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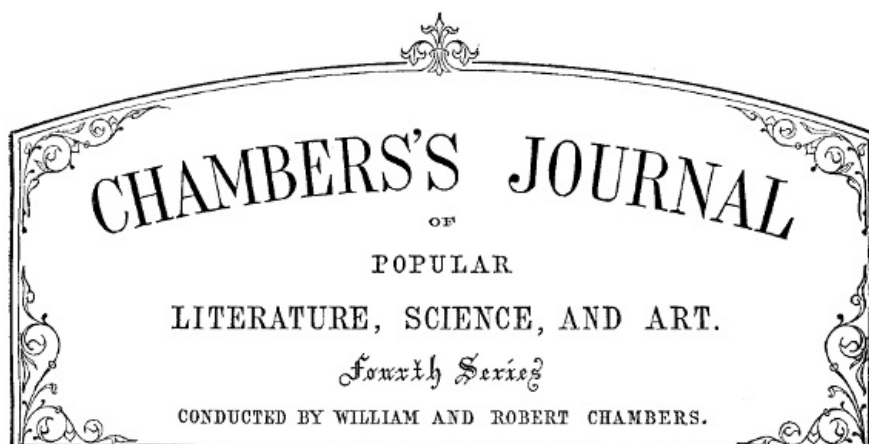
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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
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## ABOUT RABBITS.

WE all know that the rabbit is an interesting animal, easily kept in hutches on a little clover or dandelion. Boys like to keep rabbits, because they are amusing. In our day, we have kept rabbits, or *kinnins*, as they were called in the local vernacular, such being a corruption of the old well-known legal term, coney. Our coney though few in number were an immense source of amusement. We built a house for them with an exterior courtyard, gathered and brought dandelions for them, which it was delightful to see them munching. Finally, we made something of them commercially, which was acceptable in the absence of pocket-money. They did not bring much—eightpence a pair or so; but eightpence was a great thing in the days of yore, and was very serviceable as a means of buying books.

Between the keeping of a few tame rabbits and the liberty enjoyed by rabbits in a wild state, there is a mighty difference. The tame rabbits can be kept within bounds; the wild rabbits increase inordinately, and are apt to do mischief beyond all calculation. Originally a friend to rabbits, we have lived to know that they are the torment of the farmer. It is not so much what they consume, but what they contaminate. Whole fields of hay are ruined by their odious presence. Instances could be given of farmers claiming damage to the amount of a hundred a year from their landlords on account of rabbits; and the best thing the landlords can do is to allow their tenant-farmers to kill all the rabbits they can lay their hands on. Not until then will there be any peace on the score of this intolerable nuisance.

The rapid increase of rabbits once they have got a footing is one of the wonders of nature. We could almost fancy that rabbits were designed to appropriate the whole earth; for, let alone, there will spring from a single pair through successive generations in one year as many as sixty thousand! Of course, at this rate there would soon be no vegetation left for sheep or cattle, and dead rabbits hanging up by the heels would be the only butcher-meat. Fortunately nature adopts means to keep the multiplication of these creatures in check. It sends birds of prey, such as hawks and other kinds of *raptores*, also stoats and weasels, whose function is to make constant war on rabbits and keep their numbers within reasonable bounds. In this way, the balance of nature is kept up. It would almost seem as if nature, while creating in profusion, had facilitated the destruction of rabbits; for so slight is their hold of life, that no quadrupeds, as far as we are aware, are so easily and painlessly killed. Latterly, the beneficent balance of nature has been upset, by the reckless shooting of hawks and other birds of prey, with a view to save the feathered game, and professional warreners have to be introduced to remedy the error. Yet, notwithstanding all that warreners and sportsmen can do, rabbits are apt to become a nuisance.

Considering the enormous trouble which rabbits cause to agriculturists, it seems incomprehensible how any one should have introduced the animal into Australia. The act was one of those unwise things which we see done by heedless though well-meaning people. Some half-mad Scotchman, thinking of the national emblem, introduced the thistle, which with its winged seeds has proved bad enough; but nothing so bad, or so wicked, as has been the introduction of one or two pairs of rabbits. A cry comes from several parts of Australia that such is the propagation of these primary rabbit settlers, that unless terrible measures are adopted, the country will be in a fair way of being eaten up.

A London newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, under date January 26, gives a pitiable account of the rabbit nuisance in Australia. 'At this moment there are hundreds of square miles to the north of the famous Burra-Burra Copper Mine in South Australia, where the coney swarm to such a degree that they are universally pronounced to be a nuisance, and "Rabbit Destruction Bills" are the order of the day in the two legislative Houses at Adelaide. Similar measures will shortly have to be passed by the legislature of New South Wales, although the ingenuity of the colonists does not appear to have hit upon any effectual device for suppressing or controlling the ubiquitous little pests, which mock the puny efforts hitherto made to thin their numbers. The "Murray scrub" is alive with them, and even Lord Salisbury's park at Hatfield—where more rabbits are perhaps to be seen than anywhere in England, unless it be within the walls of a warren—is left far in the lurch by the long tongue of land to the west of Adelaide, called Yorke Peninsula. As their numbers increase, the area over which they extend their devastating ravages is quickly widened, until the time has arrived when the growers of cereals must either fight their enemy or withdraw from the cultivation of plains which might supply corn for the entire family of man. South Australia has already as many acres of land under cultivation as her two sister colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, can shew in combination, and the wheat exported from Adelaide and other neighbouring ports is of the finest quality, and eagerly bought by the cities upon the western coast of South America. Viewed as an agricultural field, South Australia is indeed the most promising of all the colonies belonging to the Australasian group. She has at present but a population of from two to three hundred thousand souls scattered over her enormous surface, which stretches across the length of the entire continent, and offers verge and room enough for millions of human beings, provided only that they can learn how to cope with the rabbits and make rivers of water run in the dry ground.'

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Reading this deplorable statement, Lord Elcho comes out with a suggestion for a cure of the evil: 'I have read in this morning's *Daily Telegraph* an article shewing how man is in danger of being ousted from the Australian world by the fruitful rabbit, unless this "nimble skipping little animal" is kept within bounds. This certainly is an alarming prospect for our colonial fellow-subjects; but in this country, at anyrate, we can as yet secure ourselves in possession against the invader by the use of guns, traps, snares, and above all, wire-netting; and my object in now writing is to point out how this last remedy can be most cheaply and effectively applied. Wire-netting, as

generally used for rabbit-fencing, requires to be made to rest upon a tolerably deep foundation of broken stones or concrete; otherwise this "feeble" but cunning "folk" burrow under it. This adds greatly to the cost, and does not, after all, insure the desired protection, as the rabbit will even then burrow under the stone foundation. But if about six or eight inches of the wire-netting at the bottom of the fence are bent back at a right angle to it, laid down, and pegged along the ground, the needful result is attained, as the grass, fallen leaves, &c. soon conceal from view the wire that is thus laid down, and the rabbit vainly scratches upon it when attempting to burrow under the obstruction of the upright fencing which stops his way. His intelligence, great though it be, fails to teach him that his labour is lost, and that he must commence his tunnel further back. It was at Mr Hibbert's, near Uxbridge, that I saw wire-netting thus used, with, as I was assured, the most complete success; and the knowledge of this cannot, I think, fail to be of use to many of your readers.'

The advice here tendered is well meant, and may be of use in Great Britain, where arable fields are of a manageable size—twenty acres or so at the utmost. But the vast stretches of land under crop in South Australia put all such appliances out of the question. Just about as well think of surrounding whole counties in England with wire-fencing. No one could entertain the idea. As the saying is, 'The game would not be worth the candle.' The Australian agriculturists will have to try something else. Besides adopting an extensive system of trapping and stamping, shooting with the adjuncts of dog and ferret, must, if possible, be resorted to. Rabbits are so nimble in running into their holes on the approach of danger, that they need to be routed out by a ferret, a variety of weasel, which seems to be their uncompromising enemy. English warreners, though smart in the use of the gun, could do little without the assistance of the ferret, a small and lithe creature, which they keep for the purpose, letting it loose only when required. As the ferret, on getting into a hole after a rabbit, would probably fasten on and make a prey of the animal, it is usual, we believe, to attach it with a string, one end of which the warrener holds in his hand, or to cover its mouth with a muzzle of some sort before turning it loose. This, as a temporary measure, the ferret does not seem to mind. He goes with great zest after the rabbits, which being frightened out of their dens, are bagged in nets, or fall under the pellets of the sportsman. We should say, let our Australian friends import ferrets—if they can. Whether they could endure the voyage from England will have to be a matter of experiment, under the care of experienced warreners.

W. C.

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## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

THE first sight of Fairview was a fresh trial to Marian Reed's philosophy: I saw her colour rise, and heard her murmured 'Good gracious!' as we drove in at the gates and round the sweep to the house. The men-servants were another test of her power of self-command. But on the whole it was wonderful how well she contrived to avoid giving expression to her astonishment. Beyond the first hurried ejaculation and a momentary catching in of the breath now and again, she exhibited no sign of the effect which the Farrar magnificence had upon her.

We turned into the first room we came to, and Lilian bade her sister welcome in her father's name; tenderly and kindly, if a little gravely, hoping that she would feel it was her home.

'O yes; I am sure we shall get on together,' good-naturedly returned Marian. 'What is there to prevent it, you know? I think any one must be hard to please indeed, not to be satisfied here;' looking round the room until her eyes met the reflection of themselves in the chimney-glass, where they complacently rested.

I could not but acknowledge that they were good eyes, and that she was altogether what is called a fine girl, with a handsome face, which to an uneducated taste might perhaps be preferable to Lilian's—but, I insisted to myself, only to an unrefined taste. In truth I was woman enough to admit that much only grudgingly. Though the features were good, they were rather large, and the colouring too vivid; eyes and hair so very black, and complexion so very red and white, made it quite refreshing to me to turn to Lilian's more delicately moulded and tinted loveliness. Marian Reed was tall as well as large, two or three inches taller than Lilian; but the latter was tall enough for grace.

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She was attired in the most expensive style of mourning, which was a great deal more be-frilled and be-puffed than Lilian's plain deep black.

There was a few moments' pause on Lilian's side, and then she nervously began: 'Mary, perhaps Miss Reed would like'—

'Oh, you must not call me "Miss Reed" now, you know,' she interrupted: 'sisters ought not to be stiff with each other.'

