogs engaged the wounded one until he shook them off with their flesh badly torn.

It was now nearly sunset, and the men returned to their homes for the night. The next morning, Howay was again on the track of the bears, having now only one companion, Thomas Nowlan. They were provided each with a rifle, an axe, about six charges of powder, and bread and meat sufficient for one meal, hoping to be back before nightfall.

The manner of hunting bears in Canada is that of tracking their footsteps through the snow to their winter retreats; and the knowledge that these tracks sometimes take the hunter forty or even fifty miles from his starting-point, should have forewarned the men to have been better provisioned, knowing also that their return must be on their own footprints, and that if there should come a thaw, or a snowfall, they would be left without a trail of any kind.

The 12th December passed, and the adventurous huntsmen did not return. The next day, and the next, came and went in like manner, and still they did not appear; the only tidings of them being that about two o'clock on the 12th they had been observed crossing a river, which, in accordance with the name of London given

to the district, is called the Thames. It is a considerable river, and flows in a direction south-west-by-west into Lake St Clair.

Their friends and neighbours now became alarmed, and concluded that they had perished with hunger and cold, or had been killed by the wounded bear. A son of the proprietor of the district, under whom some of them held their farms and lots, therefore assembled a large party of the settlers pertaining to the townships of London and Nassouri, with the purpose of seeking the lost men. They doubted not, however, that they had fallen a prey to the weather, even if they had escaped harm from the bears, for the cold was intense, their clothing was slight for the winter season, they had no tinder-box, and were entirely without means of any kind to protect them from the severity of the weather. The party in quest prepared themselves in every way for their hazardous undertaking. They stocked themselves well with provisions, pocket-compasses, trumpets, abundance of ammunition, sufficient clothing, and the apparatus for lighting fires; and, in addition, they took with them some of the best dogs in the country.

There was one thing which added to their difficulties—a thaw had taken place, and the snow had wholly disappeared from the ground, excepting in low and swampy situations. They had, therefore, no tracks whatever, and no idea of the direction the lost men might have taken, only the hint obtained from the men who had seen them crossing the river on the day of their departure. They had, as a consequence, no very sanguine hopes of finding them. They continued their search, however, for two days, exploring thousands of acres of forest and swamp, where they saw no trace of the foot of man. Giving up all hope of finding them, either living or dead—for they had not once come upon their track—the party returned home.

There was one consideration which tended to mitigate the distress of the situation, to render the event less distressing than it might have been: the men had no family, so far as was known, to mourn their loss, or to suffer by their death; it was simply the neighbours who were grieved by the sad and painful end which they concluded Howay and Nowlan had come to.

Thus day followed day, and Christmas morning dawned. Young Mr T—— was just in the act of despatching messengers to take an inventory of the property of the lost men, when the news reached him that they had returned a few hours before, alive, but in a condition of the most utter wretchedness. As soon as possible, therefore, he went to see them, being anxious to know for himself that they were really alive, and to hear from them an account of their adventures and sufferings. It was a sight no one need wish to see, nor, having once seen, to behold a second time. They were spectacles of woe and misery and wretchedness almost beyond description—their garments torn, their countenance emaciated, their eyes sunk, their flesh withered away, and their whole appearance more like spectres than living men. They were only the ghosts of their former selves, and to converse with them seemed like holding intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Their privations and sufferings had been so great, that the record of them seems more like romance than sober history; their protracted endurance was so astonishing, and their deliverance so remarkable, that it may be alike interesting and profitable to listen to a relation of their adventures.

II.

It was on the 12th of December, that Howay and Nowlan started in pursuit of the bear. They soon came upon his track, which they followed in a north-westerly direction for at least twenty miles, when night came on. With difficulty they succeeded in making a fire, getting a light by placing a piece of dry linen on the pan of a flint-lock gun while flashing it. Supperless they lay down to rest, and sleepless they spent the night, which was exceedingly cold, its rigour being moderated by the warmth of their ample fire. At daylight, after breakfasting on the small fragments remaining from yesterday's dinner, they started again on the track of the bear, their faithful dog having shared with them the crumbs of yesterday. The bear's track now became very much involved, winding and doubling in a manner so perplexing that, about noon, when they must have proceeded twenty miles, they resolved to give up the chase; for having no compass, and the sun not being visible, they were unable to distinguish north from south. Their condition was most perilous; in the depth of winter, without food or shelter or any knowledge of their relative position, lost in the boundless forest. To make matters worse, a thaw had set in; the snow was disappearing, and the rain was increasing hour by hour. They now recollected that in the early part of the day they had crossed the track of another bear, which they thought might lead them to some settlement. They hoped, too, that if it did not conduct them to the abodes of men, it might lead to the bear's retreat, and that if they were successful in killing him, its flesh would afford them food and his skin serve as a bed. They followed the track, therefore, until they lost it by reason of the melted snow. What to do or what course to take, they did not now know. Hunting the bear gave place to an effort to ward off starvation and to get home.

They soon found themselves on the bank of a small river, which they conceived to be a confluent of the Thames. Here they passed the second night, at the close of a day of hunger, disappointment, vexation, and fatigue. The situation was dreary enough. It rained in torrents, and their only shelter was a few strips of bark. The wolves howled around them, and the tempest was so fierce that trees were torn up by the roots and strewn around in wild confusion. The scene was unchanged when morning broke. About noon, the violence of the storm abated; but the rain fell relentlessly the whole of the day, while the cold was unabated. They again pursued their journey, still sustained by hope. Towards sunset, Howay fired at a partridge, but missed it, and they went supperless once more.

On the fourth day, they felt the pangs of hunger so that they could have eaten almost anything, and their thirst was so insatiable that they were compelled to drink every few minutes.

Sixty hours had now elapsed since they had tasted food, and the appalling idea of death by starvation forced itself upon them. Just before sunset, however, Nowlan succeeded in shooting a partridge, half of which they consumed for supper, and devoured the other half for breakfast the next morning. But so ravenous were they that, as they afterwards declared, their hunger was no more appeased by eating this bird than it would have been under ordinary circumstances by swallowing a cherry. Little more than one charge of powder was now left them, and this they determined to reserve for lighting fires; for, as the frost had now again set in, exposure for a single night without fire would result in speedy death.

The fifth night was extremely cold, and Nowlan found in the morning that his feet were badly frozen. But this was not all. To the excruciating tortures of frost-bitten feet were added an unappeasable thirst and burning fever. Hitherto, they had walked, or rather run, from sunrise to sunset, doing about fifty miles a day; but now it was with great difficulty, and with almost unbearable pain on the part of Nowlan, that they accomplished half that distance.

On the afternoon of the sixth day, the sun appeared for a few moments, and convinced them that they were not on the banks of the Thames; and as they had crossed that river to the north, they could only conclude that they were on one of the rivers which flow either northward into Lake Huron or westward into Lake St Clair. In either case they would be a long distance from home, and in a region then unsettled by white people. Still, as it led somewhere, they chose to follow its course, as it might conduct them to some Indian settlement.

In a short time they discovered a boat on the opposite side of the river, and, a little further down, a canoe. The appearance of these craft inspired them with the hope that there might be some human habitations or fellow-creatures near. But after travelling several miles, they came to the conclusion that the boats had been driven down the river during the recent thaw and storm. They were just commencing to cut down a tree for the night's fire, when they observed a stack of hay a short distance before them, on their side of the river. The haystack convinced them they were near some settlement, and it afforded them a comfortable bed for the night, where they slept soundly for some hours, which was their first proper sleep since leaving home. Refreshed by their repose, they started with new energy, still keeping the bank of the river. The dog, however, their faithful companion hitherto, could follow them no longer; when they started, he staggered a few paces, and then fell. The gnawings of hunger suggested that they should kill him to help to sustain their own life; but humanity, and affection for the companion which had served them with such fidelity, got the better of all such promptings. They had hardly proceeded a mile on their journey, this seventh morning, when a new difficulty appeared in the shape of an impassable swamp, which compelled them to leave the bank of the river and strike out into the pathless waste. They walked all that day and the next, and about four o'clock on the ninth day they came upon the tracks of two men and a dog. Hope leaped to the conclusion that they were now near some settlement, and that their toils and sufferings and the withering hunger would soon be over. Alas! they were doomed to disappointment. After following the tracks for some time, they were brought to the very spot where they had rested a few nights before. The footprints were those of their dog and themselves.

Despair now seemed to lay firm hands on them. They sat down without even taking the trouble to kindle a fire, feeling that it would be better to be frozen to death than to seek to prolong a miserable existence. They gazed on each other with countenances full of the most painful emotions; tears flowed freely down their haggard cheeks; and their chief dread was that one might survive the other, to die unpitied and unseen. The apprehension, too, that their bodies would be devoured by animals, was one that added point to their miseries.

After they had both been the prey of melancholy for an hour or more, Howay seemed to regain his composure, and told his companion it was their duty still to employ means for their own preservation, as He who gave them being had alone the right to take away their lives. Roused by these considerations, they set about kindling a fire, using their last flash of gunpowder for the purpose. There seemed then no hope that they could possibly exist beyond the night of the following day. The morning found them in a state of apathy; but they roused themselves to pursue their journey, and at nightfall they reached the haystack where they had had their only sleep. The dog was still alive, but unable to rise, and was a mere skeleton.

The desire of life once more revived in their breasts, and they ate with ravenous appetite a large quantity of the inner bark of a species of elm. This soon produced delirium, and they lay down among the hay in the greatest mental agony. By daylight the next morning they were better, and would have risen; but recollecting that their materials for making a fire were exhausted, they resolved to roll themselves up in the hay again and await the hour of death. Scarcely had this resolution been formed, when they heard the sound of a cow-bell, coming apparently from the opposite side of the river. The sound of a cow-bell, they knew, was a certain sign of a human habitation at no great distance; they therefore arose at once, as if gifted with new energy, and soon perceived a loghouse, as if recently erected; but no sign of inhabitant. They could hardly believe their eyes, thinking the loghouse might be, after all, a creature of their imagination, disordered by long abstinence. At length, convinced of its reality, they began to search for means to ford the river, which turned out to be the Sauble. Finding a crossing-place, they were not long in reaching the opposite shore, where they were met by a white man and two Indians, who took them to the house of a man named Townsend, who was well known to them, and from whom they received every mark of kindness their forlorn condition required.

The ringing of the cow-bell was a happy circumstance for them. The river flowed into Lake Huron at a point one hundred miles from any

settlement, and they were only thirty miles from the lake when, meeting with the swamp, they had inadvertently bent their steps back into the woods along their own track. Townsend's loghut was fifty miles from their home, and had only recently been erected near a salt spring he had discovered some time before.

Mrs Townsend attended to the frozen feet of Nowlan; and after they had rested and sufficiently recovered strength, they started for their own settlement by the aid of a blazed line—bark taken from trees with an axe by a previous traveller—and on Christmas eve, thirteen days after they had left them, they had once more the happiness of entering their own homes and enjoying the comforts of their own firesides.

OUR PARLOUR-MAID.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I AM the wife of a medical man in London, who, I am thankful to say, possesses an excellent practice. Our house is in Notting Hill; but I need not particularise the exact locality, as it has nothing to do with my story. We employ three servants indoors—cook, housemaid, and parlour-maid. As we have no children, we do not require a nurse. And I am sure, from my own experience, when I hear people declare that there are very few good servants to be had now, and that doing their duty is generally the very last thing they think of, I sympathise and agree with them from the bottom of my heart. I am convinced there are few such faithful, attached domestics to be had now, as there used to be in my grandmother's days. I am a most indulgent mistress, and yet I have not been able to get servants to stay with me. If, by great good fortune, I have found one to suit me, she was sure either to quarrel with the others, or take offence at some trivial matter, or discover that the situation was not good enough, and that she ought to 'better herself;' and then all the wearisome round of registry offices, advertisements, correspondence, and interviews have had to be gone through again.

At the time of which I write, however, I was fortunate enough to have a tolerable cook, and a housemaid who seemed all that was desirable; but I could not meet with a parlour-maid. My last was a stately middle-aged woman, with manners fit for a palace, who had come to me with a recommendation from a lady of title. But, alas! I soon discovered that she drank. Finally, she returned one Sunday evening hopelessly intoxicated, and my heart died within me at the prospect of having to hunt for another. I advertised again, and had several applications. One was from a young woman who had been living for three years at a country vicarage in Surrey. She referred me to her late master, the Rev. Wentworth Allardyce, who was then at Folkestone, where he was staying on account of his health. I wrote to him at the address given, which was a fashionable hotel; and received a reply, giving Eliza Willis such a high character for honesty, sobriety, and conscientiousness, that I engaged her at once.

A more prepossessing girl I never saw. Imagine a Madonna face, framed in smooth soft brown hair, pensive hazel eyes, a sweet smile, a neat trim figure, most winningly deferential manners—and you have the portrait of Eliza Willis. She was a thoroughly competent servant, who seldom needed directions, and never had to be told a thing twice; a fact which spoke volumes for her efficiency, as any old housekeeper could certify. So domestic peace at last seemed to settle down upon us, and for a time I lived in a paradise. From morning till night, Eliza laboured to save me trouble and annoyance. If I forgot anything, no disaster ensued, for her admirable memory supplied the deficiency. If I had a headache, she would smooth my pillow and bring me tea with the dexterity of a professional nurse, superadded to the tenderness of a personal friend. She could sew better than any girl I ever knew, and was invaluable to me in repairing the household linen and in executing any little alteration in my wardrobe. Her skill in waiting at table and her politeness to all visitors delighted everybody who came to the house. She performed all these various functions, too, with such sweetness, that that alone was a high recommendation. No one ever saw Eliza ruffled or out of temper. Neither hurry nor delay made her cross. She was so willing and obliging, that she never objected to doing anything required of her.

She was also honest to a degree—absurdly honest, I used to say. One night, for instance, very late, when I was sitting up for Charlie, she came down wrapped in a shawl, hours after she had gone to bed, to say that she recollected she had given me change a penny short on returning from an errand that day, and she could not sleep for thinking about it. She assured me so fervently, as she handed me the coin, that she had never wronged anybody of a halfpenny in her whole life, that from that moment I would have trusted her with untold gold.

She had been with us about two months, when that very unpleasant experience few mistresses entirely escape, of finding things mysteriously disappear or lessen in quantity, became mine. At first I scarcely noticed it; but by-and-by I had no choice but to admit very unwillingly that there must be a thief in the house. I don't know a more miserable sensation than that produced by such knowledge. The articles missed were all little trifling things, such as an inexpert thief would take, under the impression that their very insignificance rendered it safe to steal them. I missed note-paper and envelopes, reels of cotton and silk from my work-basket, ribbons from my drawers, and similar odds and ends. Some change received from the milkman, and temporarily deposited on the dresser in the

kitchen, was never accounted for. But the climax was the loss of a valuable sapphire ring, which, being in a hurry one day, I had placed in a drawer of my dressing-table. I turned the key in the drawer, but omitted to take it out; and when, an hour after, I came upstairs to put it on, the ring had disappeared.

I could hesitate no longer. My husband was away, and I had none but my own counsel to rely upon; and as it was almost certain that the thief must be one of the servants, I decided to call them separately into my bedroom and interrogate them; and if they persisted in denying all knowledge of the ring, I should then make them turn out their boxes before me. I first summoned the cook, whom I knew to be honest, and did not for one moment suspect. I was not surprised to hear her emphatically deny that she had ever touched my things. I went up-stairs with her, and stood by while she turned out her trunk as a matter of form; and when nothing was discovered, I dismissed her, and told her to send Jane the housemaid to me. She was a stout hearty country girl, who had come to me with an excellent character about six months before. She was quick-tempered, and at once fired up when I asked her whether, on her honour, she had any knowledge of the matter.

'Ma'am, I never took a pin of yours or anybody else's in my life!' said Jane, with an emphasis which seemed most sincere. 'And as to your ring, ma'am, I'd give a month's wages to find it, for I can't bear to think that there are people in this house who are not honest. But, ma'am—though it's perhaps mean to say so, and I know you don't encourage us servants to tell tales of one another—still I feel as if you ought to know that I'm sure one of us is a thief!'

'It is not cook,' I said.

'No, ma'am; it's Eliza. You think all the world of her, ma'am; but you're deceived in her. As sure as my name's Emma Jane Collins, you're deceived in her!'

The girl's manner was so earnest that I felt disagreeably shocked.

'Are you quite sure of what you say, Jane? It is a serious thing to bring such a charge; and I never had a servant more attentive and obliging than Eliza.'

'I can't say I ever saw her steal anything, ma'am,' said my handmaiden vehemently. 'But I'm as sure as possible that she took your ring, and nobody else.'

'Well, Jane,' I said, anxious to sift the matter as soon as possible, 'I hope you are mistaken in what you say; but, as a matter of form, I must see your box emptied, as I have already seen cook's.'

'Very well, ma'am; I'm sure I've no objection.'

So I led the way to the large attic where all the three girls slept. Jane opened her two boxes with the utmost willingness, and stood beside me with a smile on her face, as much as to say: 'You will see what an entirely needless business you have undertaken!'

I lifted up some collars and cuffs. What could this be? Note-paper and envelopes with my monogram, E. C. L.—Edith Catherine Lester! Hidden away among piles of winter clothing was a miscellaneous assortment of our property, some of which I had not missed as yet—small nicknacks out of the drawing-room, a volume of Sir Walter Scott, a pair of sleeve-links of my husband's, two of my best pocket-handkerchiefs, and, rolled up in an old newspaper, a pot of my strawberry jam! I turned indignantly to look at Jane, and denounce her as the thief she was; when, to my utter amazement, I saw she was staring at the plunder with an expression of such complete and stupefied astonishment, that a stranger would have supposed she had never seen the things before, and was puzzled to know how they came there. At the very bottom of the box was a small package of white paper, loosely tied round with thread. Opening it, I saw, to my joy, my missing ring.

'You wicked, wicked girl!' I said, as I slipped it on my finger. '*Now*, what have you to say for yourself?'

'If I never speak another word, ma'am,' she returned undauntedly, 'I never saw those things before, and I never put them in my box.'

'You can hardly expect me to believe that,' I said, indignant at her falsehood and effrontery. 'They could not get into your box without hands.'

'I never put them there,' returned Jane, beginning to cry. 'I don't know who did; unless it's some wicked person who wants to ruin me. O ma'am, O ma'am!' she implored earnestly, 'do believe me when I say I never took them!'

'That is nonsense, Jane,' I said sternly. 'Telling a lie will not make better of it. Turn out your other box, and let me see what else of mine you have stolen.'

There proved to be nothing in it but caps and her Sunday hat. She never ceased to protest amid her tears that she had never touched my things, until I was quite exasperated at her hardihood.

'Now, Jane, you had much better confess without telling any more falsehoods. Lying will not do any good. If you will confess'——

'I won't confess to doing what I never did, ma'am,' she answered defiantly.

'Very well, then. I shall call the others, and show them these things, that they may know who is the culprit; and then you leave my service at once.'

So I rang for cook and Eliza, and, pointing to my belongings on the floor, said that the thief was found. Eliza offered to turn out her box, saying that it was only right that she should do so as well as the others. Of course there was nothing of mine in it; but it was much tidier than either of the others, with her treasured Bible and Prayer-book neatly wrapped in tissue-paper and lying on the top.

I then told Jane to come to me in the dining-room, where a most unpleasant scene ensued, for she stoutly maintained her innocence. I am rather cowardly, like a great many women, about prosecuting dishonest servants. Rather than appear as a witness against her, I would have condoned a great deal; and I did not like the idea of sending such a young girl to prison. Her mother I knew to be an honest, hard-working widow, who would be heart-broken at Jane's

behaviour. So I told her that, on account of her previous good character and my respect for her mother, I had decided not to call in the police; but that she must leave the house immediately, and need never refer to me for a character; and I hoped my being so lenient would induce her to repent and reform.

She listened without the smallest softening, that I could see; and turned at the door to say: 'Well, ma'am, I can only say you've been deceived. Some day, you will know the true from the false.'

She departed. Kind Eliza helped her to pack her boxes, fetched a cab for her, and gave her a tract at parting, with, as cook afterwards told me, some excellent advice. I must say this made me admire and respect the parlour-maid more than ever. There are not many who will say a kind word to a detected thief.

Then came up the disagreeable problem of getting another housemaid at a moment's notice; but here, fortunately, Eliza came to my relief. She knew a girl, she said, a distant connection of her own, who was just leaving a situation at South Kensington. I wrote to her mistress, who gave her an excellent character; and in a few days she was installed in our house. She was not quite so prepossessing in appearance as Eliza, as she had rather a cast in her eyes; but she proved an excellent servant, and now that Jane had gone, I was not annoyed by petty pilferings.

It is not often that my good husband finds fault with anything in the house; but one evening, as we were sitting at dinner, he did take exception to the tarnished condition of our plate generally, and especially of one piece on the sideboard—a large silver salver, which we used for a tea-tray on state occasions; two very massive cups; and a fine tankard, quite eighteen inches high, which had belonged to his grandfather. 'Yes, I know it wants cleaning badly,' I said. 'I intend to have it all done one of these days. The London atmosphere soon tarnishes it.'

We had a great deal of plate—most of it very old, and which had been in my husband's family for generations. As he was an only child, he had inherited it all. I had also a good many handsome silver articles among my wedding-presents. I hope I shall not be accused of boastful arrogance, when I say that, between us, we had almost more than we knew what to do with. It was a nuisance to keep clean, and a constant worry to me. We kept it all in the house. We had tried leaving it at our bank; but that method was very inconvenient when we were giving a dinner-party and needed a number of extra articles. Also, my husband liked to have it to look at, as also to show occasionally some particularly old and valuable piece to some connoisseur-friend. So, though we had often been threatened by our friends with burglars, and warned that we should have our plate stolen, we continued to store it, except those articles in use, in a small room at the head of the stairs, next to our bedroom, where we must hear any sound there in the night. The plate was not in a safe, being so large in quantity; but we had had an especially strong oak-press, with double doors lined with iron, made expressly for it. The press was fitted with shelves and drawers lined with green baize. Connected with it was an electric bell, which must infallibly ring if any unaccustomed hand essayed to open the outer lock. The locks themselves were of complicated construction; and we never left the house in the daytime without at least one servant in it. On the rare occasions on which I could persuade my husband to indulge himself with a few weeks of holiday, we always sent all the plate to the bank. I may add that the door of the plate-room itself was always kept locked and the key in my possession; and that the window was protected by heavy iron bars inside.

My husband laid but few restrictions upon me; but there was one point upon which he was resolute—nobody must ever go to the plate-room but me. No matter how trustworthy the servants might be, I was never to give them the keys, or even allow them to know how much plate we had. Charlie's firm belief was that at least three-fourths of the burglaries that occur were planned either by the servants or by associates and friends of theirs.

