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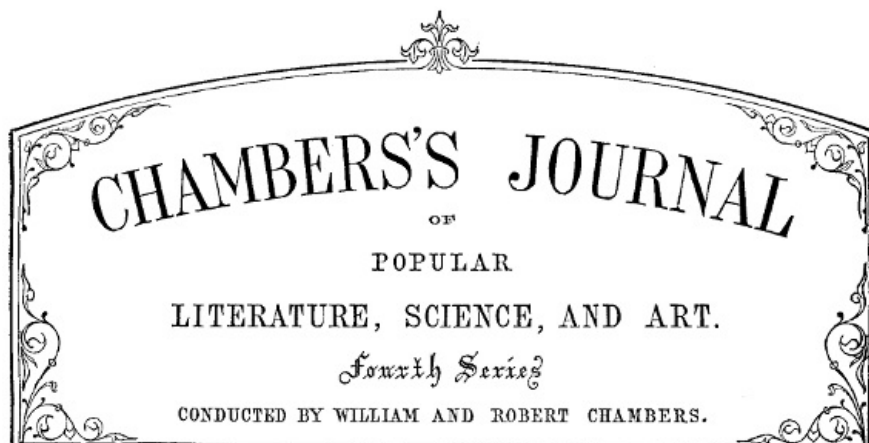
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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

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SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

THE last representatives of our grandfather's generation having passed away, there is no reason why the following true stories of an old Scotch house should not be made public, for the entertainment of others besides those members of the family to whom only they have hitherto been known. I have slightly changed the names of persons and places, but not a detail of the stories has otherwise been altered from the first-hand accounts given us by those who were themselves their heroes and heroines.

On a winter's afternoon in the year 1816 three young officers were riding 'within a mile of Edinboro' town;' they were pushing on in advance of their regiment, which was that day marching into new quarters, hoping to reach the city in time to choose lodgings for themselves, to whom rooms in barracks had not been allotted. Suddenly a gaunt gipsy woman of the Meg Merrilies type darted out upon them, and laid her detaining hand upon the bridle of Lieutenant T—— (my grandfather). He tried to shake his rein free, but without effect, and the little cavalcade was brought to a halt by her persistence; then addressing the gentlemen collectively, but keeping her eyes upon my grandfather, she offered to tell their fortunes. The young men laughed at the suggestion, and the gipsy wife waxed angry. 'Ye'll do little good in Edinboro' or elsewhere,' she retorted roughly to the two captains who had declined her services. 'But for ye' (speaking only to Lieutenant T——), 'there's a bonnie bride waiting in the first house ye enter!'

My grandfather threw her a shilling and galloped on with his companions, enduring for some time their good-natured raillery about the spae-wife's prediction; but when they reached the city they were too much engaged in observing the outsides of the houses which might afford them the desired lodgings, to think further of the prophecy. In the dim light, one large house with closed shutters looked as if it were untenanted and likely to suit their requirements; while a light from a lower kitchen window shewed that some one was left in charge who could attend to Lieutenant T——'s loud summons at the knocker. But the young man, accounted a gallant soldier enough, who had seen some service in the late wars, was entirely routed and discomfited by the furious reception his modest inquiry after lodgings met with from the stalwart maid-servant who answered the door. 'Lodgings! What was the world coming to when a daft young fool asked if her mistress let lodgings? The family was away in the north, and this would be a pretty tale to tell them on their return,' stormed the cross maid; and my grandfather, leaving a torrent of rough language behind him, made his escape down the steps of the house over whose threshold he had so mistakenly intruded. He remounted his horse amid the jeers of his two friends, who reminded him of his fate predicted by the gipsy, and begged him, if this were a sample of the 'bonnie bride's' usual temper, to exchange into another regiment as soon as he married. Eventually the young men found rooms to suit them, and in a few days became quite at home in the pleasant capital of the north, which was just beginning its gay winter season.

About a week after their arrival the officers were present at an Assembly ball, and Lieutenant T—— lost his heart at first sight to a lovely young *débutante* of fifteen, with whom he danced the whole evening. At the close of the ball he was introduced to a grand turbaned lady, his partner's mother; and on seeing the ladies to their carriage he asked leave to do himself the honour of calling for them next day. This permission and their address were given him, and the latter noted in his pocket-book. The next morning he eagerly sought out their house, which he did not recognise as the scene of his first adventure till Ailie, the same stalwart maid, opened the door, and this time admitted him graciously.

This visit was followed by many others; and before a year had passed my grandfather won the 'bonnie bride' of the spae-wife's prediction from the very house across whose threshold he had first set foot on entering Edinburgh. They were a very young pair; he only twenty-one and my grandmother just sixteen at their marriage; and how their housekeeping might have prospered or the reverse I do not know, had not Ailie decided to take service with the young couple, and maintained their interests during the wanderings of the next thirty years as faithfully as she had previously guarded the honour of her mistress's house. She was one of the now extinct race of family servants, a sort of factotum in the house, where she did her own work and a good part of every one else's in a wonderfully indefatigable fashion, only reserving to herself the privilege of keeping every one in order, from the master and mistress down to the kitchen wench.

To three out of the four generations of our family whom she served, she was 'old Ailie;' and her flowered chintz bedgown and mob-cap survived unaltered far into the era of crinoline and chignon. What stories she had to tell of Madam our great-grandmother, a very grand dame indeed, and well-known card-player; and of a certain Mistress Jean, her favourite heroine, whom some of us recollect as Aunt Moir, a little soft-faced, pink-and-white lady, not so imposing to look upon as the miniature of her powdered mamma, but a beauty nevertheless in her day. She lived at a time when it was the acknowledged fate of all Edinburgh belles to fall a prey to dyspeptic old East Indians, who having been drafted off as raw lads to India, were heard of no more till they returned as nabobs half a century later, to take their pick of the blooming lassies for whom the Scottish capital has ever been justly celebrated.

Aunt Moir would describe how she and her mother went every Sabbath morning to 'sit under' Dr M'——; and how, as they mounted the high steps to the entrance of the place of worship, the beaus young and old—some in blue swallow-tailed coats buttoned tight across the chest, and frilled *jabots* like protruding fins; others with military pigtails and riding-boots—stood on each side of the door and criticised their figures (a lady's face in those days being pretty well hidden by her telescopic bonnet), and more particularly their feet and ankles, incased in sandalled shoes

and silk stockings. Aunt Moir admitted that her feet passed their examination creditably enough, though the criticism was sometimes more severe than gallant; and one of her young-lady friends went by the name of 'Flat-foot Meg.' But Aunt Jean's were evidently of a different order, and were swift and light enough to do even more than please the fastidious taste of the Edinburgh bucks. Some years after her marriage with an old and invalid husband, who had carried her away from Edinburgh to a country home, Mistress Moir, little more than a girl still, one day going over her domains started a hare from a barley-stook, and throwing all her matronly dignity to the winds, she pursued Puss through a couple of meadows, and eventually captured and brought him struggling to the house. Whether she kept maukin as a pet and proof of her agility, or converted him into the excellent soup for which she has left us her recipe, labelled in a pointed Italian handwriting 'Mistress Moir's Hare Broth,' history does not relate. Let us hope the former fate was his, for the recipe says in conclusion, 'Without the meat of *two* hares is the broth poor and meagre.'

Aunt Moir had no children of her own; but her heart and home were always open to the numerous members of the T— family, her nephews and nieces. She found queer old ornaments, Indian beads and tartan scarfs, in her store-boxes for the girls; and the town-bred boys found rare opportunities for healthful delightful mischief when the High School released them for their holidays at Moir. One species of entertainment was specially sacred to Aunt Jean's kail-yard: to mount astride upon tall, well-grown, firm-hearted cabbages, and rock gently to and fro, with short leather-breeched, gray-stockinged legs sticking out straight like a cavalry officer's, until a warning crack in the stalk, or the sudden appearance of Aunt Jean's Tam rushing round some unexpected corner, with his climax of threats: 'I'll tell Mistress Alice,' drove the boys from their position.

A gray-headed, cross-grained old fellow was Tam, affecting to disapprove highly of the annual summer incursion of boys and girls into the Moir fruit-gardens, trampling among his strawberries that were destined for Mistress Jean's preserves, and rifling his bushes for 'honeyblobs.' But he had a soft spot in his heart for my mother, Anna T—, who reminded him, he fancied, of his little daughter Kirsty, dead thirty years before; and many a Sunday afternoon did Tam give mother a helping hand through her portion of the Shorter Catechism, imposed as a becoming exercise for the mind by Aunt Moir on each of the children. Tam was a rigid Sabbatarian of course, and even his favourite Anna was not exempted from blame when one Sabbath evening the whole young party were discovered in pursuit of a marauding rabbit who had for days past ravaged their gardens. Ananias and Sapphira, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were somewhat irrelevantly cited as cases in point, or at least as fellow-sinners; but he ended by muttering to himself, as he left the abashed T— children to meditate over his sermon: 'An' the Lord spare me till the morn's morn, I'll shoot that deil mysel.'

