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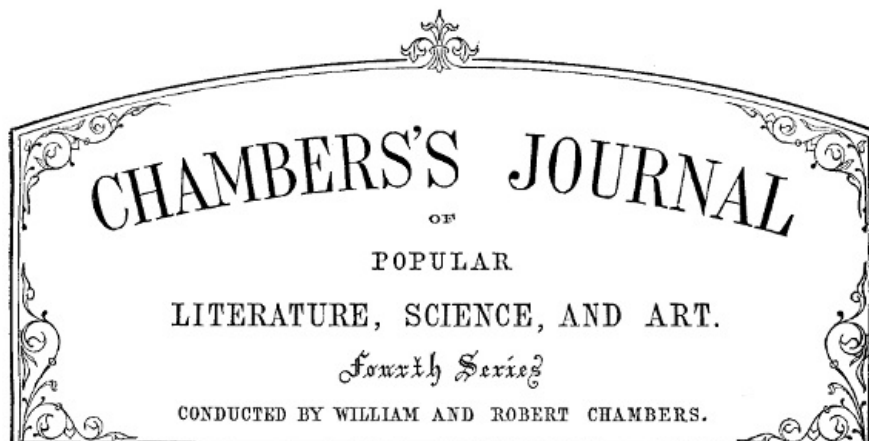
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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it with a shiver. 'What a night!' I say.

'Is it still snowing?' asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

'Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you.'

'Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!' says she.

'Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snow-storm.'

'Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now.'

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally I decide that in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing, and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

'It is beginning to clear,' I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past eleven. As she lights her candle at a side-table I hear a whining and scratching at the front-door.

'There is Laddie loose again,' says she. 'Would you let him in, dear?'

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let in the poor animal. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him, he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking round to see if I am following; and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.

'Laddie won't come in,' I call out to my wife. 'On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snow-ball with him.'

She throws a shawl round her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

'Laddie, Laddie!' she calls; 'come in, sir.' He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

'I shall shut him out, Jessie,' I say. 'A night in the snow won't hurt him;' and I prepare to close the door.

'You will do nothing of the kind!' she replies with an anxious look; 'but you will rouse the servants at once, and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it.'

I laugh. 'Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow, or not?'

'Because he has found them, and come back to us for help. Look at him now.'

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavouring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. 'Why won't you believe me?' he seems to ask.

'Come,' she continues; 'you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow-creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us.'

What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble and resist and yield; as I have often grumbled and resisted and yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

'Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead,' Jessie says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants. They are all English, with the exception of Donald the gardener, and I can see that they are scoffingly sceptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

'Dinna trouble yersels,' I hear old Donald say. 'The mistress is right eneugh. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snaw this night.' {402}

'Don't sit up, Jessie,' I say as we start; 'we may be out half the night on this wild-goose chase.'

'Follow Laddie closely,' is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on to the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us. 'It's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir,' says John the coachman confidentially, 'to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this! Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple o' feet thick, and it goes again' reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch help.'

'Bide a wee, bide a wee,' says old Donald. 'I dinna ken what your English dugs can do; but a collie, though it hasna been pleasing to Providence to give the creatur the gift o' speech, can do mony mair things than them that wad deride it.'

'I ain't a deridin' of 'em,' says John. 'I only say as how if they be so very clever, *I've* never seen it.'

'Ye wull, though, ye wull,' says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor. The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirls the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hang from my moustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting-boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to shew us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had staid at home. '*L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose,*' I sigh to myself; and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie), when suddenly I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shovelled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or alas! was it a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought has provided us. 'Bring the lantern,' I say huskily; and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor shrivelled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

'Best get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do for her nor we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help,' says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor helpless burden over the snow.

'I am afraid your mistress will be in bed,' I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

'Never fear, sir,' says Donald with a triumphant glance at John; 'the mistress will be up and waitin' for us. She kens Laddie didna bring us out in the snaw for naething.'

'I'll never say nought about believing a dawg again,' says John, gracefully striking his colours. 'You were right and I was wrong, and that's all about it; but to think there should be such sense in a animal passes *me!*'

As we reach the avenue gate I despatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's-throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me. 'Well?' she asks eagerly.

'We have found a poor old woman,' I say; 'but I do not know whether she is alive or dead.'

My wife throws her arms round me and gives me a great hug.

'You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing-room, dear,' she says; and this is all the revenge she takes on me for my scepticism. The poor old woman is carried up-stairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction; and before the doctor arrives she has shewn some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. 'Poor old soul,' he says; 'how came she out on the moor on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock, which at her age she will not easily get over.'

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy-and-water down her throat; and presently a faint colour flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her back among the soft warm pillows. 'I think she will rally now,' says Dr Bruce, as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. 'Nourishment and warmth will do the rest; but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover;' and so saying, he takes his leave.

By-and-by I go up to the room and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks up at me with tears in her eyes. 'Poor old soul,' she says; 'I am afraid she will not rally from the cold and exposure.'

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I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think must have reached her allotted threescore years and ten. 'Who can she be?' I repeat wonderingly. 'She does not belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or we should know her face; and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night.'

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her, and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says soothingly: 'Don't try to speak. You are among friends; and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep.'

The gray head drops back wearily on the pillow; and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration that our patient is asleep.

'You must come to bed now, Jessie,' I say. 'I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up for the remainder of the night.' But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not

desert her post; so I leave her watching, and retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger. 'Come in with me now,' says my wife, 'and let us try to find out who she is.' We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

'How are you now?' asks Jessie, bending over her.

'Better, much better; thank you, good lady,' she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. 'And very grateful to you for your goodness.'

I hear at once by the accent that she is English. 'Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you were going?' continues my wife.

'Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him more,' says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

'Where is your lad, and how far have you come?'

'My lad is a soldier at Fort-George; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies.' And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her pitiful story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only remaining child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a 'strike' threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he 'listed.' His regiment was quartered at Fort-George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day; until suddenly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she *must* look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow; and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon, to within a few miles of Fort-George, when she was caught in the snow-storm; and wandering from the road, would have perished in the snow—but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her simple and touching story; and I walk to the window and look out for a moment, before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her that we are but a few miles from Fort-George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face. 'His name is John Salter,' she says: 'he is a tall handsome lad; they will know him by that.'

I hasten down-stairs and write a short note to Colonel Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstances, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once; and I despatch my groom in the dogcart, that he may bring him back without loss of time. As I return to the house after seeing him start, I meet Dr Bruce leaving the house.

'Poor old soul,' he says; 'her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till her son comes.'

'How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I cannot understand,' I observe.

'Nothing is impossible to a mother,' answers Dr Bruce; 'but it has killed her.'

I go in; but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying up-stairs, and presently I yield to the fascination which draws me back to her presence.

As Dr Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager expectant look in them.

'At what time may we expect them?' whispers my wife to me.

'Not before four,' I answer in the same tone.

'He will be too late, I fear,' she says; 'she is getting rapidly weaker.'

But love is stronger than death, and she *will* not go until her son comes. All through the winter's day, she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given to her, but never speaking except to say: 'My lad, my lad! God is good; He will not let me die until he comes.'

And at last I hear the dogcart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength, she raises herself and stretches out her arms. 'My lad, my lad!' she gasps, as with a great sob, he springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more. For a moment they remain so. Then the little old woman sinks back on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from Heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

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She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew-tree, and on the stone which marks her resting-place are inscribed the words, 'Faithful unto Death.' Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works; and as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.

THE BRITISH ANGLER ON THE CONTINENT.

It is a curious delusion, especially among writers of guide-books, that when an Englishman crosses the Channel and takes up his abode as a traveller in a strange country, he thereupon necessarily ceases to care for that truly English pastime, angling. The sportsman is expected to become a connoisseur of architecture, to delight in nothing but sweet or majestic landscapes, or to feel unswayed pleasure in a continual series of mountain walks. That some such delusion must exist is shewn by the persistent manner in which hundreds of persons who at home are ardent fishermen, and who would gladly take a holiday in Hampshire or seek some Scottish river, pass by the excellent streams and lakes which abound throughout the continent. The angler, with a martyr-like resignation, thinks only with a sigh of the trout feeding beneath the old gray willow-tree at home, but never attempts to try that skill in foreign waters which practice from boyhood has often rendered almost perfect. It is singular indeed how fishing is neglected on the continent by those who would find it a renewed pleasure; for in whatever land it may be pursued, no amusement is more refreshing to the brain-worker, with its variation of gentle or strong exercise, and its pleasant alternations of monotony and excitement.

A combination of fishing and travelling has the important advantage of rendering the traveller quite independent of that bugbear of all tourists, bad weather. In after-days he can call to mind how he has often seen the regular routine traveller pacing the *salon* of his hotel when the mists were rolling along the mountain-side and the passer-by in the valley was drenched with rain, whilst he was setting forth for a day among the grayling in some rushing Tyrolese stream, or pondering upon those charming and descriptive lines of Sir Henry Taylor's; and he will feel, we should hope, that not the least pleasurable days which the travelling angler meets with, have been those when the trout lay safely sunning themselves in the clear water:

The peaks are shelved and terraced round;
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize; above
The trellised vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love;
Looks out the white-walled cottage here;
The lonely chapel rises near;
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
While chestnut green and olive gray
Chequer the steep and winding way.