I must say I found the restriction sometimes rather tiresome, when I was busy preparing for a dinner-party, and the housemaid came to say that she wanted more spoons and forks and other articles for the table. It would often have been an immense relief to me to hand her the keys and say: 'I am very busy; get what is required yourself.' But I never did, although I might think Charlie over-cautious.

The very day after my husband had spoken being pouring wet, and the servants not having much to do, it occurred to me that I had better go to the plate-room and get out what silver required cleaning, and let them have it. It was always a tedious operation. So I went up-stairs, got out my keys, opened the press, and began work. It was more than a year since most of it had been cleaned, and I looked over everything, determined to have it all done, and well done, in readiness for our next dinner-party. The articles which needed polishing I put down on the floor, for there was neither table nor chair in the room, nothing but the press.

'If you please, ma'am,' said a soft voice at my elbow, 'here is a letter the postman has just brought.'

It was Eliza. I must say that for half a minute I felt vexed to think that, no doubt hearing me stirring about, she had followed me in here. True, I had never told any of the servants not to come into that room, for I had not thought it worth while. However, here Eliza was; and I saw her gaze wander, very naturally, to the open press with its well-filled shelves, and the accumulation on the floor.

'O ma'am, what beautiful things!' she said admiringly.

'Yes, are they not?' I said. 'Dr Lester is very proud of his silver; for most of it has been a long time in his family. I want you and Sarah to clean the plate to-day. I will put what requires cleaning outside the door, and you can come and fetch it.'

Eliza went out with—I could not help fancying—just the slightest shade of unwillingness in her manner; and I carefully locked the door, after leaving some of the things outside. In due time they were brought up-stairs again brilliantly

polished, and I put them all away, feeling rather heroic for resisting the temptation to call in Eliza to help me. Had it not been for my pledged word to my husband, I certainly should have done so.

Two days afterwards, late in the afternoon, Eliza came to me in my bedroom with a glowing face and handed me a gentleman's card: 'Rev. Wentworth Allardyce, Oakwood Vicarage.'

'It's my dear master—my dear late master, I mean, ma'am,' she said, looking quite overjoyed. 'He was in London, and he called to see how I was getting on; and he would like to speak to you, ma'am, if you are not engaged.'

I went down to the drawing-room willingly enough. Eliza had often told me about this Mr Allardyce, who had been very kind to her; and I was really glad to see any one who was interested in so excellent a servant.

The clergyman was a handsome man of about thirty-five, with dark vivacious eyes and a pleasant smile. He was got up in the most correct style of High Church costume, with long straight coat, buttonless waistcoat, a round collar, a cross suspended to his watch-chain, and a flat felt hat.

'Mrs Lester, I believe,' he said, coming forward most courteously. 'I trust you will not think I have taken a liberty in calling to see a domestic who served me faithfully for three years, and in whom I shall always take a sincere interest.'

'I am very glad to see you, Mr Allardyce,' I said.

'And I assure you it gives me great pleasure to make the acquaintance of a lady of whom I have heard so much. Eliza often writes to me, and is eloquent in her praises of you, and her gratitude for your kindness.'

'She is a very good girl,' I said.

'She *is* a good girl—a thoroughly good girl—conscientious and sincere,' he answered, as if he felt pleased at my praise. 'As an inmate of my household she was admirable in every particular. I also had the pleasure of preparing her for her confirmation. That being the case, I was naturally anxious not to lose sight of her when she came to London.'

'She has often spoken of you to me, Mr Allardyce. She often praises your beautiful garden, and the pretty meadows near your vicarage. We poor Londoners envy you your privileges.'

'Yet this is a delightful part of London,' he said, with a glance out of the window.

'O yes, we like it very well. Only the summer is coming on, and we naturally yearn for the country. The parks are a poor substitute for it.'

'My garden is beginning to look very pretty now. You and Dr Lester must really run down to Oakwood—it is only an hour's journey from town—and gather strawberries for yourselves, and taste our country cream. I can promise you these simple pleasures at least, and a game at tennis. I should like you to see my roses.'

'Thank you; you are very kind.'

'Is Dr Lester at home? I hope I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance before I leave.'

'I expect him in every minute. He said when he went out that he should not be long.'

'I understand he has a very large practice?'

'Very. And he is particularly busy just now.'

'A most enviable profession, his,' remarked Mr Allardyce, gazing round the room as he spoke. 'To soothe pain—to relieve suffering—to awaken hope—I can imagine few things more delightful to a man whose heart is in his work.'

Eliza—all smiles and delight—now entered with afternoon tea, and while she handed it round in her peculiarly deft and pleasant way, Mr Allardyce talked to her.

'Your mistress says she is very fond of the country, Eliza, and some day she is coming to Oakwood, to eat strawberries and cream and sit under the trees.'

'Oh, how nice, sir!' cried Eliza.

'I think she would admire the roses. You remember that large bush in the middle of the lawn? The frost killed that in the winter.'

'Did it, sir? Oh, I am so sorry!'

'And poor old Nat Welsh, my gardener, is dead. Oh, and Mrs Allardyce told me not to forget to tell you that the Sunday-school is most flourishing. There are a hundred and—yes, a hundred and twenty children in it now.—I hope you keep up your good habits, Eliza, and go regularly to church, and read your Bible as you used to do at Oakwood?'

At that moment I heard my husband's latch-key in the door, and I stepped out into the hall. 'Mr Allardyce is here, and is anxious to see you,' I said, as he came in; and added, *sotto voce*, 'he is such a nice man! Do come and speak to him.'

Charlie followed me into the drawing-room, where Mr Allardyce gracefully came forward, while Eliza removed the tea-things. And then ensued a delightful chat of about an hour's duration. To give even an outline of the conversation would take too long; but I remember that we touched upon a great number of topics. Our guest seemed to have travelled much, both in England and on the continent; and he related some very amusing experiences for our entertainment. I could see Charlie was delighted with him.

'Are you making a long stay in town, Mr Allardyce?' he asked, as the hall-clock struck six.

'No; my time is not my own, and I must return to-night.'

'We should be most happy to offer you a bed.'

'Thank you; you are very kind; but I promised Mrs Allardyce I would return to-night. She gets nervous in my absence, and imagines burglars and all sorts of horrors.'

'But you will stay and dine with us? Our hour is six.'

'Thank you; I should like to do so very much, if I can manage not to miss the half-past nine o'clock train at Waterloo, which I said I should return by.'

'I can promise that; I will send you in my brougham,' said my husband. And then Eliza came to say that dinner was on the table; and we went into the dining-room.

The meal was a very pleasant one, for our guest exerted himself to be agreeable. We were both charmed with him.

'You will excuse my remarking what very fine specimens of antique plate you have on your sideboard, Dr Lester,' said Mr Allardyce, when we were sitting at our modest dessert. 'I flatter myself that I am a connoisseur in old silver; and I never saw more splendid designs.'

'I confess I am rather proud of them,' said my husband, highly gratified, as he always was when anybody alluded to his hobby. 'Would you like to examine them?'

Our visitor rose with a graceful bow and smile to me, and went to the sideboard, where he handled the cups with evident appreciation. 'How massive they are! and how beautifully ornamented! I suppose they are Jacobean?'

'The date of the tankard is 1684; the cups are five years older,' said my husband, who was learned in Hall-marks, and knew the date of every piece of plate we possessed. (It may not be generally known that by means of letters, which represent figures, the precise date of any piece of Hall-marked silver may be ascertained.)

'Very fine indeed,' said Mr Allardyce. 'Even my neighbour, Lord Fitzgeorge, has nothing better. What a massive salver! Your coat of arms in the centre, I suppose?'

'Yes. All these things belonged to my grandfather. Since you so much appreciate such things, Mr Allardyce,' said my husband in a state of high gratification, 'I should like to show you a few other specimens I possess. I have a Queen Anne tea-service—genuine Queen Anne, dated 1712—which has been admired very much. We do not keep it in every-day use, and indeed we never leave more silver out than is absolutely necessary, on account of thieves. I will show you my plate-room and what I have there.—But won't you take another glass of wine?'

'No, thank you,' said Mr Allardyce eagerly. 'I should so much prefer to see your plate. I have quite a passion for old silver.'

'Edith, dear, you have the keys,' said my husband. 'If you will go and unlock the door, we will follow you.'

It was still broad daylight, being June. I went up-stairs and unlocked the doors, and then the two gentlemen came in. Our visitor was delighted as one thing after another was brought out. Charlie had never had such an appreciative critic before.

'A most beautiful and valuable collection,' said the clergyman after he had examined everything. 'But do you think it safe to keep so much plate in an ordinary dwelling-house?'

'Oh, perfectly,' said my husband. 'You see the bars on the window; and the doors are always kept locked. Besides, any one who incautiously touched the press must ring this bell,' he added, showing where it was and how to avoid ringing it.

'I suppose you have locks of complicated construction?'

'Very.—Where are your keys, Edith?—See, Mr Allardyce. This is the key for the inner door, and that for the outer. You perceive they are of very peculiar make, and they are never allowed out of my wife's possession.'

A knock at the door, and my husband opened it an inch or two to be informed by the housemaid: 'Please, sir, you're wanted in the surgery.'

It was always the way when we had visitors. Charlie went rather reluctantly; and I had scarcely turned to Mr Allardyce to say I was sorry my husband had been called away, and I hoped his patient would not detain him long, when I heard Eliza's voice at the door, saying: 'If you please, ma'am, may I speak to you a minute?'

I asked Mr Allardyce to excuse me, and went out into the passage.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Oh, how the aged faces glow
  Around the cheerful fire to-night,
While whispering lover bending low
  Thrills 'neath the smile of shy delight
That ripples o'er the gentle face,
  Whose modest beauty charms him so,
And tempts him with its winning grace
  To kiss it 'neath the mistletoe!

Pass round the bowl of sparkling wine;
  Our toast shall be that happy pair;
May kindly fortune round them twine
  Love's fairy garland; may they share
The joys that loving hearts may boast,
  Unspoiled by envy, greed, or pride!
May they recall our hearty toast
  With grateful joy each Christmas-tide!

Fill up once more, ye jovial band!
  Our store is not exhausted yet;
Our best we place at your command;
  And doubt not that our sole regret
Is that we cannot more bestow
  On friend and kindred gathered here,
With looks that set our hearts aglow,
  While sharing this our humble cheer!

Blithe hearts are bounding here and there,
  In merry time to dancing feet;
Bright eyes are shining everywhere,
  Where honest hands in friendship meet!
Sweet baby faces laugh between;
  White frosty beard, and hoary head,
Still shimmering through the silvery sheen,
  As peep through snow the berries red!

The streets are cold, our hearth is warm;
  Come, little waif, and be our guest!
Seek not to hide thy shivering form;
  Our Christmas will be richly blest
When o'er thy wistful face shall steal
  The smile of heavenly gratitude,
Which consecrates the festive meal
  However coarse, however rude!

Ring on, ring on, ye joyous bells!
  Ten thousand grateful hearts respond;
For while your rapturous music swells,
  'King Christmas' waves his magic wand
Above the loving hearts that greet
  Each other round the ingle-side—
Blest birth of love, and friendship sweet,
  Oh, happy, happy Christmas-tide!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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CHRISTMAS IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

The old salute of 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year' again resounds on every side. Christmas—the season for balls and parties, for an endless routine of gaieties, for the reunion of long-parted friends, for the giving of presents and the interchange of compliments—has again arrived. Let us now see how this ancient festival is held in other countries.

Christmas day in Norway! To many this will only convey ideas of a bleak wintry region. But do not shudder, my fair reader, at the idea of a Christmas in such a latitude. You need not, I assure you; for if the lakes are frozen and the rivers ice-locked, the air is clear and exhilarating, and the sun shines brightly o'er a cloudless heaven, as it lightens up the wide expanse of snow into a brilliant sparkle. Then the people themselves are a hardy, kindly, hospitable race, and welcome the stranger with open hands and a warmth that quite makes up for any cold without. Indeed, the Norwegians possess in a high degree this primitive virtue of hospitality; it is looked upon as a national duty; and he who should omit to practise it would be regarded as a grave offender against the proprieties of life.

On the morning of the festal day the roads are thronged with sledges conveying visitors to their destinations; the brass bells which decorate the hardy little Norwegian horses making a merry tinkling in the frosty air. The very air itself seems to palpitate with the sweet chimes of the bell-melodies; and is not a sleigh-ride one of those delights that defy rivalry?

The day always begins with divine service. The churches are very plain, and the worship simple; and whenever the service is over, relations and friends assemble at different houses according to invitation, where a preliminary repast, consisting of a variety of viands, liqueurs, and sweets, is partaken of before dinner, which (woe to the dyspeptic!) follows immediately after.

The first courtesy, however, shown to a male guest on entering a Norwegian house, no matter at what hour of the day, is a pipe of tobacco. The dinner is a lengthy affair; fish, poultry, meat, entrées, cakes, and preserves go round and round again and again. Between the courses, intervals are allowed for the singing of national songs, the giving of standard toasts, and the drinking of healths. To the Norwegian, the words *Gamlé Norgé* ('Old Norway') have a powerful spell in them, and on festive occasions like the present they cannot be resisted. In an instant *Gamlé Norgé* is repeated by every voice; the glasses are filled and drained; and then bursts forth in a simultaneous chorus the national song of Norway, *For Norgé*. There is no nation in the world that can surpass Norway in this enthusiastic love of country.

When the dinner is over, the chief guest rises, saying, *Tak for marden* (Thanks for the meal, or entertainment), which is responded to by all present, who bow to the host and hostess at each end of the table. At seven o'clock, tea is handed round; then a little later in the evening, comes a knock at the door, and some four or five boys enter dressed in white mantles; the tallest of these holds a large coloured lantern shaped like a star; while another bears a small illuminated glass box containing two little wax Dutch dolls, one of which represents the Virgin Mary sitting in a chair, and the other the infant Jesus lying in a cradle. A bit of candle is moved by a wire from side to side of the lantern, making it appear as if the doll-mother was rocking the cradle at her feet; and the lantern is meant to represent the star in the East which guided the Magi to the lowly manger. These mysteries are all explained during the exhibition in the words of a carol, chanted by the boys.

After these lads are dismissed with some slight refreshment or bonbons and a little money, another band of masked performers, rather older than the last, make their appearance. They are dressed in military fashion, with cocked-hats on the head, tattered-looking uniforms, purposely decked with tinsel, and wooden swords suspended

at their sides. (They are very like our own November Guys, only much more interesting.) These maskers perform all kinds of fantastic tricks for the amusement of the spectators, conspicuous among them being a pantomimic military review. No one in Norway ever refuses to admit these performers of their annual mummeries, or sends them away empty-handed.

Numerous diversions and games now follow among the household; supper is announced and partaken of; the gentlemen settle down for a general smoking; and the ladies disappear upstairs, where an eager talking and clatter of tongues goes on as they put on their wraps. Then come the sledges to the door; hearty shakings of the hand, with loudly expressed good wishes, are exchanged all round; and the happy guests are borne swiftly over the snow, glittering in the moonlight, to their respective homes.

In Sweden, the old saying that 'cleanliness is next to godliness' is exemplified then, and evidently appreciated; for the dwellings of all classes are thoroughly renovated for the occasion. An almost universal custom exists there of tying a sheaf of corn to a pole, which is placed in the garden or near the house, for the benefit of the birds, which suffer severely at this season from the inclemency of the weather. Thus they do not forget, when all the land is rejoicing in a general feast, to show kindness to the inferior animals. After supper, masked figures come in bearing a bell and a basket of presents for the household and friends; and every house is illuminated, and the members of each made happy in the witnessing and partaking of the many pleasures of the season.

Christmas in Italy, as elsewhere, brings round a yearly sanctification of home, and is a festival which blends devotion with the kindest and tenderest feelings. The greatest events of the year are the sumptuous banquets which are given on Christmas eve; and as it is mostly fish, done up in wonderful and diverse ways, that is then consumed during the whole week before the great feast night, little business is transacted save at the fish-market. The churches are largely attended at this season; although the scene at midnight mass is avoided by the more respectable members of the community, comprising, as it does, more than one-half of drunken revellers, and showing a strange lack of either reverence or decorum from the priests or congregation.

The Log—a real Christmas log—is in full blaze in the kitchen; the great dining-hall is also crackling with its roaring fire; and the whole house has received as thorough a warming as if the feast were to last throughout the year. Boys and girls now vie with each other in reciting and showing off their accomplishments, which have been learned expressly for the day, to please and surprise their parents by their progress in the past months; and their presents of work, learning, or ingenuity are duly admired. Then comes a handsome supper, making the children's eyes glisten as they feast on the delicacies and delights before them. After the repast is over, the parents, with some of the elders, retire behind a large curtain erected in the hall, which, when withdrawn, reveals a table loaded with carefully wrapped-up parcels; conspicuous among which is an urn—the urn of fate. The elders range themselves behind the table in demure silence, as, at a given sign, the sons and daughters, relatives and friends, in order of their age, are summoned to approach and bidden to thrust their hand into the urn and draw their lot. This urn is to the Italian children what the Christmas-tree is to the Germans. Many a blank is drawn amid merry laughter; but in the end each has a present; and before the guests depart, exchanges are made among the little ones, till every one is satisfied and has secured what best suits his or her wants.

No one is allowed to be unhappy at that time of the year, at least none whom a small money donation or a piece of firewood can relieve from immediate want; while from the highest to the lowest, each has a Christmas-box.

Nowhere is the abuse of 'boxes' more so than in France, where of late years the custom has been growing to an almost ruinous excess. There, amid all the fêtes and gaiety, when the whole population is bent upon amusement, it is not so much the loving gift that pleases, as it is the *cost* of that gift that counts. And what with extravagant toys and presents to the family and servants, friends and guests, postmen and shop-messengers, it is no wonder that the poor Paterfamilias groans at the thought of the new year.

New-year's eve is also an important evening with the Germans. In almost every house are parties met to celebrate the old year out with dance and sport; and the instant the city-bell is heard to toll, '*Prosit neu Jahr*' (Happy new year) starts at once from every lip, while a general touching of glasses and drinking of healths and happiness for the coming year ensues. Then the young people present each other, their parents and friends, with verses composed in honour of the occasion, which, being read aloud, are often the cause of banter and renewed merriment. The tables are crowded with dainties, chief among them being large ornamented cakes, and gingerbread in the shape of little hearts, these being thought indispensable to the entertainment. The next morning, every one that meets you salutes you with the same exclamation of '*Prosit neu Jahr.*' It is from Germany that we have taken our Christmas-tree; from the Germans that we have learned to make our social Christmas more a gala day for the children, than, as formerly, one of feasting and riot for ourselves.

The German housewife and mother thinks nothing a trouble which can add to the pleasure of the home-circle; her services, which are many and various, are never begrudged, but are heartily given in the service of love. If she spares no pains on ordinary days for her family's benefit, how much more then does she try to exert herself in the cause of Christmas joys. Her Christmas-tree is of entire home-growth; and in the presents that are made, the toys that are bought or invented to hang upon its branches, as it displays its annual glories and diffuses radiance from its hundred lights on the happy faces about it, not one member of her household but is remembered and represented on that tree of love. Their Christmas is, in truth, a beautiful sight. It is the feast of the Child, and therefore, for His sake, of all children; and the parents derive their true

enjoyment and delight in giving happiness to their little ones. A blessing, many blessings, on the innocent, hearty merriment of such Christmas days! Our homely German cousins have caught the true meaning of the festival.

In America, as in Norway, sleigh-riding is a great feature of this season; and there are few who, on Christmas eve, can withstand the merry chime of the bells, or the fleet riding over the snow-flaked avenues. There is sure to be snow then; and that purest of white mantles spreads on all sides, over everything, as the stars, twinkling in an unclouded sky, shed a subdued light on a scene that rivals description. There, too, Santa Klaus (or St Nicholas) makes his annual appearance, and drops his many gifts into the stockings which the children have hung up before going to bed.

A curious feature of an American Christmas is the egg-nogg and free lunch, distributed at all of the cafés and hotels on Christmas day; and it is needless to say that many, especially the epicures of the town, flock to the festive boards, where large tables are spread out with a luxury and delicacy peculiar to the Christmas *cuisine*. It seems also to be a popular time for marriages; and the Christmas week is a merry one for the honeymoon, as little is thought of but gaiety until the new year has begun. The presentation of 'boxes' is also much in vogue, and all classes have their modes of enjoyment in festal succession.

In Australia, New Zealand, and Africa, the joyous week which ushers the old year out and the new year in falls at a time when the season is at its busiest, and not, as in England, when labour of all kinds is little required, owing to the inclemency of the weather. Christmas is held, of course; but the working members of society have no leisure then for its enjoyment; and indeed, if pressed with orders, have often to spend the day itself in hard work. It cannot then be celebrated, except by a special few, with the hearty pleasure and care-forgetting zest with which it is welcomed in England, Holland, Germany, or indeed the whole of Christian Europe.

In Alexandria, flags hang from the roofs of the consulates, English, American, French, Portuguese, and others; and the guns fire salutes from the Christian vessels in the harbour.

From time immemorial, Christmas has been the most prominent festival in the calendar, and in almost all countries, this social gathering round the household altar, which creates and keeps alive the brightest sympathies of the heart, has been hailed with joy and gladness; and amid the depressed trade and disturbances of the present times, which have more or less affected every link in the chain of society, Christmas nevertheless brings with it a certain charm. Everywhere men give a joyful parting salutation to the old year, and greet with acclamations the advent of the new.

Christmas day in England is very much like a Sunday, the streets being thronged by the same band of steady church-goers, answering to the call of the parish bells. Full services take place in all the churches, which are profusely decked with holly and evergreens. Worship over, the spirit of merriment breaks forth, the festivities of Christmas eve, however, being nearly as lively as those of Christmas itself. Towards evening, the church-bells peal merrily; blithesome parties gather round the fire; sports and games commence; and the preparations for the morrow go on apace.

In Scotland, although Christmas is yearly becoming of more importance, the pre-eminence is decidedly given to New-year's day and eve. In the days of our forefathers, not only relations assembled in the house, but all the retainers, youth and age, rich and poor, alike participated in the mirth attendant upon the season. But in England, many ancient customs are falling into disuse; indeed, scarcely more than a shadow now remains; for if Christmas is still a religious festival and a family gathering, it has lost the distinction of a feast that bound all ranks together, and that led to a community of feeling between high and low. It was something to speak of long ago. The huge Yule log was drawn by the servants into the great hall, where each member, sitting down in turn on the log, sang a Yule song, and drank a cup of spiced ale to a merry Christmas and a happy new year. The log was then cast on the blazing fire, with prayers for the safety of the house and the happiness of its inmates until the next Christmas-tide should come round again. Then was the riotous time of the reign of the Lord of Misrule; then were the delicious Yule cakes; then were pleasures provided for all; and then, when the huge candles were lighted, and the exertions in dancing, flirting, romping, laughing, kissing under the mistletoe, singing, talking, and last, though by no means least, eating and drinking, had pretty well exhausted the company, did the revellers gather round the crackling log in the capacious chimney, singing songs or telling legendary tales, until the midnight chimes dispersed the happy group.