Tam had been with Aunt Moir's parents at Portcorry before they migrated southwards to Edinburgh, to settle the boys in life and the girls in marriage. She had a queer story to tell us of her childhood connected with Tam's wife Kirsty, who lived as nursery-maid in her father's house, and had somewhat indifferently, and in the spirit of the lass who sang,

If it's ordained I maun tak him,
Wha will I get but Tam Glen?

married Tam the 'gairdner lad,' and retired with him to the lodge. When her little Kirsty was born, however, she gladly accepted the post of wet-nurse to the contemporaneous baby just arrived at the house, and returned to her old position in the nursery, bringing all her newly awakened maternal love, as well as her boundless devotion and respect for 'the family,' to lavish upon little weakly Uncle Donald. Baby Kirsty at the lodge flourished upon oatmeal porridge administered by Tam's clumsy hands, and was soon 'creeping' about everywhere with the big collie dog as her sole attendant; while up at the house Master Donald took all the devotion of two mothers to rear him, and was all-sufficient to Mrs Kirsty, who forgot husband, child, and home in her tendance of her foster-son.

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At last, almost a year afterwards, the boy being weaned and fairly strong, it was thought time to dismiss the foster-mother to her home duties; and accordingly, after a violent and distressing parting, she tore herself away from the child and returned to the lodge for good. That same night Aunt Jean, a child of nine, who slept in the same room occupied by the head-nurse and the baby brother, woke suddenly without any particular reason, and saw by the dim light of the nursery lamp, Kirsty's well-known figure walking to and fro through the room with the little white bundle of a Donald in her arms. Presently she laid the quieted child down in his cot again; and then catching the wide-open eyes in the next bed, she made a sign to be silent, turning her head in the direction of the sleeping head-nurse. Aunt Jean, well aware of various little nursery jealousies between Mrs Macnab and Mrs Kirsty, gave a nod of acquiescence, and lay quite still, watching Kirsty as she softly bent over the little boy, settled him comfortably, and kissed him again and again. She was still there hovering round the cot with noiseless footsteps when the little girl fell asleep again.

Next morning, the first news that came to the house was that poor Mistress Kirsty had died suddenly in the night in her own bed of a sudden attack of heart complaint; brought on, the doctor said, by the excessive grief to which she gave way on parting from her adopted son. Tam and little Kirsty did not miss her much, I believe; nor, sad to say, did the little lad for whom she had spent her strength so willingly; but Aunt Jean held persistently to her story of the 'vision,' and the tale of 'faithful Kirsty' is still a beloved tradition in our nursery. Thanks to her care, Uncle Donald grew up a strapping lad, and when only fifteen served at the battle of Waterloo, and was present at the entry of the allied powers into Paris. There is still extant a funny etching, executed

by some wit of the regiment, in which Ensign Donald is represented 'looting' a confectioner's shop, with drawn sword in one hand and immense half-demolished *brioche* in the other; the young ladies of the counter, attired in the classical costumes of the First Empire, flying every way from the onslaught of this hero from the Land o' Cakes.

They were a kindly race these Scotch relations of ours; less extravagant in their habits, customs, and ways of thought than their descendants of the present generation; handsomer and healthier too, perhaps, if we judge from the bright eyes and rosy smiling faces of the portraits they have left us; though even in these degenerate days, a return to the early hours, simple habits, and oatmeal porridge of the last century might yet make our lads and lassies, who inherit the friendly Scottish nature, as handsome, healthy, and happy as their grandfathers and grandmothers were seventy years since.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—PHILIP AND ROBERT.

WE found Robert Wentworth with Mrs Tipper, and he too, I saw, very curiously examined Philip as they were introduced to each other. Each eyed the other curiously and critically for a moment or two, as they uttered the first few words; and I think each was as favourably impressed towards the other as I could desire them to be. They were kindred spirits, and soon recognised that they were, making acquaintance in easy, undemonstrative, manly fashion.

Robert Wentworth was like an elder brother of Philip's, and there was just sufficient difference between their minds to give a zest to their companionship. Philip's was a more mercurial temperament; whilst there was a vein of satire in the other, lacking in him. Lilian thought that Robert Wentworth had not the same poetical perception which Philip possessed; but that did *not* I, for whom the former had unfolded the hidden meaning, the subtle essence of some of *the* poet's most delicate imagery. Of course I could not suppose Robert Wentworth to be Philip's superior; but neither would I do him the injustice of calling him inferior. They were different.

One thing puzzled me not a little as time went on. Whether it was that my love for Philip made me shyer and more reticent with him, or whether he did not look for certain things in me, I know not; but one part of my mind, which was as an open book to Robert Wentworth, remained undiscovered and even unsuspected by my lover. Once when Philip made a little jest about Lilian's romance and enthusiasm, Robert Wentworth smilingly opined that there were graver offenders in that way than Lilian; but I knew that I was the only one to perceive his meaning. If Philip had any suspicion that the allusion was intended for me, he did not perceive its application. Would it have made any difference if I had been able to let my thoughts flow into words when alone with him? When I was his wife—when this foolish shyness, reticence, or whatever it might be, was once overcome—I knew that he would find me a much more attractive companion than now. But while I longed to give more expression to my feelings, I nervously shrank from doing so. I almost wished that he would *force* me to shew my thoughts, as Robert Wentworth used to take so much delight in doing.

What girl could love as I did? What love could be deeper and more intense than mine? Yet the consciousness that I was *not* a girl kept me silent whilst my soul vibrated to every look and word of his. Ah me—ah Philip! would it have been wiser to let you see? That night when we stood together in the moonlight—when you good-naturedly jested me about my matter-of-fact way of regarding things—would it have been better to let you see the volcano hidden beneath the snow? Ah Philip, when you feared I had caught a chill, and wrapped my shawl closer about me, would it have been wiser to let you know *why* I was trembling beneath your touch?

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I have learned to say: 'No; better as it was.'

But I have been anticipating. This first evening of the meeting between Robert Wentworth and Philip, all was *couleur de rose*, and my mind was at rest. I sat more silent than usual, congratulating myself upon the prospect of the great desire of my heart being gratified. They two would be friends, even according to my somewhat *exigeante* notion of what friendship should be. Then it was pleasant to listen to Robert Wentworth's few words respecting his appreciation of Philip, so honestly and heartily spoken.

'You must not forget that it is a brother's right to give you away, when the time for giving away comes, Mary,' he said gently, as he and I stood together by the open window a few minutes, whilst Philip was turning over the music for Lilian, who was singing some of his favourite airs for him.

'Will you? It is kind to wish it,' I murmured, feeling that it was a great deal more than kind.

'Mr Dallas is, I believe, worthy of any man's sister, Mary.'

'I am glad you think so'—I paused a moment, then, as a sister should, added—'Robert.'

He smiled, and talked pleasantly on, contriving to set me quite at ease respecting the state of his own mind. I was now able to persuade myself that he had been deceived, and that his friendship for me had never really developed into a stronger feeling. Presently he said in his abrupt friendly fashion: 'Why do *you* not sing, Mary?'

'Oh, Lilian sings that so much better than I; and it is a favourite of Philip's.'

'Well, come now and enchant our ears;' going towards the piano as Lilian ceased, and looking out a song which he always said I sang well. 'Now, do your best.'

But although Philip and Lilian were more than satisfied, Robert was not. He and I knew that it was not my best, their kind speeches notwithstanding. He seemed to have quite changed his tactics with regard to me—doing everything in his power to make me appear to advantage in Philip's eyes. But he unconsciously deprived me of the pleasant termination of the day, which I had been looking forward to. Philip and he set forth together to walk to the railway station, and of course there was no moonlight walk for me that night.

But there was the morrow—many a happy morrow to come, now, I told myself, looking after them as they went down the lane together. The more they saw of each other, the sooner they would become friends. Lilian, who stood beside me at the gate, slipped her arm round my waist, and laid her head against my shoulder in eloquent silence.

It was fortunate that the day had come round for paying my promised visit to Nancy Dean. I felt that I needed some kind of reminder that I did not live in a world all flowers and sunshine. I set forth the next morning alone, thinking that Nancy might possibly feel less under constraint than if Lilian were present during our interview. Philip had some banking business to transact which would prevent his getting down to us until late in the afternoon; and I had therefore ample time for my errand before his arrival.

This time I found no difficulty in obtaining admittance; and was informed that the rules allowed me to remain an hour, if I chose so to do, with my friend Nancy Dean. That hour we were at liberty to spend in either the dining-hall or exercise-ground, as we chose. We gazed earnestly and curiously at each other as we shook hands; and I hope she was as pleased with me by daylight as I was with her.

Without being handsome or even pretty, Nancy Dean's was a face which pleased me much. If expressing a shade too much self-will and the firmness which, untrained, is so apt to degenerate into obstinacy, there was no trace of meanness, deceit, or dishonesty.

'You expected me to-day of course, Nancy?'

'I shouldn't be here if I hadn't, Miss,' she returned with a grave smile. We had elected to spend the hour in the open air; and with my arm linked in hers, we paced slowly up and down part of the old court-yard, or exercise-ground as it was called.

'In that case, I ought to be thankful that no accident occurred to prevent my coming. It might have, you know, and then poor I should have had to bear the blame for anything which followed.'

'How could you have been to blame if an accident had happened, Miss?'

'My dear Nancy, if you had fallen back, *some one* would have been in fault, since we could hardly throw the blame upon an accident.'

'You mean *I* should have been to blame, if I had gone wrong again because you did not come?'

I smiled. 'I am not altogether sure which of us would have been *most* in fault, Nancy.'