The number of those who ever cast a thought to the obtaining of their favourite amusement when they have left Dover behind them, is singularly small, or who seek to vary the regular tourist's round by a day or two by the side of some little stream where the inhabitants look upon a fishing-rod as quite an unusual phenomenon. And yet many a man who, as he drives along a Tyrolese valley or passes a sombre lake shaded by pine-trees, must involuntarily recall pleasant days spent by some Highland stream. The river ripples by the roadside, the trout are 'on the feed;' but flies and fishing-rod are safe at home, and the alpenstock alone is at hand!

But if angling is a fascinating pastime to numbers of thoughtful minds among the familiar scenes of an English landscape, it becomes even more attractive, at anyrate for a time, when practised amid the scenery of a country new to the beholder. The angler finds many features in the landscape, charming perhaps in their minuteness, which the through-going traveller, who rushes quickly from place to place, can never enjoy. Nor are the opportunities of mixing with the various country-folks to be lightly prized; for the increasing number of large hotels, the numerous railways, and improved systems of travelling, not to speak of the numbers of actual travellers, render a leisurely acquaintance with the natives more and more difficult. And it must always be a pleasure to look back to the quaint, honest, and kindly folk with whom the traveller would never have come in contact had he left his rod and tackle at home.

We can remember a professional fisherman whose acquaintance we made one afternoon in a distant hamlet on an Alpine pass, from which the mighty mass of the Ortler Spitze could be seen glowing under the beams of the setting sun. The sporting instincts of this man were small, and like most foreigners, he looked upon fish solely as an article of food or merchandise. But how ready was he to explain every little detail that we inquired about; how genuinely pleased by the present of a few English flies; and how gratified to be asked for a brace of his own singular specimens of the fly-maker's art. Nor can the quaint stout landlord in the Black Forest be forgotten, who took such an ardent pleasure in telling of the manifold advantages of large hooks and a powerful line in order to haul the pike into the boat with as little of what an English angler would term 'play' as possible.

The fisherman intent on angling for angling's sake only, can obtain excellent sport with trout or grayling in the valleys of the Salzkammergut or in the Bavarian Highlands. Or among the orchards of Normandy when they are in their spring-tide bloom. No reasonable angler indeed can wish for better. But he who, besides being a lover of the gentle art, has a soul for scenery and a relish for the vicissitudes of travel, has advantages indeed. When tired of wielding his rod he turns to enjoy natural beauty under every mood—in its wildest or its most tranquil aspects. And he is ready, like De Quincey, to fraternise with and to observe every kind of man. He will,

moreover, be one who, if works of art fall in his way, can find in reiterated views reiterated enjoyment. For if you find him in Normandy in quiet Evreux, fishing for the well-fed trout in the gently flowing, poplar-lined Iton, he will be paying frequent visits to the Gothic cathedral with a pleasure which increases every time he leaves the Hôtel du Cerf. When he is in the Black Forest, he knows that unless he puts himself *en rapport* with the simple husbandmen and industrious clockmakers of the Schwarzwald he cannot thoroughly enjoy himself; and as he walks through the meadows after a day on the Schluch See, he will feel that his landlord is his friend. Indeed, this kindly feeling which grows up between the travelling fisherman and those whom he meets, is one of the pleasantest features of this mode of holiday-making.

One of the great drawbacks to modern travel is the fact that only a few common features in the mere outward lives of the people, are observed; and even of their habits but few can really be properly gleaned by the passing traveller. The self-inflicted melancholy and unfortunate reserve of most English travellers is also a strong barrier against familiar intercourse with foreigners. John Bull has not yet acquired the secret of enjoyable outing, and gets but a poor return for his money. Certainly modern travellers would do well to notice how Dorothy Wordsworth, for instance, and her brother the poet associated with those among whom they travelled; how Dr Johnson would converse as readily with a gillie as he would argue with a Presbyterian minister; how Christopher North made the most of—Streams.

To enjoy to the full a travelling and angling tour, some familiarity with or some power of conversing in foreign languages—French, German, or Italian, all three if possible—is important. Of course, if you are staying at a place like St Moritz in the Engadine, where you find there is trout-fishing, and where English is spoken at all the hotels, you have little need for any language except your native tongue; though even then you are debarred from all conversation with the peasants or the fishermen. But it will also be found that the best angling, the most picturesque scenes, and the most economical inns, are in by-ways away from the main travelling lines; and that the best fishing stations are frequently by the side of some little frequented river, or on the banks of some solitary lake.

The choice of a companion is one of the most difficult matters, when you are projecting a fishing tour. Many an ardent angler is not satisfied unless he is *continually* throwing his fly or trolling his minnow; but as we have already hinted, the genuine travelling angler must have a mind capable of enjoying other things besides fishing. He must also be prepared for disappointments; for it is a different thing to go wandering along the course of say the Salzach or the Inn, to stationing yourself at places such as Glendalough, or Loch Tay, or Loch Leven, where you have only to pay your money and catch or try to catch your fish. Again of two friends, if one possesses the instincts and aspirations of the mountaineer only, and the other those of the fisherman only, it is unlikely that the tour will be a success.

No two persons suit each other better for a foreign piscatorial tour than an artist and an angler; for both find materials for their skill. Where David Cox could find materials for his pencil such as we see in the grand picture of the 'Salmon Trap,' the follower of Izaak Walton will assuredly not be without hope in the exercise of his delicate craft. Nor are ladies, if with proper tastes, unsuitable companions for the angling traveller. Even if they do not actually possess in common some taste such as painting, yet still sketching and fishing, or fishing and walking, or simply fishing and quiet travelling, can well be combined, provided each possesses a fair share of that cardinal virtue of all travellers—forbearance. Thus, with a moderate capability of walking, we see nothing to prevent a brother and a sister, or a husband and a wife, from pleasantly enjoying a tour that shall include angling.

None of the usual guide-books give any information upon the subject of continental fishing; and therefore it must be found out in the first instance whether some village or valley is a likely centre for the angler; and often it proves that some half-way posting inn is the very best station for his purpose. But if some amount of walking is undertaken, and the angler be of an inquiring disposition, there is no fear of overlooking any stream or lake by the wayside.

There is yet another pleasing attraction for the traveller who angles as he goes. This may be termed the natural history attraction; for not only are fresh varieties of fish made familiar to the angler to whom the trout, or grayling, or pike of his home serve as the personification of all fresh-water fish, but even new varieties of these fish are observed under entirely new conditions; and no fisherman of any intelligence who happens to spend a few days among the lakes of the Eastern Alps, will fail to make the acquaintance of that excellent fish, the coregonus. In speaking of this fish, Mr Francis Francis, a well-known writer on angling subjects, tells us that 'where varieties caused by water and locality are as plentiful as the lakes, where the distinctive differences between the fish themselves are but small, and where names are legion, the confusion is so great, that nothing but the utmost patience and perseverance, combined with large opportunities and the staunchest assistance, can ever hope to settle such moot-points as these questions of the identity of some fish with others. The coregoni are therefore as yet very much unexplored and debatable ground with naturalists.' We may add that intelligent and trustworthy observations by anglers are at all times of value, and that in addition to its many other charms, a fishing tour may fairly be said to be a directly instructive and intellectual pleasure, each successive fact that is stored up in the memory opening out yet another to the searching mind, and serving to prevent a captivating amusement from degenerating into a mere pot-hunting pursuit.

In the more mountainous districts, it is remarkable how many curious and characteristic legends may be found connected with different lakes. In the Tyrol especially, which is the beau-ideal of the angling traveller's holiday-ground, innumerable legends are to be found connected with every dark mountain lake or tarn. There is, for instance, a lake well known to many Swiss travellers

who leave the usual route of tourists up or down the Lake of Lucerne, and rest for a while in the village of Seelisberg, situated above the spot where the confederates are supposed to have taken the oath which was the foundation of the Swiss Republic. Above this again, sheltered by the dark precipices of the Niederbauen, is the Seelisberger See, of which there is a legend that in it dwells a monster known as the Elbst. This beast can, Proteus-like, change its form, and the unconfiding swimmer resting, as he supposes, on the floating trunk of a fallen pine, is engulfed for ever in the waters of the lake. Thus, if one is not inattentive to the stories of the mountaineer, the angler may store his mind with much of the picturesque and characteristic folk-lore of the Alps.

Not a little of the charm of a fishing-tour arises, or ought to arise, from its leisurely character. But, as we have already hinted, the feverish anxiety to hurry from place to place which seems to characterise the fashion of travelling nowadays, precludes the traveller from enjoying any one place thoroughly. 'If,' he says to himself, 'I could shoot or fish it might be different.' Therefore it is that we would point to what we might almost term a new continental amusement, whereby the traveller may combine the recreation of good old Izaak Walton with the harder toil of the mountaineer, or the more sober pleasures of the botanist and the artist, to the increase of the enjoyment to be derived from each one of these pastimes.

