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AT HOME ON FURLOUGH.

RE-PRINTED FROM THE "MADRAS MAIL."

AT HOME ON FURLOUGH.

(Second Series.)

BY

CHARLES A. LAWSON.

'Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand."

AR JL

MADRAS:

THE "MADRAS MAIL" PRESS.

1875.

THIS VOLUME

OF ROUNDABOUT PAPERS

IS INSCRIBED

TO

Absent Friends

Whose "Sweetness and Light"

CONDUCED

TO THE PLEASURE AND PROFIT OF THE

AUTHOR'S HOLIDAY.

MADRAS, 31*st March* 1875.

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AT HOME ON FURLOUGH.

LETTER I.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF P. & O. LIFE.

BABELMANDEB, *March* 1873.

WHEN Rip Van Winkle returned from his memorable trip to the Hills to his residence in the plains, he was pained by the discovery that the faces of friends and relatives which had been young on his setting forth, had grown wrinkled, and their locks had turned grey in the interval. In no such unpleasant manner is the veteran voyager reminded by the Peninsular and Oriental Company of the march of that "old thief," time. True, a grey hair in his favourite whisker; ominous signs of threatening baldness; or worse, a crow's-foot, or two, beside his once brighter eyes, may be reflected in the maple-framed, oblong glass over the plugged basin in which, with some acrobatic effort, he performs a portion of his ablutions; but, the vessel in which he travels in 1873 is perhaps only, by a severe examination, found to differ in any other respect than tonnage from the steamer which carried him to the land of unredeemed promise in the "gorgeous East" ten or twenty years ago. The berths and saloon furniture; the bed-room and table crockery; the glass and linen; the stewards and stewardesses; the cooks and engineers; the lascars and John China-

men; the sailors and those who command them; seem the facsimiles of his surroundings when, as a griffin, he hoped all things from a brief exile from the land of his birth. He cannot, perhaps, conceal from himself the chronological fact that a decade, or two, immediately following twenty years of age, usually represents the most sanguine, healthful, active, and progressive period in the lives of Anglo-Indians; and that, whether he has made the most of his time in India, or not, he has lived it, and can live it again no more. He is individually older, and, unlike Mr. R. V. Winkle, he knows it; but the P. and O. being blessed with an unending youth, the old passenger returns complacently to the discipline that amused him in days when he himself was young, and takes up the thread of his inter-oceanic life as easily as though he dropped it yesterday. His many anxieties while in India; his weeks and months of monotonous routine duty; his somewhat morbid craving at times for rest; seem now little else than the "baseless fabrics of a dream;" and he finds it far more easy to realise the fact that he is returning to the familiar scenes of his youth at home, than to recall with any connectedness the uneventful labours of his manhood abroad.

The Canal steamers have merits of their own which he who puts them to the test can only adequately appreciate; but, so long as the P. and O. Company continue to deserve well of my country, shall I feel anxious to entrust myself and those I love to its care, rather than to that of any rival with which I have yet become acquainted. Yet one invariably meets with passengers who will not be comforted by any of the blandishments of the P. and O., and who, with painful verbosity din into the ears of their unfortunate table or cabin companions their singularly fresh opinions respecting the chronic mismanagement of the great Company. As gentlemen and ladies of this way of thinking are numerous in India, I will not venture to risk their displeasure by hinting that some of their growls are not free from

exaggeration. To individuals with an abnormally sensitive cuticle, crumpled rose leaves may be fatal to sound slumber; and it would be unfeeling of the person whose own skin is of coarser texture to argue that his less fortunate associates do not do well by being angry with such foliage. So the circumstance that the P. and O. life is congenial to my taste when afloat is one that affects not the eloquent arguments of the critics whom the P. and O. Directorate probably despair of pleasing. It seems to me that enjoying the society of a hundred, or so, ladies and gentlemen, a good proportion of whom are agreeable; and sharing with them the not inconsiderable advantages of varied and fresh food in great abundance, attentive servants, and a cabin that, like the ship, is habitually clean; with an unlimited amount of salt water for bathing purposes; and sea air whose ozone is beyond all suspicion—it seems to me, I say, that there is very little left for me to wish for; and yet I needs must lend a listening ear at table, or on the deck, or still worse in my cabin to the lamentations of some of my fellow-travellers over there being "really nothing to eat."

It must, however, be borne in mind that the five Steam Navigation Companies whose ways of doing things for the comfort of passengers between Europe and India, I have from time to time, as a passenger, personally scrutinised, do not comprise the whole of the Agencies that have of late years bidden for a share of the Anglo-Indian passenger traffic; and there must, judging from the caustic remarks of a percentage of P. and O. passengers, be some Company in existence, unknown to myself, which they have found equal to the enormous task of pleasing all the appetites and caprices of a crowd of unavoidably idle folk on board-ship. Is it not however, somewhat strange, that the persons who are loudest in their disparagement of the P. and O. are found in P. and O. ships at all; and that when you come to enquire into their position in India you are usually told that their reputed incomes are in an inverse ratio to their profuse com-

plaints? A young Lord whose rent-roll will, it is believed, be a million sterling when he is forty years of age, and who, therefore, may be supposed to possess steam-yachts of his own, or to be on intimate terms with those who have them, or, failing this, who could well afford to charter a steamer on his own account, as the Irishman did before the Deluge, is not only content to journey to and from India in P. and O. vessels, like any other man, but, judging from his tri-daily performances with knife and fork, considers the fare excellent, and shows a cheeriness on deck which argues that he finds the society with which he is boxed up for nearly a month by no means uncongenial. Not so, however, the censor who having, unlike the nobleman, been nursed in the lap of luxury, founds his claims to temporary importance on his ability to sneer at "this confounded ship." Yet, to humour his companions at table, not by any means to please himself, does this representative gentleman, deign to do even more than justice to the "abominable victuals" set before him. It is greatly, therefore, to his credit that he plays to the life a part that must to a man of his great refinement and delicate palate be repugnant; and that he does something, in a practical kind of way, towards letting his fellow-passengers nurse the delusion that though he habitually revels in the choicest luxuries of the season and locality when ashore, the P. and O. makeshifts are not so immediately fatal to life as to render it impossible for him to partake of them with the semblance of a hearty appetite.

But, ship-board is not generally favorable to the development of the more noble phases of landsman character: and it would, therefore, be unjust to gauge Anglo-Indian nature by the standard of P. and O. passengers. To men who are among the busiest of official bees ashore, a month of abstinence from active duties cannot be other than tedious, except when physical health is in sore need of absolute rest. The pettinesses of passenger life, and more especially the

chronic selfishness of some folk, are not, perhaps, calculated to give keen neutral observers, who have had no personal experience of the conditions of life in the East, a high opinion of Anglo-Indians; and hence it is that Trollope in his "*Bertrams*" employs his pen in depicting that marked blemish of P. and O. life, the widow in search of a husband, rather than in more kindly portraits of his countrymen in exile. So, too, in London newspapers, reviews and magazines one frequently meets with sneering references to Anglo-Indians, based evidently on the experience acquired by metropolitan satirists on a journey with some of them to or from Egypt. Indian passengers, as a rule, as do gentlemen in their cups, usually exhibit the relatively weak rather than the relatively strong points of their character; or, at any rate, the opportunity is not favorable for the exhibition of those finer traits which, let us hope, command the admiration of their friends, and the respect of their foes ashore. The wonder therefore is, not that each ship is fruitful of a little piece of pseudo-scandal, but that scandals are comparatively insignificant and rare on board. In a company of one to two hundred ladies and gentlemen, none of whom have any more important daily function than to eat, drink, and pass away the time, there will usually be a small percentage who find amusement in Platonic preferences; but home critics are too apt to forget that these individuals are really no worse than many dilly-dallying people ashore, whose acts, being comparatively private, furnish but little food for conversation.

A crowded passenger steamer is a glass hive in which there is a large preponderance of drones who are driven, for want of any better amusement, to bite one another's tails. The familiarity that often breedeth contempt is not to be avoided on board by even the most haughty official; and passengers are brought down to a dead level which is probably somewhat repugnant to the feelings of bright and particular stars of certain public services, who there-

fore do their best to enact the part of wet blankets. It is probably rare to make friendships on board that last longer than the end of the voyage; but he would be indeed an unfortunate or objectionable creature who has made several P. & O. journeys without also making several valued additions to his list of acquaintances. If disagreeable people ashore are very disagreeable as cabin companions, nice people ashore are usually found to be very nice on board, health and weather permitting. It is no small advantage after being bound hand and foot to a desk in some part of India, with intimacies, out of office-hours, confined to a small set of excellent people whose shrewd opinions on most topics are pretty well known to you, to be thrown for a few weeks, without any formal social constraint, among a crowd of homeward-bound fellow-exiles representing a variety of occupations and interests in localities unknown to yourself. True, it may be well that the journey lasts only a few weeks, for the most amiable souls could not be reasonably expected to endure without some moral detriment a more protracted tax on their patience, such for example as that connected with a voyage of six dreadful months round the Cape, as of old. We moderns, if we would only reckon them up, may well congratulate ourselves on the enormous advantages, tantamount to individual blessings, that have been heaped upon our generation; and we Anglo-Indians may well, at the termination of each voyage, feel grateful that the ends of the world have in our time been brought together, and that a P. and O. journey is what it is.

We all know that there are sunbeams in cucumbers, sermons in stones, stones in plum jam, and nuts in Proceedings of Government, but we all do not know that there are reflections grave and gay to be extracted from the outfit of fellow-passengers, and also from one's own apparel. People have so little to do that is worth the doing on board ship in the happily brief intervals between meals, that the

man who sports a fantastic suit, or the lady who wears an amazing chignon, with a panier to match, is a benefactor of his or her species, by affording food for the refreshment of vacant minds. There is the vanity of being well dressed, to which some griffins outward-bound are martyrs; and there is the vanity of being dressed regardless of appearances, to which some old Indians of both sexes homeward-bound do not rise superior. The latter weakness, if not the more conducive to picturesqueness, is the more provocative of conversation unalloyed by latent jealousy; and I have not yet ceased to marvel at the forms in which it finds expression. In the early morning, before the ladies make their appearance, and ere masculine ablutions have commenced, the males assemble pretty numerously in the forward saloon, or on deck, the majority wearing costumes that might strike their home relatives with surprise, mingled it may be with awe. The Bengalees affect large, loose, embroidered, snuff-coloured, goat's hair dressing-gowns, which when swaddled around them make the owners resemble perambulating parcels of a large size per pattern post. The Bombayites are not so partial to cashmere, and would seem to prefer suits of gaudily coloured flannel, to the grey shirtings in which the Madrassees take the morning air. These ante-breakfast costumes are reluctantly made to give place to the attire for the day, which in many instances nearly approaches the normal costume of the British plumber when on duty, or that petted master of the situation, that "'orny 'anded son of toil," —the British working man. If the wearers are intent upon concealing their identity as officers of rank, or civilians of standing, they succeed to a marvel in carrying their point; and it is as good as a play to find day after day that this or that shabby-looking gentleman is not a deported loafer, but one of whom his country and service may well be proud.

LETTER II.

TWO SERVICES ON BOARD.

THE RED SEA, *March* 1873.

THE P. and O. Sunday has marked characteristics. The cards and the quoits, the chess and the draughts, the cribbage and the lotteries of week-days are laid by, and the passengers momentarily discard the use of the seediest of coats, and the most draggled of polonaises. The parsons, especially the facetious ones, affect to eat their breakfast with some austerity of demeanour, and even exhibit an abnormal indisposition to indulge in jam. Their wives are similarly abstemious in the consumption of marmalade, for fear, may be, of impairing their ability to lead the singing. The post-breakfast cheroot is furtively indulged in by most of the men; and only the reprobates dare to study the British classics bound in illustrated yellow covers. Anon the crew is mustered—and peppered too, should they present themselves in other than the cleanest of attire. The European seamen are brawny, as well they may be, seeing that they fare sumptuously, for sailors, every day. The Chinese, got up regardless of expense in the traditional costume of the British Tar, look like the latter hero may be supposed to do when tarred, feathered, shaved, and starved. The Lascars, for a wonder, put in a clean appearance; but their faces are not very prepossessing, and it is some comfort to reflect that the number of well-built European stewards should be sufficient to keep them in order should they ever feel tempted to "run a moock" at a trying period in the vessel's history.

The sharp quarter-deck bell now tolls; the bigger and richer toned bell at midships replies; and the little floating world is informed that Divine service is about to be performed. The deck has been already prepared for the purpose by the judicious re-arrangement of the hardest of benches, and the turning of spider and other lounging chairs to the irreverent rear. A brace of stewards stagger forwards, each with a tray full, not of P. and O. mutton, or P. and O. stew, or P. and O. crockery, but of P. and O. Bibles and Prayer Books; and the passengers hasten to arm themselves with these aids to memory. The Captain, in his best suit of uniform, the buttons as bright as a mirror, now steps forth from his cabin on the deck, and no more says a "Good morning" to his lady, or "How are you this morning" to his gentlemen subjects; but takes a foremost seat with a mien significant of sonorous Amens. Now approach two reverend Signiors, the one a Missionary given on week days to mild jokes, the other a Senior Chaplain, whose copious beard had hitherto concealed his holy calling, or, to be more accurate, his neck-cloth, from the eyes of his fellow-passengers. Robed in flowing surplices, with hood and all, these worthy ecclesiastics strike the congregation with awe; and each passenger assumes a decorous demeanour that is somewhat foreign, perhaps, to the character of specimens of "frivolous literature" that peep over the edges of coat-pockets, as though surprised at finding themselves in such good company. "Hats off;" and while the clergymen indulge in brief devotions on their own account, by way of preface, the elderly passengers moralise on the disadvantage of having no thatch on the top of their heads whereby to moderate the intensity of the sun's rays, which is felt even through the thick double canvas awning.

