

**The Project Gutenberg eBook of Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature,
Science, and Art, No. 706, by Various et al.**

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 706

Author: Various

Editor: Robert Chambers

Editor: William Chambers

Release date: June 19, 2015 [EBook #49237]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Susan Skinner and the Online Distributed
Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

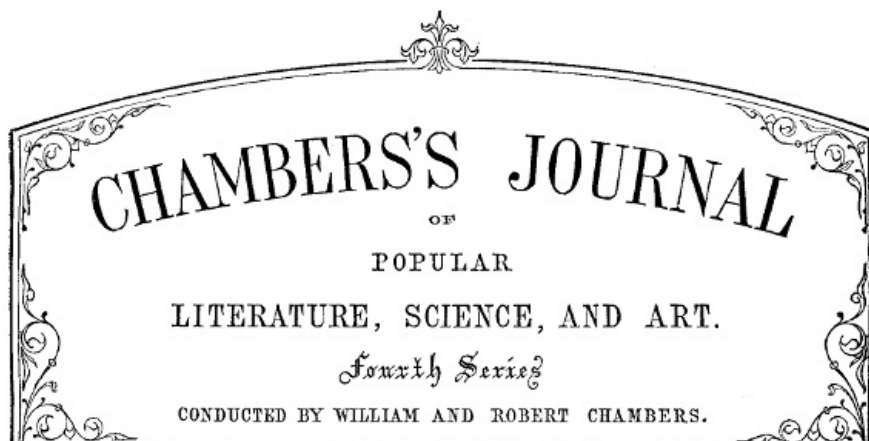
*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 706 ***

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

{417}

CONTENTS

[STORY OF THE FAIRBAIRNS.](#)
[THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.](#)
[THE STORY OF THE QUIGRICH OR STAFF OF ST FILLAN.](#)
[COUSIN DICK.](#)
[A TRIP ON LAKE NYASSA.](#)
[CURIOUS PICK-UPS.](#)
[RUSTY IRON.](#)
[ON A PET DOVE KILLED BY A DOG.](#)



STORY OF THE FAIRBAIRNS.

TOWARDS the end of last century, the family of Andrew Fairbairn resided at the foot of the Woodmarket, Kelso. Andrew was a man in humble circumstances, but was intelligent and industrious, and fond of reading. He had spent his early life as a ploughboy, and afterwards as a gardener; by which means, along with the perusal of books, he gained a good knowledge of agriculture. Having in the course of pushing his fortunes gone to reside near a seaport in England, he was, during the exigences of the American war, pressed on board a frigate, from which he was draughted into a ship of the line, and served under Lord Howe at the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Gibraltar. At the close of the war, he happened to be present at Spithead, when the *Royal George* sank, August 29, 1782, and assisted in saving the survivors. Receiving his discharge, he returned to Scotland, and settling in Kelso, married Miss Henderson, daughter of a tradesman in Jedburgh, and in due time had a family of sons and daughters. That may be called the beginning of the Fairbairns.

Andrew did not return to sea-life. He had had enough of naval adventure. Kelso, where he pitched his camp, is a pretty inland town on the north bank of the Tweed, once celebrated for an abbey, of which the ruins still exist, and having in its immediate neighbourhood the palatial mansion of Fleurs, the seat of the Dukes of Roxburghe. All around is a fine fertile country, where there is abundant scope for agricultural pursuits. To these he addicted himself, though taking him six days a week from home, and obliging him to devolve the upbringing of his children in a great measure to his wife, who was eminently suited for this important duty. She was far from robust, and her poor state of health would have offered a good excuse for idleness; but possessing a spirit of indefatigable industry, she toiled in a way that reminds us of the singularly meritorious wife mentioned in Scripture—'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.... She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.... Her children arise up, and call her blessed.' The picture is accurate in every detail. According to the economy of the period, when as yet the domestic spinning-wheel was in operation, Mrs Fairbairn bought wool and flax, which she spun into yarn, reeled into hanks, and gave out to a weaver to be manufactured. From the varied materials so produced, she provided shirtings, sheets, and blankets for the family. And not only so, but for some years she made all the coats, trousers, and other garments for her husband and sons, besides all the dresses required for her young daughters.

William Fairbairn, the eldest and most notable of her sons, was born at Kelso, February 19, 1789. There he received a plain elementary education at the parish school, paddled like other boys in the Tweed, and acquired a proficiency in climbing the tall picturesque ruins of the abbey. In 1799, the family were induced to remove to Moy, a farm a few miles from Dingwall in Ross-shire. Here commenced a desperate struggle to wring a subsistence out of a piece of land plentifully dotted over with whins, stones, rocks, and other obstructions. Andrew, the father, had an opportunity of exercising all the agricultural knowledge he possessed. Like many Scotsmen in similar circumstances, he did not despair. To remove the various impediments to the plough, he adopted an ingenious method. Having managed to draw the large stones and rocks into heaps, he laid over them quantities of dried whins, which he set on fire. The stones and rocks became red-hot, and by the pouring on them of cold water from a bottle, were fractured and blown to shivers. By the wondering neighbours, this cheap and ready method of ridding the land of whins and rocks at the same time was considered an extraordinary performance. Next was instituted a system of draining; and in two or three years, splendid crops of turnips and barley were growing on land which had hitherto been little better than a wilderness.

While the family were at Moy, William received no addition to his education, and had to occupy much of his time as a nurse to his youngest brother, Peter, then a child of fifteen months old. To relieve himself of the trouble of carrying the child on his back, he fell on the device of making a little wagon with four wheels. It was a somewhat difficult undertaking, for his only tools were a knife, a gimlet, and an old saw. With these and a red-hot poker to burn holes in the wheels for the axles, he was able to knock up a small wagon, which proved quite a success. He dragged Peter about the farm, to the delight of the infant and the satisfaction of his mother. Encouraged by the success of the construction, he began to make small boats and mills with his knife, that were the admiration of neighbouring boys; such performances giving, as is believed, a bent to his mind as regards mechanical construction. Some untoward circumstances led Andrew Fairbairn to quit Moy and to become steward to a Highland laird at Mulloch. In this situation he remained only two years; and now, disgusted with the Highlands, he removed with his family, in 1803, back to Kelso. There he left them while he occupied the position of farm-manager in Yorkshire. This was a dark period in the history of the Fairbairns. The father did his best to supply means by transmitting part of his wages, but the wages were irregularly paid, and sometimes the family were on the brink of want. Being now a tall lad of fourteen, William made an effort to get an employment which would bring in a few shillings a week. He considered himself fortunate in getting work as a mason's labourer at the building of the new bridge across the Tweed at Kelso—one of Rennie's handsome structures. When only a few days at this toilsome employment, William suffered a dire misfortune. By the clumsy management of a companion in carrying a handbarrow, a heavy stone fell on his leg, inflicting a deep wound, and throwing him off work for nearly three months. When the family were in the depths of penury, the father succeeded in getting an appointment at Percy Main Colliery, near South Shields, as steward of a farm belonging to the coal-owners. There was still the disadvantage of being absent from his family, but the pay regularly administered put him in comfort, and he had an opportunity of getting some employment for his eldest son.

The employment so secured was not much to speak of: it was only that of driving a coal-cart, but nothing better cast up, and was dutifully endured amidst a dissolute and contentious population, until, at the instance of the owners of the colliery, William, in 1804, was bound apprentice for seven years to Mr John Robinson, the engine-wright of the establishment. Such was the start in life of William Fairbairn as an engineer. At first, his wages were five, afterwards rising to twelve, shillings a week; but there was extra work paid for separately, by which his small wage was often doubled, and he was able to help his parents, who were struggling with a very limited income.

As we all know, there are two ways of pursuing an industrial occupation in youth. One is to do no more than what is immediately required, caring little for the future; the other is to endeavour, by every available means, to strike out a course of self-improvement, not only for the pleasure of doing so, but it may be in the hope of reaping some future advantage. William Fairbairn adopted the latter method of getting through his apprenticeship. He laid down for himself a programme of self-instruction, while most other lads about him spent all their leisure time in coarse and profitless amusements. His weekly programme is worth the attention of young men placed in similar circumstances. Every day had its assigned work—Monday evenings, the study of arithmetic and mensuration. Tuesday, reading history and poetry. Wednesday, recreation, reading novels and romances. Thursday, mathematics. Friday, Euclid, trigonometry. Saturday, recreation and sundries. Sunday, church, reading Milton, &c. These several exercises were facilitated by books procured from the North-Shields subscription library, for which his father bought for him a ticket. Besides going through a course of reading the best historical and other works, which widened his knowledge and cultivated his feelings, he in a period of three years went through a complete system of mensuration, and as much algebra as enabled him to solve an equation; also a course of trigonometry, navigation, and some other branches of science. At times he devised pieces of machinery, which taught him the necessity of arranging and concentrating his ideas in matters of mechanical ingenuity. Having a taste for music, he made a violin, on which he taught himself to play familiar Scotch airs, though never with any degree of brilliance. His mind leaned towards more solid acquirements. As a kind of promotion, he was removed from the workshop to take charge of the steam-engine and pumps. Now, he was more his own master, and had intervals of time at his disposal. No amount of leisure, however, diverted him from his course of self-culture. His companions spent not a little time and money in beer-drinking, which kept them in poverty, and effectually stood in the way of their advancement. One of his early contemporaries was happily superior to these debasing pursuits. This was George Stephenson, with whom he became acquainted. George had the charge of an engine at Willington Ballast Hill, only a mile or two off, and being recently married, was somewhat pinched in the means of livelihood. To enable him to earn a few shillings, Fairbairn frequently took charge of his engine, while he took a turn at heaving ballast out of the colliery vessels. It is interesting to hear of facts like this of two men who rose to eminence through self-culture and unrelaxing perseverance.