It would be out of place here to enter into details concerning the equipment of the travelling fisherman. All we would now point out is that those flies which are useful in a Scotch or Welsh stream or on an Irish lake, are, as a rule, equally serviceable in a Swiss river or a Tyrolese lake. And the only important fact to bear in mind is, that the supply of flies should be tolerably large, though not necessarily very varied in kind, for the art of fly-making is not well known on the continent.

To point out localities for the fisherman would necessitate a geographical ramble over Europe; moreover, as it is the object of this paper to shew that fishing can be combined with most of the ordinary amusements of the general traveller, no special district need be sought for. It is sufficient here to mention the rivers of Normandy and Brittany, of the Vosges and the Ardennes for spring fishing; and the waters of Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria for sport later in the year. In the mountain district, for example, popularly called the Tyrol, the rivers are full of grayling, so that the autumn, far from being a blank time for the angler, will, even after the trout are becoming somewhat out of season, afford him excellent sport. And in the Tyrol especially are the inhabitants simple and hospitable in the extreme; the scenery of their country is characterised by extremes of wildness and softness, such, for instance, as the bleak grandeur of the distant end of the Königs See, and the softer beauties of the valley of the Alm. Though the ramifications of travel are everywhere spreading, it is never likely that in the lifetime of the present generation at least, the travelling angler, whose ways lie out of the beaten track, will be disturbed by any except a few kindred spirits.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXX.—MRS TRAFFORD'S HAPPINESS.

ALTHOUGH the precise date for our wedding-day was not as yet decided upon, it was tacitly understood that the orthodox preparations were being carried on for it so far as depended upon milliners and dressmakers. I did not think it necessary to explain to Mrs Tipper and Lilian that the little I had to spend for the purpose was already spent. And indeed I considered that I had a quite sufficient wardrobe for a portionless bride, without trespassing upon their generosity, which I knew would be brought into play by the slightest hint of a want on my part.

We made the most of the departing summer days; Lilian and I sufficiently occupied to satisfy our consciences and add a piquancy to idleness. After our morning rambles, visits to the cottages, and an early dinner, we betook ourselves to the woods, where Philip read to us whilst Lilian and I worked. And sometimes we went farther afield, devoting the day to exploring the adjacent country, picnicing in the most lovely spots, and filling our sketch-books. In the evenings there was music and the frequent visits of Robert, with delightful conversation, in which we all aired our pet theories without any jar in the concord—a quartet in which each played a different part to make a harmonious whole.

Nevertheless our summer sky was not entirely free from clouds. Mr Wyatt—whose attentions to Lilian had latterly been most marked—could not be made to understand that there was no hope for him; whilst Lilian could not be made to believe that her aunt and I were correct in our surmise respecting the cause of his so frequently finding his way in the direction of the cottage. But there came a day when he found courage to challenge fortune and make his hopes known to her. He had joined us in one of our rambles, and I suppose she felt a little hesitation about separating Philip and me, as well as the natural dread which a delicately minded girl feels of appearing to suppose that love-making must necessarily follow being alone with a gentleman for a few minutes, and so gave Mr Wyatt the opportunity he had been seeking.

We lost sight of them for a short time, and I gave Philip a hint of what I suspected to be the cause of Mr Wyatt detaining Lilian.

'Love her!' he ejaculated, stopping short and staring at me in the greatest astonishment. 'But she does not return it—impossible! She is surely not going to throw herself away like that!'

'I do not think there would be any throwing away in the case, Philip. Mr Wyatt is a good man, and a gentleman. The real difficulty is that Lilian does not care for him in any other way than as a friend, and she never will.' At which Philip hastened to make the *amende*.

'I ought not to have spoken in that way, Mary. Of course he is a good fellow—for any one else's husband.'

I could not help smilingly agreeing to that. It was ever so much more agreeable to think of Mr Wyatt as the husband of any other than Lilian. When she presently returned alone, looking very grave and regretful, walking silently home with us, we knew that Mr Wyatt had been answered. Fortunately his was a nature not difficult to be consoled; and it so happened that he had a pretty cousin eager to console him. In a very short time, Lilian had the relief and pleasure of knowing that she had done him no permanent harm.

One piece of good fortune came to us, which I had been almost afraid to hope for. The house so beautifully situated, which I had so long coveted for our future home, and which was aptly named Hill Side, was to be sold. We found that the interior arrangements were all that could be desired. In an unpretending way it was the perfection of a house—one we both would choose before all others. Though not numerous, the rooms were mostly large for the size of the house; whilst, as Lilian laughingly said, my pet aversion to square rooms had been duly considered by the builder. A long drawing-room opening to a veranda'd terrace, and commanding one of the finest views in Kent, with dining-room facing in the same direction, and a delightful little morning-room, and library and study at the side; the latter possessing a special little view of its own down what was artistically made to appear a steep declivity, its sides clothed with bushes and hanging plants, and boasting a pretty running brook. You had only to make-believe a little to fancy yourself living in some wild mountainous region, when looking from the oriel window of this charming little room.

Philip was quite as enthusiastic and inclined to ignore disadvantages, as were Lilian and I. Climbing the hill! Who minded climbing to reach such a nest as that! Stables for the modest little turn-out we should keep could be had in the village at the foot of the hill; and as to the distance from the railway station, shops, &c., we grandly pooh-poohed all that as unimportant to two people who cared for fashion and change as little as we two meant to do. Food was to be got; and that was enough, depending for our supply of books, &c. as we should from London. The best of it was that these little drawbacks told in our favour in the purchase; being considered by most people as great disadvantages, which lowered the value of the property. Consequently Philip was able to gratify our taste at much less cost than he at first anticipated.

He at once set about the necessary negotiations for completing the purchase, planning all kinds of improvements and alterations, Lilian and I being in constant request in the consultations.

Meantime, Mr and Mrs Trafford had returned from their wedding-tour, and we were telling each other that we meant to pay the expected visit of congratulation. But we contented ourselves as long as possible with *meaning* to pay it, being in no haste to make our appearance at Fairview again. There could never be anything stronger than politeness between either Hill Side or the cottage, and Fairview; and we did not wish to pretend that there could. But either the bride became impatient to assure us of her happiness, or she was curious to find out for herself whether the rumour, which had reached her respecting the intentions of the gentleman who visited so regularly at the cottage, was true; for she waived ceremony at last, and came to visit us—she and 'Caroline.'

Philip and Lilian and I were in consultation about the furniture for Hill Side, which we wanted to be artistic and at the same time befitting a cheerful country home. The only room we were inclined to be really extravagant about was the library; and that, I was chiefly answerable for. Philip gravely opined that I must mean to spend a great deal of my time there, and I as gravely allowed that I did. Lilian and I were to be the only ladies admitted there. I reminded him that he did not yet know Mrs Trafford and Mrs Chichester, and that therefore he had better not make his rules too stringent.

We were in the midst of an animated discussion upon the respective merits of light and dark oak, when Philip drew our attention to what he termed an extraordinary collection of finery coming down the lane.

It was Mrs Trafford, her long train sweeping the dust into clouds behind her, accompanied by Mrs Chichester. It would be vain to attempt a description of her appearance, laden as she was with every conceivable folly which French and English *modistes* could invent. Perhaps Philip's comment—'Too much of everything, from the lady herself to her feathers and furbelows'—best expressed the impression her appearance gave. I saw his eyes turn for refreshment upon Lilian's simple holland dress and the delicate colouring and outline of her face. She always looked her best in contrast with Marian; the soft rose of her cheeks, the deep tender blue eyes, and the pale gold hair, in eloquent protest against the other's vivid black and white and red.

Mrs Trafford (how glad I was to be able to discontinue calling her Miss Farrar) had no misgivings. Misgivings! Was not everything she had on in the latest extreme of fashion? She evidently considered that it was for us to have misgivings; though she generously tried to make matters pleasant and set us at our ease by giving us a description of Paris and details of fashionable life there. We had no idea what Paris life was like; no one could without having been there; it was too absolutely delightful, quite too awfully charming. She positively could not exist without going every year to the enchanting place; and so forth, and so forth; all in superlatives.

She made a great point too of telling us how very much 'Dear Arthur' had enjoyed the life there.

'He really was quite too enraptured, and said he had never known what enjoyment was till he had seen Paris.'

Mrs Chichester put in a word to the effect that her brother had frequently visited Paris; and the life there was not new to him. But Marian reminded her that he had not before visited it with *her*, which made all the difference. {408}

With lowered eyes, Mrs Chichester softly remarked that it doubtlessly did make a difference.

Of course it did—all the difference! 'And'—turning pleasantly to Lilian once again—'I have brought over a French maid with me: one really cannot expect to look *commy fo* without, don't you know, in these days.'

I tranquilly supposed that they could not; never again would Marian receive a home-thrust from me; though there could not be friendship, there would be no more war between us. I did not even allude to the Pratts.

