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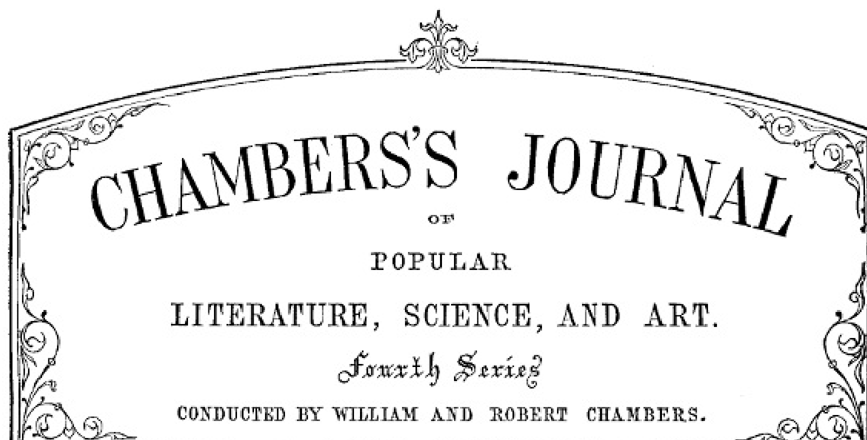
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

CONTENTS

THE TWELFTH RIG.
VITAL FORCE.
THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.
THE MORALE OF CRICKET.
HINTS TO BEE-KEEPERS.
VOYAGING AND STUDYING ROUND THE WORLD.



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THE TWELFTH RIG.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHARM SUGGESTED.

In a certain district of Ireland, at the foot of a tall mountain, and well sheltered from the wind, stood the comfortable farm-house of Patrick Daly, who, though not much raised above that class, so numerous in Ireland, called small farmers, had by thrift and industry, aided no doubt by good fortune, attained to a position of some consideration, and was accounted a wealthy man in the neighbourhood. His farm was well stocked and his barns well filled.

The dwelling was a long low building, substantial and roomy, planted in front with some fine trees, among which the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash peeped forth, giving to the place a picturesque as well as comfortable air.

One source of Daly's wealth above others might perhaps be found in the fact that, beyond a daughter, he had no family. His wife had been dead many years; and this only daughter, now aged nineteen, ruled all within the house, not excepting her father. As the farm would be her undivided property, and it was known besides that Daly paid occasional visits to a certain bank in the nearest town, she was looked upon as a great heiress. Be that as it might, she was reckoned the loveliest girl in that part of the country.

On a mellow October afternoon, Eliza stood in the garden before her father's house engaged in lopping off branches from the mountain-ash trees. The finest and richest with berries were those she selected, as if they were destined for some festive occasion. The garden still presented a very pleasant appearance, though November was almost at hand; but the season had been a particularly mild one, and few signs of winter were yet apparent.

As Eliza stood thus, her head thrown back, the light straw-hat she wore fallen over her shoulders, and displaying the glossy coils of her raven hair, she made a charming picture. She had placed some of the crimson berries in her bosom and hair, and they became admirably her rich, sparkling brunette beauty. Had she arranged them so bewitchingly with any reference to some one who might chance to pass that way?

'Good-evening, Miss Daly,' said a voice at the gate; but it was the cracked tone of an old woman.

Eliza advanced, her arms laden with branches. An old woman, apparently about ninety years of age, stood there. Her form was bowed almost double, her face yellow and one mass of wrinkles; but the dark eyes were still keen and clear. She held a basket in her hand filled with small-wares, which she hawked about among the farm-houses in the neighbourhood, and thus earned her livelihood.

'Oh, it's you, Catty; and how are you?' she returned carelessly, while her bright black eyes darted a quick glance up the road.

'Very well, thank you kindly, Miss Daly. I see you're busy preparin' for to-morrow evenin'. If I'm not mistaken, it's the last Hallow-eve you'll spend as Miss Daly. If we may b'lieve all we hear, it's a happy bride you'll be long afore a year's over.'

She paused, as if expecting some confirmation or denial of this statement. Eliza, however, was engaged plucking off some withered leaves from the branches she held, and made no answer.

'He's a good, steady gorsoon, an' a handsome too, well worthy your choice; an' I'm sure'——

'*Who's* good and worthy my choice? Who is it you're talking about?' interrupted the girl, lifting her head quickly and speaking sharply, while the colour deepened on her cheek.

'Why, Mr Hogan, iv coorse. Sure, doesn't everybody know all about it; an' it's only waitin' they all are every Sunday to hear you an' him called in chapel.'

'Maybe then, they'll have to wait long enough. I might take it into my head to disappoint them and him, after all. Suppose I shouldn't marry at all; or suppose—suppose'—— She stopped.

'Suppose there is some one else you like better. But sure, didn't you give the go-by to all the boys in the place? an' aren't you an' Mr Hogan always constant together? at laste used to be till the last month or so, when young Mr Crofton cum home from foreign parts. But you wouldn't be so foolish as to be afther thinkin' of a gintleman like him. An' you know, besides, don't you, that he's been plighted since both were childer to his father's ward, Miss Ellen Courtney, that's come to live at the Hall?'

'I neither know nor care whether he is or whether he isn't,' returned Eliza, with a haughty little toss of her head and a touch of defiance in her tone. 'He's not married to her yet, at all events, no more than am I to Will Hogan. But tell me, Catty, have you seen Miss Courtney yet? I hear she's very beautiful.'

'Yis, I have; an' a sweeter, lovelier-lookin' craythur never lighted on this earth—so gentle an' kind to all in her manner too, an' ready to help them that's in trouble. The folks are all jist delighted to think Crofton Hall will have sich a misthress.'

'Maybe she'd never be that, after all.'

'Well, maybe not. But tell me honey, is there anythin' rale at all betune you an' Mr Crofton, or is it jist a little divarsion you're havin', to thry Will Hogan's temper?'

Eliza broke into a ringing laugh. 'Settle it whichever way you please,' she answered. 'Call a jury of twelve of your gossips, and do you state the case to them.'

The old woman shook her head, and her strangely undimmed eyes shot forth a flash of anger. She was ill accustomed to be spoken to thus pertly; for old Catty was looked upon with reverence and some awe, and considered as a kind of oracle in the neighbourhood, both on account of her extreme age and the wisdom of her sayings, which it was declared never failed to come true.

'Woe be to them that part plighted lovers! Woe be to them that break their own plight, woe an' bitter wailin'!' she exclaimed; then drawing her cloak round her, she moved on without a word of parting.

The smile instantly faded from Eliza's lips. 'That old creature sends a chill through me,' she muttered in a tone of annoyance. 'Would it be for my woe? Oh, if I could read the future!' Suddenly throwing down her boughs, she opened the gate and ran up the road after the old woman. 'Forgive me,' she said, coming up with her. 'I didn't mean to be rude. Now tell me, Catty—they say you know everything—what will be my fate? Shall I be happier next Hallow-eve than I am now? Or—or—shall I do anything to bring misfortune on me?'

'Sure, how can I tell?' returned the other.

'You are angry with me still. Come now, do tell me. You know you can, if you like. You've told others, and weren't you always right?'

'If you want to know your fate, try the charm o' the Twelfth Rig.'

'And what is that? Tell me what I must do.'

They were standing beneath a wall. The old woman seated herself on a stone, and leant her arms on her knees. As she sat thus, her red cloak drawn closely about her, her spare gray locks hanging loose, her eyes glancing restlessly about with a strange kind of motion, as if they were set in work by mechanism, she looked like some weird sibyl of ancient days. Eliza had to repeat her question before an answer came. Then, in a mysterious undertone, but so distinct that not a word was lost, the other said: 'You must go to a field wid furrows stretchin' from north to south. Go in at the western side, an' walk slowly over the ridges till you come to the twelfth, then stop in the middle, an' listen. If you hear merry music an' dancin', there's a long an' happy life afore you; but if mournful cries an' groans, you'll die afore a year's over.'

'How frightful!' murmured Eliza, shuddering. 'And should one go alone?'

'Yis, entirely alone, an' unknownst to any livin' sowl.' As she uttered these words, she rose and walked on with a rapidity astonishing in one so old and feeble.

Eliza gazed after her. She wanted to ask more questions, but fearing to do so, she too turned and walked away in the opposite direction.

The wall they had stood beside inclosed a spacious park. But behind that wall there had been a listener to their words, of whose presence they were not aware.

In the centre of the smoothly gravelled side-path a young lady stood still. She seemed to have been taking an evening saunter when the voices outside arrested her attention. As she now walked slowly on, she appeared to be sunk in deep reflection, evidently of no cheerful nature. The deep dark-blue eyes, whenever the snowy lids with their fringe of long black lashes allowed them to become visible, were full of mournful expression. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval in contour, with features more strictly regular than those of the rustic beauty Eliza Daly; but wanting in the brilliancy and richness of colouring which made the great charm of that sparkling little brunette. The full white forehead was very thoughtful. One could see that melancholy would be at any time the characteristic of her countenance, as it indeed frequently is of thoughtful faces. But there was so much sweetness and gentleness in it, and the charm of its pensiveness was such, that you would not have wished to change it for a gayer look.

'How will it all end?' murmured the lady. 'How will things be with *me* in a year? If I believed in presentiments I would say that this weight that presses on me boded evil. Which of the two fates is to be mine? To die, or to live and be *his* wife. One or the other, I think; but which?'

Suddenly she again stopped, and listened with her head bent down. No sound seemed to break the silence of the evening; but after a few minutes, footsteps on the road without became distinctly heard, a light elastic tread, with a firmness in its fall that told it was that of a man. She listened with suspended breath, standing perfectly motionless, the colour suffusing her pale cheek, her hands clasped tightly, as if in intensest agitation and suspense. The steps came nearer and nearer, went by the park wall, reached the gate, and as they receded, the colour faded slowly from the expectant face, the hands unlocked themselves, and drooped by her side, while her breath returned with a low gasping sigh.