At the close of his apprenticeship, and now twenty-two years of age, William Fairbairn went to London in search of employment as a millwright or working engineer. At this time Rennie was engaged in building Waterloo Bridge, and offered work to William Fairbairn. But—and a sad 'but' it was—the Millwrights' Society, which assumed the right of determining who should be employed, would not allow work to be given to him; and for a time, along with a companion similarly situated, he underwent serious privations. Unless for succour from some hospitable relatives who gave him a dinner on Sunday, he would have been well-nigh starved. A brighter day at length dawned. A number of workmen had the fortitude to resist the monopoly of the Millwrights' Society, and banding together, set up a Society of free and independent labourers, under whose auspices Fairbairn got employment at a patent Ropery at Shadwell. Here and elsewhere he wrought as a journeyman two years in the metropolis, all the time realising good wages of from two to three pounds a week, and as formerly occupying his leisure hours mostly in reading. As he lived moderately, he saved some money, with which he hoped to push his way forward. Unluckily, he fell in with a crazy projector, who had devised a plan of delving land by machinery. The thing was ingenious, but not practicable. Induced to make a machine for the inventor, Fairbairn's small savings were swept away. He was more fortunate in his next order. It was to make a machine for chopping meat for sausages, for which he was promised thirty-three pounds by a pork-butcher. The machine, constructed with a fly-wheel and a double crank, with a dozen knives crossing each other, did its work admirably. The pork-butcher was delighted, and paid handsomely for the machine.

Put in pocket by this piece of business, Fairbairn proceeded to Dublin in quest of work, and got employment in constructing nail-making machinery. This lasted during a summer, and back he came to England, the voyage by packet to Liverpool occupying two days. A lucky thought directed him to try Manchester as a field of operations. Here he received employment from Mr Adam Parkinson, for whom he worked two years, and from his earnings was able to save twenty pounds, a sum which he destined to set him up in married life. For several years he had corresponded with Dorothy Mar, daughter of a farmer at Morpeth, and for whom he entertained an ardent affection. Fortune, as he imagined, being now propitious, marriage with Miss Mar could be discreetly contemplated, and the marriage took place June 16, 1816. The young pair commenced housekeeping in a very small and modest domicile at Manchester. William Fairbairn had still to make his way in the world, and blest with this good wife, set about doing it vigorously. For certain spheres of usefulness, Manchester offers better scope than even London. In partnership at first with Mr James Lillie, he began an independent career as a millwright, or in fact, a contractor for any large undertaking from a bridge to a spinning-factory. The two in setting up business had hardly any money, but they had brains, which had been pretty well exercised, and people were disposed to throw work in the way of what seemed to be two eager

and clever young men. A large job executed for Mr Murray, a cotton-spinner, put them on their feet. Well-doing needs only a beginning. Almost immediately followed the works on a new cotton-mill for Mr John Kennedy, partner in the firm of Messrs M'Connel and Kennedy, then the largest spinners in the kingdom. The skilful manner in which improvements were introduced into the new mill brought a press of orders. The business prospered so greatly, that at the end of five years the two young men found themselves with a stock and tools worth five thousand pounds. Large and commodious premises were erected, and contracts for gigantic works were undertaken in England, Scotland, and Switzerland.

Fairbairn lived at a time when the world was startled with the marvels of steam-traction on railways, and he fancied that a similar means of propulsion could be adopted on canals. In this, after several costly experiments, he found himself mistaken, and the drainage of money was so great as to lead to a dissolution of his partnership with Mr Lillie. Now (1832), he rested entirely on his own energies and resources; but strong in self-reliance, he had no fears of the result. He turned his attention to a new branch of engineering manufacture, that of iron ship-building. For a time he had two establishments, one in London, the other in Manchester, and collectively employed two thousand hands. In 1835 began his famous investigations into the strength of iron, as regards girders, beams, pillars, and so forth; his experiments being of much scientific and mechanical importance. This, indeed, might be described as the great work of Fairbairn's life; for from his discoveries has sprung that remarkable adaptation of cast-iron in various forms—to house-building, the construction of bridges, and other works. About the same time, owing to a strike of boiler-makers at Manchester, he invented a method of riveting the plates of boilers by machinery, which at once superseded hand-labour. No longer were people assailed with the din of a hundred hammers riveting together iron plates; the machine of Fairbairn's invention substituted a rapid, noiseless, and comparatively cheap method of construction.

Until his fiftieth year, Mr Fairbairn wrote an autobiographical account of his career, and the projects with which he was concerned, which has been incorporated in the recently issued work, *The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, Bart.*, by W. Pole (Longmans, 1877). Mr Pole continues the narrative, but in so fragmentary and meagre a form as to give us little insight into the private life of the person to whom he refers, or of the family to which he belonged. Happily we were honoured with the friendship not only of Sir William, but of his brother, Sir Peter Fairbairn of Leeds—the brother whom when a child he drew about in a little wagon of his own making, long ago in the Highlands. Our last interview with Sir William was shortly before his decease, when on what we believe was his farewell visit to Scotland. From both brothers we learned a variety of details relative to their respective professional pursuits, and on all occasions were struck with the strong practical common-sense and tact which had guided them through life. From the humblest possible circumstances, each in his own way had attained distinction by the exercise of sound judgment and persevering industry connected with the manufacture of machinery. The lesson which their lives afforded was this: that success in life is less generally due to genius than to indomitable diligence along with integrity of character.

Sir William Fairbairn never, as we know, aimed at being a great man. He wanted only to be useful in his day and generation. His habits of industry were extraordinary. Besides devoting himself specially to new mechanical contrivances and scientific researches, he spent much time in his later years in writing papers for the British Association and other public bodies. On one subject he fastened keenly. It was the prevention of smoke from factory chimneys, which he shewed could be effectually done by a more perfect combustion of fuel. The paper appeared in the Transactions of the British Association for 1844. It is doubtful if it made many converts. There seems to be a determination among manufacturers to disregard all advice or remonstrance on the subject. For more than thirty years we have used a plan for consuming smoke with perfect success and considerable economy of fuel, but our neighbours for the most part perversely go on polluting the atmosphere as usual. {420}

As is well known, Sir William Fairbairn distinguished himself by his invention of the tubular iron bridge, sustained without stays, and, which adopted by Stephenson, was employed in the construction of the famous tubular iron bridge across the Menai Strait, which is entitled to be called the mechanical wonder of England. We have never been shot along in a railway train through that iron tube, formed by a succession of square cells placed end to end, without thinking of Fairbairn's bold ingenuity. The reputation he acquired by this and other inventions of a useful kind brought him honours from numerous quarters. He had declined to accept a knighthood, and was reserved for the higher dignity of a baronetcy, which was conferred during Mr Gladstone's tenure of office in 1869. Two years previously, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, John, a blow which was severely felt by him. Coming from a long-lived family—his father dying in 1844 at the age of eighty-six—and tall, robust, and active, he enjoyed health till nearly the end of his days. He died peacefully August 18, 1874, leaving three sons and a daughter, also a widow, to mourn his loss. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son Thomas. Though the family wished the funeral to be private, it was, as a voluntary mark of respect, attended by upwards of fifty thousand persons. Such was the end of one of the greatest engineers of our day. His whole life pointed a valuable moral which it is unnecessary to repeat. His brother, Sir Peter Fairbairn of Leeds, predeceased him, leaving likewise descendants to perpetuate the reputation of the Fairbairns.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—AT THE STILE.

WHEN was I first conscious of it? When was the first faint shadow of it perceived by the others? It would be difficult to say precisely when; but as days went by, some subtle change was taking place and making itself felt amongst us. Gradually an indefinable something was extracting the sunshine out of our lives. None of us admitted so much to each other; indeed I think we were all equally anxious to have it thought that everything was going on in precisely the same way as before. And yet—where was the frank confidence and ease which only a short time previously had so marked our intercourse? It had given place to constraint, and a restless anxiety to appear unconstrained.

I fancied that I could account for Lilian's nervousness and constraint; but Philip's gaiety seemed to be growing less and less spontaneous; and dear old Mrs Tipper looked depressed, not to say unhappy; whilst I myself felt uncomfortable without being able to trace the cause, unless it arose from sympathy with the others. In vain did I try to account for the change. There was certainly no unkindly feeling betwixt us; indeed I think we were each and all more carefully considerate of each other's feelings than we had hitherto been, displaying a great deal more anxiety to prove that the strength of our attachment to each other was as undiminished as ever.

I felt no shade of difference in my own sentiments; I knew that I felt towards them precisely the same as before, although I was gradually adopting their tone. What troubled me most of all was the reserve growing up between Lilian and me. I tried more than once to break through it; but her real distress—her tears, as she clung to me, entreating me to believe in her love, pained without enlightening me. And when I a little impatiently replied that it rather seemed as though she did not believe in *my* love, it only brought more tears and distress.

She now frequently excused herself from accompanying Philip and me in our walks and excursions; and shut herself up in her own room many hours during the day. The explanation that she had taken a fancy for studying French history, was not a satisfactory one to me. True, there was evidence that she was diligently plodding through a certain amount of work; but why should that separate us? The studies she had hitherto undertaken had not shut me out of her confidence. She had often declared that the greater part of the enjoyment of such work was to compare notes with me upon the subjects we were reading; and why should French history be an exception?

I was beginning to lose patience—mystery has ever been and ever will be provoking to me—and one evening, when Robert Wentworth asked me some questions about our work, I irritably replied that he must ask Lilian; I could only answer for myself now.

'I am only doing a little French history,' she faltered, becoming very pale, and presently making an excuse for leaving the room.

'What is it? What has so changed her?' I asked, turning towards him.

'I do not observe any particular change,' he replied, lowering his eyes before mine.

'Pray do not you become as mysterious as the rest,' I said angrily.

But he *was* mysterious. Even Robert Wentworth, who had always been so outspoken and unsparing, was becoming considerate even to politeness. He made no reply, standing before the open window, apparently absorbed in thought. I was about to add some little remark that I had hitherto trusted to his friendship, in a tone meant to be caustic, when I caught sight of his face, and shrank into my shell again. What made him look like that? What did it mean? And why did he so hurriedly take his departure the moment old Mrs Tipper came into the room, in a manner as unlike the Robert Wentworth of the past as it was possible to be?