'But how could you'—

'One thing is clear. I did not succeed in giving you faith in me, although I had faith in you.'

She looked dubiously at me a moment, then her eyes slowly filled with tears. 'Perhaps I haven't been ready enough to believe in people. Till now, nobody ever seemed to believe in *me*.'

'It is not for me to judge, Nancy. I can only say I am pleased that you had the strength and courage to return here and remain, under the circumstances.'

'You seem to know exactly the best thing to say to encourage me, Miss!' ejaculated Nancy. 'And even when you hit hard, as you sometimes do, I don't seem to mind it so much from you as I do from other people—it's different, somehow! You don't seem to enjoy thinking about my wickedness.'

'If I thought you wicked, I certainly should not enjoy thinking so; and if you were, you would not have come back here. Poor Nancy, I am afraid it has been rather hard for you!'

'If you could only know *how* hard it has been!' she murmured. 'Think of never being spoken to by any of the others for a week; kept in silence and solitude, and looked upon as the worst creature that ever breathed!'

'All the more credit to you for bearing it. But we will not talk about that. Let us rather think about the future. I told you I am going to be married shortly—in a month or two probably—and then we are going abroad for a time.'

'Shall I have to stay here till you come back, Miss?' she asked anxiously, her face falling at the thought.

'No; I do not wish it; that would be too much to expect. I am sure I shall be able to make some arrangement for you; possibly I may arrange for you to stay with a dear old friend of mine, who has only one young servant, until my return; but I promise you shall not remain here much longer.'

This was better; she brightened up wonderfully again, and we spent the rest of the allotted time very cheerfully. What was perhaps most cheering of all to poor Nancy was my little speech about hoping by-and-by to set things right with her relations.

'It's too late for that, Miss,' she replied sadly; 'they know I've been in prison, and poor mother's gone.'

'Too late, indeed! Why, there is almost a lifetime before you in which to prove your innocence! Besides, after you have lived with me long enough to enable me to speak from experience, I will take the matter in hand, and write to your father and sister. In the meantime, we must seek for the poor creature for whom you suffered, and if we can, get her to give evidence that she put the ring into your box.'

She threw up her head and faced the sky. 'Thank God!'

'You see now where thanks are due, Nancy,' I said softly.

'Yes;' drawing a deep breath.

When a loud clanging bell warned us that the time for my leaving her had come, I was more demonstrative in my manner than is customary with me. Several of the other inmates and their visitors were congregated in the yard, and I chose them to see that Nancy Dean had at anyrate one friend who believed in her. The sudden flush which covered her face, the expression of the eyes turned towards the other women, as though to say 'You see!' sufficiently thanked me. It was a very pleasant walk home.

I was not a little surprised as well as disappointed to find that Philip did not take kindly to the idea of my last protégée. He came down with Robert Wentworth towards the evening, and Lilian mentioned my afternoon's errand to the Home to the latter, who had been extremely interested in Nancy's case.

Philip asked several questions about it; but I could not get him to shew any interest in Nancy, if he felt any. Indeed I could not help seeing that the idea of my visiting the Home was distasteful to him. It was all the more noticeable because Robert Wentworth had entered so warmly into the subject, taking my proceedings quite for granted.

'What led you to go there, Mary?'

What led me to go there?—what but the happiness his own letter had brought me. But that was not a question to be replied to just then, if ever; so I murmured something about having met Nancy in a state of desperation, and persuaded her to return to the Home, &c.

He said very little; his disapproval was more expressed in his manner than anything else. Seeing that he objected, and did not care to give his reasons for so doing, I did not attempt to discuss the point with him. I must trust to Nancy. If by-and-by she proved to be a success, it would be a better argument in my favour than any I could advance. Besides, I was too happy to allow a slight divergence of opinion between us to disturb me. Of course he knew that he would find me ready enough to yield whenever he shewed me a reason for so doing; he would find too, that in my heart of hearts I preferred his gaining the victory when it came to reasoning, though it must be a fair field and no favour between us.

But if Philip did not very favourably regard my visits to Nancy, he entered warmly enough into our scheme for improving the cottage homes. He not only approved but helped us in workmanlike fashion with a little carpentering and what not, which we had been unable to compass, beginning with a bracket and shelves, and launching out into more ambitious attempts. We began to contemplate improving the architectural effect with porches to the doors, over which climbing plants were to be trained, placing a seat at the side, and so forth; and if it was not all of the very highest art as to shape and make, it would be, we flattered ourselves, picturesque and comfortable-looking. If the porch proved as attractive as the village ale-house to sit and smoke in, in the summer evenings, it would be something gained.

With regard to the interior arrangements, we were altogether satisfied. Our protégés were beginning to take some little pride in their homes, and to brighten up such parts of them as did not match well with our efforts. We still always took care to leave some part of the room as we found it, to serve as a contrast; and the challenge was now more generally accepted than at first. It must, however, be acknowledged that we still met with occasional opposition. When Jemmy Rodgers, for instance, found that his tobacco jar was not refilled after being suggestively placed in our way, he began to shew his independence again; taking to his old ways and using the table for a kettle-stand. But we looked upon ourselves as successful enough to be as independent as he was now, and we took no further trouble about him or his table. At which Sally Dent informed us he gave it as his opinion that we had more 'grit' in us than he had given us credit for having; and that he wasn't sure he should not give in and clean the table himself. To his astonishment a clean table did not open our hearts; the tobacco jar remained unfilled.

In all our other schemes Philip joined heartily with purse and hand, and yet he so markedly stopped short when Nancy and the Home were in question. How was it? Was his remark about 'the impossibility of a woman retaining the delicate grace and refinement of thought—the, so to speak, bloom of her nature—which is her greatest charm, if she became too familiar with scenes of misery and sin,' intended as a gentle warning to me?

For whomsoever it was intended, she found a ready and able advocate in Robert Wentworth. He very decidedly gave it as his opinion that the delicate grace and bloom and all the rest of it could not be got rid of too quickly, if they were to prevent a woman holding out her hand to any of her own sex who needed help. 'But fortunately, or unfortunately, since there are not too many possessed of it, it is just the delicate grace of a refined woman which is required in such cases.'

'All very well in theory, Wentworth; but if it came to practice? I am sure you would be as desirous

as I should be to guard a wife or sister from contact with the degraded?'

'My dear fellow, not I; unless I feared the possibility of some of her virtues being rubbed off by the contact; in that case she would of course require very careful guarding. But I should be very proud of a sister who could go *safely* amongst those who needed her, be they whom they might.'

Philip waived further discussion with a 'By-and-by, Wentworth.' I believe he thought that it was not complimentary to Lilian and me to carry on the conversation in our presence.

I could not but be grateful for the chivalrous respect which both shewed towards women, though I could not help contrasting their very opposite ways of shewing it. One seemed to represent the chivalry of the past, and the other that of the present. I could appreciate both: the poetry and romance of the old chivalry, and the reason and respect in the new; and I did not ask myself which was most really complimentary to women, or whether each was not a little the worse for being so dissevered from the other. It might be that in my heart I should have preferred Philip representing the present rather than the past; but I did not acknowledge so much to myself.

But all this was only a faint ripple on our stream, not sufficient to prevent the current from running smooth.

GOOD MANNERS

ARE nothing less than little morals. They are the shadows of virtues, if not virtues themselves. 'A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.' How well it is then that no one class has a monopoly in this 'finest of fine arts;' that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practising good manners towards each other. For what is a good manner? It is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable, is the best-mannered man in a room.

Vanity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, want of sense—these are the chief sources from which bad manners spring. Nor can we imagine an incident in which a man could be at a loss as to what to say or do in company, if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common-sense at home. Such a one may not have studied etiquette, he may be chaotic rather than be in 'good form,' as the slang expression is; and yet because his head and heart are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in ceremonies may be nothing better than the 'mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat.' As we can be wise without learning, so it is quite possible to be well-mannered with little or no knowledge of those rules and forms which are at best only a substitute for common-sense, and which cannot be considered essential to good manners, inasmuch as they vary in every country, and even in the same country change about with the weather-cock of fashion. Vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if we are always thinking of the impression we are making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Without *trying* to be natural—an effort that would make us most artificial—we must be natural by forgetting self in the desire to please others. Elderly unmarried ladies, students, and those who lead lonely lives generally, not unfrequently acquire awkward manners, the result of self-conscious sensitiveness.

Shyness was a source of misery to the late Archbishop Whately. When at Oxford, his white rough coat and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of 'The White Bear;' and his manners, according to his own account of himself, corresponded with the appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness. He found that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others; whereas thinking of others rather than of one's self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself: 'I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavour to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured.' In thus endeavouring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says: 'I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces; and acquired at once an easy and natural manner—careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must be ever against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel; and these I believe are the main points.'

Vanity again is the source of that boasting self-assertion which is the bane of manners. He is an ill-mannered man who is always loud in the praises of himself and of his children; who boasting of his rank, of his business, of achievements in his calling, looks down upon lower orders of people; who cannot refrain from having his joke at the expense of another's character, whose smart thing must come out because he has not the gentlemanly feeling that suggests to us

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives.