The service now commences, and is conducted with an heroic zeal, which only those can adequately appreciate who attempt with giddy heads, feeble stomachs, and totter-

ing legs to stand in one position on deck for a quarter of an hour at a time, and to read aloud while the vessel is "rolling rapidly." The prayers and hymns ended, there follows a sermon, which half of the congregation usually do not, and the other half cannot hear. Sermons ashore are sometimes the dryest of intellectual products; but they are never so dreary as when listened to on the quarter-deck of a steamer in a rough sea, while one's head aches again from unusual exposure to the "maximum solar heat *in vacuo*." It is some consolation, however, to find that the preacher is not himself blind to the desirability of brevity, though his final "Now" is not uttered before the brains of his hearers are somewhat addled. Then another hymn; the concluding blessing; and the congregation rise; produce novels and cheroots, and feel conscious of an unusual appetite for tiffin after the spinal rectitude of the morn.

Tiffin over, an afternoon unrelieved by pastimes of a primitive description, ensues. What wonder that with one consent, the passengers either on the deck in somewhat contorted attitudes, or in their respective berths, in airy costume, woo sleep, and are rewarded with indigestion. Once more do eight bells sound; once more do the brave and fair resume vertical positions in the world; once more do they trot up and down the deck like carnivora at the Zoological Gardens when feeding time draws nigh. Dinner is at last announced, and conscious virtue rewards itself with a good one. An evening service sometimes follows, and is sparsely attended, the congregation of tobacco votaries around the engine skylights being a too formidable rival. There being nothing to do after tea in the way of games, the passengers mostly go early to bed, and find that having drawn largely on their sleep account during the day, there is not a large balance at their credit. This balance, with such celerity as is permitted by ubiquitous stewards and noisy neighbours, they draw, and find themselves broad awake by three o'clock, with nothing to do but to wait for the dawn.

How comes it that clergymen on board ship often preach on a variety of theological topics without pointing a moral by allusions to their surroundings? In this vessel we have five padres, who take it in turn to read prayers daily, and to preach morning and evening on Sundays; yet they have not once employed, as Dr. Vaughan, among others, succeeds in doing, "local contemporary events as a means of illustrating Divine truth." They have prosed to us of mysteries of which their own knowledge is rather elementary; they have indulged freely in withering sarcasm at the expense of that *bête noir* of the pulpit,—the worldling; they have heaped metaphor on metaphor, dogma on dogma; and as no one has enjoyed the right of reply, they have probably, as they divested themselves of their canonicals in their cabins, plumed themselves on their eloquence. But they have not,—as Dr. Norman Macleod did when I last travelled in a P. and O. ship,—discovered forcible similes between a voyage at sea, and the voyage of life; nor have they felt prompted by proximity to Arabia, Sinai, the Red Sea, and Egypt, to cease for a time their conventional chatter in order to talk common sense, and give good practical advice.

I wish I could add that my reverend neighbours have atoned for their Sabbattical futility by laudable attention to the sick and dying, such as Norman Macleod would have shown under similar circumstances. We have had three deaths on board, namely, those of a young European female servant, and of two stewards in the P. and O. service from Australia, homeward-bound. One of these stewards was a Roman Catholic, and when the appointed service of his church was impressively read over him by the boiler-maker, the only co-religionist of his on board, the Protestant ecclesiastics were, I am sorry to say, conspicuous by their absence. No one could have wished these gentlemen to run the risk of scandalising the feelings of the unfortunate man's friends by officiating at his funeral, an

reading the Anglican burial service, unrivalled though it is in charity, resignation, and hope, over him; but the lay passengers felt there could have been no impropriety in any clergymen of any denomination assisting, as we laymen did, in last sad offices for a fellow-being that are consonant with humanity and piety. Were Protestant clergymen more alive to their own interests as connected with the maintenance of their legitimate influence with the laity, they would take more pains to "live in charity with all men," including Romanists, instead of being as now "more than kin and less than kind" towards the latter. This, however, may be urged in extenuation of the remissness of my clerical fellow-travellers, that "the cloth" when afloat, does not rise wholly superior to the deterioration resulting from enforced idleness, and a somewhat uncongenial mode of life.

The performance of Church service on board ship reminds me of another service, the Marine Postal, which is conducted in hot haste for the benefit of all India, in mail steamers speeding from Suez to Bombay. This postal service is of some years standing, but it is new to me, though I have long been under obligations to it. In 1867 or 1868, the mails for India were partly sorted in London, on the eve of despatch, the assortment being not so complete as to relieve the Indian Post Offices from much subsidiary work. The arrangement entailed an unavoidable loss of time, both in England and India, and the experiment was tried of sorting a portion of the mails while on the outward voyage. This proving successful, a number of young gentlemen, some of them sons of Colonels, others of Chaplains in the Indian service, were selected, and formed into the Marine Postal Department of the Bombay Post Office; and the services of the Admiralty Agents whom one formerly met on board, were dispensed with. No passenger was ever perhaps so fortunate as to discover that those Agents, after having tallied the mail boxes, and given a receipt for their delivery, had any more arduous duties to perform than to make love

to the ladies, and assert a right to liver-wings, undercuts, and other tit-bits at table. The lot of the Marine Postal Officers is not cast in such pleasant places, for it is obligatory on them to commence their monotonous work at six in the morning, and they dare not suspend it till the dressing bell sounds at 4-30 P. M. A commodious office is provided for them on deck at midships, and is furnished with office paraphernalia, excluding chairs or tables. The work is usually entrusted to two officers, one of whom is held responsible for the receipt and delivery of the bags, as well as for the correct assortment of the contents.

The bags being duly placed on board by the packet agent at Suez, to whom a receipt is given, are methodically opened, and the letters and newspapers are thrown with the rapidity resulting from arduous practice, into labelled pigeon-holes, or into sacks suspended from hooks. The sorters are required to possess an accurate knowledge of Indian postal geography; and the acquirement of this with the manual dexterity that is also essential, is not compassed within half-a-year. The work goes on regularly day by day, including Sundays, when the mail is heavy, during the fortnight occupied by the voyage from Suez to Bombay, and on arrival at the latter port the responsible officer takes his precious charge ashore, makes delivery to the Post Office, and—his occupation is gone, till his turn comes to start afresh for Suez. Between Bombay and Suez the sorting is regarded as child's play, for it only extends to letters posted with an extra stamp after the ordinary hour for closing the mails in Bombay, and to letters for the Continent.

The apportionment of the Marine Postal officer's time consequently usually as follows: a fortnight's voyage to with just enough work to do to occupy half the day; a's idleness at Suez; a fortnight's voyage to Bombay, from early morn to dewy eve, against time; ten days' idleness in Bombay, followed by

another voyage to Suez, and so round again. To not a few hard-worked officials in India, this may at first blush appear to be a desirable life for an unambitious man who is fond of society, and not partial to head work. It is true that, for about two thirds of the year, the Postal Officer associates intimately with the shining lights, or lesser luminaries of the Indian military, civil, mercantile, and other worlds, and may gain by frequently retailing his stock jokes and anecdotes, a reputation for being very agreeable among hosts of passengers, with whom he participates on equal terms in the triumphs of P. and O. culinary art. And for the remaining third, he is the occupant of modest quarters at a Bombay hotel. But the father must be at his wit's end for an opening for his son, when he exhorts him to compete for the postal service on the high seas in India.

The pay, to begin with, is miserable. The Department is divided into three grades, the first, in which there are two men drawing Rs. 400 each; the second, with five men drawing Rs. 300 each; and a subordinate grade, comprising two Senior Assistant Mail Officers on Rs. 190, five Assistant Mail Officers on Rs. 150, and two Supernumeraries on Rs. 60 each per mensem. These salaries are paid by the Government of India, whereas, under the old system of sorting letters in London, the work used, I presume, to be done partly at the expense of the British exchequer. In addition thereto, the P. and O. Company—not the Government—pay each officer Rs. 1-4 per diem when afloat, as wine money, (besides giving him a free table and free quarters), and Rs. 3-12 per diem when on shore. The Government profess to provide the mail officers with free quarters in the palatial Bombay Post Office; but, as thøn quarters are unfurnished, the officers are driven to the hoaps which charge them Rs. 6 to Rs. 8 a day for their bo·naving lodging. So the ten days' residence ashore runs e delivery, nearly the whole of the month's salary of the jur make love

and leaves them little wherewith to pay for carriage and sundries. The life, moreover, is by no means a comfortable one. The month's voyage to and from Suez has to be undertaken in the teeth of the south-west monsoon, in the height of the plutonic season in the Red Sea, as well as in the bland temperature of the spring months. When voyaging west, the officer drifts into, or is not proof against the contagion of the idle habits of his fellow-passengers; but when voyaging east he must devote a minimum of ten hours a day, whatever may chance to be the temperature, or weather, to hard work, which he can only efficiently perform in a standing posture. He can only rise in the Department by vacancies caused by deaths, or retirements, and he cannot flatter himself that under the most favourable circumstances he can achieve more than Rs. 400 per mensem. He has no lien on any appointment on shore; and should he ask the Postmaster General to provide him with other postal employment, he is made to understand that the Government will not entertain the idea of dispensing, if they can avoid it, with the services of specialists who cannot be effectually replaced within six months, if then. With poor prospects, scanty pay, and unequal work, the officers in the Department seem generally animated by a desire to quit it the moment a favourable opportunity for so doing offers. The result sooner or later must be that only those who are not worth their salt ashore will enter the Marine Postal Service of India; and the Director General will discover that the so-called economy that treats gentlemen with small consideration o'erleaps itself, and in the long run proves to be extravagance.

The remedy is not far to seek. The officers are willing to work for, say, eight hours of every week day in the year; but work worthy of the name is given them for ten hours a day of, say, every alternate fortnight. It is now high pressure with them, and anon it is no pressure at all; and they are paid in proportion

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to the time they are actually at hard work, and not in proportion to the time that they place unreservedly at the disposal of the State. It would be advisable, therefore, to give them more to do, and more pay for doing it. The mails from India to England are now sorted in England, that is, they are accompanied from Bombay to Suez by two Mail officers who have nothing to do worth speaking of, and who could soon qualify themselves to sort all letters for England, Scotland and Ireland. Given this problem to a British merchant, and he would solve it by requiring the custodians of his mail homewards to sort it between Bombay and Suez, so far as concerns the Southampton portion of it, and Bombay and Brindisi, as regards the far larger Brindisi portion. Arrived at Brindisi, the Mail officer would have five or ten days' rest; and would then embark with the outward mails, commence his duties at once, and complete his lakours by working eight hours a day, before reaching Bombay. The delivery of the Indian mail in all parts of England should thus be accelerated, and a reduction in establishments might be possible in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The ocean-sorting should be both ways instead of, as now, for a portion of one way only; and the ocean-sorters being invested with serious responsibilities, and being men of good education, character, and ability, should be paid salaries proportionate to their services, fatigues, and expenses. As now constituted, the Department cannot last; and yet it is of the greatest consequence to India that it should last in its present high state of efficiency.

LETTER III.

THE P. & O. EXECUTIVE.

THE RED SEA, *March* 1873.

I HAVE collected a few particulars bearing upon the present position of the Peninsular and Oriental executive, in order to ascertain how far the predictions that the Suez Canal must give the death-blow to the Company have been justified; and, also, whether any indications of an impoverished exchequer are discernible.