But it must not be supposed that I was going to succumb to this state of things. Before I succumbed, I must know the reason why. It would take a great deal yet to make me lose hope. I had too much respect for them and belief in the power of my own love, to be without hope of succeeding in dissipating the clouds which had gathered about us. The one thing to be done was to find out *what* it was that had come between us. Could I once find out that, I should not despair of the rest. After some anxious reflection, I fancied that I had discovered the cause of the alteration in Lilian's bearing, and took Philip into my confidence.

{421}

He listened gravely, I thought even anxiously, and yet he did not appear to think it necessary for me to make any attempt to alter things.

'If—she prefers being more alone, I think—Wouldn't it be best not to interfere, Mary?'—hesitatingly.

'If I did not care for her, perhaps it would be better not to interfere, as you term it,' I hotly rejoined. 'But as it happens, I do care for her, and therefore I cannot see her so changed without making some effort to help her.'

'No one could doubt your love for her, Mary,' he replied in a low voice, laying his hand gently upon mine.

'Then how can I help being anxious, especially when I see that it is not good for her to be moping alone? Any one might see that it is doing her harm. Cannot *you* see the difference in her of late?' He made no reply; and taking his assent for granted, I went on: 'Do you know I am sadly afraid that she is fretting'— I did not like to say plainly about Arthur Trafford, but added: 'She is beginning to look just as she did in the first shock of finding that she had lost Arthur Trafford!—

Ah, spare my roses!

He was mercilessly, though I think unconsciously, tearing to pieces a beautiful bunch of light and dark roses, which had been given to me by one of the cottagers, scattering the leaves in all directions.

'I—beg your pardon.'

'I really think you ought, sir!' was my playful rejoinder. 'If my path is to be strewed with roses, we need not be so extravagant as that about it. I shall not trust you to carry flowers again.'

He remained so long silent, standing in the same position, that I was about to ask him what he was thinking of, when he impetuously turned towards me, and hurriedly said: 'Why should there be any longer delay, Mary? Why cannot our marriage take place at once—next week? For God's sake, do not let us go on like this!'

'Go on like this!' I repeated, looking up into his face. 'Go on like this, Philip?'

'Say it shall be soon—say when?' catching my hands in both of his with a grip which made me wince, as he hurriedly continued: 'Why do you wish all this delay?'

Had it been spoken in a different tone—had he only *looked* differently! I tried to believe that it was the eagerness of happiness in his face; but alas! it looked terribly like misery! For a moment my heart stood still in an agony of fear; then I put the disloyal doubt aside, telling myself that it was my too exalted notions which had led to disappointment. I had expected so much more than any woman has a right to expect; and so forth. Then after a moment or two, I honestly replied: 'I do *not* wish it, Philip. Of course I will say next week, if you wish it; and'—with a faint little attempt at a jest—'if you do not mind about my having fewer furbelows to pack?'

'I do wish it; and—and—until then I must ask you to excuse my not coming down quite so regularly. So much to arrange, you know,' he hastily continued, 'in case we should take it into our heads to remain abroad some time.'

'Yes; very well,' I murmured, as one in a dream. It was all so different—so terribly different from anything I had expected.

But I soon persuaded myself that the fault, if fault there were, must be mine. How could he be changed—or if he were, why should *he* so eagerly urge me to delay our marriage no longer?

As if to rebuke my doubt, he turned towards me and gently said: 'God grant that I may be worthy of you, Mary! You are a good woman. I must hope in time to be more worthy of you.'

I was conscious that just then I could have better borne a loving jest at my imperfections than this little set speech of praise. I never before cared so little about being a 'good woman' as I did at that moment. But I told myself that I would not be critical—how horribly critical I seemed to be growing! So I looked up into his face with a smile, as I said something about his being perfect enough for me.

'You are good.'

'Oh, please do not say anything more about my goodness!'

There was another pause; and then he said: 'I think you mentioned that you wished it to be a quiet affair, Mary, and at the little church in the vale—St John's, isn't it called?'

'Yes, Philip.'

'And you must let me know what I ought to do besides procuring the ring and license. I am sure you will give me credit for wishing not to be remiss in any way, and will not mind giving me a hint if I appear likely to fall short in any of the—proper observances.'

Proper observances! How coldly the words struck upon me!

'Shall you not come down *once*, Philip?' I murmured.

'Once? O yes, of course; and—you can give me any little commission by letter, you know.'

Then looking at his watch, he found that he might catch the eight o'clock train, and hastily bade me good-night; asking me to excuse him at the cottage, and tell them about our plans.

'Eh bien, Philippe,' I returned, more disappointed than I should have cared to acknowledge at his not asking me to accompany him the remainder of the distance to the stile, to which I always walked with him when Robert Wentworth was not with us. Moreover, I thought that the parting kiss was to be forgotten. I believe that it *was* forgotten for a moment. But he turned back and pressed his lips for a moment upon my brow.

'Good-night, Mary. God grant I may be worthy of you!'

'Good-night, Philip,' I faltered.

As in a dream I walked down the lane, entered the cottage, and turned into the little parlour, not a little relieved to find no one there.

The heat was almost stifling, the swallows flying low beneath the lowering sky, and there was the heavy stillness—the, so to speak, pause in the atmosphere which presages a coming storm. The windows and doors were flung wide open; and I could hear Mrs Tipper and Becky talking to each other in their confidential way, as they bustled in and out the back garden, fetching in the clothes, which the former always put out to 'sweeten,' as she termed it, after they were returned from the wash. Lilian was, I suppose, in her own room, as her habit was of late.

Throwing off my hat, I sat down, and with my hands tightly locked upon my lap, I tried to think—to understand my own sensations, asking myself over and over again what was wrong—what made me like this? half conscious all the while of a discussion over a hole in a tablecloth, that ought not to have been allowed to get to such a stage without being darned.

'A stitch in time saves nine, you know, Becky; never you leave a thin place, and you'll never have a hole to mend;' and so on.

Suddenly, as my eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, they fell upon some documents on the table referring to the sale of Hill Side, which Philip had brought down to shew us, and which I knew he had intended to take away. Reflecting that he was very desirous of completing the purchase, that the delay of a post might make a difference, and that I might yet overtake him if I were quick, I hurriedly caught up the papers in my hand and ran down the lane towards the stile. Have I mentioned that there was a sharp curve in the lane before it reached the stile, so that you came close upon the latter before it was in sight? I had just arrived at the curve when the sound of voices reached me; and recollecting that I had not waited to put my hat on, and not wishing to be recognised by any one, I paused a moment to draw the hood of my cloak over my head.

Robert Wentworth and Philip! I had time for a moment's surprise that the former should be there when we had not seen him at the cottage, before Philip's words reached me: 'And you have been waiting here to say this to me. But I am not so base as that, Wentworth! I have just begged her to be my wife at once, and she has consented. She suspects nothing.'

'Thank God for that!' ejaculated Robert Wentworth.

I could not have moved now had my life depended upon it—though my life *did* seem to depend upon it. 'Suspect what? What was there to suspect?' I asked myself in a bewildered kind of way.

'God grant that she may be always spared the knowledge!'

'She shall be, Wentworth, if it be in my power to spare her.'

'Great heavens! that it should be possible to love another woman after knowing her! Man, you never can have known her as she is, or it would be impossible for another woman to come between you. The other is no more to be compared'—

'Respect her, Wentworth; blame me as you will, but respect Lilian.'

'Lilian!' I muttered—'Lilian!'

'She is, I think—I trust, utterly unconscious of my—madness. But if she knew, and if she—cared for me, she would be loyal to the right. You ought to be sure of that, knowing what her love for Mary is, Wentworth.'

'Yes; she is true; she will try to be true. But it is quite time that'—

I knew that the voices sounded fainter and fainter, and that the sense of the words became lost to me, because they were walking on; I knew that they were great drops of rain and *not* tears pattering down upon me where I lay prone upon the ground; and I could recollect that the papers must not be lost; so I had kept my senses.

THE STORY OF THE QUIGRICH OR STAFF OF ST FILLAN.

THE recent acquisition of that curious medieval work of art called the Quigrich or crosier of St Fillan by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and its final deposit in their National Museum at Edinburgh, is in itself an incident of more than ordinary interest. Apart from its historical associations, the 'Cogerach,' 'Coygerach,' or 'Quigrich,' as it is variously styled in writings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is unsurpassed in interest as a work of art of a class and period of which no other Scottish specimen is now known to exist. Briefly described, it is simply the massive silver head of a pastoral staff of the form peculiar to the Celtic Church in very early times. Its shape resembles that of the bent head of a walking-stick, with a slanting prolongation of the outer end. The lower part of the crook expands into a large bulbous socket, beautifully ornamented with interlaced knot-work. A ridge or crest, pierced with quatrefoils, rises from the socket, and is continued over the back of the crook, terminating in the bust of an ecclesiastic, probably meant for St Fillan. The slanting front of the staff-head is ornamented by a large oval setting of cairngorm, and the terminal plate has an engraved representation of the Crucifixion. The body of the crook is covered with lozenge-shaped plaques of filigree-work in floral scrolls.

What may be termed the private history of the crosier commences in the early part of the eighth century, when as the *bacul* or walking-staff of St Fillan, it accompanied him in his missionary journey to the wilds of Glendochart. The saint came of a royal race. His mother, Kentigerna, was a daughter of the king of Leinster; and both she and her brother St Comgan are enrolled among the saints of Celtic Alba. Placed often in the darkest and wildest districts of the country, solely with the view of reclaiming the people from paganism and diffusing the benefits of Christian civilisation, these monastic churches were truly centres of light and progress. Such was the famous church of Columcille at Hy. Such also was the monastery of St Mund at the Holy Loch, where St Fillan spent part of his days, and in which he succeeded the founder as abbot. Growing weary of its comparatively peaceful life, he sought a desert for himself in the wilds of Glendochart, where he might reclaim a new garden for the church, and close his days among an

ecclesiastical family of his own uprearing. As founder and first abbot of Glendochart his memory would be fondly cherished by the community of clerics over whom he had presided. Their veneration would increase with time, as the traditions of his saintly life became fixed by constant repetition; and there was no object around which that veneration and these legends could more appropriately cluster than around the staff which was the symbol of his abbatial office, and the lasting memorial of his presence among them.