The next moment a thought seemed to strike her; she sprang towards the wall, and stepping on the trunk of a fallen tree, looked over it down the road. The figure of a young man was visible at a little distance, and while he walked, as if in careless mood, he passed his cane lightly through the wayside grass and flowers, striking off their heads as he went by. She watched him till he disappeared from view, taking the turn which led to Daly's farm.

'I knew it, I knew it!' she murmured; and in that passion of sorrow which seems as if it must take hold of and cling to something, she wound her arms tightly about the young elm that stood by her side, striving to choke back the sobs that rose in her throat. The evening breeze went moaning through its topmost boughs, mingling its sighs with hers. A shower of yellow leaves, shaken by her convulsive grasp, fell around her to the ground, like the faded hopes for which she lamented.

CHAPTER II.—THE CHARM TRIED.

The house of Patrick Daly was ever a favourite resort on festive occasions; he was himself much liked for his hospitality and genial manner; and wherever Eliza was, there the male portion of the population of the place were eager to go; although many amongst them had given up their claims to her hand in favour of the young farmer Hogan, they now stood by to see whether he who had defeated them would himself be defeated by any still more powerful rival.

There was a merry gathering at the farm on the eve of All-Hallows. Many bright pretty faces were present that might well have consoled the disappointed ones; but beside the radiant young hostess who, in more than usual beauty, dispensing smiles and hospitality at the head of the table, they all paled into insignificance. At least so thought Hogan, as he sat by her and watched her graceful movements, and listened with rapture to her sweet ringing laughter; the merriest and most silvery of all, it seemed to him.

On his other side a fair gentle-looking girl was seated, who divided with Eliza the duties of hostess-ship. But though her soft blue eyes rested often on his face, and she evidently listened to him with more attention than the other, he seldom turned to address her. This was Eliza's cousin, Mary Conlan, who lived at the farm. Daly had risen to his present comfort by his own efforts, but had relations who were in a very different position; and Mary's parents when living, had occupied a very poor cottage. On their death Daly brought her to reside with him. Though her attractions of person, and still more so those of fortune, could bear no comparison with Eliza's, she was still not without her admirers; but notwithstanding her gentleness, it seemed that she could be saucy too, for none had as yet succeeded in winning her. Daly, however, was not anxious for her marriage, for she was invaluable in his household. Though Eliza had decorated the room and filled the vases with autumn flowers, Mary it was who had made the cakes which the company seemed to appreciate so highly, and whose skill as a housewife had in a great measure won for the farm its reputation of always having everything of the best description. That Mary Conlan would make a model farmer's wife, everybody declared. Eliza was unusually gracious this evening, smiling upon Hogan almost as of old, and playing off a hundred arch little tricks at his expense. Daly looked on well pleased, for there was nothing he desired so much as a marriage between his daughter and the young farmer. Whispers went round that 'to be sure it was no one but Will Hogan Eliza would marry after all, and it was only nonsense to think she'd ever had any other idea in her head.'

Thus pleasantly, amidst talk and laughter, the tea and cakes were passing round, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and a young man, whose dress and bearing unmistakably stamped him as belonging to a very different class from any of those assembled, appeared on the threshold. He started as if surprised, on seeing the company; but a close observer might have noticed something a little studied in the movement, as if the intruder were not altogether so taken aback as he would have it appear. He advanced easily, however, and going up to the young hostess, apologised gracefully for his intrusion, requesting at the same time that as chance had led him there, he might not now be excluded from so pleasant a gathering. Eliza, blushingly, but with warmth, gave the desired permission that he should remain; whereupon he drew a chair to her side, heedless of one, farther removed, offered him by Daly, who did not seem by any means so flattered as might be expected by the condescension of his landlord's son in thus honouring his house.

There was a constrained pause. Charles Crofton, however, leant back in his chair, conversing with Eliza, and throwing out two or three general remarks of a nature to provoke laughter, soon contrived to restore things to their former state. But for Hogan all enjoyment was gone. He sat moody and silent, a frown knitting his usually open brow.

The two competitors for Eliza Daly's favour were as great contrasts in appearance as in rank. Hogan was the taller of the two, being above six feet, and of more powerful and vigorous, though less graceful build. Could he have settled his claim to Eliza by personal combat, it is likely that the other would have fared but ill at his hands. Both were handsome—Crofton particularly so; and it is probable that the cultivated expression of his features and the play of his handsome eyes, which he knew well how to make the best use of, would have a greater charm for Eliza than the frank sun-burnt countenance and straightforward untutored orbs of her rustic lover.

'All-Hallows eve, is it not?' inquired the new-comer, bending close to Miss Daly. 'Has any one got a ring? Have you?' {292}

'No, indeed; no one has yet, I believe.'

'Then I'm in luck, for here is one in my cake; and there, Miss Daly, why you have the other half.'

'Well now,' whispered some of those near, 'if that isn't an omen, to get a ring the same minute!'

''Tisn't the right half,' exclaimed Hogan, somewhat roughly. 'I have that.—Don't you know, Eliza,' he whispered, 'I got one before.'

'This fits exactly,' said Crofton, trying his own and Eliza's together. And so they did; but it seemed that seeing was not believing, in Hogan's case.

'No,' he persisted; 'they aren't fits at all. Let me try.' He stretched out his hand, and almost snatched the little shining crescent from the white fingers of Crofton, who relinquished it quietly, and with a provoking smile watched the other's vain efforts to make it fit.

'You see now it won't do,' he said banteringly. 'What haven't been made for each other won't go together, no matter how you may try. But cheer up; you'll find the match yet.'

The young farmer, however, returned his smile with a very black frown, and stood up. As he did so he perceived Crofton whisper to Eliza, who laughed merrily and glanced at him. He could willingly have struck the young gentleman at that moment. He determined, however, not to let him have altogether his own way if possible; and when the tea was removed and dancing begun, he went up to Eliza and requested her hand. But Eliza was engaged, and told him so.

'Dance the next with me then, won't you?' he pleaded earnestly.

'No; I won't: I don't want such a sulky partner,' answered she with a saucy laugh.

'I am not sulky, Eliza; indeed I am not. I'm only sorry and vexed that you should turn from me so, and for a stranger. It is not fair treatment.'

'Not fair treatment indeed!' returned the girl, with a queenly toss of her graceful little head and a curl of her rosy lip. 'Ah, now say no more, Will Hogan.' And away she went round and round with Crofton, while the fiddles struck up a merry tune.

Hogan stood still between two minds whether he would go away at once; but he was reluctant to let his rival see him abandon the field. When, however, the dance was finished, and the burning of nuts and other Hallow-eve rites began, he still found no opportunity of approaching Eliza; and all the omens which in other years had been favourable to his cause were against him. At last, when Eliza's nut being placed beside his, instantly bounded away and fell into the fire, there was silence for a moment, and glances were exchanged.

Dancing having recommenced, several came round Eliza requesting her hand; but she answered hurriedly that she could not take part in this dance, but would in the next. She had things to look after just now, and must leave them for a little while. Saying which, she quietly quitted the room.

A few minutes after, a slight figure wrapped in a cloak might have been seen gliding through the farm-stead. On emerging by the back-gate on the road, it stood still for a moment and looked behind. The pale moonbeams gleamed on the face; but so blanched were the features, so altered the expression, that even had any of her friends been near they might almost have failed to recognise Eliza. With a shiver, as if the chill wind pierced her after the heated room she had left, she drew the hood of her cloak closer over her face and began to speed rapidly along. Nor did she pause or again look around till, some distance from home, she at last stopped, breathless, at the gate of a potato-field. For a minute or two she stood before it, as if irresolute.

'Shall I go back without trying it after all?' she murmured. 'No; I will go on, and see what comes of it.'

She entered the field and began to walk slowly across the ridges, counting them as she went till she had numbered TWELVE; then she stood still and listened intently. The wind, which was high, swept over the wide unsheltered space around. Was that its murmur she heard? She held her breath. Low moans and sobbing sighs seemed to mingle with it. Surely no wind ever wailed with such human anguish as that. Louder and clearer it rose, swelling on the breeze, full of more piercing passionate sorrow. She remained rooted to the spot, terror-stricken, her heart almost ceasing to beat. The sounds seemed to come along the ground. As she listened, a slender figure rose up slowly, as if from off the earth, confronting her in the uncertain light, and gazing upon her with a cold sorrowful eye. Shrieking, Eliza rushed back, stumbling and sometimes falling over the ridges as she ran. How she gained the road, she scarcely knew, but she found herself flying along it, with the cry of 'Doomed, doomed!' ringing in her ears. She had heard it, low and despairing, as she left the field, as if wrung from some soul in mortal terror and anguish; now it seemed repeated by a hundred voices exclaiming: 'Doomed, doomed!' She flew before it, pressing her hands to her ears, to shut out the sound.

The farm-house was reached in a shorter time than one could have imagined possible. She wrenched open the gate, rushed up the garden-path, and with trembling hands knocked loudly at the door. The summons rang through the house, above the music and dancing, and the buzz of laughing voices. Everybody flew into the hall. On the door being opened, Eliza rushed in, and would have sunk fainting on the threshold if Hogan had not caught her in his arms. She was carried into the room and laid on the sofa, while every remedy for fainting was procured. Where had she been? was the question each asked the other. Her hair, damp and dishevelled, hung about her, her dress was torn and soiled, her hands covered with clay, and bleeding. At length the remedies had effect; consciousness began to return, and when it did, it came quickly. She opened her eyes and gazed earnestly round, as if seeking for some face. If it was Crofton she sought, he was not there, having left some time before.

