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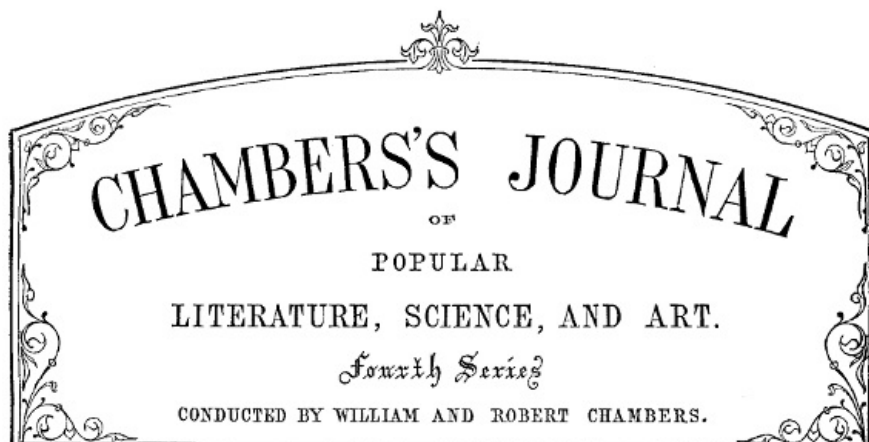
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**CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
OF  
POPULAR  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

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## THE ROMANCE OF ACCIDENT.

MANY of our most important inventions and discoveries owe their origin to the most trivial circumstances; from the simplest causes the most important effects have ensued. The following are a few culled at random for the amusement of our readers.

The trial of two robbers before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrénées accidentally led to a most interesting archæological discovery. The accused, Rivas a shoemaker, and Bellier a weaver, by armed attacks on the highways and frequent burglaries, had spread terror around the neighbourhood of Sisteron. The evidence against them was clear; but no traces could be obtained of the plunder, until one of the men gave a clue to the mystery. Rivas in his youth had been a shepherd-boy near that place, and knew the legend of the Trou d'Argent, a cavern on one of the mountains with sides so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible, and which no one was ever known to have reached. The Commissary of Police of Sisteron, after extraordinary labour, succeeded in scaling the mountain, and penetrated to the mysterious grotto, where he discovered an enormous quantity of plunder of every description. The way having been once found, the vast cavern was afterwards explored by *savants*; and their researches brought to light a number of Roman medals of the third century, flint hatchets, ornamented pottery, and the remains of ruminants of enormous size. These interesting discoveries, however, obtained no indulgence for the accused (inadvertent) pioneers of science, who were sentenced to twenty years' hard labour.

The discovery of gold in Nevada was made by some Mormon immigrants in 1850. Adventurers crossed the Sierras and set up their sluice-boxes in the cañons; but it was gold they were after, and they never suspected the existence of silver, nor knew it when they saw it. The bluish stuff which was so abundant and which was silver ore, interfered with their operations and gave them the greatest annoyance. Two brothers named Grosch possessed more intelligence than their fellow-workers, and were the real discoverers of the Comstock lode; but one of them died from a pickaxe wound in the foot, and the other was frozen to death in the mountains. Their secret died with them. When at last, in the early part of 1859, the surface croppings of the lode were found, they were worked for the gold they contained, and the silver was thrown out as being worthless. Yet this lode since 1860 has yielded a large proportion of all the silver produced throughout the world. The silver mines of Potosi were discovered through the trivial circumstance of an Indian accidentally pulling up a shrub, to the roots of which were attached some particles of the precious metal.

During the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the little village of Coserow in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, food, or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterwards she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing, and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stümen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plough.

Accidents have prevented as well as caused the working of mines. At the moment that workmen were about to commence operations on a rich gold mine in the Japanese province of Tskungo, {817} a violent storm of thunder and lightning burst over them, and the miners were obliged to seek shelter elsewhere. These superstitious people, imagining that the tutelar god and protector of the spot, unwilling to have the bowels of the earth thus rifled, had raised the storm to make them sensible of his displeasure, desisted from all further attempts to work the mine.

A cooper in Carniola having one evening placed a new tub under a dropping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it. At first, the superstitious notions that are apt to possess the minds of the ignorant made him suspect that his tub was bewitched; but at last perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach, and shewed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, and bid him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This the poor cooper frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search farther into the quicksilver deposits, thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

Curious discoveries by ploughmen, quarrymen, and others of caves, coins, urns, and other interesting things, would fill volumes. Many valuable literary relics have been preserved by curious accidents, often turning up just in time to save them from crumbling to pieces. Not only mineral but literary treasures have been brought to light when excavating mother earth. For instance, in the foundations of an old house, Luther's *Table Talk* was discovered 'lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without.' There it had remained hidden ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. The poems of Propertius, a Roman poet, long lurked unsuspected in the darkness of a wine-cellar, from whence they were at length unearthed by accident, just in time to preserve them from destruction by rats and mildew. Not only from beneath our feet but from above our heads may chance reveal the hiding-places of treasure-trove. The sudden falling in of a ceiling, for example,

of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn revealed the secret depository of the Thurloe state papers. Other literary treasures have turned up in an equally curious manner. Milton's essay on the *Doctrines of Christianity* was discovered in a bundle of old despatches: a monk found the only manuscript of Tacitus accidentally in Westphalia: the letters of Lady Mary Montagu were brought to light from the recesses of an old trunk: the manuscripts of Dr Dee from the secret drawer of an old chest: and it is said that one of the cantos of Dante's great poem was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill.

It is curious to trace how the origin of some famous work has been suggested apparently by the merest accident. We need but remind the reader how Lady Austen's suggestion of 'the sofa' as a subject for blank verse was the beginning of *The Task*, a poem which grew to formidable proportions under Cowper's facile pen. Another example of

What great events from trivial causes spring,

is furnished by Lockhart's account of the gradual growth of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The lovely Countess of Dalkeith hears a wild legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asks Scott to make it the subject of a ballad. The poet's accidental confinement in the midst of a yeomanry camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult. A friend's suggestion led to the arrangement and framework of the *Lay* and the conception of the ancient Harper. Thus step by step grew the poem that first made its author famous. The manuscript of *Waverley* lay hidden away in an old cabinet for years before the public were aware of its existence. In the words of the Great Unknown: 'I had written the greater part of the first volume and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript; and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it.'

Charlotte Brontë's chance discovery of a manuscript volume of verses in her sister Emily's handwriting led, from a mutual confession of the *furor poeticus*, to the joint publication of their poems, which though adding little to their subsequent fame, at least gives us another instance of how much of what is called chance has often to do with the carrying out of literary projects. It was the burning of Drury Lane Theatre that led to the production of *The Rejected Addresses*, the success of which, says one of the authors, 'decided him to embark in that literary career, which the favour of the novel-reading world rendered both pleasant and profitable to him.' Most of us know how that famous fairy tale *Alice in Wonderland* came to be written. The characters in *Oliver Twist* of Fagin, Sikes, and Nancy were suggested by some sketches of Cruikshank, who long had a design to shew the life of a London thief by a series of drawings. Dickens, while paying Cruikshank a visit, happened to turn over some sketches in a portfolio. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he studied it for half an hour, and told his friend that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story, not to carry Oliver through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, shew what this life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame. Cruikshank consented to let Dickens write up to as many of the drawings as he thought would suit his purpose. So the story as it now runs resulted in a great measure from that chance inspection of the artist's portfolio. The remarkable picture of the Jew malefactor in the condemned cell biting his nails in the torture of remorse, is associated with a happy accident. The artist had been labouring at the subject for several days, and thought the task hopeless; when sitting up in his bed one morning with his hand on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, the whole attitude expressive of despair, he saw his face in the cheval glass. 'That's it!' he exclaimed; 'that's the expression I want.' And he soon finished the picture.