'You must all come to Fairview to dinner; aunty and all, *ong fam-y* you know; you really must.' And turning to Philip, she graciously expressed a hope that Mr Dallas also would do her the honour.

Mr Dallas gravely replied that he was entirely in our hands and ready to do our bidding. At which she laughingly advised me not to take *all* that for gospel. 'You can't expect it *always* to go on like that, you know, Miss Haddon; though I am sure *I* have no reason to complain. No one could be more thought of than I am. You would say that if you could have seen how patiently Arthur waited for me at the shops—hours and hours, I assure you. The very worst he did was to give a little sigh sometimes, and no one could be offended at that, knowing how some of the husbands go on.—Waiting about in the shops really is a test of a husband's good-nature, Mr Dallas.'

Philip meekly supposed that it really was.

'Is it true that Mr Dallas has become the purchaser of the little place—Hill Side isn't it called?—which you can see from some part of the Fairview grounds, Miss Haddon?'

'Yes,' I replied; Philip had bought it.

'It looks a charming little place. But is it large enough?'

I said that Mr Dallas thought it large enough for his means; at which she was amiably anxious to point out the disadvantages of having a large place and the advantages of having a small one.

'A small house is so—cosy—you know, and so—warm in the winter, and all that. I sometimes almost wish I lived in a small way myself; I really do. No one would believe the expense it is to keep up a large place like Fairview; they really wouldn't. And then the trouble of having a large staff of servants! You have no *idea* what men-servants are in a house—so extravagant and expensive and lazy; it's quite *too* dreadful, my dear!'

'Really, aunt'—turning to the dear little lady placidly eyeing her—'you are the best off after all, if you could only believe it.'

'I do believe it, Mrs Trafford.'

But that was more than Marian could understand. 'It's very good of you to say so, I am sure, aunt; but perhaps, after all, it does seem like old times to you.'

Mrs Chichester flushed up now and then, a little out of humour, I fancied, at seeing herself thus travestied. But she said very little; indeed during the whole visit she seemed to be absorbed in one idea, so lost in astonishment at my good fortune as to be quite unlike her usual self. She was even impolitic enough to give some expression to her astonishment in a little aside to Lilian, who was quite indignant at the implied ill compliment to me.

'You *must* say you will come and dine with us,' repeated Marian, when she at length rose to take her departure. 'You positively must! Arthur will never forgive me if I don't make you promise.—What day have we disengaged next week, Caroline?'

Caroline could not or would not recollect what day they had disengaged; a little angry probably at a smile which I could not suppress; and was chidden by her sister-in-law accordingly.

'But you ought to make a point of remembering such things, you know; and I must beg that you will do so in future,' said Mrs Trafford, with a tone and look which seemed to shew that Mrs Chichester's office was no sinecure. I think she was heartily glad when the visit was over.

'You must come up and see the things I bought in Paris,' whispered Mrs Trafford good-naturedly in a little aside to me. 'It will give you an idea of what is worn. Ask for Céleste, if I do not happen to be in the way, and I will tell her she is to shew you beforehand; for she knows how particular I am. She will put you up to all sorts of things if you make friends with her. You can't conceive how much those French maids know about improving the figure and complexion and all that; though of course *I* do not need anything of the kind.'

I murmured something about being obliged; not to seem ungrateful for what was evidently meant to be a kindness.

'Oh, you are quite welcome.' Then lowering her voice again: 'He *is* a dear! How long have you been engaged?'

'Nearly ten years.'

'Ten years!'

'Mr Dallas has been abroad some years, and has only just returned,' I said, seeing no necessity for making a mystery about it.

'And kept true to you all that time! He *must* be good! So handsome too—so *very* handsome. All the heroes in the books are big, and have broad shoulders *now*;' sentimentally. 'His beard just the right colour too! How you must dote upon him, and how jealous you must be! Between ourselves, I could hardly bear Arthur to be out of my sight before we were married. It's different now, of course; if he does not behave well, I can stop his allowance, you know. That would be only fair.'

This seemed to confirm the rumour which had reached us to the effect that when it came to be a question of settlements, Marian had proved to be sufficiently a woman of business to keep the power in her own hands, notwithstanding the angry remonstrances of her lover and his sister. Perhaps also it was true, as it was said to be, that he would have drawn back at the last moment, but for shame.

I made some indefinite reply about putting off the time for being jealous as long as possible.

'Well, I can only say that it is a good thing I did not see him before I saw Arthur, or else you might have had cause enough to be jealous! But you needn't be afraid now. I am not one of *that* sort!'

And with that parting assurance, Mrs Trafford went her way, talking loudly over her shoulder as she walked down the lane, to 'Caroline,' who followed in her wake, about the inconvenience of not being able to get into 'my carriage' at the gate. {409}

We did not laugh over the bride's grandeur as we might have done had she been any one else; the remembrance of all that she had deprived Lilian of was too fresh upon us for that. And Lilian herself was in Marian's society reminded more vividly of the wrong which had been done to her mother.

'You were quite right, Mary,' said Philip to me when we were alone—alluding to the bridegroom. 'The poor wretch is punished enough! It's an *awful* punishment! By-the-bye, what was she whispering to you about all that time?'

'Offering me a view of the latest Paris fashions; and admiring you, ungrateful man that you are!' I smilingly replied. 'She thinks I must be terribly jealous.'

'Jealous;' reddening. 'What did she mean?'

'I suppose she thinks she would be jealous in my place,' I said, a little surprised at his manner.

'In—your place. I do not understand,' he returned, as it seemed to me now, even angrily.

I laid my hand upon his arm. 'Of course I only repeated it because of its absurdity, Philip. Between you and me, it would be "Away at once with either love or jealousy."' "

He took my hand in his, lifted it to his lips, and then turned away without a word. Well, I did not object to such silent leave-takings; they were eloquent enough for me. But I must not jest again in that way, I told myself, as I slowly returned to the cottage again. Philip evidently did not like it. Oddly enough, the first thing Lilian said, when I met her at the gate, where she was waiting for me, was upon the same topic. She had, it appeared, heard the one ominous word in Marian's whispered talk to me.

'What was Mrs Trafford saying to you about jealousy, Mary?' she asked, in a low tone and with averted eyes, trifling as she spoke with my watch-chain.

Did she fancy that Marian was still inclined to be jealous of her? I wondered.

'Only some nonsense about my being jealous of Philip, dearie,' I lightly replied.

'Jealous!—jealous of—Philip? What did she mean?' she ejaculated, using the words he had used with the same manner and even more anger.

'She seems to consider it is only natural that I should be jealous of him, since she tells me that his beard is the fashionable colour for heroes this season; but she was good enough to assure me that I need not be afraid of her now; although things might have been different if she had seen him some time ago. So I feel quite safe.'

'O Mary, are you sure, are you sure?'—with a little hysterical laugh.

'Am I sure, Lilian! Do you too require an assurance that I am not likely to become jealous of Mrs Trafford! You are almost as bad as Philip, and that is saying a great deal. Why, Lilian, what *is* the matter?'

She was laughing and crying together, with her arms about me, as different from her usual self as it was possible to be.

'It's the—the heat, I think,' she murmured. 'Do not notice me. I am stupid to-night, Mary.'

'She has deceived herself; her love for Arthur Trafford is not yet dead; and she is suffering the shame which is natural to one of her nature at the discovery,' I thought. Inexpressibly pained, I silently drew her hand under my arm and led her into the cottage.

ALMOST every schoolboy knows that King Henry I. died from eating too plentifully of lampreys, a 'food,' says Hume, 'which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution;' and yet, comparatively speaking, how few persons are familiar with the form, habits, and uses of the lamprey itself. It is usually defined as an 'eel-like fish,' and so far the definition is a correct one, seeing that an ordinary observer would conclude that the lamprey and the eel are identical, or at the most, that they are species of the same genus. Such, however, would be an erroneous conclusion. The lamprey undergoes a peculiar change of colour, being at times scarcely visible in the water, with variations from a silvery hue to a dark-brown back and a white belly. The eel has a bony skeleton, but that of the lamprey is soft and imperfect. The former has teeth with which to seize its prey or take a bait; the latter, as its name indicates (*lambere*, to lick, and *petra*, a stone), has a round sucking mouth with which to attach itself to rocks or stones, and though provided with very small teeth, which can pierce the skin of fishes or other soft substances, it may be said to subsist by suction rather than by eating. It has an elongated dorsal fin extending along the posterior half of the body to the tip of the tail, but is destitute of the pectorals with which the eel is furnished. The breathing organs of the lamprey are peculiar. In fishes with a bony skeleton there is usually but a single large orifice on each side of the throat, and in which the gills are covered with a valve-like flap called the operculum. The lamprey has seven external orifices like a row of round button-holes for breathing on each side, and apparently, without any protection. The animal is therefore quite distinct from all the species of eels.

