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Title: Chambers's Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Art, No. 722

Author: Various

Editor: Robert Chambers

Editor: William Chambers

Release date: December 13, 2015 [EBook #50680]

Language: English

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

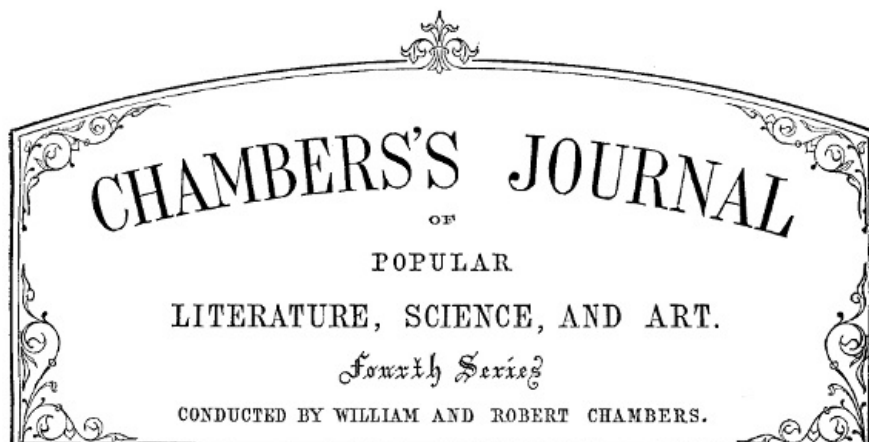
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LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, NO. 722 ***

**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL
OF
POPULAR
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SEA-MONSTERS.

WHETHER the sea contains any creature at all answering to the popular idea of a 'sea-serpent'—that ophidian monster which is annually reported to have been interviewed by various crews and persons—is a problem which will only be solved by the actual capture of one of those visitors. There are, as will presently be pointed out, certain well-known true sea-snakes, the *Hydrophidæ* of the Indian Ocean, which swim by means of their compressed fin-like tails; but whether these marine serpents will correspond to the 'sea-serpents' of popular tales, is a matter deserving further investigation. The wide ocean presents features well suited to tempt the imagination to stray into the wildest flights. Its vastness; the difficulty of exploring even a small portion of its surface, as well as its enormous depths; its capacity for containing the strangest and most gigantic objects that fancy can picture: these are attributes of the mighty deep that have ever attracted the attention and prompted the weird imaginings of man.

It is a curious fact that recent scientific research has revealed the existence in the sea, at the greatest depths, of most minute and wonderfully formed organisms, the beauty and rarity of which necessarily secure our admiration; but instances of animals of enormous size being met with beyond those already known, are few and far between. This fact may be accounted for by the circumstance that while it is easy to construct instruments for capturing the smaller creatures living in the deep, it is a very different matter to entrap and secure an unseen monster, whose very size must endow him with enormous strength. The whale, so far as we know, is the largest denizen of the deep. Whether it is possible that it can be equalled by giants of some other order or race, is the point which public curiosity is very keen to have settled.

The appearance of great snakes at sea is recorded by more than one old voyager; but it would seem to have been only of late years that the idea of their existence has been generally confined to one, familiar to us all as the 'Great sea-serpent.'

In *Opuscula Omnia Botanica, Thomæ Johnsoni*, 1629, we have an account of a great serpent captured off Sandwich by two men, who found it stranded among the shoal water by the seashore. It is described as being fifty feet long, and of a fiery colour. We are also told that they conveyed the carcass home, and after *eating* it, stuffed the skin with hay, to preserve it 'as a perpetual remembrance of the fact.'

In David Crantz's *History of Greenland*, published in 1766, we have an extract (illustrated by a drawing) concerning the *kraken*, from the narrative of a Captain Paul Egede, supposed to be the brother of a famous Danish missionary of the same name. The kraken, it is however necessary to remark, is the northern name for a giant cuttle-fish, the existence of such a monster being now a matter of scientific fact.

'On the 6th of July 1734,' says this old seaman, 'as I was proceeding on my second voyage to Greenland, in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, a hideous monster was seen to raise its body so high above the water that its head overtopped our main-sail. It had a pointed nose, and spouted out water like a whale; instead of fins it had great broad flaps like wings; its body seemed to be grown over with shell-work, and its skin was very rugged and uneven; when it dived into the water again, it threw up its tail, which was like that of a serpent, and was at least a whole ship's length above the water; we judged the body to be equal in bulk to our ship, and to be three or four times as long.'

Eric Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, celebrated in his days as a naturalist, though he never actually saw it or met any one who *had* seen it, believed implicitly in the great sea-serpent existing somewhere; and in his writings has a good deal to tell us about its ways and habits; and it is upon record that Sir Lawrence de Ferry, commander of the old castle of Bergen, not only saw the monster, but shot at it on the high seas, wounded it, was pursued by it, in its pain and fury, so closely that he narrowly escaped with his life.

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In 1801 there was cast ashore on the coast of Dorsetshire a snake twenty-eight feet in length and twenty feet in circumference; but this has since been alleged to have been a Basking-shark; and the same has been said of a great snake-like carcass that was beaten to pieces by a tempest, and cast ashore on one of the Orkney Isles in the autumn of 1809, and some fragments of which, the *Scots Magazine* for that year states, were lodged in the Museum of the Edinburgh University.

A very distinct description of the sea-serpent occurs in Dr Hooker's *Testimony* respecting it, and communicated to Dr Brewster's *Journal of Science*. About half-past six o'clock on a cloudless evening at sea, the doctor heard suddenly a rushing noise ahead of the ship, which at first he supposed to be a whale spouting, but soon found to be a colossal serpent, of which he made a sketch as it passed the vessel at fifty yards' distance, slowly, neither turning to the right nor left. 'As soon as his head had reached the stern, he gradually laid it down in a horizontal position with his body, and floated along like the mast of a vessel. That there was upwards of sixty feet visible, is shewn by the circumstance that the length of the ship was a hundred and twenty feet, and that at the time his head was off the stern, the other end had not passed the main-mast.... His motion in the water was meandering, like that of an eel; and the wake he left behind him, was like that occasioned by a small craft passing through the water.... The humps on his back resembled in size and shape those of a dromedary.'

Dr Hooker states further, that the description precisely accorded with that of a serpent seen five years before by Captain Bennet of Boston. At a later period, three officers in Her Majesty's service—namely, Captain Sullivan, Lieutenant Maclachlan, and Ensign Malcolm of the Rifle Brigade—beheld a similar creature gambolling in the sea near Halifax; but they asserted that it

was at least one hundred and eighty feet in length, and thicker than the trunk of a moderately sized tree. Nor must we forget the official account which was transmitted in 1848 to the Lords of the Admiralty, by Captain Peter M'Quhae of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, past which, he and his crew saw the great sea-serpent swimming merrily—a document which produced, or provoked, a learned paper in the *Westminster Review*; while Professor Owen asserted that what was seen from the deck of the *Dædalus*, would be nothing more than a large seal borne rapidly southward on a floe or iceberg.

Recently, the appearances of the serpent have been amusingly frequent and clearly detailed. He has been seen in the north seas and the south seas, and in many places nearer home; in the Firth of Forth, off Filey Bay and the North Foreland, off Hastings and the Isle of Arran, the Menai Strait and Prawle Point; and in 1875, a battle between it and a whale was viewed from the deck of the good ship *Pauline* of London, Captain Drevar, when proceeding with a cargo of coals from Shields to Zanzibar, destined for Her Majesty's ship *London*. When the *Pauline* reached the region of the trade-winds and equatorial currents, she was carried out of her course, and after a severe storm, found herself off Cape Roque, where several sperm-whales were seen playing about her. While the crew were watching them, they suddenly beheld a sight that filled every man on board with terror. Starting straight from the bosom of the deep, a gigantic serpent rose and wound itself twice in two mighty coils round the largest of the whales, which it proceeded to crush in genuine boa-constrictor fashion. In vain did the hapless whale struggle, lash the water into foam, and even bellow, for all its efforts were as nothing against the supernatural powers of its dreadful adversary, whose strength 'may be further imagined,' says a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, 'from the fact that the ribs of the ill-fated fish were distinctly heard cracking one after the other with a report like that of a small cannon. Soon the struggles of the wretched whale grew fainter and fainter; its bellowings ceased, and the great serpent sank with its prey beneath the surface of the ocean.'

Its total length was estimated at fifty yards, and its aspect was allowed to be simply 'terrific.' Twice again it reared its crest sixty feet out of the water, as if meditating an attack upon the *Pauline*, which bore away with all her canvas spread. Her crew told their terrible story. But critics there were who averred that what they had seen was no serpent at all, but only a bottle-nosed whale attacked by grampuses!

In a letter to the London prints concerning this affair, we have another description of our old friend the serpent, as he appeared off St David's Head, to John Abes, mate of a merchantman, in 1863. 'I was the first who saw the monster, and shouted out. A terrible-looking thing it was! Seen at a little distance in the moonlight, his two eyes appeared about the size of *plates*, and were very bright and sparkling.' All on board thought his length about ninety feet; but as he curled and twirled rapidly, it was a difficult matter to determine. Captain Taylor ordered him to be noosed lasso-fashion with a rope; which John Abes tells us he got on the bowsprit to throw, but in the attempt, threw himself overboard. 'The horror of my feelings at the moment I must leave you to imagine,' continues this remarkable epistle (which is dated from Totterdown, Bristol, September 19, 1875). 'The brute was then within a few yards of me, with its monstrous head and wavy body, looking ten times more terrible than it did on board the brig. I shiver even now when I think of it. Whether the noise made by throwing the ropes over to save me scared him, I cannot say; but he went down suddenly, though not more so than I came up. After a few minutes he appeared some distance from us, and then we lost him.'

When next we hear of the sea-serpent after his adventure off Cape Roque, he was beheld by the crew of no less a ship than Her Majesty's yacht the *Osborne*, the captain and officers of which, in June 1877, forwarded an official Report to the Admiralty, containing an account of the monster's appearance off the coast of Sicily on the 2d of that month. 'The time was five o'clock in the afternoon. The sea was exceptionally smooth, and the officers were provided with good telescopes. The monster had a smooth skin, devoid of scales, a bullet-shaped head, and a face like an alligator. It was of immense length, and along the back was a ridge of fins about *fifteen* feet in length and *six* feet apart. It moved slowly, and was seen by all the ship's officers.'