To begin with, then, the fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company comprises, at the present moment, the following 41 screw, and 3 paddle steamers:—

	Commander.	Tons.	H. Pr.
Peshawur	... C. A. White	3782	... 600
Pekin	... A. E. Barlow	3777	... 600
Mirzapore	... A. Parish, R. N. R.	3763	... 600
Khedive	... J. D. Steward	3742	... 600
Australia	... J. S. Murray	3648	... 600
Indus	... N. Stewart, R. N. R.	3478	... 500
Deccan	... W. Soames, R. N. R.	3128	... 600
Hindustan	... N. Roskell, R. N. R.	3113	... 600
Hydaspes	... J. M. Rogers, R. N. R.	2984	... 500
Cathay	... R. T. Dundas	2983	... 500
Malwa	... G. Hyde, R. N. R.	2980	... 450
Mongolia	... T. Beasley	2798	... 500
Bokhara		2723	... 450
Surat	... E. I. Baker	2578	... 500
Simla	... P. S. Tomlin	2440	... 630
Mooltan	... J. C. Almond	2257	... 450
Tanjore	... A. H. Johnson	2245	... 400
Sumatra	... W. D. Anderson	2202	... 500

	Commander	Tons.	H. Pr.
Columbian	... W. C. Angove	... 2180	... 500
Delhi	... C. J. Wilkinson	... 2178	... 400
Poonah	... G. N. Hector, R. N. R.	... 2152	... 600
Pera	... N. W. Haselwood, R. N. R....	2119	... 450
Nubia	... W. B. Hall	... 2095	... 450
Nyanza (Paddle)	... R. Methven	... 2082	... 450
Bangalore	... G. C. Burne	... 2063	... 500
Ceylon	... R. W. Evans, R. N. R.	... 2012	... 450
China	... C. J. Perrins	... 2010	... 400
Candia	... W. Curling, R. N. R.	... 1982	... 450
Malta	... G. S. Brooks	... 1942	... 500
Golconda	... A. Coleman	... 1909	... 450
Travancore	... C. H. Eastley	... 1900	... 400
Baroda	... D. Rennoldson	... 1874	... 450
Ellora	... C. Fraser	... 1727	... 300
Behar	... W. E. Dundas	... 1723	... 300
Sunda	... W. Fentiman	... 1682	... 300
Malacca	... J. D. Gaby	... 1648	... 300
Orissa	... S. D. Shallard	... 1646	... 300
Massilia (Paddle)	... E. Christian, R. N. R.	... 1640	... 400
Delta (Paddle)	... E. M. Edmond, R. N. R.	... 1618	... 400
Geelong	... G. J. Babot	... 1584	... 250
Emeu	... G. Lee	... 1538	... 300
Avoca	... E. M. Gillson	... 1481	... 250
Bombay	... C. F. Davies	... 1327	... 275
Madras	... I. Bernard	... 1185	... 275

To this unrivalled mercantile fleet five vessels are to be added in the course of this year, namely:—

	Tons.	Horse-power.	Building at
Venetia	... 2513	450 ...	Dumbarton.
Lombardy	... 2513	450 ...	do.
Gwalior	... 2513	450 ...	do.
Nizam	... 2513	450 ...	do.
Zambesi	... 2183	403 ...	Glasgow.

It will be observed that the steamers now building are hardly two-thirds the tonnage of the five ships afloat whose names head the list, and that the power of the engines is proportionally less. The explanation of this is that the *Peshawur* and her sister-ships are found too large for

employment through the Suez Canal, except at certain seasons of the year, when the stream of passengers homewards is at its flood. Moreover, they are sometimes found rather too large for the Canal itself.

The P. and O. Company are eminently well served, for the Directors exhibit unfailing consideration for their servants, and are rewarded with the pick of men in the respective departments of their executive. In former days, when they owned sailing ships which were employed in taking boilers, stores, coals, &c., to India, they were in the habit of engaging a certain number of young gentlemen as apprentices. These youths paid a premium, and served for five years, when they were posted as Fourth Officers to the steamers, provided they had meanwhile obtained a Second Mate's certificate from the Board of Trade. Two-thirds of the officers of the Company were thus trained. This system has now been abandoned, as the Company have sold their sailing ships; and young gentlemen, when duly qualified, are appointed Fourth Officers direct without the former apprenticeship. They remain three or four years in this grade, and then become Third; after three years, or so, if vacancies occur, they are promoted to Second; and they consider themselves lucky should they become Chief Officers within twelve years from the date of their entrance into the service. They then have to wait as patiently as they can for seven or eight years, when they come to the top of the list, and probably obtain an acting command, and may hope, with fair luck, to be confirmed in two or three years. The pay of the various grades is as follows:—

	Home side.	*India side.*	
Fourth Officer	£ 3	£ 6	*per mensem.*
Third do	£ 4	£ 9	do
Second do	£ 7	£ 12	do
Chief do	£ 10	£ 15	do
Captain	£400 to £700	£400 to £1,000	*per annum.*

Officers are required to serve a year as Second Officer before the Board of Trade, after examination, will give them

a Chief Mate's certificate; and a year as Chief Officer before they can obtain a Master's certificate. Nearly all the Chief Officers in the service hold Master's certificates; and some now hold the extra Master's certificate, which is obtainable by passing a stiff examination that is not obligatory on a Captain, but is valuable as a proof of advanced seamanship. Several of the Chief Officers, and twelve of the Captains, belong to the Royal Navy Reserve, an honourable distinction that is obtainable after a course of gunnery drill, and the passing of an examination at the Admiralty. In war time these officers would be entitled to serve as Lieutenants in men-of-war; and during peace they are permitted to fly a blue flag in the ships which they command.

The Directors have almost abandoned the right of nomination, which they freely exercised in former years, and promotion, as a general rule, goes by merit coupled with seniority. Now and then a person is taken from some other service, and appointed Chief Officer in a P. and O. ship, as was the case with Captain Castle of the *Sarah Sands*, Captain Parish, &c.; but, as a rule, the Directors order vacancies to be filled by gentlemen who have risen from the lowest grades in their own service, and of whose qualifications and character, they have for years received confidential reports of a satisfactory nature from their Captains. After serving some years with credit in the onerous capacity of Commander, officers can apply for agencies ashore; and former Captains now fill the post of P. and O. Agents at Aden, Alexandria, Bombay, Galle, Malta, Singapore, Southampton and Suez. There is no pension, but officers who have done good service are, on retiring, sometimes presented with a year's salary, or so, by way of bonus.

Each ship carries a doctor. The nomination is made by the Directors, and the nominee is then examined by a Committee appointed by the Postmaster General

of England and, if approved, is appointed primarily to look after the sanitary state of the Mail Agents and the crew. He draws £16 a month, rising after eight or nine years to £20. As a general rule, the doctors do not remain beyond six years in the service; and the appointment is usually held by young medical men who are anxious to see a little of the world before going into practice, or who go to sea for the recovery of their health after hard reading. It is the doctor's duty to daily inspect all parts of the ship, and to report any insanitary arrangements to the Captain, who is then responsible for them. He is also bound to attend to the health of the crew and passengers; and he can claim no fees from the latter as a matter of right. Yet the majority of passengers who avail themselves freely of his professional services, and who visibly derive great benefit from his care at highly critical periods in illness, are in the habit of leaving P. and O. ships without offering any acknowledgment—sometimes not even a word of thanks, for the trouble they have given him. They seem generally to forget that P. and O. ships are not floating hospitals, supported by public subscription for the gratuitous treatment of the poor sick; and that it is practically no part of the contract existing between the Company and the passengers, that the former should undertake the cure of diseases acquired by long residence in the East. £16 or £18 a month is not sufficient to compensate a professional man of ability for the sacrifice of his prospects on shore; and as this salary is only rarely increased by fees from passengers, the doctors in the P. & O. service soon resign their posts to younger and less experienced men; whereupon the Anglo-Indian public, forgetting that they do not make it worth the while of the older men to stay, growl periodically at "youngsters, fresh from London hospitals," being charged by the Company with the grave responsibility of conserving the health of two to five hundred persons, who, cooped up in

a floating hotel, are peculiarly liable to the diseases to which flesh in the East is heir. The doctors' grievances are not against the Company, but against the passengers, who take a somewhat unfair advantage of them; or, who ignorantly suppose, perhaps, that the appointment of "sea surgeon on a surging sea" is handsomely remunerated.

The compound engines of the *Peshawur*, *Pekin*, *Mirzapore*, and *Khedive*, the monarchs of the P. and O. fleet, are almost identical, their chief peculiarity being that the steam is used twice over, whereby a great economy of fuel is effected. They are of 600 horse power, and with a consumption of 32 tons of coal a day, they give an average speed of 9 knots per hour. The steam, as generated, enters 8 round boilers, above the 16 furnaces, and thence into a cylinder, resembling a large vat in a brewery, of 104 inches diameter, whence it passes with modified pressure into a second vat-like cylinder of 62 inches diameter. The pistons move up and down from the centre of these cylinders perpendicularly, like the stick of a churning pail; and the eyes of bilious passengers are not painfully affected by the zigzag contortions of giant arms, such as are found in other steam ships.

The engine room is exceedingly neat, with hardly anything else visible from the main deck than the ornamental lids or tops of the vats; and the engineers live in a temperature that, thanks to large and long windsails, is often cooler than that of the saloon. The contiguous stoke hole, with the ebon myrmidons, and a temperature of 110° to 120°, is rather too suggestive of that part of Dante's *Inferno* where the denizens are doomed to be grilled at one extremity, while they are frozen at the other; for it is rather too abundantly ventilated by the wind-sails to suit the casual visitor, whose head, if he be a tall man, is chilled by the down draught of air, while his chest and legs are scorched by the heat of the fires. The furnaces are fed by 32 Hogwallahs, who receive

the coal from 15 Seedees—the former gentry being salamanders from Bombay and Calcutta, and the latter humorous and muscular sons of Africa. These 47 men are superintended by a Chief Engineer, and four European Assistants, all of whom are Covenanted Officers. The chief draws £12 on the European, and £17 on the Indian side; the second £9 and £15; the 3rd £8 and £13; and so on. There is also a boiler-maker, who ranks, and draws pay as sixth Engineer. Promotion almost always goes by seniority, coupled with merit, and, as a general rule, the Chief Engineers graduate in the service. Great care is taken in the selection of officers for the vacancies in the lowermost ranks of the department, and lazy, incompetent, or unsteady men are soon weeded out. The Engineers are proud of the service; "our pay," as one of them remarked to me, "being 25 per cent., and our treatment 50 per cent., better than that of Engineers in any other Company afloat."

I will now ascend to the main deck, where the Purser is the presiding genius. As in other branches of the service, the Purser usually graduates as a youth in the lowermost position of his department—that of Purser's Clerk. After remaining three or four years in this capacity he is usually promoted to the grade of Second Clerk-in-charge, and thence to First Clerk-in-charge; the latter on a salary of £17 per mensem. After a couple of years, or so, he is promoted to Second Class Purser, on a salary of £25 a month, and subsequently to Purser, on £33 to £36 west, and £42 east of Suez. As a general rule, the Purser's Clerks were formerly employed as Accountants in Banks or Mercantile offices, or in some kindred capacity on shore, and have taken to a nautical career as they lacked the influence and capital needful to promotion elsewhere. There is never any want of applicants, for the service is in deservedly good repute in Lombard Street and other haunts where budding financiers without prospects much do congregate.

The Purser is responsible for the provisioning of the ship. Under his orders there are: 1 chief steward, 1 storekeeper, 1 second steward, 1 pantryman, 15 European and 12 Portuguese stewards, 2 stewardesses, 1 English cook, 1 English baker, a second cook, 2 scullions, a curry-cook, &c. The stewards are engaged for three years, the Europeans on £3, the Portuguese on £2 a month, in addition to the "Steward's fees," which are included in the passage ticket, and are divided at the end of each voyage, after deductions have been made for the loss of crockery, linen, cutlery, plate, &c. The stewards thus participate in the profits arising from a large number of passengers, and deservedly so, as their duties are largely increased when the passengers are numerous. After serving a year or two, the European stewards are promoted from saloon-waiters to the charge of bed-rooms, a charge that is sought after for the sake of the tips of the passengers. These tips when the ship is full, sometimes yield from £10 to £15 to each steward on a voyage to and from Suez, in addition to about £5 obtainable from the regulation fees when the breakages are not unusually heavy. The Company allow 25 per cent. for the breakage of crockery by causes over which the stewards have no control; but in rough weather this large margin is often exceeded, and the stewards have to pay for the difference.

The steward's life is a severe one, and being almost entirely between decks is not a particularly healthy one. He rises from the hard planks, which he usually utilises as a bed, between 4 and 4-30 A. M., scrubs decks, cleans boots, provides early tea for passengers, brushes himself up in time for the passengers' breakfast at 8-30; then breakfasts himself in a scrambling kind of way, anywhere near the pantry; washes plates, cleans knives, and plates, attends cabins, lays tiffin, waits, then has a little breathing time in which he usually takes forty winks; lays the table for dinner, waits, washes up; waits (on alternate

nights) in the saloon during tea and grog time; and finally retires to his plank by 10-30 P. M. The work is hard and almost incessant, but it is from all sources well remunerated, and the service is said to be in great request among gentlemen's servants, waiters, &c.; so the Company have no difficulty in securing men of good character and temperate habits. Like the other *employés* the stewards are permitted to authorise their relations to draw half their regulation pay in England, and to remit home, through the Company's foreign agencies at par, any sum not exceeding £25 per mensem. It is the *employé's* own fault, therefore, if he goes ashore at any port with his pocket full of money that he is certain to be strongly tempted to squander ere returning to his ship.

The stewardesses, who are sometimes the widows of Assistant Engineers, or Pursers' Clerks, are engaged for three years on £3 a month, on the Indian, and £2-10 on the home side, and they share equally with the stewards in the "Steward's fees" paid by the passengers to the Company. A large ship will often have 40 lady passengers, who pay tips of from 10 shillings to £1 each way to the stewardess who attends them; so in the cooler seasons, when ladies and children chiefly go home, the stewardesses must make a very pretty purse. The life is no idle one, for the typical P. and O. lady is an exacting person, who labours under an impression that the stewardess who attends her, having no other duty to discharge, should devote her whole time in attempting to humour her temporary patroness's whims. But the employment is profitable, and the Company take pains to show every reasonable consideration for their few female servitors.