The habit of saying rude things, of running people down, springs not so much from ill-nature as from that vanity that would rather lose a friend than a joke. On this point Dr Johnson once remarked: 'Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.' The vain egotism that disregards others is shewn in various unpolite ways; as, for instance, by neglect of propriety in dress, by the absence of cleanliness, or by indulging in repulsive habits. Some think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich, as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that the ancient kings of Egypt used to commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, 'By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!' We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of their neighbours should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Contrast such puppyism with the conduct of David Ancillon, a famous Huguenot preacher, one of whose motives for studying his sermons with the greatest care was 'that it was shewing too little esteem for the public to take no pains in preparation, and that a man who should appear on a ceremonial day in his night-cap and dressing-gown could not commit a greater breach of civility.'

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'Spite and ill-nature,' it has been said, 'are among the most expensive luxuries of life;' and this is true, for none of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. What advantage, for instance, did the book-seller on whom Dr Johnson once called to solicit employment get from his brutal reply: 'Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?' The surly natures of such men prevent them from ever entertaining angels unawares.

It is want of sympathy, however, much more than a bad nature that produces the ill-mannered hardness of character so well described by Sydney Smith: 'Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyse the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature. In the meantime the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a *fault*, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organisation always bestows.'

Of course we must not judge people too much by external manner, for many a man has nothing of the bear about him but his skin. Nevertheless as we cannot expect people in general to take time to see whether we are what we seem to be, it is foolish to roll ourselves into a prickly ball on the approach of strangers. If we do so, we cannot wonder at their exclaiming: 'A rough Christian!' as the dog said of the hedgehog.

It is difficult to see how the 'natural-born fool'—to use an American expression—can ever hope to become well mannered, for without good sense, or rather tact, a man must continually make a fool of himself in society. Why are women as a rule better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Nor is talent which knows what to do of much use, if the tact he wanting which should enable us to see how to do it. He who has talent without tact is like the millionaire who never has a penny of ready-money about him. Mr Smiles illustrates the difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact whatever by an interview which he says once took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with: 'Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?' The Foreign Secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied: 'Really, Mr Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!' Behnes, with much talent, was one of the many men who entirely missed their way in life through want of tact.

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. Well-mannered people do not talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking with another, they abstain from lecturing, and are as ready to listen as to be heard. They are neither impatient to interrupt others nor uneasy when interrupted themselves. Knowing that their anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all, they give full attention to their companion, and do not by their looks vote him a bore, or at least an interruption to their own much better remarks. But beside the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us. Why then should we go over the annals of our lives generally and of our diseases in particular to comparative strangers; why review the hardships we have suffered in money matters, in love, at law, in our profession, or loudly boast of successes in each of these departments? Why, lastly, should the pride that apes humility induce us to fish for compliments by talking *ad nauseam* of our faults? We need not say that low gossip or scandal-bearing is quite incompatible with good manners. 'The occasions of silence,' says Bishop Butler, 'are obvious—namely when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to

conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men. He is respectful to his inferiors as well as to his equals and superiors. Honouring the image of God in every man, his good manners are not reserved for the few who can pay for them, or who make themselves feared. Like the gentle summer air, his civility plays round all alike. 'The love and admiration,' says Canon Kingsley, 'which that truly brave and loving man Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went.' Certainly the working-classes of England, however respectful they may be to those whom—often for interested reasons—they call 'their betters,' are far from being sufficiently polite to each other. Why should not British labourers when they meet take off their hats to each other, and courteously ask after Mrs Hardwork and family? There is not a moment of their lives the enjoyment of which might not be enhanced by kindness of this sort—in the workshop, in the street, or at home.

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We know that extremes meet, and there is an over-civility that becomes less than civil, because it forces people to act contrary to their inclinations. Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own. They do not proceed in a tyrannical manner to prescribe what their friends shall eat and drink, nor do they put them in the awkward position of having to answer a thousand apologies for their entertainment. When guests refuse an offered civility, we ought not to press it. When they desire to leave our house, it is really bad manners to lock the stable-door, hide their hats, and have recourse to similar artifices to prevent their doing so. As, however, this zeal of hospitality without knowledge is a good fault, and one not too common, there is perhaps no need to say more about it. It leans to virtue's side.

We must not confound etiquette with good manners, for the arbitrary rules of the former are very often absurd, and differ in various ages and countries; whereas good manners, founded as they are on common-sense, are always and everywhere the same. It would be invidious to illustrate this assertion from the society of our own country, so we shall import a *reductio ad absurdum* of etiquette from Japan. In *The Gentle Life*, the following account is given by a resident at the Japanese court. 'When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insulter, and quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, was bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese, who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder.' If it were not so sad, we might laugh at such accounts of self-torture, as well as at people of our own acquaintance who, worshipping conventionality, are ever on the rack about 'the right thing to do,' about 'good form.'

But this sort of folly should not blind us to the value of good manners as distinguished from etiquette.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

Were it not for the oil of civility, how could the wheels of society continue to work? Money, talent, rank, these are keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master-key that can open all. If 'virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner,' how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first 'action,' the second 'action,' and the third 'action'—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good-will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favourable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personifications of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock-in-trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the 'survival of the fittest' in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a 'natural selection' when the old motto 'Manners makyth man' decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. 'I am,' he said, 'the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest.'

If kindness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavoured to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners.

THE DUKE'S PIPER.

A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'Oh, Angus!' Maggie held out her hand to him on the pier, and he held it as in a vice. 'It iss your own poat, then, Angus?'

'No; she iss not,' said Angus.

'No?'

'No! She iss yours, Maggie! I built her for ye—every inch of her grew under my own hand—and she's no a pad poat at all, though it iss me that says it—'

'Well, Angus—'

'Don't say another word, but go aboard,' said Angus, proceeding down the steep slippery steps to the loch, leading Maggie gallantly by the hand. Speedily the rope was unloosed, the white sail spread to the breeze, and the boat moved gracefully and rapidly, under a glorious sunset sky, out into the loch. Maggie sat holding the tiller silently while Angus adjusted the ropes. The loch was radiant from shore to shore in the rich evening light; quickly the white houses of the town were left in the distance; and hardly a movement but the delicious ripple of water cleft by the boat's bow, or the cry of a sea-gull sailing lazily overhead, disturbed the stillness. Here and there in the pools among the boulders in lonely parts of the shore, a heron stood silent as its own shadow and solitary as a hermit; from the grassy hollows by the beach a thin white mist rose, softening the green wooded slopes, and adding a sense of distance to the heathery ridges in the background, glorified by the red autumn sunset. Maggie was supremely happy. When the sail was fairly set, Angus came and stretched himself by her side.

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'And ye think she iss a nice poat, and ye like her?' he said, looking into Maggie's face.

'It wass fery kind of ye to think of giving me such a present as this, Angus; but I cannot possibly take it.'

'Maggie,' said Angus, taking her disengaged hand in his, 'I hef long wanted to tell you something—indeed I hef, Maggie—not that I'm a goot hand at telling anything I want, but—all the time I wass building her, and that wass longer than ye might think, Maggie—I hef looked to this moment as a reward—when I would see you sitting there, looking that happy and that peautiful—yes, Maggie, peautiful, and pleased with my work—and proud am I to see ye so pleased wi' a trifle'—

'But it iss *not* a trifle,' said the maiden interrupting him; 'it wass a great undertaking! I nefer saw anything I liked half so much.'

'But it iss nothing, I tell you, Maggie, to what I would gif you if you would be willing to take it—nothing! I would like you, Maggie, to take all I hef—and myself too. It iss true I am only a common sailor, but Maggie, my heart iss fery warm to you. Many's the time, when I wass a hundred and maybe thousands of miles away from here, I wad pe thinking of you—many a time in the middle of the night, when I wass on the deck alone, watching and looking at the stars under a foreign sky, I would single out a particular star and call it Maggie's eye, and watch it lovingly, cass I thocht you might pe looking at it too, even if you wass not thinking of me thousands of miles off; and it makes me fery unhappy when I'm a long way off, to think that maybe I am forgotten, and some other man iss trying to get your love, and maybe I losing my chance of happiness for life, cass, like a fool, I held my peace, when by speaking a word my happiness and yours might pe secure.'

Angus's arm had stolen round the girl's waist as he proceeded in the speech that wass a direct outflow from his heart. She did not try to speak for a little. Angus saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

'It wass wrong of ye, Angus, efer to think I would forget ye,' she said.

'Then ye do think sometimes apoot me when I am not near you?'

'Angus, how can ye pe speaking nonsense like that!'

'But it iss not nonsense to me, Maggie,' said her lover seriously; 'I love you, Maggie, as I love no woman in the world; and Maggie, if you were to—to—it wad break my'—

It wass the old story. Two human souls meeting under the light of heaven, each recognising in the other that which each yearned for, to give completeness to life; the spoken word being the outward force impelling them towards each other, as two dewdrops merge into one by a movement external to both. The Highland girl had no desire to break her lover's heart; nay, she wass ready to give her own in exchange for his love with all the impulsiveness of a simple and true nature. As the boat sped on they noted not that twilight wass deepening into evening, that the stars were myriad-eyed above them, and the crescent moon glimmered over the hills and shone in quivering tracks along the loch. So it came about that at the same moment of time when the piper in the clachan wass apostrophising Angus's father in the words already recorded—'Nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie,' &c.—his daughter's arms were

being thrown impulsively about Angus's neck, and Angus himself was the happiest man in the Western Highlands.