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This account was further supplemented by a sketch in a well-known illustrated paper, from the pencil of Lieutenant W. P. Hynes of the *Osborne*, who to the above description adds, that the fins were of irregular height, and about forty feet in extent, and 'as we were passing through the water at ten and a half knots, I could only get a view of it "end on." It was about fifteen or twenty feet broad at the shoulders, with flappers or fins that seemed to have a semi-revolving motion. 'From the top of the head to the part of the back where it became immersed, I should consider about fifty feet, and that seemed about a third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal.'

In the following month, the Scottish prints reported, that when the Earl of Glasgow's steam-yacht *Valetta* was cruising off Garroch Head, on the coast of Bute, with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, an enormous fish or serpent, forty feet in length and about fifteen in diameter, suddenly rose from the sea. Under sail and steam the *Valetta* gave chase. A gentleman on board speared it with a salmon 'leister;' on which the serpent dived, and after a time reappeared with the iron part of the weapon sticking in its back. The monster scudded along for some minutes, again dived, and was not seen afterwards. There is little doubt, however, that the animal which figured in this instance was a very large basking-shark (*Selache maxima*).

An animal of exactly similar shape and dimensions was reported as being seen in the subsequent August by twelve persons in Massachusetts Bay; and soon after on three different occasions in the same quarter by the crew of a coasting vessel.

In May 1877, the 'sea-serpent' would seem to have shifted his quarters to the Indian Ocean, which it must be remarked is the habitat of the true sea-snakes. On the 21st of that month, in latitude 2° north and longitude 90° 53' east, the monster was alleged to have been seen by the crew of the barque *Georgina*, bound from Rangoon to Falmouth. It seemed to be about fifty feet long, 'gray and yellow in colour, and ten or eleven inches thick. It was on view for about twenty minutes, during which time it crossed the bow, and ultimately disappeared under the port quarter.' A second account of this affair stated, that 'for some days previously the crew had seen several smaller serpents, of from six to ten feet in length, playing about the vessel.'

Strange as all these stories seem, it is difficult to suppose they are all quite untrue, for nautical superstition apart, we have the ready testimony of various men of education and veracity. That there is only one serpentine monster in the ocean, is an idea which the great disparity in the various descriptions would seem to contradict; and certainly the most astounding aspect presented by this supposed and most ubiquitous animal, was his form and size when seen by the officers of the Queen's yacht off the coast of Sicily; though it is somewhat singular that these gentlemen made no attempt to kill or capture the mighty fish, or whatever it was they saw.

By way of conclusion to these remarks we may briefly summarise the chief facts presented by 'sea-serpent tales' as they appear under the light of scientific criticism. There is, it must firstly be remarked, nothing in the slightest degree improbable in the idea that an ordinary species of sea-snake, belonging to a well-known group of reptiles, may undergo a gigantic development and appear as a monster serpent of the deep. The experience of comparative anatomists is decidedly in agreement with such an opinion. Largely developed individuals of almost every species of animals and plants occasionally occur. Within the past few years new species of cuttle-fishes—of dimensions compared with which the largest of hitherto known forms are mere pigmies—have been brought to light. And if huge cuttle-fishes may thus be developed, why, it may be asked, may not sea-snakes of ordinary size be elevated, through extraordinary development, to become veritable 'leviathans' of the deep? That there is a strong reason for belief in the veracity of sea-serpent tales, is supported by the consideration of the utter want of any motive for prevarication, and by the very different and varied accounts given of the monsters seen. That the appearances cannot always be explained on the supposition that lifeless objects, such as trees, sea-weed, &c. have been seen, is equally evident from the detailed nature of many of the accounts of the animals, which have been inspected from a near distance. And it may also be remarked that in some cases, in which largely developed sea-snakes themselves may not have appeared, certain fishes may have represented the reptilian inhabitants of the ocean. As Dr Andrew Wilson has insisted, a giant tape-fish viewed from a distance would personate a 'sea-serpent' in a very successful manner; and there can be no doubt that tape-fishes have occasionally been described as 'sea-serpents.'

On the whole, if we admit the probability of giant-developments of ordinary species of sea-snakes; or the existence (and why not?) of enormous species of sea-snakes and certain fishes *as yet unknown to science*, the solution of the sea-serpent problem is not likely to be any longer a matter of difficulty.

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

STRANGE and terrible tidings reached Enderby the day after that. As Deborah Fleming was standing in the red sunset, she saw old Jordan, in his scarlet waistcoat and shirt sleeves, running bare-headed towards her under the archway. Deborah went quietly forward to meet him, dreading and yet hoping, she knew not what.

'Master Sinclair's shot!' gasped the old man. 'Killed a-duelling!'

'Who shot him?' asked Deborah, with the blood coursing in a fierce wild tide of joy through her veins, and yet a sure foreboding of the truth. 'Who? Who?'

'Need ye ask, Mistress Deborah?' asked Jordan, shaking his gray head, and regarding her with a wild reproachful gaze. 'Why, Master Charlie. Who else?'

'But he killed him in fair fight, Jordan?' panted Deborah, with her hands pressed over her beating heart, and a loud ringing in her ears. 'No one can blame him or touch him for that! O Charlie, O my brother!' and she fell in a dead-faint at old Jordan's feet. He caught her up, and bore her in to Marjory; with anxious earnest tenderness they cared for her. But Deborah was soon herself. Rousing, she saw the two old sorrowful faces; and with a hand on a shoulder of each ancient lover, burst into a wild laugh of joy. 'Free! free!' she cried. 'Free to act and think, and laugh and weep! Charlie has set me free! The old man is *dead*! Oh, poor sad old man, *whither has fled his soul?*—Jordan, is Charlie hurt? Tell me truly; is my poor, sweet, gallant, faithful Charlie hurt?' And she sat up, erect and resolute.

'No, no, my lamb; he ain't hurt; he's safe enow; only he must be off for a time out o' this. Master Charlie has done for the "old fox," Mistress Deborah!' and Jordan began to chuckle triumphantly. Deborah laughed too, aloud. Marjory looked on scared and scandalised.

'Oh, am I mad?' quoth Deborah, as she started up and began to pace the stone hall like a wild

creature. 'Am I mad, that I care not for bloodshed, or that old man's hereafter, or anything, so long as I get freedom? Free! free!' she cried aloud in ecstasy, as she ran from one window to another laughing wildly; and then, while the two old servants stood half-aghast, she sped away into the open air, into the sun—and liberty! There, alone, on the green turf, under the waving trees, under the blue and boundless sky; where chased the little white clouds like winged spirits; while through all the beautiful demesne, where the birds were singing melodiously, and all nature was glad, Deborah Fleming wept her wild heart calm.

But Mistress Fleming? Young Mistress Margaret Fleming? She shed not a tear that day. With a heart relieved of a mighty weight, yet overcharged with anxiety, love, and fear, she watched till darkness fell, ever thinking of Deborah's wild and radiant face, till, late on in the night, or rather early morning, tidings were sent her of her love.

And where was Charlie Fleming then? Far, far away—hunted by the dogs of vengeance and the law. Mounted on his good bay horse, he passed through Enderby that night, in his wild flight; and as he fled, looked back, with hand uplifted to the high dim lights of Enderby, and bade it—a long adieu. Turrets, towers, and trees passed from him, like shadows in a dream....

Deborah's trials were not ended. Where was her poor unhappy father? Gone, gone again, ere she knew of it; and she was terribly anxious about him—as to how he would take this news; terribly anxious too, now that reason and calmness had returned to her, about her exiled brother, though Mistress Margaret had told her that he was safe out of England. Thoughts, wild and vague too, of her lover and kinsman haunted her. Where was he? She had enough to drive her distraught; but Deborah possessed a bold heart and iron will, and would not be subdued; and ever the glorious sense of recovered freedom made her heart throb with ecstasy of joy.

Some days after the duel at Lincoln, while Deborah was restlessly pacing the great lonely saloon, the outer bell rang. What now? Tidings good or evil? She felt prepared for anything that might befall. Old Marjory came to the door.

'Master Parry, Mistress Deborah;' and a small thin wizened man entered, with a bag in his hand. Deborah Fleming, from her stately height, looked down on the sly crafty face and shrinking figure, and with a woman's swift instinctive judgment, disliked and distrusted him. She bowed, ever so slightly. He, the cunning man of law and of the world, was half abashed and wholly uneasy at the full gaze bent upon him, and at the girl's bold and easy bearing. She waited for him to speak.

'Mistress Fleming,' he said with a low bow, 'at this sad time I must humbly apologise for this intrusion. I would have spoken with Sir Vincent; but he is away, I find. May I venture then to address his daughter in his stead? For my business, Mistress Fleming, is with you.'

'Certainly. Sit down, Master Parry, and say what you have to say.'

With another low bow he drew up a chair, and placing his hat on the table, and glancing first at the closed door, said in a mysterious tone: 'I come to you, Mistress Fleming, as the bearer of two great good pieces of intelligence; one, I am sure will afford Mistress Fleming's generous heart great joy, and that I will reserve till last.'

Deborah bowed in silence; her instinctive thoughts uttered 'Hypocrite!'

'Mistress Fleming,' continued the lawyer, still uneasy under that steady gaze, but still overflowing with polite urbanity and humble deference, 'I, as the sole executor of the late Adam Sinclair' (and his countenance lengthened visibly and his eyelids fell), 'have the pleasure of informing you that "Deborah Fleming" is left by his will the sole inheritor of all his property, landed and personal, unconditionally and without reserve.'

There was silence for a moment; Deborah had started and then kept still and calm, while first a great horror of the dead man's gold, and then thoughts of her father and brother and Enderby, coursed through her startled mind. In that moment the lawyer Parry shot one furtive glance from his crafty eyes, and perceived her deep in abstracted thought; and marvelled at her coolness and dignity, little guessing the combative thoughts that were surging in her breast.

'This was generous of Master Sinclair,' said Deborah. 'You have something else to tell me?' She turned her eyes on him. He fidgeted; he avoided her gaze; he looked down, he looked out on the sky, he looked up at the carved chimney-piece, where grotesque faces grinned down at him; he looked anywhere but at Deborah. It was but a slight tremor, a slight hesitation, only very quick eyes would have discerned it, under the flow of ready words: 'Yes, Mistress Fleming; it relates to your brother, Master Charles Fleming; and though it is a proof sure and convincing that will clear him from a foul aspersion which has incidentally (*incidentally*, mind you) come to my knowledge; at the same time—and with deep reluctance I say it—it shews Master Sinclair in ill colours, and casts bitter blame on his memory. But mark, Mistress Fleming; Master Sinclair was my oldest friend, my benefactor; what I tell you now, I tell you in confidence, and the secret had best perish between your family and myself. But first I will shew what I mean.' He then drew some papers from a bag, and spread them before Deborah's eyes, with his hands upon them. 'See, see!' he muttered, apparently trembling with sudden excitement, 'what Adam Sinclair and his myrmidons have done! And to get you in his power, Mistress Fleming! All to win your favour! I swear it, for I discovered them in the act! This writing you would say is your brother's? There too is his signature. But I hereby swear it to be a base forgery, and no more Master Fleming's writing than it is mine. This was a plot to throw dust in Sir Vincent's eyes, and disgrace on his son's name, by proving that Master Fleming had secretly raised money on this estate.'