A superstition, common among the ignorant peasantry, existed till quite lately. This was, that if you stole quietly into the cowhouse at midnight on Christmas eve, you would find the cattle kneeling down immediately after twelve o'clock, as commemorating the supposed similar case of the oxen in whose resting-place Jesus of Nazareth was born; also that bees might be heard to sing in their hives at the same hour. This belief has taken long to be uprooted.

In the old halls and at College tables, the chief dish of the feast was the boar's head—not the goose and turkey of nowadays—which was perfumed with rare spices, and decked out with garlands of holly and rosemary. It was brought in with pompous state by the head-cook, a song being chanted in its honour, either during or after the repast; which song is still sung at the bringing in of the boars' head at Queen's College, Oxford:

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.
Quot estis in convivio,
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which, thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servire cantico,
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath promised this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which to this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio,
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Then, too, through the clear crisp air of winter was heard the voice of the wandering singers, last remnant of English minstrelsy, appealing to the charity which at that season rarely failed them, and reminding their hearers in the simple carol strains of the sacred reason for their happiness. This singing of carols dates from the very earliest period of Christmas celebration, when songs of gladness were considered as appropriate to the occasion. Jeremy Taylor says that the first Christmas carol was the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the Bethlehem shepherds. Carol-singing, however, has lost much of its original character. It is the custom now for the common people in England to go about in bands in the early morning, serenading the neighbours with songs relating to Christ's birth; and besides these, we have, both in England and Scotland, the modern 'waits.' The 'waits,' who are but indifferent substitutes for the sweet carols of early times, appear on the scene, with their not always most musical instruments, in the three weeks preceding Christmas; yet there is something solemn in listening to the music that arises in the silence of the night; and something touching, too, as we lie in our warm beds, to think of these poor men playing away in the pinching cold with their numbed fingers.

If the spirit of charity does not now manifest itself in riotous feasts and revelling on festivals, let it still dwell among us in benevolent deeds. Saddened spirits there must be as each Christmas day bears witness to the loss of some dearly loved one; but even for those whose hearts have been scarred and wounded, there is still one thing left that makes the Christmas festival endurable, that is—the children. And so long as there are shivering outcasts who stand in need of some helping hand; of hungry mouths to fill; of bruised spirits to bind up, and broken hearts to heal; so long will there be an opportunity for us to consecrate our Christmas season in the spirit of Him whose name we thus commemorate.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAP. VII.

When Captain Avory set out from Hoogies on his way back to Trevenna Cottage, Bosy Groote led his horse by the head as far as the high-road, then, after a few last words, the two men bade each other good-night; and while the captain drove on his way, Bosy sauntered back to the house. There was a heap of wood in one corner of the kitchen; taking an armful of it, Bosy proceeded to light a fire, which, if it did not throw out much heat, served by its blaze to make the place seem a shade less cheerless. The two candles in their empty bottles were still alight on the mantel-piece. The captain had given Bosy a cake of tobacco, which he now proceeded to cut up for smoking; then he lighted his pipe, and sat down on his three-legged stool by the chimney corner. Time passed while Bosy smoked pipe after pipe, crooning to himself some half-inarticulate ditty between whiles. More than once he put fresh wood on the fire, more than once he opened the door and stood for a minute or two staring into the darkness outside. By-and-by he fell into a fitful sleep, with his back resting against the chimney-piece. When he awoke, the candles were spluttering themselves out, and the patch of sky visible through the unboarded space of the window was growing gray in the dawn. Bosy stood up, yawned, and stretched himself. The fire had burnt itself out, and he felt chilled to the marrow. He stood listening intently for a minute or two, but no sound reached him from below. It was evident that the strange gentleman still slept.

Most people in Bosy's place would have puzzled their brains with trying to guess what Captain Avory's motive could possibly be for acting as he had done; but Bosy never troubled himself about anything so abstruse as any one's motives; all that he cared about was the results which might accrue therefrom in so far as they affected himself.

As he stood there staring vaguely about him, and feeling more lonely in the dawn than he had felt in the dark, a longing came over him to seek the companionship of his fiddle. It was true he had promised Captain Avory that he would wait in silence till the sleeping man should awake, and that he would then steal away without letting him become aware that any living being was near him. But the man was not yet awake, otherwise Bosy would have heard him stirring. He might not awake for hours. Meanwhile, there was his old friend staring him in the face—it was light enough now for him to discern the fiddle where it hung from a nail in the corner—and seeming to ask, 'Master, what have I done?' and they had always so much to say to each other, those two! There was only one voice between them—that of the instrument—a voice evoked by Bosy's fingers; but sometimes it was Bosy who talked to the fiddle, and sometimes it was the fiddle which talked to Bosy. They understood each other so well.

Bosy could resist no longer. He took down the fiddle, touched it fondly with his lips, wiped it carefully with a silk handkerchief which he kept for the purpose, and then, after a little preliminary screwing-up of the strings, he sat down on his stool near the black fireplace, crossed one withered leg over the other, and began to play; but the score of what he played would have been found written nowhere save in his own fantastically constituted brain. Sometimes wild, fitful, and eerie, sometimes plaintive and almost sobbing, as it were, the notes rose and fell, and floated out on the soft gray of the October morning. His was the touch of untutored genius, which, under other circumstances, might perchance have given the world something it would not willingly have let die.

Bosy, sitting with shut eyes, had become so absorbed in his music as to have forgotten time

and place, his promise to Captain Avory, and even the existence of the man in the dungeon, when he was suddenly startled back into reality by hearing a voice, which seemed to come from a great distance, calling 'Help! help!'

Bosy started to his feet with wildly-staring eyes. For a moment it seemed to him as if he had heard a voice crying from the tomb; then everything came back to him in a flash. 'Help! help!' again called the voice.

'It's only the gentleman a-waking up,' said Bosy. 'It gave me a turn at first, though. How surprised and nonplussed he must have been when he opened his eyes and stared round him. I hope, though, he didn't hear me playing, because I'm supposed to be miles away from here at the present time; but it can't be helped, if he did.'

Again came another half-smothered cry for help. Bosy sniggered. 'Ho, ho! my noble prince, you'll have to cry out a long time before anybody hears you at Hoogies! You must make yourself as jolly as you can till midnight to-morrow, when I'll come and let you out. And maybe you've got some money about you, and maybe you won't forget to reward poor innocent Bosy for helping you to see daylight again! Ho, ho!'

He had risen, and was putting his fiddle into its green-baize covering, by this time. Then, after a last glance round, he crossed the floor lightly and opened the door. 'I'll take the sheep-track through Perry Wood,' he said. 'There won't be a soul about at this hour of the morning. By ten o'clock I shall be fifteen miles away.' He shut the door, turned up the collar of his coat, and with his fiddle under his arm, he set out, a last faint cry for help sounding in his ears as he left the house.

When Edward Saverne awoke from his long sleep and stared around, he felt that he must still be dreaming. Vague, confused visions and fantasies, some of them pleasant, and some of them the reverse, had been floating through his brain for some time before he awoke, and he felt that what he saw now was only one more vision added to the number—only, about this one there was an air of reality which had been lacking in all that had gone before. There was a strange pain and heaviness across his forehead, and yet the back of his head felt just as strangely light and wanting in balance. Again he stared about him, taking in his surroundings item by item, as far as he could make them out by the dim light of the candle, which was now burning to its end. Was he really awake, or was he still asleep? He pinched himself in the soft part of the arm, and then gave a sharp tug at one of his ears. The pain in both instances was enough to convince him that he was no longer dreaming. Then he sat up on his pallet, put his hands to his head, and tried to think, perceiving, as he did so, that he was still dressed in the tweed suit in which he had travelled down from London.

But how long ago was it since he came down from London? Was it days, or weeks, or even months ago? As well as his aching head would allow him, he set himself quietly to recall all that happened from the time he left the train up to the moment when consciousness deserted him. First there was the meeting with his cousin Lucius at Mumpton Junction, and their drive through the dark to Trevenna Cottage. Next came his reception by his cousin's wife, who had welcomed him more warmly than he had thought she would have done. After that came supper in the cosy little dining-room, followed by a cigar and a glass of that delicious mulled port which Louisa knew so well how to concoct. But beyond that point, his thoughts refused to travel. He remembered well how he nearly fell asleep in his easy-chair in front of the cheery fire, while Louisa was playing softly in the adjoining room, and Lucius, who seemed to have become talkative all at once, was recounting some bird-nesting adventure of their youthful days: all this he remembered, and then followed an utter blank. Did he really fall asleep in that seductive easy-chair? and if so, had he slept till now? If that were the case, what place was this in which he had come back to consciousness; and why, and by what means, had he been brought here?

Very few moments sufficed for these thoughts to traverse his brain; but the questions he asked himself he was utterly powerless to answer. He was still staring round him like a dazed man, when suddenly the sound of music fell on his ears. As he listened, his first thought was that Mrs Avory must still be playing, and that perhaps he had not been asleep for more than a few minutes; but next moment he recognised that the notes to which he was listening were not those of a piano, but those of a violin. The music seemed to come from somewhere overhead, although that was a point respecting which he could not feel positive, but, in any case, it was evidently no great distance away.

The dizziness and strange feeling in his head had passed away in some measure by this time, and he now felt as if he dare venture to rise from his pallet without the fear of falling; but he sat for a few moments on the side of it before venturing to stand upright. Evidently the first thing to be done was to explore the strange place in which he found himself, and try to discover some means of egress. He rose and crossed to the empty cask, the top of which had been made to serve the purpose of a table. On it a candle was burning in a flat tin candlestick, with more candles and a box of matches close by. Near at hand were some provisions—a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, some butter, together with a small jar of minced beef and one or two other articles. On a wooden stool stood two bottles, which looked as if they might contain wine or spirits. Wondering more and more, he took up the candlestick and began his exploration.

The music was still going on, and he now recognised that it came from somewhere overhead. Holding the light aloft, he made a survey of the ceiling. He found that it was of wood, and was supported on great beams and rafters, black with age and festooned with cobwebs. He concluded that, in all probability, it formed the floor of another room over the one in which he was. Next he made an examination of the walls. In the dim light, it had seemed to him that they were of plaster yellow-washed, as

the interiors of many houses are in country places; but he now discovered that they were composed of a sort of soft yellow sandstone, in which he could easily have cut his name with his pocket-knife. The floor, to all appearance, was of the same material as the walls. Was it possible, Edward Saverne asked himself, that he was shut up in some under-ground place, some vault or dungeon hewn out of the rock?

But, the means of egress? For a few minutes, in his surprise at other matters, he had forgotten that important point. There must surely be a door, or a staircase, or an opening of some kind somewhere. Two minutes later he sat down on the edge of his pallet, feeling dizzy and sick at heart. Neither door, nor window, nor staircase, nor opening of any kind was to be found. Again he asked himself, by whom and for what purpose had he been brought to this place. He started to his feet. Wherever he might be, he was not quite deserted and alone. The music told him that a human being of some kind was near at hand—one, surely, whose help he might claim. The thought sent a glow back to his heart. Hollowing both his hands, and putting them to his mouth, he called loudly for help, once, twice, and then stood with strained ears waiting for some response. But none came. Scarcely had the second cry left his lips when the music ceased—ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and was succeeded by profound silence.

After the lapse of a minute, he shouted again; but the silence remained unbroken. That his cry for help had been heard was indicated by the sudden cessation of the music. Why, then, had it not been responded to? Could it be that he had been brought here of set purpose and for some nefarious ends, such as he could not even guess at? and that he was to be left here, helpless and alone, till it should please those who had thus imprisoned him to set him at liberty? But who were the unknown people who had treated him thus? Could his cousin Lucius, and that blinking woman with the white eyelashes, his wife, have had any hand in it? And if so, to what purpose? What conceivable object could they have in view in treating him thus? None, none, that he could think of. A wild chaos of questions surged through his brain, to not one of which could he find a satisfactory answer. Again and again he lifted his voice for help, but with no other result than before.

Once he thought he heard a slight noise overhead, as if some one were cautiously crossing the floor; but as the sound was not repeated, it might only have originated in his own excited fancy. Although, of course, he did not know it, had the weather been at all stormy, he would have heard the heavy beat of the waves on the shore; but the night was utterly windless, and the tide came lapping up the sands as gently as though its tiny wavelets were the caressing fingers of a child.

He had not bethought himself till now to look at his watch. On consulting it, he found that it had stopped at four o'clock, doubtless for want of winding up. How many hours had passed since that time, or whether it was now day or night, he was unable to judge. After replacing his watch, he drew out his purse, and on opening it, he found that the gold and silver there had been in it when he left London were still there, but that three notes for ten pounds each, which had been in one of the side-pockets, were not to be found. The robbery of his notes served only to deepen the mystery by which he was environed; otherwise, it affected him but little; his mind had far more serious things to dwell upon.

He thereafter made a more careful examination of his prison, searching minutely for the signs of some hidden door or secret opening; but to no purpose. Evidently, his first judgment was a correct one: he was immured in a dungeon cut bodily out of the living rock.

The candles, the supply of provisions, the wine, the jar of water in one corner, all seemed to indicate that the intention was to keep him a prisoner for some time. But why and with what object? That was the question which again and again reiterated itself in his brain. But all his self-questionings ended where they began—in a maze of utter bewilderment, in the midst of which he vainly strove to find the slightest clue. At intervals, he kept on calling for help, but only to be mocked by the silence, which seemed to weigh upon him with tenfold heaviness the moment it had swallowed up his cry. As hour passed after hour, this death-like silence, in conjunction with the gloom and solitude of his prison, and the feeling of being utterly cut off from and lost to the rest of the world, began to press upon him more and more, till at length he found himself wondering how much longer it would be possible to endure it without his brain giving way. He drank of the cold spring water in the jar eagerly and frequently, but beyond that he took neither bite nor sup. And so Time's pendulum swung slowly on.

MAKE-BELIEVES.

Advertisements, like many other things, have their uses and abuses, and we are not going to find fault with the long-established columns, which are of such service in supplying social wants, but with the dishonest practices of which the most respectable newspapers are ignorantly made the medium. There is abroad a plague of petty dishonesty, which trades upon and lives by the credulity, principally, of inexperienced women—educated ladies—who, by dire necessity, are ready to grasp at straws in the hope of saving themselves from penury. This is the class who not unfrequently have been known to spend their last pound to supply themselves with materials for work promised, or for stamps and fee, in order to secure an appointment offered. Of course, it will be alleged by those who thus prey upon human credulity that the applicants failed to come up to the standard of requirement. We do not write without data, or without having justly considered the ineligibles; but it is to the *system* we demur; and the evidence we have before us comes from women of culture, whose ability is as indisputable as their testimony is unimpeachable. We therefore assert fearlessly, that infinitely more cruelty and more social injury are being perpetrated by these semi-professional,

semi-artistic traffickers, than has ever resulted from the dishonest puffing of the tradesman.

By the semi-artistic traffickers, ladies may be duped only to the extent of stamped, addressed envelopes, for which they are to be shown how to earn from two to eight shillings a day; or in some cases, merely a 'good addition to a small income.' This is to be done in several instances by the sale of a particular kind of button, mirrors, or watches, or some article of consumption in daily use, for which a commission will be given. The five shilling fee is to realise many more advantages, inasmuch as it promises a home with nominal duties to an educated lady not over twenty-five. Letters in the first instance are sent, to be followed by a personal interview at an address which shall be nameless. The response was made by a young lady, whom we shall call Miss Green, who took the precaution to inquire of an artisan living in the locality if he could give any information as to the owner of the said house. 'No, miss, I can't,' he said; 'but I wouldn't advise the like o' you to go there. I've seen ladies go in and come out wi' nothing but disappointment in their faces. Ye won't say as I told ye, miss, but I can't a-bear to see it.'

A few weeks later, the same young lady noticed an advertisement in a London paper promising exceptional privileges, and desiring stamped envelope to be addressed for reply to J. Brown, Esq., —— Street, Exeter. On this occasion, the services of a friend were called into requisition. She drove into the old city from the environs where she resided, thinking how much astonished Miss Green would be, could she see the position indicated by the address, but resolving, nevertheless, to satisfy herself, no less than save the inquirer from being duped beyond the extent of the twelve stamps, and stamped addressed envelope already forwarded.

Leaving her carriage at some distance and going a little way up the street, she was directed to a small dilapidated cottage at the top of a garden in the rear of a larger house, and probably rented for the business that was to be enacted there, under the assumption that it would all be done simply by correspondence emanating from the advertisement in a London paper. The door of the cottage was opened by a working woman, who said Mr Brown was away for a week; she was his servant. But the lady had seen more than enough in the heap of stamped envelopes which lay on the table, which were doubtless to yield a small income to an impecunious impostor, who had never even answered Miss Green's letter, or probably the letters of hundreds of other applicants.

Another artful and common trick is, when in addition to stamps for 'postage and preliminary inquiries,' as it is called, for the advantage of permanent occupation, a post-office order is demanded for materials supplied by themselves, with which the work is to be done. In one case, as much as three pounds was paid out on this condition, with the magnificent result to the payee of seventeen and sixpence in three months for work which probably brought two pounds more to her employer. An enormous trade has been carried on for the last two years in a spurious kind of art production, for which materials were supplied and instruction given at its commencement for two pounds. Now the same privileges are offered for five shillings. We have before us, too, the statement of a lady who was the dupe of another similar advertisement. A carte-de-visite photograph was sent to her, which she enlarged to a picture eighteen by twenty inches, and painted in oils, for six shillings, the bait having been held out of having twenty a week supplied to her, should this first specimen prove satisfactory; which it is needless to say it did not, though the man sold it for twenty-five shillings! this pseudo-artist asserting, when remonstrance was attempted, that the art required no previous knowledge, and he was employing twenty girls at three and sixpence a week to produce such pictures, and not a penny more would he pay.

Of literary agencies, their name is legion, but their usefulness *nil*. Of course what we have to say will not apply to well-accredited agencies or Societies, but to those whose ostensible object is to furnish channels for amateur productions, but whose real object is to enrich their own pockets without regard to the interests of the payee. In these, as in advertisements of another class, it is often refined and educated women who are made the victims of this cowardly practice; and we think the statements which follow only require to be made public to enlist the consideration of chivalrous, high-minded men, who may, by their influence or generosity, protect women from this added element of anxiety in their struggle for existence.

For instance, assistance was required by advertiser from a lady accustomed to literary work, which could be supplied at home, and a liberal equivalent offered. After some preliminary correspondence, applicant was requested to call at the office in the Strand for further particulars. Instead of replying personally, she did so by deputy, the gentleman who volunteered to make what he deemed necessary inquiries being in the police department of the Civil Service. One statement made to him was, that the advertiser had a large newspaper *clientèle* to whom he constantly supplied articles written by women. This assertion being confirmed during the interview, a list of the papers was asked for, which numbered thirteen of the leading journals of the day. But the request having perhaps taken the advertiser a little by surprise, he asked impertinently: 'Pray, sir, are you Miss ——'s brother?'

'I am not.'

'Are you her solicitor?'

'I am not; but there is my address,' said the gentleman, putting down his card. 'I wish you good-morning; but I may add I think no lady would present herself at an office like this without inquiry by a gentleman to ascertain the nature of the transaction to which she was to pledge herself.'

Satisfied the whole thing was a hoax, the gentleman then despatched a detective to the various newspaper offices mentioned, only to find that in one solitary instance a lady had sent a short article from the office in question. Thereupon, a duly accredited officer was sent to take down the depositions of the applicant; but

the matter was carried no further, as the lady, being young, could not be prevailed on to appear in court.

To this statement may be appended another —namely, the advertisement of a certain Agency, or so-called Association for Governesses, Lady-housekeepers, &c. Applications to be made to a certain individual, who varies his addresses as well as his names, though both are in the north-western division. One of these is presumably his private residence; the other is an old-clothes shop, kept by an old woman, who receives the letters with their inclosures of half-guinea fee, which it is especially requested may be made by postal order. The police having had numerous complaints of the advertiser in question, it would be well that any person allured by his advertisements should communicate with Scotland Yard, to see if he is known to the police.

Another dodge is to ask for contributions to Christmas Annuals which have large circulation, and of which a specimen copy will be forwarded for twelve stamps. Accordingly, it arrives; and the shilling contributor finds she has thrown away her money on a magazine containing about as much matter as the *Argosy*, more than one half of which is filled by the writing of the pseudo-editor himself, and the rest mere penny-a-lining, which few, if any, would trouble themselves to read, though the advertiser probably makes a pretty good harvest out of his dupes.

Four years ago, the writer was subjected to similar wholesale robbery by sending manuscripts of carefully selected translated matter, regarding which some preliminary correspondence had taken place with an embryo editor who was projecting a new venture. The papers received high commendation, and payment was to be made when they were printed, according to a tariff not yet finally decided. Months passed away without any intimation or reply to letters; and the same gentleman who had acted in the 'permanent home employment' matter now called at the address to which the papers were sent, only to discover that the 'editor' had had a letter-box there for many weeks; but neither his name nor present habitation being known, the manuscripts were never forthcoming. As, in this age of new ventures, it is impossible to read all that comes out, in all probability these and hundreds of other papers sent by the unwary were utilised for the benefit of the advertiser, who must have laughed in his sleeve at those by whom he had made his dishonest gain.

Perhaps one of the most flagrant of these swindling transactions is the announcement how an income of one hundred and twenty pounds a year can be made without risk by sending a stamped addressed envelope to advertiser inclosing postal order for two shillings and sixpence, when the reply comes—'Do as I do.' Thus postal orders have their abuse as well as use, since no names can be traced where they are employed.

Besides the general, literary, and artistic beguiling advertisements referred to, there is another class which we will designate 'Social,' inasmuch as they are supposed to promote domestic comfort, and supply a social want to those who are not privileged to enjoy the happiness of family life. These announcements generally appear towards the close of the London season, though they are tolerably frequent all the year round. We have no doubt that in some cases many advantages *are* to be met with in the houses of those who conscientiously fulfil the promises they have held out. With these we have nothing to do. But there are hundreds of designing people who have not the slightest intention from first to last of carrying out any of the stipulations made by those who have answered their advertisements, no matter how much they may have pledged themselves to their fulfilment.