Maggie reached Glen Heath with a joyous heart. She was there before the piper. She speedily girt on her apron, and with tucked-up sleeves proceeded to the more prosaic duty of baking 'scones' that might be warm and palatable for the piper's supper; and as she rolled out the dough, and patted and rolled and kneaded it, and turned it before the fire until an appetising browniness covered each surface, she sang merrily one of the merriest of the sad Gaelic melodies.

But the piper was late. The white cloth was spread, and the scones had time to cool, before Diana leaping to her feet, stretched herself, yawned, and went to the door sniffing. Maggie opened the door immediately; the piper swung along the path unsteadily. The dog went to meet him without enthusiasm, half-doubtful of her reception, and only narrowly escaped the kick which the piper aimed at her.

'Get out, ye prute!' he said, as he came in; and when the animal still came fawning towards him, he hurled his bagpipes with great force at her head, only with the result, however, of breaking the pipe's mouthpiece. 'O the prute!' he cried when he saw what had happened; 'she has proken my favourite shanter—the shanter that I've played wi' for fifteen years. O the prute! I'll cut her throat, to teach her to keep oot o' my way. My best shanter too!'

'Come, dad, you are late,' said Maggie cheerily, going to meet him; 'you hef had a long walk. I hef boiled some eggs for ye, and baked some scones; come, hef some supper before ye go to bed.'

'Ay, ay, ye are a praw lass, Maggie, one o' the right sort,' the piper said. 'But to think my poor shanter's broken. I will nefer see her like again whatefer!'

The piper sat down to supper with an enormous appetite, and Maggie waited upon him devotedly, uncertain whether she should reveal her secret or not in the present dubious state of her father's temper.

'Anypody peen here for me the day?' he asked between mouthfuls.

'Yes, Angus MacTavish wass here in the afternoon; and he'—

The piper laid down his knife, looked straight in his daughter's face with a fierceness that startled her, saying: 'Hang Angus MacTavish and efery man i' their black clan! A MacTavish nefer darkens my threshold again! If Angus MacTavish efer comes to my house he will live to rue it. I *hate* efery living MacTavish!' {394}

Maggie looked in her father's face amazed. To violent language she was well accustomed; but sober or otherwise, she had never heard him utter a word against the MacTavishes until now.

'Come, dad,' she said after a short silence, during which time she decided it would be better to say nothing of what was uppermost in her mind until morning—'come, dad; something has vexed you to-night. You will be petter in the morning. Angus iss the best friend either you or I hef in the wide world.'

'I tell you,' burst out the piper, 'I will not hef his name mentioned in my hoose, not by you or any other! And if you go apoot with him, Meg, as I hef seen ye do lately, I'll—I'll maybe pack you out of doors too!'

The tears were in poor Maggie's eyes, but she comforted herself as she put up the bolt in the door for the night, by assuring herself, as she heard the piper stumbling up-stairs to his room: 'Poor dad, he iss worse than usual to-night.' And when she slept, she dreamed of Angus.

CHAPTER III.

The piper's anger seemed to be modified on the following morning; but he still growled when his daughter introduced the name MacTavish as he sat before a steaming bowl of porridge and a basin of milk, which he attacked with a large horn spoon and an appetite comparable only to the giant's who fell a victim to the adroitness of Jack the celebrated Giant-killer. Maggie's enthusiastic account of Angus's gift of the boat was received with a critical coldness that made her heart sink within her.

'O ay, Maggie; it iss no doot a peautiful poat—she wass sure to pe that if Angus built her; but it iss fery easy to see what Angus MacTavish iss driving at. Maybe he'll find he has peen counting without his host mirofer, if he thinks he iss going to get you for his wife by gifting you a fishing-poat; what wass a fishing-poat to a lass like you?—as if ye wass a poor lass! Ye're no to pe fashing your head apoot Angus MacTavish, lass—no; he iss no doot a cood lad, but no for the like o' you! There iss Sandy Buchanan noo, the lawyer's clerk mirofer, a far more likely lad to make ye a cood man, and willing?'

'O dad, and how can ye pe saying such things to me on the happiest day o' my life, for Angus asked me yesterday to be his wife; and I—I'—

'Ye what?' said the piper, laying down his spoon and eyeing his daughter sternly.

'Weel, dad, I—I—didna say No.'

'Then I'm thinking ye'll hef to go this fery day whatefer and say "No," my lass, for I'm telling ye I won't hef it!'

Maggie was not generally one of the tearful sort, but the sudden emphasis of her father's words

filled her eyes with tears and drove her to silence. She did not trust herself to speak, but lifted her pail hurriedly with a flushed face, and went sorrowfully to milk the 'kye,' whose deep impatient lowing from the byre was urgently demanding attention. When she was half across the court-yard she heard her father calling her back. She turned and went to him.

'Maggie,' he said, drawing her to his knee and holding her brown face between his rough hands tenderly, 'it iss not crying ye are, my bonny lass? No; I wad not hef my lass crying for any MacTavish that efer drank a dram! Not that Angus iss a pad lad—no, I will not say he iss that—he plays the pipes petter than any lad of his years I efer saw—but the MacTavishes— Ah weel, they're no jist the clan that the Camerons should marry into. Noo, dry your eyes, lass, and pe off to your milking mirofer—Crumple iss moaning as if her udder was going to crack.'

The maiden said, nothing; she kissed him, but the smile was all vanished from her face as she stooped to relieve Crumple of her milky burden.

The piper went to the stable, and the sound of his whistling rang over the place as he brushed down his horses and gave them their morning feed.

Maggie was in strong hopes, as the morning advanced, that before nightfall, when she expected Angus to come, the tempest would be over, and Angus hailed by her father in his old manner. This hope was dispelled, and poor Maggie made miserable beyond bearing when her father returned to his mid-day meal. The piper had early in the forenoon taken his fishing-rod and gone to a favourite spot of his known as 'the Black Hole,' on the stream, where he had wiled away many an hour and tempted to the bank many a fat spotted trout. When he returned to dinner, his daughter saw with surprise that he brought no fish with him, and that his fishing-rod was broken into half-a-dozen pieces; and moreover, that he was white with anger. Fingal his collie was following with dejected tail and a torn ear, apparently in as bad a temper as his master, judging from the snarling greeting he gave Diana who went to meet them.

'Py the powers, but I'll put the law on him; I'll hef him put in the jail,' cried the piper, as he went into his kitchen and tossed the fragments of his fishing-rod into a corner. 'The plaguard, to preak my fishing-rod and steal my fish mirofer; but I'll hef the law on him! He shall go pefore the shirra as sure as my name iss John Cameron!'

Maggie did not know that Mr MacTavish was at the same moment on his way home with a swollen black eye, carrying with him a goodly fish that ought to have been in the piper's basket, 'Jet' limping behind his master very much bruised indeed.

'And it iss the Teuk that wull pe told all apoot it; the prood tefle, poaching the salmon like a common thief, and knocking a man apoot as if he wass a lower animal,' said the game-keeper, recording *his* grievance indignantly to his buxom wife, in answer to sympathetic ejaculations as to the state of his eye, when he returned to his dinner.

True to his word, the piper sent the herd-boy to the lawyer's office to tell Sandy Buchanan, with the piper's compliments, &c., that Mr Cameron desired to see him at Glen Heath on important business.

'Well, dad,' Maggie had said impetuously when she heard this message given to 'Geordy,' as they sat at dinner, hardly understanding from what motive her father sought the presence of the detested Sandy Buchanan, 'I can only say that I shall not bide in the hoose if that red-headed, ill-looking man comes to the hoose; I won't inteed!'

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'Ye are red-headed yourself!' said the piper abruptly.

'No; I'm not.'

'Yes, ye are. The man canna help himself if the Almichty gef him a red head. The best o' folks iss red-headed. I'm red-headed; and ye are red as a fox or a squirrel yourself, I tell ye'—

'Well, well, dad, we'll no quarrel apoot that; maybe I am; but'—

'I tell ye what it iss, Maggie, ye will bide at home when Mr Buchanan comes, and ye'll pehave yourself civilly, or maybe it may pe worse for ye. Angus MacTavish hass turned your head; but he'll get a bit o' my mind maybe yet, as his father hass pefore him mirofer, and that pefore the set o' sun too!'

'O dad, dad! ye'll break my heart, so ye will, inteed and inteed ye will, dad, if it iss in that way ye speak o' Angus.'

'I'll not hef him come apoot my hoose longer! He iss a wanderin' rake; efery sailor iss that, and no fit to make a cood huspand to the like o' you.'

'He iss not a rake! Ye are no speaking the words of truth, father!' exclaimed the girl passionately.

'Efery sailor iss a rake, Maggie; eferypody knows that; and I daresay he iss none better than his neibors.'

Stung by the cruel words, Maggie ran to the dairy, where she shut herself in and burst into a flood of tears. The Highland maid had few hatreds; she had the impulsive almost passionate temperament of every true Celt, but her impulsiveness ran in loving channels. But if she did hate, she hated warmly—also after the Celtic manner. And the one living object for whom she felt undying scorn was this Sandy Buchanan, who knew more of her father's affairs than any man in Inversnow; and whose studied civility to her on all occasions, and attentions more or less marked, were resented by her as she would have resented another man's insults. Perhaps he was all the

more despised because he kept at a respectful distance when Angus was at home; a peculiarity that Maggie attributed to a certain dread of physical consequences, that was not to be wondered at in a weak-legged milksop fellow like him. But whenever the Duke's yacht was away, Mr Sandy danced attendance upon her assiduously, insisting upon seeing her safely home from the kirk on Sunday evenings, and otherwise thrusting his obnoxious presence upon her in ways which she considered offensive.