'I know it—I know it all,' said Deborah, very white and calm. 'Cannot you tell me *who* wrote this?'

And she laid her finger on her brother's name, and fixed her clear eyes upon the wrinkled crafty being before her, till they seemed to read his soul.

'I cannot inform you of that, Mistress Fleming,' he answered with sorrowful regret, and looked away, and up at the grinning faces that seemed to mock him, so that he glanced quickly away from them again.

'You are generous,' said Deborah; but a look of unutterable disdain was clouding those clear eyes with passion and with scorn. 'You will tell me thus far, but no further, not even this creature's name. Why, I would give all my new possessions, Master Parry, just to bring him to justice for this. But what is your purpose in bringing this paper to me? Am *I* to buy it of you, as Master Sinclair would have done, had not death taken him? I heard your name and his in connection with this matter; no other.'

Master Parry wished himself away from Enderby, and well out of it all, with a heavy purse. 'Mistress Fleming,' he said, 'what you suspect, or what charge you would bring against *me*, I know not. I only swear to you that I got possession of this paper by great and grievous trouble, and no small exercise of talent. The villain's name who compassed this forgery I cannot divulge; but if ye would shield the dead man's memory, save the honour of your name, and that of your father and brother, and prevent this paper for ever from seeing light—take it of me.'

'Ye *do* trade on it then?' said Deborah, still with those eyes and lips of ineffable disdain.

'Mistress Fleming, another trades with *me*,' answered the man of law, with a semblance of grave and dignified reproof and a glance of injured innocence. 'I have suffered much already in this cause, and small thanks I get. If I am not well paid therefore, this paper must go back to the owner, and he makes it public. If I am well paid, it is mine—it is yours—to burn, to do with it what you will.'

'I see now, Master Parry, why it is more convenient to negotiate with Mistress Fleming than with Sir Vincent. I am a woman. You can threaten me, and think to daunt me; but you shall find yourself mistaken. If ye are not this arch-villain himself, ye are playing into his hands. Why, I tell ye, girl as I am, and ignorant, I know the emptiness of your threats! To what end would this forged paper be published? What harm could it do Charles Fleming? To publish *this*—and Deborah rose with a laugh of scorn, and struck her hand upon it—'would be but to bring disgrace on him who published it—disgrace! ay, and *death*! My brother's innocence would be proved, and this man brought to the gallows. *Now*, would ye have me buy it, Master Parry? Nay, you had better not, for I would have no mercy on the author of this villainy. *Destroy* it! Nay; I would publish it to all the world.'

'Ah Mistress, ye know little of the world then, or of the result of such a trial. It might go hard with Master Fleming, I warn ye. But if ye will have it so, I'll e'en give this back, and let him work his will. He's not a man to be made a foe of with impunity. I sadly fear ye will rue this rash act. I might have saved you. But be it, Mistress Fleming, as you will.'

With a savage consciousness of having been worsted, nay, utterly defeated, by a young and dauntless maiden, Master Parry stood with hat and bag in hand. Mistress Fleming had read him through. He had won neither gold nor favour from the future Mistress of Lincoln, only stern defiance and proud disdain.

How he hated her, but how blandly he smiled!

'I am not afraid,' quoth haughty Mistress Fleming; and looking beyond the lawyer and over his head, she bowed him calmly to the door.

One low reverence and a muttered curse between his teeth, and the doors of Enderby closed for aye on Master Parry.

Deborah was herself then. With thoughts collected and brows lowering she threw open all the windows; then standing on the hearth, she muttered: 'He has done it himself. I am trembling now with passion—only I would not vent it on a thing so mean—though my hands ached to be at him, woman as I am! Have I acted and judged aright? Oh, I know not; I know naught o' business; I cannot abide it. But I have acted a woman's part in this; not from pity, but because it would shame me to drag the name of Fleming through such mud. Only I was fain to shew the worm what I *could* do. O King, King! where art thou? O dear father; and poor, brave, gallant, honourable Charlie! Where, where is father, that I may tell him this great good news? O my precious brother, to think we should e'er have doubted *thee*! Well-a-day! I am a rich heiress—I am a great lady; I will pay all our debts; and Enderby—Enderby is *mine*! to give away to father and to Charlie! O wretched Adam Sinclair—poor perjured soul! Would your wealth not do such untold good, I would none of it. Honour and charity together shall wipe the stains from off your gold, and make it good for use.'

Sir Vincent came home late one evening, some days after Adam Sinclair's death. Some one, some careless tongue had told him suddenly that Adam Sinclair had met his death at the hand of Charles Fleming. He stopped at the lodge, and got off his horse feebly.

'Mistress Dinnage,' said he, 'where is my boy Charlie?'

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She gazed at him earnestly, then answered: 'He is gone away on a journey, Sir Vincent. He'll be home again before long.'

'Before long! Ah, he's a good boy to the old man, with all his faults, whatever they may say. Where's Adam Sinclair?'

She evaded that question. 'Come home with me,' she said tenderly; and unwonted tears lurked in the dark splendour of her eyes.

So, arm in arm, proud young Mistress Fleming and the poor broken-down master of Enderby walked slowly home.

Deborah saw them pass the window; and started forward and met them. But the glorious tidings of Charlie's unstained honour, the proud consciousness of power and position, the brightness in her eyes, and the bright colour in her cheeks, left her, on looking on her father. He stretched out his hands; there was terrible pathos in that feeble but impassioned gesture, and a sad and wandering smile replaced the light of intellect.

'Deb, little Deb! O my darling! I have been looking for thee. They told me thou wert dead! It shook me terribly. Thank God, thou'rt alive and well. And how is it with thee, my dove?'

'He is wandering,' whispered Margaret below her breath. 'We must nurse him, Mistress Deborah dear; he will soon be well.'

For Deborah, leaning her brave heart on her father's breast, was trembling like a leaf, and tears of agony were gathered in her eyes. Was that strong mind, that tender father's care, dead to her for ever? Would he never, never know the innocence of his darling, whose imagined treachery had stricken him thus? 'Father!' she cried, in piercing accents of despair, 'father! Charlie is innocent. Charlie never wrote that paper, father dear; but a bad man did it, forging Charlie's name! Charlie never, never raised money upon Enderby! He is as guiltless and as true to thee as Deborah! Dost hear me, father? Dost hear me? Dost understand?'

He smiled at her vehemence, and stroked back her hair. 'Ay; I understand thee. Charlie is a good fellow, and our own dear brave boy. Though that running off from school, Deb,' he whispered, 'was the wild blood cropping up! Ha, ha, ha! *that* was a mistake; eh, Deb?' and he laughed vehemently again.

'O Mistress Fleming,' said Deborah, with her hand to her brow, 'this is harder to me than all. Margaret, Margaret! what shall we do? This is death in life.—O father, dear father! dost not know me? We have stood side by side in all our troubles, and now all trouble is at an end. We are rich! and Enderby, Enderby, father, is ours! We have money, father—riches, plenty! Charlie shall come home to thee—come home and live at Enderby! O sweet father, be thyself! Be calm, love, and God will restore thee, make thee well. Father, father, I am little Deb! Be my own dear father. Be thyself. Look! better times are coming, father, for Charlie and for thee!' Wild, sweet, impassioned were Deborah's words and tones and looks.

Sir Vincent Fleming raised his hand to his head, and gazed all round, and gazed at her and Margaret. 'Deb,' he said, 'I am tired, very tired of this world, dear love. Take me home, home to thy mother and to Enderby. I must rest.'

Pale and tearless, Deborah glanced at Mistress Fleming, and led the old man to his chair by the fireside. But for Mistress Fleming, she could see no more; her eyes were blind with tears.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

That night Charlie's secretly made wife Meg Dinnage wrote and despatched a letter to Kingston Fleming, in this wise: 'Master Kingston Fleming, we are in a sore strait. Master Sinclair is dead; ye may have heard it. Master Charles Fleming is gone away. My Lady Deb is all alone, for her poor father is helpless on our hands. As ye are kind and true, come with speed to Enderby. You will be welcome.'

That same night Mistress Fleming and Deborah conferred long together, and talked themselves light-hearted about the future. Then said Mistress Fleming: 'Let me brush your lovely long hair, Lady Deb; for soon you will have a maid for this and a maid for that. Lady o' Lincoln Castle! Oh, who would have thought on such luck! I no longer hate the poor fox who has died and left you all, but pity him from my heart. Ah, Lady Deb, I wish Master Fleming could hear o' this.'

'You know where he is hiding, Mistress Dinnage, but will not tell me.'

'Nay; I am under oath. But why should Master Fleming tell "Mistress Dinnage" his hiding-place?'

'Ye cannot blind me, Margaret; you are also a maiden; you are happy. Nay; come round to me, dear. The time has come. But my own selfish sorrows have kept me dumb hitherto. Margaret, you love him! He has spoken!' Deborah leaned back in her chair, gazing up, with her hair falling like a golden shower behind her.

Mistress Fleming, dark-haired, dark-eyed, blushing, drooped, till she sank and laid her head on Deborah's knees. The action was eloquent.

'And ye have kept this from me?' whispered Deborah, drooping over her. 'O Mistress Dinnage, Mistress Dinnage! but you shall be wedded now as soon as ever Lincoln tragedy is blown over, and poor Adam Sinclair's fate forgot. Meantime, what doeth Charlie, dear? Speak! I will guard the secret.'

'He has gone to fight. He has 'listed with the Irish to fight against England. Ye have driven me to add to your sorrows, Lady Deb; lightening my own heart to tell you this.'

'O Margaret, Margaret! what could induce him to do this mad thing? Has he really joined?'

'A week ago.'

'And a private! O Charlie Fleming, this is a sore trouble, yet no disgrace. But you thought yourself a ruined man.'

'We must pray for him, Lady Deb. Oh, night and day he is my prayer. God guard him!'

'It is well father cannot know of *this*;' and Deborah fell into deep thought.