Not the least interesting of the many picturesque associations which gather round the crosier of St Fillan is that which connects it with Scotland's warrior-king, Robert Bruce, and assigns to it a prominent part in the great struggle for Scottish independence that culminated in the glorious victory of Bannockburn. There is no evidence on record by which we can positively prove the presence of the crosier on the eventful field; but it is the tradition of the Dewars, its hereditary keepers, that it was there; and there is evidence that certain other relics of St Fillan were brought to the battle-field by the abbot of Inchaffray, the ecclesiastical superior of the church of Strathfillan, who was the king's confessor; and that this was done, if not by the king's express desire, at least in the knowledge that it would be consonant with his personal feelings and belief in their efficacy. If the narrative that was written by Boece is to be accepted at all, it must be accepted to the extent of establishing that there *was* a relic of St Fillan at Bannockburn. He calls it the arm-bone of the saint, and tells in his picturesque way that when the king, being sorely troubled in mind on the evening before the battle, had retired into his tent, and was engaged in prayer to God and St Fillan, suddenly the silver case which contained the arm-bone of the saint opened of itself, and shewed him the relic, and then 'clakkit to again.' The priest who had charge of it immediately proclaimed a miracle, declaring that he had brought into the field only the 'tume cais' (empty case), being fearful lest the precious relic should fall into the hands of the English.

If we accept Boece's statement to the extent of believing on the strength of it that any of the relics of St Fillan were brought to the field, we may believe that they were all there, and that they were carried round the army on the morning of the fight, when the abbot of Inchaffray walked barefooted in front of the ranks bearing aloft 'the croce in quhilk the crucifix was hingin.' That such practices were not uncommon is gleaned from other instances, such as that of the crosier of St Columba—the *Cath Bhuaidh* or 'Battle-Victory'—so named because it used to give the victory to the men of Alba when carried to their battles. If then the crosier of St Fillan was present at the battle of Bannockburn, and the victory was ascribed to the saint's intervention, this may have been the occasion of its being glorified with such a magnificent silver shrine.

But if it had no public history and no picturesque associations, the story of its transmission from age to age, linked as it was with the chequered fortunes of the religious foundation to which it was attached, and of the strange and varied circumstances in which it has been preserved by a succession of hereditary keepers, through failing fortunes and changes of faith, in poverty and exile, is sufficient to invest it with surpassing interest.

Since its arrival at Edinburgh the singular discovery has been made that the gilt silver casing of the crosier had been constructed for the purpose of inclosing an older staff-head of cast bronze. This has been taken out of its concealment, and is now exhibited alongside the silver one. The surface of this older crosier is divided into panels by raised ridges ornamented with niello. These panels correspond in number, shape, and size to the silver plaques now on the external casing, and they are pierced with rivet-holes which also correspond with the position of the pins by which the plaques are fastened. It is thus clear that when the old crosier was incased, it was first stripped of its ornamental plaques of filigree-work, which were again used in making up the external covering so far as they were available. Such of them as had been either entirely absent, or so much worn as to require redecoration, were renewed in a style so different from the original workmanship, as to demonstrate that it is a mere imitation of an art with which the workman was unfamiliar. This establishes two distinct phases in the history of the crosier, and suggests that at some particular period, a special occasion had arisen for thus glorifying the old relic with a costly enshrinement. What that occasion was may be inferred from some considerations connected with its public history.

We know nothing of the history of St Fillan's foundation during the first five centuries, in which the founder's staff passed through the hands of his various successors as the symbol of office of the abbot of Glendochart. But in the time of King William the Lion, we find that the office had become secularised, and the abbot appears as a great lay lord, ranking after the Earl of Athole, and appointed alternatively with him as the holder of the assize, in all cases of stolen cattle in that district of Scotland. Whether he held the crosier in virtue of his office we cannot tell; but the likelihood is that it was when the office was first usurped by a layman, that the crosier was placed by the last of the true successors of St Fillan in the custody of a 'dewar' or hereditary keeper, with the dues and privileges which we afterwards find attached to this office. Such an arrangement was not uncommon in connection with similar relics of the ancient Celtic church. We thus find the dewar of the Cogerach of St Fillan in possession of the lands of Eyich in Glendochart in 1336. In process of time the official title of dewar became the family surname of Dewar; and we have a curious instance of the Celtic form of the patronymic in a charter granted in 1575 by Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy to Donald Mac in Deora vic Cogerach.

The inquiry is naturally suggested why a relic with such associations, intrinsically so valuable, and always so highly venerated, should have been allowed to remain in the possession of laymen, and to be kept in their private dwellings, often no better than turf cottages in the glen. The crosier was splendid enough to have graced the processional ceremonials of the highest dignitary of the Church, and thus to have been a coveted acquisition to the richest monastery in the land.

That it was so coveted may be fairly inferred from the fact that on the 22d April 1428, John de Spens of Perth, Bailie of Glendochart, summoned an inquest of the men of Glendochart to hold inquisition regarding the authority and privileges of 'a certain relic of St Felane called the Coygerach.' Of the fifteen summoned, three were Macnabs, deriving their origin from the son of a former abbot; three were of the clan Gregor; and one was named Felan, after the saint. Their verdict sets forth that the Coygerach was in the rightful possession of the deoire, because the office of bearing it had been given hereditarily by the successor of St Fillan to a certain progenitor of Finlay, the deoire at the time of the inquest; that the privileges pertaining to the office had been enjoyed and in use since the days of King Robert Bruce; and that when cattle or goods were stolen or taken by force from any inhabitant of the glen, and they were unable to follow them from fear or feud, the dewar was bound to follow the cattle or goods wherever they might be found throughout the kingdom.

{424}

We hear no more of the rights of the Cogechach till 1487, when the dewar sought the sanction of the royal prerogative to aid him in holding his charge with all its ancient rights. In that year, King James III. issued letters of confirmation under the Privy Seal, in favour of Malice Doire, who, as the document sets forth, 'has had a relic of St Felan called the Quigrich in keeping of us and our progenitors since the time of King Robert Bruce, and of before, and has made no obedience or answer to any person spiritual or temporal in any thing concerning it, in any other way than is contained in the auld infestment granted by our progenitors.' The object was to establish the rights of the Crown in the relic, as distinguished from the rights of the Church; and we may presume that the royal infestment to which it refers may have been granted by Bruce on the occasion when the old crosier was glorified by incasement in a silver shrine, in token of the king's humble gratitude to God and St Fillan for the victory of Bannockburn.

We find traces of the dewars and their lands in charters down to the time of Queen Mary. The Reformation deprived them of their living, and converted the relic, of which they were the keepers, into a 'monument of idolatry,' fit only to be consigned to the crucible. Still they were faithful to their trust, although instead of emolument it could only bring them trouble. In the succeeding centuries their fortunes fell to a low ebb indeed. In 1782 a passing tourist saw the Quigrich in the house of Malice Doire, a day-labourer in Killin. His son, a youth of nineteen, lay in an outer apartment at the last gasp of consumption; and the traveller was so moved by concern for the probable fate of the Quigrich, in the prospect of the speedy death of the heir to this inestimable possession, that he wrote an account of the circumstances, and transmitted it, with a drawing of the crosier, to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. At that time the Society could not have acquired it; but fortunately their intervention was not necessary for its preservation. On the failure of the older line, by the death of this youth, the relic passed into the hands of a younger brother of Malice Doire's. His son removed to Glenartney, where the Quigrich was again seen by Dr Jamieson, and was described by him in his edition of Barbour's *Bruce*. Archibald Dewar removed from Glenartney to Balquhidder, where he rented a sheep-farm; but having suffered heavy losses at the close of the French war in 1815, he emigrated to Canada, where he died, aged seventy-five.

His son, Alexander Dewar, the last of the hereditary dewars of the Crosier, is a hale old man of eighty-eight, in comfortable circumstances, the patriarch of a new race of Dewars, rejoicing in upwards of thirty grandchildren, and nephews and nieces innumerable. It is in consequence of his desire to see the ancient relic returned to Scotland before he dies, and placed in the National Museum at Edinburgh, 'there to remain in all time coming for the use, benefit, and enjoyment of the Scottish nation,' that the Society of Antiquaries has been enabled, partly by purchase and partly by his donation, to acquire the Quigrich, the most remarkable of all existing relics associated with the early history of the Scottish nation.

It was five centuries old before the light of authentic record reveals it in 1336 in possession of the dewar Cogechach, and since then it can be traced uninterruptedly in the line of the Dewars for five hundred and forty years. 'Its associations with the Scottish monarchy,' says Dr Daniel Wilson, 'are older than the Regalia, so sacredly guarded in the castle of Edinburgh; and its more sacred memories carry back the fancy to the primitive missionaries of the Christian faith, when the son of St Kentigerna, of the royal race of Leinster, withdrew to the wilderness of Glendochart, and there initiated the good work which has ever since made Strathfillan famous in the legendary history of the Scottish Church.'

COUSIN DICK.

MR and Mrs Woodford were enjoying a confidential matrimonial chat over their *tête-à-tête* dessert, and discussing at some length the antecedents and probable future of a cousin, Mr Richard Broughton, who had lately dropped down on them, not from the clouds, but from a Liverpool express train. This gentleman had in his youth been 'crossed in love.' Always a musical enthusiast, he had become attached to an amiable girl, a young concert-singer, who was the main stay of her mother—the widow of a captain in the army—and some younger sisters; and having himself not yet made a fair start in life, the elders of both families rose up in arms against the alliance.

Mrs Woodford, of nearly the same age as her Cousin Dick, had been his confidante in their boy and girl days, had sympathised warmly with his disappointment, without very precisely

understanding how it had come about, and was now assuring her husband that the attachment had been a far more serious affair than very youthful fancies commonly are. It was true the gentleman had so far consoled himself as to marry another lady; though it was reported he had wedded a shrew, who had not made him supremely happy. But he lost his wife some time before leaving Australia; and now, after a sojourn of nearly twenty years in the colonies, had returned to England with something more than competence.