The sudden prosperity of many a famous painter has resulted from some fortunate accident. Anthony Watteau, when a nameless struggling artist, timidly offered a painting to a rich picture-dealer for six francs, and was on the eve of being scornfully rejected, had not a stranger, who happened to be in the shop, come forward, and seeing some talent in the work, spoke encouragingly to the youth, and offered him one hundred and fifty francs for the picture; nor was this all, for he became Watteau's patron and instructor.—One day a little shepherd-boy was seated near the road-side on the way from Vespignano to Florence drawing upon a polished stone, his only pencil another polished stone which he held in his tiny fingers. A richly dressed stranger, who had descended from a conveyance that was following him, chanced to pass, and looking over the boy's shoulder, saw that he had just sketched with wonderful truth and correctness a sheep and its twin lambs. Surprised and pleased, he examined the face of the young artist. Certainly it was not its beauty that attracted him. The child looked up, but with such a marvellous light in his dark eyes, that the stranger exclaimed: 'My child, you must come with me; I will be your master and your father: it is some good angel that has led me here.' The stranger was Cimabue, the most celebrated painter of that day; and his pupil and protégé became the famous painter, sculptor, and architect Giotto, the friend and admiration of Dante and Petrarch.

How the fortunes of painters may hinge upon the most trifling circumstances, has another example in that of Ribera or Spagnoletto, which was determined by a very simple incident. He went to reside with his father-in-law, whose house, it so happened, stood in the vast square one side of which was occupied by the palace of the Spanish Viceroy. It was the custom in Italy, as formerly amongst the Greeks, that whenever an artist had completed any great work, he should expose it in some street or thoroughfare, for the public to pass judgment on it. In compliance with this usage, Ribera's father-in-law placed in his balcony the 'Martyrdom of St Bartholomew' as soon as it was finished. The people flocked in crowds to see it, and testified their admiration

by deafening shouts of applause. These acclamations reached the ears of the Viceroy, who imagined that a fresh revolt had broken out, and rushed in complete armour to the spot. There he beheld in the painting the cause of so much tumult. The Viceroy desired to see the man who had distinguished himself by so marvellous a production; and his interest in the painter was not lessened on discovering that he was, like himself, a Spaniard. He immediately attached Spagnoletto to his person, gave him an apartment in his palace, and proved a generous patron ever afterwards.

Lanfranco, the wealthy and munificent artist, on his way from the church Il Gesù, happened to observe an oil-painting hanging outside a picture-broker's shop. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and desired the picture to be brought to him. Wiping the thick dust from the canvas, the delighted broker brought it, with many bows and apologies, to the great master, who on nearer inspection saw that his first glance had been correct. The picture was labelled 'Hagar and her Son Ishmael dying of Thirst,' and the subject was treated in a new and powerful manner. Lanfranco looked for the name of the painter, and detecting the word Salvatoriello modestly set in a corner of the picture, he gave instructions to his pupils to buy up every work of Salvatoriello they could find in Naples. To this accident Salvator owed the sudden demand for his pictures, which changed his poverty and depression into comparative ease and satisfaction.

More than one famous singer might probably never have been heard of but for some discriminating patron chancing to hear a beautiful voice, perhaps exercised in the streets for the pence of the compassionate.—Some happy stage-hits have resulted from or originated in accidents. The odd hop skip and jump so effective in the delineation of Dundreary, says an American interviewer of Mr Sothern, was brought about in this way. In the words of the actor: 'It was a mere accident. I have naturally an elastic disposition, and during a rehearsal one cold morning I was hopping at the back of the stage, when Miss Keene sarcastically inquired if I was going to introduce that into Dundreary. The actors and actresses standing around laughed; and taking the cue, I replied: "Yes, Miss Keene; that's my view of the character." Having said this, I was bound to stick to it; and as I progressed with the rehearsal, I found that the whole company, including scene-shifters and property-men, were roaring with laughter at my infernal nonsense. When I saw that the public accepted the satire, I toned down what was a broad caricature to what can be seen at the present day by any one who has a quick sense of the absurd.'

An excellent landscape of Salvator Rosa's exhibited at the British Institution in 1823 came to be painted in a curious way. The painter happened one day to be amusing himself by tuning an old harpsichord; some one observed they were surprised he could take so much trouble with an instrument that was not worth a crown. 'I bet you I make it worth a thousand before I have done with it!' cried Rosa. The bet was taken; and Salvator painted on the harpsichord a landscape that not only sold for a thousand crowns, but was esteemed a first-rate painting.—Chemistry and pathology are indebted to what has often seemed the merest chance for many an important discovery. A French paper says it has been accidentally discovered that in cases of epileptic fits, a black silk handkerchief thrown over the afflicted persons will restore them immediately. Advances in science and art and sudden success in professions have often more to do with the romance of accident than most people imagine; but as we may have occasion again to take up the subject, we quit it for the present.

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## A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

### THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

#### IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER II.—ANSWERED.

THE mistletoe hung from the chandelier, the holly wreaths were on the walls, the clear fire shed a warm glow through the dimly lighted room, upon pictures and gilding, upon a great vase filled with crimson camellias, upon Ralph Loraine's dark handsome face. Christmas eve again, his first year in England over. How little certainty there is in this world; when we think we have smoothed our path, and see our way straight before us, there rises up some roughness, some unevenness we have left unnoticed, or thought too small to trouble us. So with Ralph; he had answered the question he asked himself last Christmas eve by another; he was very happy, but he was thinking now as he leaned against the mantel-piece whether he could bear to leave the army and give up the life he had led for so long; the life, at times one of bold daring, at others of lazy pleasure, which had suited him so well; that even now, with the wish of his heart fulfilled, it cost him a struggle to bid farewell to it, and to settle down into a quiet country gentleman. He had kept his oath to his dead friend, the oath he had taken in answer to the faintly spoken words, 'I meant to have made her so happy.' Louise would remain in her old home as its mistress.

It had been a happy year to Ralph, and had glided away so quickly since that first night when he had seen her standing in the snowy churchyard, listening to words which sounded very much like love from another man's lips. That other had, however, confirmed his opinion. Vere Leveson had been away with his regiment during all the twelve months; not once had he met Louise; the field had been clear for Ralph. Yet it was only a week since he had spoken; he had not dared at first to break through the barrier of childish affection. She looked upon him as her guardian, her father's

friend, with the same grateful reverence she might have given to that father had he lived; so he had tried very gently to awaken deeper feelings, through the sweet early spring-time and the glowing summer days, till when the leaves were lying in brown showers upon the sodden earth, she had grown silent, shy, and distant, and so cold that he thought all hope was gone. He went away in November; and when he returned, his love unspoken became torture to his upright nature; he could not bear to live there day by day, to see her so often, to let her kiss him as a daughter might have done, and all the while that hidden passion burning in his heart. But after his temporary absence she had changed again; she was more as she had been, gentle, playfully loving; and so one day he had spoken. He told her of her dying father's words; how his great wish had been that she should never feel the loss he had caused her; how her happiness was his first object in life; and how that life would be indeed worthless and barren, should he go back to it alone. Grateful, she answered as he wished, and Ralph held in his arms as his betrothed wife the child he had promised to watch over in the silence of the Indian dawn.

'But you must give me time,' she had said timidly. 'I have never thought of you but as my guardian, Ralph.' She dropped the name of her childhood then, as a tacit acknowledgment that those days were over, and that she would learn to love him henceforth, not with a child's grateful unquestioning love, but with the tenderness of a wife.

She was the only one surprised by the event; all the neighbourhood had known it long before; so had Mrs Loraine and Emma; so had Katharine, whose wedding-day was now approaching, and whose bridegroom was Sir Michael Leyland. The drawing-room door opened, and Louise entered into the uncertain light, wearing the dress he had chosen for her—white bridal-looking silk, and holly wreaths like those she had worn last year. She went up to him composedly, with none of a young fiancée's usual bashfulness.

'Do you like my dress, Ralph?' she said, looking up with her sweet dark eyes, as he bent down and touched the rosy lips.

'I do,' he answered. 'You are always lovely, darling; last year I thought the same, but then things were different. I did not dare to hope for such happiness as this.'

'Are you happy, Ralph?'

'Happier than I have ever been in my whole life,' he whispered.

Then the others came in, and they started for the annual ball at Leigh Park. Vere Leveson had returned a week ago; and as he stood among his father's guests there was a troubled look on his face which deepened ever as the white silk folds of the holly-wreathed dress brushed past him, or the dark eyes watching its wearer met hers. At last he went to her.

'Are you engaged for this, Miss Wrayworth?' he said abruptly.

'No,' she answered.

'Then you will give it to me?'