The daily provisioning of the ship is minutely superintended by the Purser, in conjunction with his chief subordinates. The cook, the baker, and the butcher submit every afternoon to the chief steward an indent for their

respective requirements for the day following; and the chief steward having examined these indents, and made any modifications that may seem to him desirable, forwards them to the Purser, who scrutinises, and, when approved, signs them; whereupon the cook, baker, and butcher, hand them to the storekeeper, who gives delivery of the articles indented for, and records the transactions in his day-book. The bar-man similarly draws his stores daily from the storekeeper as required. As far as possible the stores are supplied from England,—steamers, for example, plying between India and Suez being provided at Suez with 16 English sheep, so that none but English mutton need be consumed by P. and O. passengers east of Suez. It is the Purser's province to indent for stores, as required, on arrival at each port *en route*; and he is held responsible for taking too large, as well as for taking too small a quantity of perishable provisions on board. At the end of each voyage, stock is taken of provisions, wines, crockery, linen, plate, &c., and a list is sent for the information of the head office. The linen is no small item, as may be judged when I state that my steamer owns 4,200 towels, 1,500 table napkins, 1,000 sheets, 900 pillow cases, 300 blankets, &c. The Company have large washing establishments at Calcutta, Bombay, Aden, and Suez, and when the linen of a ship is soiled, it is sent ashore, and returned clean in a day or two, or on the return of the vessel to the port, for each steamer takes none but its own linen. At the end of each voyage, the linen that is clearly worn out is condemned, and new linen is obtained from home. The beer is just now procured from Stone's, the well-known bottlers; the wine from three different merchants; the cows and sheep from a contractor at Southampton (the Company having found to their cost that they could not raise their own live stock advantageously); and the oilman's stores from Crosse and Blackwell, Barnes, and Copelands. It is the Purser's duty to bring to the notice of the head office without delay any deterioration in

the quality of the stores as supplied to him, and at the same time to send home samples of inferior articles; and should the Board concur in his unfavourable judgment of them, the supplier is warned, or deprived of the Company's orders.

Space does not permit me to speak of the European Gunner or Boatswain, Carpenter, and three Quartermasters, on £5, £7, and £3-15 on the home side, and £7, £8, and £4-10 respectively, a month, on the Indian side; or of the 6 Seacunnies on £3, the chief Chinaman on £2-10, the five ordinary Chinese seamen on £1-16, and the 45 Calashees on 12*s.* to £2. It is to be observed, however, that the crew is entirely native, and the Commissioned and Non-Commissioned officers, so to speak, are entirely European.

LETTER IV.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST P. & O. DISASTERS.

March 1873.

The Press, with its Argus-eyes, has acquainted this generation with ghastly details of shipwreck that were only faintly conceived by our home-staying sires; and it has thereby incidentally added a new objection to those which hitherto combined to make landsmen nervous about taking long voyages. One is apt to realise this intensely while listening at night to the thud of the waves against the iron plates covering the planks which separate you from eternity. With hatches battened down; sails flapping to and fro with cannon-like reports; seamen stamping overhead obedient to the shrill call of the boatswain's whistle; and with a deplorable wide-awakeishness to all unusual sounds; it is easy to feel profound sympathy for the unhappy persons on board some large vessel of whom you may lately have read, who, when full of life and hope, were hurled with "all their imperfections on their heads" into another state of existence. From our childhood we are taught to "dread the grave as little as our bed;" but no one probably succeeds in conquering the instincts of nature which prompt us to love and cling to life. Think of the horror of being rudely aroused from dreams of home, and those who inhabit it, or from visions of happiness in the land of promise to which you are journeying, by the sound of a great crash beneath you, followed by the cries of the crew, another crash, and then a lurch, and lastly a deluge of water carrying all before it. The frightful climax is soon reached, and all is over; ut who, save those who have escaped such peril by the n of their teeth, can adequately realise the mental n

anguish of the final moments in which one lives one's life over again as it were in the twinkling of an eye.

Hence it partly is that the passengers in a large steamer are peculiarly liable to panic. While coming up the Red Sea, for example, an unwonted noise on deck frightened some of our lady-passengers from their sleep, and these running out half dressed into the saloon, some with carpet-bags in hand, immediately communicated their alarm to their neighbours, and there was a *sauve qui peut* on a small scale, the prevailing idea being that the vessel was sinking! The fright of the fair ones being unfounded, furnished the rest of the passengers with languid amusement next morning at breakfast time. But an accident may occur at any moment in a steam ship that would justify grave apprehension for its safety; and I often ask myself whether we passengers are sufficiently reminded of the possibility of disaster, and sufficiently instructed in the course we should pursue in event of danger threatening all on board. It is not encouraging to notice the comparatively long time that is needed by a gang of Lascars in calm weather, under the immediate directions of a petty officer, to lower a boat into the sea, and to man it; and it is not reassuring to find that fire and boat parades are rarely ordered. I once sailed in the *Niagara*, a splendid West Indian steamer, commanded by Captain, now Sir James, Anderson, of Atlantic Telegraph celebrity; and I was particularly edified by the frequent parades that he had of his crew at *un*stated periods. A general muster after breakfast on Sunday, with a subsequent piping to the boats, may have its uses; but the formality is trivial, and habituates neither crew nor passengers to sudden demands on their discipline, and mutual forbearance. "Each one for himself, and the de'il take the hindmost" is the prevailing sentiment when a ship's company is threatened with a watery grave, before it has been taught to emulate the behaviour of the heroes of the *Birkenhead* and the *Sarah Sands*.

It is the proud boast of the P. & O. Company that the percentage of loss of passenger life in their steamers is infinitesimal. Their ships, if slow, are usually staunch and sure; the engines are capable of a high rate of speed; the officers, (since the Directors prohibited flirting,) have merited the respect and confidence of passengers; and the crews are fairly well disciplined, though being composed of heterogeneous natives, they are likely to prove not nearly as reliable in critical times as could be wished. But, under ordinary circumstances, the passengers are a cause of danger to themselves and to the ship, whereas by a little disciplining, they might be made a source of safety to all concerned. There could be no difficulty in prevailing upon well-conditioned passengers to give up a portion of their too abundant leisure for the purpose of acquainting themselves practically with what it would be expedient for them to do, and what not to do, in the case of an impending ship-wreck, or in the event of a mutiny of the crew. It may be that no discipline, however perfect, could contribute largely to the saving of life, under circumstances analagous to those attending the loss of the *London* or *Captain;* but it is an encouraging fact, that the consummation of maritime disasters, is usually somewhat tedious, and that time is thus afforded for taking precautions.

The occasion for the utilisation of the discipline that I think should be taught to passengers might not happen as frequently as once in half-a-dozen years; but, bearing in mind that no inconvenience need attend the preliminary drill, it must be admitted, that the drilling of even thousands of persons would be labour well bestowed, if it resulted once every six years in the saving of one life, not to speak of a whole ship's company. Passengers should, I consider, be instructed, when they have leisure and are free from excitement, in their duty to themselves and others. They should find both a life-belt and a card of instructions over each berth; and having in the tedious

hour preceding their ablutions, studied, and possibly quizzed the latter, they might be desired to hold themselves in readiness to put their knowledge to the test of experience two or three times a week. They might thus be taught to which boat to attach, and under which officer to place themselves in the event of fire, shipwreck or other disaster. A very few hours of drill of this description would make them fairly proficient, and having become so, they would probably continue to be valuable auxiliaries for the rest of their passenger existence. The confidence that they felt in themselves would be infectious; and the officers would in a trying time be somewhat relieved of anxiety respecting the behaviour of those for whose lives they are responsible.

No one who has travelled much in even the finest mail steamers afloat, can feel, after the disasters that have occurred to shipping of late years, that he is, when at sea, in perfect safety, let the discipline of the crew be never so perfect, and the ship in which he is voyaging, never so well found. Disasters have a way of happening when, and where, least expected; and after a spurt of sympathy, associated sometimes with an outburst of indignation, the world at large too often forgets to be taught wisdom by additional illustrations of preventable accident. Yet the world needs to be taught; and I cannot, as an old passenger, conceal from myself that the P. and O. Company are exposing their constituents to avoidable risk by their new arrangements for manning the steamers plying on the home side. After having enjoyed a monopoly for thirty years of the Indo-European mail and passengers traffic, the Company have been despoiled thereof by the great achievement of M. de Lesseps; and a keen and increasing competition has naturally made the Directors keenly and increasingly anxious to cut down expenditure, in order to compensate shareholders for the unavoidable reduction by thirty to forty per cent. of the rates of freight and passage. Granting, however, the imperative necessity of retrenchment, it is a fact calculated

to suggest anxiety that as a set-off against the increased expenditure of the Company in coals, there has been a "decrease in the wages of crews." In India, as in England, wages have had a steady upward tendency for several years, and a "decrease in the wages of crews," has been effected by employing cheaper, and fewer mariners than were formerly deemed requisite. To say that the large steamers of the Company can now be run with relatively less numerous and in every way weaker crews than used to be employed in smaller ships, is to impeach the administrative capacity of the members of the Board in years gone by, since the Canal, so far from modifying, has rather increased the perils of what, by a fiction of speech, is still called the "Overland route."

The new P. & O. Steamers are replete with every comfort that can be required by the most fastidious passenger; but as a set-off to the liberal table, the spotless berths, the numerous baths and ample space, there are crews that, however efficient in fair weather, are scarcely the crews to save their vessel from imminent peril by nobly and unselfishly emulating the behaviour of the officers. In the ship in which I am travelling there are 32 Agwallahs, and 15 Sedees, and on deck there are 6 Seacunnies, 6 Chinese and 45 Calashees, besides 12 stewards, who, though called Portuguese, cannot be ranked higher physically than a low type of native. There are also 4 native cooks, so the crew numbers 120 natives. To control these, there are 5 European Officers, 6 European Engineers, a gunner, carpenter, and 3 quarter-masters, all of whom are Europeans. There are also a doctor, a purser, a purser's clerk, and 21 cabin and kitchen servants, who, being untrained, would hardly in an emergency prove more serviceable than so many passengers. Now, assuming, that the engines of the ship broke down during a terrific storm, and near land, with the sea running mountains high, and the vessel unmanageable, what kind of assistance could reasonably be expected of the Lascars, perishing perhaps from the cold of a northern latitude, and

demoralized by excessive fatigue? The five officers would do their best; but should the natives be cowed by fear, be lost to shame, and stoically resigned to what they regarded as their predestined fate, who could hope to induce them to climb the great masts, and to creep, holding on by their eyelids, along the gaunt yards, to do what might be vital work. And think of asking scared Lascars to give *place aux dames et aux enfants*, instead of themselves rushing into the boats!

These are thoughts that concern shareholders who accept a dividend obtained by the reduction of wages, and the travelling public that demands cheapness combined with the utmost celerity and convenience of locomotion. Until the Suez Canal was opened, the P. & O. Steamers on the home side were manned exclusively by European sailors, physically qualified to withstand the rigours of the European winter. But the ships are now sailed by a native crew out and home, and depend to a much greater extent than is generally known on the maintenance of every part of the machinery in good repair. The machinery in the new ships is the best that money can buy; and those entrusted with the care of it are skilled mechanics; but a trifling flaw in a rod or cylinder may at any moment frustrate the most zealous efforts of the engineers to keep the engines going; and, under existing circumstances, the vessel might, in a storm like that which proved fatal to the *London*, become helpless, and compel resort in the last extremity to the boats and life-saving apparatus. The boats on board the P. & O. steamers are as numerous, if not more so, than the law directs; but when the sea is very rough and a vessel is rolling heavily, it is easy to understand the poor chance there is of boats being launched successfully. Even should the boats be launched, there would be great hazard in reaching them without the aid of a life-belt. Now life-belts are luxuries in which the P. and O. Company does not liberally indulge. Over each berth in a Mes-

sageries Imperiales steamer in which I once travelled, there was suspended a cork life-belt, numbered to correspond with the number of the berth; but in an average P. and O. steamer hardly a dozen life-belts are to be seen, though possibly some are hidden away in obscure places. A life-belt may be unserviceable in many cases of shipwreck, and even be positively disadvantageous, by fruitlessly prolonging the agony of the person clinging to it; but the arguments for the use of such apparatus are far more weighty than those for its rejection, and a Company like the P. and O. should not grudge the small expenditure requisite to place each passenger, officer, and seaman in possession of a belt. What that cost is may be gathered from the fact that "a manufacturing firm of standing and eminence," that of Messrs. Burt, Dock St. London, has, I have learnt, "offered to place the necessary apparatus on any number of ships that may desire it, to convey the same on board, to provide suitable boxes to keep it in, to visit the ships and examine the articles, and make good any deficiency, at the rate of one shilling per annum, for every belt or life-buoy in use!"

The Suez Canal is chiefly responsible for a retrenchment of the P. and O. Company in the matter of European labour that appears to me to be unwise. It is, however, the only retrenchment of theirs that has yet come under my notice, and I may possibly overrate its importance. With this exception I have found no retrogression. I have seen in many directions an increasing anxiety on the part of the Company to retain public confidence by deserving it; and I have heard but one opinion on the part of the *employès* of the liberal spirit in which the administration is conducted. Then "*Quis separabit?*"

LETTER V.