We will cite one glaring specimen of this kind, replied to by two or three ladies of the writer's acquaintance, who journeyed very considerable distances to avail themselves of the special privileges offered in this 'Home in a Private Family.' The advertisement ran thus: 'A Lady residing with her father on their own estate in a prettily situated house, surrounded by pine-groves, offers a refined, delightful home during the summer months, or permanently. Good, well-appointed table. Carriage kept for use of visitor.' This statement was on inquiry supplemented by one from the 'lady' herself, who wrote that every exertion was used to make it a home of comfort on the most moderate terms; society, not emolument, being the advertiser's object. It was further said that the house was easy of access from the station. So it was —by means of a five-shilling cab fare; when one was landed at a detached red-brick gabled building, standing a few yards off the high-road, with a small overgrown garden in front, an empty little greenhouse on one side, and an orchard on the other. There certainly was a small pine-wood beyond the garden at one end; but it formed no part of the 'estate' in question, though it had another use to the inhabitants, inasmuch as its fine undergrowth of bilberries supplied the usual second course at the dinner-table of the old farmer and his daughter. This 'lordly dish,' with other unappetising and insufficient food, was placed on a table, which, like other pieces of rickety furniture in the house, was patched together, to save the cost of repairs. But there was little enough for use, and none for comfort anywhere, the two sofas from the parlour having been appropriated by a lady who was renting a sitting and bed room under the same roof, and who was also tended by the one maid-of-all-work of this ill-appointed, dirty house. The 'carriage' was an old shandrydan basket contrivance; and no matter what the state of the roads, it was washed but once a week; and when in its highest state of polish —that is, such parts as were polishable—it resembled only besmeared boots on a muddy day. The horse, too, was a rare antique, and was always groomed by the master, who forthwith went straight from the stable and sat himself down to supper, as probably he had been wont to do all his life. He also gathered the peas and performed other little outdoor services, before he took his daughter out for her duties in the 'carriage,' in which the guests were alternately offered a seat. So the drives culminated in a mile and a half on the same road day after day, and the drive to church on Sunday. But no one attached blame to the old

man; the daughter 'ruled the roast;' the honest Paterfamilias was the victim of his eccentric daughter's unscrupulous proceedings to edge herself into society in any way she could devise; whilst he was perpetually lamenting that 'things was not as they wuz when he were a boy.' The moral of all this is, to make careful inquiry ere parting with either postage-stamps or postal orders to advertisers whom we know nothing about.

OUR PARLOUR-MAID.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. II.

ELIZA'S communication was not a very important one, merely referring to a small domestic matter which might have waited a little longer. But that was just like Eliza: she was so conscientious that she could not bear to run the slightest risk of failure in her duty. And when the slight domestic affair was disposed of, she still seemed inclined to keep me talking.

'Don't you like Mr Allardyce, ma'am?'

'I do indeed,' I said. 'Dr Lester is charmed with him.'

'I knew you would like him, ma'am. I'm so glad he called to-day. He was so kind and good to me, and you've been so kind and good to me, that I've often wished you knew each other. And Mrs Allardyce is a very nice lady too, ma'am; I'm sure you would like her if you knew her. Oh, just one minute, if you please, ma'am. I broke one of the claret glasses just now as I was carrying the tray down-stairs, and I couldn't rest until I told you. I'm so very sorry, ma'am; I hope you won't be angry with me.'

'Accidents will happen,' I said sagely. 'And now, Eliza, I really must go. I have left Mr Allardyce all by himself.'

'Shall I light the gas in the drawing-room, ma'am?'

'Why, no. It's not dark yet.'

'But when it is dark?'

'Certainly,' I said.

I found our guest standing in the middle of the plate-room with his hands in his pockets, softly whistling *Nancy Lee*.

'I must apologise for running away,' I said, as I began to lock up the press. 'I am sorry Dr Lester has been called away also. If you can find your way down to the drawing-room, I will put my keys away and follow you.'

'Thank you very much for affording me such a great pleasure,' he said courteously as he went out on to the landing. He descended the stairs, as I locked the outer door of the press. As I did so, I felt something craunch beneath my feet. I picked it up, and found it was a small piece of white wax. I did wonder for half a minute where it could have come from, as I never carried candles into the plate-room, which was lighted by gas, and nobody but myself had access to it. But the matter passed from my mind as I rejoined our visitor in the drawing-room and Charlie came in. Eliza brought in coffee, after which we had a little music; and I could hardly believe Charlie when he said that the time had come for ordering the brougham to take our guest to the station. Mr Allardyce bade us a friendly farewell, and was most urgent in his desire that we should visit Oakwood before long. We promised to do so, and parted, delighted with our visitor, whose pleasant manners had charmed us both.

A few days afterwards I received the following letter:

OAKWOOD VICARAGE.
Saturday, July 6.

DEAR MRS LESTER—I trust you and Dr Lester have not forgotten your promise to come and visit us this summer. This glorious weather makes the country especially enjoyable; and Mrs Allardyce and I propose to give a garden-party on Thursday next, at which we should be very glad to have the pleasure of your company. Some famous local tennis-players have promised to come, with whom your husband ought to try his skill. In case Dr Lester's engagements should not permit him to remain here for the night, there is a train for town at nine P.M. We trust you will come early, and we will meet you at the station.—With kind regards, I remain very sincerely yours,

WENTWORTH ALLARDYCE.

After some little discussion, we agreed to go, but decided that it would be better not to stay all night. So I wrote a note to that effect, and despatched Eliza with it to the post, telling her that Mr Allardyce had invited us to visit Oakwood, and that we were going on Thursday. The good girl was delighted to hear it.

On the morning of Thursday, my husband started very early on his rounds, while I made an elaborate toilet in honour of the occasion; and by twelve o'clock we had reached Waterloo, and were in the train for Oakwood. The only other person in the carriage was an elderly clergyman, very gray and fragile-looking, but with a good kind face. He asked me whether I liked the window up or down; and from remarking on the fine weather and one thing and another, he and Charlie soon got into conversation. People always talk to my husband when he is on a journey. I suppose his genial face and manner attract them. At all events, I never knew him travel any distance without somebody entering into conversation with him. He and the clergyman began discussing politics, and sympathised most cordially, being both ardent Conservatives. Then they talked on general topics for a few minutes, and then rambled on to continental experiences. Our companion told us that he had a living in Surrey, but that his health had been so bad latterly that he had been compelled to travel abroad for three months, his duty being taken by a clerical friend meanwhile.

'I was in Manchester for many years,' he said. 'I had a very populous parish, and the work was so hard that I was glad to have the offer of a quiet country vicarage. But Oakwood lies so low, and there are so many trees, that it is sadly unhealthy'——

'Oakwood?' I involuntarily asked.

'Yes, Oakwood in Surrey, near Guildford. Do you know the place?'

'We are on our way there now,' I said, 'to a garden-party at the vicarage.'

'At the vicarage?' he repeated, looking very much astonished.

'Yes. I suppose there are two churches in the place—yours, and another?'

'No, my dear madam, only one—St Paul's, of which I am the vicar.'

I never felt so puzzled in my life; and he looked equally bewildered.

'But the vicar of Oakwood is Mr Allardyce.'

'My name is Wentworth Allardyce.' He took up his travelling-bag and showed me his name and address engraved on a small silver plate. Charlie and I exchanged glances. Our companion was evidently a gentleman, and we could not think of doubting his assertion. On the other hand, who was the other charming Mr Allardyce?

'Have you a son or any other relative of the same name?' asked Charlie. 'A young man with dark hair and particularly agreeable manners?'

'I have no children. My wife has been dead for years. My only nephew, John Allardyce, is in Canada with his regiment.'

'Well, really, this is most incomprehensible!' said Charlie, astounded. 'Our parlour-maid, Eliza Willis, whom you recommended to us'——

'My dear sir,' said the clergyman, looking at him as if he thought he must be an escaped lunatic, 'I never had a servant called Eliza Willis in my life; and I certainly never recommended her to you or any one else.'

'I am Dr Lester of Notting Hill,' said Charlie, producing his card. 'Really, this is a most extraordinary thing. We engaged a parlour-maid about three months ago, who said she had been living at Oakwood Vicarage with Mr Allardyce. She said he was then at Folkestone; so we wrote there, and received an excellent character'——

'Excuse my interrupting you, but I never was at Folkestone in my life.'

'And a few days ago, a "Mr Allardyce" called to see her as he was passing through London. He spent the evening with us, and we were both delighted with him. To-day we are going, at his invitation, to a garden-party at Oakwood Vicarage.'

'Then, my good sir, I fear you have been imposed upon,' answered the clergyman. 'Some unprincipled person must have made use of my name. I have been abroad for three months, and am just returning to Oakwood. I assure you, I have not the slightest intention of giving a garden-party; my bachelor household does not admit of gaieties of that kind.'

'O Charlie, our plate!' I cried, as a suspicion flashed across me like lightning. And my husband turned pale.

'We have a good deal of plate,' I hurriedly explained. 'This man, who passed himself off for you, professed to admire it very much; and we showed him all we had, and, O dear! how we locked it up, and everything.'

'I should fear he had designs upon it. It is a most mysterious affair all through. Of course you have only my assertion that I am Wentworth Allardyce'——

'We don't doubt that for one moment,' said my husband.

'But if you come to Oakwood,' went on the vicar, 'my parishioners will be able to certify that I am their vicar, and no other.'

'Indeed, I think we ought to go back to London at once,' said my husband, who was evidently uneasy. 'I fear we have been duped by a persuasive stranger, and that this garden-party pretence is only a dodge to get us out of the way. Our house is probably now being robbed.'

'But, Charlie, there is Eliza!'

'Mr Allardyce knows nothing about her. Her character must have been a forgery.'

'So it must,' I said, feeling completely overwhelmed. 'Oh, I wish the train would stop, so that we could get out and go back to London.'

'It stops before long at Marsham junction,' said Mr Allardyce. 'You can catch a London train there.'

'Is not wax used to take the impression of a key?' I asked, as another recollection came to me. 'I found a piece of wax on the floor of the plate-room, Charlie, after—after that man had been there.'

'Then we may say good-bye to our Queen Anne tea-service!' said my husband grimly, as the train gave a warning whistle.

'This is Marsham,' said Mr Allardyce, letting down the window. 'I trust you will let me know how you found things at home,' he added kindly, as we got out. We gave him a hurried farewell, and dashed down the platform, where a porter told us the London train was just going.

We had a fearful scramble, and, quite out of breath, were bundled into a carriage at the very end of the train, which was already moving. It was third-class and not over-clean, but we were only too glad to get in at all.

During the brief journey back, Charlie told me what he intended to do; and as he did not think it would be safe for me to go back to the house at first, I agreed—though very unwillingly—to wait at a neighbour's until he came for me. He took a hansom at Waterloo, and we dashed homewards at great speed. At the police-station nearest to our house, Charlie got out, and after a few minutes' conversation with the inspector, we resumed our way. Four constables, under the command of a sergeant, were to follow in another cab immediately. We got out at the end of our road, which the policemen were also to do, so as not to alarm any one who might be in our house with the sound of wheels stopping at the door. Charlie left me at my friend's house, and turned back to meet the cab full of policemen which was just in sight. My friend's house was nearly opposite our own, and, after a hurried explanation, I took my stand behind the curtains in the dining-room window to watch, feeling quite sick with apprehension. In front of our house, hitched by the reins to the lamp-post, was a small truck, drawn by one horse, such as might have belonged to any respectable tradesman; and that was the only external sign of anything about to happen.

I saw Charlie and his company come down the street. One policeman quietly descended into the area, and stood there ready to arrest

anybody who attempted to escape that way; two remained on guard outside the front door; the others slipped off their boots, and Charlie noiselessly admitted himself and them with his latch-key.

I had watched for about twenty minutes in an agony of dread, when I saw the door open, and my husband came out. He was by my side almost immediately, and told me what had passed. Nobody met them in the hall, and they made their entry quite unperceived. It may be wondered at that no one was on the watch to give the alarm. But the plate-room was at the back of the house, away from the road; and besides, we were supposed to be safe at Oakwood by this time—where, but for a most fortunate accident, we should have been—and 'Mr Allardyce' and his gang thought themselves perfectly secure from interruption. Charlie and his party crept cautiously up the stairs, hearing voices and laughter coming from above. On the first landing was a wooden piano-case, in which ingenious and innocent receptacle our plate was to be packed, and put on the truck which was waiting at the door; in which guise it might safely be trusted to elude the notice of every policeman in London. The thieves were so secure in their fancied safety, that when the door was pushed open and they found themselves surrounded by the policemen with drawn truncheons, they were blank with amazement. 'Mr Allardyce'—not in clerical costume this time—had opened the press with the false keys, which the wax impressions he had taken enabled him to make. A second man, the driver of the truck at the door, was standing by with a chisel; and my saintly parlour-maid, laughing at the ruse which had been successfully practised on her master and mistress, was helping the housemaid to roll up the plate in green baize bags.

'Mr Allardyce' drew a revolver; but before it could be discharged, he was stunned by a blow from the sergeant's truncheon. The others were quickly secured, and escorted by the policemen, were driven off to the nearest police court, to be charged before the sitting magistrate. Our plate was saved; but it had the narrowest escape in the world. Only ten minutes more, and the thieves would have got clear off with their booty, and we should never have seen a vestige of it again.

The conspirators had contrived to send cook on an errand which would detain her an hour or two, soon after Charlie and I left. The housemaid—who, it will be remembered, came to me through Eliza—was in the plot; and they thought themselves safe. The parlour-maid in whom I trusted so implicitly was a member, *sub rosâ*, of the swell-mob, of which distinguished profession 'Mr Allardyce,' who had received a good education, was one of the brightest ornaments. He had written the letter from Folkestone by means of which she entered my service. Eliza derived her knowledge of Oakwood and of Mr Allardyce's affairs through having once stayed there for a few weeks with a family in whose service she was. For four or five years she had played a game similar to that she had tried on me; getting mistresses to confide in her, and then, when she had found out where their plate and valuables were kept, betraying the house to her accomplices. These burglaries remained profound mysteries, thanks to her consummate hypocrisy; her complicity in them never having been suspected. Her entering my service was not the result of chance, but the consequence of one of the gang one day hearing a remark that Dr Lester of Notting Hill had some valuable plate. At first, she and her confederates thought of carrying it off in a night attack; but the difficulties in the way, thanks to Charlie's wise precautions, caused them to change their plans, and they concluded to try the stratagem I have recorded.

The four were tried, and each sentenced to long terms of penal servitude. A few days after the trial was concluded, I was astonished to receive a call from my old housemaid Jane, who had been dismissed for dishonesty. She told me that she had only just heard of what had taken place; and that had emboldened her to come and tell me that she was sure Eliza, knowing her box would be searched, had purposely placed articles belonging to me in it that very morning, to insure her dismissal. She said that one or two things Eliza had said to her indicated very little regard for other people's property; but, finding that Jane was honest, Eliza pretended to turn it all off as a joke. But from that time forth she no doubt made up her mind to get rid of Jane, as an obstacle in the way of her schemes. It is needless to say that I at once took Jane back into my service, and that she is with me now.

We had had a lesson. We sent all our plate off to the bank the next morning. People who come to dine with us, see a good deal of silver, as they imagine; but it is chiefly electro-plate. One attempted burglary is quite enough in a lifetime.

We renewed the acquaintance with the real Mr Allardyce, so strangely begun, and he is now one of our most valued friends. We often joke about his 'garden-party' which never came off. But if our parlour-maid had succeeded in her nefarious designs, there would really have been no joke in the matter.

A TALE OF A SIXPENNY TELEGRAM.

THE sixpenny telegram may prove a priceless boon to the British nation at large, but at present it stands to my individual mind as the symbol of something intensely disagreeable. On that inauspicious first of October when the new arrangement was thrust upon us, I received a message, handed in at a London office, which ran as follows:

'*To* FREDERICK AUGUSTUS SMITH-SIMPKINS, 56 *Langham Hotel.*—Bring Digby on Saturday. JENKINS.'

A very innocent and ordinary communication, to all appearance, and yet that innocent-seeming message was the means of breaking off one marriage, of precipitating another, and of losing me a fortune!

The sender had curtailed his name and omitted his address in order to compress his telegram within the sixpenny limit; but there was no

doubt in my mind as to the identity of the sender. I knew only one man named Jenkins—my mother's eldest brother, Albert Victor-Emmanuel Smith-Jenkins. The wisdom which declined to pay an extra halfpenny on each of those high-sounding baptismal designations was certainly to be extolled. It was only a pity, I thought, that they could not be similarly suppressed on all the other occasions of life. The taste which our family has always displayed for a lengthy and would-be imposing nomenclature has been anything but a source of pleasure to me; for nearly five-and-twenty years I have positively groaned under the burden of my own four names; and the tiny tax levied upon the Smith-Paynes, the Smith-Jenkinses, and the Smith-Simpkinses, is the only thing connected with the new telegraphic regulations which wins my cordial approval.

To return to my uncle and his message. It was perfectly plain and intelligible, in spite of its brevity. A favourite niece, to whom he had been lately playing the part of father, was to be married next Saturday, from his house, to a baronet. I had been invited to the wedding; and here was a further request that I would bring young Digby, a mutual acquaintance, with me. It was a somewhat odd and informal manner of inviting him; but my uncle was an eccentric man, accustomed to do things of this sort. He had returned within the last few months from a trip to the antipodes, accompanied by a widowed sister and her daughter, the Australian belle who was to be married on Saturday. The young lady, or her mother, had evidently contrived to captivate the old gentleman during the short time they had known him, for he had already signified his intention of leaving her the half of his fortune, provided that she married to his satisfaction. This condition she was just about to fulfil, so that her inheritance might be regarded as perfectly safe. The other moiety of his property was to be bequeathed to me, and in my case there was a condition of general good behaviour, without any specific demand.

I had never heard Uncle Bert speak of Digby, and therefore had no idea what terms of intimacy they were upon. My own acquaintance with him was of a somewhat casual though very pleasant sort. Three seasons ago, I joined four or five other men in hiring a Highland moor, and he had been one of our party. I was so unfortunate during our sojourn in those remote regions as to dislocate my ankle; and in the absence of regular medical aid, Digby showed himself a skilful amateur surgeon, and afterwards relinquished many hours of sport with his friends, in order to sit by my sofa and help me to while away the tedium of my idle days. We all liked him exceedingly for his never-failing *bonhomie*, and for a certain charm of presence and manner that no one could resist. I always understood that he came of a good old stock, but knew very little about his people or belongings. When our party broke up, he told us that he was going to sail for Melbourne in a few weeks; and we each shook him heartily by the hand and wished him a prosperous voyage.

I never set eyes on the man again from that day to the 30th of September last. I had been up in town for a week, and had been dining that evening with my old chum, Bob Collier, a good fellow, but gifted with an unsurpassed genius for plunging himself into scrapes and for dragging in his friends after him. After dinner we adjourned to a certain well-known music-hall. Bob eschews the British drama, and patronises no public place of amusement in London other than a music-hall, on principle—at least he says so. We had not taken our seats more than five minutes, when we simultaneously recognised Digby's noticeable face only a few yards away from us. I went up to him and tapped him on the shoulder, and he remembered us both in an instant. I said to myself, after a little scrutiny of his features, that he must have been living his life pretty fast out there in Melbourne. The last three years had set their mark upon him; but he was still strikingly handsome, and his manner was just as bright and gay and genial as ever. We spent the rest of the evening together, and in the course of our talk it came out that Digby had met Uncle Bert in Australia.

'And do you know my cousin, Fanny Dasher, who is to be married on Saturday?' I inquired.

'I have met her,' he answered, and then began rather hurriedly to speak of something else.

We separated soon after midnight, Bob reminding me, as we said good-night, of an engagement I had made with him for the following week. He was the owner of a small yacht, and we were to take a cruise in her, weather permitting, after his return from a few days' shooting in Essex. The yacht was then undergoing some repairs, but by that time she would be ready for us at Erith.

'Now, don't throw me over, old man,' Bob entreated plaintively, 'with a tale about important business, &c., &c. I shall be back in town in a week or ten days, and shall depend upon you.'

'All right, Villikins,' I answered, giving him the nickname which, for certain reasons connected with a then popular song, we had fastened upon him in our school-days. 'I shall be in town again, too, before then, and you will find me as usual at the *Langham*.'

This arrangement having been satisfactorily concluded, we departed our several ways.

The above is a brief account of my acquaintance with Lancelot Digby: the story of my uncle's connection with him has yet to be told.

It was on the following morning that I received the telegram; that was on Thursday, and the wedding was to take place in two days. I wrote a note to Digby, at the address he had given me, intimating my uncle's desire that he should grace Miss Fanny Dasher's nuptials, and then sallied into the street to look up a friend. At the very first corner, I came suddenly face to face with

Digby again, and repeated the substance of my now superfluous note.

'That is a very funny joke,' he said, looking at me with an odd expression; 'and if you knew all I knew you would think it a good deal funnier.'

'It's no joke at all,' I said. 'Here's the telegram.' I happened to have thrust it into my pocket in a fit of absent-mindedness, instead of tearing it up, the most natural proceeding, and now drew it out and showed it to him. We stood in the doorway of a tobacconist's shop, and he stared at the four words of the message and at the sender's name for some moments, in apparent bewilderment; then his eyes flashed with sudden comprehension, and he broke out into a loud fit of laughter.

'What is there to laugh at in this?' I exclaimed.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, quickly sobering down. 'There is really nothing to laugh at. I am a fool. I—I don't know whether I shall be able to go; but I'm much obliged to him for the compliment all the same.' And then he hastily left me, saying that he had an appointment to keep.

I returned to my home in Liverpool on Friday evening, without having seen or heard anything more of Digby. Uncle Bert lived at Southport; and the next morning I took a train which would give me time to reach his house about half-past ten. I had just entered an unoccupied first-class carriage, when I saw Digby on the platform, arrayed in a wedding garment of faultless cut and fit. I beckoned to him from the window, and he came in and took his seat beside me. One glance at the man showed me something unusual in his look and manner. He talked in a distrait, unconnected fashion, and once or twice broke out into snatches of colonial songs. He was paler, too, than ordinary, and, while lighting a cigar, his hand trembled so that he could hardly hold the match. I did not like these signs at all, and began to feel vaguely uncomfortable and apprehensive.

We took a cab from the station to Balmoral Lodge, one of the largest and most imposing-looking houses in Southport, representing the accumulated gains of three generations of Liverpool shipbrokers. For years, there had only been one thing wanting to complete my uncle's earthly happiness—the affiliation by marriage of our family to the titled class. This dream of his life was now about to be realised; and I pictured to myself the way in which he would come forward to receive us, his normal pomposity aggravated tenfold, in order to do credit to this occasion and to his 'friend Sir Marmaduke Fitzhugh.' He was not visible, however, when we entered, although we heard his voice in the distance anathematising the butler for having put out the wrong claret. The page-boy requested us to walk up into the drawing-room; and we followed him across a wide hall, adorned with beautiful ferns and flowering plants.

Digby tramped noisily across the marble floor, switching to right and left the gloves that should have been upon his hands, reckless of the flowers; and at the foot of the stairs he contrived to throw down a stand of sticks and umbrellas with a dreadful clatter.

'Gently!' I whispered reprovingly.

He turned upon me with a half-laugh, and his lips parted to emit some indistinct guttural sounds. I really believe that he was on the very point, just then, of breaking out into one of his camp-fire songs. He preceded me on the staircase, and just before we reached the top he turned round and caught me by the shoulder. His face was flushed now, instead of being pale, and there was a wild light in his eyes.