I saw that the 'sister' was not to be lost sight of for a moment.

'I was going to say that perhaps you would like to see my aunt at once—before going to your room—Marian.'

'Aunt! Have you got an aunt, dear?'

'Yes; my father's sister—my dear aunt lives with me.'

'Oh, indeed!' ejaculated Miss Reed, with a somewhat heightened colour. She had not calculated upon finding any one besides Lilian. 'But,' she presently added, as though it had suddenly occurred to her, 'if she is your aunt, of course she is mine too.'

'Will you come, Marian?'

'Yes; of course I will, dear;' and with a parting glance at the glass, she followed us to the morning-room.

Mrs Tipper rose to receive us with her company manner; and I saw she was very much struck with Marian Reed's appearance. It was a face and figure more attractive to Mrs Tipper than Lilian's. Much as she thought of the quiet loveliness of Lilian, I saw she was quite dazzled by Marian Reed; and being dazzled, did not judge with her usual good sense.

'Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Charming morning, is it not? I hope you have had a pleasant drive;' and so forth; running through all the polite little speeches which belonged to the genteel phase of her life, and then leaving the other to carry on the talk.

Marian prided herself not a little upon her boarding-school manners; and felt, I think, quite in her element as she gave a few fine speeches in return. Seeing that she could keep it up much longer than could the dear little old lady, and that the latter was growing more and more silent and uncomfortable, I put in a word or two, which brought us all to a level again. I am afraid the means which I took to bring Miss Reed down were a little trying to that young lady. I should not have employed them had any but ourselves been present, or had I been able to think of a better way; but I really could not allow her to begin by making my dear old friend afraid of her, as I saw she very quickly would. So I inquired after Mr and Mrs Pratt and the children, hoped business was still flourishing, and so forth; going on to inform Mrs Tipper that Miss Reed's uncle kept a boot-shop at Islington.

Lilian looked not a little surprised at my making such an allusion, and Marian flashed an angry glance from her black eyes towards me. But I saw that this was a young lady who would very soon reign at Fairview, if some one did not keep her a little in order; and as there seemed to be no one else to do it, I undertook the task myself. A more refined way of proceeding would not, I felt sure, have had the desired effect with Miss Reed. My little speech made Mrs Tipper comfortable, to begin with.

'Then you won't mind me, my dear,' she said, with a sigh of relief; 'I've been accustomed to trade all my life, before brother, in his goodness, brought me to live here; and of course my heart's in it.' And straightway she threw off her company manners and became her dear homely self again; fussing about the new-comer with all sorts of hospitable suggestions. 'If you won't take luncheon, say a glass of wine and a biscuit, dear. It is nearly three hours till dinner-time, and you mustn't feel shy with us, you know.'

Miss Reed disclaimed feeling in the least degree shy; afraid, I fancy, of not appearing quite equal to the occasion.

'Shy! O no; not at all;' stiffly.

To help Lilian, who looked timid and shy enough, I suggested that perhaps Miss Reed might like to go to her room, where one of the maids could help her to arrange her wardrobe. She elected so to do; and Lilian and I went with her to the luxurious bed-chamber which had been prepared for her. Her eyes turned at once towards the cheval glass, and I noticed that she was mentally contrasting herself with Lilian, and that the conclusion she arrived at was entirely in her own favour. Then she preferred to be left to see to the unpacking, assuring us that she began to feel quite at home already. Lilian, who had not yet quite recovered her strength, yielded to my persuasions, and went to her own room to rest until dinner-time.

After dilating upon Marian Reed's evident predilection for examining herself in any glass she happened to be near, it is but right to acknowledge my own weakness that afternoon. On entering my room I walked straight to the dressing-glass, and stood gazing at myself; ay, and with some little favour too! I had been so accustomed to contrast myself with Lilian, that I had come to estimate my own looks at something below their value. In contrast with Marian Reed, my brown eyes and pale face and all the rest of it came quite into favour again, and I told myself Philip might have done worse after all. Smiling graciously at myself, I now saw quite another face to that which usually greeted me in the dressing-glass, and the more conscious I became of the fact, the pleasanter I found it.

When Becky, who at my request was appointed to attend to my small requirements, presently entered the room, I think she also noticed a change as I made some smiling remark to her over my shoulder.

'How well you do look this afternoon, Miss! There! I do wish they could see you now—they couldn't call you nothing to look at now!' she ejaculated, gazing approvingly at me. 'Why don't you let your eyes shine like that, as if you was laughing inside, down-stairs?'

'Because I don't often laugh inside, as you term it, down-stairs, I suppose, Becky,' I replied amusedly. {148}

'Then you ought to try to; for it makes you look ever so much prettier,' she gravely returned.

'Well, perhaps I ought.'

'Of course you ought, Miss. I only wish I could make myself prettier, only a-smiling. Tom' (Tom

was one of the under-gardeners, of late often quoted by Becky) 'says it's worse when I smiles; though I want bigger eyes, and a straighter nose, and a new skin, and ever so many more things, besides a smaller mouth, before I set up for being good-looking. And they all says I do grin so. I can't help it, because I'm so happy; but of course it must be nicer to look well when you laugh, instead of looking as though your head was only held on by a little bit behind, as they say I do. And I tell them it's all your own hair, though they won't believe even that. Mr Saunders says it can't be; though you manage to hide where it joins better than some of the ladies. But haven't I watched you doing it up many and many a time.'

I had it in my hands, brushing it out as she spoke; and murmured softly to myself, looking graciously down at it: 'It *is* long and thick, and a nice colour too, I think.'

This was something quite new to Becky, who was in the habit of taking me to task for not making the most of myself. I fancy she thought that I was at last becoming alive to the importance of looking well.

'To be sure it is! I call it lovely—the colour of the mahogany chairs. O Miss Haddon dear, do let me run and fetch some flowers to stick in, like Miss Farrar does, and then they'll see!'

But to Becky's astonishment, I did not want them to see. My mood had changed; I hastily put up my hair, and turned away from the glass. 'No; I think I will depend upon the smiling inside, Becky.'

'But you are not smiling. O Miss, I haven't said anything to vex you, have I?'

'You, Becky!' I turned, and kissed the face Tom despised, astounding her still more by the unusual demonstration. 'Foolish Becky!' I added, as with a heightened colour she bent down and kissed the shawl she was folding up, 'to waste a kiss in that improvident fashion!'

'I've often seen you kiss that little locket that hangs to your watch-chain when you thought I wasn't looking,' sharply returned Becky.

An idea suddenly suggested itself to me, and I acted upon it without trying to analyse my reason for so doing.

'Would you like to see what is inside that locket, Becky?'

'Yes; that I should, Miss! I have wondered about it so.' And she added gravely, understanding that it was to be a confidence: 'You may trust me never to tell nobody.'

'Of course I know that I can trust you, Becky,' I said, pressing the spring and disclosing Philip's portrait.

'My! what a nice-looking young gentleman! Who is he?' she asked herself. 'I haven't never seen him, have I? Not a young brother?'

'No.'

Then, hesitatingly: 'The young man you once walked out with, Miss?'

I nodded.

'And—he's dead, isn't he, dear Miss Haddon?'

Involuntarily I uttered a little cry of pain. Why did every one suppose him to be dead? 'No, not dead, Becky.'

'Took to walking out with somebody else, and give you up?'

'No; I have not been given up;' my foolish heart sinking. 'Cannot you think of something else, Becky?'—a little pleadingly.

'Did he do something wrong, Miss, and that made you give *him* up? Though he don't look like that neither;' musingly.

I closed the locket, and found that it was time to go down to dinner.

### CHAPTER XIII.—ARTHUR TRAFFORD'S TACTICS.

I found Marian Reed in the morning-room with Mrs Tipper, and she had already assumed the *haut-en-bas* tone in talking with the little lady. The latter had innocently thought that the lowliness of their antecedents would be a bond of union between them; but Miss Marian Reed considered that her boarding-school education placed her far above the level of poor people, though she had for a time lived with them. She had not of late associated with her aunt and cousins; and she had no sympathy with one like Mrs Tipper, who was not ashamed to talk about the times when she had lived in a cottage, and done her own washing and scrubbing. She was loftily explaining that she had never soiled her hands with 'menial' work, as I entered the room.

Miss Reed had evidently taken a great deal of pains with her toilet; and I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that she looked very striking, and better in a room than in walking-gear. Moreover, she got through the rather trying ordeal of dining for the first time at a luxurious table, much better than might have been expected. She did not suffer from any doubts about herself; and was consequently free from self-consciousness, as well as being quick to note and imitate the ways of others. In conversation she was quite at ease. The consciousness of an acquaintance with Mrs Markham, French, music, and so forth; and the entire freedom from doubt as to her ability to cope with any question which might arise, imparted an ease and confidence to her tone not usually seen in girls of more perception. Moreover, I could not but acknowledge that

she was clever in the way of being quick to seize such ideas as were presented to her. And yet hers was just the kind of cleverness which makes some people shrink from the designation as a reproach—the flippant shallow sharpness which so grates upon the nerves of the mind. She was the kind of girl who would talk a philosopher mute, and not have the slightest misgivings about the cause of his silence.

Her bearing towards me had undergone a change, which for a while somewhat puzzled me. I was not a little amused when I discovered the cause. Mrs Tipper had innocently divulged the fact that I was paid for my services at Fairview; and as I had made her a little afraid of me, the relief of finding that I could be displaced at will was great in proportion. She was now loftily condescending towards me, sufficiently marking her sense of the distance between us; though I think somewhat at a loss to account for my cheerfulness under it. In truth I was audacious enough to rather enjoy the fun of the situation, and for the moment did not attempt to hide my amusement.

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But when, after dinner, Arthur Trafford made his appearance, the new-comer's attention was very quickly diverted from me. He was waiting for us in the morning-room, and naturally enough curious to see the new-comer. And however great his objection to her coming there, he was gentleman enough to greet her in the right way. Indeed, now that the matter had got beyond his control, he was, I think, desirous to make the *amende* to Lilian for his previous too dictatorial objections. Probably, too, he perceived that he was not likely to carry his point by such means, though he was not hopeless of doing so by another way.

He took great pains to make himself agreeable to Marian Reed; and it was very evident that his little courteous speeches had their full effect. He was doubtless the first gentleman she had conversed with; and I could see that she was a great deal impressed, I think enduing his deferential politeness and earnest tone with a deeper meaning than he intended them to have.