'What has happened, dearest Eliza?' whispered Hogan, close by her side. 'Where have you been?'

'I went out, and was frightened,' she murmured.

'And what frightened you, mavourneen?' asked he coaxingly, as if speaking to a wayward child.

But she made no reply, nor could any questioning draw from her an explanation. The party broke up, and each went home indulging in all manner of conjectures as to what had happened. It was whispered by some that Eliza had gone to the Twelfth Rig. {293}

VITAL FORCE.

THOUGH we have not the slightest conception of what life is in itself, and consequently could not define it, we may, for the sake of convenience, think of it in this paper as some kind of force.

'In the wonderful story,' says Professor Huxley in his *Lay Sermons*, 'of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire, the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish. Protoplasm or the physical basis of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm. Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs in its capacity of being repaired and brought back to its full size, after every exertion. For example, this present lecture is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by I shall have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size.'

This explanation may be very philosophical, but it is only a roundabout way of saying that, within reasonable bounds, we can recover the effects of exhaustion by proper food and rest; which, as a fact, people are pretty well acquainted with. The error to be avoided is, in any shape to make such a pull on the constitution as to be beyond the reach of recovery. Life-force, or call it protoplasm, is an inherent quantity not to be heedlessly wasted; and this truth becomes more apparent the older we grow. Why is one man greater, in the sense of being more powerful than another? Because he knows how to get out of himself a greater amount of work with less waste of life-force.

We see from experience that the more men have to do the more they can do. And this paradox is only reasonable, for it is the necessity of great work that forces upon us systematic habits, and teaches us to economise the power that is in us. With the cares of an empire on their shoulders, prime-ministers can make time to write novels, Homeric studies, anti-papal pamphlets. It is the busy-idle man who never loses an opportunity of assuring you that 'he has not a moment in the day to himself, and that really he has no time to look round him.' Of course idle people have no time to spare, because they have never learned how to save the odd minutes of the day, and because their vital energy is expended in fuss rather than in work.

'He hath no leisure,' says George Herbert, 'who useth it not;' that is to say, he who does not save time for his work when he can, is always in a hurry. One of the most sublime conceptions of the Deity we can form is that He is never idle, and never in a hurry.

The following words from a newspaper description of the sublime calmness of power manifested by the huge hydraulic crane used to lift Fraser's celebrated eighty-one ton gun, we take as our type of the powerful man who knows how to economise his vital force instead of wasting it by fussing: 'Is there not something sublime in a hydraulic crane which lifts a Titanic engine of destruction weighing eighty-one tons to a considerable height above the pier, with as noiseless a calm and as much absence of apparent stress or strain as if it had been a boy-soldier's pop-gun? When we further read of the hydraulic monster holding up its terrible burden motionless in mid-air until it is photographed, and then lowering it gently and quietly on a sort of extemporised cradle without the least appearance of difficulty, one can readily understand that the mental impression produced on the bystanders must have been so solemn as to manifest itself in most eloquent silence.' With the same freedom from excitement and difficulty does the strong man who saves his force for worthy objects, raise up morally and physically depressed nations, take cities, or what is harder to do still, rule his own spirit. It is the fashion nowadays to say that people are killed or turned into lunatics by overwork, and no doubt there is much truth in the complaint. Nevertheless it would seem that vital force is wasted almost as much by the idle man as by him who overworks himself at high-pressure for the purpose of 'getting on.' It is indolence which exhausts, by allowing the entrance of fretful thoughts into the mind; not action, in which there is health and pleasure. We never knew a man without a profession who did not seem always to be busy. It may be he was occupied in worrying about the dinner or the place where he should spend his holiday—which he did not work for—in correcting his wife, in inventing pleasures, and abusing them when found, in turning the house upside down by doing little jobs foolishly supposed to be useful. And women too, when stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair, are they not forced to confess that there is as much vital force required to enable them to endure the 'pains and penalties of idleness,' as would, if rightly directed, render them useful, and therefore happy? The fact is there are far more who die of selfishness and idleness than of overwork, for where men break down by overwork it is generally from not taking care to order their lives and obey the physical laws of health.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said that 'the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year;' and certainly it is a habit that must add many years to the lives of those who acquire it. Really every fit of despondency and every rage take so much out of us, that any one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterised as little less than—to use an American expression—'a fearful fool.' How silly it seems even to ourselves after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache, and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room and shewing other signs of foolish anger, because

the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be served exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was 'Seventy-nine. But,' he added with a playful smile, 'as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!' How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiedly refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they as good as say to themselves: 'We must now take care what we are about.' Of course, they make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gaieties, and living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does not approve of singularity. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures forgetful of the great truth, that 'power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness,' miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economised.

Then as regards temper: any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray-horses, is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute-force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

Many people squander their life's energy by not living enough in the present. They enjoy themselves badly and work badly, because they are either regretting mistakes committed in the past, or anticipating future sorrows. Now, certainly no waste of force is so foolish as this, because if our mistakes are curable, the same energy would counteract their bad effects as we expend in regretting; and if they are incurable, why think any more about them? None but a child cries over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and let it be forgotten, only taking care for the future. Sometimes people keep fretting about troubles that may never take place, and spend life's energy on absolutely nothing. Real worry from Torturations of various sorts is quite enough, and causes a greater draught on our vital force than hard work. Let us not, therefore, aggravate matters by anticipations of troubles that are little better than visionary.

In looking ahead, it is of immense importance not to enter into any transaction in which there are wild risks of cruel disaster. There we touch on the grand worry of the age. A violent haste to get rich! Who shall say how much the unnaturally rapid heart-beats with which rash speculators in shares in highly varnished but extremely doubtful undertakings receive telegraphic messages of bad or good fortune, must use up their life's force? Hearts beating themselves to death! Rushing to trains, jumping up-stairs, eating too fast, going to work before digestion has been completed—these are habits acquired naturally in days when it is the fashion to live at high-pressure; but such habits are surely not unavoidable, and would be avoided if we thoroughly valued our vital force.

There are persons of a nervous temperament who seem to be always upon wires. Nature has given them energy; but their physique is in many cases inadequate to supply the demands made upon it. The steam is there, but the boiler is too weak. Duke d'Alva, according to Fuller, must have been of this nature. 'He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.' The same thought was wittily expressed by Sydney Smith when he exclaimed: 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.' Now these are just the sort of people who should not kill themselves, for though wrapped in small parcels, they are good goods. They owe it as a duty to themselves and others not to allow their fiery souls 'to fret their pygmy bodies to decay'—not to throw too much zeal into trifles, in order that they may have a supply of life-force for things important. He who desires to wear well must take for his motto 'Nothing in excess.' Such a one, as we have had occasion more than once to urge, avoids dinners of many courses, goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and does not devote his energy to the endurance of overheated assemblies. When young men around him have got athletics on the brain, he keeps his head and health by exercising only moderately. He is not ambitious of being in another's place, but tries quietly to adorn his own. 'Give me innocence; make others great!' When others are killing themselves to get money, and to get it quickly, that with it they may make a show, he prays the prayer of Agur: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' for he thinks more of the substance than of the shadow. This is the truly wise and successful man, and to him shall be given, by the Divine laws of nature, riches (that is, contentment) and honour (that is, self-respect), and a long life, because he did not waste the steam by which the machine was worked. In homely proverb, he 'kept his breath to cool his porridge,' and most probably was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

At this point, perhaps the secret thoughts of some who have not yet learned how 'it is altogether a serious matter to be alive,' may take this shape. 'What after all,' they may ask, 'is the good of economising life's force? Often I hardly know what to do with myself, nor have I much purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping.' To such thoughts we should give somewhat of the following answer: There is a work for every single person in the world, and his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well. This is a consideration which should communicate a zest to our feelings about life. We should rejoice, as experience teaches us that each of us has the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. None is left out, however humble may be our

position and limited our faculties, for we all can do our best; and though success may not be ours, it is enough if we have deserved it. Certainly if there be any purpose in the universe, a day will come when we shall all have to answer such questions as these: 'You were given a certain amount of life-force; what have you done with it? Where are your works? Did you try to make the little corner in which you were placed happier and better than it was before you came into it?' It is said that Queen Elizabeth when dying exclaimed: 'My kingdom for a moment;' and one day we shall all think nothing so valuable as the smallest amount of that force without which we cannot live.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—NANCY DEAN.

The moon was but just rising, and the shadows were getting deep when I drew near to a clump of trees at the end of the long lane, as it was not inaptly called. I was a little sobered by my walk, and perhaps the least bit disappointed at having come upon no living creature for whom I might do some kindness in Philip's name. I stood hesitating a moment; not liking to go on, yet still more averse to turning back with my purpose unfulfilled, when suddenly the opportunity came.

I saw something or some one moving amongst the trees; presently I became aware that it was a woman, retreating more into the shade, as though to avoid notice. Her movements appeared so mysterious that I stood silent a moment, my pulses throbbing a little quicker than usual; then I advanced a few steps, and said: 'Have you lost your way? Can I be of any service?'

No answer.

'Can I help you in any way?'

'No.'

I approached a little nearer towards the spot whence the voice issued; angry and discordant, or it sounded so to me in contrast with the solemn peaceful stillness around. 'Do not shrink from me; I am only a woman; and as you see, alone,' I said.

'What do you want here—and what do you want with me?'

She had come out from the shadow now; and stood looking at me in the soft gray evening light, defiantly, sullenly, but a little curiously too. I returned her gaze, and saw enough to know that if ever a human soul needed sympathy and help, this one did now.