'I say, old man,' he said, 'how would you feel if you were coming to this wedding in the character of Young Lochinvar, or the Master of Ravenswood, or something of that sort? You wouldn't manage to look quite so douce and well-behaved then, I fancy.'

I don't know how I looked, but I remember very well how I felt. Digby's strange words and reckless bearing seemed to threaten some horrible catastrophe, and I could not rid myself of the idea that I was in some way responsible for him. In another instant the page had thrown open the drawing-room door and announced us. It was too late then to turn back or to try to make my escape. I must go through with the adventure to the bitter end.

There were over a dozen persons in the room when we entered, besides the six bridesmaids. Mrs Dasher was not present; she was assisting in the adornment of the bride, and her place as hostess was, for the moment, filled by a Mrs Cochrane, who seemed to be a sort of second cousin to nearly everybody there. This lady was all smiles and amiability, as befitted the occasion. She welcomed me effusively, although I had never met her more than twice in my life, and said something soft and pretty to my companion, who was quite unknown to her.

I had taken very little interest in this wedding, either in bridegroom or bride. I suppose that no woman could have been present at such a ceremony without being at the pains to make herself acquainted beforehand with a dozen details, of which I remained contentedly ignorant. My masculine cursoriness took everything for granted. Perhaps I might have concerned myself more about those romantic accessories which popular imagination has grouped around the every-day fact of a wedding, if the bride had ever inspired me with any interest. But I had seen very little of her during the few months she had been in England, and although we were first cousins, we were almost strangers to each other. I was told that she had been the belle of her native township in Australia; but neither her looks, style, nor manner commended themselves to my taste. The bridegroom I had not even seen. The match had been made up by my uncle, somewhat hastily, and I suspected that it was more or less of a *mariage des convenances*.

For the present, I was too much occupied in watching Digby to have thoughts or eyes for anybody else's concerns. The prettiest of the bridesmaids came up and began to talk to me, and I answered her at random, while my eyes wandered off every other minute in his direction. He was apparently behaving very well, talking politely to a feminine fogey, the bride's great-aunt. After a while, I noticed that he glanced again and again through the partially closed door.

What was the meaning of that? I discourteously abandoned my young lady, and took a seat on the opposite side of the room, where I also could command a view of whatever that half-open door might reveal. It revealed nothing—nothing but the empty corridor. Presently, it occurred to me that the time was going on very fast. The bride must speedily appear, unless we intended to drive the ceremony perilously near twelve o'clock.

A lady saw me looking at the clock, and said: 'Oh, you need not be afraid. I was never at a wedding yet where the bride was not dreadfully late, and yet the service was always over in time. There's a special providence to watch over marriages.'

'Or a cunning demon,' whispered an incorrigible bachelor at my elbow.

Just then, a late guest, who had missed his train, came in. His entrance caused a little bustle; and when it had subsided, I looked round, and saw that Digby had disappeared. A moment later, and our ears were greeted with an hysterical scream.

'Ah, poor darling! it has been too much for her nerves,' the ladies exclaimed, and rushed out pell-mell into the corridor; while the men looked at each other in bewildered discomfort.

I followed the feminine part of the company, and beheld my cousin Fanny, arrayed in her bridal robes, reclining in a fainting-fit upon a sort of divan, and partially supported by Lancelot Digby's arm.

There was the usual fatuous attempt to suffocate the sufferer by crowding around her, and the customary panic-stricken cries for water, smelling-salts, a fan. Some one asked, 'Where is her mother?' and as soon as the words were uttered, Mrs Dasher appeared upon the scene. She had gone to her room to make her own toilet, after putting the finishing touches to her daughter's, and had hastily thrust herself into a gown of gorgeous crimson satin, as soon as she heard Fanny's scream. As she made her way through the sympathetic group, her eye fell upon Digby, and then she, too, uttered an exclamation, and sank down pale and breathless upon the nearest chair. The same instant, we heard my uncle's voice shouting out a concluding admonition to the butler, as he ascended the stairs.

'Come, come,' he said, bursting in upon us; 'it's time to go—not a moment to spare. Keep your hysterics till afterwards. What the' —— And then he also became white and speechless.

This promised to be diverting. Was he going to follow the example of his sister and niece, and collapse in a fainting-fit? I looked round, and saw that there was no chair at hand. If he fainted, he must fall to the ground, unless some of the ladies were kind enough to sustain him in their arms. But he did not faint; his pallor was only the pallor of a white-heat rage. Quickly recovering his power of speech, he broke out into a storm of incoherent anathemas; then suddenly remembering the presence of the ladies and the necessity for preserving appearances, reiterated once more that there was not a moment to spare, and drove us all down-stairs before him, and into the carriages that were waiting at the door. I never knew exactly what became of Lancelot Digby at this point, or how he got out of the house. He had ceased to support the robust form of the fainting bride, who was borne off to her own room by her mother and a bevy of excited maid-servants; and in the general confusion, I lost sight of him.

We found the bridegroom and his best-man waiting at the church. The sight of Sir Marmaduke Fitzhugh's puny figure and Dutch-doll inane face led me to think that if Fanny Dasher had consented to marry him for his name and position, despising him in her heart, it was not to her credit; and if she did not despise him, her own taste was truly to be deplored. The service was to have commenced at eleven; at half-past, the bride had not appeared. The two clergymen who were to officiate conferred anxiously with the gentlemen of our party, and the poor little bridegroom's distress and nervousness were pitiable to witness. The minutes went by—our watches pointed to the quarter now; it was perfectly evident that there could be no wedding to-day. Nevertheless, we lingered in the church for another five minutes, to see whether anything would happen. Then the clergymen took off their surplices; and the luckless wedding guests, with the still more luckless bridegroom, re-entered the carriages, amid the jeers of the crowd that had collected round the church doors, and drove back to Balmoral Lodge.

Uncle Bert and his sister received us upon our return with a discomfiture which they tried very ineffectually to conceal. Fanny, they said, was suffering from a nervous attack, and had declared that she could not go to church that day—could not, or would not, it was much the same thing with a young lady suffering from an affection of the nerves. So the disappointed bridegroom went back to his hotel, and all the guests departed, with the exception of one or two old friends who were staying in the house.

But what on earth was the explanation of this singular fiasco? Why had this terrible wedding guest been invited? Above all, why was the outrage of his presence to be visited upon my head?

My uncle's fury burst out with the utmost violence as soon as we were left alone together.

'Why, you asked me to bring him, yourself,' I said.

'Don't fling a lie in my very face, sir!' he retorted; and I found it impossible to make him listen to a word of reason.

'It was a very clever trick of yours to bring that man here,' he shouted out after me as I was leaving the house; 'but you will find that you have outwitted yourself. You will regret that you did it, to the last day of your life.'

On my way back to Liverpool, the thought occurred to me, was there really anything wrong with that telegram, which my uncle so strenuously denied all knowledge of? I had unluckily destroyed it by this time, and so had only my bare word to urge against his. Was it a stupid hoax, perpetrated by some idiotic acquaintance, or a clever device of Digby's to gain entrance to my uncle's house?

I had not long to wait for a solution of this

part of the puzzle. Arriving at home, I found a letter from Bob Collier, which I transcribe at length:

DEAR SIMPKINS—I presume you got my telegram all right on Thursday. I lost no time in sending off one of the new sixpenny ones, but don't see that they are such a wonderful improvement, especially when you have to wire to fellows with names like yours. I shall be back in town on Friday or Saturday week, and hope to find you at the *Langham*, per agreement. Will Digby be able to join us? He seems a very agreeable fellow, of the quiet and steady sort. [Bob's perception of character was not very keen.] I hate going out with a man whom you're not sure of, and who is as likely as not to lug you into some scrape. Send me a line before the end of the week.—Yours ever, B. C., *alias* 'VILLIKINS.'

P.S.—Be sure to give my most affectionate regards to your dear uncle; you know he has always doted upon me.

So it was Bob who had sent the message, and the post-office clerks had converted 'Villikins' into 'Jenkins.' Why had I not connected him with the muddle and mystification before, by a natural association of ideas? It may be his fault or it may be his fate, but if he has only so much as his little finger in any affair, it is sure to end in an imbroglio. This is the worst turn, however, that you have ever done me yet, Master Bob, and I don't find it easy to forgive you. Why need he have telegraphed all my four names at length, and then rigidly curtailed all the important part of the communication within the sixpenny limit, as if an extra penny or three-halfpence were a matter of vital consequence to him? Why, indeed? It was just one of his usual fatuous proceedings, which no one could have explained, not even himself.

That same evening, I was passing the entrance to the North-western Station, when I saw a cab drive up, from which alighted Lancelot Digby, and a lady so closely veiled and muffled as almost to elude recognition. Nevertheless, I felt certain that it was my cousin Fanny; and following the couple warily in the crowd, I saw them enter a first-class carriage in the up-train that was just on the point of starting.

Next day, it was known all over Liverpool and Southport that Fanny Dasher had eloped with a fortune-hunter from Australia, on the very day on which she was to have been married to Sir Marmaduke Fitzhugh.

By degrees, I learned other details, which made the story clearer to my understanding. Fanny Dasher had possessed a fortune of her own before she had had any thought of inheriting Uncle Bert's money; and he had found her, upon his arrival in New South Wales, surrounded by a swarm of interested suitors, of whom Lancelot Digby was the most favoured. He had carried her off to England, away from them all, intending that she should make a brilliant marriage, of which he would reap some of the honour and glory. Digby followed her, without, I believe, any settled plan of action, but trusting to his handsome face and the chapter of accidents; and the result justified his faith. Many of Fanny's friends commiserated her for having become his prey; but their pity was scarcely deserved. She was twenty-five years old, and she knew the world—knew it much better than most young women of her age. As for Digby, he might not be a very eligible partner, but he was externally one of the most charming men and perfect gentlemen whom it has ever been my lot to meet.

It is I who am really most entitled to commiseration. Uncle Bert will never forgive me for my involuntary part in the affair, and has already willed away all his property to charities. He persists in believing that I aided and abetted Digby, in the hope of profiting by Fanny's disgrace, and stigmatises my account of the telegram as a mystification, if not something worse. I called upon Bob Collier to corroborate my statement, but with the worst success. Such a witness only served to damage my case. My uncle has always detested him, and promptly saluted him as conspirator number three.

This is the conclusion of my story—a most unsatisfactory one, so far as I am concerned. They say that all vexations and calamities carry with them some counterbalancing good, in the shape of wisdom and experience. I don't know that my late disagreeable adventure has brought me any such gain, unless it be a deepened impression of the value and beauty of brevity in proper names. I now write myself plain Frederick Simpkins. From this time forward, let none of my acquaintances address me as Frederick Augustus Smith-Simpkins, on pain of the cut direct.

'PAPA WILL PAY.'

'IT is all right; papa will pay.'

Few people have any notion of the misery wrought in many a middle-class family by the conduct of some shopkeepers in the matter of juvenile debtors. A lad, indeed, only needs to have impudence enough and heartlessness enough to obtain any bauble he craves for, so ready is this class of tradesmen to accord credit to the sons of well-to-do parents. We say 'sons' advisedly; for no instance of a young lady bringing trouble into the domestic circle in this way has ever come under our notice. Juvenile debtors of the fair sex may certainly exist, but they are rare; whilst so easy is it for a middle-class boy to get over head and ears into debt, to say nothing of pawning anything in the shape of family valuables he can lay hands on, that we are compelled to believe the habit of obtaining goods on the one hand and of relying on the dictum, 'Papa will pay' on the other, to be sadly common. Here are a few facts.

The youthful A and B, aged respectively eleven and thirteen, took it into their heads one afternoon to quit their homes and put up at a little country inn, some distance off, whither their parents, middle-class London folks, living on between two and three hundred a year, had once taken them to as a holiday treat. Now, the proprietor of this house must have been perfectly well aware that something was wrong. Children are never sent to inns alone under any circumstances; and people of small means would never dream of putting themselves to the expense of hotel accommodation for the sake of affording two boys a little treat. The duty of the host

and hostess was as plain as day; they should have interrogated the lads, and at once written to their parents. Instead of doing anything of the kind, they gave them supper, a bedroom, and breakfast next day, and would, I daresay, have kept their young customers for weeks. In the meantime, the boys' non-appearance had of course created the gravest alarm; telegrams were sent to all the police stations in London, and all kinds of harm were supposed to have happened to them. With the landlady, it was simply a question of papa will pay. And when the boys were accidentally discovered, of course papa did pay. Ought such a creditor to have received one farthing?

Take the case of C, a promising lad of seventeen, who wished to have a tricycle, a handsome one too. 'It is all right,' smiled the youth, to the too ready shopkeeper; 'papa will pay.' The delightful machine was brought home, where it was supposed to be a loan, or hired upon savings out of weekly pocket-money, and so on. Your juvenile debtor is of course obliged to part company with truth at an early stage of his career. The tricycle is enjoyed till papa is dunned, and the truth comes out. And of course, hard as it is to a man in such circumstances to spare the money, yet, on reiterated promises of better behaviour from the culprit, the debt is paid. Not that the law compels a father to discharge such claims; on this subject it is very explicit: 'Infants, when not living with their parents, may contract to a certain extent, namely, for necessaries.' But in this case the 'infant' was living under the paternal roof, so the objects contracted for were certainly not necessaries. Take the case of Master D, a lad living in a country town with his father, who contrived to run up bills to the extent of many pounds for nicknacks, luxuries in the way of eating and drinking, fopperies in the shape of haberdashery. These tradespeople were within a few hundred yards of the supposed guarantor. Why did they quietly supply the goods and hold their peace? Just because they knew that papa would pay.

But why, it may be asked, does Paterfamilias act thus weakly towards those who show so little conscience in their dealings with himself? The reasons are obvious. No right-minded man can support the burden of debt, and the debts incurred by his children are felt to be as much of a disgrace as his own. Nor can he endure the thought that hard-working tradespeople, however unscrupulously they may have supplied the goods, should be wronged. A tricycle can of course be returned, but not an object of a more perishable nature; there is a dead loss to the purveyor. A man, moreover, of susceptible mind does not like to publish to the world that so far the moral training of his son is a failure. He hopes to soften the boy's heart and bring him to a better way of thinking. Again, men do not like to be spoken ill of, as they assuredly would be if, in the first place, they cannot prevent their children from getting goods on credit, and in the second, they shake off all responsibility concerning such wrongdoing.

It seems to us that much as may be said on behalf of the parents, little excuse can be made for the tradesmen. We may bring up our boys as carefully as we will, yet we can never feel quite sure that some latent germ of evil may not make itself apparent at some time or other. But the shopkeeper knows perfectly well what he is about, the pawnbroker also. Would respectable parents, for instance, if reduced to some unexpected strait, send a child of thirteen to the pawnshop with a family relic in the shape of plate or jewellery? Explicit as is the law, it is not nearly explicit enough on the subject of juvenile debtors. Why should not an order, written and signed by the head of the family, be exacted of a minor when purchasing luxuries, instead of the careless, 'Papa will pay?' Why should not some such precaution be obligatory on the pawnbroker also? Worthy parents cannot help their sons turning out reprobates; more's the pity. The most anxious-minded father in the world cannot have a perpetual eye on the doings of his children. But juvenile debtors would be rarer and many a parent's burden lighter, if a boy belonging to the middle ranks of life could no longer obtain so much as a gooseberry tart on the strength of 'Papa will pay.'

ON THE THRESHOLD.

I.

Ring out, O bells, ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, this joyous glad refrain:
'A bright new year, a glad new year hath come to us again!'

II.

Ah, who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us, who listen now to your sweet melody?
Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.
O New Year, write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

III.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow;
God grant that after sorrow past, we all some joy may know.
Though tempest-tossed our barque awhile on Life's rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the Haven see.

IV.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the sound.
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round,
The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this the bright new year!

A. H. Baldwin.

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CHRISTMAS FARE.

About the latter end of the old, and the commencement of the new year, Leadenhall Market becomes one of the sights of London, and may perhaps, without exaggeration, be considered one of the wonders of the world. Those desirous of seeing the preparations made to enable the millions of Londoners to feast on goose, turkey, and game-pie, cannot do better than pay a visit to this the most largely patronised of all the markets in the metropolis. They will at least acquire a notion of the number of victims that have been sacrificed that London may dine. This market, originally established for the sale of grain about 1445, after passing through many vicissitudes, became a market for meat and fish; then it was a market for raw hides, afterwards for wool, and is now celebrated for its poultry. A great part of it was rebuilt in 1730; and it was further enlarged and restored in 1814. The corporation is at present engaged in the laudable effort, so far as the limited space will permit, of making this market more worthy of the richest city in the world. They are replacing tumble-down shanties and narrow passages by wide arcades and good shops, so that the Leadenhall Market of the future bids fair to be one of the city's chief ornaments. Unfortunately, the whole of the market does not belong to the corporation. Private enterprise is, however, following their example, though we think it a pity that the alterations were not made under one ownership, unity of design forming the chief beauty of a market.

On entering the market, our attention is immediately attracted by the number of turkeys. The thought crosses our mind that we have strayed into the regions of pantomime, and that the clown has just been performing one of his pantomimic tricks, and transformed the bricks, windows, shops, nay everything, into turkeys. Every available space is literally crammed with them. Rows of turkeys shut out the light from the shops, festoons of them hang round the doorways; turkeys hang from the ceilings inside, mountains of them are piled everywhere. The wonder is how, amidst this mass of turkeys, it is possible to find room for the hecatombs of geese and the thousands of head of game, both English and foreign, which are here.

Twenty years ago, our Christmas fare was not so varied as it is at the present day. Thanks to the facilities afforded by railways, fast ocean-going steamers, and the new method of refrigerating, not only the distant countries of Europe contribute of their best for our benefit, but the western hemisphere sends us several species of game; and we may buy prairie-chicken or canvas-back ducks almost as readily as though we were living in the United States.

Turkeys seem to be brought from all parts. A great number come from France, Belgium, and Ireland; most of the English from Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge. The dealers all agree that the Cambridge birds beat all others for fineness and flavour. There are breeders in that county and in Norfolk who have a reputation for the superior quality of their turkeys; they have reduced the art of feeding to a science, and can command a high price for all they send to market. Most of the birds are consigned to wholesale dealers, who dispose of them to the retailers in London and the suburbs. They are sold by tens, twenties, fifties, and even hundreds, to the poulterers. Each of these has a certain class of customers to provide for, so that what will suit one retailer in appearance, size, and quality, will not do for another. We have been told that one wholesale dealer in the market has been known to sell two thousand turkeys before breakfast!

The male turkey, when alive, does not bear a good character; he is pompous and choleric—a bad husband, and an unnatural father. In short, he deserves nothing better than to be stuffed, roasted, and eaten. It is after death that his good qualities become pre-eminent. Several of the most efficient professors of the culinary art in that country across the Channel where

alone it has been elevated to an art, have vied with each other in giving to the world various recipes for the proper preparation for the table of the largest and most savoury of all domestic fowls; and a few enthusiastic gastronomers have in their delight apotheosised the turkey. There is no doubt that a good turkey of the year, about Christmas-time, stuffed with Périgord truffles, is a dish of which to dream until Christmas comes again. Even to those who do not care to pay as much for the stuffing as for the bird, the turkey, when properly roasted, and brought to table on the largest of dishes, presents a noble appearance. He may be a helpless, headless object, sprawling on his back with his legs in the air; still his breast is inflated in proud defiance, and he is proud and able to contend for the honour of the day with any other biped or quadruped on the table. There is one thing upon which all the authorities seem to agree—never to boil a turkey. Hot or cold, the flavour of a roasted turkey is as superior to the boiled as it is possible to be.

But let us turn from the imperious turkey to the humbler fare the market supplies. In point of numbers, the geese appear to approach next to the turkey, but do not absorb so much care or attention, as they are thrown down anywhere, and not displayed with the loving care given to the turkeys. They are plentiful enough, in all stages of obesity, white, yellow, and brown samples of greasy fatness. The fact is, the goose is not at his best at this season of the year; he has been plied with forcing-food, and has accumulated an enormous quantity of fat without improving the quality of the flesh. You may have a gosling in June; but Michaelmas is the time when geese are at their best. Later on, the flesh becomes tough and tasteless. A great many geese are sent to market much too old to be eaten; and it is not easy for those who are not experts to tell a young bird from an old one. In answer to our inquiry, we were informed by our friend the salesman—to whom we are indebted for some curious items of information respecting the ways of the profession—that the feet are the best guide. In a young goose, these should be soft and yellow—not red: if they are the last colour, the bird is either old or stale.

Ireland sends a great number of geese to this country in the season, but they are not held in very high estimation by the best class of poulterers. Vast flocks of these birds are brought from Holland and Germany; and there are establishments conducted on a large scale in this country which are devoted to the process of fattening them. Judging by the specimens to be seen around, the purpose is thoroughly fulfilled. Lincolnshire is the county where the rearing and fattening of geese are especially studied; and of all the home-bred specimens sent to market, these are the most highly esteemed. Sussex has of late become rather famous for its geese, but few of these find their way to London, good markets being found at Brighton, Hastings, and other towns on the coast.

Game is here also in astonishing numbers. Pheasants in heaps, as though shot down by cartloads, are lying in all directions, before being sorted according to size, age, and condition. Hares and rabbits in such numbers, that surely the farmers will have no cause for some time to grumble at the superabundance of ground-game. These are sent up old and young, one with another, in huge square hampers, and are diligently sorted, as the pick of the consignments fetch a higher price. The best are bought by the poulterers who have shops in those neighbourhoods where price is not so much an object as superior quality.

As we have said, the most distant countries of Europe contribute some of their choicest kinds of game to this wonderful market. Russia, for instance, occasionally sends us numbers of woodcocks and pheasants, as well as several kinds of wild-fowl. From Hungary we have some magnificent hares, which fetch a high price, and are held in great estimation; and sometimes a wild boar, which does not appear to be so well appreciated. From Norway and Sweden we get large consignments of ptarmigan, which, in their snow-white winter plumage, make a pretty show, in contrast with the quantities of blackcock and capercailzie, the largest and fiercest of all game-birds, and for which our markets are almost entirely dependent on these countries for a supply. When the weather is cold, wild-fowl in abundance and of excellent quality are furnished by Holland. As if all this were not enough, the New World sends us sides of prairie-fed beef—which many people are now learning to appreciate—a few wild turkeys, and various species of grouse in large quantities. The most plentiful of these is the pinnated grouse, or prairie-hen, which is excellent eating; and we have also seen the pheasant-tailed grouse, or cock of the plains, a very large bird; but as it feeds chiefly on wormwood, its flesh has a pungent flavour which is not agreeable to every one. There is also the capercailzie, which seems to be identical with the Norway species, though some declare that it has a finer flavour. The ruffed grouse—so called from the ruff of black feathers on each side of the neck—is also excellent eating, and comes both from Canada and the United States. But the greatest delicacy of all, and the one held in the highest esteem by all gastronomers, is the canvas-back duck, which is peculiar to the United States. It is a sea-duck, and frequents the bays and estuaries on the east coast, particularly Chesapeake Bay, where it arrives after the breeding season in the far north in prodigious numbers. It is somewhat like the common pochard, which is a regular winter visitor to this country from the extreme north; and numbers are sold in the London markets. The canvas-back and the pochard both have red eyes, which at once distinguishes them from most other species. The peculiarity and excellence of flavour of the canvas-back, which has a suspicion of celery about it, is attributed to its food, and doubtless because of this flavour it is said to feed on wild celery. The fact is, the shoals of the bays these ducks frequent are covered with vallisneria, a well-known water-weed; for this it dives, tearing it up by the roots, upon which part alone it feeds.