'Mistress Dinnage,' said she suddenly, 'I was happy this morning: I heard from May Warriston.'

'I saw you did.'

'She told me news. Mistress Blancheflower was married a month ago at Naples to Count Mazzini. There was a very grand wedding.'

'What! Did she desert Master King Fleming then, for this foreign count?'

'Ay, she did!' said Deborah bitterly. 'I would not have believed it. And I taunted him, and called him false and a traitor, Mistress Dinnage, when he came over last and told me he was free. And now I hear that *she* threw him over so soon as the rich count appeared. Heaven forgive her! She has cost me much.' {679}

'For naught,' added Mistress Fleming fiercely; and then Mistress Fleming thought, and laughed to herself. 'When Master King Fleming comes again,' she continued softly, 'you will not chide him *then*. No; you will be kind, for sake of those hard words. I like Master King Fleming dearly.'

'Nay,' answered Deborah, speaking coldly and blushing warmly; 'I have more to forgive than he. We both spoke hotly; but King said a hard thing of me anent my wedding Master Sinclair. We were both hot. But take my word for it, Mistress Dinnage, he will come no more to Enderby.'

'He will, and will be welcome too. He would make the Master his old self again; so father says, and I well believe it.'

'O hush, Mistress Dinnage, hush! He will come no more to Enderby, nor do we need him now.'

One long day passed; but another dawn brought Kingston Fleming. Mistress Margaret, eagerly watching from her window, saw him ride up, and was out before Marjory. As she stood in the early sun, he wondered at her beauty, though his soul was in another's. She held his horse; he wondered at her graciousness, little wotting that the girl's proud heart was all subdued by the same subtle shaft that quivered in his own. She thought of herself no more.

'Thank ye,' said Kingston. 'And thank ye, dear Mistress Dinnage, for the little letter. Did Deborah know of *that*?'

'Nay; I writ without her knowledge. But she will welcome ye. Only try.'

'O Mistress Dinnage, I was hard and brutal with her.'

'She has forgot. Only try.'

'Where is she? And the poor old master?'

'They are in the house. I will run to him; and Lady Deb shall go into the garden, unwitting you are here. It is best so. Go round.'

'But stay, Mistress Dinnage, one moment. Where is Charlie Fleming?'

'How can I tell you?' replied Mistress Margaret with her old hauteur. 'His sister would better know;' and turned away, as the scarlet blood dyed face and throat and hands.

So Kingston sauntered round, just as if his heart were not knocking against his side with tumultuous love and desperate longing hope.

There soon walked his sweet love into the garden. Little did Kingston, there watching through the trees, know of the great fortune that had befallen her, or he would have seen himself far enough away before seeking Deborah Fleming's ear. Hark! she is singing. She is passing close to him while she sings, his first—last—only love! She was looking pale and sorrowful, that sweet Rose of Enderby. O to pluck that fair Rose from the thorny stem of Enderby, and wear it for ever on his breast! As he gazed, Kingston Fleming felt himself capable of anything for her dear sake. His heart swelled with joy and triumph, to think that she was poor and lonely, and that *he* could hew a place for her amongst the great ones of the earth. He stepped forward, and faltered—'Deborah!'

Deborah was taken aback. She stood, and first faded to a white rose and then flushed to a red, and not a word to say.

'Deborah,' said Kingston Fleming, 'don't resent my coming. I heard of my uncle Vincent's illness—and, of Master Sinclair's death. Love! I will not offend by word or look or deed; only bid me serve thee!'

'And hast forgiven me, Kingston?' faltered the girl, her passionate love pleading wildly within her breast, and quelling all else beside, forgetting utterly that she too had thought herself aggrieved.

'*Forgiven* thee, Deb?' asked Kingston, paling. 'Hast thou forgiven *me*? I did thee grievous wrong; I knew my words were base and false, my noble one!'

'Ah, speak not of that, for heaven's sake! We were mad, King, and both maybe have been to blame in our past lives. We know all now; there is no secret between us.'

'No. If I know of Master Sinclair's death, you know of Mistress Blancheflower's wedding.'

'Dost know *all*, King?' asked Deborah suddenly, and tears and laughter were lurking in her

upraised eyes.

'Nay; what more? Naught will surprise me.'

'Charlie has cut himself off from England, and enlisted with the Irish rebels. Master Sinclair, little knowing my brother would kill him, has left me all his wealth and lands.'

Kingston started; he had frowned at the first tidings, but the last overclouded his brow like night. 'I knew naught of all this,' he answered calmly.

'Yes, King,' continued Mistress Fleming, with her old gaiety, 'I am a great lady now! It seems so strange for poor Deborah Fleming to be an heiress. But bethink ye: this will save Charlie; we will have him back soon!'

'Ay; it will save Charlie,' muttered Kingston thoughtfully.

'Why, you are not glad at my good fortune! Father, dear father, when he is himself, will be right glad to hear it. King, you once told me you would be proud of me if I were a grand lady. Now, ye have not a word o' congratulation to offer me, though I am Lady of Lincoln!'

'I wish ye were aught else. Deb, I would ye were a beggar!'

'O loving wish! I have been beggar long enough. Why dost wish this? Tell me.'

'Because it is Adam Sinclair's gold; because ye owe all to *him*. But Deb, I must bid ye adieu, love, when I have seen your father. I came but for a few hours; I have business at Granta.'

'Always going! always gone! King, ye are like a wreath of smoke—ever evanishing in thin air.'

He wrung her hand, and turned away; yet he saw that tears were in her eyes. Deborah felt that if he went, he went for ever. The truth flashed upon her: he loved her still, but her fortune sundered them in his eyes. What should she do? Woo him? He knew not even of her love. She plucked a daisy from the grass, and gave it him: 'King, rememberest thou? "He loved me *not*?"'

'*Who* loved thee not?' And he stood and gazed upon her.

Trembling like an aspen leaf at her own boldness, she answered tremulously: 'Why, Kingston Fleming.' {680}

'Didst love Kingston Fleming *then*?'

'Then—now—and always!' And she sank upon his breast.

(To be concluded next month.)

SKETCHES IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

VANCOUVER Island, which forms part of British North America, and stretches a length of three hundred miles along the coast of the Pacific, is still little known, although singularly attractive for its picturesque beauty, its fine climate, and its many interesting objects in natural history. The writer of this happened to be a resident in that beautiful island in 1876, and is able to say something of its scenery and products.

We were particularly struck with the grandeur of the forests. The huge dimensions of some of the trees fill one with amazement; nor is there less surprise at the profusion of gem-like berries of many varieties. The moist alluvial soil produces the delicious salmon-berry, in appearance a glowing jewel of gold; these, with cranberries, bramble-berries, currants, and a small black gooseberry, are very abundant. The most arid and rocky situations are often fairly black with grape-like bunches of the sweet sellal berry, which grows on a low hardy evergreen, and defies frosts until late in the season. Another variety of the gooseberry, larger than the black ones, with a skin covered with a bitter and glutinous secretion, grows very abundantly on the dryer soils. Its pulp when ripe is similar to cultivated varieties. The red huckleberry, strawberry, and raspberry, with some others, abound in the gravelly pine-lands. Man's constant need of timber is abundantly met in these forests. The Douglas or red fir, a tough dense wood, attains a great size, and prevails almost universally. The red cedar, hemlock, spruce, white pine, balsam pine, and other useful conifers, are plentiful; while among deciduous trees may be mentioned maples, beeches, cherries, and oaks, which are more sparsely distributed.

To the lover of natural scenery few things are more delightful than a canoe cruise along this coast and among the intricate avenue-like channels which surround the adjacent islands. The rocky shores, mostly of a sandstone formation, are for miles wrought and carved by ocean tides and sands until they resemble fantastic Gothic architecture. The lofty snow-clad peaks of the neighbouring continent afford a sublime background to the clear azure sea and verdant graces of the nearer coasts, whose inviting bays and tiny coves seem to bid the voyager to land and explore.

Both Siwash and Cloochman, as the males and females of Vancouver Island are respectively styled, ply the paddle and sail with great dexterity. Canoeing is their forte. Many families spend more than half their lives on the water, travelling immense distances, and boldly crossing wide straits in seas that are often boisterous. Most picturesque in its details is an Indian encampment, as seen every day in the vicinity of Nanaimo, Comet, and other settlements on the eastern coast. The capacious canoe is hauled beyond reach of tides, and if in sunny weather, carefully shaded,

to prevent cracking. Everything needed for use is removed to the camping-ground. A few poles and rush-mats form the necessary shelter. In making the mats the squaws (women) are very skilful, and form an ever-present and prominent adjunct to the Indian household. If the family have just returned from a successful hunt, they will probably have four or five deer to skin and dress; besides a dozen or two of grouse, a few ducks and geese; and often a seal, or elk, or black bear adds variety to the bill of fare. The skins of the animals are stretched, dried, and sold, together with such superfluous meat as can be disposed of. Two or three small wolfish dogs are generally to be seen tied up and eyeing the butchering operations with keen interest. Towards evening, presuming the necessary tasks have been accomplished, men, women and children recline lazily upon their mats, and for hours make the night hideous with their peculiar clucking language.

Besides the substantial supplies already enumerated, Ocean furnishes with no niggardly hand his gleaming luxuries, of which the salmon forms the chief. In a fragile bark which holds but one, and can be lifted with one hand, Siwash or Cloochman starts for the salmon-grounds, often a mile or two from the village. Trolling a line of about twenty yards with a spoon bait or natural fish attached, he or she paddles at a moderate pace, carefully avoiding entanglement with sea-weed. The line being held with the paddle, each stroke of the latter gives the bait a spasmodic and life-like movement, highly conducive to success. Many salmon (of inferior quality) are taken in the rivers by spearing; and though the river-banks are frequently offensive from the number of fish that have died from injuries received in ascending to and returning from the spawning-ground, hungry bears and sea-fowl innumerable perform the scavenger's cleanly offices.

The natives have a peculiar mode of catching a small fish which resembles a herring, but is inferior to it in size. Taking a lath-like stick of tough wood, the edge of the end not handled being armed for several feet with thin iron spikes, they proceed slowly in search of their prey, using their implement like a paddle, and darting it rapidly through the finny droves. By this manoeuvre a dozen or two are frequently impaled at a stroke, and adroitly transferred to the canoe to be used as bait. Herring and herring-*spawn* are largely eaten, both fresh and dried, the spawn being obtained by placing fir branches in the quiet bays which the herring frequent. As soon as the branches are covered, the spawn is collected and dried in the sun. Halibut and rock-cod are also caught in these waters. Among shell-fish may be mentioned a poor apology for the oyster, which seldom attains a diameter exceeding an inch. Its near neighbour the clam atones for this deficiency, and is frequently got upwards of a pound in weight. Very dear to the heart of Siwash is this mud-loving crustacean, which plays an active part in rustic repasts. The bivalve is often smoked, dried, and put on long skewers; and together with dried salmon, forms an unfailling adjunct to the Indian cuisine. Besides the oyster and clam, the mussel, razor-fish, cockle, and a few others are found on these coasts.