Lampreys are in season from the first of September to the end of February, and during that period they are taken in large quantities in the river Ouse, above its confluence with the Trent. By some persons its flesh is esteemed a great delicacy, either potted or made into pies. However, it must be eaten sparingly, for if indulged in too freely it is apt to induce colic of a serious character. On that account the majority of people do not care to expose themselves to the danger that may ensue. The fishermen, as well as the peasantry in the neighbourhood where the lampreys are taken, rarely use them as an article of food. Still they form an important commodity of traffic to those who are engaged in it. During the last season nearly twenty thousand were secured at Naburn Lock alone, which is situated a few miles below the city of York. There are other stations at which we may conclude that the 'take' is equally good; let us say six: which would make a total of one hundred and twenty thousand fish. The average length of the lamprey is a foot—though it sometimes grows to three feet—and six are reckoned a pound; which, sold at two shillings, will produce a revenue of two thousand pounds sterling.

When we consider that these fish are taken in the dull portion of the year, when salmon and many other fish are not in season, we may readily understand that the sale of lampreys forms no insignificant supplement to the income of river fishermen, whose works are carried on generally on a somewhat limited scale.

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In March these fish go up the stream in order to deposit their spawn in the shallows. In early summer the parent lampreys and their countless fry go down towards the brackish water; and the opinion long prevailed that the elders of the company never returned. That supposition is now disputed by the more observant of the fishermen, who believe in the coming of the old and young together, though no great difference in their size is apparent towards the month of September, when the season for catching them is recommenced. They are taken in wicker traps, which are constructed so as to secure the fish as they are washed in by the force of the current.

In Holland the lamprey is largely used as an article of bait. From a very early period it is said to have been the prime favourite for the purpose, and considerable quantities were brought from the English rivers to Rotterdam. Our informant says that the trade was suddenly brought to an end about a hundred years ago on account of the 'war' (declared by Great Britain against Holland in 1780). For nearly eighty years from that period the lamprey-fishing was almost abandoned, when some Dutchmen, influenced by a tradition which still lingered amongst their people to the effect that excellent bait had formerly been brought from England, made a voyage of discovery to the Ouse, where, after considerable inquiry and search, they discovered what had been described, and thus revived the trade in lampreys, which is now carried on more briskly than ever. They are taken away in barrels partially filled with water, transferred to tanks on board ship, and are thus preserved alive until required on the Dogger Bank or elsewhere.

THE DUKE'S PIPER: A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS. IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

FOR a week Maggie saw nothing and heard nothing of Angus. She became quite pale and worn with anxiety and distress. She hardly spoke to her father; and Janet reported that she was sure 'the mistress' was going into 'a decline,' because she hardly touched her food. To make matters worse, a letter came one day from her lover to say that he too was so miserable that he could bear it no longer; he was going to leave the Duke's yacht and go away—never more to return to Inversnow. Maggie was driven to the brink of despair by this letter—almost the only letter she had ever received in her life, and she forthwith wore it with the lock of his hair she had long treasured, next to her heart.

One afternoon a message came from the kitchen of the castle to ask the piper if he could oblige

the cook with a dozen or so new-laid eggs, the cook's store having run short. Maggie took her basket, and went with the eggs to the castle kitchen. She went with a sad heavy heart, and remained as short a time as possible, for her little romance with Angus and its sudden collapse were well known among the servants and, as she knew, discussed. Inversnow Castle stands in the midst of its own lovely park, close by the sea-loch, and girt about by wooded and heather-mantled hills. It was a warm sunny afternoon as Maggie tripped from the castle homeward; she was in no mood to meet any one; and to avoid doing so, she struck off the public path through the woods towards Glen Heath. A robin was piping pathetically among the elms, and the squirrels were gamboling in the sunshine among the branches overhead. As she walked slowly over the turf she drew forth Angus's letter to read once more, and as she read, the tears started afresh to her young eyes, and she sobbed as she went.

Presently she was surprised by a voice, a kind gentle voice, addressing her in a familiar tone: 'Well, Maggie Cameron, what may all these tears be about? You look sadder than a young and bonnie lass like you has any right to be, surely! Are you well enough?'

The girl looked and looked again, and the flush came and went in her cheeks as she became conscious that, stretched at full length on the grass close by, under the shade of an elm, with a book in one hand and a lighted cigar in the other, was—the Duke!

Maggie courtesied low with a natural politeness, and in her confusion dropped her letter, but hardly dared to stoop to pick it up.

'I'm sure, Your Grace, I peg your pardon humbly; it wass a great liberty I will be takin' in coming home this way instead o' the road.'

Maggie hardly knew whether to turn back or to go on; being undecided, she did neither, but stood still in some bewilderment, the letter still lying at her feet.

'But you have not answered my question, I think,' said the Duke encouragingly.

'I peg Your Grace's pardon again,' replied the girl nervously; 'but it wass—it wass—but it wass Angus'— And there she stopped abruptly, and fairly broke down.

'Come here, my child,' said the Duke, interested in the girl's manifest grief. 'And what about Angus? Tell me all about it. Who knows, I may be able to help you?'

The Highland maid looked into the thoughtful kind face of the Duke, and went a few steps towards him.

'It wass apoot Angus MacTavish, Your Grace, and he wass— But Your Grace will not know anything at all, at all apoot Angus.'

'Do you mean the game-keeper's son, one of my crew, Maggie?'

'Ay, Your Grace, that same!' said she with delighted eagerness.

'Oh, *he's* at the root of your distress, the rascal, is he?'

'And inteed no, Your Grace; it wass not him at all; he wad not hurt nopody's feelings whatefer; oh, inteed, he's as cood and—and as prave a lad as iss in all the Hielants mirofer; and it iss not him, Your Grace, but my father and his father too had some quarrel; not but that they are cood men, poth cood men neither; but it wass all on account o' a gless o' pad whusky or the like o' that, I think; but—but—oh, Your Grace, Angus is going away cass my father has taken a hatred of him, and won't hef a word that iss cood to say to him; and if Angus goes away, it wad preak my heart!' {411}

The Duke rose, leaving his book on the grass, and placing his hand kindly on the maiden's shoulder, said: 'Come, Maggie, this may not be so bad as it seems! We shall see what we can do. Dry your eyes, child. Angus can't go away from my yacht without my consent, and I shall take care that he shall not go away. Take comfort from that. We shall see what can be done.'

'Oh, but my father iss fery obstinate, Your Grace, fery! And he wants me to marry another man that I cannot bear to look at.—But I am troubling Your Grace.'

The Duke's sympathy had wonderfully dispelled Maggie's awe.

'Well, well,' said the kindly nobleman, 'pick up your letter. If the piper won't listen to reason, we must see what can be done without him. But your father is a sensible man, and will no doubt listen to reason. Good-bye! Remember there must be no more crying. And you don't think it will be hard to bring Angus to reason? Well, well, we shall see. But remember, not another tear all the way home!'

Encouraged by the words of the great Highland Chief, Maggie courtesied low again, and sped homeward, with a burden lifted from her heart.

Angus MacTavish astonished the village watchmaker and jeweller by walking into his shop towards gloaming one evening, shutting the door carefully behind him, and even turning the key in the lock when he had satisfied himself there was no one present except the big-browed, hump-backed little watchmaker behind his glass cases.

'And iss it yourself, Angus MacTavish?'

'O ay, it iss me.' Angus was examining, with a deep flush on his face, the case of ornaments in front of him.

'And what iss it that I can pe dooin' for ye, Angus, the nicht?'

'Oh, it wass only a'—Angus coughed—'it wass aring—a gold ring that I wad be wanting ye to shew me mirofer.'

'Oho! that wass it, wass it?' said Mr Steven, winking at Angus, as he took his horn magnifying lens from his eye, and came from his three-legged stool and marvellous assortment of tiny hammers, pincers, and watchmaking gear scattered on the bench before him, to speak with Angus at the counter.

'Wass it a shentleman's ring now, Maister MacTavish, or a ring for the lass?'

'What wad the like o' me pe doing with a shentleman's ring, Mr Steven? Do ye take me for a wheeper-snapper lawyer's clerk, that ye should think o' me in that way?'

'Weel, weel, Angus lad, ye may pe right; but a' the lads wear them nooadays. Nae doot it iss ignorant vanity; but it is cood for trade, and it iss no for me to be finding fault wi' my customers. And it wass a ring for the lass—eh weel, that iss cood too,' said Mr Steven, pulling out a drawer full of subdivisions glistening with Scotch pebbles of many varieties set in gold, and placing them before Angus. 'Noo, there iss one that wad mak' any bonny lassie's mouth watter, and it iss only twelfe-an'-sixpence; and if ye like, I hef got a pair o' ponny ear-rinks to match it—the whole lot for a pound.'

'Na,' said Angus, pushing aside the gaudy stone; 'it iss a plain gold ring I want, wi' no rubbishing stones apoot it.'

'Eh, what, Angus! And iss it a mairriage ring that ye wull pe wanting me to gif you mirofer? Eh weel! but that iss a fery different tale from what I hef peen hearing—and it wass a mairriage ring—eh dear me! But it iss myself that is happy to hear it.'

'Hush-t!' said Angus sharply, reddening. 'A man may want to hef a wedding-ring apoot him—maype for a friend or the like o' that—without his—his'— Angus coughed a retreat.