Lilian looked pleasantly on, accepting his courtesy to Marian as a kindness to herself, after what had taken place. She was very triumphant about it to me afterwards, as a proof of his goodness of heart, and so forth. For the present she was content to sit apart, thanking him with an occasional glance.

But after a while, he appeared to consider that he had done quite sufficient to earn some reward, and drew Lilian out to the garden. Miss Reed was thumping away at the piano, playing a showy school-piece for his delectation; and when she presently looked round, she discovered that her cavalier had disappeared.

'Why, where's'—

'Mr Trafford is with Lilian in the garden,' I explained.

'Oh, is he? Then I will go too!—rising as she spoke. 'I haven't seen the garden yet.'

'I think you must put up with my attendance, Miss Reed. Lovers are privileged to be unsociable.'

'Lovers!' she ejaculated. 'You don't mean to say— *He* can't be her lover!'

'He is, I assure you, Miss Reed. They have been engaged some time; and will be married as soon as circumstances permit.'

'I should never have thought—he wasn't a bit like a lover—to her,' she said in an angry tone, her colour more raised than I had yet seen it. In fact, as I suspected, Miss Reed's fancy had been caught—to herself no doubt she termed it falling in love, and she was a young lady of very strong impulses, which were entirely untrained. In their ultra refinement, Arthur Trafford's good looks were precisely the kind to attract one like Marian Reed—his fashionable languid air being specially attractive to one who indulged in the kind of literature which is not remarkable for backbone. She curtly declined going into the garden with me, and drew a chair towards one of the windows, where she sat watching the two figures as they passed and repassed in the strip of moonlight outside, her brows lowering and face darkening.

Mrs Tipper amiably endeavoured to do her part towards entertaining her; but Marian Reed was not in the mood to be entertained by Mrs Tipper; and made it so very evident that she was not, that the little lady became silent and constrained, though, strange to say, I do not think her admiration for the girl decreased in consequence. Presently Marian went to the piano again, and amused herself trying bits of Lilian's songs; apparently considering neither Mrs Tipper nor me worth cultivating. But I forced myself upon her notice so far as to tell her that Lilian might consider it to be too soon after her father's death for song-singing. Miss Reed opined that that was all nonsense. There was no necessity for being gloomy, and a little singing and music would rouse her up a little. The music had certainly a rousing effect, though not in the precise way she imagined; and her singing! Accustomed as I was to Lilian's sweet voice and pure style, it was almost excruciating to listen to her songs as rendered by the other's loud untrained voice. I sat down by my dear old friend's side at a distant window, and did my best to make up for Marian Reed's rudeness. But she had not taken offence. As she generally did in such cases, she simply attributed it all to her own want of breeding, and that being irremediable, accepted the consequences without repining. Moreover, she was full of admiration of Marian Reed's good looks.

'Is she not handsome, my dear?' was her little aside to me. 'And seems so accomplished too.' (One 'tune,' as she termed it, was quite as good as another, from an artistic point of view, to Mrs Tipper.) 'Such a good thing for Lilian that Miss Reed has been educated like a lady; is it not? To tell the truth, I was rather afraid she might turn out to be a common person like me, you know. At her age, I should never have done for Fairview; not even so well as I do now. Knowing the piano

and French, does make such a difference; doesn't it?'

I could but raise the hand I held to my lips, dissenting so entirely as I did from the notion of Marian Reed's superiority. And I believed that Mrs Tipper herself was only dazzled for a time; her perception was too true to be blinded for very long. When the lovers re-entered, I saw that they were regarded by Marian with a new and uneasy curiosity.

In our *tête-à-tête* that night, Lilian could talk of nothing but her lover's goodness and readiness to fall in with her scheme for Marian's welfare. 'Dear Arthur, he made no objections now. He had only objected at first, because he felt a little hurt, as it was quite natural he should, at not being consulted. But everything would be well now.' I listened in some little surprise to this sudden change in his tactics, until Lilian unconsciously gave me the key.

'Arthur is quite willing now. She is to be always free to live at Fairview, as long as she is inclined, and have five hundred a year, as I wish her to have. But he says there is no necessity for legal arrangements, as though we could not trust each other, you know.'

Had I considered Marian Reed's claims to be as great as Lilian considered them to be, I might have tried my influence against Arthur Trafford's in the matter. As it was, I urged no objection to his arrangement, though I quite understood its import. It would of course be quite possible for Lilian's husband so to contrive matters that Marian Reed would not be long inclined to live at Fairview; and as to the five hundred a year! Well, I believed it would do no real harm to her if she were by-and-by reduced to two hundred and her former sphere again. Hers was not the nature to improve in consequence of having more power in her hands, and a sister or companion for Lilian she never would be. It was too late in the day for any radical change in her tastes and habits. They were travelling different roads, and the longer they lived the farther they would be apart.

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Lilian's sentiments, as days passed by, were not difficult to fathom. Her very anxiety to make the most of anything in favour of the girl her whole soul shrank from, spoke volumes to me. Indeed she had no little difficulty in combating the repulsion which it shocked her to feel towards her father's child.

Marian did not miss anything or suffer, as the other would have done in her place. She never perceived the underlying cause of Lilian's anxiety to please and conciliate her. It was not in her nature to see that Lilian was, so to speak, always pleading for forgiveness for the wrong done to Marian's mother, and trying to expiate her father's fault. Then, conscious as she was of shrinking from the coarser mind, which was being day by day unfolded to us, poor Lilian was terribly afraid lest it should be apparent to the other; not herself perceiving the mere fact of its very coarseness rendering it the more impervious. In truth, self-assertion and *hauteur* would have won a great deal more respect from Marian, than did the too evident desire to please. She was beginning almost to look down upon the girl she could not understand; conscious how different she herself would have been were she in Lilian's place and Lilian in hers; and without any misgivings as to her own superiority. She was also beginning to assume a great deal, and I was the only one to do battle with her, though I had some difficulty in keeping her within due bounds now. As it may be supposed, I did not gain favour with her. There was the difference that she liked Lilian and looked down upon her; whilst she disliked me and was a little afraid of me.

Mrs Chichester made great and palpable efforts to act against her judgment in noticing Miss Reed; 'for dear Lilian's sake,' as she confided to Robert Wentworth and me. 'It was the only thing to be done now. Of course she could not but regret that dear Lilian should not have asked the advice of some judicious friend in the matter. No one could doubt its being a mistake to bring Miss Reed to Fairview; now did not Mr Wentworth think so?'

'Yes; Mr Wentworth did think so.'

'And what did dear Miss Haddon think?'

Miss Haddon had advised Lilian to follow her instincts in the matter.

'But pray excuse me; do not you think that is rather dangerous advice to give—to some persons?'

'Yes; I do, Mrs Chichester.'

At which Mrs Chichester was in a flutter of consternation, lest I should for one moment imagine that she had meant to be unkind in leading me on to make such an admission of fallibility, and prettily begged Mr Wentworth to give his assistance to enable her to obtain my forgiveness.

It took their united powers of persuasion, and gave Mrs Chichester opportunities for all sorts of pretty amiabilities, before Miss Haddon could be brought to reason; and then the former had to be satisfied with what she termed 'a very slight unbending of the stern brow,' as an acknowledgment of my defeat.

Then how pleasant and amiable it was to take all the trouble she did to put me in a good humour with myself again, by pointing out that the very wisest of us may sometimes err in our judgment, and so forth. Matters were progressing thus agreeably, when Lilian wanted Mrs Chichester's advice about the arrangement of some ferns in the conservatory, and I was left for a few moments alone with Robert Wentworth.

'Lilian did *not* obey her instincts in inviting this Miss Reed to come to reside with her, Miss Haddon.'

I smiled.

'And believing that, you allowed the stigma of being an injudicious friend to be attached to me.'

'Because I saw you so willed it; and I do not waste my powers of oratory when they are not required.'

Then, abruptly changing the subject—there was none of the suavity and consideration, which Mrs Chichester considered to be so essential to friendship, between him and me—he went on: 'Tell me what you think of this Miss Reed. Is she what she appears to be?'

'What does she appear to you?'

'Well, I suppose we could not expect her to be quite a gentlewoman, but really— Your little Becky is a great deal nearer the mark, according to my standard.'

'Yes; I think she is.'

'And time will do nothing for her—not the slightest hope of it! She would never be a companion for Lilian, if they lived together a hundred years—of course you see that.'

For Lilian! How plainly he was always shewing that she was the centre to which all his thoughts converged.

'Yes; I see that they will never be companions; but Miss Reed will miss nothing; she will do no harm to Lilian.'

'Not in one way, perhaps.'

'Not in any way, Mr Wentworth, other than paining her sometimes.'

'But if that might have been avoided?'

'Neither sorrow nor pain, nor any other thing, will injure Lilian in the long-run. You ought to know that.'

'I am not an advocate for enduring unnecessary pain, Miss Haddon.'

'I believe Lilian will have to suffer—it may be a great deal—and some preliminary training will enable her to bear what is to come all the easier.'

'I am afraid Mrs Chichester is right after all, in considering you to be a little hard, Miss Haddon.'

'Afraid Mrs Chichester is right! I have a great mind to tell her!' I ejaculated, rising.

'Have a greater mind, and don't,' he smilingly returned.

'But it might be good for you to go into training a little as well as the rest of us; and Mrs Chichester might not object to undertake'—

'Could not you try what you could do towards bringing me into a better frame of mind?' he said. 'It would be like an acknowledgment of weakness to hand me over to Mrs Chichester, you know. You might at anyrate try what could be done for me before acknowledging yourself unequal to the task, in that faint-hearted way.'

'In other words, you want me to stay and talk Lilian to you,' was my mental comment, as I shook my head and moved away. {151}

As I have said, I liked Robert Wentworth better than any other gentleman who came to Fairview. Arthur Trafford occasionally brought a friend with him down to dinner; but his friends were not of the pattern which pleased me—men who looked, and spoke, and moved as though they were only playing the part of supernumeraries on the stage of life. With Robert Wentworth there was all the pleasure of feeling that I was thoroughly understood. I was indeed able to unfold my thoughts to him, as I could not even to Lilian, love her as I did. She was a girl, and I a woman, and she deferred to me as to an elder sister; constantly, though unconsciously, reminding me of the eleven years' difference between our ages.