And sure enough, just as the sun was veering round to the west, the piper was seated at the table of his best parlour with a bottle of whisky and glasses, and a plate of Maggie's crisp oatmeal bannocks between him and the detested Sandy Buchanan, whose breath blew forth gales of peppermint—an odour that Maggie always associated with him, and put the worst construction upon—as he listened patiently to the rather confused statement of the piper's grievance. Sandy tried honestly to look at the case from the piper's stand-point; but put in any form, it appeared that if any legal action was to be taken the decision could hardly take the only form which would satisfy the irate piper—namely the immediate arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment of Mr MacTavish for an undefined number of months in the county jail. Sandy gathered that the piper had succeeded in hooking a 'cood seven-pound grilse;' that while he was landing the same, Mr MacTavish appeared on the scene threatening to report him to the Duke for poaching; words passed between them, not of a complimentary nature, ending ultimately in one of two catastrophes—the piper could not clearly remember which—either the game-keeper had seized the piper's rod with result of breaking it to pieces, or the piper had broken his fishing-rod over the game-keeper's back; and then a struggle had ensued, the upshot of which was that the latter walked off with the 'grilse' and a black eye, while the former did the like with his shattered fishing-rod and empty basket, each vowing to lay the matter before 'the shirra.'

The Sheriff, as represented by Sandy Buchanan the fiscal's clerk, thought, much to the delight of the piper, that he had good ground for an action for assault against Mr MacTavish; and presently father and daughter (poor Maggie was compelled to remain in the room to hear the brutal manner in which he, a Cameron, had been treated by a MacTavish) were thrown into a state of mental confusion by the adroit manner in which Sandy now addressing the piper as 'our client,' now as 'the plaintiff;' both of which phrases the piper received and acknowledged in the light of a personal compliment, and also by liberal but not very coherent allusion to Act of Queen Victoria this, and chapter of Act Queen Victoria that; all tending to prove the piper the most abused and injured of men.

In the midst of the conference Angus MacTavish appeared at the door. He indiscreetly opened it and looked in without knocking. The piper, who was feeling at the moment keenly alive to his own importance, with the delightful sense that he had matter to bring before the 'shirra' (as he called the Sheriff), looked up and frowned, fingering his glass of whisky the while.

'What idiot iss it that walks into a shentleman's hoose without knocking at the door, and without waiting to be asked to come in?'

'Come, piper,' said Angus, walking boldly into the room, somewhat surprised to see Buchanan there, but holding an outstretched hand to the piper; 'it iss not the first, nor the second, nor maybe the twentieth time I hef bed your hospitality, and I am thinking it will not pe the last time—and that without claiming it.'

'My name is Maister Cameron—Maister Cameron of Glen Heath, Maister Angus MacTavish! And apoot its peing the last time or not depends upon more consiterations than one!' The piper spoke with a sternness and pomposity of manner that made his visitor allow his hand to drop quickly to his side, and brought an indignant flush to the young face.

'What does it all mean?'

said Angus in a bewildered way, turning to Maggie.

Maggie stood behind her father's chair the personification of misery. The man of law sat looking stolidly before him with the most wooden of expressions on his pale face.

'It means,' said the piper in the same harsh sharp key, 'that *that* is the door, that yonder is the road, that the quicker ye are there the petter it will pe for you, and the petter pleased too will all in this room pe.'

'Iss that it?'

said Angus slowly, looking still at Maggie, and turning again towards the door.

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'No, Angus, no! It iss not true that all in this room will pe petter pleased that ye should go. It iss not true!' burst out the girl in the fullness of her heart.

'But it *shall* pe true!' shouted the piper, bringing his hand firmly down upon the table. Angus did not stay to argue the matter, but sorrowfully went his way.

'Stop that whining, Maggie—stop that foolish whining; I will not hef it!' said the piper, turning upon his daughter fiercely, who tried in vain to repress a sob as Angus disappeared.

'O Sandy Buchanan, it iss muckle that ye'll hef to answer for, if ye'll make me that I'll hate my own father too,' said the poor girl, storming out into open mutiny.

'Leave the room, Maggie!' cried the piper, waving his hand. The maiden gladly availed herself of her dismissal, and fled to the solitude of her own room. 'Cott has not gifen to women the brains to understand pusiness,' he continued, generalising apologetically to his guest.

A week passed, and the piper's wrath against the clan MacTavish endured. The feud was not one-sided. Mr MacTavish replied to a letter full of nothing, expressed in the bitterest legal phraseology, written by Sandy Buchanan on the piper's behalf, by a document of elaborate counter-charges, written by the banker-lawyer of the town, breathing threatenings and lawsuits.

And the case promised to be profitable to both of these astute gentlemen, as such cases generally manage to be.

HINTS TO SICK-NURSES.

TRYING as are many, indeed we may truly say most of the duties of the sick-room, nothing renders them so much so as the fact that the disease under which the patient is suffering is of an infectious, or of a contagious nature.

There is a great deal to be said on the head of avoidance of infection or contagion, while nursing a sufferer through disease of either one nature or the other. In this as in all other matters connected with sick-nursing, heroic, would-be-martyr-like conduct is absurd and blamable, for prudence goes for a great deal, and indiscretion brings trouble and suffering on others as well as yourself. 'I don't mind *what* risk I run; I am too anxious to think about myself!' always seems to us a feeble and (to use a strong northern word) a very feckless sort of remark, only made, in nine cases out of ten, to exact the tribute of a surprised or admiring look. On the contrary, the aim and end of every sick-nurse should be to do as much good and be as much comfort as possible *with the least possible risk*. To achieve this, the smallest and most apparently trivial precautions are worth taking, in order to prevent the friends and relatives about you having the additional trouble and anxiety of nursing you as a second invalid, just when 'number one' is recovering.

'I am so anxious I can't eat! I haven't touched a morsel to-day!' are by no means uncommon remarks to hear from the lips of some one who is nursing, or assisting to nurse a case of infectious disease. Yet this abstinence is just the very worst thing you can possibly do under such circumstances, and the most calculated to render yourself an easy prey to that unseen influence pervading the air, and like the seeds of some poisonous plant, ready to take root if soil be found favourable to its growth. Feebleness, over-weariness, exhaustion, want of sufficient nourishment—all these things aid in preparing this suitable soil, and woo the disease germs that are floating about in the air to take root and bring forth bitter fruit. A vigorous cheerful person, capable of strong self-control, often seems able to defy the closest contact with disease; and even if some *malaise* (often closely allied to the disease of the patient) knocks over the willing nurse for a time, the elastic constitution of body and mind seems to throw off the poison, and no serious illness results. Nothing is more common than the occurrence of these spurious attacks of illness, allied to that from which the person nursed is suffering, and the following case is an example.

A lady nursing a friend in small-pox, after lengthened attendance in the sick-room, was attacked by faintness, shivering, a sensation of nausea, and violent headache. Both the nurse and her friends concluded that a seizure of the loathsome disease from which the patient was suffering was inevitable. However, the following day several large blotches appeared on various parts of the body; all unpleasant symptoms gradually disappeared; and in a day or two—without the original sufferer having had any idea that her nurse was kept away by anything more serious than need of rest—she was able to return to her duties, and never suffered any further deterioration of health. In the same way we have known those who were nursing cases of fever to be suddenly attacked by sore throat, headache, and vertigo, these symptoms passing off after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and no further evil resulting. A vigorous constitution, care while nurse-tending as to diet and exercise, joined to a mind calm and equable, and ready to face all possibilities without flurry, feverish excitement, or fear, will in many cases enable the sick-nurse to throw off the seeds of disease. But a malignant influence which floats in the atmosphere of the sick-room, pervading the breath of the sick person, and hanging like a bad odour about the bed-clothes, carpets, and even the wall-paper of the room, is necessarily a difficult enemy to evade—and such is infection. And any one who has a timorous dread of it is far better away from the sick-room.

This is, we think, a matter that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. To watch for symptoms is often to develop them; and constant dwelling upon the condition of any one organ of the body, and apprehension as to disease in that organ, will often produce at all events functional derangement if no greater evil. By this we do not mean that neglect of one's self is ever justifiable, but only that fearful and timorous apprehension is deleterious.

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So strongly has this fact impressed itself upon us with regard to infection, that we even think it would be well to strain a point, and encourage a person to absent herself from the sick-room, rather than run the risk of having a nurse of this temperament near a patient suffering from disease of a catching nature. In sickness the perceptions are often rendered painfully acute, and the mind naturally much concentrated on itself, is therefore ready to take offence or be troubled by trifles. We have seen a patient shrink from the ministrations of a person whom he *felt* to be in a state of fear.

Just in the same way, if the duties of the sick-room are (as they often must be) unpleasant, a *look* of aversion or disgust is enough to wound the sufferer beyond the power of caress or words to heal! A woman who turns sick, or is obliged to put a handkerchief to her nose at a foul smell—who shudders at the sight of blood, ought never to be in a sick-room. The same may be said of one who is always feeling her own pulse, or (as we once saw) looking at her own tongue in the glass (by no means a graceful proceeding), to see if symptoms are 'declaring themselves.' All or much of this sort of nervousness may be affectation; but at the same time we must not judge unkindly of those who from natural temperament dread infection, and are therefore likely to fall a

prey to it.