Once more he held her in his arms, once more her hand rested in his, as they glided slowly round the room. Vere did not speak till the waltz was ended, and then he led her to the same window where they had stood a year ago. The same stars were shining down on the same world, only that night there was no snow-shroud over the dead flowers, and the moon was half hidden by a great splash of cloud. The same first faint Christmas bells were sounding in the distance, mingled with the echoes of a carol sung by boys' clear voices, telling for the angels the old story they had told so long ago.

'I wish you a merry Christmas,' Vere said, looking down on her with a half-scornful smile. 'What mockery there is in that salutation sometimes. If you were to say it to me, for instance.'

'Indeed I hope you will have one,' she answered timidly.

'I must go a long way to find it then,' he muttered. 'But I beg your pardon, Miss Wrayworth; I must congratulate you. I met—your sister I was going to say—Miss Loraine I mean, as I was on my way to call upon you the other day, and she told me of your engagement.'

'But you did not come,' said Louise.

'No; I thought you would be occupied. I congratulate you,' he repeated.

'Thank you,' she answered very low.

'Major Loraine is completely calculated to make a wife happy, I should think,' said Vere, in the same cold scornful tone.

She lifted her head quickly. 'Indeed he is; he is the best, noblest, most generous man that breathes!'

'And you love him?'

'He has been everything to me all my life long, Mr Leveson—father, brother, friend. Would you not have me do what I can to prove my gratitude?'

'By making him a still nearer relation? Certainly. But for my part, there is one thing I should rather choose my wife to feel for me than gratitude. How everything changes in this world!' he added abruptly. 'Can it possibly be only one year since I stood at this same window with a girl by my side who promised to *remember* me and *trust* me till next Christmas? Such a short time! only twelve little months. I suppose it is true that

Woman's love is writ in water,  
Woman's faith is traced on sand.

But I never believed it.'

'I hope you will not find it so,' said the girl softly, as she played nervously with the shining holly leaves, breaking them, and crushing the scarlet berries till they fell spoiled upon the floor. 'I must congratulate *you*.'

'I beg your pardon! Congratulate me! What upon?'

'Your—your engagement.'

'My engagement! And may I ask to whom?'

'To Miss Leslie.'

'What!' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean? Alice Leslie! Who can have told you such a falsehood?'

'Katharine heard it when she was in London.'

There was a long, long silence, while each guessed the other's secret.

'Is it not true?' she said at last.

'No; on my soul!' he answered. 'I never said a word to that girl all the world might not have heard. I engaged to *her*! No! O Louise!' he cried passionately; 'Louise, my darling! I have loved you so long, and this is the end of it! Did not you know last year that I loved you and you only, when I asked you to trust me? I have been silent for a year, to obey my father, and—I have lost you!'

His voice trembled as he caught her hands, and a great longing tenderness gleamed in his deep blue eyes. 'Did not you love me, Louise? Have I been fool enough to delude myself all these months?'

'I was very—very unhappy when Katharine told me.' The answer was simply, hopelessly spoken, and there was another silence, broken again by her voice. 'Vere,' she said, 'Vere—I may call you so just this once—we have made a terrible mistake; but I must keep my word. Say good-bye to me, and let me go.'

'Oh, my darling! my darling!'

'Hush! Vere, hush!' she said brokenly. 'I owe *him* a debt nothing can ever pay; and I know he will keep the promise he made to my father years ago, to try and make me happy.'

'God helping me, I will!' It was Ralph Loraine's voice that spoke; Ralph Loraine's dark fearless eyes that rested upon her; Ralph Loraine's loyal hand which took her cold one, as she started back from the man she loved.

'Don't look frightened, dear,' he said gently. 'Poor child, how you must have suffered! Louise! do you think I would let you bear one moment's pain to save myself from a lifetime of misery? Forgive me, dear; the dream has been very bright, and the awaking is—he paused for a moment and steadied his voice—a little hard; but I shall soon be used to it. The vow I made to your dead father, I will still keep, Louise; I am your guardian, nothing more. Forget what has been between us, child, as soon as you can.' He turned, and held out his hand to Vere. 'It is a precious charge I give up to you,' he said solemnly; 'you must help me to keep my vow.' He paused, then added tremulously: 'You must make her happy for me.' Then without another word he passed out through the open window into the wintry moonlit garden, and left them alone.

He wandered down the avenue through the open gate among the waiting carriages on to the silent fields, bearing the sorrow bravely, the utter wreck of his life's sweetest hopes. 'Which is the harder,' he thought bitterly as he hurried on, scarcely knowing where he went, 'to lay down life or love?' In his great unselfishness he never blamed her who had wrought this trouble; he had vowed to make her happy; he had done his duty, nothing more, but it was hard to do. It had been a fearful temptation as he listened, to go away without speaking, and so keep her his; but he had conquered. Yet it seemed as though he could not live without her, as though that one happy week had swallowed up his whole existence, as though he had loved all his life instead of for one short year; and he looked up piteously to the cloudy heavens, to the wintry moon, seeking for the comfort that was not to be found, longing, in his wretchedness, to lie down upon the cold wet grass and sleep never to wake again.

'Won't you remember the carols?'

A shrill voice broke in upon his thoughts; he started, looking down suddenly, vacantly, as though he did not comprehend.

Two boys stood there, on their way home across the fields. 'Hush!' said the elder; 'don't you see it's the Major? Merry Christmas, sir!'

Ah! how mockingly those words sounded now. The greeting stung him as the taunt of a fiend; he turned and hurried on. He paused breathlessly at the stile leading into the next field; all his strength seemed to have left him as he stood there alone with his grief. Then from the distance was wafted to him the sound of the boys' voices, and the words they sung were these:

All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men

Somehow they comforted him as no human sympathy could have done—the grand old words, the simple tune, the children's voices. Though he did not know that by what he had done that night, he had fulfilled as far as might be the charge given in the angels' song.

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## A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I was about twelve years of age I was invited by Mrs Hall, my god-mother, to pay her a visit before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was very young; and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be amongst girls of my own age, than in the house with only his sister and himself. Mrs Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own; and had my father consented, she and Mr Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

It was a lovely day in June when I arrived at my god-mother's; and she was delighted to see me. The house was beautifully situated on high ground, surrounded by grand old trees, and at one side was a flower-garden.

One morning god-mother said to me: 'Come upstairs with me, Lilian, and I will shew you some Indian jewels that my uncle left me lately.' She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandal-wood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of ear-rings, a brooch, and necklet of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before. 'My dear Lilian,' said she, 'I intend to give you these on your sixteenth birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the ear-rings, so I will take it into town to-day and have it repaired.' She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-glass.

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After lunch, Mr and Mrs Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The ear-ring was left at the jeweller's, and as we were to spend the day at a friend's house, we arranged to call for it on our way back. But you will say what has all this to do with your dream? Well, wait a little and you will see.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the ear-ring on our way, and arrived home about half-past nine o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet, god-mother came into the room. 'Lilian,' said she, 'I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-glass, before I went out? I went to put in the other ear-ring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?'

'You certainly left it in the dressing-glass drawer,' I said. 'Could any of the servants have taken it, do you think?'

'I am sure they would not,' she answered. 'I have had them with me for years, and never missed anything before.'

'Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?'

'No, Lilian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a very high character of him from his last place; in fact we were told he was a most trustworthy person.'

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us: on the window-sill was a footmark, and near the dressing-table a little bit of earth, as if off a shoe or boot; which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? It was a good height from the ground, and the creeping plants were not in the least broken, as would have been the case had any one climbed up by them. A ladder must have been employed; and it was little to the credit of the police that this fact had not been properly considered. As the matter stood, it was a mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one ear-ring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my god-mother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds; but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward of fifty pounds had been offered by Mr Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my sixteenth birthday my god-mother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond ear-ring, which she had got arranged as a necklet.

'I am so sorry, Lilian,' said she, 'that I have not the rest of those diamonds to give you; but if ever they are found, they shall be yours, my dear.'

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until the last year, during which time I had been married. My husband was a barrister. We lived in the north of England. My mother-in-law Mrs Benson, and Mary, one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us near the sea-coast. It was a very lonely place, a long way from the little fishing-town, or rather village, of Burnley. I confess I often felt very nervous about Mrs Benson and her daughter living alone (her husband being dead many years). Except three women-servants in the house, and the coachman and his family who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley, four miles off. Besides, it was known that there was a large quantity

of plate in the house; and the little sea-side village was often the resort of smugglers and other wild and lawless characters. One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I said to my husband: 'I hope, Henry, there is nothing wrong with your mother; she has been in my mind all day.'