'What do you want?' she repeated.

'I want you, and I think you want me. Thank God for bringing us together!'

She stared at me for a moment, then sullenly replied: 'I'm not one for thanking Him; and I'm not the one for such as do.'

'You are the one for me,' I said, answering her in her own short decided manner; perceiving that she would bear it better than anything approaching to softness.

She uttered a little defiant laugh.

'You're a lady; and I suppose you want to play at reforming me and all the rest of it. You all like to shew off your goodness that way! But it's all been tried on me over and over again. Ladies as was so good, it a most made their hair stand on end to look at me, have tried, and it was all no use; they always had to give in.'

'*I* do not mean to give in.'

'Don't be too sure;' adding with another hard laugh: 'Why, I was the very worst they had up there; and if they as was so perfect couldn't'——

'Let a woman who is not perfect be your friend.'

'Friend! What do you mean? How can you be my friend—unless'—— She shrank back a moment, then bent eagerly forward again, gazing wildly into my face. 'You must have done something wrong yourself, to make you talk like that,' she whispered hoarsely.

Of course I had done wrong many and many a time, and not at the moment perceiving her whole meaning, I quietly replied: 'Yes.'

'And that brought you here to-night!' she ejaculated, adding in a low voice a vow, which seemed almost a curse, against herself if she betrayed me. 'Tell me what it is you've done; and tell me how I can help you?'

'I will tell you about myself presently; and we shall be able to help each other; do not doubt it,' I returned, drawing her towards a fallen tree, and getting her to sit down by my side, holding her hand fast locked in mine the while.

'You can't help me, as I can see,' she musingly replied. 'I've been up there for three months and more; but nothing come of it.'

'Up there?' I asked, beginning now to apprehend her meaning. 'Do you mean at the Home for the reception of poor women who have yielded to temptation?'

'Yes; though I never heard it put *that* way before. You need not tell me you are not one of the good ones, any more. Well, I was one of the thieves they take in to reform. I'd been to jail six months; and one of the ladies on the watch for girls when they come out, got hold of me, and persuaded me to go up there for a time and be made different.'

'How'—I was going to say—'kind of her;' but I saw the time had not come for that. She did not notice my interruption, and went on.

'Well, then, I run away, and got caught again, and persuaded to go back to the Home, as they call it, once more. So I made one more try. But it was no use. To-night I run away again; and I don't mind what becomes of me now. Who cares?'

'I care.' It was no use, I thought, attempting to talk of the Eternal love until she could believe in the human. Whether the fault was her own or not, I could not at this juncture tell; but one thing was plain, being 'cared for' was what this woman craved more than anything besides. The misery of that half-defiant 'Who cares?' appealed direct to my heart.

'How can you care for me when you have never known me?'—suspiciously. 'How can that be?'

'I do not know how it can be; I only know that it *is*; and I mean to make you believe it. You are exactly the woman I was seeking to-night. I want you.'

'What for? Do you really want some one to help you?' she eagerly asked, turning her wild eyes suddenly upon me again. Even the moon, which was shedding its silvery light upon us, could not soften the wild sadness of her eyes.

'Are they after you? What is it you have done?'

I placed my fingers on her lips for a moment, to prevent her once more repeating the oath that she might be trusted.

'Tell me,' she whispered.

I reflected a moment, then replied: 'Yes, I will tell you why it was absolutely necessary to find some one like you to-night, if you will first give me a promise to be my friend afterwards, and let me be yours?'

She promised. Then with a trembling voice I told her that night had brought a letter to me from my lover abroad, whom I had not seen for nearly ten years, and that in it he told me that he had at last earned enough to make us independent for the future, and that he was on his way home to marry me.

'And your trouble is that you haven't been true to him? You have gone wrong, and want to hide away, and'——

'I have been true to him, and I have nothing to hide. But—my happiness was so much more than I deserved—it was greater than I could bear, unless I could lighten some heavy heart to-night, and I shall always believe that I was led here to you.'

'Are you mad?'—struggling to free herself.

But I held fast. 'You promised—you promised!'

'More fool me. How can I be your friend? How can you be mine? What do you mean? Let me go.'

'No.'

'You'll have to. What tie could there be between you and me?'

'Our womanhood.'

'You don't know!'—with a bitter laugh. 'And you're but a fine lady after all, talking about things you don't understand.'

'I am certainly not a *fine* lady. I am better off now; but I have lived upon bread-and-water as well as you have.'

'Without deserving it?'—eagerly.

'I cannot say as much as that. I have not the slightest doubt I did deserve it, in one way or another. At anyrate it did me no harm whatever to go into training a little. A great deal depends upon one's way of taking things, you know.'

'I can't make you out.'

'Never mind about making me out. Try to trust me; do try.'

'I've a good mind to trust you—in real earnest. There's something about you that makes me feel —— I *should* like you to know,' she said musingly. Then after a few moments, during which I left her undisturbed, she added: 'Yes, you *shall* know; though there isn't another soul I'd tell as much to. I never took that ring at all!'

'A ring you were supposed to have taken?'

'Yes; they thought I stole it. I was in service, Miss'——

'My name is Haddon—Mary Haddon.'

'And mine is Nancy Dean.'

'Go on, Nancy.'

'Well I was in service, me and another young girl who was nursemaid; and one day the mistress

missed a ring. I know now that Emma had the ring, and when there was a fuss about it, she slipped it into my box. She came to worse afterwards, and told me the truth about it when I saw her after I left prison. *She* hadn't stolen the ring either. It was given her by mistress's son. But when one of the children said she saw her with it, and she was suspected of stealing it, she slipped it into my box, rather than get Master James in trouble, never believing that my box would be searched too; and meaning to tell me about it afterwards. But Master James he had a grudge against me, because I hadn't been so ready to listen to his love-talk, and I think he *meant* the ring to be found in my box. I know he told Emma to put it there, and made her think he wouldn't have anything more to do with her if she confessed the truth. Besides he threatened to deny that he had given it to her, and then she would have to go to prison instead of me. Well I didn't say much to her then; she was a poor miserable creature already, and didn't want hard words from me to beat her down any lower.'

'It was very hard for you, poor Nancy; but'—laying my hand gently on hers again—'it might have been harder. I mean if you had really done what you were believed to have done.'

'It was harder for another reason,' she replied grimly. 'Wait till I've told you all. My mother lived away down in Leicestershire, a respectable shepherd's wife, who prided herself upon bringing her girls up honest and good. The first letter I got in prison came from my married sister, to tell me that my wickedness had broke mother's heart, and saying that it was no use my ever going back there again, for not one of them would own me; and father he would never forgive me for being the death of mother. My sister had married a well-to-do farmer, and was ashamed of me before she thought I had done wrong, for being in service; so she did not spare me afterwards. A disgrace to the family, she called me, and said they one and all hoped never to see nor hear from me again. I came out of prison a desperate woman! As I just told you, when I came out of prison I was met by one of the ladies on the watch for such as me, and I was brought down to the place up there.'

'You could not at anyrate doubt *her* motive,' I said cheerfully.

A half-smile played about her lips as she went on without noticing my interruption: 'Then they begun at me. I was dressed up in them things. You've seen us parading off to church, I warrant—people never forget to stare—so you know what it is out of doors, walking along two and two with the matron in front dressed up fine to shew the difference! But indoors it's worse—worse a deal than ever prison was. Mrs Gower (that's the matron) has it all to herself, and—— There; I don't think it has ever done any good to them as are as wicked as they are thought to be, and it just drove me wild. Out of fifteen of us, there wasn't many who could say they were better for being there. The sharp ones pretend to be reformed straight off; it is the only thing to do if you want to come off easy and get sent off to a situation with a character. I gave them a great deal of trouble. I knew I wasn't quite so bad as they thought me; but I didn't care about setting up for good in the way some of them did neither. So I soon got to be thought the worst character they had in the place; and then they shewed me off as the bad one to the visitors—a sort of curiosity. Mrs Gower liked to have a wicked one to shew among the good ones, I think. So I began to feel a bit proud of it, and did little pranks on purpose to amuse them. There wasn't so very much harm in them neither, only they were against the rules. But to-day I was fetched in to be shewn to the committee. I didn't mind them; making up a face all ready for them; and they put up their glasses to look at me, and I think they was satisfied that no place could have a wickeder one nor me to shew. I was laughing to myself, when all in a moment I saw a face among them that I knew. It was my old mistress's son, who had tried so hard to make me go wrong, and then took his revenge by making me out to be a thief. The thought came into my head to tell them that he had been the cause of all my trouble. But I'd hardly begun when I was ordered to stand down as a liar as well as a thief. Of course they wasn't going to believe that a respectable gentleman like him could do anything so wicked. Besides, there was his face to look at; there wasn't a gentler and kinder-looking gentleman there than he was. And he called me "Poor thing," and said he hoped they wouldn't have me punished, for he did not mind—everybody knew *him*! Well, I managed to give them a bit of my mind before I was got out of the room. I could ha' borne the punishment and all that easy enough, if there had been anything to come of it. But I knew it was no use; I should only get more and more hardened, as they called it; so I got out of the window of the room I was locked up in and cut. That's my story, and the whole truth.'

'Poor Nancy! The story is a very sad one; all the sadder because you do not see where you, as well as others, have been to blame.'

'Do you think I stole the ring, then?'

'No; not for a moment. I believe you.' I hurriedly thought over what was the next best thing to say, so as to do justice to those who, however mistaken in their way of treating her especial case, had meant to benefit her, and at the same time be true to her. I saw what they had apparently failed to see—she *could* be touched.

'Then how have I been to blame, Miss?'

'It is a private undertaking, is it not, Nancy; almost entirely supported by one lady, although managed by a committee?'