SUEZ AND THE EUPHRATES VALLEY.

April 1873.

FOUNDED, it is conjectured, about the year A. D. 1349, on the site of an Arabic town, Suez, or Suweis, is said to owe its name to a Sheik who, on his return from a pilgrimage from Sus, in Morocco, to Mecca, settled close to the spot now occupied by the Suez Hotel, and came to be regarded as a devotee of superior merit. The new town soon obtained importance in connection with the passage through it of Arabian, Indian, and Chinese products on their way to Europe; and its prosperity was not affected by the conquest of Egypt by the Mamelukes, though the administration of its affairs was conducted by the conquerors. In 1538 Suleyman Pasha, the Turkish Governor of Egypt, caused a fleet of eighty ships, with a force on board of 27,000 men, to set sail from Suez for the relief of the Bahadoor Shah of Guzerat, who had claimed the protection of the Sultan of Turkey against the Portuguese, and sent his treasures, in 300 cases, to be deposited in safe custody at Mecca. The fleet (seven-tenths of which had been constructed at Suez) set sail on June, took Zebid and Aden, and reached Bin in Guzerat; but, owing to scarcity of provisions, it returned to Jeddah in two months, and the Admiral being apprised there of the death of Bahadoor Shah, proceeded to Mecca. He there took possession of the 300 cases, returned with them to Suez in March 1539, and thence carried the loot to Constantinople, where it was calmly appropriated by the Sultan, who in return bestowed honors and rewards on the spoliator. Twelve years passed away, and Piri Reis, a "Capidan" of Egypt, embarked at Suez, and with thirty

galleons proceeded to Muscat, took it, and besieged Hormuz, but was induced by a bribe to retire, and on his return to Cairo, he was beheaded for his perfidy. In 1569 another expedition set sail from Suez, again under the command of a Governor of Egypt, and it annexed the province of Yemen to the Ottoman dominions. Similar expeditions were equipped in the succeeding two centuries, it being the object of the Porte to maintain its supremacy in the Red Sea, and even beyond it. In 1784 an East India Company's ship which arrived at Suez on a commercial venture from Bombay, was boarded by the Governor of the town, and plundered of her cargo and guns. In 1798 Egypt was occupied by the French, and Napoleon Buonaparte soon afterwards arrived at Suez, and thence reconnoitred the Isthmus with a view to the cutting of a maritime canal, for the passage of a French fleet bound for India. Other schemes compelled him to forego the distinction of making an island of Africa, and of uniting the Mediterranean and Red Seas; but it was reserved for a Frenchman to carry out the Emperor's splendid conception.

In 1840 the population of the town was estimated at 3,500, and in 1859 it did not exceed 4,000 persons; but the completion of the railway from Cairo in the latter year, and the increase of trade resulting therefrom, caused it to increase rapidly, and by 1868, when the Canal works were approaching completion, it stood at about 16,000. As soon, however, as the Canal had been finished, the population declined, and in March 1872, it did not exceed 13,000 persons, including 1,600 Europeans and other foreigners; and since then there has been a further falling-off in the native population, consequent on the scarcity of labour. The population would never have exceeded 6,000 persons, had it not been for the construction of the fresh-water Canal in 1863. The town had hitherto been dependent on two poor springs, distant two hours' journey, a third, a day's sail south, and upon such water as could be brought by camels or by

rail from the Nile. There was a regular water-market, where water was haggled over like any other commodity, and a skin of 6 to 8 gallons sometimes realised as much as 4*s.*, say 1½*d.* a quart! The late P. and O. Agent (Mr. West, the British Consul, to whose report I am chiefly indebted for these particulars) was forced to obtain his supply of potable water from either Bombay or Calcutta by steamers, until the Company erected a powerful condensing apparatus for the manufacture of fresh water. They subsequently provided themselves here with a large ice-making machine, and a steam-washing establishment. The town is now abundantly supplied, therefore, with many of the conveniences of Western civilisation, but it has had to pay considerably for their introduction. Land was literally to be had for the asking almost until 1859. Then, however, came a change, and sites in eligible positions in the town were sold as high as £1-10-9 the square metre. But resulting from the decreasing population, rents are now falling to almost nominal limits, and several large companies which took premises on lease a few years ago must now deplore having done so. The Telegraph Company, for example, pay £350 a year for a house covering a space of 67½ feet by 52½ feet, cut up into small rooms with narrow passages, and roughly finished both inside and out.

The real value of the trade of Suez is not ascertainable, as many packages are allowed to pass on the presentation of a permit proving that duty has already been levied upon them at some other port in the Ottoman dominions. Thus, produce for India and China which has paid duty at Jeddah passes Suez without any accurate record being taken of the fact; and there is reason to believe that the statistics of articles that do pay duty at Suez are far from correct. The British Consul roughly estimates the number of packages that pass through the Custom House both ways, at an average of 250,000 per annum, representing a value of about £1,000,000. The imports include almonds, aloes,

asses, cardamoms, carpets, cinnamon, cocoa-nuts, dates, ginger, gums, hides, horns, indigo, ivory, rattans, sandal-wood, tea, turmeric, &c.; and the exports are chiefly fez-caps, coral, cotton, waterskins, sugar, rice, shoes, silk-stuffs, walnuts, and woollen-stuffs. The domestic trade of Suez is confined to articles of daily use and consumption, and is chiefly in the hands of Greeks. The markets are fairly supplied with corn, meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables. Egyptian wheat of the same local description as was selling at 39*s.* a quarter in London, was selling in 1870, at the same time at Suez at 50*s.*; and the present rate at Suez is 41*s.* a quarter. Flour is quoted at 3*d.* a pound retail; legs and shoulders of desert mutton 1*s.* per lb.; small fowls 1*s.* each; turkeys 10*s.* to 15*s.* each; geese 3*s.*; French beans 10*d.* per lb.; cauliflowers 1*s.* each; and potatoes 4*d.* per lb. Fish should be cheap, as the Red Sea abounds with it; but owing to the Government levying an *ad valorem* duty of 12 per cent. upon the produce of the sea, fishermen are not numerous, and their demands are high. Gazelle, hare, quail, desert grouse, and royal curlew are occasionally obtained; and, very rarely, the ibex, or mountain goat; and teal, wild duck, and snipe, are brought in from Cairo. Coals to the extent of 25,000 tons were imported during 1871, in which year 112 vessels with cargoes, measuring 157,057 tons, were entered, and 113 measuring 155,920 tons were cleared.

The future of Suez is intimately connected with that of the Canal which bears its name. The tolls are rising rapidly, and should be capable of increase with advantage to the shareholders, who are entitled to obtain some return for their admirably successful enterprise. Three-fourths of the vessels that use the Canal are under the British flag, so it is a matter of the utmost importance to us that the shareholders should be enabled by the revenue accruing from the undertaking to take due precautions against the silting up or decay of the

work. The Canal is mortgaged to certain debenture shareholders who lent £4,000,000 at 10 per cent. interest upon it, so the Company must make £400,000 to meet this claim before they can pay anything to the ordinary shareholders; and as often as they make less than this sum in a year, are their liabilities increased by the difference. The Canal has cost £10,000,000 in works and £5,000,000 in interest, and the Khedive is debarred from claiming any return on his large investment for the next twenty-five years. It will, there is little doubt, pay somebody eventually; but the original shareholders cannot be congratulated on their prospects, unless the States of Europe who are most interested in the concern, should agree to relieve them of the burthen, and to make it an international one.

Unfortunately for Suez, the Southern outlet of the Canal is upwards of two miles distant from the town, and the anchorage is yet more remote, so that steamers passing through the Canal, both homeward and outward bound, do not necessarily remain at, and pay black mail to the town, but proceed, in the majority of instances, to their destination without detention. And as the Canal is drawing away a large proportion of what was formerly the chief traffic of the railway, Suez has lost a good deal of the advantage that it used to reap from that traffic, including the heavy exactions that it was wont to make on Anglo-Indian passengers *en route*. A decade of singular prosperity, activity and notoriety, has been too speedily followed by a period of stagnation, the duration of which no one can venture to determine, since it must be in all probability coeval with the maintenance of the Canal in a state of efficiency. It may be tantalising to see the world's inter-oceanic trade passing one's doors, and contributing naught to one's own wealth. Suez, however, is a town which is habituated to regard all mundane matters from a quasi-philosophical stand-point; and the European scoundrels who, having made their respective native lands too hot to hold

them, lead a precarious existence in Suez, hardly deserve any sympathy, now that they find that times have changed there for the worse since 1869, and are not apparently likely to improve at an early date.

I may venture here to observe that the completion of the Suez Canal has not diminished the importance of the Euphrates Valley Railway project; but it certainly has diminished the always small interest with which that project has been regarded by the majority of British politicians. So long as the neutrality of Egypt is respected and defended must the Canal and Railway across the Isthmus of Suez prove formidable weapons of offence and defence in the hands of the Indian and English Governments; but such neutrality being instrumental to us in war will fairly be regarded by Russia in the event of a collision with England as a legitimate object of assault; and the Khedive might by some goodly bribe be persuaded to throw the weight of his local influence in the scale against us. Then, by sinking a ship or two in the Canal, and by here and there blowing in the sandy banks, the passage would be interrupted, and it could not be re-opened without a delay that might settle the fate of our Indian Empire. Even should no untoward "accident" be instrumental in neutralising the Canal in a manner accordant with the wishes of Russia, the temperature of the Red Sea during a period of the year renders both Canal and Railway useless for the transport of military reliefs; and we might at such season be compelled to resume the old route round the Cape of Good Hope, should we be called upon to meet an emergency like that which rendered the year 1857 memorable for all time. The Suez Canal and Railway are, therefore, very valuable auxiliaries during peace, and during the cool season in the Red Sea; but they are likely to prove inadequate for our requirements during war; and the creation, therefore, of an alternative overland route is greatly to be desired.

The project for a railway down the Euphrates Valley which has with laudable pertinacity for twenty years been forced upon the attention of the home public by Mr. W. P. Andrew, Chairman of the Scinde, Punjab and Delhi Railways, has been recently carefully examined by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, and reported on in a bulky blue book. The Committee pronounce the scheme to be an eminently feasible one in an engineering sense; and with due regard to the route being, as regards climate, decidedly preferable to that *via* Egypt and the Red Sea, and to the great commercial, political, and strategical importance of the proposed line, they conclude that the work ought to be undertaken without delay under the auspices of the British Government. Yet, with mischief visibly brewing for us in Central Asia, Parliament declines to give its serious attention to a matter of such vast moment as the better protection of the Indian Empire. A Bismarck, or Cavour, or Von Roon, is greatly needed to arouse political parties in England to a sense of the infinitely greater importance of Imperial than of personal interests; but there is not a sign of such a man arising ere the present "convenient season" has ended.

The line from Alexandretta, the proposed Mediterranean terminus, to Kowait or Grain, the Persian Gulf port, would be about 920 miles in length, and it would have the use of a harbour at each end of great capacity. It would bring Kurrachee 1,000 miles nearer Europe, and it would be available for troops at any season of the year. It would pass across a tract a great part of which is (according to Sir Arthur Cotton who has traversed it) "literally as flat as a table, with firm soil, no mud, and no waterway, where the rails might be laid on the natural ground;" and as its cost would, it is calculated, range between £8,000 and £10,000 a mile, it would entail a gross expenditure of within 10 millions sterling, or of the equivalent of a tenth of the sum that has so far been raised in England and invested

in Indian railways. It would probably be found profitable to send silk, indigo, tea, coffee, indigo, specie, &c., by this route; and the mails would necessarily go by it. Whether it would restore prosperity to the ancient and once fertile and populous highway of the world's commerce, and re-people Mesopotamia, time alone could show; but it would certainly act as a counterpoise to Russian progress in Central Asia; and enable England, if occasion should arise, to act against her rival in the East with promptitude and good effect. The line would add greatly to our prestige in the mid-East, and by strengthening our hold upon India, should diminish the inducement to Russia to interfere with us. Persia and Turkey would moreover be materially strengthened against the aggression of their Northern foe.

As it is advisable to regard the line primarily in its aspect as a bulwark to India, and secondarily in its possible use eventually to our faithful but feeble allies at Teheran and Constantinople, it is absurd to postpone its commencement, as is in fact being done, until the requisite funds are raised on the unendorsed guarantee of the Sultan. Turkey has signified her readiness to raise a loan for the purpose, if Great Britain will give a counter-guarantee at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and 1 per cent. for a sinking fund, the money to be expended, as required, by a mixed English and Ottoman Committee. Further, she offered to provide without charge all the land needed for the line; to permit all the net earnings to be paid into the Bank of England for application to the punctual payment of interest; to carry British troops at a rate not exceeding that to be paid for the conveyance of Ottoman troops; and to transport, free of charge, at all times, all English mails to and from England, and any of Her Majesty's Eastern possessions. She further engaged to secure to the British Government and the bondholders until the extinction of the loan, by re-payment of the principal and interest, an absolute mortgage upon the railway, land, and works.

Yet, advantage has not so far been taken of her offer, although it is probable that the money could be had for the asking in London on these terms, if not on even less favorable ones. The Turks are well aware that a line from Constantinople to Aleppo would suit them better than one from Alexandretta to Grain; but they see that if they wish for English assistance in opening out Mesopotamia, they must construct the line that will best suit England, and so they have done all that lay in their power to encourage the British Government to promote the Euphrates Valley scheme.