'Oh,' said he, 'why should you feel anxious about her to-day? I saw her last Tuesday; and if she were ill, Mary would be sure to let us know. It is only one of your "fancies," little wife.'

Still I did not feel easy, for more than once before my so-called 'fancy' had proved to be a 'reality;' so I determined that in a few days I would go and see Mrs Benson. All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning that I woke in a state of terror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here is the most extraordinary part of it all—though I was now quite awake, I heard, as I thought, a voice saying to me: 'Go, tell Mrs Benson, Martha is deceiving her; tell her to send her away at once.'

Three times these words seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like: it was not loud, but quite distinct; and I felt as I listened that it was a warning, and that I *must* obey it. I woke my husband, and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind, and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast, and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother. The only thing that puzzled me was that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's-maid to her, and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her; and was much respected. She was a silent reserved kind of person, about thirty-five years of age. One thing I had often remarked about her was, that when speaking to any one she never looked straight at them; but I thought it might be from a kind of shyness more than anything else.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until next day; and if possible, he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day; and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother. {822}

When I arrived I found Mrs Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs Benson's dressing-room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were of course delighted to see me, and asked why Henry did not come too. So I told them I would stay till the next day, if they would have me, and Henry would come for me then. They were quite pleased at that arrangement; for it was not very often my husband could spend a whole day with them.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over-anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think; but I still felt a certain undefined uneasiness. I offered up a silent prayer to be directed to do right, and determined to wait patiently and do nothing for a while. I almost hoped I might hear the voice again, giving me definite instructions how to act. Lunch passed and dinner also; and the evening being very warm, for it was the middle of July, we sat at the open window enjoying the cooling breeze that set in from the sea.

As they were early people, shortly after ten o'clock we said 'good-night,' and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moonlight shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and putting out my candle, I sat by the window, looking at the lovely view; for I could see the coast quite plainly, and the distant sea glistened like silver in the moonlight. I did not think how long I had been sitting there, until I heard the hall clock strike twelve. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was now going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had light enough from the moon. As I came towards the window to close it, I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure—evidently keeping in the shade of the trees—going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was, for I now felt the warning voice was not sent to me for nothing, and I seemed to get courage, girl though I was, to fathom the mystery. I hastily dressed, threw a dark shawl over my head, and going noiselessly down-stairs, opened the glass door in the drawing-room window, and left it so that I could come in again. I kept in the shade of the trees as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in deep shade. Just then the woman turned her head towards me. It was *Martha!* What did she want there at that hour? And who was this man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before? for that I *had* seen it before, I was certain; but where, and when, I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were: 'And why not to-night? Delays are always dangerous, especially now, as they are beginning to suspect me.'

'Because Mrs Benson's daughter-in-law is here, and she is sleeping in the room over the plate-



closet, and would be sure to hear the least noise. Wait until to-morrow night; she will be gone then. But indeed John, I don't like this business at all. I think we'd better give it up. No luck will come of it, I am sure.'

'Look here, Martha,' said the man. 'I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled, if you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up in business over in America. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought you a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me; for you must stay here until all blows over; then make some excuse for leaving, and come over and join me in New York. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool; they are worth no end of money.'

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it up to look at it; and there, glistening in bright moonlight, I saw—my god-mother's diamond ear-ring! the one that had been stolen over nine years ago with the other jewels from her room.

Here then at last was the mystery solved, everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognised my god-mother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was believed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under a cloak of religion. And who was this woman he seemed to have got such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone—Martha back to the house, and her husband to the village; then as quietly as I could I returned to the house and reached my room. Falling on my knees I gave thanks to God for making me the means of finding out such a wicked plot, and perhaps saving the lives of more than one under that roof; for it is more than likely that had those desperate men been disturbed in their midnight plunder, they would not have hesitated at any deed which would enable them to carry out their wicked plans.

I slept little that night, and next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come, that I might tell him all, and consult what was best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and heard the night before. 'Now,' I said, 'will you ever laugh at my "fancies" again?'

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'No, my dear little wife,' said he; 'I never will.'

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything; and he was to go to the nearest police station and arrange with the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood near the house at twelve o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say 'good-bye' to Mrs Benson, and drive home; but would return and join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners. My husband wanted me to remain at our own house; but I would not do so, as I said I would only be imagining all sorts of dreadful things; besides, I knew his mother and Mary would like to have me with them.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine; and just at twelve o'clock Martha stole down to the place where I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were stationed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance. Henry came up to Mrs Benson's room, where all of us women were, including the two servants. With breathless anxiety we watched and waited. From where I stood I could see the way they would come.

It was about two o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her. 'Look!' I said; 'there they are.' They went round to the back door, and we heard them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate-closet. Then a sudden rush—a scream from the wretched Martha—imprecations loud and bitter—a shot!—another scream!

'May God grant no lives will be lost!' we prayed.

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police station. Martha was taken there too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver. One of the robbers was slightly wounded in the arm, but no one else was hurt. Very thankful was I when I found next day that none was the worse for having gone through such a terrible scene.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disgrace to his family and his profession. Left very much to himself through the indulgence of his employer, he had contracted habits of tippling with low associates at the neighbouring village, and become so completely demoralised, as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong-doing. The thieves were all tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It is now many years since all this happened; but I can never forget what I went through those two dreadful nights; though I remember with thankfulness, that through my dream and the warning voice I heard, I was the means of averting a great wrong, and perhaps murder. I do not impute anything supernatural to my dream. It may have merely been the result of tension of feelings, supported by some coincidences. At all events, the results were such as I have described.

## ODD NOTES FROM QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND, as is pretty generally known, is the latest planted British colony in Australia, and has already made a surprising degree of progress. Situated on the coast of the Pacific, to the north of New South Wales, its more settled parts enjoy a delightful climate, which is said to resemble that of Madeira. It is usually thought that nowhere in the world do new and small towns develop so speedily into populous cities as in the United States; but in this respect Queensland can shew results nearly as remarkable. In Brisbane, the capital of the colony, one finds immense enterprise, with all the tokens of civilisation on the English model. A correspondent favours us with the following notes suggested by the *Queenslander*, which we presume to be the leading newspaper in the colony.

A cursory glance down the advertising columns of the *Queenslander* gives one no mean notion of the colony's capacities. One auctioneer announces for sale three thousand square miles of land, twenty-one thousand head of cattle, and a hundred and twenty-four thousand sheep. A dairy herd of six hundred head is in the market here, and there a stock-owner announces he has seven hundred pure merino rams to dispose of. Sugar-plantations, salt-works, gold mines, are on offer; and—incontrovertible proof of the land's capabilities—nurserymen are ready to supply all comers with seeds or roots 'of all the favourite flowers known in England,' of every kind of grass and grain and vegetable familiar to the British farmer and market-gardener; and keep in stock thoroughly acclimatised apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, apricots, nectarines, quinces, mulberries, walnuts, chestnuts, cobnuts, grapes, figs, limes, lemons, oranges, dates, guavas, and mangoes, in every approved variety.

One correspondent extols the merits of chicory as a profitable thing to grow; another relates his successful attempts at rice-raising; and a third waxes eloquent anent the unique garden of Mr Barnes of Mackay, with its groves and avenues of cocoa-nut trees; its hundreds of fine date-trees; its grapes, oranges, apples, and fruits of all climes and seasons, thriving together; its enormous melons and magnificent pines ripening and rotting around. The owner looks forward to reaping a large profit from his twelve hundred cocoa-nut trees, many of them now thirty feet high, although as yet the return for his ten years' labour and expenditure has been something not worth mentioning.

Then we have an account of 'the acclimated wonders of the vegetable kingdom blooming in this present February 1877, in the government Botanic Gardens of Brisbane;' said gardens being then in the height of their midsummer glory, and a perfect blaze of colour. 'One of the most strikingly handsome as well as curious trees in the gardens is the *Kilgeria pinnata*, from India. Its branches bear a kind of drooping flexible vine-rope or liana stem, each of which terminates in a large spike of flowers; while at various parts of the said rope pendants, hang huge seed-pods, like in shape unto the weights of an extra large cuckoo-clock.' Several varieties of the mango just now are in fine bearing, and the wine-palm of the West African coast was never more juicy and strawberry-like in flavour. Ferns and palms are magnificent, but after all, the *Queenslander* finds a native plant excite his admiration most. 'No description can do justice to the exquisite colour of the so-called blue water-lily of this colony. It is *not* blue, nor white, nor mauve, nor lilac, but has a blended dash of all of them, and is lovelier than any. A Swiss or French dyer who could reproduce it faithfully would make his fortune. It is a colour suggestive of summer afternoons, of lawns, of croquet, of classic villas, swell society, and five o'clock teas in the garden, with greyhounds, spaniels, pretty girls, and rosy children grouped about miscellaneous like.'