It may not be out of place here to mention, though it is not in connection with this particular market, that for the last year or two,

perfectly fresh, good, and wholesome salmon have been sent in refrigerators from America at this season of the year. As this is a close-time in all our lakes and rivers, it is certainly a novelty to be able to buy salmon at about one shilling the pound. Those accustomed to Scotch and Severn salmon will, however, miss the delicious flavour for which these are so celebrated, in this foreign substitute.

There are, of course, many other things in the market which we have not noticed in this short account of Christmas fare, such as ordinary fowls, ducks, sucking-pigs, venison, and many more. We have attempted only to call attention to the most noticeable. We have been unable to procure any reliable figures to show the vast number of turkeys, geese, and heads of various kinds of game that pass through Leadenhall Market at this season. But after all, figures never convey so much to the mind as the actual objects themselves. Let those, therefore, who feel an interest and a desire to know more on the subject, pay a visit to the market, and see for themselves what it takes to feed London with poultry alone at this season.

AT TREVENNA COTTAGE.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

As previously stated, when Captain Avory and Bosy Groote took their midnight drive from Trevenna Cottage to Hoogies, they neither met nor overtook any one by the way; as a consequence of which, they flattered themselves that a knowledge of their nocturnal expedition was confined to themselves and Mrs Avory alone. But in this they were mistaken. On the night in question, a certain pensioner, Joel Clitheroe, who had been a sergeant in the army, was on his way home from Boscombe to Cawdray, the little hamlet situated a mile or more beyond Hoogies. Joel had made one at a birthday party at Boscombe, which had not broken up till a little before midnight. At that hour the only way for him to reach home was to walk the distance; but of that he thought little, being hale and hearty for his years; besides which, the exercise and the cool night-air would tend to clear his brain in some measure and mitigate the effects of his too frequent potations. Joel had reached that part of the road where it dips towards the shore and is overshadowed by the plantation on each side of it, when he heard the sound of approaching wheels. The road at this part is not only in deep shadow, but it is narrow and tortuous as well, and devoid of any side-walk for pedestrians. Hearing the vehicle drawing rapidly nearer, and having no fancy for being run over in the dark, the old soldier contrived to scramble up the bank on one side of the road and there support himself by passing his arm round the trunk of a tree. The night was so dark, and he was so entirely in the shade of the brushwood, that it was impossible for any one to see him from the road.

Captain Avory, driving the wagonette slowly and carefully, had only passed Joel some half-dozen yards when he came to a halt. Then it was that Bosy got down, put on the drag, and began to lead the horse downhill. A few words, and those in an under-tone, passed between the captain and Bosy, but they were sufficient to enable Joel Clitheroe to recognise the voice of the latter. He had known Bosy ever since his return to Hoogies, five years before; he had, in fact, known him thirty years before, when Bosy was a boy; and he felt convinced that he was not mistaken in the voice.

'What's in the wind now?' he said as he scrambled down and resumed his journey. 'What's Bosy Groote doing in a trap at this time o' night, and who's the man that's with him? Maybe, they are after a bit of quiet smuggling. If so, it ought to come natural to Bosy, if one-half that's told about the old house is true.'

He went on his way, keeping in the rear of the wagonette, although he could only judge his distance from it by hearing and not by sight. In a little while he came near to the point where the plantations ended and the road reached the level of the shore. Then all at once the sound of wheels in front of him ceased. He halted and listened, but nothing could be heard. Had the wagonette come to a stand in the middle of the road? If not, what had become of it? Suddenly he gave his leg a slap, as he had a trick of doing when a fresh thought struck him. 'Why, of course, that's it!' he said. 'They have turned off on to the sands by the end of the plantation, and that's why I can no longer hear the wheels. They are taking the turn round to Hoogies. A bit o' smuggling, without a doubt. I thought it was about put a stop to in these days. Well, well, it's no business of mine, though a pound or two of tobacco or a keg of cognac wouldn't come amiss to a poor man.—But who was the fellow that was with Bosy, I wonder?' Joel Clitheroe now quickened his pace, and reached home about half an hour later, without having seen or heard anything more of the wagonette or its occupants.

He was later than usual in rising next morning, his over-night potations having had the effect of making him sleep heavily. He was a little cross and out of sorts, as men are apt to be who have overstepped the line they usually draw for themselves, and for the time being he forgot all about his adventure. Soon after his mid-day meal was over, a neighbour, another pensioner, who had nothing to do, came in, and the two sat for an hour or two, smoking, drinking thin ale, and gossiping of bygone days. A casual mention of Hoogies by his friend brought back to the old soldier's mind what he had seen and heard last night in connection with Bosy Groote. It would be something fresh to talk about, so he proceeded to relate all there was to tell.

'What say you, Martin?' he remarked, when he had brought his narrative to an end. 'Shall we walk as far as the old house, and see if we can find any traces of last night's work? A bottle or two of brandy, or a few cakes of tobacco, now—eh, Martin?'

Martin was nothing loth. Life at Cawdray was certainly very stagnant, and anything that promised a little variety was welcome. So the two set out together. Evening was creeping on,

and in less than an hour it would be dark. They took the road along the shore in the direction of Hoogies, smoking and talking as they went. When they reached the point where the end of the plantation comes down close to the shore, Joel said to his companion: 'This is the spot where the trap turned off the hard road on to the soft sand. There ought to be some wheel-marks hereabouts. The tide hardly ever reaches as high as this.'

A minute's search enabled them to find not merely the marks of wheels, but those made by the hoofs of a horse as well.

'And here's the track made by 'em when they came back,' said Martin, who was a quick-sighted old fellow.

The two men pressed on more eagerly; the adventure began to look promising. The wheel-tracks led them direct to the fire-blackened ruins of the house. When a few yards from it, they halted to reconnoitre. No faintest curl of smoke was issuing from the chimney; there was no sound or sign of life anywhere. Still, that was no proof that Bosy Groote was not at home; but might there not be some one with him—some one who might resent the intrusion of strangers? It was just as well, Joel thought, that he had not ventured here alone. But he was an old campaigner, not easily daunted, and the vision of that keg of cognac floated pleasantly before his mind's eye. 'There can be no harm in taking a peep, eh, mate?' he said to Martin in an under-tone.

'They can't bite our heads off, any way,' growled the latter as he turned over the quid in his cheek.

They drew nearer the house, their footsteps making no noise in the yielding sand. When they reached the rude door which opened into the kitchen, they paused again, to listen; but all was as silent as a dwelling of the dead. Then Joel lifted the latch gently, and pushing open the door a little way, he craned forward his long neck and peered round the desolate room. 'We needn't have bothered ourselves,' he said with a grunt of disappointment. 'There ain't a soul here.'

'Still, they must ha' been here last night, else why the wheel-tracks?' returned the other. 'Perhaps, though, it was only to stow something away. There's said to be many a queer hiding-place about these old walls.'

They had entered the kitchen by this time and were peering eagerly around; but the place was even more empty and dismantled than usual.

'There's the remains of a fire on the hearth, and that's all,' grumbled the ex-sergeant.

'It's a funny caper, say what you will,' answered Martin. 'Two men and a trap at this blessed ruin at one o'clock in the morning! They must have had business here, or they wouldn't ha' come. Very well, then, the question is, what was that business?'

Before Joel could frame any reply to this perplexing problem, there came a sudden cry. 'Help! help!' called a voice, that sounded strangely near and yet far away; but whence it proceeded, the two startled men could not even guess. The eyes of one went up to the roof, while those of the other went down to the floor; then they reversed their gaze, and then they stared at each other blankly.

'Here's a start!' said Martin in a whisper. 'Where did it come from, mate?'

'Blessed if I know. Down the chimbly, it seemed to me.'

'They do say as how there was a murder done here years ago. Maybe it's the'——

'Help! help!' cried the voice again.

'That's no ghost's voice; it's real flesh and blood,' exclaimed Joel sturdily. 'There's some poor soul hereabouts as needs a helping hand. What say you, Mart?'

'Right you are. I'll stand by you through thick and thin.'

'Then I'll give him a hail,' said Joel, who had lived so long among fisher-folk that he spoke like one to the manner born. 'Hillo, mate,' he called out, 'where be you?'

'Here, here,' responded the mysterious voice.

'Where be here?'

'I'm shut up in a dungeon under your feet—just below where you are standing.'

The two men gave a leap. 'Under our feet! Then it did not come down the chimbly, after all,' said the ex-sergeant.

'Who brought you here?' he asked, going down a little stiffly on one knee, in order that his questions might be more distinctly heard.

'That is more than I know; I was insensible at the time.'

'Bless us and save us! I shouldn't wonder if he was hid away at the bottom of the trap that passed me on the road last night,' said Joel. Then he called again: 'How long have you been here?'

'About a day and a night, as nearly as I can judge,' came the answer; and indeed to poor Mr Saverne the dreary hours had seemed twice as long as that.

'Make your mind easy, sir. You are among friends, who will help you, never fear.' The instinct of the old soldier had told him that he was talking with a gentleman.

The two men consulted together. What was to be done? The kitchen was in almost complete darkness by this time, and they had no means of obtaining a light. They were at a loss to know in what way they could most readily effect the release of the imprisoned man. Their belief was that, like themselves, he was in the dark, only the darkness down there must be far more intense than it was above ground. They groped about on the floor for some traces of a trap-door, but could find none. At length it was decided that Martin should go back to the village for lights and assistance, leaving Joel meanwhile to keep watch and ward till his return.

This determination was communicated to Mr Saverne, who did not fail to express his thanks; and then Martin set out at a quick pace for the village. Joel, having lighted his pipe, began to pace slowly to and fro outside the door. It reminded him of the time when he had done sentry-duty twenty years before.

Martin was back in less than an hour, bringing with him half-a-dozen volunteers, among whom was the village carpenter with a bag of tools. There, too, by a fortunate chance, was Dr Mayfield in his gig. The doctor had

been returning from visiting a patient, when he had overtaken the little crowd on their way to Hoogies; and on hearing that their errand was the rescue of a gentleman who was said to have been shut up in a dungeon of the old house for four-and-twenty hours, he had determined to accompany them. It might be that in such a case his services would have to be brought into requisition, besides which, his curiosity was aroused.

Half-a-dozen candles were quickly lighted, and then the carpenter set to work. A brief examination of the floor sufficed to convince him of the existence of a trap-door; but he utterly failed to discover the means by which it worked. There was, however, no time to waste in experiments while the prisoner below was waiting to be released; so he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, marked a square with chalk on the floor, and opened his tool-basket. In less than half an hour he had cut an opening in the thick planking large enough for a good-sized man to squeeze himself through. A dozen necks were eagerly craned forward as the last piece of planking was torn away, and, to the surprise of every one, a faint gleam of light was seen to irradiate the darkness below.

'Hurrah!' shouted the little crowd heartily. No doubt, there would be unlimited beer and tobacco at the end of such an adventure as this!

'Here you are, sir, all alive O!' cried the ex-sergeant in his cheery tones.

By this time the dark figure of a man could be discerned, dimly outlined by the faint glimmer in the dungeon.

'Thank you, my friends—thank you, every one,' responded this figure. 'But will you please tell me how I'm to get out? I see no stairs, no'——

'Here be a ladder,' called out a voice. Every one turned, and two hats were knocked off, as one end of Bosy's ladder was pushed unceremoniously through the crowd.

Two minutes later, Mr Saverne was standing among his new-found friends, shaking hands with each of them in turn. Joel and Martin were the first for whom he asked, and then the sturdy carpenter came in next for his thanks. But not to cold thanks alone, which fill no man's stomach, was their reward to be limited, as he at once led them to understand.

Then Dr Mayfield introduced himself. 'I thought it not unlikely, from what our good friends here told me, that my services might be required. Although it is scarcely professional of me to say so, I am heartily glad to find that they are not. But my gig is outside, and if I can give you a lift anywhere, I shall be happy to do so. For the present, I will refrain from inquiring how it happens that I find you in so strange a predicament.'

'I am really much obliged to you, doctor,' answered Mr Saverne gratefully; 'but, first of all, can you tell me how far I am from Boscombe Regis?'

'A good three miles. Is that the place you want to go to?'

'It is, and as quickly as possible.'

'Then I'm your man. Boscombe Regis is where I live.'

'Then perhaps you are acquainted with a certain Captain Avory?'

'I certainly have that pleasure,' answered the doctor drily. 'Is Trevenna Cottage your present destination, may I ask?'

Edward Saverne hesitated for a moment, then he said: 'It is.'

What other answer, he asked himself, was it possible for him to give? Before he could decide upon anything, he must see his cousin and demand certain explanations from him, which explanations would have to be very complete and satisfactory indeed. Yes, whatever his after-course might be, he must certainly go first of all to Trevenna Cottage. Meanwhile, not even to this worthy doctor, who seemed to take such an interest in him, would he say a word that would seem in any way to inculpate Lucius.

'When you are ready, I am at your service,' said the doctor.

But Mr Saverne would not leave till he had divided the contents of his purse among those who had done him such good service. He took down in his pocket-book the addresses of Joel and Martin, and promised to visit them at Cawdray in the course of a few days. After this, the doctor and he mounted the gig, and set off amid the plaudits of the little crowd. By this time it was quite dark, but the evening was clear and starlit, and the doctor had driven over the road for years. They had halted for a little while to breathe the mare on the brow of the hill, when Mr Saverne said, after rather a long silence: 'I must apologise for not introducing myself earlier to you. My name is Edward Saverne. I am a cousin of Captain Avory, and I have but lately returned from Australia.'

If his companion had announced himself as being a veritable ghost, Dr Mayfield could scarcely have been more startled than he was for a moment or two. He drew away from him as far as the limits of the gig would allow, and stared at him in wide-eyed astonishment—a look which the other could feel rather than see. Then he said to himself: 'Pooh! the fellow's an impostor.'

'What you tell me, sir, is simply impossible,' he remarked aloud. 'Mr Edward Saverne, the cousin of Captain Avory of Trevenna Cottage, and late of Australia, died and was buried at Boscombe Regis close on a month ago from the present time. I, sir—Julius Mayfield, at your service—attended Mr Saverne professionally during his last illness, saw him within six hours of his death, signed the certificate of his burial; and, if you choose, sir, to accompany me to-morrow morning, I shall have much pleasure in—— Ahem! I mean that if it will be any satisfaction to you, I can point out to you his grave.'

It was now the other one's turn to stare. A brief silence ensued. Then Mr Saverne said, in that slow, dogged way which was habitual with him in certain moods: 'Well, doctor, I don't know what the fellow you buried called himself, but I do know this—that the man beside you is the real Simon Pure. If that's not so, why did my cousin Lucius meet me at Mumpton station last night, and drive me to Trevenna Cottage? Why did his wife welcome

me as her kinsman from Australia, and provide a nice little supper for me? Why—— But I need not pursue the subject further. If it's not out of your way, doctor, perhaps you won't mind setting me down at Trevenna Cottage, and then'—— He paused. And then, what? he asked himself. Was he in a land of witchcraft, or where was he? If he had been puzzled and mystified before, he was a hundredfold more puzzled and mystified now.

'I will gladly set you down at Trevenna Cottage,' answered the doctor as he whipped up the mare. A horrible misgiving was beginning to take possession of him. He had not forgotten the hints and suggestions of foul-play thrown out by Mr Muncaster. Other little things he had not forgotten which he had noted in his memory at different times. What if there should be some foundation of truth behind all these ugly surmises! The thought turned him sick.

Turning to his companion a little abruptly, he said: 'Pardon me, sir; but if you are the person you represent yourself as being, you can hardly fail to remember the contents of the will you made previously to leaving England. Would you mind enlightening me as to the nature of one or two of its clauses?'

'Not at all, since we seem to be altogether at cross-purposes. My will contained but one clause. By it I bequeathed to my cousin, Lucius Avory, as my nearest living relative, the proceeds of a policy of insurance on my life for five thousand pounds. Nothing could be more simple.'

It was some moments before the doctor could find his voice, and when he did, it trembled with an emotion he could not control. 'If what you say be true, sir—and I dare not doubt that it is—then it becomes my duty to inform you that you have been made the victim of one of the vilest frauds it ever entered the heart of a wicked man to conceive and carry out. To-morrow—Wednesday—at noon, Captain Avory is due at the Stork Insurance Company's office in London, there to be paid a cheque for five thousand pounds, the same being the amount due on a policy of insurance bequeathed him by his cousin, the late Edward Saverne, who died on the 12th of last month, and was buried at Boscombe Regis.'

When the two men reached Trevenna Cottage, they alighted. As they walked up the garden pathway, they noticed that there was not a light to be seen anywhere. Nevertheless, Mr Saverne knocked loudly and tugged vigorously at the bell. But there came no response, as indeed, somehow, he hardly expected there would. Again and again the summons was repeated, but with no better effect. The darkness and silence remained unbroken. At length the two men turned away without a word, weary and sad at heart.

Wednesday was here, and the City clocks, with more or less of unanimity, had just proclaimed the hour of noon, when Captain Avory, immaculate in French gray gloves and snowy gaiters, and with a flower in his button-hole, jauntily ascended the steps of the Stork Insurance office, and requested the liveried janitor who opened the swing-doors for him to direct him to Mr Muncaster's room. Whatever inward misgivings may have possessed him, they betrayed nothing of themselves on the surface. If his eyes were not smiling, his lips certainly were, and his sharp white teeth gleamed through the rift in his moustache. He was carelessly humming a little air under his breath as the first janitor passed him on to the second, who finally ushered him into Mr Muncaster's room.

Mr Muncaster looked up, nodded, and smiled as his visitor entered. 'Good-morning, Captain Avory—glad to see you,' he said. 'There's nothing like punctuality in these matters. We are quite ready for you, I am happy to say. Pray, take a chair for one moment.' Then he resumed his writing.

Captain Avory sat down as requested; but somehow the smile died away on his lips, and he ceased to warble under his breath. Mr Muncaster's greeting might be a pleasant one, but there was a cold, green glitter in his eyes which made the captain shiver, and seemed to bode but little good.

But not much time was allowed him for thought of any kind. Mr Muncaster's letter was quickly finished and handed to the messenger who answered his summons. As soon as the man was gone, he took up a tube, one of several which hung close to his chair, and after blowing through it, he put the mouthpiece to his ear. 'Yes, sir,' came the answer in tones hollow enough to have done credit to a transpontine ghost. Placing the mouthpiece to his lips this time, Mr Muncaster said: 'Tell Davies that Captain Avory is here, and let me know at once whether everything is in readiness.' Only a few seconds had he to wait for the response. 'Everything is in readiness, sir.' Mr Muncaster nodded and smiled to himself.

Meanwhile, Captain Avory, whose hands were perspiring most uncomfortably for so cool a morning, had slowly pulled off his French gray gloves. No doubt his signature would be required presently to some document or other, and it was just as well to be in readiness.

'And now, captain, I am at your service,' said Mr Muncaster pleasantly. 'Will you kindly step this way?'

For a moment he hesitated and glanced around. 'Everything is in readiness for what or whom?' he asked himself. 'Why, to pay me over the cheque for five thousand, of course,' was his own answer to his own question. And yet, strange to say, he felt very much like a fly which was deliberately walking into a spider's web, half suspecting the while the doom that lay in wait for it.

Mr Muncaster, holding open an inner door, was looking at him with a peculiar smile. He hesitated no longer, but passed through the door, which closed at once behind him. Together the two men traversed the corridor beyond, at the end of which were two more silent swing-doors, where stood two men, one in livery and the other in plain clothes; and so they passed forward into another large empty room.

'Just a single moment,' said Mr Muncaster with uplifted finger, and with that he strode forward, and opening the door of a further room, peeped in.

Captain Avory, holding his hat in his hand, came to a halt with military precision in the middle of the floor. His heart was thumping like a steam-hammer, and his lips were strangely parched and feverish. He moistened them with his tongue, then he sniffed at the flower in his button-hole, and then he threw up his head with an air of defiance.

Mr Muncaster beckoned to him with an ominous finger. 'If you please, my dear sir—if you please,' he said in his most dulcet tones.

Captain Avory squared his shoulders, gave a loud 'Hem!' and marched forward as stiffly as if he were going on parade. He heard the door close behind him, and was somehow dimly conscious that another man, in addition to Mr Muncaster, had followed him into the room. And then he looked round. He had no need to take a second look; he saw it all at a glance. He was trapped—brought to bay—lost—ruined! Fronting him sat three people, any one of whom, sitting in that place and on that occasion, would have been to him as an infallible symbol of doom. First of all, there was good, simple-hearted Dr Mayfield, the man whom he had hoodwinked and bamboozled as easily as he might have done a child, who was now gazing at him through his gold-rimmed spectacles more in sorrow than in anger, and with a tear lurking somewhere in the corner of his eye. Next to him, all in black, sat Mrs Preedy, as grim, rigid, and angular as a monumental effigy; in her eyes shone no moisture of pity, but rather a cold stony glare, pierced through by one venomous spark of hatred. Lastly, came a face far more terrible to him than the others—that of his much-wronged cousin. By what strange miracle was he here! He was looking straight at him, with eyes that were stern indeed, but which yet had a sort of sad surprised questioning look in them, as though they were asking: 'Can this be the man whom I trusted and treated as a brother!'

He could bear no more. He gave a great gasp, made a clutch at his heart, and staggered back like a drunken man towards the door, those three accusing faces still following him with their eyes. Suddenly, a strong hand, which seemed at once to support and to hold him, was thrust under his arm, and a voice said in his ear: 'Captain Avory, you must consider yourself my prisoner. I hold a warrant for your arrest on a charge of'——

But Captain Avory heard no more; for the only time in his life, he had fainted. At this point he may well pass from our sight for ever.

Mr Saverne could not be persuaded to take any legal proceedings against his cousin. 'I cannot forget that Lucius and I were like brothers together when we were boys,' he said; 'and whatever may have been his errors and misfortunes since that time, he is still my nearest living relative. He will be sufficiently punished without my adding to the burden he will have to bear.'

But the Stork Insurance Company took no such merciful view of Captain Avory's misdemeanour. They had a duty to perform to themselves and the public, and they performed it. On this point it is unnecessary to say more.