'O ay, ay; surely, Angus, surely. Nae doot apoot it; ay, ay, lad—nae doot apoot it!'

Angus left the shop with a circlet of gold in his waistcoat pocket.

Meantime, although almost a fortnight had passed, the piper's lawsuit hung in the wind, despite the fact that his legal adviser felt it to be his duty to hold frequent and prolonged conferences with him at Glen Heath. The lawyer was not such genial company as Angus had been; and though he did his best to be agreeable to Maggie and sociable with her father, even to the extent of trying to learn the bagpipes, he had to lay the unmanageable instrument aside, under the piper's sweeping generalisation, 'that lawyers had no more ear for music than the pigs.' In his heart the piper was not sorry to see that his daughter snubbed Angus's rival in spite of his own strictest commands.

The Highland maid seemed to be bearing her lover's banishment better than was to be expected. More than one attempt had been made by the young sailor to mollify Mr Cameron, without palpable signs of success; and when Maggie renewed her protests, she was met with the announcement that if MacTavish's name was again mentioned to him, she would be sent off to her aunt's in Glasgow for the winter—a threat the full significance of which none knew better than Maggie herself.

Then it was announced that on a certain evening there was to be a supper given by the Duke in the barn of the Home Farm, to which all the servants and many of the tenantry were invited; and to the piper it was intimated that he would be expected to bring his bagpipes with him. Here was quite sufficient reason for Maggie to be wearing her eyes out with the preparation of feminine finery, as the piper observed she had been doing for several days.

Early in the morning after Angus's interview with Mr Steven the watchmaker—and it was a lovely autumn morning—the piper's daughter might have been seen walking briskly, perhaps somewhat paler than usual, through a meadow at the western side of Inversnow, towards the loch. Her heart beat quickly as she went, and there was a touch of anxiety in her face as she glanced back occasionally to the white cottage on the slope at the entrance of Glen Heath, as if she expected to see some one following her. She walked quickly on, brushing aside the dew with her dress as she went, and hardly paused until she reached a sheltered inlet of the loch. At some little distance from the beach, a boat—Maggie's own boat—was resting on the water, and the maiden had barely time to spread her white kerchief to the wind, when the oars were swiftly dipped, and almost immediately the bow of the boat ran high on the beach, grating along the pebbles almost to her feet, and Angus leaped out and held her in his arms.

'O Angus, dear, I don't think I can possibly go through with it—I really don't think I can!' she murmured.

'Ye are too late now, my bonny doo' [dove], 'too late now.'

Maggie stepped with Angus's help into the boat, although she did not think she could 'go through with it.'

'But if dad should come back and miss me—O Angus!'

'He will not come back. The Teuk—Cott pless him!—has sent him to the Duaghn ruins with a party from the castle. Look, Maggie! do ye see the flag—the Teuk's flag—on the mainmast o' the yacht?'

Angus rowed swiftly, without swerving, to the yacht. Not another word was said as Maggie

ascended the ladder from the boat, accompanied by Angus. She was rosy as she noticed the universal grin that greeted her from the men as she walked along the deck, between the good-natured captain and Angus, straight to the cabin. In the cabin—a room with its gold and crimson, and carved wood-work, its luxurious carpets and pictures, its books and piano, and the sweet glimpse of loch and mountain visible from the wide-open ports, that made Maggie feel as if she had been introduced to a nook in Paradise—she was overwhelmed to find herself again face to face with the Duke! With the Duke was her old friend Mr Fraser, the parish minister of Inversnow, whose presence had a wonderfully inspiring influence as he shook hands with her. Mr Fraser was a little gentleman with the whitest of hair and the sharpest yet the kindest of eyes. 'Are you quite certain, Maggie,' he said, handing his open snuff-box to the Duke, smiling, 'that now at the last moment you do not repent?'

'We can land you again in a twinkling, you know—can't we, Angus?' said the Duke, looking slyly from one to the other. Angus was standing in the background, rather sheepishly, if the truth were told, cap in hand. Maggie had hardly time to assure 'the minister' that she would be the last to disappoint His Grace the Duke, and was quite certain, when a door at the other end of a cabin opened, and the Duke's daughter, Lady Flora, entered; and again the Highland maid courtesied, overwhelmed with blushes as her Ladyship shook hands with her.

'We shall hear by-and-by what the piper has to say to this,' said Lady Flora; 'but you, Maggie, had better come with me for a time, that all may be done in good order.'

And so Maggie was carried off by the Duke's daughter to a second nook of paradise in blue velvet and gold and mirrors, a fairy cabin redolent with the perfume of flowers, and with a glorious peep of loch and mountain from a different point of view. The girl felt as if she were moving and talking in a dream.

When she emerged with Lady Flora she was clad in simple white attire, veiled, and a spray of heather-blossom mingling in her hair. Was it still a dream?—the minister with an open Bible before him, and Angus waiting to take her by the hand!

'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' &c.—the magic words that have sent a thrill through the hearts of so many generations, were sounding in their ears too. And as for Angus—well, Angus was conscious, as he placed the ring on Maggie's finger, that he was drifting away into a dreamy world of happiness, far better than he deserved, or ever, in his most ardent moments, dreamed were in store for him!

The piper returned with the party that had been committed to his guidance towards set of sun, and reached Glen Heath hungry as Esau from the field; he was impatient to be at the Home Farm barn, where he and his bagpipes were already due. So hungry and impatient was he that he did not cross-examine Janet with that severity which generally characterised him as she—well primed in her part—explained that Maggie had already started for the ball. No; the piper was speedily girding himself, in the merriest possible frame of mind, in his best, and smiling as he observed that Maggie had for the occasion adorned his bagpipes with new ribbons. The piper was no fop; but it was rumoured that the Duke himself was about to lead off the ball to-night, and that some of the ladies from the castle were to be present; so it behoved him to appear in his best tartan, which he did; and a finer specimen of the clan Cameron, firm on his legs, with a head set strongly on a pair of broad shoulders that proudly bore the bagpipes, never led clan to battle-field.

With all his haste, he was late. Many of the company were already seated at the long tables that extended from one end of the barn to the other. People were shaking hands and chatting freely, and already there was the fragrant odour of cooked meats, tempting the appetites of all and sundry. The room was gaily lit with candles and lamps from the castle. The piper lifted his cap politely in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted him as he entered.

'This is your place, Mr Cameron,' said the Duke's factor, who acted as steward for the occasion, pointing a place near the head of the table, and immediately opposite Mr MacTavish and his wife; the former of whom frowned blackly as the piper looked across at him.

'Na, Mr Reid, na; not just yet,' the piper said rising.

'A tune, Mr Cameron, a tune!' came from several quarters of the room; a request which the piper was pleased and proud to comply with. Nor did the music cease until the door opened, and the Duke walked in, Lady Flora leaning on his arm, and behind him Mr Fraser, leading in the mild-eyed Duchess; and behind these several of the Duke's guests. The bagpipes came to abrupt silence as the company rose to cheer the ducal party. When Mr Fraser had asked a blessing on the mercies which the Duke had provided for them, there came a loud clatter of knives and forks and an assault upon the dishes; and talk and laughter and merry din. The piper forgot the game-keeper in the absorbing fact that he was seated between Lady Flora and Factor Reid, an unusual and unexpected honour; so absorbed, that he hardly noticed that his daughter Maggie had not up to this moment appeared in the room.

When the dishes were cleared away and glasses and decanters stood regiment-wise along the table, the Chief rose and, when silence prevailed, said: 'My very good friends, before I ask you to fill bumpers for *the* toast of this evening, the nature of which I shall be called upon to explain presently—I wish you all to join with me in a glass to two very worthy friends of mine, and esteemed acquaintances of all of you; whose good qualities are too well known to require any words from me to commend them to your favourable notice—I mean our excellent friend Mr Cameron of Glen Heath, and my no less esteemed friend Mr MacTavish of Glen Ford—and may they never be worse friends than I am sure in their hearts they are to-night!'

There was a general clinking of glasses and nodding of heads towards the piper and the game-keeper: 'Your health, Mr Cameron!' 'I look towarts ye, Mr MacTavish!' 'Your fery cood healths, shentlemen!' &c.

It need hardly be said that Mr Cameron and Mr MacTavish looked extremely foolish as the sounds gradually passed into silence, and all eyes became fixed on them; but neither of them seemed disposed to rise. At length the piper sprang to his feet.

'It wass a great honour that His Grace paid me, and I thank him for it with all my heart. And it wass—well it wass, ladies and shentlemens—well, ye may hef heard mirofer that there wass a small wee bit of a tifference—inteed ye might call it a quarrel between Mister MacTavish and me, and it wass a pity too whatefer—nae doot there might be faults on poth sides—and Your Grace, if ye will allow me to say it—I pear no enmity to no man this nicht, no not to Mister MacTavish, nor to any other shentleman at all, at all.'

'Bravo! bravo!' exclaimed the Duke, looking towards Mr MacTavish. But that worthy had no gift of words, and only signified his emotion by a series of dry-lipped jerks and nods and a waving of the hands in the piper's direction, meant to imply his general assent to the piper's view of the case.