The Austrian Government's War Minister, Von Kuhnanfeld is stated to regard this scheme as "a factor of inestimable importance in the problem of the Great Central Asian contest;" but the English Government decline to take any action in the matter, and forget this significant passage in the will of Peter the Great:—"We must advance as much as possible towards Constantinople and India. Whoever shall reign there, will be the true masters of the world. Therefore we must face continual wars, sometimes with Persia; create dockyards and emporiums on the Black Sea; take possession, little by little, of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a point doubly necessary for the success of the plan; hasten the downfall of Persia; advance into the Gulf of Persia, as far as can be done, re-establish through Syria the ancient commerce of the east, and enter into the two Indies, which are the stores of the world. When once there, we can do without the gold of England." And what is that "gold of England" now doing but providing Russia with the means for supplying herself with a vast system of railways converging towards Central Asia? The Yankees without the least hesitation made a railway 1,700 miles long across the northern part of their continent; and the Canadians are constructing a Pacific line of their own which will be 1,600 miles long. In India we have already constructed 5,383 miles of railway, and we have 2,000 miles

more in hand. Yet the English Government is daunted by a line that is not to exceed 920 miles in length, and that need not cost more than ten millions! Well may Mr. Andrew say, that "it is inconceivable that any power but England, having either means or credit at command, would hesitate how to act under such circumstances as those in which we are placed. To us it has been a continual reproach that we are never ready for the emergencies which we might readily have foreseen. Let us not refuse, therefore, to learn wisdom by the experience of the past, or some day we shall assuredly be called on to spend untold treasure to retrieve disasters which a little timely forethought would have enabled us to avert."

LETTER VI.

MALTA AND THE MALTESE.

THE MEDITERRANEAN, *April* 1873.

THE Suez Canal should at an early date make the fortune not of the shareholders, but of some shipping folk at Malta, judging from the fact that during last month (March) 173 steam vessels measuring 163,660 tons put into the port, of which 151 were under British colours. The importation of coal from the United Kingdom amounted in the month to 27,722 tons, or at the rate of 333,664 tons per annum. My recent visit was too brief to enable me to ascertain whether the arrivals were unusually numerous last month; but, assuming, for the sake of argument, that the monthly average is 150 British steamers, and 20 Foreign ones, we obtain a total number of entrances for the year of 1,900 British and 240 Foreign steam vessels, or of upwards of 2,000 in all. Of these by far the larger number are necessarily bound for, or from India, and many of them pay port dues in and out at Malta once a quarter. What these dues amount to, I have yet to learn; but as the chief part of the revenue is derived from maritime duties and dues, and the rents of Crown lands, it is certain that M. de Lesseps has conferred great obligations on this British dependency in the Mediterranaen. This was probably undesigned on his part, and not altogether anticipated by the late Imperial Government of France, which expended vast sums in providing Marseilles with docks and warehouses for the accommodation of the stream of Eastern traffic which it was hoped would on the completion of the Canal inevitably flow towards and vastly enrich France. Marseilles, however, still awaits the turn of the commercial

tide; and must contemplate with some chagrin, the bulk of the steam-shipping of the world paying toll to the little limestone rock whose *raison d'être* even is a mystery, but whose military and naval value to England can hardly be over-estimated.

Valetta, to my thinking, is a town where fagged-out Anglo-Indians, homeward-bound, should "bide a wee;" and where the giants refreshed, outward-bound, should take a lingering farewell of Europe. It is one of the cheeriest, quaintest, cleanest, and, except in midsummer, healthiest of mediæval cities; and it has an air about it of commercial prosperity that is exhilarating indeed. The Grand-master La Vallette, who founded it in 1566, immediately after the gallant Order of the Knights of St. John had successfully withstood an invasion of the Turks, did not live to see it completed; but his successors faithfully carried out his designs; and, had not the French Revolution and General Bonaparte improved the Order off the fair face of the earth, we would probably have been afforded the privilege of contemplating in our days an unique and vigorous specimen of the chivalry of the middle ages. The French signalised their brief occupation of the island by despoiling it of many of its most valued art treasures; but the outraged islanders were avenged by Nelson, when he blew up the *Orient*, which was carrying the unholy booty to France, at the battle of Aboukir; and the French, after a blockade of two years' duration, were compelled, in September 1800, to relinquish Malta to England.

Since then Governor has succeeded Governor, and of the whole number, no one would seem to have deserved so well of the island as that singularly unpopular Commander-in-Chief of Madras, Sir Gaspard le Marchant. His name is honorably identified with a fine Market, a magnificent Opera House, an admirable Lunatic Asylum, several tanks, and with some important embellishments of the historically interesting Palace, or Government House at Valletta. In

the quadrangle within the Palace (as one is informed by an inscription in golden letters on a marble tablet at the entrance) is a Norfolk Island pine, which was planted by Prince Alfred in 1858, on the occasion of his visit, as a midshipman in the *Euryalus*, to Sir Gaspard. The pine is now an imposing tree, some sixty feet probably high, and it already forms a remarkable memorial of a Governor who, despite his peculiar manner, would seem to have been in earnest in what he tried to accomplish for the weal of his people.

Subject to his obligations to the Colonial Office, the Governor enjoys very little absolute power in Malta. His proceedings are nominally controlled by his Council, of which ten members, including himself, are officials nominated by the Crown, and eight are un-officials elected by the people every five years. The solemn farce of a deliberative assembly of this sort has occasionally been forced upon the attention of the Indian public, but I have not heard that any corresponding official in Malta has emulated the effrontery of a leading official in the Madras Council when he reminded his unofficial colleagues that the Government can always swamp opposition by the majority they always command, or can create for the nonce, of official noses. Yet two or three days before my recent arrival at Malta, a debate took place in which the un-officials voted on one side, and the officials, with one recreant un-official, on the other side of a question; and, as a matter of course, the officials "had it." I can imagine, therefore, that senatorial honors are not in greater request among Maltese gentlemen of position, intelligence, and independence, than they are among Anglo-Indians. Still, as this is a world much addicted to shams, the "Council of Government" of Malta probably has some use, especially as it affords patriots an opportunity of stigmatising the Government in terms that under the local laws would not be tolerated in the columns of the *Malta Times*,

the *Portafoglio Maltese*, the *Mediterraneo*, and the *Ondine* newspapers. In the debate of last week, for example, one elected member said they were never allowed time for the consideration of subjects brought before them; a second accused the Government of acting in a most irregular manner, without due notice; and a third taxed them with imbecility or malice. I confess to thinking better of the Maltese, who as a race are not engaging, from finding that they speak out plainly in Council by the mouths of their elected representatives, and have the pluck when provoked to beard that august being—the Governor in the Council Chamber.

One decided advantage which the Council at Malta has over that of Madras is found in the circumstance that while the latter meet in the acme of unornamental chambers, the former has the exclusive use of a well-proportioned hall in the Palace, hung with fine Gobelin tapestry, illustrating scenes in India and Africa. The Governor occupies a chair on a small platform, all alone in his glory; and the members range themselves on three sides around him, before davenport-like desks. The floor is well carpeted; the ceiling is painted in subdued colours; and the tapestried walls may afford an agreeable distraction to the minds of the "elect of the people" when tortured by the flippancy, or narrowness, or arrogant dogmatism, of official eloquence that ignores what are, and legislates for what it assumes should be, public wants. One disadvantage of a padded chamber of this sort is that it can never give the echo to oratorical efforts. It has, however, a majesty of its own that imparts some dignity to the proceedings therein conducted, and possibly inspires budding senators with awe if not with wisdom. One of its windows looks out upon the "Alfred Court," or quadrangle before mentioned, with the gigantic though still infant pine, many orange trees laden both with golden fruit and sweetly-scented matrimonially-suggestive blossom, as well as some

flowering shrubs clipped into fantastic shapes, the walls around the Court being covered with the glorious purple and green *bourganvilliers* creeper.

Valletta exhibits few outward and visible signs of the extreme destitution of a large number of its inhabitants; yet the lower classes of the Maltese are wretchedly poor owing to their chronic indolence and improvidence. The youths are in the habit of marrying immediately they attain puberty, and usually exhibit more anxiety to beget a family than to provide the wherewithal for their sustenance. With the exception of the situations of Chief Secretary, First Assistant Secretary, and Auditor of Accounts, which are reserved for Englishmen, the whole of the appointments in the local Government service are open to qualified natives; and even the Police, and a local Artillery force, are composed exclusively of Maltese. But there are 60,500 males, and 63,000 females in the island, or eight times the density of the population in England on a similar area. There are no manufactures, and but little enterprise. The soil, what there is of it, is fertile, and produces fair crops of corn and cotton, barley and cloves, and a variety of seeds, besides an abundance of strawberries, figs, grapes, pomegranates, apples, pears, apricots, plums, melons, oranges, cabbages, cauliflowers, and potatoes. The sea abounds with red and other mullet, whiting, sword-fish, oysters, lobsters, crabs, and shrimps. Sicily, which is but eight hours distant by steamer, is moreover a teeming storehouse all the year round for articles of food that Malta does not yield; and oxen, obtained from the Barbary States, take so kindly to the island rock, that he would be a gourmand indeed who should desire better beef than is procurable here. The local sheep, which like their owners, are very prolific, sometimes bring forth four lambs, and seldom less than two at a birth; and the goats are large, and excellent milk-givers. The natives succeed in dragging on a hand-to-mouth existence; and this done, they trouble themselves not with

thoughts for the morrow. The lower orders have an unwritten dialect of Arabic origin, but Italian is the medium of communicating education on the island, and is the language employed exclusively in the administration of justice. Though the want of a vernacular system of education is admitted on all sides, the Government are apparently disinclined to incur the expense and trouble of perpetuating a mongrel dialect, and seek rather to substitute a language that has no superior, and one which is the mother-tongue of not a few of the inhabitants on the coast. It is, however, generally felt that the lower orders of the Maltese, unlike those in India, being indifferent to education, it is beyond the power of the most zealous Government to stir their inert minds to see its blessings. The priesthood might, perhaps, do this, were they so inclined, for there are upwards of 2,000 ecclesiastics in the island, or about 1 to every 60 inhabitants. Inured from their infancy to privation, wedded to idleness, and lamentably blind to their own interests, the Maltese as an insular semi-oriental people, exist and multiply, having naught in common with that other insular people to whom they are now subject, but with whom they do not mingle much more intimately than do Hindoos and Mohamedans with Europeans in India. Seeing what small progress in civilization their descendants have made since St. Paul and his 275 companions were wrecked at Malta, one can understand that the people whom the hospitable Publius, "the chief man of the island" governed, peculiarly merited the epithet of "barbarians" which the Apostle, after the fashion of the Romans of his time, applied to them.

LETTER VII.

THE P. & O. HAVEN.

SOUTHAMPTON, 16*th' April* 1873.

THE happy folk who live at home at ease, like the glutted Alderman who envied the fine appetite of the starving beggar-woman, may possibly grudge Anglo-Indians the enthusiastic delight that they usually feel on finding themselves once more at home on furlough. The novelty of the change of life perhaps soon wears off, for you find yourself falling into the old ways with surprising celerity, and it needs an effort of the imagination to remember that you have spent some dozen or so of the best years of your life in India. But the early days of one's furlough when the weather is bright, and friends are well, are brimful of joyous feelings. Happily for us we arrived in England in the middle of a sunny Easter week, and found the natives congratulating themselves on seeing the sun again after months of rain and bleak winds. Even Southampton looked cheery as we approached it, and the panoramic view of the Isle of Wight which we had from the Needles upwards, evoked the liveliest expressions of admiration from some of the most undemonstrative of passengers.

As the tide did not serve for the admission of our steamer into dock, we came to an anchor opposite Netley Hospital; and a P. & O. tug rapidly came alongside and discharged into us about a hundred of friends and agents of those on board. The agents were armed with memorandum books, and packs of business cards, and while they touted busily for employment, greetings took place between relatives who, in some instances, did not recognise one another, but beyond a tight clasping of hands, there was

little to tell the spectator of a consummation that had been in all probability most devoutly wished for many a year. Fortunately we had no invalids on board, for those who had embarked at Bombay in that capacity had pulled themselves wonderfully together during the voyage, and testified by their personal appearance to the amazing virtues of sea air and—"nothing to do." The bell having been rung to warn us to be off, we all poured single file into the tug, and took a lingering and admiring farewell of the good ship that had been our comfortable home for thirty days. Then, with three cheers for the officers, and "one cheer more for the barman," did we move off, and made rapidly for the docks. The scenery outside of them is not, at low tide, beautiful, and I was hardly surprised at hearing a little girl remarking confidentially to her brother, "They call this England: what a wretched place it is"; to which the little boy replied "Yes: it is not half so good as Madras."