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Acclimatisation has succeeded too thoroughly in one instance—the rabbit, as we have had occasion to shew in a previous paper, having increased and multiplied until the colonists have reason to wish he had never been induced to settle in the land. One wheat-grower, wroth at having to sit up o' nights with his farm hands, dogs, bullock-bells, and tin cans, in order to scare the little pests back to their burrows, lest, like his neighbours, he should have nothing left to reap, declares either the rabbit or the farmer must go down; there is no longer room for both. Sheep-farmers are in a similar predicament; but their trouble is of native growth; the kangaroo is their *bête noire*, and they are busy arming against the pouched depredators. Kangaroo battues are the rage. At one held at Warroo, upwards of three thousand five hundred of these animals were disposed of in ten days; making eight thousand of which the run had been cleared in the space of a month—equivalent to saving pasturage for a like number of sheep. Another sheep-owner, after shooting down four thousand kangaroos on a small portion of his run, finds it necessary to call in outside aid, and lay in tons of cartridges for the use of those who respond to the appeal. By reports just to hand (Oct. 1877) we find that the process of kangaroo extermination is still at work.

There are other nuisances it would be well to see to. A woodman at Maryborough lately died of a scorpion sting; and we read of a man being bitten by a black snake while working a short distance from Brisbane. His mates scarified the wound, bound up the arm, and administered a large dose of brandy; put the patient into a cart, and made for a dispensary with all possible speed. Here the wound was scarified again; and a doctor passing by, being called in, cauterised it, and injected ammonia. In a few minutes the man's spasmodic struggles ceased, and he was able to walk to a cab. By the time he reached the hospital all traces of the venom had disappeared, and he seemed only to suffer from the effects of the spirits he had imbibed. The ammonia treatment of snake-bite is not efficacious with the lower animals; at least in a series of experiments upon dogs, not a single canine sufferer recovered. Although Queensland is reputed to be a land of rivers and streams, there are tracts where water is scarce, and those who recklessly go on the tramp, or 'wallaby,' as this kind of vagabondising is called, sometimes

experience the horrors of thirst, and actually sink down and die in the wilderness.

To prove the truth of this, and to shew that examples are not wanting of travellers who have died of thirst, a correspondent of the *Queenslander* tells how, following the tracks of some horses that had strayed from their beat, he came upon a pair of moleskin trousers hanging upon a tree, as if put there for a signal of distress. Looking about, he picked up a torn pocket, containing an illegible cheque and a match-box; and scattered about on the grass saw a blanket, shirt, hat, and water-bag. Searching further, he found the skull and bones of a man who had apparently been dead some two or three weeks; some of the flesh was still on the bones, and the brains were almost intact. Bags of flour, tea, and sugar lay near; a proof that the poor fellow had not died of hunger, but of thirst, the nearest water being twelve miles from the spot where he died his lonely death.

Thomas Stevenson, a lad of seventeen, started one December morning from his brother's station, some fifty miles from Louth, New South Wales, for the post-office at that place, which he reached safely, and left again at daybreak on the Saturday. The following Wednesday his horse arrived home, bearing his rider's coat, scarf, and spurs. His brother started for the bush with some black trackers, who found that the missing lad had been wandering on the Debil-Debil Mountains, but finding it impossible to get his horse down them, had turned back to get round the base of the mountains, but mistaking the road and overtaken by darkness, had camped out and hobbled his horse. After a three days' search the trackers discovered the body of young Stevenson lying between two logs in a lonely part of the bush. The weather had been extremely hot, and it was known he had no water-bag with him; so there was little doubt that he died of thirst. After losing his way and losing hope, he must have taken off his coat, scarf, and spurs, fastened them to a saddle, and turned the horse loose. Then placing the two logs on a track, he had lain down between them with his head resting on a cross-piece at one end, and so waited Death's releasing hand.

If advertising means business, business should be brisk indeed at Darling Downs, since the editor of the *Darling Downs Gazette* finds it necessary to explain the absence of the customary 'leader' in this wise: 'Owing to a press of advertis— In fact it is coming to this, that we shall have to throw up the business if people come hustling their advertisements in at the rate they are doing. The general appreciation of the fact that the *Gazette* is bound to be read by everybody, is becoming overwhelming. We plead guilty to no leader this time; but what were we to do? Only just now a bald-headed man came rushing in— But stop! let us first explain that we mean no offence to bald-headed men, and they needn't get up in arms. Goodness knows, we were bald-headed enough ourselves once upon a time, and used to be up in arms frequently about that period. Ask our nurse. However, as we were about to say, a bald-headed man came hustling in just as we had commenced our leader, and had got as far as, "When the history of mankind shall have been disinterred from the triturated and inevaporable sediments of its consummated cosmogony"—and while with our pen suspended we were working up the continuation in the same gay and sparkling style, that bald-headed man violently brought us down from the ethereal heights in which we were soaring, and wanted to know whether we could spare space for a column or so of advertisements. He fluttered some dingy papers, each marked five pounds, under our eyes, and we rather liked it. But we conquered our feelings and remarked: "Caitiff! our duty to our readers demands a leading article; hang advertisements! Take your beak from out our heart; take your form from off our door." The wretch winked, and went to the book-keeper, and inveigled him into finding space for that advertisement. Since then, there have been processions of bald and hairy men with insidious manners and fluttering notes, palming off advertisements on us. In short—or if the reader objects to that phrase as inappropriate—at length, we have no leading article, and if the reader could only witness our tears!'

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With certain parliamentary proceedings fresh in remembrance, we dare not cast stones at our cousins for not eliminating the rowdy element from their legislatures. That it should be predominant is not surprising, since we are assured, that in view of a coming dissolution, candidates swarm on the ground like frogs in a marsh. Every man who has figured in the insolvent list for the last three years; every boot-black whose stock of materials has given out; wild wood-carters whose only horse and hope is dead; country newspaper reporters down on their luck; country-town bellmen whose vocation has been supplanted; seedy men who cry penny papers in the streets: in short, all Bohemia and its dependencies have taken the field with a view to winning senatorial honours and the three hundred a year going with them. Prominent among these candidates stand Tom M'Inerney, who bases his claims upon the fact that he owns fifteen drays and fourteen children, and is under the impression that S. I. after a man's name denote him to be a civil engineer; and Patrick Tyrrell, who objects to 'circular' education, and who proved himself a real Irishman when asked if he would tax absentees, by replying: 'To be sure I would, if they didn't live in the country.'

However Australian legislators may indulge in libellous personalities, it is pleasant to note that such things are not received into favour by the press; the *Queenslander* notifying to all concerned, that 'any statement, comment, or criticism of a personal character calculated to provoke ill-feeling in the community from which it may be penned, will not only be rigorously excluded, as hitherto, but any correspondent who may think fit to forward such matter for publication will be immediately requested to discontinue his connection with this journal.' To be perfect, this notification only needs the N.B.—English papers please copy.

## TAKING IT COOLLY.

SOME of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded, are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo, he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troop. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelagh, knocked their lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off full speed, his eager foes following in hot pursuit, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment, the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance, and struck him down. The second, pressing on to avenge his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or a groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off whistling *The Grinder*.

Ponsonby's brave cavalry-man knew how to take things coolly, which, according to Colonel R. P. Anderson, is the special virtue of the British man-of-war, who, having the utmost reliance in himself and his commanders, is neither easily over-excited nor readily alarmed. In support of his assertion, the colonel relates how two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, towards the Residency position at Lucknow, directed their steps by the pickets of horse and foot. Suddenly, a twenty-four-pound shot struck the road just in front of them. 'I'm blessed, Bill,' said one of the tars, 'if this here channel is properly buoyed!' and on the happy-go-lucky pair went towards the Residency, as calmly as if they had been on Portsmouth Hard. During the same siege, a very young private of the 102d was on sentry, when an eight-inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deal of noise and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Colonel Anderson rushed to the spot. The youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded. Being asked what had happened, he replied unconcernedly: 'I think a shell has busted, sir.'