The Vancouver Islanders are a broad-shouldered, stalwart race, though perhaps a trifle below the medium stature. On their 'reservations' a few families raise stock, grain, and potatoes. This result, however, has not been obtained without much official encouragement. A few are employed as occasional day-labourers about the Nanaimo coal-mines, and some are employed more steadily by the miners underground. The storekeepers avail themselves of their services when they need porters. Many households also employ the women for washing, &c. A language called Chinook is learned both by whites and reds, for mutual convenience in trading and ordinary intercourse. This mixture of many tongues was introduced by the Hudson Bay Company, but can scarcely be called a classical language, being far more useful than elegant, English, French, and native dialects being among its constituent parts. Another remaining mark of Hudson Bay influence is found in the curious currency existing among these people. Probably no race has ever had so bulky a circulating medium as the ordinary blanket, which in the rude lodges of the richer chiefs is stored up by hundreds, and is everywhere acknowledged to be the token of wealth.

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The squaws are cunning in the manufacture of water-tight baskets, which are used for many household purposes. Their bark canoe-balers are also unique though simple in construction. Not only in canoe-building do the Siwashes display their handicraft, but many of the villages are ornamented with grotesque carvings, apparently of heathen deities. At Comox and Nanaimo might be seen a short time ago poles two or three feet in diameter with fantastic figures carved one over the other nearly to the top. At the latter place a colossal painting of a fish resembling a salmon, though perhaps intended for a whale, confronted us as we approached the village from the water.

Weird and ghostly in appearance is the Indian burial-ground hard by this spot. Steering up towards the head of the broad Nanaimo Bay until the rising ground with its heavy forests casts darkling shadows over the waters, one sees two strange goblin-like figures, hideous with paint and ghastly protruding eyeballs, apparently keeping guard over this 'city of the dead.' By the side of each of these wooden figures are poles supporting white flags, which may be intended as emblems of that truce to evil thoughts which all humanity observes towards the dead. These simple children of Nature, like some who claim more refinement, seem sadly loath to be placed underground, many of the Indian corpses being laid upon beds and covered with blankets, while a rude wooden hut is erected around. Within reach of the dead Indian's hand is often placed a piece of tobacco; and food and water are added by loving survivors. The Methodists have laboured devotedly here, together with Episcopalians and Roman Catholics.

The aboriginal tribes of the island, now that they are being brought face to face with modern civilisation, are rapidly disappearing. Small-pox has reaped its thousands, and vice and intemperance their tens of thousands, among these and neighbouring races. In Victoria and other of the towns and settlements, one remarks the comfortable European attire of many of the

Indians, particularly the younger ones, who seem to prize such apparel more than most of the Pacific tribes do. During the long winter evenings, men, women, and children will gather together in one of their capacious halls and hold their sports far into the night. The hall, often more than one hundred feet in length and fifty broad, is brilliantly lighted and warmed by huge fires of bark or pitch pine; the fires being built on the earthen floor, three in a row on each side of the interior, and having an attendant specially detailed to look after them. Seldom more than one person dances at once. If a Siwash is performing, he is often decorated with a garland of feathers, with perhaps a panther or bear skin loosely thrown across the shoulders, and bells fastened around the ankles. His movements are agile rather than graceful, a succession of high leaps and bounds being often accompanied with dumb-show and singing, in which latter the audience join strenuously. When the broad-faced, good-humoured Cloochman (the literal meaning in Chinook of the last word is goodman!) appears in the arena, her dress is often of the usual cotton fabric, her features are daubed with paint, and her thick raven locks absurdly smothered in white downy feathers. She sometimes jingles an instrument like a tambourine, and from her movements appears deeply impressed with the motto 'Excelsior;' but alas! her vast superfluity of adipose tissue and the forces of gravity combine to extinguish her lofty aspirations. If mortal eyes could behold a well-fed duck striving earnestly for gymnastic fame, its performances would probably resemble those of our lady-friend. No conventional ideas bid her to use the toe more than the heel in dancing. Upon making careful inquiries, the spectator will discover that the performers in these dances are generally in a kind of delirium, the result of severe fasting extended over many days. Their utterances are regarded as the inspirations of the Great Spirit, and the dancers doubtless obtain a tribute of reverence from their comrades in return for their privations.

Another peculiar custom is to hold a potlatch, or free distribution of gifts, at the principal villages every summer. Potlatch in Chinook signifies 'to give,' or 'a gift.' These meetings of many tribes are the scenes of much festivity. Clad in the skins of the bear, panther, wolf, beaver, eagle, or elk, Indians represent the respective animals, imitating their peculiar cries and other characteristics with wonderful fidelity to nature. When the time arrives, the chief and principal men among the hosts proceed to distribute large supplies of blankets and muskets, the latter being often thrown into the sea and dived for. Much honour is accorded to the greatest giver, and the chiefs need to be large-hearted as well as wealthy to retain their dignity.

When the writer of this sketch left the island, its mineral wealth was very considerable, and still continues to be so. Many thousand tons of the best coal on the Pacific coast were exported every month from Nanaimo and vicinity. Other large veins known to exist, were not worked, from a lack of capital and for other reasons best known to the proprietors. The Texada iron mountain, in the Straits of Georgia, together with other metallic deposits, may in the future claim the attention they deserve. When finished, the Canadian Pacific Railway will bring the right kind of emigrants to these shores, and doubtless more extensive quantities of arable land than are now cultivated will be found in the interior, when the demand for it is increased. The present race of settlers are a hardy, hospitable class of men, expert with the axe, daring and dexterous canoeists, and very ingenious in meeting the continual difficulties and vicissitudes of backwoods life. Keen hunters are often to be met among them, men who are so successful with the rifle that their families keep a full larder without the aid of butcher or poulterer.

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An enlightened system of free schools enables the widely scattered children of this island and of the other portions of British Columbia to obtain a substantial education at the public expense; and much credit is due to the energy and ability of the school superintendent, whose task it has been to organise and perfect the present satisfactory educational arrangements. We shall be glad if these sketches help to stir up an interest concerning this beautiful and productive island.

THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

CHAPTER IX.—TANGLED THREADS.

THERE is another listener to the song, and every word of it falls on his heart with intense meaning. It seems to him a lamenting wail of despair wrung out from aching hearts. The Admiral has returned from an official dinner-party, and when he reaches the drawing-room door, the duet is just begun. Rather surprised, and a good deal vexed at seeing Walter Reeves so soon installed as a familiar guest at Government House, he pauses, and the words of the song fall distinctly on his ear.

In bygone days, Captain Reeves was the only one amongst all Katie's admirers who really gave him uneasiness; and if truth must be confessed, he had often felt a pang of jealousy at the great attention Walter paid her, and by his unconcealed admiration of the young lady. He had made up his mind there was an end to all that now. His wife would henceforth be far removed from such influence; and when she and Walter should chance to meet, their acquaintanceship would be strictly ceremonious.

Yet now, they have taken up the old strain, and are already deploring in doleful song the hard fortune that has divided their lives. Sir Herbert has no idea of pretence or mere acting or of singing for effect. He is true to the 'heart's core' himself, and would not deign to seem other than he is. The words come to him with terrible meaning, and rouse him to sudden awakening. Has he

spoiled their lives? While he would shield his wife from every rough wind and from all that could vex and annoy, has he only been driving her to despair? The guests are all so occupied that they do not notice the Admiral at the door, nor do they see him turn away with bowed head and a weight like an added ten years pressing on his heart.

Are Laura's words proving true? Has Katie only married him for wealth and position, while her heart has been given to Walter Reeves? Is she growing weary already, and pining in her gilded chains? Terrible thoughts these! They eat into his very soul, and crush him down as he has never been crushed before. He is only thankful no one sees the storm of agony that sweeps over him, while the merry music still goes on up-stairs.

Why did he not tell Katie *then*? She would have flown to his arms, and assured him, truthfully enough, that she has grown to love him better than any one else in the world. Pleasure-loving, thoughtless, she may be, but no thought of disloyalty to her husband has ever entered her heart. But the Admiral asks no question, gives no sign, only shrouds himself up with a proud man's reticence and reserve. Though deeply hurt and wounded, he goes on his way silently, and Katie never for a moment suspects that she is making him wretched.

The next morning Walter arrives, and all the others who are to take part in the entertainment arrive also; so the rooms are again crowded, and the rehearsal goes on with spirit. There is a sound of music and talk, of song and discussion. Peals of silvery laughter burst forth; snatches of various airs are heard; Major Dillon's voice loud and prompt; Liddy Delmere's, clear and ringing. All are excited; and Walter Reeves, from his experience on the subject, is voted by all, chief authority and general manager.

Nothing loath to bear the honour, he makes even the consequential Major play second-fiddle to him. He flirts with Liddy, while she purposely goes wrong, to be set right by him; and Katie smiles more than ever at the rapid friendship springing up between the two. It is on this scene of distracting confusion that Sir Herbert looks, as he returns home an hour earlier than usual. He glances gravely round on the busy groups, who are all talking and laughing together, and cannot understand what they are about in the broad daylight, turning the quiet matter-of-fact noonday into the revelry of night. His greeting to the guests is rather formal; there is a faint compression on his lips, a slight furrow on his brow, as he listens to the allusions and watches the proceedings. In fact the guests, his wife, and all seem to him to have gone a little out of their senses. At last the visitors decide it is time to depart, and they go off in high spirits, promising to meet again there in the evening.

Sir Herbert has all that morning been taking himself to task for his hard thoughts about Katie; but resolves to atone by paying her more devoted attention. What would he not do to win her back! No sacrifice can be too great, he thinks; so he begins by coming home an hour earlier than usual, only to find fresh annoyance and disappointment. When the guests are gone, he turns his grave inflexible face to Katie, and says: 'I came back early, my darling, on purpose to drive you to Belton Park.'

Lady Dillworth is gathering up the pen-and-ink sketches of costumes, glancing at each, and mentally considering what jewels she will use to adorn the highly ornamented stomacher of Lucy Ashton's blue dress, so she replies quickly: 'I'm sorry you fixed on this morning for a drive, Herbert, for I cannot possibly get away; I've no end of music to try over.'