'Yes, Miss; and the committee is managed by Mrs Gower. They all do what she tells 'em; though if they knew'——

'And costs a great deal of money; does it not? I think that I have heard this lady subscribes between fifteen and eighteen hundred a year to it.'

'Yes, Miss; I suppose she do. They say Mrs Gower the matron has two hundred a year besides lots of perquisites,' replied Nancy, a little surprised at what appeared to her the irrelevancy of the question.

'And this lady spends all that in the hope of benefiting her fellow-women! How much she must feel for them—nay, how much she must *love* them, Nancy! Think of feeling so much love for women who have done wrong as to spend all that upon the bare chance of benefiting them! In spite of their want of gratitude too!'

There was a new startled look in Nancy's eyes, as she murmured in a low voice: 'I never thought of that—I never thought about *her* caring.'

'But she must, you know; and it must be a great grief and disappointment to her to feel that all she does is in vain. It is, you say?'

'I am afeard it is—a most'—hesitatingly began Nancy. 'We've all on us been thinking about Mrs Gower, and she's'——

'A moment, Nancy! It is quite evident that Mrs Gower has not the same feeling towards you all which her employer has, or you would have experienced *some* good effects from it. But it is equally evident that those whom the benevolent lady is seeking to help have no gratitude towards *her*—not even gratitude enough to acknowledge her good-will towards them.'

'I—never thought of *her*,' repeated Nancy, more to herself than to me. 'I only saw her once; a pale thin lady, who looked so sorry—yes, she *did* look sorry, even for me, though she thought I was the worst there! If I'd only thought she cared!'—turning her eyes regretfully in the direction of the house again. Then drawing a heavy breath: 'But there; she thought it was all my wickedness! I let her think so; and—it's done now, and can't be undone. There's no hope for me now—I told you so —everything's against me.'

'Nonsense! No hope indeed! There's every hope for one with your keen sense of right and wrong, if you will only act up to it. Do you think I will ever give you up?'

'What can you do for such as me, Miss?'—I was glad to see a little anxiously.

'Lots of things. Let me think a moment.' Presently I went on: 'There are two ways to begin with, Nancy. One will require more moral strength and courage than the other; but you shall choose which you think best; and whichever course you take, I promise to hold fast to you.'

'What is it to do, Miss?'—eagerly.

'One plan I propose is, for you to come at once with me to the place where I am staying, and remain there until I am married, which I shall be shortly, when you should live with me as housemaid; none but us two knowing anything about the past, and'——

'I choose that!' she hastily began, her eyes brightening and her colour rising.

'Listen a moment, before you quite decide, Nancy. The other course is more difficult, I know; but I want you to decide fairly between the two. It is to go back to the Home, take your punishment, whatever it may be, and stay there, with me for your friend, until I am ready for you to come to live with me. I am quite aware it would require a great deal of courage and self-control to do that; but I think you could do it.'

'Which would you like me to do best, Miss?'—anxiously.

'If you succeeded in doing the more difficult thing of the two, I should of course have greater respect for you, Nancy; but I should not be less your friend for your being weak. I am not sufficiently perfect myself, to insist upon perfection in my friends.'

'That's it, Miss; that's just where it is! If Mrs Gower our matron only had some faults—ever such little ones—of her own, she might get nearer to us. It's the terrible goodness which makes it so impossible for her to understand us, and us to understand her. She seems to be always a-thinking about the great difference there is between her and us. It only makes us more spiteful against the goodness, when we see how hard it makes people. Why, the bad ones are ever so much more sorry for one another, and ready to help!'

'And you judge all others—the lady who has done so much to prove her love and unselfishness, as well as every one else—by this matron. She is probably not suited to the office; but I do not see'—— I paused, recognising that it was not just then the best moment for advancing any argument in vindication of what she termed 'goodness.' All that would be suggested by a better experience, by-and-by. So I merely added: 'Whether she feels it so or not, it is very sad for Mrs Gower to have so utterly failed in reaching your hearts, as she appears to have done. But we must not forget that it is our own defects, and not hers, which are in question just now, you know, Nancy.' {298}

'I know what you mean, Miss; and I'm sorry as I did not'——

'Never mind about the past. There is plenty of time before us, I hope. Which is it to be, Nancy? Will you come with me now, or go back to the Home?'

'I will go back, Miss; and if you hear'——

'If I hear! Of course I shall go to see you to-morrow. You ought to know that.'

She rose, looked steadily towards the Home, now darkly and sharply defined against the moonlit sky, then turned her eyes upon my face, grasped my hand with a strong firm grip for a moment, and walked swiftly and silently away.

THE MORALE OF CRICKET.

Cricket is a pastime so extensively and deservedly popular as to rank among the foremost of English institutions. It is physically an excellent test of wind, strength, and endurance, and is intellectually attractive from the opportunities it affords for the exercise of scientific skill. In a social respect the advantages it confers are great, because men of different grades are brought together without prejudice to the distinctions custom has created, and many genial consequences remain from such meetings. In a moral point of view cricket may be said to inculcate the cardinal virtues. And it is mainly in relation to this last aspect and the results, psychologically speaking, that we here propose to consider the game.

In the remarks we shall offer we will generally assume some knowledge of cricket on the part of readers; but still, for the benefit of the uninitiated, will here record a few brief particulars. Apart from preparing and keeping the ground in order, the material essentials of the game, as everybody knows, are simple and inexpensive, consisting of merely bats, stumps, and ball. It is usually played by two sides, each composed of eleven men, and subject to certain recognised rules. These sides alternately assume the position of the attacking and the attacked. The object of the former is to effect the fall of the wickets, which the other side defends, and to frustrate the endeavours of the latter to make or score 'runs.' It is on the superiority established in this respect that the issue of a game depends. This is a scanty and necessarily imperfect description; but taken with what we shall say incidentally as we proceed, it will be enough for the illustration of the points we have in view. Let us now observe that a member of each of the eleven is elected as captain; and by the two captains all the preliminaries of a game are arranged. Each then assumes entire control over the members of his own side. It is the captain who appoints the bowlers, assigns to the other men their different positions in the field, and settles the order in which his side are to take their innings. Throughout the game it is necessary that he should remain as watchful as a general directing the movements of a battle-field, and that he should be prepared with prompt measures to meet the varying exigences of the encounter in which he takes so prominent a part. In a word his duties are manifold and arduous. He must, according to circumstances, study and maintain the *morale* of his men under depressing prospects, or moderate their too sanguine anticipations in the face of approaching triumph, lest they beget carelessness, and so end in mortification and defeat.

A captain must at the same time infuse a spirit of contentment into his men, and also inspire them with thorough confidence in himself. It is probable there may be three or four men of tolerably equal pretensions as bowlers, or two or three equally ambitious to fill some other post in the field. The captain will have to select between these rival candidates, without condemning those he disappoints to the pangs of secret vexation and annoyance. Thus, in framing his dispositions for a game, he will have to consider each individual's special capacity for filling a particular post, not merely as it actually exists, but also in some degree as it exists in the estimation of the individual himself. He may otherwise leave room for petty heartburnings, and for the feeling that an injustice, or at least a slight, has been suffered. Should this unhappily prove the case, it will, even unconsciously to himself, mar a man's usefulness in the field, by inperceptibly or otherwise curtailing his activity of either mind or body, or both. As to the former, it is almost needless to observe that attention is the great watchword of cricket.

Now, to enable the captain to acquit himself satisfactorily on the foregoing heads, and to secure the results we have indicated, with a perfect knowledge of cricket, he should combine both a knowledge of character and the exercise of considerable tact and *Prudence*. The latter being the point with which we are immediately concerned, let us see how it is exemplified in the *rôle* the players are all successively required to perform—that of batsman. At each wicket stands a batsman, and both are obliged to keep within spaces extending four feet from the stumps, the spaces being marked by lines transverse to that in which the wickets are pitched. The 'runs' before alluded to, which it is the great object of the game to make, are obtained by the occupiers of the wickets running the distance between them as often as possible in the interval taken in returning the ball to the hands of either the bowler or wicket-keeper, after it has once left the bowler's hand, during which time it is said to be *in play*. But they cannot do so, nor indeed go out of their 'ground' at all, demarcated as described, while the ball is in play, except at the risk of the wickets being put down. This may be done by a batsman's being either 'run' out, or 'stumped' out. He necessarily exposes himself to a risk of the former contingency when making runs in the manner explained. Consequently, under such circumstances, a man has not only to be very {299} watchful and quick in his movements, but has also to make the best use of the judgment at his command. The penalty of error in this respect is fatal, unless some fortunate accident should intervene.

Now in regard to the second of the risks referred to, the occasion is one for the exercise of both judgment and considerable prudence. In order that this point may be properly understood, it should be remembered that the balls bowled to the batsman are either 'lengths' or the reverse—that is, they are such that he can best play them either by waiting in his ground or by stepping out a little to meet them. When he should so step out and when he should forbear—for there is at all times a great temptation in the matter—is the pivot on which his prudential considerations in this connection revolve. Should he, after advancing, fail to hit or stop the ball, the wicket-keeper, who stands in readiness behind the wicket, will have most probably picked it up, and put down the wicket before the batsman can return to his ground. But with prudence in the ascendant, and

a nice calculation of chances, the risk to which the batsman exposes himself becomes reduced to a minimum, or is altogether avoided. And with the same principle governing his play throughout, he delays or postpones the calamity which finally compels his retirement from the wickets until he has at least placed a fair amount of runs to his credit; or as happens in exceptional cases, he entirely averts the calamity, and achieves the honour of 'carrying' out his bat. But self-evidently, there is no honour attending this performance if a score beyond the average has not been made.