The Duke again rose. 'I now rise to ask you, every one of you, Mr Cameron and Mr MacTavish included, to fill your glasses a good bumper, to drink with me *the* toast of this evening. I drink to the very good health of the bride and bridegroom in whose honour this ball is given to-night.' At the same moment the door opened, and Angus MacTavish entered with Maggie Cameron—no longer Cameron—leaning on his arm. Maggie looked round the room in some bewilderment. When her eye met her father's, her hand dropped from Angus's arm, and with her face all pale, she walked firmly toward him. When she came to him, she stopped.

'Dad!'—with quivering lip and with eyes in which lurked tears—'iss it angry with me ye are then, dad, cass I hef married Angus MacTavish? O dad, ye'll no pe that angry!'

The piper, conscious of the dramatic possibilities of the situation, paused, looked at the Highland Chief, who was still on his feet, and then at Maggie's sweet fresh face, which was turned piteously to him. He looked at the white muslin dress, prettily studded over with satin bows, and from there to the dainty white satin boot that peeped from below the dress, and felt proud to be his daughter's father.

'And iss it merrit ye are then, Maggie, to Angus MacTavish? but it iss—well, it iss a praw lad too, and well deservin' a praw lass for his wife'—

Maggie's arms were immediately thrown about her father's neck, and the welled-up tears found easy channel.

'Gif me your hand, Angus, ye pla-guard!' The hands griped with Celtic impetuosity.

'Excuse me, Mr Cameron,' interrupted the Duke. 'Ladies and gentlemen, we must drink the young couple's health with full Highland honours; and no heel-taps!' The rafters rung with hearty cheers as the men stood with one foot on their seats and the other on the edge of the table, doing honour to the Chief's bidding to youth and beauty.

This ceremony over, the piper rose, walked slowly and solemnly, amidst the silence of the company, to the place where Mr MacTavish sat. Mr MacTavish rose, and the men faced each other.

'Tonald!' said the piper impressively.

'John!' said the game-keeper. A pause.

'It wass an angry man I wass, Tonald!'

'And so wass I neither,' said the game-keeper.

'But we wull droon it all in this, John,' said the piper, filling two glasses with whisky, and handing one to his friend.

'But the oil-cake nefer wass biled!' said Donald solemnly, as he poised his glass between him and the light.

'Teffle take the oil-cake, John!' said the piper impetuously. 'Gif me your hand, man!'

And the reconciliation was complete.

The tables were speedily cleared away, the piper soon discoursing stirring music from his pipes; with the satisfaction of seeing the Duke lead off his beaming child as partner in the first reel. Daylight peeped in before the pipes were quieted, or the noise and merriment of the company were hushed.

And now, before the door of a cottage that has been built within a short distance of the piper's, there are to be seen three fine boys and a 'sonsie' lassie, the eldest rejoicing in having a Duke for godfather; and a proud man is the piper as he teaches Archie the oldest boy how to extract martial music from a sheep's bladder, which the ingenious youth has converted with skill into home-made bagpipes. To this day, the piper, on whom years are beginning to tell their pathetic tale, meets his friend the game-keeper once or twice a week at Mrs MacDonald's clachan among the hills, and the toast which always furnishes an excuse for the one extra glass that the piper thinks needful to send him cheerily on his way home is—'Cott pless the Teuk!'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE often read in the newspapers that a certain ship has been taken out to the 'measured mile' for trial of her speed, which means that, in order to try the steam-engines, they must be put into the ship, and the ship into the water. Like much else in English practice, it is an uncertain way of finding out that which ought to be previously known; for it is a trial of more than the engines, seeing that it includes the merits and defects of the boilers and of the ship, and the behaviour of the steam, which exercise an important influence on the result. If, therefore, the engines only are to be tested, the trial might as well be made while the vessel is still in dock; and while still in dock there should be some means for ascertaining and accurately indicating their capabilities. This means has been invented by Mr Froude, F.R.S., who has already done so much for the science of shipbuilding; and his new dynamometer seems likely to fulfil the intended purpose. It combines some of the most recondite principles in mechanical philosophy, but may be roughly described as a turbine with its segmental divisions so constructed that, when set rotating, the water inclosed is urged into a state of resistance. This resistance varies with the speed and power of the engines; and a spring lever, communicating with the interior of the apparatus, indicates the variations on an external scale. The turbine will be temporarily fixed to the end of the screw-shaft, the engines will be set to work, and as the shaft spins round, the power of the engines will be clearly and independently demonstrated, even up to eight thousand horse-power, if required. The capabilities of the engines having been thus accurately ascertained while the ship is still in dock, it will be possible, when trying her over the measured mile, to define how far her speed is affected by other influences, in summing up the result. A working model of this ingenious invention has been exhibited to the Admiralty and at scientific gatherings in London.

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Mr Cochot, 34 Avenue Lacuée, Paris, has constructed a small steam-engine of half a horse-power, for use in petty manufactures, which, as he states, will work ten hours at a cost of not more than fourteenpence for coal.

Mr Redier, clockmaker of Paris, has exhibited to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale a balance which registers variations of weight. In this ingenious instrument clockwork is so arranged in connection with a copper cylinder, suspended in a vessel of water, as to produce two antagonistic movements, one of which comes into play whenever excited by the action of the other. By this alternate movement the registration proceeds steadily, and is recorded by a pencil on a band of paper. An exceedingly light spring lever is so combined with the clockwork that it will keep a comparatively heavy weight in action; such as holding a barometer free to rise and fall while the column of mercury stands always at the same level. Many applications may be made of this instrument, especially in the sciences of observation. Its sensibility is such that it will register the loss of weight in a spirit-lamp while burning. The physiologist may employ it to ascertain the weight lost by animals during respiration and perspiration, and the botanist to determine the amount of evaporation from the leaves of a plant; and from these examples others may be imagined.

Stock-taking in science is as indispensable as in business, and there is something like stock-taking in the subject for which the University of Oxford proposes to give a ten guinea medal and about five guineas in cash: it is 'The History of the successive Stages of our Knowledge of Nebulæ, Nebulous Stars, and Star Clusters, from the time of Sir William Herschel.'

The Royal Astronomical Society have published an account of observations of Jupiter's satellites made by Mr Todd of the Observatory, Adelaide, under remarkably favourable circumstances. Sometimes the satellite, when on the point of occultation, is seen apparently through the edge of Jupiter, 'as if the planet were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds.' In a subsequent observation, 'the shadow of the third satellite, when in mid-transit along a high northern parallel, appeared to be visibly oval or flattened at the poles.' On several occasions, as Mr Todd states, he has been surprised at ingress of shadow by the marvellous sharpness, the minutest indentation of the limb being at once detected. One night he saw the second satellite, as it emerged from behind the planet, immediately pass into the shadow, then reappear within a few minutes of the reappearance of and close to the first satellite; and the two thus formed 'a pretty coarse double star.' This must have been a very interesting sight. And there were times when the astronomer was much impressed by the sudden and extensive changes in the cloud-belts of the planet, as though some storm were there in progress, changing the form and dimensions of the belts in an hour or two, or even less. After reading this, may we not say that the observer at Adelaide is remarkably fortunate?

The fall of exceedingly minute mineral particles in the snow and rain in regions far away from dust and smoke has been accepted as evidence that a so-called 'cosmic dust' floats in our atmosphere. Some physicists believe that this dust is always falling everywhere, that the bulk of the earth is increased, and that the phenomenon known to astronomers as acceleration of the moon's motion is thereby accounted for. Iron is found among the particles, exceedingly small and globular in form, as if they had been subjected to a high temperature. Recent spectrum analysis has led to the conclusion that the light of the aurora borealis may be due to the presence of these particles of iron in a state of incandescence. In a communication to the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences, Mr Yung assumes that this dust, coming to us from celestial space, will be most

abundant immediately after the showers of shooting-stars in August and November; and he purposes to collect masses of air on great heights and treat them in such a way as to eliminate all the cosmic dust which they may contain. His experiments lead him to believe that the particles are in much greater quantity than hitherto supposed, and that they play an important part in the physics of the globe and in the dispersion of solar light. Dr Tyndall has shewn that a perfectly pure gas has no dispersive action. The cosmic dust floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere would account for the luminous train of meteors, and for certain phenomena observed by means of the spectroscope. A long time will of course be required for the quantitative experiments, but they will be of great interest to astronomers as well as to physicists generally.