Mrs Avory disappeared as completely as though no such person had ever been in existence. She could scarcely fail to read in the newspapers the account of her husband's arrest and examination; and not knowing how far the law might choose to take cognisance of her share in the matter, she probably decided that the wisest thing she could do would be to drop out of sight as quietly and unobtrusively as possible.

Bosy Groote was another individual who was seen no more in those parts which had known him best; while Hoogies, it is pleasant to relate, has long ago been levelled to the ground.

Mr Saverne was a man who occasionally did things which other people would rarely think of doing. He sought out little Florrie Sadgrove, and finding her to be a clever and interesting child, he caused her to be educated at his expense, and later on, he set her fairly on her way in life. It is a good thing to know that she has not failed to do credit to his generosity.

ELVES, PIXIES, AND WITCHES.

THERE is a small blue lake at the foot of some of the Welsh mountains which the ancient inhabitants, descended from the old Druidical school, suppose to be the abode of the fairies. Those old Britons, driven out from their English homes by the invading Romans, and seeking shelter and safety among the Welsh and Cornish fastnesses, held many superstitious fancies. They saw tokens and charms in all nature, and believed as truly in good and bad spirits, in mischievous sprites and pixies, in witches and wizards, and the machinations of the Evil One, as they did in their law-giving Druids, their vates, and their legend-singing bards. Nature was their book of the unknown, behind whose unturned pages lurked things beyond their simple comprehension. A brave and fearless nation to foes that they could face openly, yet were they the veriest cowards before the slightest and most harmless thing in nature that they, in their ignorance, failed to account for. Thus, their pixies and their sprites visited many houses; and in nearly every lane and hedgerow had their haunts, and under many of the wide-spreading trees did they dance their midnight dance and hold their fairy revels. They visited the milk-pails and upset their contents, and they turned the cream, and prevented its churning into butter. They rode the horses left in the fields at night until they half killed them, and they used for these mad rides the hairs pulled from the unfortunate animals' necks or tails, twisted into stirrups to rest their tiny feet in. They led astray those people whom they found abroad after nightfall; and the only remedy to secure safety from their pranks was to turn some article of clothing upon the body. They stole or changed children who had been left in their cradles, and they invariably appeared dressed in rags.

But these were pixies of the mischievous order; there were others—the good and industrious—who worked at the looms all night and did

the washing for any family which they happened to take a fancy to, or they busied themselves by thrashing the corn in the barns; but one and all of this hard-working sort were ragged and dirty; and the mortals to whom they rendered such valuable assistance, upon finding out to whom they were indebted, in gratitude supplied them with gay new clothes; and the pixies in seeming delight donned these garments, and departed, singing as they went—

> Now the pixies' work is done,
> We take our clothes and off we run.

And off they did run indeed, for their kind offices for ever afterwards ceased.

So much for the pranks of the pixies. The witches were quite another kind of thing; and if offended, would cast an 'evil eye' upon the cattle or the family of the offending one. In that case the cattle died, and the family became sick, and sometimes died also. Thus, to guard against the evil that one witch worked, another was propitiated, and gave a counter-charm, that alleviated, or entirely removed the ills worked by her sister-witch. Some witches assumed the forms of dogs, hares, and cats, as in the well-known legend of Pendle Forest, in consequence of which tale as told by the Robinsons, eighteen persons were tried at Lancaster, and seventeen of these unfortunate creatures were found guilty of witchcraft, and six out of that number forfeited their lives upon the scaffold.

'The Lancashire Witches,' still a standing toast of the county, given with brimming glasses, leads some of us to forget for a time the bonnie girls to whom the term applies in these our days, and to allow our thoughts to wander far back into the past, when, in place of the mills and factories, the land was covered with giant trees, gorse, and bracken, and the deer and other wild animals roved at will in their picturesquely beautiful domain, wherein the foot of man seldom trod. And musing of those bygone days when Pendle was one of the largest forests of our isle, we forget the handsome lasses of the county, and muse on the legend of the forest wherein the Irwell first finds its source.

Do you, my readers, know how the tales of the wood-cutters were credited by a superstitious nation?—how, in a violent storm in Pendle Forest, Robinson said that he saw by the flashing of the lightning the terrible witch of the forest perched upon a high crag, and that he felt her cat rubbing itself against his legs, and that the cat expressed itself in good English, and informed him that the witch would meet him at Malkin Tower? Then the legend proceeds to tell that young Robinson went into the forest the night before his father's journey, and that he saw two beautiful greyhounds, with collars of gold about their necks; and while he admired the dogs, a hare came upon the scene, and he, seeing so good an opportunity for a hunt, tried to urge on the dogs, and even struck them to compel them to do his bidding; but in spite of all his endeavours, the dogs remained passive; and while he looked in wonder at them, one was suddenly transformed into the witch of the forest, and the other into a little boy. Young Robinson went on to state that the witch forced him to remain where he was, and even offered him money to keep silence; but her money he refused; and then immediately the little boy was transformed into a white horse, and young Robinson was placed in front of the witch upon its back, and it galloped off to a place in the forest known as the spot where 'the witches' Sabbath' was celebrated. At this place, about fifty witches were assembled; and a young woman presented Robinson with a steak set upon a golden dish; but he was unable to eat it on account of the taste, which was quite disgusting. Subsequently he found himself in a barn, where there were six witches, who were engaged pulling ropes suspended from the ceiling, by which the choicest and richest articles of food descended. Then a great caldron was procured, and the witches performed and used various incantations around it; during which ceremony Robinson managed to escape, and was pursued by the whole troop of witches.

The tale runs, that after his adventure, young Robinson became ill, and raved for a whole week about witches; whereupon, the tale of his adventures getting wind, eighteen poor women were tried for the offence of witchcraft. One of the unfortunate creatures was so much frightened, that she imagined she was actually a witch, and is said to have made certain confessions before her death relative to her dealings with the Evil One.

Still, though all our island teemed with the tales of the supernatural, the most credited and renowned tales of elves, pixies, sprites, witches, and the like appear to have had their origin along the western parts of our island, and more particularly in Wales. Some historians, however, ascribe our great poet Shakspeare's ideas concerning fairy elves to have originated in the Isle of Wight, where many tales of these little creatures' doings were current at the time of his supposed visit to that garden of England. But it is not to be wondered at that the Welsh should hold many superstitious fancies. Ancient Britons as they were, they believed implicitly in the Druidical egg inclosed in gold hung about the necks of their priests. Pliny tells us that this egg was the distinguishing badge of the Druids, that it was of the size of an apple, that its shell was a cartilaginous incrustation full of little cavities like those upon the arms of the polypus. The origin is said to have been derived from serpents, a number of whom entwined themselves together, and whose hissing sent up the egg into the air, where it was caught ere falling to the ground. The person who caught the substance used a clean white linen cloth for the purpose, and was mounted upon a very fleet horse; and having secured his prize, he galloped off at headlong speed, pursued by the angry serpents, which stayed not their chase until they reached running water. If the egg was genuine, it was incased in gold, and would then swim against the stream. The power of the egg was considered miraculous, and those who wore it were insured against almost every known evil. The belief in it was certainly sincere, for the great Druidical temples of Avebury, Stonehenge, and of Carnac in Brittany, together with many others, were dedicated to the worship of the sun and the serpent.

But the tales that were the most pleasant were those concerning the pranks or kindly actions of the little people, and it is to these that the following legend relates. The tale that we now have to do with is, of course, only a fairy tale relating to a family of good pixies who dwelt beyond a Welsh lake under the shadow of lofty hills—Avernus, as the Mabinogi, or fables of the Welsh, call these little sprites. Well! On the first day of May, many, many years ago, after the poor Britons had been compelled to give up the hills and valleys, the woodlands and meadow-land, the rivers and streams, of dear old England, and hurry for shelter to the more secure fastnesses of Wales, away from their Roman invaders, there was a door in the rocks that opened close down to the water. This door gave access to the fairy domain; and if any curious mortal wished to penetrate the secrets of this abode of the little folks, he must cross the water on this first day of May, and enter the door, where he would find a fairy page in attendance, who evinced his readiness to conduct the visitor to the favourite haunt of the fairy queen and her court. Following the page, the visitor observed winding passages spread out in every direction from a common centre. These were carpeted with the softest mosses, some of a bright emerald green colour, others of a rich brown and yellowish tint. The feet of the visitor sank with noiseless tread upon this velvet-like carpet, which was softer and thicker than the richest velvet-pile of our day. Traversing one of those passages, the fairy page paused, and tapped with a small wand upon what looked to the visitor to be a massive wall of flinty rock. Once he tapped, and paused to listen; then again he gave his summons, and waited for the same length of time; then again he repeated his knocking. At this, his third summons, the rock opened in the shape of a door, which swung open upon invisible hinges; and the page immediately stepped forward into the enchanted precincts, and beckoned to his guest to follow him, which the mortal immediately did, when the door was closed behind him. Thus they found themselves in a beautiful passage or corridor, the roof of which was covered with magnificent stalactites of all shapes and sizes, that glittered and sparkled with all the hues of a rainbow, and seemed to emit sparks and flashes of light as they were passed. As the visitor followed his guide through this winding passage, he caught glimpses of numberless other passages diverging from it. Each and all were decorated with flashing stalactites of quaint and artistic forms. The floors of some were strewn with fine sparkling sand; while others were paved with polished black, white, or speckled marbles, or shining spar. Diverging at length into one of these, the visitor stood in awestruck admiration at the wonders displayed before him; for there, in wild profuse confusion, lay bright violet amethysts scattered promiscuously over beds of emeralds, looking like enormous violets blossoming amongst a wealth of bright green leaves. Farther on were sapphires, again amongst masses of emeralds, their pale-blue colour representing the pretty modest little pimpernel.

Turning to the other side, the visitor beheld corresponding beds of gems, with masses of emeralds for the foundation; but with flowers represented by the ruby and garnet, in place of geranium and other stars of earth of a scarlet or pinkish hue. Still further on the diamond flashed out its light like so many glow-worms half-hidden amongst the grass and leaves; while further still, the yellowish tints of the amber clearly showed itself like vast beds of marigolds, or the yellow cup-flowers that children call orange and lemon. Then the fairy flower-garden ended, and the sea-garden commenced; bright-red, yellow, brown, or green seaweeds making themselves conspicuous, studded with sprays of red, pink, and white coral. Then further on pearls of all sizes, sorts, and shapes hung in bushes and sea-trees, looking like the snowball bushes of our gardens. Amongst all this fairy scene rose trickling, sparkling fountains; and behind the boughs of the sea-plants peeped grottos and caves formed of pearl and bright-coloured shells.

At length a rippling lake appeared in view, with a fairy skiff moored thereon, in waiting for the visitor. Entering this frail little craft, it was pushed out from shore into the dancing waves of the lake, over which it skimmed lightly, until its keel grated upon the shining sands of an island. On this island was the home and castle of the Tylwyth Teg or Fair Family; and on the shore, for the purpose of welcoming a mortal visitor, stood the fairy queen with all the members of her court. The beautiful little lady with all her train advanced to welcome the stranger, who was struck with such marvellous beauty, which was so far beyond mortal conception. The visitor in amazement landed, and the queen with all her courteous subjects commenced to show him all the beauties of their fairy domain. They first led him through wonderful gardens, where grew the finest and rarest of flowers, some of which they plucked and presented to him. The wonderful perfume of some of these odorous flowers almost intoxicated the visitor; observing which, the fairy company hastened to lead him away from their flower to their fruit gardens, where he regaled himself with the sweetest and most luscious fruits imaginable. Subsequent to this the little people entertained him with exquisite music and foretold things that would happen in the future.

This mortal was allowed to help himself to anything he saw, but was warned that evil would befall him if he ventured to carry any of the enchanted things away. And thus it once happened that one of the visitors of the Tylwyth Teg secreted one of the fairy flowers to carry away with him. The fairies, who knew all about it, let him depart, showing him every courtesy until they closed their doors after him. When he reached mortal ground the flower had disappeared, and he had lost his senses. Never after this disobedience to their commands did the Fair Family open their grounds to mortals. Soft sweet music is occasionally heard proceeding from the enchanted spot in sweet summer mornings, when the birds are twittering and calling to each other to awake; or on some dewy night when the stars are brightly twinkling in the sky, waiting to welcome their queen—the Silver Moon—but the Fair Family themselves never appear.

It is said that the inhabitants of that part of the country tried to do away with the fairies and their enchanted home, thinking no good came of

harbouring such uncanny folk. But of the truth of this I cannot say, and let us indulge in the romantic hope that the little people are still enjoying their lives among their fruit and flower and gem gardens.

CURIOUS MARRIAGES.

According to some of the novels of the present day, it is only the lovely nymphs of seventeen or eighteen, and the fascinating swains of three or four and twenty, who have any business to think of matrimony. The poor plain ones, or those who have passed the meridian of life, are looked upon as completely shelved; the hymeneal torch is not to be lit for them, and the little god of Love passes them over with contempt. But is this really the fact?

On the contrary, there were never more extraordinary contradictions than we find in the history of marriages; we see women marrying men young enough to be their grandsons; crabbed Age and Youth often live together in perfect harmony; and May and December are constantly united with the happiest results. Almost every marriage is a nine-days' wonder, and creates much astonishment, speculation, and lifting up of hands. Quite recently, a Dorsetshire clergyman of eighty years of age electrified his congregation by publishing his own banns in the parish church. It is always necessary to be prepared for these surprises. The blind, deaf, halt, and maimed, are not exempt from the contagion of matrimony; and so far from youth and loveliness being the only victims of Hymen, we find some of the loveliest women consigned to single-blessedness; while their less favoured sisters are happy wives and mothers. The particulars of many curious marriages are not revealed to the public; but during the last century, less reticence was observed in the matter; the ages of the respective parties were frequently put down without reserve, and the fortunes of the ladies were mentioned with much unction and gusto.

Among these announcements, a few of the more remarkable are worth selecting. Here is one from an old magazine for June 1778: 'A few days ago, was married at St Bridget's Church, in Chester, Mr George Harding, aged one hundred and seven, to Mrs Catherine Woodward, aged eighty-three. So singular a union could not fail of exciting the admiration and surprise of a numerous congregation, before whom the ceremony was performed. The bridegroom served in the army thirty-nine years, during the reigns of Queen Anne, George I., and part of George II. He is now particularly hearty, in great spirits, and retains all his faculties to an extraordinary perfection. This is his fifth wife; the last one he married in his one hundred and fifth year; and he is Mrs Woodward's fourth husband. It is also worthy of observation that the above old man's diet has been for the last thirty years past chiefly buttermilk boiled with a little flour, and bread and cheese.' As a pendant to this, we come across another announcement a few years later: 'Mr Thomas Dawson, of Northallerton, aged ninety, to Miss Golightly, a bouncing damsel of sixty-four. The anxious bridegroom had been a widower almost six weeks.'

As instances of youth and age going together, we may give the case of 'Mrs Horn, an agreeable widow with a genteel fortune, aged seventy-nine, who married Mr William Steptoe, aged about thirty.' We are again startled by the following announcement in the month of January 1805: 'At Tynemouth Church, a young man about twenty-three to a woman aged eighty-six, who had been the mother of seventeen children. Notwithstanding the banns had been but twice published, the experienced lady repaired to the church, where she was soon joined by her lover, and declared she would not leave it without her errand. She waited till the forenoon service was over, during which time she was frequently requested to leave the vestry, but all to no effect. She complained bitterly at her negligence in having forgotten to bring her pocket bottle and tobacco-pipe with her. The bridegroom apologised for not being acquainted with the forms of the church, as he had never been in one since he was christened; and if appearances could be believed, water did not seem to have been upon his face since that period.'

We find another curious marriage, which is announced in the following terms: 'Lately, at Newcastle, Mr Silvertop to Mrs Pearson. This is the third time that the 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 is a Protestant of the established church. Each 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.'

A great sensation was created in the year 1778 by the marriage of the then celebrated female historian, Mrs Catherine Macaulay, who was far advanced in years, with a surgeon's mate, under age, of the name of Graham. Mrs Macaulay was quite a literary lioness; and Dr Wilson, an elderly and learned admirer of her talents, had actually built a house for her, called Albert House; this he presented to her with furniture and a valuable library. He even went so far as to have medals struck in her honour. Great, therefore, was the amazement amongst the literary and fashionable world of Bath when Mrs Macaulay, who had always been considered a rock of sense by her friends, made this extraordinary match.

In Mr Cudworth's interesting book, *Round about Bradford*, he mentions the low status of the

colliers of Wibsey in the year 1851, and says that the humiliating spectacle of the wedding of 'Johnny and Betty' is not yet forgotten, nor the collection of oddities and absurdities that passed through the streets of Bradford in that year, on the way to the parish church. On a couple of yards of painted calico, the secret of all this rejoicing was told in the following words:

At John's and Betty's wedding,
We will merry be,
For Johnny's sixty-five,
And Betty's seventy-three!

Mr Cudworth also relates that the incumbent of Wilsden, Mr Barber, was once called upon to perform a 'marriage in trust.' There was a person living at Haworth parish known by the name of 'Moses o' Lukis.' Moses having persuaded a woman to take him 'for better, for worse,' they appeared at Wilsden Church to be married; but when the knot was tied, the happy couple had no money to pay the fees! Moses promised to pay the reverend gentleman in *besoms;* and honestly kept his word. This reminds us of a couple who, not having the wherewithal to buy a wedding-ring, the large key of the church door had to be temporarily used for the purpose.

Ireland was not behind hand in the oddity of its marriages; we come across whole clusters of them in Walker's *Hibernian Magazine.* Among them are the following: 'Mr John Hogarty, of Ballymanduff, County Dublin, aged twenty, to Mrs Flood of said place, aged eighty-six.' 'The Rev. Athanasius Huring, aged eighty-two, to Miss Carr, aged twenty-two, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds.' 'Mr Richards, gardener, to Miss Mary Roper. The bridegroom is in the sixty-second year of his age, and five feet four inches high; the bride aged twenty-one, and only two feet eleven inches in height.'

A match in high life between a certain Dowager Duchess and a handsome Irishman, Mr Hussey, created a great deal of heart-burning and envy. Hanbury Williams, one of the rejected suitors, composed some very spiteful verses on the occasion.

The problem how to unmarry a couple was attempted by a clergyman in the West Riding of Yorkshire in the year 1805. He found out on inquiry that he had married a young man and woman who were brother and sister by marriage (probably a deceased wife's sister). The clergyman, afraid that he might be punished for uniting this couple, attempted to unmarry them by taking the bride's bonnet from her head and placing the church Bible thereon; but the charm was not successful; and the loving pair firmly resisted this innovation of undoing the hymeneal knot.

Some very curious changes of names have taken place in marriage. In Derbyshire, there now lives a woman who has been married three times. Her maiden name was Wildgoose—quite a common one in that locality—she changed it first for that of Fox, then for that of Goodlad, and finally settled down as Mrs Derbyshire. A Mr Bacon was once married to a Miss Beans; and a Miss Pane married a Mr Glass. Abundant instances of the same sort might be multiplied; but enough have been given to show how strangely things sometimes work out in the important matter of matrimony.

DROLL DEFINITIONS.

An idea, says a clever writer, that can be best expressed in one line you may be sure is a good one. 'An idea well focused will burn a hole clean through creation,' he adds; 'but most people can't define a knot-hole without taking a page to do it in and spoiling a ten-foot plank besides.' Hoping to spare both the plank and the page, we venture some gossip on definitions of a humorous nature.

The word gossip was amusingly illustrated by the child who said: 'It's when nobody don't do nothing, and somebody goes and tells of it.' No marvel that gossip flourishes when we are reminded of the shortness of life—only four letters—'three-quarters of it a "lie," and half of it an "if."' There are wit, humour, and satire in that description. Wit and humour are said to be the 'seasoning of every-day life;' and satire, according to Swift, who ought to know, 'is a sort of glass wherein beholders generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the reason so few are offended with it.' 'True sarcasm is in the point, not in the shaft of the arrow,' says the author who defined a sarcastic wit as 'a kind of human polecat.' 'A jest has this advantage of sarcasm, that it is something sharp enough to be noticed, and not rude enough to be resented—something that a fool admires, and a wise man laughs at.'

'The glory, jest, and riddle of the world,' says a poet, 'is man.' Mankind is divided by a philosopher into 'those who know but little, those who know less, and those who know nothing at all.' Nothing, by the way, used to be defined as a 'footless stocking without a leg;' but a cooper's little son lately gave his idea of nothing as a 'bunghole without a barrel around it.' A tyrant has been hit off as 'one who never puts a stop to his sentences,' and 'one who kills worms lest they turn.' 'An egotist who loves his fellow-man for himself alone,' is a terse reckoning up of a cannibal. 'A genius,' we are told, 'can run anybody else's machine, but can't run his own for half what it is worth;' and an antiquary 'is commonly a clever fellow enough, who can see no value in an iron kettle until time has made it worthless by knocking a hole in the bottom of it.' 'A prophet is a good guesser who gets things wrong four times out of five, and whose excuses for his failures are more ingenious than his prophecies.' 'A prig is a fellow who is always making you a present of his opinions.' 'A successful man is one who succeeds and lets other folks quarrel over the theory of it.' 'A dandy is a sort of football for men, and a pincushion for women.'

'Knights of the *shiers* are Aunt-Sally-men;'

and 'clothes-observers—tailors.' The definition of an angler is well known, but every one is not aware that the 'complete angler is—Euclid.' A lawyer is said to be 'a man who disproves the proverb that barking dogs do not bite;' and a polite man is 'one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are being told by a person who knows nothing about them.' One notion of a bachelor is 'a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable;' while another is—'a sour grape hanging by the twig of obstinacy on a wall of great expectations.' 'A delicate parcel' is a humorous idea of 'a lovely young lady wrapped up in herself;' 'silent thunder' a comical one for a wordless woman; and 'matchless women' for maiden aunts.

Amongst scores of definitions of love, 'the toothache of the heart' is easy to remember. An American writer declares love at first sight to be 'the greatest labour-saving machine the world ever saw.' 'A factory where honeymoons are made to order,' is a matrimonial agency; and a wedding-ring is 'a domestic circle.' 'A hasty match' has been wittily hit off as 'a loose affair (Lucifer);' while the man who marries happily may be said to be 'transported for life.' As a coloured wife has been called a 'black tie,' a red-haired girl's marriage may be described as a 'Vesuvian match.' In answer to the question, 'What is the meaning of matrimony?' a youngster said: 'I don't know exactly, but mother says she has had enough of it.'

Children, as many find to their cost, are 'running expenses' and 'household troops;' the baby's cry being 'a call to arms.' The price of a family cradle is 'hush-money;' while 'home-rule,' as many a husband acknowledges, 'is petticoat government.'