Now let us see in what respect it behoves a bowler to exercise this virtue of prudence. Many batsmen have a favourite stroke with which they succeed better than with any other. Thus a man may be able to hit effectively to 'leg' who does not succeed so well at 'off.' In cricketing parlance, he is in that case stronger on his leg than on his off-stump. But the actual circumstances in any given case may of course vary, and they may be just the reverse of the foregoing. We shall, however, suppose them to be as we have stated. Well, the respective points of strength and weakness of the batsman soon become apparent to the bowler; and ordinary consideration or prudence then naturally suggests to the bowler the advisability of avoiding the delivery of balls likely to pass to 'leg' or the near side, and of directing the ball as much as possible, consistently with the main object in view, to 'off' or the far side, of the batsman. This would both preclude the negative result of the ball being hit away, and afford a fairer prospect of the positive result of the wicket being lowered, since it would be assaulted on the weaker side. But these circumstances really represent only certain elemental conditions of the game, and are here brought forward simply for illustration's sake. Still, without a due observance of them, and of such points as varying the length of a ball, and bowling so that a catch may result—which are all to be attained by the study prudence would suggest—cricket would cease to be the scientific game that it is; and a bowler would deserve the reproach we sometimes hear applied to him of bowling only with his hand, instead of bowling with both hand and *head*, as he is invariably bound to do.

The necessity of *Temperance* for the satisfactory prosecution of cricket is altogether too obvious to call for argument. The habit itself is not only essential to the unimpaired preservation of wind and limb, but even a solitary occasion of deviation from it may be productive of baneful effects. What cricketer of experience cannot recall the incident of a good 'bat' prematurely returning to his comrades, to make their sympathising bosoms the willing repository of his confession, that the disaster by which he has just been overwhelmed is due to either the salmon or champagne he took overnight; in consequence of which he unhappily 'saw double!'

Then as to *Fortitude*, there is perhaps no other single quality adorning manhood which takes so wide and active a range in cricket. There is the fortitude which sustains the bowler as he finds his best efforts fail in making an impression upon the wicket, and teaches him to persevere with a heart that is still composed and undaunted. He in truth calms the flutter which will occasionally seize him at such a time; and despite the conviction painfully forced upon him again and again, that his bowling has been mastered, he still manfully endeavours, and frequently succeeds, in pitching the ball on the one spot which above all others serves to afford a crucial test of his opponent's mettle and prowess. But the latter meets the effort each time with unswerving steadiness and marvellous effect. With what ease and perfection he stops the ball, with what consummate grace and vigour he hits it away when a chance offers! Immense indeed is the fortitude which enables the bowler to bear up against soul-crushing vicissitudes of this kind. And fortunate, too, for him is it that in such a crisis the captain comes to his relief, and institutes a change of bowlers. This change is sometimes admittedly from good to bad. But it nevertheless often produces immediate benefits; and so well recognised is the fact, that it has almost passed into an axiom of the game.

Let us now picture to ourselves the batsman in circumstances contrary to what we have supposed above. He is confronted by a bowler who sends him, we shall suppose, a succession of 'overs,' comprising balls which are, with few exceptions, all perfectly straight and of excellent length. He occasionally plays the ball away; but it is quickly returned by a smart 'point' or active 'mid-wicket,' so that he cannot obtain a single run. Oftener he only succeeds in merely staying the progress of the ball, and his resistance does not go beyond that. Now, every time the ball rises against the body, or perhaps the shoulder, of the bat, the consciousness of a deliverance from danger rushes through the possessor's mind, which is naturally enough followed by a thrill of delight and self-congratulation; for however accomplished be a player, he for some time at least feels that his fate is not in his own hands. This is owing to the possibility of some subtlety, such as a twist or bias, being suddenly developed by the bowler in the course of a well-directed and well-maintained attack, which takes the defender of the wicket by surprise, and occasions his fall. Such an event may easily happen, and is to be reckoned among the uncertainties of the game, in regard to which we shall have a word or two to say. It will meanwhile, from the circumstances we have stated, be seen that the sensibilities of the batsman are subjected to short but severe fits of {300} tension, as they rapidly undergo the alternate forms of a vague fear or anxiety on the one hand and of joy on the other. So decided indeed is this fact, that numbers of spectators very commonly sympathise, to judge from the expressions which spontaneously escape them, as they watch the events of the game. Fortitude alone enables the hero of the bat, with stout heart, to live through so trying an ordeal. And all honour to him when he at length succeeds in turning the tables on the foe, and finally punishes the bowling to his own satisfaction and to the admiration of the by-standers!

Now, in regard to this quality of fortitude, which is essentially heroic in its nature—consisting in the patient resolute endurance of suffering—the wicket-keeper and long-stop frequently furnish notable examples. The wicket-keeper's duties inevitably entail that condition of martyrdom as their allotted burden; while as to long-stop, the degree in which he is called on to bear the buffets

of fortune and of the ball very much depends upon the precise circumstances in which he is placed. Nor, in this connection, must we omit to notice the possible case of some stout gentleman standing at 'long-field,' whom the energy of the batsman constantly despatches in pursuit of the ball. In the course of each rapid excursion he makes, with the prospect of four or five runs resulting to the striker, what is it nerves him with spirit and determination, and despite his shortness of breath and quivering limbs, impels him to struggle on, but that heroic quality of which cricket teaches us so sound and useful a lesson!

The love of *Justice* is undeniably one of the sublimest instincts of the human mind, and it is not too much to say that, so far as it goes, cricket directly tends to foster and promote it. In a primary or fundamental sense, the rules which have been instituted for the management of the game are a provision for its being conducted on fair and equitable principles; and they are, moreover, administered by umpires appointed for the purpose, who adjudge all doubtful and disputed points. The associations of the game are in general so healthy that a wrong decision wilfully given is a thing almost unknown; and one reason why the umpires should discharge their duties in a strictly scrupulous and conscientious manner is, that they themselves are very much under the cognizance of those who observe the progress of the game purely for their own pleasure, so that any glaring inaccuracy, or deviation from truth or principle on their part (allowing the last to be possible), would be at once detected, and lead to public remark and comment.

How it is that others should be so easily able to note points which it is the duty of the umpires to decide, will be apparent when it is borne in mind that, however important their effects, the casualties which occur in cricket are of a very simple nature, and are all referable to a particular condition or stage of progress of the ball. Aided by a knowledge of the rules, which are clear and explicit, the eye has therefore merely to fix itself closely on the ball. To take now an introspective view of the matter, or to look say to secondary and internal effects, the desire to do justice to one's companions, or in other words to see the fullest possible scope given to the cricketing abilities they may possess, is an essential ingredient of the spirit which animates a side. The hopes and calculations of success in a game of cricket are based on the united exertions of the eleven men who form a side, though special faith may often be placed in particular individuals who have proved themselves conspicuously good players. But in the inevitable nature of things, such 'stars' are apt to undergo a sudden eclipse when least expected, to the manifest ruin of any calculations which may have been made with exclusive reference to them. Hence policy and experience combine to indicate the above mentioned as the only course which is to be relied on as perfectly sound and safe. It is consequently a wish with every member of an eleven that every other member should do the utmost of which he is capable, both in his place in the field and in the way of making runs and contributing to the general score. This wish is bound up in the breast of each member with the personal interest he takes in the success of the side to which he belongs. But this feeling is even extended, as it is only right it should be, to the opposite eleven; to whom, collectively and individually, the opportunities of a free exercise of their powers and the chance of winning on their merits, are never grudged by any true-hearted cricketer. But it may be argued that all this indicates only an absence of selfishness and a love of fair-play. Yet what are those feelings but the concomitants or essential characteristics of that divine attribute which springs from the cultivation of cricket, and by a healthy reactionary influence, expands and purifies in the process?

Among the other advantages of the game, a moment's consideration will determine that it is directly opposed to the growth of arrogance and self-assumption. There is this to be said of it, that as the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift, so the victory in cricket does not always go to the eleven who may, on a comparative estimate with their rivals, be reasonably regarded as of superior merit. This is to be accounted for by the fact, that the forces the two elevens represent act not merely in opposition, but also in some respects in correlation with each other. Therefore the result of a game of cricket, though in the main due to the relative strength of the sides engaged, is somewhat *eccentric* in its nature; like the direction a movable body assumes when operated on by forces acting from separate quarters. And this affects not only the collective fortune of a side, but also the individual fortune of each player. Accordingly in other games and sports the expert may revel in the proud consciousness of superiority, and in weak moments betray that fact in his demeanour; but the cricketer can venture on no such dangerous exhibition of conceit. He may in the early stage of his career, but experience soon teaches him the folly of his conduct. The reverses he meets with, often when least expected, induce in him an air of becoming humility, or at least of modesty, under all circumstances.

This then, in plain language, is the consequence of those uncertainties of cricket which have been spoken of before; and so it arises that when the contending sides are tolerably well matched—a condition embodied in the framework of the several propositions we have advanced—even the greatest and surest run-getters approach the wickets with a secret sense of diffidence, and with their minds already troubled by that vague sense of apprehension to which allusion has elsewhere been made. Probably so eminent and successful a batsman as Mr W. G. Grace may be exempt from the influence of these feelings; but he is certainly not exempt from the operation of that law of contingencies which produces them in less gifted individuals. In order to prove this we have only to compare some of the enormous scores made last season by him with his failure at other times. But not to strain the comparison too far, it will be enough to state that in the match, Gentlemen *versus* Players, played in the beginning of July, Mr Grace was caught for ninety in his second innings; while in his first he was bowled by Emmet for the traditional duck's-egg (0)!