Robert Wentworth and I met on equal terms. With him I neither gave nor obtained quarter; and our encounters were as refreshing as a tonic to my mental health. Whatever the subject broached, we freely shewed each other our thoughts about it; and I learned to give and take a blow with perfect good-humour. I was sometimes not a little startled to find how completely he was beginning to track out certain tendencies, which I had hitherto flattered myself were so safely packed away out of sight as to be unknown to those with whom I associated. More than once the common-sense which he bantered me about setting too high a value upon, was blinded, and I was led on by wily steps into the enchanted regions of romance, and penetrated by their subtle influence, gave words to my thoughts before I recollected and was on guard again. But no word or look of Robert Wentworth's wounded my *amour propre* at such times; my little flights of fancy met with the gravest respect. In truth, he was a great deal more tolerant to what he termed my romance, than to any little slip in my reasoning; because he had the candour to tell me my ideality was getting starved for want of nourishment, and needed a little encouragement, whilst my reasoning powers required an occasional snubbing. 'And as to pretending you have no romance—you are the most romantic young lady I know. Don't protest; it would not be the least use; though I will not expose you to the world—not even to Lilian.'

I only knew that he was gradually teaching me to be less ashamed of such things than I had latterly been, and so rendering me less morbid, and more fit to be Philip's wife. Philip should thank him for that as well as other things, by-and-by. The hope that Philip and he would be friends, and that there would be pleasant communion between us three in the future, was very cheering to me. How complete would have been the picture could I have imagined Lilian in it as the wife of Robert Wentworth—what a delightful quartet!

Meantime, everything was flowing smoothly on with the lovers again. I think that I was the only



one at Fairview to note the change which was taking place in Marian Reed. She had never been accustomed to exercise self-control, and was yielding more and more to an infatuation which was making her life miserable.

She loved Arthur Trafford, as such natures do love, with a wild, ungovernable, selfish passion; and with unreasoning anger, altogether refused to accept the existing state of things. She would not accept happiness in any way but one; and moodily dwelt upon what she encouraged herself to believe were her wrongs. Why should she be without a name, dependent upon others' bounty, and denied the love she craved, whilst Lilian possessed everything? It was easy enough to be amiable when you had all you wanted! But she did not covet all—only love, and that was denied her. All this she shewed me in more ways than one, which roused my suspicion that she was doing what she could to attract Arthur Trafford, and would have felt no compunction in winning his love from Lilian, had that been possible. There were occasions when it was almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was trying to outvie Lilian, in the only way she knew how to outvie a rival. I knew that she must be spending a great deal more than was right or necessary upon dress, so constant were the changes she made, availing herself of everything which is invented in the way of ornament by fashionable milliners for fashionable woe; whilst her large handsome white shoulders were thrust upon our notice a great deal more than was in good taste. And as to her conversation; partly loud and self-asserting; partly sentimental, accompanied with languishing glances at her hero from the great black eyes— But I must not go on. I am afraid I was not inclined to allow her a single good quality just at this time; and therefore my judgment must, I suppose, be taken with a grain of salt. Nevertheless, allowing for hidden good qualities, which I had not given her credit for possessing, she really was not pleasant as a companion just now.

Much as dear old Mrs Tipper admired her personally, even she was obliged to acknowledge that Miss Reed was not quite so amiable and easy to get on with as could be desired. Indeed, more than once had I found it necessary to protect the kind little lady from the ill-humour of Marian, and the sharp way with which I was immediately retorted upon did not greatly discomfit me. It was enough that I had the power to keep her within due bounds towards others.

I think it was specially obnoxious to her to find that I was observant of her demeanour towards Arthur Trafford, and made a point of putting in an appearance when she happened to be *tête-à-tête* with him. I was gravely displeased, as time went on, to find that he not only suspected the state of Marian Reed's feelings towards him, but amused himself by making it more apparent, feeding her vanity with all sorts of exaggerated compliments, accompanied by languishing glances.

Was this conduct worthy of Lilian's affianced husband? I knew that he did not in reality even admire Marian's style of good looks, and was only amused by her too evident predilection for him. But what was he, to find amusement thus? I asked myself, indignant for Lilian's sake.

'You are very uncomplimentary to Miss Reed, I think, Mr Trafford,' I said one day, when I had been the witness of a scene bordering upon flirtation between them, and could no longer keep silence. Lilian was in the garden with her aunt when he arrived, and Marian Reed had found it out of her power to get rid of me; though she had not scrupled to let me see that my company was not desired. Arthur Trafford's flattery had been rather more marked than usual, and I lost all patience. {152}

'Uncomplimentary!' she ejaculated, looking very much astonished. Had he not been telling her that she had displayed more than usual taste in her toilet, and was looking dreadfully killing to-night?

'I meant uncomplimentary to your sense, Miss Reed.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'I think Mr Trafford does.'

He flushed up, giving me an angry glance. She answered for him.

'I am sure Mr Trafford did not mean to be uncomplimentary in *any way*;' with a little defiant toss of the head and glance towards him.

Of course he could only protest that he did not; and she was perfectly satisfied. He evidently knew better than I did the kind of compliments which would be most acceptable to her. Indeed I suppose she would not have considered them to be flattery at all, but simply the truth, which there was no harm in his telling her.

'She likes that sort of thing,' he said, with a little awkward laugh, when presently he and I were for a few moments alone together. 'And I don't see that there can be much harm in saying a few complimentary words to a girl, if it gratifies her, Miss Haddon.'

'Well, I am glad that you do not *gratify* her in Lilian's presence, Mr Trafford; she would perceive what Miss Reed apparently does not.'

He reddened again. 'Lilian is so essentially and entirely different in every way. You can hardly expect the same kind of refinement in the other.'

'I suppose not; but I cannot see that that is a reason for treating them both with disrespect. It is quite as ill a compliment to Lilian as to Miss Reed, to flatter the latter's vanity as you do.'

'I don't see any ill compliment in telling a good-looking girl that she is so, if she likes to be told it,' he repeated. 'No one can deny that she is a fine girl, in her way.'

'I suppose she is; but I admire Lilian too much to be enthusiastic about Miss Reed's style of beauty, Mr Trafford.'

He was getting more decidedly out of temper, muttering something about some women being so hard upon their own sex, as he turned away.

I had done no good by my interference, only caused them to be a little more guarded in my presence, and perhaps dislike me more. But Marian Reed no longer made any effort to conceal the restless discontent which devoured her. Not for a moment suspecting the cause, Lilian was greatly puzzled to account for the other's increasing discontent, and redoubled her efforts to please, though she was only snubbed for her pains.

'Do you think that I leave anything undone, Mary?' she would anxiously ask me, when she and I were alone. 'Or do you think that Marian's feelings are really deeper than we at first imagined them to be, about—the wrong done to her mother, and that all this luxury jars upon her?' After waiting a moment for an answer, which came not (how could I express my belief as to the real cause of Marian's discomfort?), she went on: 'But you know how much I try to spare her, Mary—you know that I would not for the world do anything to remind her of the shame. Do I not share it?'

Yes; I did know. But I could only kiss the sweet brow and murmur some platitude about hoping that things would right themselves in time. I would not attempt to inculcate any of the worldly wisdom which it had cost me my youth to obtain. Rather was I inclined to encourage her pure faith and trust in others—her ignorance of evil—as long as possible. The pain which comes with one kind of knowledge, I would spare her as long as possible. For the present, it did her no harm to believe a little too much in others; at least so I told myself.

Darling! whatever others might think, *I* knew that your gentleness and forbearance did not proceed from weakness. When the time of trial came, they would see! It was nearer than I imagined it to be, and came in a different and far more serious form than my gravest fears had foreshadowed. It was nearly six months after Mr Farrar's death, and there was beginning to be some talk of preparing for the wedding, which was to take place in two months, Lilian having yielded to her lover's importunities the more readily from the knowledge that she was obeying her father's wishes, when like a sudden thunder-clap, the shock came.

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## COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

THE peculiar defect of vision known as colour-blindness to which many people are subject, is due to various causes; but very little is known of its real nature. In different persons it has a different effect, being in some a complete inability to distinguish between the commonest colours; while in others it is merely a temporary confusion of the impressions conveyed by different hues, or a tendency to give the wrong names to colours, which can be perfectly distinguished from each other, though the mind cannot verify, so to speak, the distinction.

To take the first case first. A man who is perfectly 'colour-blind' cannot detect the slightest difference between the stripes on the 'red, white, and blue' flag; to him the red and green lamps of the railways are the same; and the leaves and flowers of the most variously stocked garden are more uniform in tone, in the clearest sunlight, than they would be to an ordinary eye by moonlight. (The effect of moonlight, it is well known, is to give a monochromous appearance to the most varied colours.) In the other case, a man who has, say the three cardinal colours, red, blue, and yellow, placed before him, can tell that there *is* a difference between them, but is unable to identify them; and while perhaps one day he is able to sort a number of pieces of glass of these three colours, he will be unable to perform the operation the next day.

Persons who are thus afflicted—for it is an affliction, though often they do not actually know of the defect to which they are subject—may possess in every other way the keenest eyesight; and it by no means follows that a man who is colour-blind has in any other way less perfect eyesight than an artist or any other person whose calling requires nicety of distinction in the matter of colours and hues. The question occurs, To what is colour-blindness due? In certain cases, to a want of education of the eye in this particular service; but more generally to local causes and diseases, and to hereditary defect. Instances occurring under the first-named class are not real cases of colour-blindness. It is really no more true to say that a man is colour-blind because he calls red 'green,' or blue 'yellow' persistently, and with a perfect appreciation of the difference, simply because he has never been taught, than it is to call a man blind who calls an oval 'round,' because he has learned no better. But in the other instances the colour-blindness is a true defect. In Egypt, China, and other countries where ophthalmia is prevalent, colour-blindness is common; and the peculiar light which exists in certain localities where there is a large expanse of flat sandy soil, and which is known to be very trying to the eyesight, is very often found to produce this defect where it does not otherwise impair the vision. Hereditary cases of colour-blindness are common. The painter Turner has been said by some of his critics to have been colour-blind; and we believe that one of his sisters had a defect of vision which caused her to confuse one colour with another in such a way as to prevent her from describing accurately a picture placed before her.