Towards the close of the fight of Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of General Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round-shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage-cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it on his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. 'A neat thing that, my man?' said Lord Raglan. 'Yes, my lord,' returned the sergeant, with another salute; 'but a miss is as good as a mile.' The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of *sang-froid*, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo; and, says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, 'I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone: "Hollo! Don't carry that arm away till I have taken off my ring!" Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips.'

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The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways; and from a tale told in Mr Marshall's *Canadian Dominion*, his civilised half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Métis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments, at one of the Company's forts. On paying the last instalment, he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table, and levelled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Métis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued; those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with: 'Go back to your dinner, and leave the affair to me.'

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Métis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueller revenge than if he had shot him dead.

It is not given to every one to play the philosopher, and accept fortune's buffets and favours with equal placidity. Horatios are scarce. But there are plenty of people capable of behaving like Spartans where the trouble does not touch their individuality. 'How can I get out of this?' asked an Englishman, up to his armpits in a Scotch bog, of a passer-by. 'I dinna think ye *can* get oot of it,' was the response of the Highlander as he went on his way.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the old gentleman, who contrived to tumble off the ferryboat into the Mississippi, and was encouraged to struggle for dear life by his better-half shouting: 'There, Samuel; didn't I tell you so? Now then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer—for its mighty onsartin, Samuel, whether you land in Vicksburg or eternity!'

Thoroughly oblivious of court manners was the red-cloaked old Kentish dame who found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte, at a Volunteer review held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with her arms akimbo, observed: 'Well, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!'—a compliment the astonished queen gratefully accepted, saying: 'Well, my good woman, I am very glad of dat.' Probably Her Majesty forgave her critic's rudeness as the outcome of rustic ignorance and simplicity.

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout: 'Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!' General Thomas, turning, found he was the 'mister' so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

'Well, my man,' said he, 'what do you want with me?'

'I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want,' was the reply.

'Why do you want a furlough, my man?' inquired the general.

'Wall, I want to go home and see my wife.'

'How long is it since you saw her?'

'Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months.'

'Three months!' exclaimed the commander. 'Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!'

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out: 'Wall, you see, me and *my* wife ain't that sort!'

The Postmaster-general of the United States once received an odd official communication; the Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer: 'Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up.' To this day, that Postmaster-general has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. If that be true, there is a church dignitary in embryo somewhere in the young deacon, whose examining bishop felt it requisite to send for the clergyman recommending him for ordination, in order to tell him to keep that young man in check; adding by way of explanation: 'I had the greatest difficulty, sir, to prevent him examining me!' This not to be abashed candidate for clerical honours promises to be as worthy of the cloth as the American minister who treated his village congregation to one of Mr Beecher's sermons, unaware that the popular Brooklyn preacher made one of his hearers. Accosting him after service, Mr Beecher said: 'That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?'

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'Oh, I tossed it off one evening,' was the reply.

'Indeed!' said Mr Beecher. 'Well, it took me much longer than that to think out the framework of that sermon.'

'Are you Henry Ward Beecher?' asked the sermon-stealer.

'I am,' said that gentleman.

'Well, then,' said the other, not in the least disconcerted, 'all I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere.'

We do not know if Colman invented the phrase, 'As cool as a cucumber;' but he makes the Irishman in *The Heir-at-Law* say: 'These two must be a rich man that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t' other stands cool as a cucumber.' Of the two, the latter was more likely to have been intending a raid on another man's purse, for the men whose 'very trade is borrowing' are usually, we might say necessarily, the coolest of the cool; like Bubb Dodington's impecunious acquaintance, who, rushing across Bond Street, greeted Dodington with: 'I'm delighted to see you, for I am wonderfully in want of a guinea.'

Taking out his purse, Bubb shewed that it held but half a guinea.

'A thousand thanks!' cried his tormentor, deftly seizing the coin; 'that will do very well for the present;' and then changed the conversation. But as he turned to take leave, he inquired: 'By-the-by, when will you pay me that half-guinea?'

'Pay you? What do you mean?' exclaimed Dodington.

'Mean? Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you. I have only got half; but I'm not in a hurry for t' other. Name your own time, only pray keep it!' saying which, he disappeared round the corner.

'John Phoenix' the American humorist being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbour he said: 'Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?' 'Certainly,' was the reply, and the thing was done; but when the individual thus assaulted turned round, Phoenix saw he was not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the victim said: 'Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my stick?' 'Yes.' 'And what did you want?' 'Oh,' said Phoenix, with imperturbable gravity, 'I wanted to see whether you *would* tap him or not!'

'Jack Holmes,' a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well. 'Now, sir,' said the learned gentleman, 'tell the jury how you live?'

'Well,' said Holmes, 'a chop or a steak, and on Sunday perhaps a little bit of fish; I am a very plain-living man.'

'You know what I mean, sir,' thundered the questioner. 'What do you do for a living?'

'The same as you, sergeant,' said the witness, tapping his forehead suggestively; 'and when that fails, I do'—going through the pantomime of writing across his hand—a little bit of stuff—the same as you again.'

'My lud, I shall not ask this obtuse witness any more questions,' said the angry counsel.

'Brother,' said Baron Martin, 'I think you had better not.'

Here is a hint for our old friend the clown in the pantomime. At the burning of a provision store, the crowd helped themselves freely. One man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the salvage; rising up with it he found himself face to face with a policeman, and with admirable presence of mind put the plunder into the officer's arms, saying: 'You had better take care of that, policeman, or some one will be walking off with it.'

Equally ready to relinquish his loot when there was no help for it was a Chicago negro, caught by a poultry fancier in the act of carrying off some of his live stock, and challenged with: 'What are you doing with my chickens?' 'I wuz gwine fer ter fetch 'em back, boss,' explained he. 'Dere's a nigger roun' here what's bin disputin along er me 'bout dem chickens. I said dey wuz Coachin Chyniz; an he said dey wuz Alabarmar pullets; an I wuz jes takin 'em roun' fer ter stablsh my nollidge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty shamed of hustlin 'em roun'. Aigs is scase.'

Impudently cool as the darkey was, he must yield the palm for effrontery to the Erie Railway guard, whose interview with Manager Fisk is thus related in an American paper.

'You are a conductor on the Erie, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How long have you been on the road?'

'Fifteen years.'

'Worth some property, I learn?'

'Some.'

'Have a very fine house in Oswego? Cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Own a farm near where you reside?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?'

'Nothing to speak of.'

'Made the property since?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Been at work for no other parties?'

'No; but I have been saving money, and invested it from time to time to good advantage.'

'Well, sir, what will you give to settle? Of course you cannot pretend to say you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the railway—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars? Now, sir, what will you give to settle, and not be disgraced, as you certainly will be if a trial is brought, and you are compelled to give up the property you profess to own, but which in reality belongs to the Company?'

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'Well, Mr Manager, I had not thought of the matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing anything wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors; tried to earn my salary and get it, and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the Company anything. If you think I do, why, there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother; relatives all of good standing; they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me, and the idea that I would take a penny that did not belong to me would break her heart. I don't care anything for the matter myself; but on account of my family and relatives, if you won't say anything more about it, I'll give you say—a dollar!'

# THE MONTH:

## SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR CHARLES BARRY, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in his opening address, mentioned that with a view to facilitate the studies of young men, the library of the Institute is open from ten in the morning till nine at night, to members of the Architectural Association, to the architectural classes of the Royal Academy, of University College, and King's College. A fee of five shillings a year and a proper recommendation are the conditions on which this valuable privilege may be obtained; and it is to be hoped that earnest-minded students—the architects of the future—will hasten to avail themselves of this generously offered store of knowledge.

The Council of the Institute have given notice of lectures which are to be delivered at University College, London, during the present session, comprising Ancient Architecture as a Fine Art; on Construction and Materials; on Roofing, Masonry, Quarries, Arches, and Groining. At King's College also there will be lectures on the Mechanics of Construction; on Constructive Design and Practice, besides classes for the study of Architectural Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, and Surveying and Levelling. Young men who wish to study architecture and allied subjects have in the courses thus provided for, a favourable opportunity. Among the papers announced for reading at the meetings of the Institute are: On the Architecture of Norway; On the Prevention of Corrosion in Iron; and Syria, the Cradle of Gothic Architecture; which may be expected to present especial points of interest.