Arrived at the quay we established communication with the shore by means of a steep ladder up which we all crowded like so many white ants; and we were met a-top by a burly policeman who looked as though he might tiffen off one of his Madras equivalents, and even then "ask for more." Cabs were also in attendance, and soon were the hotels beset by numerous applicants for rooms. The South Western hotel, a magnificent building over the Railway terminus was, however, already full with outward bound miserables and others, and it was moreover busied with preparations for a grand Municipal banquet in the evening, But in Radley's, in the Temperance, and other hotels near the docks, we were soon provided for, and were ere long cheered by the presence before us of English legs of mutton and sirloins of beef—those friends of our youth which had for some years been "lost to sight though to memory dear."

The accommodation is so limited in the docks at Southampton, and the proprietors exhibit so little anxiety to

increase it in proportion to the increase of the demands, that I would not be surprised to hear of the P. and O. Company eventually abandoning the port, and selecting another haven. There is a tidal basin of 16 acres, with a depth of water of 31 feet at high water springs, 27 feet at high water neaps, and 18 feet at low water spring tides: and a close dock of 10 acres with 30 feet of water at high water springs, and 25 feet at high water neaps. The latter dock contains four jetties for the use of vessels refitting, and three graving docks which are capable of receiving the largest vessels at all tides. The quays around the dock are nearly 6,000 feet long, and the Railway runs alongside all of them. The docks were probably more than sufficient for the trade thirty years ago when they were constructed, but they are now too small, and they compare unfavorably with the magnificent accommodation that is offered to shipping at Marseilles, not to speak of Liverpool, and London.

The P. and O. Company have some work-shops in the docks, in which they employ 68 joiners, and 64 ship wrights, in attending to the petty repairs of their ships. The Company buy their vessels completely fitted, and ready for sea, and they manufacture nothing for themselves. But as soon as a steamer of theirs comes into port it is thoroughly overhauled, and anything that stands in obvious need of repair is immediately removed, be it a life-boat, mast, or tin can. The Company know by experience that a "stitch in time saves nine;" and they seem to spare no trouble, or expense, in maintaining the efficiency of the smallest, equally with the largest, detail on board. They have no sympathy for "Norfolk Howards," and as soon as any articles of furniture have lost their varnish or paint, they have them removed, scraped, painted with oxalic acid (by which means the original colour of the wood is restored), washed in boiling water, and then re-stained, varnished, or painted. The benches that show signs of hard wear are similarly scraped, repaired, repainted, dried before

a coal fire, and varnished. The crockery, glass, and linen are attended to in another building; and it is the fault of those on board if the ship goes to sea again with dilapidated furniture of any description. The workshops are small, and could not have cost much to erect, so their abandonment would not entail any serious loss upon the Company. In fact there is but little, I imagine, to prevent the Company bidding Southampton farewell, while there are many strong inducements for their doing so at an early date.

Meanwhile, however, the Company are largely contributing to the wealth of Southampton, a town whose population has quadrupled in forty years, thanks to a trade whose annual exports exceed five millions sterling in value. Some 3,000 vessels, representing upwards of 700,000 tons, arrive at the port in a year. As a laborer in the docks told me, there has been "a fine sight of work" in the town of late, wages are high, and the few strikes that have occurred have been on a small scale. A great deal of house building is going on in the suburbs, and the town itself has a thriving look about it. It supports three newspapers, the *Southampton Times*, the *Hampshire Advertiser*, and the *Hampshire Independent*, the first two being published weekly, and the last bi-weekly. It has six banks: the Southampton and Hampshire, the Southampton Town and County, the Hampshire Banking Company, the London and South Western, the Penny, and a branch of the National Provincial. It numbers 13 Churches in the town, and 27 in the suburbs, besides 12 Independent, 10 Baptist, and 14 other places of worship, including one Roman Catholic Chapel, and one Jews' synagogue. It has a Tradesman's Club, two Yacht clubs, a neat little Theatre (where a panorama of the Overland Route to India is now being exhibited), a Chamber of Commerce, and a variety of other useful public institutions. It is one of the oldest of English towns, for here King Canute "kept his state" nearly seven hundred

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years ago; and it ranks fifty in the order of precedence of English ports. The P. and O. passengers might go farther and fare a great deal worse than they now-a-days do in Southampton. We have lived to see "Via Marseilles" relinquished; and in event of the Hampshire port having to abdicate in favour of the Liverpool or London one, we shall probably see the heavy portion of the Indian mails going "Via Falmouth" instead of "Via Southampton." As Falmouth is upwards of 230 miles west of Southampton, and a mail train travels, say, 50 miles an hour, while a mail steamer does barely 10, the mails would be accelerated upwards of 18 hours by being landed or embarked, at the former port; and London and other passengers would be spared nearly a day's cruise in that *bête noir* of both young griffs and old salts—the English Channel.

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LETTER VIII.

THE FAIR COUNTY OF KENT.

KENT, *April* 1873.

THE flakes of snow that are falling noiselessly on the hyacinths and tulips in the flower-beds which skirt the broad croquet-lawn upon which the beautiful room in which I am writing opens; and the gentle sighing of the north-easterly wind through the boughs of the noble elms and wide-spreading cedars that, with dwarf firs and holly bushes, bound the view on each side; might make me feel that I had arrived in England a month too soon; had I not experienced, in the week that I have been at home, four days of the most exquisite spring weather, and that too under circumstances in the highest degree favourable to their thorough enjoyment. The country is not yet looking its best, for the foliage has been kept back by raw weather; but the hedge-sides make visible daily progress in covering the sticks and stems of hawthorns with mantles of paddy-green hue; and the trees, thickly dotted over with infantile leaves, await but a warm sun to burst forth in full foliage. The horse-chestnuts are the most forward, and some of them in sheltered places are loaded not only with broad young leaves, but also with conical blossom-stalks; and the limes also in some snug situations make a goodly display of foliage, and give promise of an early crop of golden flowers. The always charming meadows and lawns around are set off to exceptional advantage by the russet-brown winter hues of the woods and copses in more exposed localities. Some of the fields teem with primroses, others with daisies, and a comparatively few with violets. The orchards are marvellous, for the pear, plum,

cherry, and almonds are now in full blossom, the first three being of a pure white, the latter of a bright pink colour; and so goodly is the pear bloom in some places that one is forcibly reminded of the appearance of trees when laden with snow. The gauntness of the outlines of other trees is forgotten in the presence of the feathery songsters that are now busied with interesting domestic arrangements which seem to be both appetising and provocative of hilarious song. The cuckoo "poor soul," "poor soul,"—to quote the wood-pigeon—awakes the echoes of the words by heralding the spring with her sweet monotone; the thrush and the blackbird seem beside themselves with the delight of mere existence; and the nightingale has commenced the first bars of the song that angels may pause to hear. No swallows have I yet seen in places where they greatly congregate in summer time; but the larks besiege Heaven's gate with song, hours before certain bipeds drag themselves from their cosy beds.

Who can wonder at the average Englishman being most at home, at ease, at peace with himself and his neighbours, when in bed, for England is the only country that understands how both to build a bed-stead and make a bed? Five weeks ago I was wooing sleep on a bed almost innocent of blankets, feather mattresses, and pillows, since in India he is often the hardest sleeper who has the hardest bed. Then for four weeks I measured my length and breadth in a bunk that put stretching any way out of the question, and rendered me liable to sundry contusions in divers parts of my person whenever the ship rolled or pitched. But, now, it is my good fortune to sink every night into the billows of a feather bed whose accessories are perfect; and I find some difficulty, though I wake by force of Indian habit as soon as Aurora has dawned, to shake myself together, spring out, and throw open the windows in order the better to hear the birds at their matins, and see the spring-tide commencing. As the morning air strikes chill, I turn a small top at the side of the grate which is laden coal-wise with fire-

brick, apply a lighted taper to one of the numerous gas jets beneath the bricks, and in a second I have a cheery blaze under the influence of which the bricks become red hot ere I have stropped my razor. And so, throughout this pleasant dwelling, has naught been omitted to contribute to the comfort of the residents. Journeys not a few in foreign parts, including India, have familiarised the owner with the requirements of man and woman-kind, let them hail from where they may; and the house and its surroundings are worthy of a cosmopolitan who feels that after all there is no place like home—provided you possess the wherewithal to command the comforts of each season as it comes round. The estate is ample testimony to the admirable sylvan taste of one of the most eminent of British Prime Ministers of the last century; and this mansion upon it which he built,—in which his equally eminent son was born, and in which he himself died, full of years and honours,—is the beau ideal of an English country-house. Severe externally in its outlines, as compared with the picturesque houses that are being erected in a profuse manner in every pretty suburb of London, it is mantled with ivy and flowering creepers, and has about it that charm of middle age which is alone needed to make the better class of dwellings of this æsthetic age perfect. The reception rooms are large, lofty, and cheerful; just in short what might be expected of rooms which in their early days were habitually thronged with the greatest in the land whom they have long survived. The grounds are in the highest degree picturesque, with their wide and gentle slopes, their clumps of elms, oaks, ash, larch and cedars, and the glimpses across a verdant valley which a railway traverses in a deep cutting. And though the great metropolis is hardly a dozen miles distant, the outlook is over many a mile of country, with scarce a house visible, and it would be easy to imagine oneself in the most secluded and lovely parts of Devonshire, rather than in the immediate vicinity of that now historic village Chislehurst.

How little did I think when I was last at Chislehurst in the autumn of 1867, that ere I re-visited the place, it would witness the close of the chequered life of the puissant Sovereign whom I had so recently seen greeting the crowned heads of Europe on their arrival at his capital. It is of venerable age, for some portion of its parish church (in which high ritualistic service is now held) was built upwards of seven centuries ago. Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Nicolas Bacon, and other men of note, were born here; and the churchyard contains the ashes of several remarkable characters. Camden Place, where the Emperor Napoleon the Third lived and died, is upwards of two hundred and fifty years old. It owes its name to William Camden, an eminent head-master of Westminster School, who died in the house in 1623, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The grounds appertaining to it are not extensive; but they contain some fine trees which, however, hardly serve to secure privacy for the inmates, there being a public road that runs close to a wall only a few yards from the front of the house. To one who had for nearly twenty years occupied at pleasure the Tuileries, St. Cloud, Versailles, and Fontainbleau; who had completed the Louvre; who had found Paris brick, and left it marble; Camden Place must have seemed a somewhat humble abode; and the mere fact of the Emperor taking it, should remind us that with all his grave faults, he did not seek, when in a position to do so, to enrich himself and his family at the expense of his State. From St. Cloud, where he held his last Council, to Chislehurst were he laid him down to die, was indeed a great step.

The First Napoleon was doomed to linger for six years on a rocky island in the South Atlantic Ocean, and to suffer the torment of incessant annoyance at the hands of a jailor, who had no sympathy for the man, while he trembled for the safety of the prisoner. But the Third Napoleon faded away in a scene that is replete with beauty, in a land which had

been the home of his early manhood; and he sleeps within a small Roman Catholic Chapel about half a mile from Camden Place. The coffin containing "Cæsar dead and turned to clay," with its violet velvet pall, and tributes of affection, fills up nearly the whole of the little sacristy; while outside the door are a few wreaths of artificial violets, and small shields and banners of silk and gold, with some palm stalks from Rome. A mortuary chapel is to be immediately commenced, at the expense of the Empress, adjoining the chancel; and Queen Victoria has intimated her desire to provide a sacrophagus of Scotch granite for the reception of the body. Here, for many a year in all probability, will the ashes of the Emperor repose, waiting removal to the Invalides, "in the middle of the French people whom I have loved so much;" and here for many a year will visitors be edified by the contrast between the troubled life of the late Emperor, and the eminently peaceful surroundings of his burial-place. The hero of Strasburg, of Boulogne, of Solferino, of Sedan,—who waded through rivers of blood to a throne which was swamped in an ocean of gore—who was responsible for the death of a quarter of a million of French soldiers, and for sorrow and anguish to hundreds of thousands of people of other races—dies peacefully in his bed, in an old English country-house, and is buried, with no "boast of heraldry or pomp of power," in a humble edifice overlooking a wide expanse of some of the most lovely rural scenery in the world. With the sun glistening upon the tender leaflets, and the air vocal with song of thrush and nightingale, varied by the cawing of rooks and the bleating of lambs, it was not easy to realise, as I left the chapel, that I had left behind me the body of him who for nearly two decades in our own time, occupied the largest share of the world's attention. Whatever it may have been during the Emperor's life time, it cannot now be denied that "*l' Empire, c' est la paix.*"

LETTER IX.

VILLAGE RAMBLES.

May Day 1873.

My estimable friend the Doctor in Madras, who peremptorily ordered me home, when bidding me farewell, said in a stage whisper :—"Mark my words, you must have perfect rest; you must do nothing to fatigue mind or body." Would that he could have seen me half an hour ago keeping watch over a boat-load of small people engaged in the circumnavigation of a little rhododendron-covered island in the centre of a small lake that the grounds around my present residence boast of. The shelving banks of the lake are clothed for the most part with rich velvety moss; but here there are large patches of primroses in full bloom, with daisies not a few, and all these are cast into a partial shade by the wide-spreading branches of the sombre fir, or the budding boughs of noble old elms. On the southern side of the lake, however, the lawns, deftly mown by the now universal mowing machine, slope down with irregular undulations to the water's side; and there is a small pebbled path at the water's side, which resounds daily with the merry patter of little feet. There is a summer-house, and there are here and there snug seats and benches on the lawn, or under the trees. The boat is a flat-bottomed contrivance of a somewhat Noachian model, its chief merits being that it will not readily capsize and is commodious without being immoveable. And here the young idea begins to shoot, and no pleasure that the house affords,—and the variety is great—is cared for by the youngsters in comparison with permission to paddle their own canoe, with some oldster to prevent accidents. The number of

crabs caught in the lake is marvellous, the steering most erratic, and the progress decidedly slow; but who cares! A grand white swan, a recently made widower, glides a few feet a-head of us round and round his island home, and without any compromise of his suberb dignity, turns his head archly ever and anon, the better to glance at the children who so vainly try to catch him. The ducks, who also inhabit the island, are less sociable than their kingly neighbour, and prefer to keep well within the shade of the overhanging boughs of the rhododendron, which are already loaded with the buds of future flowers.