In reference to the theory that the recent disastrous railway accident at Arlesey was owing to a mistake of the engine-driver as to the colour of the signal displayed against him, a correspondent

of the *Times* points out that colour-blindness may be acquired. 'A few years ago,' he says, 'I was investigating colour appreciation, and the first instance of the acquired defect that came to my knowledge was in the person of an engine-driver. This man confessed, after an accident through his not distinguishing the red signal, that he had gradually lost his colour-power, which had been perfect; and so sensible was he of his loss and its disadvantages, that before the accident he had determined to give up the situation. The manager of the Company, who told me the circumstance, assured me that this driver had been carefully examined but a few years back and passed as possessing perfect sight.'

If a person with perfect sight will look steadily for a few moments at any object, of one of the three primary colours, whether a lamp or anything else, and then close his eyes, and watch so to speak, with his closed eyes, he will find the object reproduced in a kind of cloudy representation, or rather retained on the eye; but its colour will be changed from the *primary* to its corresponding (complementary) *secondary* colour. Thus the impression of a red object will present itself as green; yellow as purple; and blue as orange. *Vice versâ*, if the object is one of those secondary<sup>[A]</sup> colours, the reproduction on the retina will be of the corresponding primary colour. In this way, it is quite possible for a man, who has been looking for any length of time at a red light on a railway at night, to remove his eyes for a moment or two; and, on looking again at the lamp, to find that—in the course of the natural relief afforded by the impression on the eye resolving itself into the secondary colour—his sight is for a moment impeded by the floating image (now green instead of red) before his eyes, and the actual lamp (still red) covered, as it were, by the retained figure, so that it appears to be green. This curious effect is no fault of vision, and might easily mislead an engine-driver who, having first actually seen the red light, has, after withdrawing his eyes, immediately afterwards imagined it changed to green or white, in indication of the removal of the obstacle to the progress of his train. In this way, by continual straining of the eye in search of a particular signal, especially at night, with no light beyond that of the glaring furnace of the engine—in itself detrimental to the eyes—it is quite possible that colour-blindness may be acquired, and that a man who was once perfectly able to distinguish the most delicate tints may become insensible to the effects of widely different colours.

Whatever its cause, it is a fact that colour-blindness does exist to a very considerable extent. In Egypt this is so well recognised a fact, that engine-drivers and others employed on railways are obliged to undergo a special examination before they are allowed to proceed to their duties. Many curious stories are told concerning the attempts made by men suffering under this infirmity to escape the penalty of detection; they will often rather run the risk of bringing themselves and others to sudden death in a collision, than lose the coveted post by admitting their defective sight. Sometimes a man will successfully guess at the red, white, and green lamps or flags held before him; but, if the examiner is as astute as the examinee, he will balk his calculations by holding out a cap, or some other article not usually classed among the list of railway signals, and an unguarded 'Red' or 'Green' from the lips of the candidate will send him ruefully off about his business.

Researches lately made in Sweden shew that this peculiar defect of sight is prevalent in that country. Out of two hundred and sixty-six men examined recently by Professor Holmgren, eighteen were found to be colour-blind; and in our own land statistics prove that Englishmen are not free from the infirmity. The late Professor George Wilson, who made a special investigation into the subject in Edinburgh some years ago, stated that out of one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons of various professions examined in 1852, no less than sixty-five were colour-blind; and of these, twenty-one specially confounded red with green. A gentleman employing a number of men, writing to the *Times*, states that recently he directed an upholsterer to cover some article of furniture in green leather, and that the man used a skin of bright red leather, not knowing the difference. He could only distinguish colours in their intensity, all appearing to him as different shades of gray.

But instances could easily be multiplied. The practical part of the question is its bearing on the employment of men upon whose sight and power of distinguishing colours many lives are dependent. Engine-drivers and signal-men, railway guards and sailors, often have nothing but a red or green speck of light between the safety and the death of themselves and perhaps hundreds of their fellow-creatures. How many of the 'missing ships' that have set forth in hope, with scores or hundreds of souls on board, and never been heard of again, have gone to their fate through the colour-blindness of the 'look-out,' who can tell? How many disastrous railway collisions have been owing to the same defect on the part of the engine-driver or stoker? The necessity of a rigid examination of all men employed on our railways, in order to ascertain their power of distinguishing the colours of the signals upon which so many lives depend, is being recognised by the directors and other officials. The same precaution ought to be adopted in the case of sailors, and not only once, but frequently. Periodical tests of their eyesight should be made at regular intervals; for in a physical infirmity of this kind, so apt to be overlooked and remain unrecognised even by those who are subject to it, lurk more dangers than in the lack of many other strictly enforced requirements.

#### FOOTNOTES:

[A] Secondary colours are those which are formed by the combination of any two of the three 'primary' colours; the combinations of secondary colours are called 'tertiary' colours.

## GOLD-MINE EXPERIENCES.

I WAS living some years ago in one of our North American provinces, where, for several seasons, I was employed in constructing a railway, which at the time I write is in liquidation, and which I shall call the Swindleville Junction, a name, I trust, sufficiently expressive. The climate did not suit me, neither did the natives; they were much too 'smart' for my fancy, and I was pretty generally always cheated in my dealings among them. In one instance, however, I managed to save myself from being tricked, but I am bound to say that it was from the clutches of a Yankee that I made my escape, for I fully believe that a native operator would never have given me a chance.

Gold had been discovered about thirty miles from the town of Radnor, which was my headquarters, and the miners were making much money by crushing the quartz. Of course the country was soon inundated by prospectors, and numerous holes were opened with varying luck. Curiously enough, the American element did not prevail much in the district, the fact being that the provincials are more than a match for an American even with his own weapons.

I happened, however, to fall in with one very impressive American, a very pleasant plausible fellow. Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was his name. He was a bit of a nautical dandy in his way. Blue surtout and yellow waistcoat, large gold watch-guard and a Panama hat, shortish black trousers and Wellington boots, was his usual dress; and he was more like an English coasting skipper than an American, being bluff and stout, with a cheery red face and jolly manner. But I soon found out that he was as great a desperado as was ever produced, in spite of his off-hand appearance and rattling style. He had, he said, been a blockade-runner, and had got safely in and out of Charleston eighteen times during the civil war; and I heard hints that his success in that trade was due principally to the fact of his having gained much experience by eluding British cruisers on the coast of Africa, where he had been long employed in command of a Spanish slaver trading to Cuba.

I used to meet this character occasionally at a village called Bleakhausen, where I had frequently to go on business, which occupied me a few hours; and rogue although he undoubtedly was, it was pleasant to have a chat with him and hear him relate some of his adventures. It was a great relief also to hear something else talked than the everlasting drawl and snivel about pitiful election squabbles and rates of freight, or prices of salt fish and molasses, which were the only topics ever discussed among the semi-civilised natives in these regions. By degrees we got pretty intimate; and one day the captain informed me that he had discovered that a gold-bearing quartz vein ran across the country in an easterly direction, and was now profitably worked; that it passed right through a property near the village, which he had been lucky in getting hold of very cheap, as all the timber worth cutting on it had been sawn up, and the place was a barren rocky clearing, full of half-burned stumps, and almost fit for nothing. There were, however, the remains of a water-wheel and saw-mill on the place, and a good fall of water. On these advantages Duckett laid great stress, as useful to drive the quartz-crushing machines which he intended to put up. He had sunk a shaft, he said, and run a heading for some distance into the rock, and that it was looking very well, although it had cost him 'a power of brass.'

I took little interest in all this, as I had often before had prospecting schemes submitted to me, and had decidedly refused to mix myself up with them, as my own business demanded all my attention. And so speculators had at last ceased to trouble me. One day, however, having longer to wait than usual at Bleakhausen, my horse being much knocked up by a long journey, the skipper asked me to go and see his mine, to pass the time. I agreed. So we took a walk of about a couple of miles down to it. I was rather astonished when, after a disagreeable tramp, we came to the place. It was no myth, for there it was in full swing. The men seemed strangers, sailors they appeared, of various nationalities; but comfortable shanties had been put up, and everything seemed all right. A few pieces of the stuff were put in a bag by the captain's wish, and sent to my wagon as specimens. After this, I drove home, thinking nothing more of the matter.

One evening, a few weeks afterwards, I was reading a newspaper account of the gold mines in the province, when it struck me that, as I was going to the principal town next day, I would take one of the Bleakhausen specimens, and have it analysed, just for the fun of the thing, and see if there actually was any gold in it. I did not say where it came from, that being unnecessary; but in a few days I got a flattering analysis by letter, which also contained a small piece of gold extracted by the assayer.

The next time Duckett met me he began to speak of his affairs, and hinted that he was getting a little crippled for cash, and that the millwright he had employed would not proceed with the repairs of the mill or erect crushers without a heavy advance of money; so that, as he had run himself nearly aground, he was reluctantly thinking of abandoning the mine altogether.

I had been thinking over this quietly for a few weeks, when one evening I had a visit in Radnor from the captain, who was much downcast, and told me his creditors were so pressing that he could carry on no longer, but must sell the estate for what it would fetch, to pay them off; and with what balance he might have, would go to sea, and leave the natives and their mines altogether. I was sorry for the fellow. We talked long over the matter; and it ended by my becoming owner of the property for ten thousand dollars, paid in railway bonds, which Duckett said he could easily negotiate in the States; and I was to retain him as overseer till the concern was in full working order, at a salary and percentage on the output, which he solemnly assured me was worth four ounces a ton; equal to nearly ten pounds a ton after paying expenses. His estimate was slightly in excess of my experimental assay, but not much; so I was well enough

pleased with my bargain.

Things were going on pretty well under this arrangement, when one night my groom appeared with a dreadful tale of being beaten by Duckett for having declared the mine to be a humbug, and wishing I had not been such an ass as pay him for it, and allow myself to be swindled by a Yankee pirate. Whereupon the enraged mariner speedily made an example of him. I began to suspect that it was just possible that Duckett *had* imposed on me, in which case I should cut a poor figure every way.

The first thing to do was to satisfy myself that the specimen was the actual produce of the mine; if not, the next thing was to get my bonds back; by fair means, if possible; if not, by *any* means; but in any event to get quit of the Yankee at once. About two o'clock next morning I saddled a horse myself without disturbing any person, and rode to the mine, which I reached about five o'clock, and awoke the men in the shanties. They were very unwilling to let me descend, as Duckett was not there; but after some altercation, and seeing me very determined, they gave me a lamp, and lowered me away. I was not down five minutes when I discovered I had been done outright; the original specimen was dark-brown coloured, and the stuff in the mine was dark-blue, and not a trace of gold in it. The rascal had obtained the specimens from a mine called Mount Bengier, some miles away; and had played an old and common trick—namely, placed the gold specimens among the rubbish, and then picked them up before my eyes. As soon as I had fully satisfied myself, I got back to the foot of the shaft; and to my great gratification, was, on giving the signal, hauled to the top at once, just in time to see Captain Duckett coming up the hill.