And now, taking it for granted that we have a tolerably sensible woman to deal with, and that she is called upon to nurse a case of fever, small-pox, diphtheria, or any such-like unpleasant ailment, what precautions are best calculated to reduce the risk of infection to a minimum?—a risk which we cannot do away with, but are certainly called upon to guard against to the utmost in our power. Attention to diet, so as to ward off great exhaustion *at any time*, and taking at least half an hour's exercise in the open air, are excellent rules to observe. Never go into the sick-room *fasting*. And here we must strongly urge upon every sick-nurse the value of coffee as a restorative. In times of cholera epidemics among our soldiers, the first precaution the authorities invariably take is to order a cup of strong coffee to be served out to each man the first thing in the morning. The effects of this plan are known to be admirable.

Take a brisk walk shortly after your breakfast; order a cup of hot strong coffee to be ready when you come in, and take it *before going into the patient's room*. Nothing helps to throw off the weariness of a night's watching like this turn in the fresh air (even if taken of necessity under an umbrella), and the coffee braces the nerves and invigorates the system.

To speak of the avoidance of alcoholic stimulants is to enter upon delicate ground; though we are of opinion that in *serious* cases the nurse should seldom touch anything stronger than coffee throughout the whole time. This abstaining gives a power of recovering with great promptitude from the effects of long-continued watching and heavy duties in the sick-room. Depend upon it that the recurring glass of sherry, the oft-repeated 'nip' of brandy-and-water, do a world of harm both in the sick-room and out of it.

That wine and brandy are valuable restoratives in weakness, cannot be denied; and it is certain that there are many constitutions which *need* a moderate amount of stimulant; but that stimulants are taken to a perfectly needless and most pernicious extent, even by those who by no means come under the term 'drunkard,' and that among these are numbered women as well as men, is a stubborn and unhappy fact. One of the many evils resulting from this over-use of stimulants is this: when severe illness and prostration call for wine or brandy, the system is so used to their action that but little benefit accrues; at all events, little when compared to that prompt answer the constitution gives to even small doses, when that constitution has either made very sparing use, or no use at all, of such whips and spurs to the energies of life.

The proper ventilation of a sick-room is a most important means of lessening the danger of infection; and this more particularly in such diseases as fever, small-pox, or diphtheria—that is, diseases coming distinctly under the head infectious. In those which are contagious, ventilation is of course also important, but not equally so. And this leads us on to speak of the difference between infection and contagion. Infection is subtly diffused through the atmosphere, the patient's breath, the clothes, hangings, walls, &c. Contagion consists in the disease being propagated by the emanations of the sick person. It is therefore obvious that the latter (contagion) is more easily guarded against by a prudent person than the former (infection). The plentiful use of disinfectants seems to be one of the best preventives against contagion; but of course all such details are generally regulated by the medical man in attendance, and no better advice can be given to the amateur sick-nurse than to follow his directions *implicitly*.

We will, before leaving this subject, quote one passage from Dr Aitken's excellent work, *The Science and Practice of Medicine*. In volume one, page 222, he says: 'Ill-health of any kind therefore favours the action of epidemic influences.' Thus then, we see how one of our highest medical authorities bears out the truth of what we have said—namely that for the sick-nurse to neglect her own health—to go without sufficient and regular food—in a word, to lower by any means whatever the standard of her own physical condition, is to intensify the risk of infection or contagion for herself, and trouble and anxiety for those belonging to her.

We have no belief in the disinfecting of clothes that have been worn during attendance on cases of an infectious nature. It is far better to wear an old dress, wrapper, shawl, &c., and when the illness is over *have them burned*. The same thing applies to clothing worn by the patient.

We remember one most lamentable case where (as was supposed) everything was disinfected, washed, and exposed to the air; yet the gift of a night-dress to a poor woman resulted in virulent small-pox, and the sufferer, a young married woman, was cruelly disfigured in spite of the best care and nursing an hospital could give.

It comes then to this: infection cannot be evaded; but risk may be reduced to a minimum by an observance of the precautions we have noted, by the exercise of plain common-sense, and by the *reality*—not romance—of devotion to the work undertaken by the sick-nurse. {398}

INDIAN MILITARY SPORTS.

FOR the following amusing account of some of the more popular of Eastern regimental sports we are indebted to an officer in India. He proceeds as follows:

The sports of the native Indian cavalry, commonly called *Nesi Basi*, are much encouraged by the authorities, as to excel in them requires steady nerve and good riding. I believe it is the custom in most regiments to devote one morning a week to these essentially military games. They are most popular with the men, it is easy to see, for besides the hundred or so who generally turn out to

compete, the greater part of the regiment is present on foot as spectators.

The proceedings generally commence with tent-pegging pure and simple. A short peg is driven into the ground, while some two hundred yards distant the competitors are drawn up in line, each on his own horse; for the native *sowar*, like the vassal of our own past times, comes mounted and armed to his regiment. While off duty the native soldier can dress as he pleases, so on occasions like the present, individual taste breaks forth in showy waistcoat or gorgeous coloured turban. Each man carries a bamboo spear in his hand. At a signal given by the *wordi major* or native adjutant, the first man, his spear held across his body, starts at a canter; his wiry little country-bred knows as well as he does what is in hand, and as the speed quickens to a gallop, the pace is regular and measured, enabling his rider to sit as steady as a rock. When about fifty yards from the object the sowar turns his spear-point downward, bends well over the saddle till his hand is below the girth, and then, when you almost think he has gone past, an imperceptible turn of the wrist and—swish—the spear is brandished round his head, with the peg transfixed on its point. Another is quickly driven into the ground, and the next man comes up; he too hits the peg, but perhaps fails to carry it away to the required distance, for it drops from his spear-point as he is in the act of whirling it round his head. This does not count, and he retires discomfited. The third misses entirely; the fourth strikes but does not remove the peg from the ground; while after them in quick succession come two or three who carry it off triumphantly. With varying fortune the whole squad goes by; and it is interesting to note the style of each horseman as he passes, some sitting rigid till within a few yards of the mark; others bending over and taking aim while still at a distance; some silent, others shouting and gesticulating; while one no sooner has his steed in motion than he gives vent to a certain *tremolo* sound, kept up like the rattle of a steam-engine, till close upon the peg, which having skilfully transfixed, he at the same time throws his voice up an octave or two, in triumph I suppose, as he gallops round and joins his comrades. Two or three men now bring up their horses with neither saddle nor bridle, and with consummate skill, guiding them by leg-pressure alone, carry off the peg triumphantly, amid well-deserved cries of '*Shabash!*' from the spectators.

The next part of the programme is 'lime-cutting.' Three lemons are put up on sticks about twenty yards apart; and as the sowar gallops past, tulwar in hand, he has successively to cut them in two without touching the sticks—a by no means easy feat. Then three handkerchiefs are placed on the ground; and a horseman, riding barebacked a good-looking bay, flies past in a very cloud of dust, and on his way stoops, picks up, and throws over his shoulder each handkerchief as he comes to it.

And now we come to the most difficult feat of all. A piece of wood a little larger than a tent-peg is driven into the ground, and a notch having been made in the top, a rupee is therein placed so as to be half hidden from view. The feat is to ride at this, lance in hand, and to knock out the rupee without touching the wood—a performance requiring rare skill and dexterity; yet it is generally accomplished successfully, once or twice, by the best hands of the regiment.

Perhaps the proceedings may close with something of a comic nature, one man coming past hanging by his heels from the saddle, shouting and gesticulating; others facing their horses' tails, firing pistols at a supposed enemy, with more antics of a like nature, often ending in an ignominious cropper, though the nimble *fareem* generally succeeds in landing on his feet.

The sports of the infantry are of a totally different nature. The last time I had an opportunity of being present at a *tamasha* of this kind was a pleasant breezy day on the banks of the Ganges. A space about twelve yards by fifteen was prepared by picking up and softening the ground till it presented the appearance of a minute portion of Rotten Row. One side of this space was reserved for the European officers and their friends; while round the other three stood or squatted the sepoys and any of their acquaintances from the neighbouring villages whom they chose to invite. In the rear were booths, whose owners were doing a brisk trade in native sweetmeats, while some twenty tom-toms kept up a discordant and never-ending din. Every native present, from havildar to sepoy, was clothed only in the *langoti* or loin-cloth, to give free play to the muscles of the limbs and chest. At each corner of the arena stood a man in authority, like a Master of the Ceremonies, to see that the sports were carried on in a proper manner and that nobody allowed his temper to get the better of him. One of these was a remarkably fine-looking man, who, had he been of somewhat lighter hue and clothed in the garments of civilisation, might have passed as an English aristocrat of the first-water; while another, of powerful build and with mutton-chop whiskers, was the very image of an eminent City man of my acquaintance.