The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society have published a statement of members' privileges which is worth attention. On payment of a moderate fee the advice of a competent veterinary inspector can be had in cases of disease among the live-stock; post-mortem examinations can be made, and the animals may be sent to the Brown Institution, Wandsworth Road, London, where the Professor-Superintendent undertakes 'to carry out such investigations relating to the nature, treatment, and prevention of diseases of cattle, sheep, and pigs, as may be deemed expedient by the Council of the Society.' Reports on the cases are drawn up quarterly, or specially as may be required. Analyses of guano and other fertilisers, of soils, of water, of vegetable products, may be had; also reports on seeds, with determination of the quantity of weeds mingled among them; on vegetable parasites; on diseases of farm-crops. And besides all this, any member whose lands are infested by noxious intruders may have a 'determination of the species of any insect, worm, or other animal, which, in any stage of its life, injuriously affects the farm-crops, with a report on its habits, and suggestions as to its extermination.'

Experiments on the fattening of animals by Messrs Lawes and Gilbert help to settle the much-debated question as to whether fat is produced exclusively from nitrogenous food or not. Their conclusion is, that excess of nitrogen contributes to growth but not to fatness. 'There is, of course,' they say, 'a point below which the proportion of nitrogenous substance in the food should not be reduced; but if this be much exceeded, the proportion of the increase, and especially of the fat-increase, to the nitrogenous substance consumed, rapidly decreases; and it may be stated generally, that taking our current fattening food-stuffs as they are, it is their supply of digestible non-nitrogenous, rather than of nitrogenous constituents which guides the amount, both of the food consumed and of the increase produced, by the fattening animal.'

Since the outbreak of discussion on spontaneous generation and the germ theory, many readers have become familiar with the term Bacteria, by which certain minute organisms are described. The question involved may be studied from different points of view, as appears from a communication addressed to the Royal Society by Dr Downes and Mr Blunt, a chemist, on the Effect of Light upon Bacteria and other Organisms. Properly prepared solutions were inclosed in glass tubes; some of the tubes were placed in sunlight, others were covered with paper or some material that excluded light. The dark tubes became turbid; the light tubes remained clear. The experiments modified in various ways were continued from April to October; and the conclusions that the experimentalists came to were that—Light is inimical to the development of Bacteria and the microscopic fungi associated with putrefaction and decay, its action on the latter being apparently less rapid than upon the former—That the preservative quality of light is most powerful in the direct solar ray, but can be demonstrated to exist in ordinary diffused daylight—and That this preservative quality appears to be associated with the actinic rays of the spectrum. 'It appears to us,' say the two gentlemen, 'that the organisms which have been the subject of our research may be regarded simply as isolated cells, or minute protoplasmic masses specially fitted by their transparency and tenuity for the demonstration of physical influences. May we not expect that laws similar to those which here manifest themselves may be in operation throughout the vegetable, and perhaps also the animal kingdom wherever light has direct access to protoplasm? On the one hand, we have chlorophyll (colouring substance of leaves, &c.) owing its very existence to light, and whose functions are deoxidising; on the other, the white protoplasm or germinal matter oxidising in its relations, and to which, in some of its forms at least, the solar rays are not only non-essential, but even devitalising and injurious.

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'This suggestion,' continued the gentlemen, 'we advance provisionally and with diffidence; nor do we wish to imply that the relations of light to protoplasmic matter are by any means so simple as might be inferred from the above broad statement.'

A paper by Dr Burdon Sanderson, F.R.S., read before the same Society, contains, amid much that is controversial about *Bacteria*, germs, organised particles, development and so forth, a few

passages which all intelligent readers will be able to understand. On the question of disease-germs, the learned doctor remarks: 'In order that any particle may be rightly termed a disease-germ, two things must be proved concerning it: first, that it is a living organism; secondly, that if it finds its way into the body of a healthy human being or of an animal, it will produce the disease of which it is the germ. Now there is only one disease affecting the higher animals in respect of which anything of this kind has been proved, and that is splenic fever of cattle. In other words, there is but one case in which the existence of a disease-germ has been established. Comparing such a germ with the germinal particles we have been discussing, we see that there is but little analogy between them, for, first, the latter are not known to be organised; secondly, they have no power of producing disease, for it has been found by experiment that ordinary Bacteria may be introduced into the circulating blood of healthy animals in considerable quantities without producing any disturbance of health. So long as we ourselves are healthy, we have no reason to apprehend any danger from the morbid action of atmospheric dust, except in so far as it can be shewn to have derived infectiveness from some particular source of miasma or contagium.'

In a communication to the *American Journal*, Professor Kirkwood discusses the question—Does the motion of the inner satellite of Mars disprove the nebular hypothesis? This satellite he remarks is within three thousand four hundred miles of the planet's surface, and completes three orbital revolutions in less than a Martian day. How is this remarkable fact to be reconciled with the cosmogony of Laplace? The Professor then remarks that there is some similarity between the movements of the satellites and those of the rings of Saturn. The rings are composed of clouds of exceedingly minute planetoids, and while the outer ring revolves in a period somewhat greater than that of Saturn itself, 'the inner visible edge of the dusky ring completes a revolution in about eight hours. These rings,' in the words of Professor Tait, 'like everything cosmical, must be gradually decaying, because in the course of their motion round the planet there must be continual impacts among the separate portions of the mass; and of two which impinge, one may be accelerated, but at the expense of the other. The other falls out of the race, as it were, and is gradually drawn in towards the planet. The consequence is that, possibly not so much on account of the improvement of telescopes of late years, but perhaps simply in consequence of this gradual closing in of the whole system, a new ring of Saturn has been observed inside the two old ones, called from its appearance the crape ring, which was narrow when first observed, but is gradually becoming broader. That crape ring is formed of the laggards which have been thrown out of the race, and are gradually falling in towards Saturn's surface.' It is then suggested that, by a process similar to that here described, the phenomena of the Martian system may have been produced, and the argument concludes thus: 'Unless some such explanation as this can be given, the short period of the inner satellite will doubtless be regarded as a conclusive argument against the nebular hypothesis.'

In a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr Brett argues against the hypothesis that Mars is in a condition similar to that of the earth. He grounds his conclusion on the fact that in all his observations of Mars he has seen no clouds in the atmosphere thereof. That atmosphere is very dense, of great bulk, and is probably of a temperature so high that any aqueous vapour contained therein is prevented from condensation. Mr Brett implies that the glowing red colour of the middle of the disk is glowing red heat; and he remarks, in terrestrial experience there is always an intermediate phenomenon between vapour and snow, namely opaque cloud; and the absence of this condition seems fatal to the hypothesis that the white polar patch, as hitherto supposed, consists of snow. According to Mr Brett this patch is not only not snow; constitutes no part of the solid mass of the planet; but is nothing more than a patch of cloud, 'the only real cloud existing in Mars.'

From particulars published in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Geological Society, it appears that metallic copper and copper ore have been discovered along a tract of country in Nova Scotia, that the specimens when analysed at Swansea yielded satisfactory results, and that 'Nova Scotia may soon appear on the list of copper-producing countries, it being confidently expected that during the approaching summer fresh localities will be proved to contain copper-bearing veins.' And shifting the scene, we learn from the same *Journal* that in the South African Diamond Fields, two claims in Kimberley Mine, comprising eighteen hundred square feet, have yielded twenty-eight thousand carats of diamond; that at Lydenburg, in the Transvaal country, most of the alluvial gold is supplied by Pilgrim's Rest Creek, the gold being coarse and nuggety, in well-rounded lumps, some of which, ten pounds in weight, are worth from seventy-six to eighty shillings an ounce; and that near the Oliphant River cobalt ore is found, of which a hundred tons have been sent to England. The same locality yields beryls, and is believed to be rich in other minerals.

Compressed air on being released from pressure can be cooled down to a very low temperature by throwing into it a jet of cold water. Advantage has been taken of this fact in contriving a new refrigerator or freezing chamber; and we are informed that at a trial which took place with a view to commercial purposes, 'in half an hour after commencing to work the machine, the thermometer within the freezing chamber stood at twenty degrees below zero; the interior of the chamber was covered with hoar-frost half an inch thick, bottles of water were frozen solid, and the general temperature of the room in which the freezing chamber stands was reduced to thirty degrees Fahrenheit.' It is clear that by this invention a very cheap way of producing ice and maintaining coolness has become available; and that it should have been adopted by a Company for use on board ship to keep meat fresh during the voyage from Canada is what might be expected. Bearing in mind that in April of the present year the United States sent to England more than eight million pounds of meat, the importance of the new cooling method will be appreciated. Moreover, it may be applied to many other purposes which require a low



temperature.