He was in a desperate passion at not having had notice of my visit; but it was no part of my business to quarrel with him just yet. So I soon managed to smooth him down with a story about my being restless, and unable to sleep in the night, and thinking a sharp ride would do me good, &c.; and I made him even believe that I was pleased, and more than ever satisfied with my bargain. The captain took it all most comfortably.

I asked him to breakfast at the inn; but he declined; agreeing, however, to come afterwards to smoke and talk over matters, which he did. After some cheerful talk, I hit on a scheme to recover my papers. I agreed to lay a tramway to the mill from the mine, and requested him to find some one to furnish us with timber for it; and he was to come to Radnor on Tuesday and tell me what he had done, and also to meet an engineer with whom I was in treaty to do the work at the water-wheel. I called for my horse; but just as I was going to mount, I suddenly turned round and said: 'Oh, by the bye, captain, Davis the lawyer was saying yesterday that those bonds are of no use to you until they are transferred by being indorsed and signed by me. I forgot to speak about it just now; the tramway put it out of my head; but if you like, I'll take them in with me and get Davis to do the needful; and you can get them on Tuesday, when you are in.'

It was a bold stroke for the recovery of my bonds, but the bait took. 'All right,' said he; 'if you'll only wait half a minute, I'll fetch them;' and away he went, and soon came back with the parcel.

I saw at once I was certain of my game; so, as the packet was a little bulky, and did not go easily into my pocket, I said to him never to mind it then, but to bring it to Radnor on Tuesday, and hand it to Davis himself, which would be the safest plan; and that I would call on Monday, and tell the lawyer to be ready for him—to which proposal he smilingly assented; and with that I mounted, and trotted merrily home, sometimes in the woods almost hallooing with delight. I called for Davis, and told him that Duckett was coming to see him on Tuesday, and the purpose of his visit, and that he was to take his instructions, and I would see him in the course of the day, after Duckett had been with him.

Davis was not noted for honesty; but he was the only limb of the law in the place, and our firm had very frequently occasion for his services, although we knew well enough that we could trust him no farther than we could see him, and that he would hang his best friend, if he could make ten cents by the job. So I did not incline to let him know the exact state of matters till I had the bonds fairly in my own hand, when I intended to ask his professional opinion on what I was going to do—namely, to retain possession of them myself.

On Tuesday morning I set a young English boy, called 'the Nipper,' who was in my employment, but was personally unknown to the captain, to look out for him when he arrived, and to watch him all day, and keep me posted up in his movements, and above all to let me know the moment he traced him to Davis's den. In due time he announced to me in my office, that Captain Duckett had arrived at Davis's door, and had actually employed my spy to hold his horse, while he went in with a brown-paper parcel, and shortly came out again, attended to the door by old Davis; and the latest news was that he had put up at the hotel, and was then very busy assisting to demolish a leg of lamb and pumpkin pie. Now was my time; so I went up to Davis, and asked him to shew me the papers. I compared them with a note of the numbers I had in my book, found them all correct, and tied them carefully up and put them in my pocket; and then proceeded to unfold the transaction to the lawyer, and ask his advice as to whether I was legally authorised, under the circumstances, to keep possession now that I had them. Moreover I told him he should not lose his expected fees, as I would cheerfully pay them myself.

His opinion was that the law would bear me out; but that it was a dangerous affair, as the pirate, as he called him, was a dreadful character, and there was no saying what he might do. I quieted his fears a bit and gave him twenty dollars, but he was still uneasy; and as soon as I left him, he had his horse put to his wagon and went away to the country, leaving word that he had been suddenly called from home and would not be back for some days.

I went to the bank and had my bundle deposited in the safe; and after that there was nothing more to do than to have the row with the captain over; so my mind was easy, and I went home to luncheon. When I got back to the office, I loaded a pair of heavy double-barrelled horse-pistols which we used when travelling with money on pay-days, and laid them in an open drawer in my writing-table, just to be handy in case of accidents. I had scarcely written half a page of a letter, when Captain Marcus Cyrus made his appearance in no very pleasant temper, and with a face as red as the rising sun. He began by abusing Davis. 'He had been to his house, and he was gone.' Where were his bonds? Did I know anything of them? He would do this, that, and everything; and raged like a demon.

I let him carry on for a while, and then I opened upon him and told him what a wretch he was, and that I had fortunately discovered him in time; that his mine was a swindle; that I would have him apprehended as a thief and a rogue; and that I had the bonds safely locked up, and he would never see them again; whereupon out came his revolver, which in truth, I wondered he had not produced before, and with many a high-sounding phrase he ordered me to give them up at once (thinking I had them in the office-safe), or he would riddle me with his Colt.

I did not care much for all this, as a Colt is a very inferior weapon to a brace of double pistols carrying ounce-bullets; so I snatched my pistols, and jumped up and closed with him in a second, with one in each hand, fully determined if he attempted to fire, to put an end to his rascality for ever. He seemed rather astonished at the sudden turn matters had taken, and did not appear to relish the look of the four ugly tubes in such close proximity to his person; so he toned down more easily than I expected, although he continued to growl like a bear with a sore head. Ordering him out, I escorted him to the door, and saw him go down-stairs, putting his pistol into his pocket and slamming the doors behind him; and I cannot say I was sorry that matters had passed off so quietly. However, it soon appeared that I was not to be done with my gentleman just yet; in a short time my scout came to say that he was away. He had gone to the stables for his horse; then he lighted a cigar, all the while raging at everybody he came alongside of; he then went to a hardware store, where the boy learned that he bought a couple of cold-set chipping chisels, a hammer, a crow-bar, and some small steel quarry-wedges, with which he drove off, as if homeward-bound.

When I heard all this, I at once suspected that he intended to come back at night to break into the office and force the safe; and the event proved that I was correct in my surmise. I mounted the Nipper on a pony, and sent him away to find out where the rascal had put up, as I felt certain that he would not go all the way to Bleakhausen if he intended to come back at night; and about dusk my messenger returned with the news that he had marked his game down in a ruinous shanty on the edge of the forest where an old convict lived, who sold bad rum and worse tobacco to Indians, negro squatters, and all the scamps in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Radnor are of many and various creeds and denominations, and they are none of those who tarry long at their wretched potations, but all get soon elevated and go soon to bed; by eleven o'clock everything is usually all quiet for the night. Thus I calculated that if I was to see my nautical friend again, it would be somewhere about twelve o'clock or one in the morning; and I took my measures accordingly. I told two of my best gangers to come to my house at eleven o'clock, but to say nothing to any person about it, as what I wanted done must be kept quiet. When they came, I explained my suspicions about Captain Duckett. One of them was a Yorkshire navy of the good old stamp, so rare nowadays. Dick was his name. He might have been in a much better position had he been steady; but poor Dick must have a spree every pay-day, and by the following Tuesday was always reduced to poverty; however, he was a decent civil fellow and a capital hand, for all that. The other was an Irishman, Mike Grady; a smart fellow too, but always in trouble for fighting with his men; but for the business I had in hand that was no great disqualification. I provided each with a stout, long ash hammer-shank and a piece of soft Manilla white line, after which we went quietly down and ensconced ourselves among some bushes opposite the office-door, on the other side of the street. The programme was, that when the captain appeared, Mike was to steal across as soon as he commenced operations and fell him by a blow with his ash-stick; when we were to tie him hand and foot and deliver him to the sheriff in the morning—this being our only chance of getting him; for to apply to a magistrate would only have caused a talk, and would likely have scared the ruffian from making the attempt; and besides that, I wanted to catch him in the very act of burglary, which would insure a severe punishment.

We had not been very long at our post, when the sound of wheels was heard at a distance as if coming slowly and cautiously; by-and-by the noise ceased, leading us to imagine that he had tied up his horse about two hundred yards from where we were. I peeped carefully out; and as the night was not very dark, I could see a figure stealing noiselessly along; and sure enough it was Duckett himself. He had managed to change his Panama hat for a dog-skin sailor's cap, and his blue surtout for an old reefing-jacket; he had moccasins on over his boots, to deaden the sound of his footsteps, and I could see his belt, with his revolver and a knife sticking in it. He was evidently prepared for mischief, being armed with a hammer in one hand and the crow-bar in the other. Stopping at the door he laid down his hammer, and struck a match and lighted a small lamp he took from his pocket; and he had just inserted the claw-end of the crow below one of the half-leaves of the door, to prise it from the hinges, when the too impetuous Irishman, Mike, gave a howl and ran across to him. The Yankee bolted like a rocket, flung his bar from him as if it were red-hot, and made off at a pace that defied capture. We got round the corner just in time to see him jump into his wagon and commence flogging his mare with the buckle-end of the reins like a madman, standing up and yelling to her at the same time; he went off at a rattling gallop, and all the satisfaction I had was to send a bullet after him to freshen his way. He got home that morning; and he and all his gang were away from Bleakhausen before daylight, having evidently

had all ready for a sudden start, although compelled to effect it minus the captain's expected plunder. I got out a warrant for his apprehension; but it was useless, as we soon heard that Captain M. C. Duckett and his crew had been wrecked in an American schooner, and forwarded to Port Royal Harbour, in South Carolina. I never heard of him again, unless he was the same person whose name appeared in a New York paper in connection with a gambling riot and murder on board a Mississippi steamboat of which Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was commander, and it is extremely improbable that there could be two desperadoes of that name.

The last time I saw my valuable estate it looked dismal enough; the shanties were burned, and the mill had fallen to pieces; and I had almost forgotten the whole affair, till I received an intimation a short time ago from a collector of taxes, that unless many years' arrears of taxes and mining license were immediately paid, he would have the place sold to pay them and his expenses; all of which he is very welcome to try to do, though I pity the purchaser. I could say much on the subject. But all I need observe is, that my adventure, which I have related exactly as it took place, offers a fair specimen of the trickeries that are of constant occurrence connected with speculative mining operations in various parts of America.

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## CRUISING ON THE 'BROADS.'