'Perhaps there will be time in the afternoon then. Lady Ribson leaves Belton Park in a few days, and I promised to introduce you to her.'

'Does she return to Scotland?'

'Yes. Had she not been so old and feeble, she would have come here to call for you.'

'Oh, I am so sorry about it, Herbert; but every minute of to-day is portioned out: I've a hundred things to do.'

'Katie, I very much wish you to know Lady Ribson.'

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'I know, I know; and I wish it also; but our meeting can't be to-day. Don't urge me, Herbert. This afternoon I'm to call at Madame Darcy's my dressmaker; she is to try to make some wonderful medieval robes for me.'

'Surely you are not thinking of having a fancy ball here?'

'No, no; only a charade party. But we are all to appear in apropos costume. There! that's the luncheon bell.—Liddy, are you ready?'

Miss Delmere has wandered off to the music-room, and has not heard the matrimonial conversation. She comes out radiant and gleeful, a smile on her lip, as she thinks of the pleasant morning she has passed, the pleasant evening still in prospect.

'Won't the charade party be nice, Sir Herbert? I wish you were to take a part in it.'

'Thank you, Miss Delmere; but my days of masquerading are over. Allow me to take you down to luncheon.'

He walks gravely down the broad stairs with the ladies. As far as the Admiral is concerned, the meal is a gloomy one. He eats but little himself, and joins but rarely in the conversation Liddy and his wife are keeping up. Sir Herbert does not like Miss Delmere. There is a mocking satirical manner about her, a tone of banter in her voice, an expression of raillery in her clear blue eyes, and a love of badinage in her thoughtless little heart, that he cannot understand. He can never distinguish whether she is in jest or earnest, and he is not the man to probe deeply into the

character of one for whom he cares so little. He would fain see the friendship between Liddy and his wife die out; but with his morbid shrinking from interfering with his wife's plans or thwarting her wishes, he does not put his wish into words. When luncheon is over, Sir Herbert does not again allude to the proposed drive to Belton Park, and the subject appears to have passed from Katie's mind also, for when he goes out, she and Liddy decide about driving at once to Madame Darcy's.

After this, preparations for the charade party go on with great energy. Liddy is in her element, for Walter comes every day to consult and rehearse. The expensive dresses are ordered; invitations are sent out; the drop-scene is being painted by a local artist; and the erewhile solemn stately shades of Government House re-echo at all hours with unwonted strains of melody and mirth.

(To be continued.)

A LEGEND OF 'THE FORTY-FIVE.'

THE news of the expected landing of Prince Charles Edward Stuart in Scotland to attempt to recover the crown of his forefathers had reached a secluded glen, and many were the hopes and fears that animated the breasts of the Highlanders.

There dwelt in a small sheeling on the hill-side a young girl of eighteen, the only daughter of a Highlander. Her rare beauty and gentle manners had won her the admiration and approval of both young and old in the glen; many were the suitors that had sought young Flora's hand, and many were the sad hearts that had left the sheeling with the gentle yet firm refusal of the Highland lassie. Her companion from childhood had been young Donald of the clachan. The children had grown up together from their earliest years, had wandered among the bonnie heather braes, and sat beside each other in the primitive school of the glen, for years before either had known the meaning of the word love. On stormy days, when winds were high and the blinding snow-drift swept over the glen, young Donald would wrap the pretty child in his plaid, and though only two years her senior, seemed to consider himself the guardian of the mitherless bairn.

Thus years had passed away in all the innocent attachment of childhood. When the hours for play came, these children, instead of romping with the others in the school, would wander to some sunny brae and twine the purple heather in a necklet for the fair white neck of the little Flora, or to deck the blue bonnet of young Donald. Their natures seemed formed in the same mould—calm loving natures, cheerful and sunny, yet not impulsive, nor boisterous, nor cruel. Years had fled without a cloud to darken the sky of their young existence; Flora had fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and had grown in beauty both of person and mind. Hers was the same innocent and loving nature that had nestled in childhood beneath the plaid of the young Donald, who had now grown to manhood. A finer specimen of a young Highlander could not be seen; strength, agility, comeliness, and the proud bearing which is so native to the mountaineer, were his; but the artless confidence of childhood had been usurped by the deep strong power of love, and they met with more reserve as time went on.

Flora's father was proud of his only child, who so reminded him of her mother, his first and only love, that he had laid in the grave years ago. Proud of the admiration and respect that his child met with on all hands, he reasoned with himself that it was his duty as a father to endeavour to get his daughter to make a good match, which to his idea was a wealthy one. He had liked Donald, and encouraged him when they were children in the care he took of young Flora. But Donald was a shepherd, the only son of a widowed mother; and why should any foolish feeling on the part of Flora prevent her marrying some one of the well-to-do farmers who had sought her hand?

It was a winter's night; the fire was burning brightly on the hearth; and Donald, who had been spending the evening with them, had just left, when the first shadow came over young Flora's life. Her father spoke words which went like arrows to her heart, and brought tears to her glorious eyes. Donald was forbidden to come to the house again; and the name of a wealthy man whose suit she had rejected, but who had again asked her father for her hand, was pronounced with the sternness of parental authority to be the one he had selected for her future husband.

Flora loved her father, and at first only gazed at him with a look of incredulity; but the words were repeated, harsher and more stern than formerly. The tears were gone; there was an expression in Flora's eyes, not of anger, but it spoke volumes. She rose, kissed her father's forehead, and left the room.

Long hours passed ere sleep closed the tear-dimmed eyes of young Flora. Her love, her duty to her father on one side; her deep, pure, and virgin love for young Donald on the other: hard fate to have to choose between. But the conflict was over; her decision was made. She had been truthful as the sun from childhood; and without thinking of it perhaps, her father had asked her to swear a lie at the altar of God, in pronouncing the marriage vows to a man whom she did not even respect, when her heart, her life, her love, were given to young Donald. It could not be.

'What am I to say to Errick of the Bracken Braes, Flora?' said her father, in his most winning way, the following morning.

'Tell him, I hae nae heart to gie him, and that my heart and my hand gang thegither,' was the reply.

The Highlander swore an oath, and muttering he would have his own way, left the sheeling.

Next day was Sunday, and Donald and Flora met at the little chapel in the glen. He observed that his lassie looked sad, and was even more reserved than usual. 'Meet me at the Eagles' Cairn tomorrow, Donald, when I gang to milk the goats; ye ken the hour;' and with a smile she passed on.

At the Eagles' Cairn young Flora told her lover the stern decree her father had made. 'So ye mustna be coming again, Donald,' she said, struggling in vain to hide her emotion.

At the Eagles' Cairn there was a tableau: the distant mountains, the murmuring burn, the goats grouped around, and the collie dogs reposing amongst the heather; in the centre a youth and a maiden, his arm round her waist, her head resting on his breast. The first kiss of love had been given; their troth was plighted, and the fire-god shone on the scene.

The standard of the Stuarts had been raised, and the clans were marshalling to strike the most chivalrous blow that was ever struck on behalf of a fallen dynasty. Every sheeling was sending forth its men capable of bearing arms; and with heavy hearts, yet with all the pride of their race, the Highland wives, mothers, and sweethearts were placing the white cockade in the bonnets of their darlings. Sad was the heart of young Flora when Donald told her the news; she made his white cockade in secret, and gave it to him with a parting kiss at the Eagles' Cairn the night before that sad morning that saw all that was dear to her in this world, her father and lover, march down the glen.

Donald has asked Flora to take care of his mother, now that she would be left alone; and she had gone to live with the poor old widow, whose heart was nearly broken; but she shed not a tear as her handsome boy, arrayed in his tartan, marched away to fight for bonnie Prince Charlie.

Donald's Highland pride had felt bitterly the conduct of Flora's father, but for the sake of his heart's idol, he could not hate him. They fought side by side in the first battle at which the Highland army encountered the English forces. At a critical period of the fight, Donald beheld the stalwart form of Flora's father engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with an English soldier; he had little doubt of the result of the contest, and the smoke that enveloped the scene hid them from his sight; as it for a moment cleared away, he saw the brave Highlander hard pressed by three of the enemy, and he rushed to his assistance. Ere he reached the scene of conflict, two of the English soldiers were lying on the ground; but in giving the blow that felled the second, the brave Highlander had lost his footing; and before he could recover himself, the third closed with him and had him down. With a wild Highland yell, Donald sprang forward like a tiger, and buried his dirk between the shoulders of the English soldier, as he was in the act of using the prostrate Highlander's dirk, while he firmly grasped his throat with the right hand. It was the work of a moment to hurl the dead soldier off the Highlander; and Flora's father sprang to his feet, to recognise in the boy he had so harshly treated, the saviour of his life. 'Donald!' he exclaimed; but the brave boy had not waited for thanks, but hurried on to join his clan, in pursuit of the now routed and disorganised English army.

Time passed on, and Highland pride on both sides had maintained the coldness that existed between the two Highlanders. It was a lovely morning when the two armies were again drawn up in order of battle, eager for the coming fray; the wild slogan of the bagpipe, the waving plumes, and flowing tartans on the one side, and the serried ranks and scarlet uniforms of the English army on the other. Its tale has oft been told. The fight was over; the impetuous charge of the Highlanders had carried everything before it, and the English army was in full retreat.

Beside a rude couch sat young Donald, who with the exception of a sabre-cut on the shoulder, had come scathless through that day of battle and victory. Not so Flora's father; he lay mortally wounded, his handsome features pale, and his broad chest heaving. He had clasped the boy's hand in his own, and spoke with difficulty: 'Donald, forgive me,' he exclaimed. 'I am wearing away: never shall I see the bonnie glen and the sheeling, or clasp again to my breast my ain dear lassie. Tell her that my dying words were seeking forgiveness from her, from you. Tell her that in health and strength, I thought mair o' riches than her happiness. God forgive me! Tell her that you saved my life; I, the wretch that would have wrecked both your young lives for gold; I that was so harsh with you. O Donald! tell her you gladdened the dying moments of her father, and that he gave her to you, with a dying man's blessing, as freely as she gave herself.' Here a spasm convulsed his paleness, and he ceased from exhaustion. Donald sat with tear-dimmed eyes; his heart was full, and his thoughts were far away.

The dying Highlander's lips moved; his voice for a moment regained its old tone: 'Tell them in the glen that Alister died the proudest death a Highlander can die—fighting for his chief, his Prince, and Scotland.' A slight tremor over his frame, and the brave heart had ceased for ever.