Another step has been taken towards diminishing the risk of railway travelling. Experience has shewn that the danger most to be dreaded is collision; and that collision is brought about by defective signals. The interlocking system of signals is good, and the block-system is good; but they have failed in critical moments. The manager of the Railway Signal Works at Kilburn has invented a method which combines the two systems, and, as we are informed, has thereby 'dislodged the last atom of human fallibility' from railway signalling. Time will prove.

The block-system has been adopted, with endeavours to improve it, on some of the principal lines in France; and the companies point to statistics which shew that railway travelling is safer in France than in Belgium or England; there being not more than *one* death to forty-five millions of travellers.

Professor Marsh's address to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science cannot fail to interest all readers who desire to learn something of the Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America. It is a subject very inviting, and very difficult to trace the succession from fishes to amphibia, reptiles and birds, and onwards to mammals; but cannot be properly discussed without the aid of much dry scientific detail. We shall content ourselves therefore with a few points in the address which admit of presentation in a popular form. 'During the Triassic time,' says Professor Marsh, 'the Dinosaurs attained in America an enormous development both in variety of forms and in size. The Triassic sandstone of the Connecticut valley has long been famous for its fossil footprints, especially the so-called bird-tracks, which are generally supposed to have been made by birds. A careful investigation, however, of nearly all the specimens yet discovered has convinced me that most of these three-toed tracks were certainly not made by birds; but by quadrupeds which usually walked upon their hind-feet alone, and only occasionally put to the ground their smaller anterior extremities.'

According to present knowledge, the earliest appearance of birds in America was during the Cretaceous period. Among them was one to which the name *Hesperornis* has been given. It was aquatic, nearly six feet in length, had jaws with teeth set in grooves, rudimentary wings, and legs similar to those of modern diving-birds. We have it on the authority of Professor Marsh that this strange creature 'was essentially a carnivorous swimming ostrich.'

Coming to the Miocene period, we are told of the Brontotherium, an animal nearly as large as the elephant, but with much shorter limbs. A countryman looking at the skeleton of one of these monsters in the museum at Newhaven, was heard to say: 'Adam must have had a bad time of it when he branded that critter there.' It was succeeded by the equally huge *Chalicotherium*. And a little later we have the statement that 'the Marsupials are clearly the remnants of a very ancient fauna which occupied the American continent millions of years ago, and from which the other mammals were doubtless all derived, although the direct evidence of the transformation is wanting.'

It has long been supposed that the New World was peopled by migrations from the Old World. Professor Marsh holds a directly opposite opinion, whereby an interesting question is presented for discussion. The surveys and explorations carried on of late years by the United States government have brought to light such an amazing number of fossils, indicative of more, that the museums in America will soon be the largest and the richest in specimens in the world. On the other hand, we may point to Central Asia, and suggest that when that vast country shall be thoroughly explored, fossil relics may be discovered more diversified and interesting even than those of America.

A remarkable statement occurs in a Report by one of the government naturalists on the Injurious Insects of the West, namely that in the United States the loss of agricultural products through the ravages of insects amounts to 'probably more than two hundred millions of dollars each year, and that from one-quarter to one-half of this sum might be saved by preventive measures.'

Another item from beyond the Atlantic is the gigantic cuttle-fish, which was found after a storm at Catalina, on the coast of Newfoundland. The measurements of this monster were: circumference of body seven feet; length of tentacular arms thirty feet; of the ventral arms eleven feet, and eye-sockets eight inches diameter. This, the largest specimen ever preserved, is now in the New York Aquarium. With a grasp of sixty feet when living, it must have realised the descriptions in old writers of horrid sea-monsters that devoured divers, and enveloped even ships with their terrible arms. It is not the first that has been found on the shores of Newfoundland.

Readers who prefer the study of geography when mixed with adventures will find instruction and entertainment in Mr Alfred Simson's *Notes of Travel Across South America from Guayaquil to the Napo*, an affluent of the great river of Brazil, as published in the last number of the Geographical Society's *Journal*. Among descriptions of perilous incidents, of laborious exertions, and of narrow escapes, are accounts of wonderful scenery, of natural products, and of some of the native tribes, which make us aware that much yet remains to be discovered in that mountainous interior. In one place a party of the numerous Jívaros tribe was met with, one of the most independent and warlike in South America, who withstood alike the attacks of Incas and Spaniards, and have still a habit of killing white people. A Jesuit padre who had resided among them three years, told Mr Simson 'that he found it impossible to make any progress with them.'

On another occasion Mr Simson explored the almost unknown Putumayo, one of the largest of the Amazonian tributaries, navigable to the foot of the Andes, eighteen hundred miles from the sea. This voyage, aided by the Brazilian government, with a view to steam-navigation, occupied fifty-seven days, beset by hardships, and the plague of the blood-thirsty Pium flies, all of which Mr

Simson appears to have overcome by indomitable resolution.

In reply to further inquiries made regarding vegetable size, we are told that 'the best and purest, if not the cheapest, is the *hai-thao*, which is sold by Messrs Renault aîné et fils, 26 Rue du Roi de Sicile, Paris. Its price (last year) varied from 5.50 to 7 francs per kilogramme.' We are further told that this 'gum' was applied to the sizing of cotton cloths with good results, and that it might prove equally useful for the sizing of other materials such as paper. To one gallon of water, four ounces of the size are added and *well* boiled, the result of which is a jelly which gets very thick when cool. Besides the *hai-thao*, there are other kinds of size made from sea-weeds, such as the *gélase* of M. Martineau, druggist, St Parchaise, Charente Inférieure—sold at 3.50 francs per kilogramme; the *thao-français*, sold by M. Steinbach, Petit Guerilly, near Rouen, from 3.50 to 5 francs; and the *ly-cho* of M. Fichet, 8 Rue de Chateau, Asnières, Seine. Of the foregoing we believe the *hai-thao* size to be the best.

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## THE ROLL-CALL OF HOME.

### 'FOR VALOUR.'

A SOLDIER came from distant lands, to seek his childhood's home:  
A gallant boy he marched away, when first he longed to roam  
With colours flying o'er his head, with music's thrilling strain;  
But now a saddened, dying man, he wandered home again.

He left his love, the village belle, and cried, in careless glee:  
'When medals shine upon my breast, a hero's bride thou 'lt be.'  
To bring his mother laurels back, his youthful heart had yearned;  
A simple cross, a life of toil, were all that he had earned.

Beside the old churchyard there sat, upon a rustic stile,  
A pretty little village maid, who gave him smile for smile.  
He asked her news of dear old friends—his dog among the rest—  
And trem'ulous then he slowly asked for those he loved the best.

But when his father's, mother's, name she heard him softly say,  
The merry face grew grave and sad; the bright smile passed away.  
She told, their son was lost or dead, their hearts' delight and pride;  
'Neath yonder yew-tree,' said the maid, 'they're sleeping, side by side.'

He asked her of his boyhood's love; a joyous answer came;  
'Thou knowest all my friends,' she cried; 'that *was* my mother's name.'  
The soldier's face was fraught with grief she could not understand;  
Yet, with a child's quick sympathy, she placed in his her hand.

'Come home,' she said; but with a kiss, quoth he, 'That may not be;  
I soon shall reach the only home now left, on earth, for me.'  
She was his last remaining friend; and thus, life's journey done,  
He gave her all he had to give—the cross, too dearly won!

Bethought the maid, he needs repose as he has come from far;  
So prayed that he would tell, some day, the story of the war.  
'We two will rest a little while, for I am tired,' she said;  
'Where daisies grow, beneath the tree, come now and rest thy head.'

She led him, gently, to the spot; and sleeping, calmly, there,  
The mother found them, hand in hand. How different the pair!  
*He* was at peace; but in that rest where sorrow ne'er may come.  
Ah! may the soldier then have gained, in Heaven, a better home.

AUGUSTA A. L. MAGRA.

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END OF FOURTEENTH VOLUME.

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