'But what became of Miss Clifton?' asked Mr Woodford.

'That I do not know,' returned the lady. 'Clifton was only her professional name; her real one I quite forget; therefore if from any circumstances she passed into private life, it would not be easy to track her. Dick only called her Alice to me.'

'Probably she also married,' said Mr Woodford.

{425}

'Possibly,' replied his wife; 'though women are more constant than men; and though she ceased to answer Dick's letters, and really brought him to a state of misery which drove him out of England, I never thought the fault was quite her own.'

While Mrs Woodford was yet speaking, there was a knock at the door, and Mr Broughton was announced.

'Why did you not come to dinner?' cried Mr Woodford, rising to greet the visitor. 'But we can have the lamb brought back,' he added.

'Thanks, thanks,' said Mr Broughton; 'but I dined at the hotel. I am sure I ought to apologise for calling at such a time, and for having brought Dandy with me.'

Dandy was a terrier, and his master's almost inseparable companion.

'Now Dandy, behave!' continued his master; 'and go and beg pardon for both of us. Say we know we are two unmannerly colonial boors, at present unfit for good society.'

Very much as if the sagacious animal understood every word of this address, he approached Mrs Woodford, and sat on his haunches in a begging attitude.

'He means biscuit,' said the lady with a laugh, and suiting the action to the word by giving him one, with a caressing pat into the bargain.

'Seriously, however,' said Mr Broughton, 'I would not have come at such an hour, but I wanted so much to tell you that at last I have found lodgings which I think will just suit me. Or rather I should say that Dandy found them for me.'

'Dandy! Well, he *is* a clever dog! He will talk next, I suppose. But,' continued Mrs Woodford, 'at present his master must explain.'

'It sounds ridiculous perhaps to tell of such trifles,' replied her cousin; 'but for the last three or four days—ever since the hot weather set in, I have felt quite interested in a shop in your neighbourhood—mainly, I think, from the humanity displayed by the owner in setting a large bowl of sparkling water by the door for the convenience of the poor panting dogs, for which Dandy has been grateful more than once. It is a music warehouse on a small scale; but where they also sell fire ornaments and ladies' Berlin work and so on'—

'I know the shop,' interrupted Mrs Woodford: 'it is kept by a widow and her maiden sister, who seem very superior people.'

'Oh, I am glad you know the place,' continued Mr Broughton. 'Well, this afternoon as usual I waited, looking in at the shop window, while Dandy quenched his thirst, and wishing I could decide on something to purchase, by way of liquidating my dog's debt, when I observed a card which intimated there were apartments to let. There were directions to knock at the private door; but seeing me linger on the spot longer than usual, Dandy had entered the shop, and when I followed to look after him, I saw him planted firmly near an inner door, and accepting the caresses of a little girl of about seven years old as if he had known her all his life. I made inquiries about the apartments, and found they consisted of the first floor, a nice bedroom, and pleasant sitting-room; attendance with good cooking guaranteed, and no other lodgers taken. Of course I went upstairs to look at the rooms, Dandy leading the way with the canine gravity which you remarked in him the other day. He jumped on a chair to look out of the window, and then on the sofa, as if to examine the softness of the cushions, and finally gave a little yelp, which was only half a bark, and which seemed to say: "Master, this will do; here we are quite at home." Even the mistress of the house, Mrs Gray, laughed at the evident contentment of the dog. But what charmed me was there was no rebuke for my poor Dandy's jumping on the furniture; and remembering besides the bowl of water, I felt inclined to believe that Dandy would be something more than tolerated in the house. Accordingly it was with a good hope that I intimated that my dog was my constant companion, and that I trusted his presence would not be objectionable.'

'O sir,' said the widow, 'we have only lost a dear old dog within these three months; and for our own poor pet's sake—if for nothing else—we should be kind to a dog. As for my children, I believe they take after their aunt; and my sister dotes upon dogs.'

'Ah, it was the maiden sister, I daresay, who was the mistress of the lamented dog,' exclaimed Mrs Woodford. 'I have some recollection of seeing a very old black retriever in the shop.'

'No doubt it was the same. I understand the sister gives music lessons; though at present she is taking a little holiday, staying at the seaside with friends. There is another advantage in these lodgings,' continued Mr Broughton; 'the house being a music warehouse, and one of the family

evidently musical, I am in hopes they will not object to my violin-practising any more than to Dandy for an inmate. What I want now is comfort, to enjoy myself after my own fashion, and opportunity of doing some little good in the world, when what seems to me the fitting occasion offers. Five years more at the Antipodes and I might have come home a richer man; but perhaps in that time health would have been shattered by over-toil, and I should have been less able even than now to turn into new grooves of life and resume habits of culture. As it is, my means are ample for all I am likely to want. With books and music and Dandy, I expect to get on capitally. Besides I mean to come and see you pretty often.'

'Indeed I hope you will,' ejaculated husband and wife together.

'If we come too often, they must turn us out—must they not, Dandy?' said Mr Broughton, speaking to and petting his dog; and then he added, turning to his cousin: 'By-the-bye, I ventured to give you as a reference as to my respectability, responsibility, &c.'

'And I will give you a good character, Dick, I promise you,' replied Mrs Woodford; 'and what is more, I will recommend Dandy to Mrs Gray's special regard. He certainly is the cleverest dog I ever saw. Look at him now, wagging his tail at me, as if he understood every word I was saying!'

'Spoken just like the Cousin Maggie of early days,' said Mr Broughton, with a certain tremor in his voice which proved that his feelings were touched. 'Always full of sympathy and thoughtful kindness. Yet even you can hardly tell what a friend Dandy has been to me through years of loneliness.'

'Yes, I can, Dick,' said Mrs Woodford; 'if I had not a pack of children to think about, I am quite sure I should want dogs or four-footed pets of some sort.' {426}

Only a fortnight has passed, but 'Cousin Dick' seems as completely installed in his new lodgings as if he had occupied them for months. His most cherished personal belongings were all unpacked and arranged about his rooms according to his own taste and fancy. A few well-worn books which he had taken from England in his youth, still held a place of honour, though they were now flanked by many fresher-looking volumes; and an old and cherished violin rested in one corner, and helped to give the sitting-room its inhabited look, though writing materials near the window and newspapers lying about, contributed to the effect.

Over the mantel-piece in his bedroom he had arranged his store of warlike weapons—a sword, which Richard Broughton had certainly never used, but which he valued as the gift of a dead friend; pistols and revolver which he had looked on as protectors in many a perilous journey, and a boomerang, brought to England as a curiosity.

Mr Broughton had finished his breakfast, and was enjoying his morning newspaper; but he had been to the opera the night before, and the melody of an air which had delighted him still haunted his ear, and even disturbed the rhythm of the very didactic leading article he was reading. He was not much disturbed by Mrs Gray's knocking at the door; she came, as she usually did every morning, to receive his orders for dinner.

'You manage my dinners so nicely for me,' said Mr Broughton in answer to some suggestion of his landlady, 'that I think I cannot do better than leave all arrangements to you. But do sit down; I want to thank you for taking care of my dog last night. I hope he was not troublesome to you?'

'Not in the least,' returned Mrs Gray: 'when once he ascertained that you really were not in the house, he settled down quietly, and played with the children till they went to bed.'

'I am so glad your children are not afraid of him,' observed Mr Broughton.

'Oh, they are too well used to a dog and to pets in general to be afraid of a gentle creature like your Dandy. In fact my difficulty is keeping them out of your rooms. Ally—you remember how Dandy took to her from the very first—Ally wanted to come in and see the dog just now. I daresay she is near the door still.'

'Oh, pray let her in,' said Mr Broughton, himself rising to open the door. 'I will not be jealous because it is my dog she wants to see—not me;' and there was a little laugh at the idea of Dandy being such a favourite.

When the room-door opened, sure enough little Ally was found waiting, but not alone; her brother, a curly-headed urchin two years her junior, had hold of her hand; and both were evidently in expectation of being allowed some little frolic with the dog.

'Come in, my dears—come in,' exclaimed Mr Broughton; 'Dandy will be most happy to see you, and will shew you some of his accomplishments, if you like.'

Though a little shy at first with the 'strange gentleman,' whom they had been taught in a vague sort of way to reverence, and for whose comfort they were told to refrain from noise, the shyness soon wore off, when they found that Dandy's master was as willing to be their playmate as Dandy himself. For their delectation the dog went through his most admired tricks: he jumped over a stick, he allowed of mimic shooting and acted the dead dog, he begged for a piece of bread, but could not be induced to eat it till assured it was paid for. Moreover, he howled a note in unison with one his master played on the violin; but probably without meaning to imply admiration of the latter performance.

A less keen observer than a fond and widowed mother was likely to be, might, if contemplating this little scene, have felt pretty sure that fond as Richard Broughton was of his dog, it had not exhausted *all* his capacity of loving. By people who have never had their hearts thrill to the

mystery of canine attachment he had often been ridiculed for the intensity of his affection for Dandy, and when he spoke of a 'dog's love' as being the only ideal of his life that had ever been fully realised, few persons understood him. But Mrs Gray saw at a glance that he had a natural love for children, and probably for all helpless creatures, and considering all the circumstances of her household, she thought herself most fortunate in her lodger.

It is astonishing how soon pleasant habits may be formed. Before the next week had passed it became quite the custom of the children to come into Mr Broughton's rooms at least once a day, ostensibly to play with Dandy; but also they brought their toys to shew to Dandy's master, and chattered away, as bright, eager, fresh-hearted children are pretty sure to do with those whom, by some subtle instinct, they at once recognise as friends. Dandy's canine predecessor in the house, the much lamented Topsy, was a frequent subject of conversation. Her accomplishments were described, though admitted to be fewer than Dandy's, and her death and burial dwelt on with some pathos. And one day little Ally came into the room hugging a thick photographic album in her arms. She had brought it for the express purpose of shewing poor Topsy's likeness.