We will not trace the varying fortunes of the Highland army; the sun of Culloden had set in disaster, the Prince was a wanderer, the clans routed and dispersed.

A young Highlander, pale and haggard, with his arm in a sling, was resting on a bed in the clachan; an old woman counting her beads, and a young and beautiful girl, were the only inmates of the room. The sad tale of death and defeat had been told. 'Yes, Flora,' said young Donald (for he it was); 'he gied ye to me on his death-bed. Will ye still hae me?' Young Flora's lips pressed those of the wounded soldier in reply. And Donald and Flora parted no more, till Death called one away; but the parting was not for long—within three days Death called the other. Stalwart lads and bonnie lasses laid their parents beneath the old rowan-tree in the glen, full of years, and

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE usual holiday quiet has been animated by news of the discovery that the planet Mars has two moons—that a star in the constellation Cygnus is changing into a nebula—that Mr Stanley has made his way down the Congo to the sea—that Sir William Thomson has invented a chemical indicator which when attached to a sounding-line will tell the depth without stopping the ship, and that the ancient obelisk which has been talked about from the beginning of the present century, is at last on its way from Egypt to England. And now the quiet time is over; for colleges, schools, and hospitals have begun their scientific lectures; the learned Societies are resuming their evening meetings and discussions; the Royal Society have given notice that applications for aid from the funds for promotion of science voted by parliament must be sent in before December 31; and soon the men of philosophy and science will be as busy as the men whose talk is of merchandise.

Planetary satellites are a characteristic of our solar system, and now that the able astronomers at Washington have shewn that Mars has two moons, that mythological deity ceases to be exceptional. Neither in rate of motion nor in distance from the planet is there agreement between the two; for we are informed by Mr Christie of the Greenwich Observatory, that 'the outer satellite revolves once in less than a day and a quarter, and the inner three and a quarter times in one day. The phenomena,' he continues, 'presented to an inhabitant of Mars must be very remarkable, for the outer satellite will remain above the horizon for two and a half days and nights, and the inner will rise in the west and set in the east twice in the course of the night. The lunar method of determining longitudes must be singularly easy with such a rapidly moving satellite, which is equivalent to the addition of a minute-hand to the celestial clock, which in our case has to be read by the hour-hand alone.'

Mr Christie tells us further that the two moons have been seen by observers at Greenwich, Paris, and other places; and he remarks, that if they 'have been in existence for ages, it seems strange they have not been discovered before, especially at the opposition of 1862, when Mars approached the earth as closely as this year; but it is naturally much easier to see an object that has once been found than to discover it independently. The satellites must be much smaller than any of the minor planets hitherto discovered. Can Mars have picked up a couple of very large meteorites, which have approached him closely?'

Leaving this question to the experts, we add, in passing from the subject, that the orbital velocity of one of the moons is seventy-nine miles a minute; of the other, fifty miles; and that their discovery has enabled astronomers to determine the mass of Mars, and thus settle what has been to them an important and long-standing problem.

As a reverse to this astronomical triumph, we have to record the death of Le Verrier, an astronomer pre-eminent among the astronomers of the century, with such insight and such capacity for work as have rarely been equalled. He will be known through coming ages by his theory of the motions of the planets, and the tables founded thereon; for provided with these, astronomers all over the world are enabled to carry on their work with an accuracy hitherto unapproachable, and to widen its application. France has lost one of her greatest sons, and Science one of her most distinguished elaborators; but he lives in his works, and through them will continue to guide and instruct the mariner, the astronomer, and the physicist.

Mr Stanley's exploit in turn settles an interesting geographical question, for embarking on the Lualaba, he followed that river down to the Congo, and the Congo down to the sea. Thus the drainage of the lake-region of Central Africa finds its way into the Atlantic. The voyage proved fatal to some of the party through conflict with hostile natives, and accidents among the cataracts, which on the equator impede navigation for a distance of thirteen miles. The river is described as from two to ten miles wide: it drains an area of one million four hundred thousand square miles; and now with the Congo and the Nile, Africa may claim two of the largest rivers in the world.

It often happens in dark weather that the position of a ship can be ascertained only by sounding; and when near the land, the soundings should be frequent if danger is to be avoided. But as the depth cannot be accurately measured without bringing the ship to a stand-still, the seaman is apt to prefer risk to loss of time; and the consequence is at times—a wreck. Sir William Thomson, to whom navigation is indebted for an important improvement in sounding apparatus, has recently proved by experiment that by adding thereto a chemical appliance the sounding may be taken while the ship is in motion. This appliance consists of a copper tube, attached to the lower end of the sounding wire, and inclosing a slender glass tube, and a small quantity of sulphate of iron. As the tube descends, the pressure of the water forces the sulphate into the glass tube: it leaves a stain on the glass; and according to the height of the stain, as indicated on a scale, such is the depth of the water. We are informed that this ingenious instrument has been tried on board the *Minotaur* with satisfactory proof of its 'absolute accuracy and extreme handiness.'

H.M.S. *Téméraire* is appropriately named, for she is big enough and heavy enough to do battle with any antagonist that may venture to face her in the Mediterranean, whither she is bound. The engines are 7697 horse-power. No wonder that the mighty vessel when under way pushes up a ten-foot wave at her bow! The diameter of the principal cylinders is seventy inches; of the crank shaft, twenty-two inches; from which an idea may be formed of the bulk of the ponderous mass. To reduce the weight as much as possible, wrought-iron and brass are largely used in the construction of the engines and fittings, in place of cast-iron, so that in the condensers there are more than eleven thousand brass tubes, which make up a cooling surface of fourteen thousand square feet. To assist the movements and facilitate the working of this giant among war-ships, there are on board thirty-four small engines, thus distributed: two turning, two starting, four feed, two circulating, four fan, two bilge, one capstan, one steering, four pumping, four ashes lifters, two hydraulic gear workers, one torpedo reservoir charger, one to work the electric machine which feeds the lights on the bridge, and four others. In all this there seems something of complication; but we may hope that everything will work well even in the worst of weather, so that the ship may justify her name and the merits of her builders.

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The Iron and Steel Institute held their annual meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, and in the neighbourhood, the manufactures and other mechanical operations abound in which the members take most interest. That these are mines, coking furnaces, brick-works, iron-works, and foundries, may easily be imagined. One of the papers read shewed that cast-steel could be produced without compression, and as readily as cast-iron; which if confirmed by further experiment, will prove of great value in the manufacture of heavy cannon.

In a visit to Sir William Armstrong's works at Elswick, the members saw the welding of coils for guns under the great steam-hammer, which weighs thirty tons, and falls upon an anvil of one hundred and twenty tons, with a stroke of twelve feet six inches; and yet so perfect is the hydraulic moving machinery, that it can be easily worked by one man. The four cranes too by which the ponderous masses of red-hot metal are lifted, are 'under the command of one man, who can sling them right and left, or move the load up or down just as he pleases without moving from his post.' Another example of what can be done by water was shewn at the swing-bridge across the Tyne, which has four spans of about one hundred feet each. The portion which opens weighs fifteen hundred tons. 'The hydraulic machinery for actuating it, is contained in the hollow pier which forms the pivot on which it turns. The pier is surmounted by a watch-tower, in which are the levers for opening and shutting the bridge. It takes just one minute to swing the bridge from its closed position across the river to the open one in line with the stream.'

Mechanists have pointed out that water-engines use the same amount of water when merely driving themselves (which is next to doing nothing) as when exerting their entire power. If it be true that there should be a proportion between the amount of work and the quantity of water, this, as we are informed, is provided for by Hastie and Company of Greenock in an invention by means of which an automatic lengthening or shortening of the stroke of the engine takes place, in accordance with the work to be done. No sooner does the engine become, so to speak, aware of the demand on its power, than it immediately adapts itself thereto without external assistance.

To revert to the Institute: A description was given of the coking coal-field of South Durham; it is thirteen miles long by eleven miles wide, and assists in supplying the present demand for fourteen and a half million tons of coke yearly. At one of the collieries there used to be a waste of three hundred tons of coal every week; but now by means of improved coking ovens, and intercepting the waste heat, this loss is prevented. It is found too that the large deposits of inferior coal can be utilised, by crushing, washing, and then coking: a very important fact, for there is in all our coal-fields a large breadth of coal which has been hitherto rejected as worthless, but which will now be worked and converted into coke.

A paper was read which shews that ways are opening for the utilisation of slag: it is now converted into bricks, cement, mortar, concrete, glass, and cotton or wool. This wool is an excellent material for covering boilers and pipes to prevent waste of heat. Four million bricks have been made, which looks promising.

The *Journal* of the Institute contains descriptions of machinery with which we may fitly supplement the foregoing: At Smethwick near Birmingham, there is a screw-factory which, with its clever mechanical contrivances, is something to wonder at. All the sizes of screws used in carpentry and cabinet-making are made of iron wire chopped into lengths, and shaped in a series of self-acting machines. A blow on one end forms a head, which is speedily turned true in a revolving chuck, the nick is cut by a small circular saw, a revolving jaw then seizes the head, and the 'worm' or screw is turned in a twinkling; and in this way half a million screws an hour are produced. This seems almost incredible; but the screwing-shed alone covers nearly an acre and a half, and contains two thousand machines. These being self-acting, five or six can be kept going by one woman.

Another example from the same source shews the application of machinery to soft goods and tailoring: At a wholesale clothing establishment in Leeds, more than a thousand hands and three hundred sewing-machines are employed. The cutting-out is done by means of knife-machines driven by steam, which cut through thirty-five layers of thick or a hundred and twenty layers of thin cloth at once, the pattern being marked on the topmost piece. The pile, as is stated, is manipulated around the knife-blade, just as a block of wood is moved when being cut by a band-saw. Pressing-machines heated by gas are used in place of the old tailor's goose, and as they are worked by a treadle, the workman's hands are at liberty to guide the heated iron over the seams.

As our readers know, experiments with continuous brakes for railway trains have been made in

England and America. We now learn from a published Report that similar experiments have been made in Germany, and that generally preference is given to the Westinghouse brake. All other things being equal, that must be the best brake which will stop a train within the shortest distance, and that this is done by the Westinghouse appears to be clearly established. This brake has been adopted for the state railways by the Belgian government; and that the question should be settled without delay is regarded as essential in all the countries where it has been tried. The Board of Trade in a recent Report take an unusually decided tone on this point. As the *Times* remarks: 'They not only constantly refer to continuous brakes as the great railway want of the day, but they also lay down, for the first time, the qualities which a continuous brake ought to possess. The chief of these are instantaneous action when applied either by driver or guard, automatic action, regular use in daily work, and uniformity upon different lines, so that when vehicles from one line are connected with the trains of another the same brake-power may be available for both.' We are further informed that the Board have sent a circular to the railway companies with intimation that the sooner the requirements implied in the foregoing description are put into practice the better will it be for all concerned. There is common-sense in this: it will be read with satisfaction by all who travel by railway.