ONE of the greatest charms in Nature is her infinite variety, as may be seen even without travelling beyond the limits of our island; almost every county has its own peculiar expression, differing like the differing expressions of the human face, and presenting, between the lofty grandeur of the Scotch mountains and the undulating luxuriance of Southern England, many gradations of form and colour.

In the eastern extremity of Norfolk there is a part almost entirely composed of lake, river, and marsh, known as the 'Broad District;' *Broad* being the local term for lake. The largest of those, Breydon Water, lies within the narrow neck of land on which Yarmouth is built; and towards this lake three rivers radiate from different directions—the Bure, the Waveney, and the Yare flowing from the ancient city of Norwich. The author of *The Swan and her Crew*<sup>[B]</sup> tells us that 'the banks of the rivers are fringed with tall reeds, and they flow through miles of level marsh, where, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but the white sails of the yachts and the dark sails of the wherries, and occasional windmills, which are used for pumping the water out of the drains into the river.' Every here and there the rivers widen into broads, which are sometimes very large, and swarm with pike, perch, and numerous other fish. Those lakes are all very shallow, and can only be navigated by boats drawing little water; 'they are surrounded by a dense aquatic vegetation, reeds, rushes, flags, and bulrushes; and these are the haunts of many rare birds, and swarm with wild-fowl.'

With a view to navigating these shallow broads in an original way to facilitate the study of natural history, to hunt for the eggs of rare birds, to fish and shoot and otherwise investigate the wonders of the watery region, a boy of sixteen, named Frank Merivale, stands on the edge of Hickling Broad, deeply engaged in thought. At last a grand idea strikes him: he rushes up to the house, gets his father's permission to cut down a tree; and then laden with axes and ropes, he goes to get the help of his friend Jimmy Brett, who lives in an old-fashioned cottage near. The two boys proceed to the tree; and after long exertion, have the satisfaction of seeing the tall young larch fall over with a crash. Which business over, Jimmy insists on having his curiosity gratified by hearing what is to be done with the young larch; whereupon Frank unfolds his great project of building a yacht, a real yacht of their own, with which they might sail all over the broads and on the rivers, and naturalise and bird-nest, and enjoy no end of fun. The less sanguine Jimmy shakes his wise head; but Frank goes on with enthusiasm: 'What I propose is that we build a double yacht. We will make two long pontoons, and connect them by cross-pieces, on which we can lay a deck. Such a boat would not draw more than a foot of water; and to make her sail to windward, we should have a drop-keel or centre-board, which we could let down or draw up according to the depth of the water. Then I think a lug-sail and mizzen would suit her best; and we shall build her in old Bell's yard, and he will lend us such tools as we have not got.'

After a long discussion as to the plan and estimates of cost, the two would-be boat-builders, with a view to enlisting his aid, go on to see old Bell, who was a bit of a curiosity, uniting the two dissimilar trades of tailor and boat-builder. He was a close observer of the habits of animals, and could often give odd and useful information; and was a great favourite with the boys, as indeed they were with him. To this worthy they make known their grand scheme; and while not particularly sanguine of success, the old man promised to help as much as possible; and Frank in his impetuous way, at once begins clearing a space for the keel.

All the spare time is now spent in building the yacht; the two being joined by Dick Carlton, who being rather delicate, was encouraged by his father Sir Richard to join in the pastimes of his two young friends. First of all the pontoons are made, these being merely two long wooden boxes tapering off to a fine point at each end. Laid on the ground side by side, with a space of fully three feet between their centres, they are joined together by strong pieces of wood; while the seams are caulked with tow and a mixture of red and white lead, and protected by slips of wood nailed along them. The deck is next laid, and 'neatly finished off round the edges, with a bulwark of rope stretched on iron uprights.' A tiny cabin is erected, in which even the smallest of the crew will be unable to stand erect; but yachtsmen have to put up with many discomforts, and indeed a



great deal of the pleasure consists in what is termed 'roughing it,' so *three feet six inches* is considered sufficiently lofty for the grand saloon. Two low broad seats are fitted up inside, which are also intended to serve as beds, should occasion require. A rudder and helm are attached to each pontoon, and connected by a cross-piece of wood, so that both might be worked at once; while two drop-keels occupy the space between the pontoons, and can be raised or lowered with the greatest ease. The mast also could be lowered whenever it might be necessary, in order to allow the boat to pass under low bridges.

To those who are interested in the details of such a craft as the *Swan*, the book furnishes ample information (full dimensions and all particulars being given). Suffice it to say, that after much perseverance and many grave difficulties, our amateur boat-builders, thanks to Frank's energy and skill, at length complete their work. The yacht is painted white; a tender in the shape of a punt is also built; and on a bright May morning all is ready for the launch, which important ceremony is fixed to take place at six o'clock on a Saturday morning. The three friends meet in Bell's yard, eager to send their handiwork upon the smooth glancing waters of the broad. But a name is yet wanting. 'Call her the *Swan*,' says Dick, remembering Wordsworth's lines; 'because, like the swan "on still Saint Mary's Lake," she will "float double."'

The name is hailed with approval. The ceremony is most successful; and soon the craft floats out on the waves, and the three boys enjoy the rare pleasure of sailing in a boat of their very own making. A light wind springs up, which shortly increases to a pretty stiff breeze, and the *Swan* behaves to perfection, answering her helm so admirably that the three young sailors are as pleased and proud as possible at the result of their labours.

And now when fairly afloat, we find that the crew have a double object in view; first, a topographical investigation of the Broad-region; and second, the noting of whatever objects of interest in natural history the broads might hold. During a tack the yacht passed over a bed of rushes, displacing a nest of the crested grebe, from which a number of the eggs rolled off into the water. It looked just like a lump of rotting sea-weed; and to avoid detection, we are told that the bird covers its eggs with reeds, so that they are scarcely noticeable: thus strangely does instinct guide to safety. On nearing home, a heron is disturbed, which rises slowly, flapping his wings in the apparently lazy manner peculiar to that bird; but on counting, our young friends found that he flapped his wings no fewer than one hundred and twenty times in a minute!

The success of the first sail only causes a desire for more adventure and a longer cruise, perhaps for three weeks, so that the boys might fully test the capacities of the *Swan*, and explore all the rivers and broads of Norfolk. The consent of the respective fathers is easily obtained; but the mothers, with their usual fear of danger, are more difficult to persuade. Frank, however, arranged that *they* should all have a day's sailing, to see how safe it was; and choosing a fine bright day with a light breeze, the *Swan* floated so gaily, that neither Mrs Merivale nor Mrs Brett could find it in their hearts to oppose the scheme.

Accordingly by the end of May, a hammock is slung between the two low seats, to serve as a third bed; a gun, butterfly net, fishing materials, and plenty of provisions, are on board; and arranging to meet the seniors at Wroxham Bridge, the crew of the *Swan* set sail. In the middle of Heigham Sounds, there is a great bed of reeds, locally called a 'Rond,' into which the boat is run. All hands being on the watch, a whole flock of birds rises from the reeds—water-hens, coots, &c.; and then a little duck with a bright, chestnut-coloured head and breast. A teal; and the young naturalists, bent on finding its nest, spend a long time fruitlessly, but at length discover it in the very centre of the rond. Large and beautifully lined with feathers, it is found to hold twelve cream-coloured eggs, three of which our friends appropriate, and then proceed to shove off the ship. But alas! the *Swan* is firmly imbedded in the mud, and refuses to be moved. There was no help for it but to strip, and raising the craft, by using the oars as levers, endeavour to push her off into deep water; but it is hard work, and the three shew as black (with ooze) as negroes ere it is accomplished. At last she is afloat. Without waiting to dress, up go the sails, and being a quiet spot where they are not likely to meet in with vessels, they mean to bathe and dress at leisure. Suddenly, however, a sail appears—a yacht with a number of people on board! And here we are told that its occupants enjoyed a good laugh at the strange appearance of the *Swan* and her naked though mud-covered crew! Jimmy and Dick take refuge in the cabin; but poor Frank who (still garmentless) is steering, dares not leave his post; so without further ado, he springs into the water at the stern of the yacht, and holding on by the rudder, contrives to keep her on her course till Jimmy reappears with something thrown over him and takes hold of the tiller. Need it be said that the three lost no further time in restoring themselves to the white man's usual appearance!

Heigham Bridge is reached; and while the other two are engaged in lowering the mast, Dick pursues some orange-tip butterflies which are among the prettiest of the Lepidoptera, and look like a bunch of red and white rose petals flying through the air. Resuming their progress up the Bure, till St Benedict's Abbey is reached, where it was resolved to camp for the night, the *Swan* is run into a creek and made fast.

Night comes on, the wind howling drearily; and nothing to be seen but stretches of lonely marshes, fading away into the distance behind the deserted ruins of the abbey, which occupy the foreground. A sense of loneliness is felt, but not one of our fresh-water tars cares to own it, and each tries to assume a cheerfulness he is far from feeling. Suddenly an unearthly cry sounds from the ruins, and a white form is dimly seen to glide among its broken arches; visions of ghosts, even in this materialistic age, rise unbidden; but the phantom after all is but a harmless white owl. So fright gives place to laughter; the lamp is lit, and supper is made as cheerful as possible. Sleep, however, is coy. To our three young friends, nursed in luxurious homes, there is something rather disturbing in the noise of the waters, the howling of the wind, and the wild cry of the birds. A



loud noise disturbs them, and rushing on deck, a belated wherry is seen beating up the river, her canvas making a great noise as they turned on a new tack. The men sing out 'Good-night' as they pass, which is a comforting, homelike greeting, and sleep is attempted once more. Anon a pattering is heard on deck; Frank turns out, and sees a stray coot, wandering about in search of the good things of life. Looking round he spies a strange wandering light flitting among the marshes; like a Will-o'-the-wisp it seems here and there, and then appears to vanish for a time. He rouses Jimmy and Dick, but neither can suggest a solution; so hastily throwing on some clothes, they take the punt and endeavour to reach the light. But it always eludes them; and after a fruitless search, they return to bed and court sleep more successfully than before.

Morning finds them determined to investigate the cause of the light, and while rowing about the creek for that purpose, a strange bird arrests their attention. It is standing on a hillock, and is indeed a most peculiar-looking creature, 'with a body like a thrush, but with long legs, a long bill, and staring eyes; a brown tuft of feathers on each side of the head, and a large flesh-coloured ruff of feathers round its neck.' While they are watching the bird, a man seizes and is about to kill the ruff (for such it is), when the boys run forward and entreat him to sell it. The man being a fowler and only wanting money, is glad enough to make a bargain; and then shews them the nest, made of coarse grass, and containing four olive-green eggs spotted with brown.