Topsy had been photographed a number of times: once cosily curled up on a mat; once occupying an easy-chair with something of the dignity of a judge; another time as a conspicuous member of a group; and lastly by the side of a lady who had her hand on its head.

'And who is the lady?' inquired Mr Broughton, trying to speak with a calmness he did not quite feel. 'It does not look like your mother.'

'O no! Why, it is auntie!' exclaimed little Ally in a tone which implied wonder that he could for a moment have taken it for Mrs Gray.

'Then Topsy was fond of auntie, and auntie was fond of Topsy, I suppose?' said Mr Broughton wishing to discover all he could about this auntie.

The little girl nodded her head by way of reply, and then she said: 'Auntie did cry so much when Topsy died. She was auntie's own doggy.'

'And did *you* cry?' asked Mr Broughton.

Another nod of the head; but the child exclaimed: 'Not so much as auntie—auntie cried till her eyes were quite red.'

'And is this portrait very like auntie?' asked Mr Broughton.

'Yes; but she never wears such sleeves as those now. I'll shew you her new photograph;' and the little fingers rapidly turned over leaves and found a likeness taken only the other day. Mr Broughton recognised the same sweet face, though it shewed that seven or eight years had probably passed between the time the one photograph had been taken and the other. {427}

'And what is auntie's name?' inquired Mr Broughton with forced composure.

'Auntie!' said the little girl, as if the word were quite sufficient; but added a moment after, as if the thought of more information being required had just come to her: 'She is Alice, and I am Alice; only they call me Ally. Auntie is so good,' the child continued; 'mother says she is the best auntie that ever lived. And I must try to be good too, because I have got her name.'

'Quite right, my darling,' said Mr Broughton, giving the child a fatherly kiss. 'But run away now, for I have letters to write. Will you leave me the album; I should like to look at Topsy again—though I don't think she was much like Dandy. Do you?'

'Not a bit!' cried the child, tripping off gleefully, and leaving Mr Broughton with his heart stirred in a manner it had not been for many years.

It was true that he had letters to write, but it was half an hour before he took pen in hand. The first thing he did was to draw forth a powerful magnifying glass, and by its means to study the face of the lady with the dog most narrowly. Yes; he had not a shadow of doubt that this dear 'auntie,' the maiden sister of Mrs Gray of whom he had heard, was the love of his youth, the Alice Clifton of the concert-room, the Alice Croft of private life. Photography revealed some lines of care and suffering that had not belonged to the fair young face he so well remembered; but such footmarks of time must be expected in the course of twenty years, even under happier circumstances than had probably befallen the woman in question. That she should have relinquished her professional career without having married, puzzled him. But he had incidentally heard from the children that 'auntie' was coming home to-morrow; and before many days should pass, he would certainly find out a thing or two which must greatly influence his future.

As if to confirm his already strong belief beyond the power of even momentary cavil, the next time he went down-stairs he observed a letter on the hall table, which, on looking if it were intended for himself, he saw was addressed 'Miss Croft.'

The next day Alice Croft returned home; and as Broughton was taking his coffee, he could hear the children's merry shouts of welcome, at which, by-the-bye, Dandy set up a short bark, as if he thought he too had a right to join in the demonstration.

'I will do nothing hurriedly,' thought Mr Broughton to himself; 'after twenty years of separation I can wait for a few days surely. After all, if we meet on the stairs she will not recognise in me the slim smooth-faced boy I believe she remembers.' And thinking thus, he glanced at himself in the chimney-glass, noting the bronzed weather-beaten face and long thick beard streaked with white that it reflected. 'I wonder, though, if my name will strike her?' he continued, pondering. 'Perhaps not; and yet it may.'

Now the fact was, Alice Croft had not as yet heard the new lodger's name; for her sister had at first misunderstood it, and had written it 'Rawton' in communicating the news that the rooms were let. Three or four days passed away before Alice had any inkling of the mistake. Meanwhile Richard Broughton had seen her—unseen himself—more than once; and had even heard her voice speaking caressingly to the children. How it thrilled on his ear and confirmed his resolution!

It was the early twilight of a summer evening. The shop was closed, and Mrs Gray had gone out after seeing the children in bed. Broughton felt that the hour was come, and ringing his bell, asked the servant who answered it if Miss Croft were at home and disengaged.

'Yes, sir,' said the maid; 'she is all alone in the parlour.'

'Then be so good as to give her my card, and ask if I may wait upon her.'

But Mr Broughton followed the servant down-stairs, and was ready to avail himself of the permission given, in a minute.

The servant thinking it her duty, lighted the gas before leaving the room; but she left it burning low, so that the lingering daylight prevailed over it. Though the reception-room was but a little parlour behind a shop, there was an air of refinement about its appointments, and the outlook into a mere yard was masked by a balcony full of blooming and odorous plants. The door which led into the shop remained open, probably for the sake of air; but to such a passionate lover of music as the visitor was, the sight of two or three pianos and a harp and guitar was rather suggestive of delightful ideas than of anything else.

Alice had risen from her chair, and advanced with outstretched hand to meet her guest; but she did not seem able to find a word of greeting.

'Alice!' exclaimed Mr Broughton, 'if I may still call you so, do I seem like one risen from the dead?'

'O no,' she replied; 'I never thought you were dead.' But as she spoke there was a faltering of her voice which shewed that she was agitated.

By this time both were seated, though a little way apart. Mr Broughton drew his chair nearer, and said softly: 'Alice, I come to ask you if it is too late to mend our broken chain?'

'But you are married; I heard that long ago,' exclaimed Alice with dignity. 'You have no right to allude to the past.'

'I have been a widower these two years,' was the rejoinder.

The explanations which followed need not be described in detail.

Letters kept back, false messages,
The tale so old and dark,

had separated the lovers; and when Alice Croft believed that she was forsaken, a severe illness ensued; after her recovery from which, it was found that her voice was seriously impaired. Instead of resting it for a time, she was tempted by the exigences of her profession to overstrain it; the result being such a deterioration in its quality that it was no longer powerful and certain enough for the concert-room. Then followed many years of arduous labour as a teacher of music; during which time her mother's death and the death of other members of the family reduced the little circle, till at last her youngest and widowed sister Mrs Gray was the only one left.

{428}

Six weeks after the reunion just described, a quiet but well-omened wedding took place, in which Richard Broughton and Alice Croft were the principal actors. Meanwhile, the bridegroom and bride elect, living under the same roof, had had abundant opportunities of riveting the 'broken chain' to which allusion has been made; while Dandy, no longer confined to one apartment, now ran about the house, as if perpetually engaged in taking messages from one person to another. Mr and Mrs Woodford, early apprised of all that was going on, had made the acquaintance of Miss Croft and her sister, and being fond of children, had frequently had the little Grays at their house. Mr Woodford even consented to give the bride away, and his two young daughters were the bridesmaids. But as Broughton said, his cousin Maggie was always a 'trump,' and her husband seemed worthy of her.

It was the evening before the wedding. The whole family had been visiting the Woodfords, and it was evident that little Ally had something on her mind to communicate. The young Woodfords as well as their mother constantly called Mr Broughton 'Cousin Dick,' and the term had evidently struck the child much.

'What is it, Ally?' said Mr Broughton, drawing the little girl on to his knee. 'What is it you are wishing to say?'

'I should like to call you "Cousin Dick," like those young ladies. May I? for I love you so much.' And as she spoke, Ally raised her face for a kiss, and put her arms round his neck.

'Will not "Uncle Dick" do as well?' cried Broughton, giving the child a warm hug. 'Don't you understand that I shall be really Uncle Dick to-morrow?'

'Oh, how nice! Uncle Dick, dear Uncle Dick—yes, I like that better.'

N.B.—We are commissioned to add that Dandy accompanied the newly married pair on their wedding journey. They considered they owed him so much, that it would not be just to give him

A TRIP ON LAKE NYASSA.

As many of our readers will doubtless recollect, Mr E. D. Young, R.N., left this country in May 1875, with a small party, for the purpose of establishing the Livingstonia mission, and of placing a small steamer on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa; he and his friends being moved thereto by an earnest determination to carry out one of the dearest wishes of the late Dr Livingstone. Mr Young has recently returned home; and on February 26th he delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society, an interesting account of what he did and what he saw on the Lake of Storms, from which we condense the following brief particulars.

We join Mr Young and his party at the Kongoné mouth of the Zambesi, where the sections of the little steamer *Ilala* were screwed together; and although an extraordinary flood, early in 1875, had altered the course of the rivers since her captain's previous visit, nothing materially impeded her passage to the foot of the Shiré cataracts. These falls extend for some seventy-five miles, and are a very formidable obstacle to navigation. In the distance named, the waters of Lake Nyassa leap down a staircase of rocks and boulders for some eighteen hundred feet; and before the traveller can reach the higher ground, he has to traverse a most rugged road. Want of porters, as a rule, is the most grievous obstacle to be overcome; but thanks to the kindly recollection existing among the natives of previous missionaries, Mr Young experienced no difficulty on this score; and in ten days the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and her sections, boilers, machinery, and stores were conveyed to the upper end of the cataracts. What, however, is thus told in a few brief words, involved very great toil; and Mr Young himself says that the carriage of the steel plates, &c., necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, in some places reaching one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. We may certainly admit with him, that the men who did this four days' work for six yards of calico each (say one shilling and sixpence), finding their own food too, without a grumble or a growl, were not to be despised. The work of reconstruction was soon accomplished, and steam was up in a fortnight.

The little steamer entered Lake Nyassa at 7 A.M. on the 12th of October 1875. After examining several beautiful bays and inlets, which did not afford the necessary shelter for the vessel, Mr Young's party resolved to settle, at anyrate temporarily, at Cape Maclear, whither, accordingly, they transported all their stores. On November 19th Mr Young set off on a voyage round the lake, in the course of which he discovered a large extension of its waters, hitherto unknown. Making his way northwards, he came in sight of the grand range which towers over Chiloweela; in places the mountains run sheer down into the lake, and no bottom could be got at one hundred fathoms. After weathering a furious gale which raged for thirteen hours, the *Ilala* pursued her northward voyage, passing the islands of Likomo and Chusamoolo. On his right, Mr Young reports an iron-bound coast stretching everywhere, excepting only when some ravine came down to the shore. In one spot, there were evident signs of a dreadful massacre having taken place—the result of a slave-raid. Mr Young's account of what he saw here is curious and interesting. Hardly any wood, he says, was to be procured, in consequence of the forests being cleared, and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the water of the lake, and on singular 'pile villages.' It was found that the poor creatures had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks, and wherever a crevice afforded a hold, there would a little patch of cassava or corn appear, grown with infinite labour.