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Social Science this year ventured into a high latitude, and held its Congress at Aberdeen, where the usual endeavours were made to promote health, wealth, and morality, which includes law. A paper read by Mr Caird on 'Economy and Trade,' chiefly as regards agriculture, will comfort those timid folk who are always looking for that troublous time when all our foreign supply of 'bread-stuffs' shall be cut off. 'We grow at present,' he said, 'nearly one million acres less wheat than we did twenty years ago. We have only to revert to the acreage of 1856 to meet such a deficiency as would be caused by all Europe being shut against us. And beyond that, we possess in our immense breadth of pasture-land a never-failing resource of stored-up agricultural power, which could be at once applied to the production of corn, if from any circumstance that course became at the same time necessary and profitable.'

Mr Edwin Chadwick, a veteran among sanitary reformers, read papers on Cleanliness and Health and on 'House Accommodation,' which deserve wide diffusion and careful consideration. But it may be said of these, as well as of many other topics brought forward for discussion, that 'it is better to be in possession of a few important principles than a host of facts; then reflection and reason have elbow-room, and are not hampered and brought to a dead-lock, by cramming a disorganised mass of knowledge into the brain.'

Mr H. C. Russell, government astronomer for New South Wales, has published a descriptive, historical, and tabular account of the climate of that colony in an octavo volume of more than two hundred pages, with a map and diagrams. Although the colony is not yet a hundred years old, Mr Russell has been unable to fill up the gaps which unfortunately exist in the record of its winds and weather; but his book is interesting and valuable nevertheless. He discusses the whole range of meteorological phenomena; he tells us about the hot winds and where they come from; about thunder and hail-storms; about lakes, floods, and tides; about droughts; about the rains, and why they vary; and about the great swarms of moths which at times come in clouds and infest miles of country. In his description of the physical characteristics of New South Wales, he gives particulars which will be quite new and perhaps surprising to many readers. 'Within the colony,' he says, 'may be found all climates, from the cold of Kiandra, where the thermometer sometimes falls eight degrees below zero, and frost and snow hold everything in wintry bonds for months at a stretch, and where upwards of eight feet of snow sometimes falls in a single month, to the more than tropical heat and extreme dryness of our inland plains, where frost is never seen, and the thermometer in summer often for days together reads from one hundred to one hundred and sixteen degrees, and sometimes in hot winds reaches one hundred and thirty degrees, and where the average annual rainfall is only twelve to thirteen inches, and sometimes *nil* for a whole year.' Clearly there is more scope than was thought for settlers who like 'bracing weather.' In discussing the observations, Mr Russell is of opinion that a periodicity, or a tendency to cycles of phenomena, is discoverable.

How to prevent famine, will be for some time to come a very serious question in India; and while charity seeks to palliate the misery, science is trying to discover the laws of the rainfall, and to devise means of storing large supplies of water against seasons of drought. Examples are not wanting. More than a thousand years ago one of the kings of Ceylon erected a tank, Kanthalai, on a scale so enormous, that were it to be built now it would cost a million sterling. This tank is to be repaired and made available for irrigation. In another district the tank of Kalowewa was twelve miles long and thirty miles in circumference, inclosed by embankments sixty feet in height, and was kept full by two rivers which flowed into it from the hills. In the district of Manaar the Giant's tank offers a further resource, and makes us aware of the pains taken by the natives to secure a sufficient water-supply in former ages. If India has not tanks enough for her wants, they must be built, for periodical famines are an opprobrium to Christian civilisation.

As regards Ceylon, we learn from an address delivered by Sir W. H. Gregory, the governor, that great improvements have been made in that fertile island: jungle and swamp have been converted into rice-fields or lakes: in Kandy there is a constant water-supply: fountains are set up in the villages: laws are in force for preservation of the forests, of the deer, buffalo, and elephant: the pearl-oyster, after some years' disappearance, has returned to the shores: a breakwater is in course of building which will convert the open roadstead of Colombo into a safe harbour, accessible to large ships at all seasons, and it is thought that in time Ceylon will become the great free port of the East.

Pitury is a stimulant said to be of marvellous power, and known to be used by the aborigines of

Central Australia; but its origin has hitherto remained undiscovered. Last February, however, after vainly endeavouring for many years to obtain a specimen of the plant, Baron Ferdinand von Müller, Director of the Botanical Gardens at Melbourne, succeeded in getting some leaves; and after careful microscopic examination, he has shewn that they are derived from the *Duboisia Hopwoodii*, which he described in 1861. This bush extends from the Darling River and Barcoo to West Australia, through desert scrubs, but is of exceedingly sparse occurrence anywhere. In fixing the origin of the pitury, a wide field for further inquiry is opened up, inasmuch as a second species of *Duboisia*, extends in the forest-lands from the neighbourhood of Sydney to near Cape York, and has also been traced in New Caledonia, and more recently in New Guinea. In all probability the latter shares the properties of the former, as Baron von Müller finds that they both have the same burning acrid taste. The natives of Central Australia chew the leaves of the pitury, just as the Peruvians and Chilians masticate those of the coca, to invigorate themselves during their long foot-journeys through the deserts. Baron von Müller is not certain whether the aborigines of all districts in which the pitury grows are really aware of its stimulating power; but those living near the Barcoo travel many days' journey to obtain this, to them, precious foliage, which they always carry about with them, broken into small fragments and tied up in little bags. The blacks use the pitury to excite their courage in warfare, and a large dose has the effect of infuriating them. It is by no means improbable that experiments may shew that by this discovery a new and perhaps important medicinal plant has been gained.

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A STRANGE PAIR.

ABOUT half-way between Martinsville and Liberty Corner, Pennsylvania, hidden from inquisitive eyes by tall trees and dense-growing shrubs, stands a neatly built house of ancient date; the home of a pair of lovers of a quiet life, who, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, have dwelt there in a semi-hermit way for nigh upon forty years.

Samuel and Joseph Pooley, brothers in mind as well as in blood, claim kindred on their mother's side with one of England's wealthiest nobles, and boast direct descent paternally from a follower of the Norman, who settled in Kent. In 1828 they set up in business together in New York; and in the same year Samuel, the elder of the two, coming over to England, fell in love with a beautiful girl, and wooed and won her; at least it was settled that she should become Mrs Pooley so soon as the success of the New York establishment was assured. A second visit to the old country in 1834 proved less happy in result. Samuel was not prepared to take a bride home with him; and tired of living upon hope deferred, the lady declared off; and not very long afterwards put the renewal of the engagement beyond possibility by marrying a readier suitor.

From that time Samuel Pooley became another man. The brisk man of business, the ardent politician, the lively companion, lost all liking for society, politics, and trade. His brother sympathised with his altered mood; and when, a few years later, a legacy fell to them, they resolved to retire far from the busy city and its restless crowd, and live as men whom man delighted not, nor women either.

Four thousand dollars made the Pennsylvanian homestead and its hundred and five acres their own; and there they have abided ever since, never, except when necessity compelled, finding their way even so far as the neighbouring village. Twenty years ago a sister-in-law spent a day or two at the farm; but from that time to this no woman's foot has crossed its threshold. A New York reporter describes Joseph Pooley as a ruddy-complexioned merry man, with large round wide-open eyes, a long pointed white beard, and snow-white locks bristling up nearly three inches from his scalp. Samuel, better known as 'the Squire,' is seventy-three years old—two years older than his brother, and not so stoutly built. He sports a short tuft of iron-gray beard, jutting out abruptly between his chin and throat.

As the inquisitive caller came upon the pair enjoying the cool evening air in the garden, the raggedness of their raiment struck him as something simply perfect. Joseph was arrayed in a woollen shirt (or rather enough of one to suggest what it once had been), a considerable portion of a jacket, and a very fair representation of the leading features of a pair of pantaloons; a pair of stout shoes and a gray felt hat of no particular shape completing his costume. As to the Squire's outfit, the facilities for ventilation were even greater than those enjoyed by his brother. His skin gleamed through innumerable rips and rents, to the great convenience of the mosquitoes, which he did not seem to notice; and his black felt hat was a more antique effort of the hatter's art than the gray one decking Joseph's head.

'It is unjust to say of them,' writes the note-taking visitor, 'as some do say, that they have not washed their faces or hands for ten years; they wash themselves when they feel like doing it. But seeing them, one would not find it difficult to believe that they had not felt like it for five years. At all events, this does not seem to be their year for ablutions.'

The consumption of water at the hermitage is not calculated to cause a scarcity of that article. 'On the table were standing a number of dishes of coarse yellow and blue and white delf, which had evidently just been used for supper. They always stand there, and they always have evidently just been used. Dish-washing is looked upon as a superfluous frivolity and waste of exertion. If perchance a sudden freak takes one of the hermits, just as he is sitting down to eat, that he would like to put on a little extra style, he wipes his plate with a bunch of grass or a piece of paper. But they are men of settled habits and seldom have freaks.' These Pennsylvanian disciples

of Zimmerman would be at home among the dirt-loving Eastern Christians, whose domestic arrangements lately wrung from a special correspondent the declaration, that he would rather dine off a Turkish floor than a Bulgarian plate.

Like recluses in general, the Pooleys seem to be physically none the worse for contemning cleanliness, being troubled with fewer infirmities than most men at their time of life; while, unlike the common run of solitarians, they have kept their mental faculties in working order by the constant use of a first-rate collection of books, their library counting up eight hundred volumes. Neither miserly by nature, nor compelled to be so by poverty, they are by no means anchorites; and if they do go raggedly clad, it is not from economical motives, but because they are comfortable in their tatters, and have no reason to study appearances, since those who know them care not how they are dressed; and for the opinion of those who do not know them they care nothing.

Said Joseph to the New Yorker: 'It may seem strange to you that we should exile ourselves in this way from the life of the big town, after such a busy life as ours used to be; but I assure you we see enough of life to content us here. The life of the birds, the bees, the waving branches over our heads, the flowers blooming about us, and the grass beneath our feet—all these fill our hearts with a quiet content; and here we are truly happy.' It is something to know that two men in the world have succeeded in attaining this degree of contentment, though not quite to be generally admired.

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