A telephone has been exhibited at some of the evening receptions in London, but failed to give satisfactory demonstration of its sound-transmitting powers. In America, on the contrary, the success is so remarkable, that the Society of Telegraph Engineers have sent out a deputation to gather information on the interesting subject. In addition to the instances already given in these pages, we have now to present further particulars on the authority of an American contemporary. In April last, telephonic concerts were held in Washington and Boston, the source of the music being in Philadelphia. At each place (that is, Washington and Boston) the music, though rather feeble in tone, was distinctly heard by the audience in all parts of the hall. The different tunes were recognised and listened to with profound attention, the intonations being so clear and distinct as to excite wonder and applause. We are further informed that 'the music (or electric waves of sound) was also conveyed by induction along other parallel telegraphic wires attached to the same poles; for in a telegraph office in Washington the tunes played at Philadelphia were distinctly heard on a "relay" used in the despatch service, and even at some yards' distance from the instrument.' This is the more remarkable as the relay 'had no connection whatever with the wire attached to the telephone.' Another noteworthy characteristic of the telephone is that it will, as is said, deliver a number of spoken messages at the same time without confusion. {415}

If a 'distinguished architect or man of science of any country can shew that he has designed or executed any building of high merit, or produced a work tending to promote or facilitate the knowledge of architecture, or the various branches of science connected therewith,' the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects will, if they find him worthy, bestow on him their Royal medal. Such are the conditions announced; but supposing that an *undistinguished* architect should prove himself competent, is it to be understood that he will have no claim to consideration? The Council further announce that they will give their Soane medallion and fifty pounds for the best design for a convalescent hospital for sixty patients: Sir W. Tite's prize, thirty pounds, for the best design in Italian style for the façade of a block of buildings in a principal street: the Grissell medal for the best set of drawings illustrating the design and construction of two bays of a groined cloister of the thirteenth century; and the Institute silver medal for the best essay on the Constructive Uses and Artistic Treatment of Concrete. This last is a practical subject which admits of wide application and development.

A paper by Mr S. Knight, read before the same Institute, 'On the Influence of Business Requirements on Street Architecture,' contains information and suggestions which any one interested in the subject would do well to study. The claims of various styles, the Italian, the Gothic, the Composite, are discussed, with due consideration of the important questions of strength, effect, and light. If the Italian has come to be preferred, a reason why can be given; but Mr Knight is of opinion that Gothic is compatible with business requirements, and he brings forward instances. And he remarks: 'The pointed gable is a mode of finishing a roof towards a street as consistent in construction as it is expressive and picturesque in effect; the open valleys between the gables, where repeated in rows, let in light.' Oriel windows, with a glass roof, are described as the best for admission of light. As connected with styles of architecture, we mention that at a previous meeting of the Institute it was shewn that the 'Queen Anne's' style, if rightly named, would be the Stuart style.

It is computed that five million tons of coal are burnt in London in a year. The President of the Meteorological Society states in his annual address that the heat thereby produced combined with that evolved by the inhabitants, suffices to raise the temperature of the air two degrees immediately above the metropolis. Hence it is that some invalids find it better for their health to reside in London during the winter rather than in the country. But the country benefits also, for the prevailing winds being from the south-west and west, the county of Essex and the valley of the Thames below London profit by the adventitious warmth. On the other hand, it is stated that 'London air even in the suburbs proves, as might be expected, exceedingly impervious to the sun's rays.'

Jute is a low-priced product, and is regarded as fit only for very coarse manufactures; and dishonest rope-makers mix it with the hemp which they twist into ropes and cables. But specimens laid before the Paris Society above mentioned demonstrate that jute has remarkable qualities which may be developed by proper treatment. Everything depends on the amount of care bestowed on the preparation and conversion into yarn or thread; it can then be woven into textures suitable for upholstery decorations, for dress, and for household uses, comparable to those produced from flax and hemp.

From further published statements concerning the eucalyptus we learn that this useful tree has been introduced into Corsica, chiefly through the endeavours of Dr Carlotti, President of the Ajaccio Agricultural Society. More than half a million of the young trees are now growing in the island. And it appears from reports made to the Climatological Society of Algiers that more than a million plants of the eucalyptus are growing in that country; that the trees 'possess sanitary

influence; that wherever they have been largely cultivated intermittent fever has decreased in frequency and intensity, and that marshy and uncultivated lands have been improved and rendered healthy.'

In 1850, deep borings were made on the Marquis of Downshire's estate near Carrickfergus to explore for coal beneath the old red sandstone. The greatest depth attained was about fifteen hundred feet; no coal was found; but at about five hundred feet from the surface a bed of rock-salt was discovered, which has been turned to good account. We are informed by the President of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society that the bed of salt in the hills to the north of Carrickfergus is more than a hundred feet thick, that fifty feet are left as a roof, while fifty feet are being excavated, and that the roof is supported by pillars of the rock-salt nearly fifty feet thick left standing.

An anchor of novel construction has been made and patented by Mr G. Tyzack of Stourbridge. The novelty consists in the anchor having *one* arm only, which is reversible and so arranged that whichever way the anchor falls, it finds itself at once in a position to 'bite.' There being no projection above the shank, the anchor is less likely to foul than ordinary kinds; it can readily be taken to pieces and compactly stowed; is said to possess unusual strength; and being made without welding, claims to be cheaper than other portable or swivel anchors. This seems worthy the attention of shipowners and yachtsmen.

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A meeting was held last year to talk about a Sanitary Institute. A committee was appointed: they have published a Report and list of members, by which we are made aware that the Institute is now at work, and intends 'to devote itself exclusively to the advancement of all subjects bearing upon public health.' Among these subjects we find ascertaining the qualifications of subordinate officers of sanitary districts—matters relating to medicine and to chemistry in connection with public health—and the establishment of an exhibition of sanitary apparatus and appliances. This is a good programme, with the advantage that its objects may be promoted by persons in all parts of the kingdom. The temporary offices of the Institute are at 11 Spring Gardens, London, S.W.

A paper by Mr Neison on the Statistics of the Societies of Odd-Fellows and Foresters is published in the *Journal* of the Statistical Society. It furnishes much useful information concerning those associations generally, and shews in what the elements of their success or failure consist. In some instances there is a great tendency towards large and growing sick-lists, which, as Mr Neison remarks, should be carefully watched. He was acquainted with a society in which the rate of sickness was so remarkable that he could not account for it. 'Not only,' he says, 'nine out of every ten were sick, but sick on an average of thirty weeks out of fifty-two. On inquiry he found that these were agricultural labourers, getting a wage of ten shillings a week, and were insured for a benefit varying from eight shillings to eight-and-sixpence. After being sick for a short time they were entitled to half of the benefit, which would be four shillings. Then they obtained two shillings and sixpence from the parish, together with some loaves of bread, which would amount to about seven shillings a week for doing nothing; and as they only get about nine to ten shillings by labouring, they thought the better way was to stop at home and sham illness.' Facts of this kind are not new to us.

THE SOLAN GOOSE.

Mr Frank Buckland has been experimenting upon the anatomical construction of the gannet, and says it possesses in its body the most perfect aeronautic machinery that can be conceived. There is a communication between the lungs, the feathers, and the hollow bones of the bird, by means of which it is able to inflate itself like a balloon. The gannet on which Mr Buckland experimented measured nine inches across the chest, but when inflated it measured fourteen inches. By suddenly pressing the inflated body, the dead bird immediately gave out the loud call of the bird when alive, the sound being produced by means of the air passing through the voice-box at the bottom of the windpipe. The gannet can instantaneously extrude all this air from its lungs, bones, and feathers; and this enables it to drop down from a height upon its prey in the sea with amazing force and rapidity. Some years ago one of these birds was flying over Penzance in Cornwall, when seeing some pilchards lying on a fir plank, in a place for curing those fish, it darted itself down with so much violence as to stick its bill quite through an inch and a quarter plank, and kill itself on the spot. The bones of the bird's neck are of amazing strength, and as hard as an iron rod. The head is joined to the atlas by a beautiful ball-and-socket joint.
—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FRAGRANT daughters of the earth,
Love presided at your birth;
Fancy, by your floral aid,
Passion's ardour oft portrayed;

Let me, then, a garland twine
Of varied hues, to picture mine.

Purity, with brow serene,
Heeds no costly jewel's sheen;
Cull the Lily's blossom sweet
To strew the path beneath her feet.
In its virgin hue we find
An image of the spotless mind.

Braid the maiden's glossy hair;
Place the verdant Myrtle there;
Love, with roses myrtle blended,
When to earth He first descended;
It will blossom brighter now,
On the fair one's snowy brow.

Shining Laurel, let not Fame
Your leaves, for heroes only, claim;
On blood-stained fields they gain the prize
The Poet wins in peaceful guise;
The poets, then, with heroes share
The right the laurel crown to wear.

Know you the Rose? the garden's queen!
Few months, alas! her bloom is seen;
Breathing incense to the air,
Magic odours hover there.
But near the rose, the thorn is ever;
Who can love from sorrow sever?

Let the Daisy's modest grace
In my garland find a place;
The 'bonnie gem' of Scotia's Bard,
'Mid rarer flowers in garden cared,
Though humbly reared, a part may claim,
In memory of the Poet's fame.

Dusky Cypress, sadness weaves
Wreaths for mourners of thy leaves;
Ever o'er the silent grave
Drooping branches sadly wave.
Ah! how vain the tears we shed
For friends once numbered with the dead!

See! Life's pictures quickly fade,
And the flowers in dust are laid;
But the Spring's awak'ning fire
Love and Life once more inspire:
To mourning hearts a hope is given
That we may meet and love in Heaven!

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