The platform villages reached by Mr Young were exceedingly interesting; for the most part they are built three or four hundred yards from the shore, and in from eight to twelve feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, and on the top of them a wooden platform is constructed, forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give some idea of the extent of these, it may be mentioned that one of them consisted of about one hundred huts. With an abundance of fish round them, the islanders hold their own against starvation. Shortly after leaving these strange villages, Mr Young met with some scenery, the description of which is worth quoting. 'We were now abreast,' he says, 'of some mountains that amongst the parallel ranges which virtually make a mountain-basin of Lake Nyassa, exceed them all in stupendous grandeur. In no part of the world have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently from ten to twelve thousand feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. The rain was pouring upon them, and numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Ma Viti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of "his old home," as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look upon the "Livingstone Range," it may aid them to remember the man who during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth.'

{429}

A violent storm, more like what might be expected on the Atlantic than on an inland sea, prevented Mr Young from doing much in the way of exploring the unknown region at the end of the lake; but he saw there what he believed to be the mouth of a wide river; and this opinion was confirmed by what he learned from the natives when he next landed after the storm referred to. They averred that a River Rovuma or Rööma flows out at the extreme north; and he inclines to

believe this to be the case for the following reasons: In the first place, Dr Livingstone heard the same story twenty years ago, when he discovered the lake, and in quite a different quarter. It will be remembered by many how sanguine he was that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. It may yet prove to be so; but the discovery can be of little use, for the Rovuma ceases to be navigable a short distance from the coast. The second reason for believing the native report is, that in the stormy time, when Mr Young was there, it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark-blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind; and it is consequently tolerably clear that no inflow exists.

Cruising southwards along the western shore of the lake, Mr Young observed, instead of the iron-bound coast on the opposite side, exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; the herds of game merely looked up as the steamer passed, just as sheep raise their heads to gaze at a train, and then went on browsing. In one place a remarkable detached perpendicular rock stands four thousand feet high. The top is flat, and the sides give it the appearance of a pyramid from which a large slice of the top has been removed in order to place in position a perfectly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there is a deep horizontal band of white stone or quartz, succeeded by another of clay apparently; and then comes one of intense black, possibly coal, for this mineral is known to all the natives.

Mr Young's story of his cruise furnishes undeniable evidence of the justness of the name Dr Livingstone gave to Nyassa, namely the Lake of Storms, for he has constantly to record meeting with them—one more terrible than the other. The last he mentions must have been fearfully and awfully grand in its wildness. 'At one time,' he says, 'in the middle of a thunder-storm of great fury, no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared around us, and we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us, it would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt.'

Such are the salient features in Mr Young's brief account of the first trip made by a steamer on the stormy bosom of Lake Nyassa. It did not come within the scope of his paper to describe the daily life of the missionary party at Cape Maclear, the insight they got into the native life, the intrigues of the slave-traders, nor the marvellous effect which the presence of Europeans produced on all sides, more especially in attracting to them from the four winds the scattered remnants of villages swept away by slave-raids; but it will be interesting to our readers to state in conclusion, that he hopes to preserve these details for the public in another form, which we feel sure will meet with the welcome it cannot fail to deserve, as the record of the establishment of the first British colony on Lake Nyassa.

CURIOUS PICK-UPS.

THE pick-ups, the findings, from underground or under-sea, or in hidden places above ground, comprise a strange medley of the odd and the choice, appealing to the tastes or the pockets of persons filling widely diverse positions in society.

The drains and sewers, for instance: can a more lowly and uncomfortable treasure-house than these be found? Rat-killing by dogs, in an inclosed space surrounded by the roughest of roughs, is a savage exhibition unfortunately not yet quite died out from amongst us. The exhibitors purchase the live rats at so much per dozen from men who grope along the filthy sewers in search of them; and in Paris especially, dead rats are brought up from the same unseemly regions, and placed in the hands of skimmers and tanners, who manage to get out of them strong and good-looking pieces of leather suitable for the manufacture of gloves. The great changes made in recent years in London by the extensive Main Drainage Works have deprived the sewer-grubbers of much of their chance; but in the old sewers the pick-ups were often strange enough. Dead infants, a dead seal, cats and dogs both alive and dead, spoons, tobacco-boxes, children's playthings, bad half-crowns and shillings, sets of false teeth, washing-bowls, mops, human heads and limbs which had been thus disposed of by body-snatchers or by anatomical and medical students—all were met with by the sewer-flushers. One party of these strangely employed men came on a certain occasion to a spot where the brickwork between the sewer and a beer-cellar had broken through. What did they do? They helped themselves.

{430}

On a former occasion, we presented a few illustrations of the curious operation of the law concerning *Treasure-trove*, the rights and the wrongs of ownership connected with property picked up from the ground or from a small depth below the surface. Among the examples cited was one relating to the finding of treasure near Stanmore in Middlesex, and another connected with the locality of Mountfield in Sussex. Let us present a few jottings of similar pick-ups in more recent years.

A labourer, digging a drain in a farm on the estate of the late Lord Palmerston, found a golden torque or torgue, an ancient British necklace. It was ascertained that the original grant of the estate gave to the grantee, as lord of the manor, a right to all treasure-trove found therein; the veteran statesman established his claim, but took care that the finder should not go unrewarded. A ploughman, working near Horndean in Hants, found more than a hundred old silver coins in an earthen jar under the surface of the ground; the lord of the manor gave to the finder the intrinsic value of the coins as mere silver, and then had to fight a battle with the Crown as to who ought to

possess the coins themselves. One find near Highgate was very remarkable, on account of the strange manner in which the veritable owner made his appearance. Labourers, grubbing up a tree in a field, found two jars containing nearly four hundred sovereigns; they divided the money amongst themselves, and were then taken aback by the lord of the manor claiming it. Before this claim could be investigated, a tradesman came forward and stated that one night, under a temporary delusion, he had gone out and buried the money; when he awoke, and for some time afterwards, he tried in vain to recollect the locality he had selected, and only obtained a clue when he heard a rumour of the finding of four hundred sovereigns. He was able to bring forward sufficient evidence in support of his singular story; and his claim was admitted.

On different occasions in 1864 the Crown put in claims for treasure-trove—a gold coin found at Long Crendon in Buckinghamshire; sixty-two gold coins found in an earthen jar in a field at Stockerston, Leicestershire; no less than six thousand silver pennies of the time of Henry III. found at Eccles near Manchester; and seven hundred and sixty silver coins earthed up near Newark. The next following year gave the Crown a claim to a hundred and eighty silver coins of the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., found at Grantham; and to a gold cross and chain brought to light at Castle Bailey, Clare, in Suffolk. The years 1866 and 1867 were marked, among other instances, by the finding of nearly seven thousand small gold and silver coins at Highbury, near London; eighty guineas concealed in the wall of an old house at East Parley, near Christchurch, Hants; and two hundred and sixty old silver coins in a house at Lichfield. In other years there were nine hundred silver coins found at Cumberford in Staffordshire; and eleven rose nobles found in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. These several instances of treasure-trove were settled in various ways. Some of the findings were returned by the Crown to the finders; some were sold to the British Museum, in a manner to place an honorarium in the finder's pocket; some were presented to museums, and the money value given to the finders; some are retained by the Crown, as antiquarian curiosities; while one has been handed over to the descendants of a former owner.

Seven or eight years ago two labouring men found a very ancient gold chain, which they sold to a dealer who knew the value better than they did; the unlucky-lucky men fared badly in this instance, seeing that they were punished for selling the 'find' without giving notice to the authorities—rather hard lines for rustics, who are not likely to know much about the law of treasure-trove. In another case a poor man found a pair of ancient Irish silver bracelets; he sold them as old silver to a silversmith, who melted them down at once—to the great regret of an antiquary, who would have given much more than their intrinsic value for such relics of former days. During the multifarious diggings which have been going on for some years in and near Cannon Street and its neighbourhood for the formation of new streets and the construction of large commercial buildings, the workmen lighted upon twenty-nine guineas and twenty shillings nearly two centuries old; the men got into trouble because they did not voluntarily give them up. On one occasion when the fusty and musty contents of a rag-dealer's heap were being overhauled, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, a diamond ring was espied. A contest arose as to who should possess it: a woman engaged in sorting the rags claimed it because she had found it; the rag-dealer disputed her claim; a pawnbroker who said he had advanced money on the ring insisted on his prior right; a dealer in old clothes who had sold a garment for that money, and one or two other persons of somewhat doubtful antecedents—all came forward to shew that, for some reason or other, the diamond ring ought to be considered theirs. Whether the crown waived its claim, we are not certain; but a magistrate eventually gave a decision in favour of the rag-sorter.

Bank-notes, as well as coins, jewellery, and articles in the precious metals, sometimes make their appearance among the findings. A bundle of notes was one day picked up outside the counter of a retail shop: the finder claimed them because he was the finder; while the shopkeeper claimed them because it was on his premises that the notes had been dropped. The real owner, whoever he may have been, did not come forward, and the law decided in favour of the finder. But a much more remarkable case occurred two or three years ago. A packet containing no less than ten thousand pounds' worth of bank-notes was picked up from the pavement in one of the busy streets near the Bank of England; ten notes of one thousand pounds each. A young City clerk picked up and pocketed the treasure. A friend advised him, on consultation, to keep the notes until the following day, when a handsome reward would possibly be offered by the luckless person who had inadvertently dropped the notes. A firm of solicitors, in the names of the real owners, speedily offered one hundred pounds to the finder. The judicious friend overshot the mark here; he stipulated that he should have nearly half the sum of one hundred pounds as his reward for the advice given; and at the same time coaxed sixty pounds out of the owners by a fabricated story concerning himself, the finder, and the finding. A sheriff court had to decide the matter, and ordered the 'friend' to return part, at anyrate, of the money he had received.