We arrived on the scene a little late, but were immediately shewn to a seat, one of the native officers coming up to hand us a plateful of cut-up almonds and cocoa-nut, with raisins and spices intermixed. Of course we took some, as this was the native welcome. We were hardly seated when two wiry-looking young men stepped into the arena. First, they each bent down and raised to the forehead a little earth in the right hand. This was *poojah*, or a request for help from their deity in the approaching struggle; though I suspect in most cases it was a meaningless performance; for I saw a little Christian boy who played first-cornet in the band, go through the same manœuvre. The two wrestlers then went to opposite corners, and began some of the queerest antics I ever saw, slapping their chests, thighs, and arms; first hopping on the left, then on the right foot; bending over and jumping back, and recalling in some degree the movements of the ballet; and then, after a few feints, they clutched each other by the arms close to the shoulder, while their two bullet-heads met together and acted as battering-rams. This went on till one man presented a chance by incautiously lifting his foot, when down he went in a trice, his adversary falling on him. This, however, was not a 'fall.' While on the ground, they turned and twisted and writhed like snakes, their lean legs curling round each other in a manner marvellous

to behold, their efforts being greeted every now and then by applause, led by the Masters of the Ceremonies aforesaid, given in a sing-song way, and always ending in a long-drawn 'Tee' (Victory). It was almost wearisome to watch them, until at length the bout was brought to an end by one man being fairly thrown on his back, his adversary keeping clear. This was a true 'fall.'

Couple after couple set to in the same way, sometimes a raw youth requiring the friendly admonition of the watchful M. C. to make him keep his temper, though I must say the friendly way in which these exceedingly rough sports were carried on was deserving of the highest praise.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the aristocrat and the mutton-chop whiskers man, throwing aside their dignity, enter the arena and go through the same antics, the latter's pirouettes and *pas de Zéphir* resembling the gambols of a young elephant; but nevertheless they went through the affair as their predecessors had done.

Between times the little boys from the neighbouring villages would rush in as they saw their opportunity, and seizing a long sword with a handle that covered the arm to the elbow make cuts and points innumerable at a supposed enemy, dancing the while, and never leaving the spot where they commenced. The meaning of this I could not divine, but it pleased the spectators, for they did not withhold their applause, the aristocrat himself on one occasion prolonging the usual 'Tee' in a sonorous voice after every one else had finished.

I was told that this sort of thing went on from early morning till sunset; but though interesting for an hour, it soon begins to pall on the ordinary European; so, after seeing a little single-stick and club practice, excellent of their kind, we took our departure.

I think nothing can speak better for the class of men we have in our native army than the genuine interest they take in these thoroughly manly sports. While engaged in them, the habitual mark of deference worn by the native soldier in the presence of his officer drops from his face, and we can see him as he is, with all his keen appreciation of fun and skill, in which he is not one whit behind his white comrade in the regular army.

A PROMISING FIELD FOR EMIGRANTS.

AMONG the colonial papers just laid before parliament will be found an account, by the governor of Tasmania, of a tour recently made by him, in company with the Minister of Lands and Works, through the north-eastern and eastern districts of that very fine island, worthy to be called the England of the southern hemisphere, which seem to us to meet the requirements of the class of emigrants alluded to; and it is to these localities that the following brief notes refer.

The north-eastern districts of Tasmania are only now attracting general attention, owing to the recent discoveries of tin; and Mr Weld undertook his long journey on horseback because he was desirous of seeing for himself enough to enable him to judge of their capabilities both as mining and agricultural districts. The result, as will be seen, sufficed to convince him that the future of Tasmania will be materially affected by the development of these regions. The north-eastern corner of the island is chiefly hilly, and even mountainous; but it contains large tracts estimated at fully seventy thousand acres of undulating and almost level land of very superior quality, and the soil of a great part of the hills themselves is exceedingly rich. Mr Weld describes the country as being almost entirely clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation. The Eucalypti on the flats and rich hill-sides attain a great size; and the valuable blackwood, the native beech or myrtle, the silver wattle (*Acacia dealbata*), the sassafras, and the tree-ferns and climbers, add beauty to the forest. The tree-ferns are most remarkable for the great profusion and luxuriance with which they grow, reaching occasionally a height of thirty feet, and being thickly spread over the whole district.

The region, Governor Weld says, may be described from a settler's point of view as a 'poor man's country;' that is, it is best adapted for settlement by men who will labour with their own hands, and who have sons and daughters to work with them. The following anecdote is suggestive, and is worthy of reproduction in its entirety: 'In the heart of the district I remained a day at the comfortable homestead of a most respectable settler, a native of Somersetshire, named Fry, who, with the assistance of his wife, four sons, and five daughters, had in eight years cleared and laid down in grass about two hundred and fifty acres of the three hundred acres he owns, milks fifty cows, and lately obtained a prize for cheese at the Melbourne Exhibition. I could not but be struck at the indomitable energy of this family, which had penetrated alone into a then pathless forest, and attacked its huge trees with such determination, doing everything for themselves, working hard all day, and at night taught lessons, prayers, and even music by the father.' Capitalists, Mr Weld adds, would find such a country too expensive to clear; but the man who can always be cutting down or ringing a tree himself, by degrees sees the light of day break largely into the forest, and though he will not make a fortune, he will make a home and an independence, and all his simple wants will be supplied.

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The district alluded to is capable of keeping thousands of such families in health and plenty. Surely then we are right in looking upon this as a promising field for the class of emigrants of which we have spoken. In addition too to its capabilities from an agricultural point of view, the country is not without mineral wealth; and a region roughly estimated at some fifteen hundred square miles, and but partially prospected, has been found to contain tin in such quantities as to

warrant its being called 'a rich tin-bearing country.' Fair profits are being made in working this mineral; some of the claims are worked by men on their own account, others in part by working proprietors and in part by men employed by them on wages; and again there are two or three companies of capitalists employing managers and labourers. Labour is scarce and dear, and labourers are being imported from Melbourne; wages range from fifty shillings a week for the best labourers downwards; and on farms men get twenty shillings a week and rations. The great difficulty the north-eastern districts labour under is want of roads; the tin has consequently to be carried—at a cost of ten to thirteen pounds a ton—to Bridport on the north and George's Bay on the eastern coast, on the backs of horses, by bush-tracks over steep hills and across ravines and water-courses. The population is at present comparatively sparse, but there cannot be much doubt that it will rapidly increase as means of communication improve; and steps are already being taken to that end as far as the limited resources of the colony will allow.

On the east coast, Governor Weld saw some fine land, good farms, and neat villages, especially in the Fingal and Avoca districts; but as a rule he considers that this region is more remarkable for climate and scenery than for any continued extent of good land; coal exists in this part of the colony, and there are some fine stone quarries at Prosser's Bay, from which the Melbourne post-office was built.

In conclusion, and to render our brief remarks regarding this colony as a field for emigration more complete, we add the opinion expressed with respect to the stretch of country lying between the Ramsay River and the west coast of the island, by Mr Charles P. Sprent, who was sent to examine it in the spring of last year. He thinks that it is of little use for agricultural purposes, and that it does not contain any large amount of valuable timber; but he adds in his Report to the colonial government, there are sure indications that this part of Tasmania abounds in mineral wealth, although it may be that the search will be arduous and slow. As in the case of the Hellyer River, so it is with the Pieman; wherever the softer schists occur, gold is found in small quantities; and Mr Sprent has not the slightest doubt that in both rivers gold will be found in paying quantities, both alluvial and reef gold. Tin and gold occurring together in some spots near the Pieman in what is called 'made' ground, would indicate that the country higher up the river is worthy of examination, and he would recommend prospectors to try the neighbourhood of Mount Murchison and the Murchison River. As an inducement to prospecting the western country, it may be mentioned that over three hundred ounces of gold have been obtained in one season from the Hellyer River, and that a party of Chinamen have done exceedingly well there since that time. Copper has been discovered on the Arthur River in several places; and copper, lead, tin, gold, and platinum have been found in the vicinity of the Parson's Hood and River Pieman, not to mention the discoveries at Mount Bischoff and Mount Ramsay.

The Report upon which this brief account is mainly based will be found in 'Papers relating to Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions, Part I. of 1876;' which may be obtained from the offices for the sale of Parliamentary Papers. The agents of the Board in London are 'The Emigrants' and Colonists' Aid Corporation (Limited),' 25 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, to whom all applications for 'Land Order Warrants,' as well as general information about the colony, should be made.

'EVER BELIEVE ME AFFECTIONATELY YOURS.'

EVER believe you true? Dear friend,
Your words so precious are that I
Can but repeat them o'er and o'er,
And kiss the paper where they lie.
How shall I thank you for this pledge,
This sweet assurance, which destroys
The doubt that you my love repaid,
And changes all my fears to joys?

Ever believe you true? I *will!*
I hold you to this written gage!
This shall console me, now you're gone;
Still next my heart I'll bear the page;
By day and night, where'er I go,
It shall my prized companion be;
And if a thought would 'gainst you rise,
This from all blame shall set you free.

Ah, need I say, believe *me* true?
You know how tender, yet how strong,
This heart's emotions are, how half
Of all its throbs to you belong;
How fain 'twould burst its prison-walls
To nestling beat against your own;
How joyous 'twas when you were near,
How sadly yearning, now, alone.

Ay, till the weary life is done,
Though we again may never meet,
Let's not forget the by-gone days
That like a dream passed, swift and sweet;
Still let thy knowledge of my love
Thy faith in humankind renew,
Let that great love still for me plead,
And, to the last, believe *me* true!

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