Indeed, taken in the aggregate, the uncertainty of cricket equals, if it does not surpass, the uncertainty which alike proverbially characterises love and war. But so far from that being in any

way a drawback, it gives a special zest and charm to the game, as it is impossible to predicate the issue in any case in the light of a foregone conclusion. Despite the blankest prospects consequently, the hope of a possible turn of events, or at least of luck, and with it the hope of winning, always continues till the last. From this arises an expression current in cricketing circles, that a game is never lost till it is won.

No doubt, too, it is owing to this uncertainty which attends the game that cricket has hitherto afforded so little encouragement to the vicious practice of betting, which would only have the effect, if it existed to any greater extent than it does, of detracting from its beauties and pleasing sensations. All genuine lovers of the game will therefore here cordially unite with us in the wish that gambling may never, like an evil spirit, further obtrude its presence in the sanctuary, where honour and probity dwell in peaceful union with generous emulation and manly love and sympathy.

HINTS TO BEE-KEEPERS.

Though great progress has been made during the last five-and-twenty years in the pursuit of apiculture, much remains to be done, particularly in spreading far and wide a knowledge of recent discoveries, and attempting to induce a more general adoption of this most profitable and interesting occupation. It would be difficult to refer to a pursuit in which larger returns are yielded, considering the limited outlay; and as profit is a consideration with the majority of those who have bees, we propose to keep it chiefly in view in the present paper.

It cannot be too often impressed upon beginners that bees require attention. Many people seem to think that they have only to purchase a few hives and place their bees in them, and that a large yield of surplus honey will be the natural result, without rendering the little workers any assistance at all. It is not by this happy-go-lucky method that profits are made by apiculture. It is certainly true that in spite of neglect bees often do answer remarkably well; but the skilful apiarian, by means of certain acts, to which we shall presently allude, performed in the proper manner and at the right time, will *command* success.

Our remarks will be founded on the assumption that the pernicious custom of 'smothering' bees is extinct. Those acquainted with the rural districts know, however, that the agricultural labourers, and others who ought to know better, do continue to burn their bees; but the practice has long been abandoned by every one worthy of the name of apiarian.

Many people are bewildered in commencing apiculture by the large number of hives whose particular merits are forced upon their attention. There is only one golden rule in this matter, carefully to consider the habits and requirements of the bee, and decide whether pleasure or profit is the *desideratum*. For example, observatory hives, as they are termed, are all very well as a means of studying the habits of the insect, but are not to be recommended when 'supers' of surplus honey are the result aimed at.

In order to take advantage, however, of the various methods perfected by distinguished apiarians for obtaining complete control over the denizens of a hive, we strongly recommend the adoption of hives on the *movable-comb* system, invented by Francis Huber, perfected by Langstroth in America, and by Woodbury, Abbott, Jackson, Raynor, and others in England. By means of the various hives made on this principle, perfect command may be obtained at any time over the bees, and the most difficult operations may be conducted with an ease and certainty marvellous to the uninitiated. For example, natural swarming need not occur, and thus the frequent loss of swarms will be prevented; stocks which have lost their queen from any cause may have one at once supplied without the delay consequent upon waiting for the bees to rear one; and the interior of the hive may be examined frequently, to ascertain if the colony is healthy and in good working order.

For this reason we reject straw hives; but if these are used, let them be large. There cannot be a greater mistake than to use the small straw *skeps* one sees in cottage gardens. Years ago, when people did not understand the enormous egg-producing power of the queen, this was allowable; but when modern researches have proved that her majesty can, and will if she has room, lay more than two thousand eggs a day, the absurdity of preventing her from doing so is inexcusable.

Mr Pettigrew, whose father was one of the largest bee-keepers in Scotland, uses *large* straw hives only, and speaks of hives weighing from one hundred to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He observes, in his *Handy-book of Bees* (1875), that 'it would take three ordinary English hives, if not more, to hold as much honey as one of these hives—it would take three or more of them to hold bees enough to gather as much in the same space of time.' His chief objection to wooden hives appears to be their liability to dampness. This evil has, however, been neutralised in the best varieties of the movable comb or bar-frame hives by the adoption of an almost perfect system of ventilation.

Mr Pettigrew goes on to say that his father once realised twenty pounds profit from two hives in one season, and nine pounds twelve shillings from another. The profits came from the honey gathered by the bees, and not from swarms sold at large prices. He continues: 'The adoption of large hives by many of the bee-keepers of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire put them last year in the van of the advancing hosts. In a private letter which lies before us it is stated that the first swarms, obtained last year about the middle of July, rose to great weights. One belonging to Mr

Gordon rose to one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Swarms belonging to other bee-keepers rose to one hundred and twenty-eight, one hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and nine, and one hundred and four pounds. Mr G. Campbell got four swarms from one hive; their united weight (including the mother-hive, which was ninety-three pounds) was three hundred and seventy-three pounds. The profit from this hive must have been very great. Three sizes have been recommended: the first, twenty inches wide by twelve inches deep, inside measure; the second, eighteen inches by twelve inches deep; and the third size sixteen inches by twelve inches. The first size contains about three thousand cubic inches; the second size, about two thousand seven hundred cubic inches; and the third size about two thousand cubic inches.' He advises the use of the three sizes according to the extent of the swarms and the return of the season, and after detailing the profits from his bees in a village in Lanarkshire he adds, that for 'gaining great profits in a favourable season, and for continued prosperity for a succession of years, the system of having strong hives and early swarms is far before all the other systems of managing bees.'

If we were asked to name the most important desideratum in apiculture, we should say feeding. Judicious feeding at a proper time will save many stocks. We have not only to contend against the absolute destruction during winter of a feeble or ill-supplied stock, but the principle always before the eye of the apiarian should be to be able to commence the season with strong stocks, able to take due advantage of the honey season directly it arrives. By having this always before him, he can easily double the working power of his colonies. It will readily be seen that in a short or inclement honey-gathering season it is important to make the most of every opportunity of collecting stores, and this can only be done if the workers are in a fit condition to do so.

Feeding not only consists in giving them honey, sugar, sugar-candy, or like sweet substances, if they need it, but in supplying them with water, salt, and rye or wheat meal. Let us briefly notice these in detail. Mr Langstroth, an American apiarian, who has written an excellent work on the bee, quotes the following remarks by Mr Kleine in the *Bienenzeitung*: 'The use of sugar-candy for feeding bees gives to bee-keeping a security which it did not possess before. Still we must not base over-sanguine calculations on it, or attempt to winter very weak stocks, which a provident apiarian would at once unite with a stronger colony. I have used sugar-candy for feeding for the last five years, and made many experiments with it, which satisfy me that it cannot be too strongly recommended. Sugar-candy dissolved in a small quantity of water may be safely given to bees late in the autumn, and even in winter if absolutely necessary. It is prepared by dissolving two pounds of candy in a quart of boiling water, and allowing about half a pint of the solution to evaporate; then skimming and straining through a hair-sieve.'

It is astonishing what may be done with bees when they are in a good humour. In order to produce this desirable state it is only necessary to sprinkle them with sugar and water. This peculiarity is taken advantage of by the wise apiarian when he wishes to conduct the process of artificial swarming, taking away young queens for other hives, removing honey, &c. Bees when swarming rarely sting, and the reason is this: when they leave their hives they naturally think it prudent to take a supply of honey with them, and accordingly pocket all they can. In this state they are very peaceable. In order to make them take honey and produce the desired state, apiarians puff smoke into the hives; the bees gorge themselves, thinking their honey is to be taken from them, and pass to the upper part of the hive. This method is pursued when it is considered desirable to make an examination of the interior of a colony.

Bees will freely take salt during the early part of the breeding season; but water is absolutely necessary for them, and should be regularly supplied in troughs near the entrance, with straws floating in it, so that the bees may drink without fear of drowning. To ascertain whether bees are sustaining injury from want of water, it is only necessary to examine the bottom of the hive. If candied grains of honey appear, no time must be lost in supplying water, *for the bees are eating up their honey in order to obtain it*. This is one cause of the starvation of bees; for lack of water they have too rapidly consumed their stores. Bees work in the dark because the admission of light would candy the honey, and they could not seal it up in its proper liquid state. Glass hives, in which they are made to work in the glare of light, are therefore unnatural. An indication of their dislike to light appears in the attempts they make to obscure the small windows often placed in hives for purposes of examination.

Some people think it possible to overstock a district with bees; but we do not think it ever has occurred in Great Britain. Think of the square miles of orchards, fields of clover and beans, and tracts of heather and other honey-producing plants this country contains, and of the thousands of tons of that substance which must pass from them into the atmosphere, much of which might be gathered for the use of man! How many agricultural labourers and railway porters in country districts might double their earnings by keeping bees! Farmers who grow clovers for seed would find that the multiplication of bees around them would be of immense advantage, for these plants depend to a great extent upon the visits of the bee for fertilisation and consequent production of seed. This simple fact ought to be generally known.

It is a good plan to grow borage, thyme, mignonette, heliotrope, heather, and other honey-containing flowers in the neighbourhood of the apiary; infirm or young bees will not then have to fly far in search of honey. Fields of beans contain large quantities of honey. Mr Pettigrew estimates that a twenty-acre field of grass well sprinkled with the flowers of white clover, yields to bees every fine day at least one hundred pounds of honey; and that twenty acres of heather in flower yield two hundred pounds of honey per day. White clover has been called the queen of honey-plants. Heather is more appreciated for bees in Scotland than in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, where it also abounds. Bees will not as a rule fly far in search of honey, but a circle

{303}

with a radius of four miles will almost everywhere yield abundant pasturage. If there are cultivated fields within two miles it will be all the better.