Hastening to the rendezvous at Wroxham Bridge our crew are greeted with: 'Well, boys, we thought you were lost.' 'No fear, father,' answers Frank; 'the *Swan* sails grandly, and we are having no end of fun;' and then to the anxious mothers' question as to how they have passed the night, the boys unanimously affirm that they have been most comfortable. Not one of them would shew even the faintest tip of the *white-feather*. Sailing about on Wroxham Broad, our young voyagers and their friends greatly enjoyed its beauty. On one side rich woods come down to the water's edge; and on the other, marshes stretch for miles and miles, with waving reeds, white cotton grasses, and many-coloured marsh grasses, which vary in tint and colour as the wind waves them or the cloud-shadows pass over them. Taking the punt, they explore a perfect labyrinth of dykes and pools, pushing their way among water-lilies and arrow-heads, and gathering many flowers of every hue; and after such a pleasant day, even the ladies are satisfied with the safety of the lads.

The following day our young friends see an unknown broad lying to leeward, and steer the *Swan* up the narrow channel leading to it. On goes the boat, regardless of a notice conspicuously placed at the entrance, stating that this broad belongs to Mr —, and with the usual finale, that 'All trespassers will be prosecuted.' All that is known of this Mr — is that he has a big blue yacht. It were difficult if not impossible to turn; and as they *were* in, they might as well take a look before leaving. Stolen waters are sweet, so this broad seems fairer than the others, and our young naturalists have a good time of it in exploring its many treasures. Hours pass; Mr — and his prohibition are entirely forgotten, until first the sails of a yacht are seen gliding up the entrance, and then the hull; when behold, it is the *big blue yacht!*

A chase ensues, which ends in the capture of the *Swan*; the curious build of which seems to have very much puzzled the formidable Mr —, who on hearing that the craft is of the boys' own building, is mollified at once, compliments them on their skill, and hearing of their love of natural history, he presents them with some eggs of the pin-tail duck, which rare bird had made its nest in one of the ronds.

Returning to open waters, and skimming along the margin of the land, a magnificent butterfly is seen sailing along. 'It was very large, four inches across the wings, which are of a pale creamy colour, barred and margined with blue and black, velvety in appearance, and with a well-defined tail to each of its under-wings, above which is a red spot. This peculiarity of tail gives it the name of the swallow-tail butterfly; and it is one of the most beautiful as well as rarest species.' The yacht is run ashore; but Dick on making too bold a dash with his net, misses the insect. Frank seizes the net, and gives chase to another which had come sailing along. He follows it for a considerable distance, and then disappears, crying loudly for help. Poor fellow! he had fallen into a bog-hole, and was being rapidly sucked down into the mud; but preserving calmness, he tells Dick to bring a rope, while Jimmy flings him his coat; alas! it does not reach him; and Frank is sinking to the shoulders, when Jimmy, in desperation, doffs his unmentionables, and Frank holds on by the one leg, while he manages to keep a grasp of the other, and so supports his friend till, to their great relief, Dick appears with the rope. But so tightly is Frank stuck in the mud, that it takes a mighty effort on the part of the others to haul him out. This must have been a sad damper, for we find our adventurous trio making their way back to the *Swan* silently and thoughtfully—to young bright spirits it being dreadful to be thus brought so near to danger and death. Frank, however, had managed to secure the butterfly for his collection, and kept it safe in spite of his perilous position; and it was preserved specially as a memento of his narrow escape.

As a relief from the monotony of sailing, our young friends propose a game of 'Follow my Leader.' On leaping a hedge, Frank's foot caught the top, and over he fell, right down on a quail's nest, smashing some of the eggs, and wounding the mother, a poor trembling bird, 'about eight inches long, rather plump, of a gray colour, and shaped much like a guinea-fowl.' A fight between a hawk and a weasel next attracts attention; after a prolonged struggle, the hawk falls a victim; and the boys, on gaining the spot, carry off both animals, as an interesting addition to their museum.

The wind having risen, the *Swan* sails in grand style to Yarmouth, where she is made fast outside a row of wherries moored to the quay, while her crew go on shore to inspect the quaint Dutch-looking town, which has been so often compared to a gridiron. Our young voyagers had determined on the morrow to sail up Breydon Water; and off they set, notwithstanding that the

gale had increased in severity and the lake was covered with crested foam. Not a sail is to be seen on the stormy water; yet the *Swan* bravely accomplished the dangerous passage, and with the exception of 'shipping' seas and other unavoidable mishaps, they reached the smoother waters of the Waveney in safety. Skimming along for some miles, they anchor near Beccles, where a finely wooded bank holds out enticement for naturalising. There a hawk's nest is found, and two of the young ones are captured, our young friends intending to take them home and train them for the old English sport of falconry.

The days and weeks fly quickly, and bring new enjoyments and treasures; but we have not space even to mention a tithe of the spoils.

It will be interesting, however, to add that when winter bound the broads with ice, our young friends hit upon the plan of fastening skates to the *Swan*, and so propelling her from place to place. Raised on runners like large iron skates, and with ordinary skates on each rudder for steering power, away sped the *Swan* over the ice after the manner of ice-ships in Canada; until the return of milder weather restored her to the waves—bringing to her owners new stores of information with each cruise.

Although it is not given to every boy to be one of such a merry crew as that of the *Swan*, or to have opportunity for adventures such as those so graphically pictured in this volume, still there are many who, possessing certain opportunities, pass through the world with their eyes metaphorically shut. Irrespective, therefore, of the practical hints for the employment of leisure time, here presented to those who are qualified to profit by them, the moral lesson taught is, that even in spots looked upon by the great generality of people as 'uninteresting,' Nature is lavish of her charms for those who will take the trouble to woo them.

**FOOTNOTES:**

[B] By Christopher Davies. London: Warne & Co.

**THE ROCKY BOULDERS OF CORNWALL.**

PILED on the lofty peaks of rugged Tors,  
 Strewn down the smooth hill-slope and river-side,  
 Scattered upon the lone and dreary moors,  
 These ponderous mammoth forms for aye abide.

Their cold gray hue at dawn's first livid beam  
 Is bathed in golden light as hours roll on,  
 And all bedecked they glow with purple gleam  
 When sunset warns us that the day is done.

As twilight fades, their outlines seem to change,  
 And some appear to float on misty sea;  
 Fantastic monsters take new forms, more strange,  
 And scare belated wanderers on the lea.

Just after nightfall, black and dim they rise,  
 From shadowy depths of gloom and mystery,<sup>[1]</sup>  
 Looming like spectral gnomes of giant size,<sup>[2]</sup>  
 Shapeless and vague against the boding sky.

On yonder height a nodding mass appears,<sup>[3]</sup>  
 Crowning the rocky battlement so vast;  
 Many a rude monolith itself uprears,<sup>[4]</sup>  
 Bidding defiance to the angry blast.

Wild legends hang about these time-worn stones;  
 Some of them move—at dead of night—they say;<sup>[5]</sup>  
 Others do sigh and utter troubled moans,  
 As evil spirits near them wend their way.

Some possess virtue—so 'tis even thought—  
 To grant release from sickness, woe, and pain,<sup>[6]</sup>  
 Whilst other stones such mystic spells have wrought,  
 That envious crags have reft themselves in twain!

Many were poised by Incantation's charm,<sup>[7]</sup>  
 Some by the Giants fiercely have been flung!<sup>[8]</sup>  
 Others were wielded by some saintly arm,<sup>[9]</sup>  
 In days when power was great, and faith was young.

When midnight shrouds the mountains from our view,  
 The phantom Huntsman's hounds are heard to bay;

Unearthly goblins shriek their last adieu,  
While myriad corpse-lights glimmer on their way.

There stands a group of death-struck impious folk<sup>[10]</sup>  
Just as they circled, so they must remain,  
Bound by a stony spell—until awoke  
To judgment in their flesh and blood again.

Where dwellers on the ancient wilds have sought  
'Neath sheltering clefts a refuge and a home,  
Coverts half-built, half-burrowed, they have wrought,  
Closed in above with blocks to form a dome.<sup>[11]</sup>

When vivid lightning rends the towering rock,<sup>[12]</sup>  
And earthquakes do the human heart appal,  
When lurid flash vies with convulsive shock,  
The mighty landslip thunders to its fall!

And while around the rocks of hill and dale  
Cling weird traditions of the dead and lost,  
So also is there many a doleful tale  
Haunting grim boulders on the frowning coast.<sup>[13]</sup>

Hard by the scenes where pagan hosts have striven,  
And where their valiant chieftains fell, 'tis said,  
Great mounds are raised o'er slabs all roughly riven,  
Which serve to guard the ashes of the dead.<sup>[14]</sup>

On Long Stones, set erect, brief words are traced,<sup>[15]</sup>  
Names of the mighty, and their noble sires—  
The memory of their deeds long since effaced!—  
In dark oblivion their renown expires.

Some rude memorials bear the sacred sign  
Which shews a Christian has been laid beneath,<sup>[16]</sup>  
Nor need his relics any gilded shrine  
While the fair wild-flowers gem his native heath.

Dotting the pilgrim-tracks across the moor  
At the Three-turnings, churchyard, market-place,  
Boulder-hewn symbols, carved in days of yore,  
Did guide the erring, and proclaim God's grace.

W. I.

#### FOOTNOTES:

- [1] The Luxulyan Boulders, &c.  
[2] Helmen Tor, &c.  
[3] The Logan Rock, &c.  
[4] The Chimney Rock, &c.  
[5] The Menabilly Stone, &c.  
[6] The 'Maen-an-tol,' &c.  
[7] The Cheese-wring, &c.  
[8] Giant's Coit, Devil's Whetstone, &c.  
[9] St Keverne and St Just Stones, &c.  
[10] The Nine Maidens, the Hurlers, &c.  
[11] Fogous, Bee-hive Huts, Gumb's House, &c. (Fogous, plural of fogou. A fogou is a subterranean retreat built like a dolmen.)  
[12] King Arthur's Castle on Tintagel precipices and Island, &c.  
[13] The floating stones; wrecks, omens, &c.  
[14] Barrows inclosing Cromlechs, &c.  
[15] The 'Maen Scryffa,' &c.  
[16] 'Long Cross,' &c.

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