{431}

A queer story has lately found its way into the newspapers, not exactly touching on the discovery of treasure, but on a concealment which might possibly lead to discovery if this or that were to occur. One Adolfo de Garcilano (so runs the story), a prisoner in Madrid, and lately a colonel in the Carlist army, was instructed by Don Carlos to take six million pesetas (about one franc each) in English securities and Spanish notes to London, inclosed in an iron box. This treasure he was to bury in the earth in a particular locality, make a sketch of the exact spot, and return to Spain. He was next captured by the Alfonsists, thrust into prison, and told that he would not be set free except on the payment of a large sum of money by way of ransom. Thereupon he wrote to some one in England or Scotland, asking for the transmission of a sufficient sum of money; this done, the secret of the buried treasure would be communicated to the liberal ransomer, who was to retain one-third of it as a grateful reward. If there had been only one such letter, some person

might possibly have been victimised; but there were more than one, to different quarters, each requesting the money to be sent to a third party at an address named. We may hereby form a tolerably true estimate of Don Adolfo de Garcilano.

Undoubtedly the most interesting recent discoveries of small but valuable works in the precious metals are those due to Dr Schliemann. Archæologists have long recognised the probability that buried beneath some of the ancient cities of the world, there are not only architectural and sculptured fragments of much historical importance still remaining to be discovered, but also jewels and other treasures which have not seen the light for decades of centuries. Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, the more ancient parts of Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Egypt, Cyprus, the site of the famous Troy, and those of the once important cities of Asia Minor—all may perchance have something to shew which the present age would be prepared to welcome and appreciate. Concerning Jerusalem, a conjecture has been brought forward of a remarkable kind. After the rebuilding of the second Temple, there were five occasions on which precious metals, treasures, and artistic ornaments might have been concealed by the priests or servitors of the sacred edifice—namely, during the abstraction and sale of the temple furniture by the apostate high-priest Menelaus; at the plunder and defilement of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes; during the plunder by Crassus; during that by Sabinus; and at the total destruction by the Romans. On one or more of these occasions, supposing the Jewish priests and servitors should have placed valuables in the Temple, the place of concealment may not have been made known to others, and the secret may have been carried with the priests to the grave. Various facts have been adduced in support of this surmise, sufficient to whet the curiosity of men who would value such treasures, not for their intrinsic worth as precious metals or precious stones, but for their historical and ecclesiastical connection with momentous events nearly two thousand years ago.

Dr Schliemann, whose name we have just mentioned, when making researches among mounds and heaps of rubbish at or near the supposed site of Troy in Asia Minor, has lighted upon the foundations of cities which he supposes to have been more ancient even than the Iliad.

But the discoveries more immediately connected with our present subject are those which Dr Schliemann has since made in Greece. With the permission of the king he made excavations near Mycenæ, on the site of what is believed to be one of the most ancient cities in that classic land—far more ancient than the renowned Athens. In treasuries and tombs, which had not seen the light for an untold number of centuries, he has disinterred beautifully painted vases, whole or in fragments; terra-cotta statuettes and busts of Juno, horses' heads, lions, rams, elephants; knives and keys of iron and bronze; fragments of lyres, flutes, and crystal vases. But most striking of all is the large quantity of gold vessels and ornaments, undoubtedly of precious metal, and in many instances artistically wrought. Sceptres, bracelets, girdles, necklaces, rings, vases, caps, &c. in plenty. One of the Doctor's greatest triumphs was the unearthing of two vases of solid gold, fourteen centimètres (about six inches) high, richly ornamented. Many of these relics, as well as many inscriptions and bas-reliefs on extremely ancient blocks of masonry, have excited the curiosity of classical archæologists in a high degree. Their thoughts go back to the epics and dramas which treat of Agamemnon king of Mycenæ; of the expedition to Troy; of Clytemnestra, Electra, Ægisthus, Orestes; of the stories of some of the Greek plays by Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus. They think of these personages and these events; and they lean strongly to the belief that the disinterred ancient city near Mycenæ, and some of the treasures brought to light by Dr Schliemann, may be veritable tokens of the days of Agamemnon. Some of the articles found were in triangular cells, which he thinks may have been treasuries or depositories for treasure and valuables. But his principal 'finds' of wrought gold were in chambers which were probably the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, and Eurymedon. The vases, the cups, the diadems, the signet rings, were mostly found in these tombs (if tombs they were); as likewise were the bones of a man and a woman covered with ornaments of pure gold. In short, the discoveries have been of a most unusual, interesting, and valuable kind, well calculated to attract the attention of the learned in Europe, whether learned in classical history or in artistic archæology.

{432}

Of discovering or recovering of treasures lying beneath the waves of the ocean, we do not intend to treat here. The reader will find some curious notices on the subject in the article already referred to; also in 'Submarine Treasure Ventures' (May 1, 1869); and in 'The Story of La Lutine' (July 8, 1876).

RUSTY IRON.

If no difficulty, as yet unforeseen, bars the way, Mr Barff's plan for rendering iron impenetrable by rust promises to be of the highest practical importance. Iron is by far the most useful of metals, but it has an unfortunate propensity when exposed to water or moist air for attracting oxygen, and this oxygen eats into its substance, and forms the familiar compound known as rust. The consequence is that iron when exposed to the air, especially in so damp a climate as ours, has to be coated with paint, varnish, or tin. But even this coating does not afford entire protection; the slightest flaw in the armour lets in the enemy oxygen, who often does his work all the more surely because concealed from view. A vessel made of iron and coated with some other substance, may look sound to the eye, and yet be a mere mass of crumbling rust. Mr Barff's remedy for this state of things seems to be after the doctrine of the homœopaths, that like is cured by like. If a small degree of moisture affects iron with two distinct species of oxide or rust, what will exposure to a very excessive degree of moisture do? Well, it appears that if iron is

placed in a hot chamber and exposed to the action of superheated steam, a new kind of oxide, called the magnetic or black oxide, forms on its surface. Not only does this benevolent species of black rust refuse to penetrate any further into the metal, but it forms an impervious coating against all other influences; and articles thus prepared have been exposed out of doors for weeks this winter without a particle of rust appearing on them. If careful experiments shew that iron is lessened neither in strength nor in durability by this process, its use will be greatly increased, as for several purposes it will take the place of other and more costly metals.—*The Graphic*.

ON A PET DOVE KILLED BY A DOG.

A GAELIC ELEGY.

THE following touching verses (as nearly as possible a literal translation from the Gaelic) appeared in the *Scotsman* of May 17, and were accompanied by a note, which we have abridged, from the translator Mr Alexander Stewart of Nether Lochaber. He says: 'I beg to send you a translation of a Gaelic Elegy by Alastair MacDonal'd the celebrated Ardnamurchan bard, on a pet dove of his that was killed by a terrier dog. It is, in my judgment, a composition of singular tenderness, pathos, and beauty. Its quaint conceits and abrupt transitions, which the reader cannot fail to notice, though they may seem odd and out of place at first sight, form, in my estimation, no small part of its merit. My translation is about as literal as I could well make it, and I have endeavoured to imitate, with what success let others judge, the manner and measure, the rhyme and rhythm of the original. The pet dove was a female, and at the time of her death had under her care, as the poet fails not to notice with an exquisite touch of tenderness in the fourth line, the dove's usual brood of downy twins. The reference in the poem to the bird's habitat in a wild state shews that it was of the species known as the blue or rock pigeon, thousands of which inhabit the vast caves and precipitous crags of Ardnamurchan and Moidart.'

Mournful my tale to tell,
Though others heed not my sigh;
My gentle, my beautiful pet dove dead—
Must the callow twins too die?
Alas, for the death of the gentlest dove
That ever in woodland coo'd,
Killed by a dog whose properer foe
Were the otter that fights, and dies so slow
In his cairny solitude.

Of all the birds that cleave the air,
Buoyant on rapid wing,
I mourn thee most, my pet dove fair,
Dear, darling thing!
Noah loved thee, dove, full well,
When a guilty world was drowned;
With thy message of peace thou cam'st to tell
Of solid ground;
He knew thy truth as the waters fell
Slowly around.

The raven and dove good Noah sent
Far over the heaving flood;
The raven wist not the way he went,
Nor back returned, for his strength was spent
In the watery solitude;
But cleaving the air with rapid wing,
The dove returned, and back did bring
His tale of the flood subdued.

At first she found no spot whereon
To rest her from weary flight;
And onward she flew, and on, and on,
Till now at length she gazed upon
The mountain tops in sight;
And the dove returned with her letter—a leaf
(Of mickle meaning, I trow, though brief),
Which Noah read with delight.

Not easy to rob thy nest, thou dove,
By cunning or strength of men;
On a shelf of the beetling crag above
Was thy castle of strength, thy home of love,

Who dare come near thee then?
Harmless and gentle ever wert thou,
Dear, darling dove!
In the ear of thy mate with a coo and a bow
Still whispering love!

Not in silver or gold didst thou delight,
Nor of luxuries ever didst dream;
Pulse and corn was thy sober bite—
Thy drink was the purling stream!
Never, dear dove, didst need to buy
Linen or silk attire;
Nor braided cloth, nor raiment fine
Didst thou require.
Thy coat, dressed neat with thy own sweet bill,
Was of feathers bright green and blue,
And closely fitting, impervious still
To rain or dew!

No creed or paternoster thou
Didst sing or say;
And yet thy soul is in bliss, I trow,
Be 't where it may!
That now withouten coffin or shroud
In thy little grave thou dost lie,
Makes me not sad; but oh, I am wae
At the sad death thou didst die.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street,
EDINBURGH.

All Rights Reserved.

Transcriber's Note—the following changes have been made to this text:

Page 418: subsistance to subsistence.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 706 ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™

electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in

paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to

provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements

concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.