'Gas,' according to a boy who was watching a distended balloon, 'is melted wind.' Sleep is 'an armistice in the battle of life;' but a boy called snoring, 'sleeping out loud.' A little Scotch girl, in answer to 'What is patience?' answered: 'Bide a wee and dinna weary.'

While a phonograph 'speaks for itself,' a telephone may not inaptly be termed 'a sound investment;' and a heliograph, 'a flash friend.' A lighthouse suggests a 'light-headed friend to be avoided.'

Good nonsense we are reminded is 'good sense in disguise;' and gravity, 'the wisdom of fools.' 'Velocity,' to quote a young pupil, 'is what a man puts a hot plate down with.' 'Congealed light' is an odd description of a crystal; and 'striking oil' not a bad one of harpooning a whale; while 'the world's drop-scene' would be a scene-painter's idea of Niagara Falls.

A proverb has been defined as a saying without an author. Impossible things are said to be 'those things that have not been discovered yet,' by a writer who also declares that 'we can't define our own happiness without making it look suspicious.' Curiosity is 'the desire of knowing what is unknown for that reason alone.' Idleness is defined as 'hard work to those who are not used to it, and dull work to those who are.' Medicine, said a medical student, 'is the art of killing people without necessitating the interference of the police.'

Perseverance 'is the son of faith, the twin-brother of pluck, and the grandfather of success.' Pluck is 'a nice compound of pride, vanity, and virtue.' Luck is 'the lazy man's logic;' opportunity being another name for good-luck. 'Imagination is exceedingly disposed to run away with Reason, which is a very light rider, easily shaken off.' 'Truth is the only thing that can't be improved upon;' and wisdom, in a child's opinion, is 'information of the brain.' 'A lie is nimble of foot, but short in the wind, and can travel in one day farther than it can get back in two.' 'Impudence is the effect of too little knowledge, and modesty often the effect of too much;' while false dignity is 'the effect of new clothes, no brains, and much victuals.' True happiness consists 'either in being somebody else, or having what you cannot get; consequently, there is not enough to go round.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At a recent meeting of the Anthropological Society, Mrs Bryant, D.Sc., read a paper concerning the Characters of Children, which was remarkable for its originality, and was, moreover, of a most interesting nature. A class of girls whose age averaged thirteen years were directed to describe from memory a certain object, such as a picture or a room. The information which was sought from their answers was their powers of perception, of inference, and of imagination. The most noteworthy result was that due to a faculty which Mrs Bryant calls emotionalism. The emotional girls, who in their description used such adjectives as 'beautiful,' 'lovely,' 'sweet,' &c., showed a deficiency in more valuable traits of character, and it would seem that in these cases emotion superseded thought. These tests would, it is believed, prove valuable in education and in the choice of a profession. We are inclined to think that if it were possible to extend this new system of tests to the higher intellectual faculties, and thus supersede the ordinary competitive examination method of selecting candidates for public appointments, we should have fewer square pegs in round holes.

Diving operations for the recovery of treasure which the sea has swallowed up are always invested with peculiar interest. In February last, the steamship *Alphonso XII.* sank in twenty-five and a half fathoms of water at Point Gando, Grand Canary, and with her went down into the deep one hundred thousand pounds in gold. Divers from England were sent out in the hope that this treasure might be recovered. After blowing up the upper part of the wreck, the

bullion-room was reached, and one of the boxes of gold was recovered. A telegram was lately received by the Marine Insurance Company to the effect that the recovery of the remainder of the treasure is certain. It is noteworthy that the diver who was instrumental in recovering this first box of gold from a depth of more than one hundred and fifty feet is the same man who, by aid of the Fleuss diving apparatus, stopped the flooding of the Severn Tunnel a year or so ago. It may be remembered that a certain iron door in the drainage tunnel had inadvertently been left open. It was situated a quarter of a mile from the shaft; and this brave fellow, whose name is Lambert, crept that distance through a narrow passage full of water, and closed that door. This act enabled the pumps to overcome the volume of water which was flooding the pit, and the completion of the tunnel was proceeded with.

Sir Theodore Martin has recently published some particulars of the lead-mining industry in Wales, which show what disastrous results can be brought about by foreign competition. The imports of lead into this country have been for the past three years 99,000, 124,000, and 186,000 tons respectively. This ore came chiefly from Spain, where the mines are not so deep as the Welsh mines, and where the best workmen are paid only fourteenpence a day. As a result, one hundred and sixty-seven lead mines have been closed in this country, and many thousands of miners have been thrown idle.

A remarkable instance of the power of the sea in cutting through the hardest rock is afforded by the disappearance of a huge mass of basalt, which, until lately, formed a landmark for sailors on the coast of Denmark. This rock, or cliff, which was about one hundred feet high, rose out of the water, and had the appearance of a monk, hence its name, Munken. A portion of it fell last year; and now the remainder has been cut off just below the water-line, forming a dangerous reef. Floating ice-blocks have no doubt helped the waves to cut through the mass.

According to *La Nature*, prizes are being offered by the Bremen Aluminium and Magnesium Manufactory for the two best lamps for burning magnesium. This offer is prompted by the discovery that magnesium can be produced by electrolysis at a price much less than that at which it has hitherto been purchasable. Magnesium as an illuminant has until now been used only for experimental work, where a very bright and actinic light has been required for a short period. The most common form of magnesium lamp is one in which the metal, in the form of ribbon, is delivered by clockwork at a regular speed to the mouth of a tube which forms the point of ignition.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* writes concerning a remedy for sea-sickness, which in the case of his son seems to have been successful. The traveller started for Calcutta on October 5th, taking with him a solution of hydrochlorate of cucaine; and he subsequently wrote from Port Said as follows: 'Sailing on Monday, I was ill on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning, but quite well between the attacks. Once more, when the weather was very rough and the ship rolling terribly, I felt squeamish, but two teaspoonfuls of the cucaine put me all right.' He adds that previously, in other voyages, he has always suffered more than any other passenger, and that he thinks the cucaine must be credited with the improvement. Perhaps some of our readers may have an opportunity of testing the efficiency of cucaine, and of kindly reporting. The subject is an important one.

It would seem, from a Report furnished to the Academy of Science by the chief of the Paris Municipal Laboratory, that genuine brandy is becoming a rare commodity even in France itself. For the ten years preceding the year 1850, the quantity of alcohol distilled annually in that country averaged twenty-five million gallons, and the major part of this was obtained in the form of brandy from wine. Now, although the total amount of spirit distilled is more than doubled, the juice of the grape does not contribute half a million gallons to the sum. The rest comes from grain, cider, perry, beetroot, molasses, and potatoes. This inferior kind of spirit is not properly rectified, and is charged with poisonous agents of the most deadly character. The compiler of this Report, M. Girard, attributes the increase of insanity in certain localities wholly to these imitations of French brandy. Our readers may perhaps be ignorant of the fact that thousands of gallons of raw grain spirit are sent to France from this country, to be doctored, and returned as genuine French brandy.

It is becoming difficult to point to any article which cannot be constructed of that useful material which we call paper. The ingenious Japanese have taught us how it can be applied to many of our domestic wants, including even clothing, and other manufactures which were hitherto believed to be inseparable from textile fabrics. But a Breslau manufacturer has turned it to a far more surprising purpose, in the erection of a factory chimney fifty feet in height. The blocks or bricks of which this curious structure is composed are made of compressed paper pulp, joined together with silicious cement.

We extract from *Iron* a few particulars relating to the Transcaspian Railway. This important line starts from Fort Michailovski, on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea, and leads in a south-western direction into the interior of Central Asia. Part of it—one hundred and forty-three miles—is opened for traffic; and a further length of one hundred and thirty miles, extending to the Persian frontier, is nearly finished. The various cuttings and embankments of the railway are constructed of sand, and in many places screens are erected, or hedges planted, to counteract sand-drifts. The sleepers employed are saturated in naphtha, and the same agent supplies light throughout the route and fuel for the engines. A scarcity of water is at present one of the chief obstacles to working the railway.

The petroleum sent from the United States to this and other countries has hitherto been sent in casks. The new system of exporting it in bulk is now being tried, and the ship *Crusader* of New York has recently arrived in London with the first cargo of oil sent over in that manner. The

vessel is fitted with forty-five cylindrical tanks, with a total capacity of nearly two hundred thousand gallons. The oil was pumped into these receptacles from tank-lighters in New York, and was pumped out again into similar lighters on arrival at London. Here it will be barrelled for market. Should this new system prove to be more profitable than the older method, it will doubtless be extended to the conveyance of other liquid cargoes.

Another advance in photography is indicated by the new method of silver-printing by machinery invented by Mr John Urie of Glasgow, and just brought into notice in London by Messrs Marion. A ribbon of paper is caused to travel by clockwork, panorama fashion, beneath a negative which is let in to the top of a light tight box. Above the negative is a powerful gas-burner, which is turned up and down automatically, as the paper pauses in its passage every few seconds. The strip of paper, which at the end of a few minutes bears perhaps twenty latent images of the negative beneath which it has been travelling, is now developed by a suitable chemical agent to make those images visible. The paper is then cut up into twenty pictures, which are mounted on card in the usual way. A special kind of paper, known as Alpha paper, is used in this process, and the results given are not only beautiful but permanent.

Weather-predicting, which only a few decades back represented a curious mixture of ignorance and superstition, is gradually becoming a more and more important branch of science. Thoughtless people may laugh at it, and point to the storms prophesied from the other side of the Atlantic which do not always visit our shores; but careful attention to statistics will show that a large number of the forecasts given are justified by subsequent events. In America itself, the study of the phenomena of tornadoes has been so successful that fairly reliable forecasts of their coming are now made. Mr Eddy, of the Signal Service Bureau, points out that out of thirty-eight predictions respecting coming tornadoes in April and June of last year, eighteen were verified. But the figures for this year show a far higher degree of accuracy. In June and July, nineteen were predicted, and no fewer than fifteen were verified. Even where actual tornadoes failed to appear, the occurrence of wind and hail storms at the critical periods showed that the observers were not far wrong.

Following the example of Manchester, Chester is now also anxious to bring the sea within its reach for mercantile purposes. It has no need to cut a canal, for the river Dee forms a waterway, but its gradual silting up has caused Chester to lose its old position as an important port. Extensive works have already been undertaken to provide the river with a navigable channel having a depth of about seventeen feet, reaching from the sea to the city. The works not only comprehend extensive dredging operations, but the construction of embanking walls. When these works are completed, large vessels will be able to discharge their cargoes at Chester, instead of sending them by rail from the Mersey.

It is a curious fact that the various species of flat-fish so familiar in British waters are not so well represented in America. The National Fish Culture Association have lately tried the experiment of transporting a number of these fish, consisting of turbot, soles, and brill, to the American coast. The greatest possible care has been taken to make the experiment successful. The fish were captured on the Essex coast by special trawlers, and were then sent by rail to Liverpool, where they took their passage for New York in the Cunard steamship *Gallia*. On board this vessel, tanks were fitted up for the reception of the fish, with all the necessary apparatus for oxygenating and changing the water. The result of this experiment will be looked forward to with great interest.

Some interesting details respecting the next great Exhibition in London have been published. This, the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, will form the latest of the series of which the 'Fisheries' formed the first, and the recent Health Exhibition the second. The coming Exhibition will far surpass in grandeur and importance the two wonderful shows which preceded it. It is organised by a Royal Commission, of which the Prince of Wales is executive President; and the whole of the space was actually allotted to intending exhibitors several months ago. Very few of our colonies will be unrepresented. Even the food served to visitors will be Indian and colonial, for it has been determined that such produce shall alone be used. A market, too, will be opened for the sale of this produce under the superintendence of the School of Cookery. The Indian section of the Exhibition will probably form its most interesting feature. An Indian palace and shops, which will be peopled by native artificers, have been under construction by native workmen for some months. The attractive fountains and electric illuminations will remain as in the former Exhibitions.

A correspondent writes to us: 'When in Vicksburg lately, a cotton-planter there gave me some interesting particulars as to the means adopted for preventing the plague of the army worm. This worm is the larva of an insect which is very destructive to the cotton-plant, and often strips whole acres nearly bare of foliage. At the time when the moth or butterfly, which is the product of it, is on the wing, an electric light is suspended over a large flat vat containing molasses or oil. The moth is attracted by the light, and after fluttering round, settles down, as it supposes, on the ground, but really in the oil or molasses, which drowns it. They tell me that one light is sufficient for twenty thousand acres of land, and that in this way they can now control the army worm.'

Dr Aschrott, the German expert examined by the Parliamentary Committee on National Provident Insurance in July last, has written to Canon Blackley a letter containing the following information with regard to the German law of compulsory insurance: '(1) The law of insurance against accident has been declared to be in full force from the 1st of October 1885. (2) It has been found that the number of persons compelled by the law of insurance against sickness to insure is about four millions. Beside this number, most of the local authorities have availed themselves of the power to compel further classes of the population to insure against sickness, so that the total number of persons who are subjected to the law of

insurance against sickness is a much larger one. In Berlin alone this number is estimated at two hundred and forty thousand (nearly one-fifth of the population). (3) By an amendment to the laws of insurance against sickness and against accident (dated June 6, 1885), the compulsion to insure will from the beginning of next year be extended to the whole administration of the post, the railways, the telegraph, and to all trades connected with transport. (4) There is now a great movement to extend further the compulsory insurance; especially Professor Schaffle has suggested to introduce compulsory insurance for old age. (5) We have found that the introduction of the laws of insurance has not at all led to a diminution in the number of members of friendly societies or trade-unions; on the contrary, nearly all the trade-unions have had an enormous increase since the establishment of compulsory insurance; for instance, the Union of Cabinetmakers, which had, in the first quarter of 1884, thirty thousand two hundred and seventeen members, had in the first quarter of 1885 about seventy-two thousand members.'

The *Medical Press and Circular* says that the falsification and adulteration of honey is carried on in an unusually barefaced manner. A large quantity of what is sold as honey is neither more nor less than clarified treacle and simple sirup, worth about twopence per pound. Glass jars are exposed for sale labelled 'New Honey,' the only portion of which taken from the beehive is the piece of honeycomb occupying the centre, from which the honey has been previously extracted.

Sir John Lubbock, on the occasion of the unveiling at Birmingham of a marble statue of the late Sir Josiah Mason, the founder of the Mason College there, said that such an institution as the Mason College was all the more needed on account of the extraordinary manner in which science is still neglected in our public schools. There were, indeed, according to the Technical Commission, only three schools in Great Britain in which science is fully and adequately taught. The majority of schools devoted to it less than three hours out of forty. Scientific men claimed for it six hours, which, with the same number for mathematics, ten for modern languages, and two for geography, would still leave no less than sixteen for classics. He advocated the general teaching of science, because it would add to the interest and brightness of life, would purify and ennoble the character, and because, with our rapidly increasing population, it was almost a necessity, if our people were to be maintained in comfort. This national necessity for science was most imperative. Even now we required to purchase food to the amount of one hundred and fifty million pounds a year. A century hence our coal would be approaching exhaustion, our population would be trebled, and we should require, to speak moderately, four hundred million pounds to pay for food. Nothing, he said, but the development of scientific training and appliances would enable us, under these circumstances, to maintain our population in happiness and comfort. We had, in fact, the choice between science and suffering.

In a recent number of the *Journal* (No. 96), we made reference to an invention by Professor Dunnington of the University of Virginia for the preservation of chalk diagrams and drawings. We now learn that Mr Thompson, Orientalist, High School, Edinburgh, has for some years employed a method whereby such drawings are rendered permanent, by sketching on black tissue-paper with a specially prepared chalk of his own invention.

LESSENED RATE OF MORTALITY IN ENGLAND.

From a supplement to the Registrar-general's Report of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England in 1885, containing a review of mortality in England for the ten years 1871-80, we learn that the mean annual death-rate over this period has fallen to 21·27 per thousand, the lowest average since civil registration began. This lower rate is, however, unequally shared by the population, and is higher and lower in different localities. There is a fall in the male death-rate of 4·24 per cent., in the female rate of 6·02, as compared with the previous ten years. There is a positive increase, however, in the death-rates in the later periods of life, and the gain seems to have been in the earlier periods.

Dr Ogle, successor to Dr Farr, writes a prefatory letter to this Report, in which he is inclined to give the credit of the lessened death-rate amongst young people to improved sanitation, which has removed many fruitful sources of mortality. On the other hand, sanitary reform, by aiding the survival of weakly persons, may have had a tendency to increase the death-rate of the later periods. The intensity of the struggle for existence at present has also a bearing on the case, along with the migration of so many country people to the town, where the death-rate is higher. A quotation from the Report puts the national gain in longevity in a striking way. 'The changes in the death-rates have given to the community an annual addition of one million eight hundred thousand and forty-seven years of life shared amongst its members; and, allowing that the changes in the death-rates are the direct consequence of sanitary interference, we must regard this addition of nearly two million years of life as an annual income derived from money invested in sanitation.'

It is also satisfactory to know, as Dr Ogle points out, that the rate of mortality from all zymotic diseases has fallen, with the exception of whooping-cough, this remaining stationary. The increase of deaths from smallpox among persons in the later periods of life appears to show that while vaccination confers immunity from the disease in childhood, its protective influence requires to be renewed from time to time. The deaths per million by scarlet fever have fallen from 972 to 716; by typhus and other fevers, from 885 to 484; by diarrhœa, from 1076 to 935; and by phthisis, from 2475 to 2116. The deaths of women in childbirth appear to have remained stationary for the past thirty years, amounting to less than five for every thousand living children that are born.

The death-rate of different occupations yields some curious results. Taking as a basis of

comparison the mortality of all males of similar ages in England and Wales as 1000, the death-rate of the class mentioned is compared with this as a standard. When the rate of the examined class exceeds this number, that class forms an example of unhealthy occupations; when it falls short, it belongs to the healthy occupations. Thus, the first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death-rate of this class being 556. Next, we have gardeners and nurserymen, who stand at 599; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural labourers, 701; schoolmasters, 719; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal-merchants, paper-manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, ship-builders and shipwrights, and coal-miners. The figure of mortality for all these trades is under 775.

On the other side, that of the unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, and which, as is well known, entail many temptations to drink it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 2205; being nearly double that of the medical profession. The highest places next to them are held by general labourers in London and by costermongers, hawkers, and street sellers, the former class with 2020, the latter with 1879. It is probable that both are largely made up of broken men, the wrecks of other callings. Innkeepers, publicans, spirit, wine, and beer dealers follow, with a figure of 1521; and brewers, with 1361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess, Dr Ogle has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those of the trade returns. Next to the trades concerned with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by occupations which involve the breathing of dust—other than coal-dust—and especially of dust of a sharp and gritty character or largely composed of mineral matters; next, those in which there is exposure to lead-poisoning, as with plumbers, painters, and file-makers. The earthenware manufacturers, who are much exposed to mineral dust, have a figure of 1742; file-makers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reach 1667; and plumbers and painters, who are also exposed to lead, reach 1202. It will furnish a remarkable contradiction to a prevailing impression that butchers have a high death-rate, their figure of mortality amounting to 1170, the causes of death among them being partly due to the diseases of intemperance, and partly to phthisis and other maladies from which they have long been supposed to enjoy an especial immunity.

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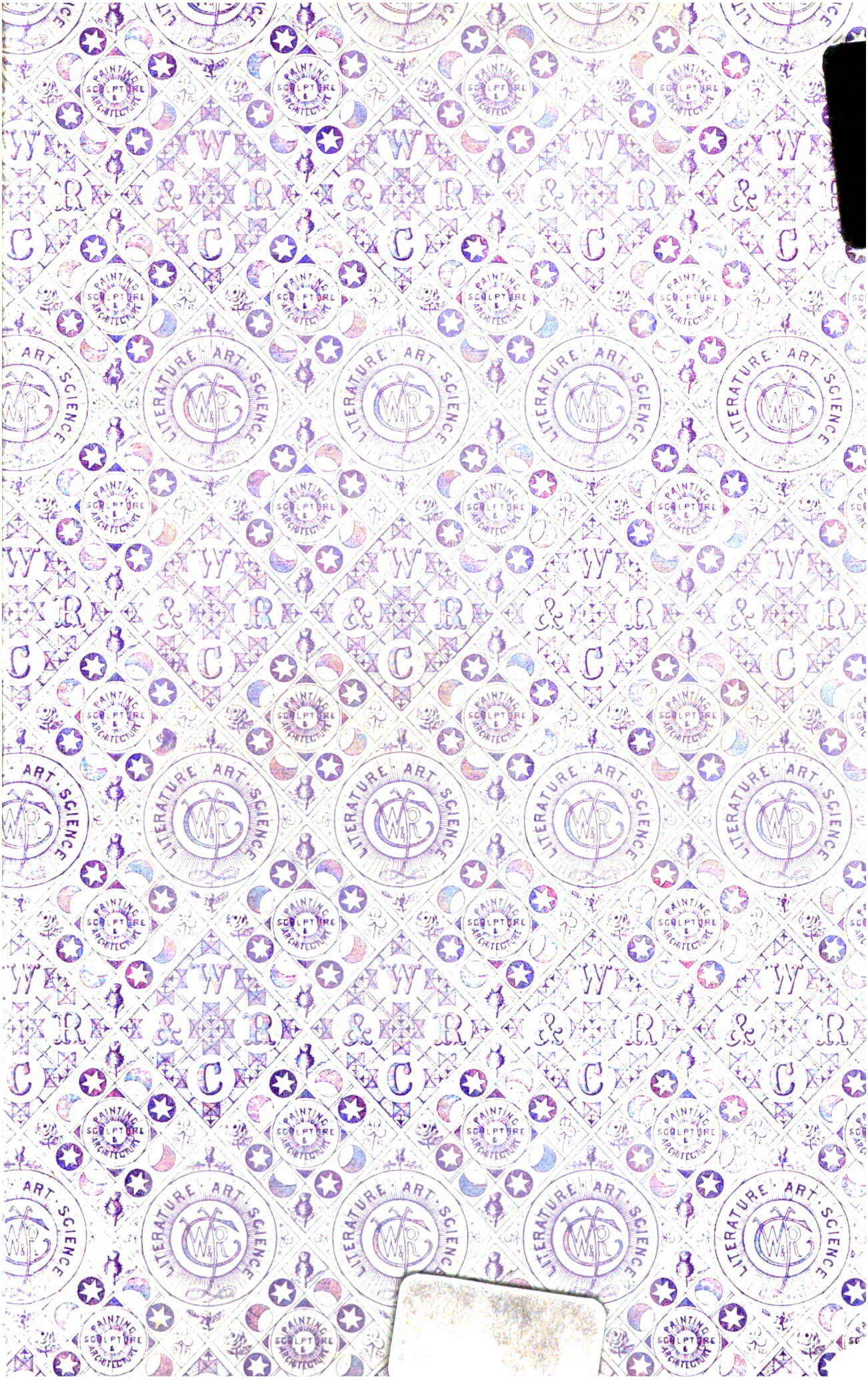
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