We think there can be no doubt that the variety of bee called *Ligurian* will enable the apiarian to obtain more profit than if he kept the common kind. These bees may be readily purchased now at about two pounds a swarm, or twelve shillings a queen, to Ligurianise a colony. (See *The British Bee Journal*, published by Messrs Abbott, Fairlawn, Southall, W.) To Ligurianise an apiary of common bees, it is only necessary to remove the queens and introduce those of the new kind, after a proper interval. This species, which is also called the Italian bee, was introduced into England from Tamin-by-Chur in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland.

Another quality in which the Ligurian bee exceeds the English variety is in its peacefulness of disposition. Respecting the purity of race, Dzierzon says: 'It has been questioned even by experienced and expert apiarians whether the Italian race can be preserved in its purity in countries where the common kind prevail. There need be no uneasiness on this score. Their preservation could be accomplished even if natural swarming had to be relied on, because they swarm earlier in the season than the common kind, and also more frequently.' Even if the breed is not kept pure, little harm is done; indeed we know one skilful apiarian who thinks that a cross between the common and Ligurian varieties is a decided advantage.

The fact that Ligurian bees are less sensitive to cold has been pointed out by the Baron Berlepsch; but he also noticed that they are more inclined to rob the hives of other bees than the common variety. He succeeded in obtaining one hundred and thirty-nine fertile young queens from one Italian queen. Ligurian bees begin work earlier in the morning and leave off later than the common bees.

If the apiarian decides to manage his bees on the swarming or natural method, he must be prepared to give a good deal of attention to his bees, or employ a person to do it for him. Many swarms are lost when the apiarian is away for any length of time, particularly if he possesses an extensive apiary. Besides this, two or more swarms sometimes come out of the hive at the same time and cluster together. In such a case it has been found advantageous to hive them together in a large hive, as it is a somewhat delicate operation to divide the aggregated swarms and hive them separately.

Occasionally a swarm alights on the high branch of a tree, and can only be secured with difficulty. Some apiarians place an old hat or black stocking in a low bush near at hand, and this is said to induce the bees to alight. We have heard of one ingenious gentleman who never lost a swarm, by making a large ball of bees by stringing dead ones together, and placing this upon a string, in its turn affixed to a stick, which he placed in front in a conspicuous situation.

The old queen quits with the first swarm, leaving royal cells ready to supply another after her departure. The second swarm will depart about sixteen days after the first swarm. Bees, however, do not always think it desirable to send out a second swarm. To ascertain this, the apiarian should place his ear at the hive occasionally during that period, in order to ascertain if the young queens are *piping*. When the old queen has left with the first swarm, the first hatched queen is allowed to kill all the embryo queens in the royal cells, if the bees have decided not to send out another swarm. If an exodus is, however, arranged, the bees prevent the queen from killing the young ones in the cells. These begin to pipe after a certain interval; and hence if the apiarian hears the curious notes, he knows that a second swarm may be expected.

The uncertainties of natural swarming have induced many apiarians to dispense with it altogether. The facilities for examination afforded by hives on the principles we have before described, render it easy to ascertain when a hive is ripe for swarming. By contracting the entrance of the hive the exit of the queen may be arrested; and this is a capital plan to pursue when the apiarian is unable to watch his colonies, but does not want to take the swarm from the hive before it is necessary. Our limits will not allow us to go into detail respecting the various processes of artificial swarming. One simple method, after the necessity for taking the swarm has been ascertained, is to puff some smoke (that made by burning a piece of corduroy rolled up, is the best) into the hive, take the top off, after stopping up the entrance, and getting the surplus bees into an empty box or hive placed on the top, by drumming on the hive. In nine cases out of ten the queen goes with them. In that case the parent stock will require another queen, which may be supplied from another hive with a great saving of time. If the queen has remained below, the forced swarm must have a queen supplied in the same manner; or if this is not practicable, the bees will soon rear one themselves.

The advantage of giving a fertile young queen to the mother-stock is thus detailed by Mr Langstroth: 'It sometimes happens that the mother-stock when deprived of its queen perishes, either because it takes no steps to supply her loss, or because it fails in the attempt. If the mother-stock has not been supplied with a fertile queen, it cannot for a long time part with another colony without being seriously weakened. Second swarming—as is well known—often very much injures the parent stock, although its queens are rapidly maturing; but the forced mother-stock may have to start theirs almost from the egg. By giving it a fertile queen and retaining enough adhering bees to develop the brood, a moderate swarm may be safely taken away in ten or twelve days, and the mother-stock left in a far better condition than if it had parted with two natural swarms. In favourable seasons and localities this process may be repeated four or five times, at intervals of ten days; and if no combs are removed, the mother-stock will still be well supplied with brood and mature bees. Indeed the judicious removal of bees at proper intervals often leaves it at the close of the summer better supplied than non-swarming stocks with maturing bees.'

We trust that the observations we have made in the present paper may induce some persons to commence this interesting pursuit who have hitherto been strangers to it. Those who feel inclined to do so, we advise to purchase one of the numerous manuals on the subject, and to begin with a few hives at first. The best cheap work on bees with which we are acquainted is *Practical Bee-keeping*, by Frank Cheshire, Editor of the Apiary Department of *The Country*. (*Bazaar* Office, 32 Wellington Street, Strand.) Price 2s. 6d.

VOYAGING AND STUDYING ROUND THE WORLD.

At the present moment two notable schemes of travel are before the world, to which we will briefly advert. One is simply and purely a pleasure excursion of a somewhat luxurious nature, announced as a 'Yachting Voyage Round the World.' It is proposed, 'should sufficient inducement offer,' to despatch from London, on August 15th, *a large and fast steamer* (*Sumatra*, 2400 tons), fitted with every comfort, to all the principal seaports of the world. After calling at Southampton, Bordeaux, Corunna, and Lisbon, the passengers are to *do* the Mediterranean ports in the most thorough manner, and then Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burmah, the Straits' Settlements, and Manila. From Hong-kong the steamer is to proceed to Amoy on the Chinese coast, to enable the travellers to visit Nanking and Peking: at least so the programme has it; but either its author or printer has made a slip here, for of course it must be intended that these very interesting trips should be made from Shanghai, the next port of call. Having thus skirted the Celestial Empire, the travellers will be spirited across the Yellow Sea to Japan, there to behold the wonders of a budding civilisation. Then after a three weeks' voyage across the Pacific, they will commence their experience of the New World at San Francisco; and calling here and there at places of interest on their south-ward voyage, they will be taken through the Straits of Magellan to the Falkland Islands; after leaving which they will visit successively Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Trinidad, Havana, and New York. The fare for this pleasure excursion will be five hundred pounds with extras; which, considering the promised accommodation of every description set forth in the prospectus, does not appear very excessive for a voyage calculated to last ten months or thereabouts. We recommend the idea to the attention of those who want something more exciting and novel in the way of travel than can otherwise be got within a thousand miles of St Paul's. One objection only occurs to our mind in regard to the route proposed, and that is the fact of our great colonies being entirely ignored. Full information may be had by applying to Messrs Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, London, S.W.; or of the Hon. Secretaries of the Association, Messrs Hide & Thompson, 4 Cullum Street, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The other scheme to which we would allude is one put forward by the *Société des Voyages d'étude autour du Monde*, which has been formed at Paris with the avowed object of organising annual steam-voyages round the world. The Society aims higher than the promoters of the 'Yachting' Cruise, and desires to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to provide for respectably connected young men who have finished their ordinary studies a still more complete finish in the shape of '*un complément d'instruction supérieur*.' The Society states that its plan has met with the approval of the Geographical Societies of Paris and London and several learned bodies in France; and it has appointed a Council of Administration to carry it out, as well as a committee of *savants* to organise the courses of study which are to form a special feature of the expeditions, and are to embrace scientific, economic, and commercial subjects. After a considerable period of incubation, the views of the Society have just been enunciated in some detail in a pamphlet entitled *Le Tour du Monde en 320 Jours* (Round the World in three hundred and twenty Days), (Paris: Ch. Delagrave). From this we learn that the itinerary of the 'Yachting' Cruise will, broadly speaking, be reversed, and that some additional places will be visited, notably Auckland, Melbourne, and Sydney; which in our humble opinion is a great improvement from an educational point of view. Our readers would hardly thank us for diving into all the minutiæ of the scheme, which, with the usual fondness of the French for petty detail, are laid down in the pamphlet at considerable length under the four heads: *Organisation générale du prémier voyage*, *Organisation matérielle*, *Organisation morale*, and *Conditions du passage*.

The arrangements made under the third head of those just noted (*Organisation morale*) constitute the distinguishing feature of the expedition. They include a large library of all descriptions of works on foreign countries, and a collection of the most interesting of their products, especially those which are or can be turned to an account from an industrial point of view. Atlases and charts will be provided, to enable the passengers to make themselves acquainted with the various countries and to follow with exactness the course of the ship. In order to provide an educational staff, the Society offers free passages to three professors, who will be charged with the superintendence of the following branches of study and the delivery of lectures thereon: Economic science, including the commercial products of the various countries visited, their manners and customs, historical sketches, &c.; Natural sciences, under which will come the race of the inhabitants, animal life, plants, geology, mining, &c.; and Physical science and climatology, in which category meteorology, winds and currents, geographical details, seasons, &c. will be dealt with. We have said sufficient, we think, to shew the peculiar features of this proposed series of annual voyages round the world for educational purposes; and we shall watch the result with much interest, though, from our own personal experience of long voyages in hot climates, on board even comfortable steamers, we should have thought that they were the last places in which serious studies on a large scale could be conducted with advantage.

Full particulars may be had from the *Société*, 8 Place Vendôme, Paris; or from Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, London. June 30th is the day fixed for sailing; but, strange to say, '*les dames ne seront pas admises à prendre part au voyage*.' (No ladies allowed to accompany the expedition!)

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