Happily the wind changed a few days ago; and instead of a bitingly cold blast that made you shiver indeed, accompanied by slight falls of snow, or driving sleet, varied at night time by a hard frost that has worked woeful damage among the fruit trees, we have to-day experienced the balmiest of spring weather, and been tempted by the warmth of the temperature to quarrel with our winter habiliments. The sun hid himself till nearly noon, but then the clouds moved away, and the bright sky remained to cheer the hearts of those from whose view it was hidden for the best part of last year. There can surely be no season anywhere to compare in beauty with that of an English spring of the good old sort about which poets have sung from time immemorial, and the most hard-headed of men become rapturous. And it is peculiarly pleasant to find the merry month of May ushered in by Queen's weather, and to see all vegetation around rejoicing in the bright beams of the sun, while the woods are full of song. The village children, therefore, who in numerous bands, bearing garlands of hawthorn and primroses, came round this May morning, and sang their song about "May flowers," probably made a goodly harvest of small coin as the season did not belie itself.

Leaving my present abode, a few steps brings me to our

village, a little place which boasts of two or three dozen dwellings, that, if not pretentious, have the merit of being clean and cosy-looking, including our parish schools, our primitive Post and Money Order Office, our two grocers' shops, and two public houses. The small plots of ground in front of some of the cottages are pretty to look upon, as they are now rich in roses, hyacinths, tulips, pansies, and forget-me-nots; and the villagers in their Sunday best are a well-looking set of folk who have as yet been undisturbed by the troubles of some great cities in the land. The vicar of the quaint little church of venerable age opposite our gates, occupies a pretty ivy-mantled residence in the centre of a well-wooded piece of ground adjoining the burial-ground, and so probably did his predecessor, who, held the living for fifty years. And to a clergyman without the "infirmity of noble minds," but with an abundance of love for the country and of sympathy with those who inhabit it, combined with a partiality for books and natural history, the vicarage may well be a haven much to be desired, and tenaciously held.

Beyond the village the common is soon reached. Here, thanks to a special Act of Parliament, obtained a few years ago, no gipsy is allowed to encamp, no gardener is permitted to excavate gravel, no speculator in house property is at liberty to encroach. It is just now like a golden sea, for the furze which is in full bloom stretches far and wide with billowy-like outlines. It is said that when Linnæus first arrived in England, and visited a common thus decked with gorse in flower, he threw himself upon his knees, and, with trembling accents, thanked God for permitting him to see so glorious a display of His creative power. And with the sun illumining the beautiful bunches of flowers; the larks ever and anon springing joyously upwards from either the thicket of thorns, or the grass and moss that sheep by nibbling have left like velvet; and a lovely landscape beyond, wherever the girdle of elms could be penetrated, it

was easy to sympathise with the botanist's rapture, and to linger lovingly in so charming a neighbourhood.

But I heard last Sunday, when I was at this spot, the subdued sound of village bells afar off; and finding a road across the heath that seemed to lead in the desired direction, I pursued it, and soon descended a rather steep road with banks like those of Devonshire lanes, and o'er arched by oaks and firs. At the end of the road, where a valley is reached of great fertility and beauty, the bells sounded more loudly; and after following a long path between hawthorn and blackberry bushes, the slope of the hill was approached, on the crown of which was the church whither the country folk were flocking. The three bells ceased ringing; there was a pause, and now one bell tolled rapidly, and stopped; and before I could cover the quarter of a mile between the rustic stile at the foot of the hill and the sacred edifice, the service would probably have commenced. So I moderated my pace, and ere long reached a primitive stile that has aided many generations of parishioners in approaching the place from the meadows that the church overlooks.

The temperature was just perfection, and the scene was worthy of it. The little church which was built originally in Edward IV.'s reign, and has been added to and "restored" from time to time, has a square and rather squat tower, a nave and two irregular transepts, and is in short a pile that though devoid of architectural beauty, is beautiful for its antiquity, as well as for its harmony with the characteristic English landscape in the centre of which it stands like a beacon. The walls externally are fortified against elemental and feathered foes, by broken flint stones wedged firmly into plaster; the roof is covered with small tiles such as the ivy loves to clings to; and the tower is surmounted by a vane. The interior is remarkable for an old wooden screen between the body of the building and the chancel, and for a few memorial windows, through one of which some sacrilegious burglars

forced an entrance a little while ago, as I am reminded by a mat across the aperture. What the rascals hoped to secure beyond the communion plate or brass candle-sticks it would be difficult to say, for save a number of high-backed pews, or pens, as they might be called, some pieces of old carpeting, and some large and several small monumental tablets, the church possesses nothing one would think to tempt a "loot." Beneath it, in accordance with the insanitary practice of old, there are family vaults, and graves; including those of the Farnabys—an extinct county family whose head was a baronet-rector of the parish,—and the Wests, including a Mrs. West, a "daughter of Francis Drake some time Governor of Madras, a lineal descendant of the great circumnavigator."

The "God's acre" around the church which is fenced on the hill side by venerable moss and ivy-draped oaken palings, is crowded with tombs, mostly of the old-fashioned ponderous sort, which suggest the thought that disconsolate friends were animated by a determination to keep the defunct down in their graves. Many of the perpendicular slabs have sunk into the ground; and others that were once perpendicular have an erratic leaning to one side, showing that years have sped away since any one sought to keep the memory fresh of those sleeping beneath. At one corner, from which a pleasant view is obtained of the well-wooded valley, a Countess of Devon is buried, and a lengthy inscription on her massive tomb concludes by stating that she lies "in the spot which she most loved on earth, and hallowed by her daily visits and prayers—the resting-place of the remains of a beloved daughter, and an infant son." One very noticeable white marble monument, in the form of a cross, had been beautified in the morning with a wreath of mingled ivy leaves, violets, and white roses, and the grass over the grave had been recently cut. But, generally speaking, the tombs and graves seemed to be taking care of themselves, and

the grass around them was unkempt, and greatly mixed with dock, dandelion, thistle, and other weeds.

And now let me ask you to accompany me from this old church of the old type at West Wickham to a new church of the new type at Bickley, between Bromley and Chislehurst. This new townlet, apart from the picturesqueness of its situation, has this strong claim on the attention of a Madrassee, that it owes its origin to the Mr. Dent, whose name is still remembered in Madras. He was, I have a vague impression, a Civil Servant of the old school, whom kind Fortune placed in the way of taking a grip of that pagoda tree which has now been disafforested in India; and upon his return to his native land, he purchased a large estate at Bickley, formed a noble park, and there heard that his sons had succeeded in establishing a princely mercantile house in China. Who he was, where he came from, when he died, and who succeeded him, are questions, which no one in Bickley itself seems able to answer. All that is known is that the last possessor of the estate, of the name of Dent, after Messrs. Dent and Co. had failed, sold the property to a Mr. Wythes,—a wealthy Railway contractor—and that this gentleman is doing his best to enhance its already high value. The park, as such, has been shorn of many acres, but these have been utilised as sites for a charming array of superior villa residences, standing in their own grounds, with exceedingly pleasing outlooks, and sufficiently high rented to prevent any but comparatively affluent people taking them. The land is gently undulating in and around the estate, and both hill and dale abound with lofty elms, copper beech, silver birch, old oaks, wide-spreading cedars, and stately firs, that rise above richly tinted shrubberies, or gorse that is now laden with golden bloom. And a favorite haunt it is of singing birds at this time of year, for despite the two railway lines that cross the estate in, for the most part, deep cuttings, and the numerous

carriages that awake the echoes in the afternoon, when bread-winners return from dismal offices in the metropolis a dozen miles away, there is a repose about the locality that must be congenial even to the nightingale, which is so sensitive to noise. It is agreeable to see a place which until lately was reserved for the exclusive enjoyment of one family, now contributing largely to the health and happiness of two or three hundred families; and it is impossible to grudge the new landlord the large accession of wealth which this conversion has given him.

What the estate is now worth I cannot guess, but that its value ten years ago must have been large, may be safely gathered from the fact, that when Mr. Wythes bought the place, he prevailed upon Mr. Dent to apply one-tenth of the purchase money to building a Church and Parsonage. The former building was accordingly erected at a cost of about £20,000, a Mr. Barker being the architect; and it was consecrated in 1865 by the Primate. A more noble, elegant, and chaste edifice, I have not yet seen. The style is floriated Gothic, with no nonsense about it—a neat but untechnical description, that I hope architects will pardon. The interior is rich in appearance, the columns up the nave being of highly polished red granite, or marble, with delicately carved capitals. The chancel has no tawdry blue roof spangled with golden stars, and no bands of alternate red and yellow to make communicants vicious—as though the firmament of heaven displays or covers any violent contrasts of this sort in Nature; but it is dependent for its beauty upon its faultless outlines, on which the eye rests with comfort, while the mind gratefully recognises the harmony between the grand simplicity of the building, and that of the worship that is conducted therein. The Church is worthy of the delightful prospect that its noble spire commands, and of its eloquent vicar, the Revd. Professor Plumptre, of King's College.

How enviable does his life seem to me. Surrounded by exquisite scenery, and plenty of good society; and but half an hour distant from the metropolis, he can, being a literary man, alternately revel in the joys of Nature, or plunge with renewed zeal into the activity of London. Who, I ask myself, would live permanently in London, who can afford to live comfortably in the country within easy reach of that centre of everything? Few persons comparatively, judging from the vast number of houses that are being built within a fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross. I have had occasion to see many of these in the last fortnight, and I have been delighted to find that the majority are well built, and provided with all kinds of conveniences that only lately were unattainable in the country. The old system of providing accommodation for the domestics upon the ground floor, and not, as in London, beneath it, has become pretty general; and increasing attention is paid to the drainage and water supply of private dwellings. The papering, moulding, gilding, and furnishing usually show a great development of fine art taste of late years both among tradesfolk and those who employ them. The times are manifestly prosperous, and people encourage one another in living, if not luxuriously, at least with considerable comfort and taste. The English, as a race, are said by some critics to be degenerating, both morally and physically; but, when I read in the newspapers of maiden assizes, of a greatly diminished death-rate, and of a general anxiety to ameliorate the condition of artisans and others; and when I see how healthy and good-looking are the majority of my countrymen and countrywomen whom I meet in my rambles not only in the country itself, but also in town; I cannot escape the conclusion, that the alleged degeneracy exists no where else than in the inner consciousness of satirists who have nothing to write about in the silly seasons.

LETTER X.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PUFFS.

LONDON, 13*th May* 1873.

BUONAPARTE'S allegation that ours is a nation of shopkeepers, is borne out in a particularly offensive manner by the vulgar-looking placards that, do what you will, catch your eye whenever you travel by railway, by omnibus, by cab, by tram, or on foot, in and around the great world of London. I remember hearing Earl Grey, in the House of Lords, six years ago, give expression to the sentiment that excessive advertising is one of the banes of modern existence, and I confess to having at the time inwardly hooted his Lordship. But I begin to think that he spoke the words of wisdom. I yield to no man in respect for the judicious and liberal newspaper advertiser; but verily I find it difficult to either understand or applaud the enterprise in a placarding direction that is not judicious, though it is liberal; and I ask myself every day, whether, in the nature of things, it can pay people to disfigure every available space in every railway station, or on every hoarding, or dead wall, or front of some mercenary shop, with their names and wares on gigantic posters.

But what surprises me most of all is that the newspapers are habitual placarders. I should have imagined that the proprietors would have felt little inclined to advertise, by their own practice, the fact that their columns have ceased in their judgment to afford advertisers the best possible advertising medium. But the greed of one or two proprietaries has made fools of many. There is the *Daily Telegraph*, for example. It has an enormous, an unparallelled sale. It is to be met with in every railway

station, every club, every reading room, and every considerable hotel in the country. It is even more enterprising in some matters than the *Times*, and the proprietor hob-nobs with as great men as does Mr. Walter. Not to know the *Daily Telegraph* is to argue that you know nothing of the British Press. What possible advantage, then, can arise to the paper by placards announcing its existence? It is pardonable in a journal which has to make its way, and has yet to obtain a share of public notice, taking steps to advertise its want of subscribers and advertisers; but it is not excusable for an old established, and almost universally known paper to resort to similar means to attract attention. Yet sometimes in letters six feet in length, on boards twenty feet broad; at others on neat blue enamelled tin tablets, like ornamental tea-trays; does the *Daily Telegraph* inform the public that it has "the largest circulation in the world." There is no reason to doubt the truth of this statement; but think of the gross vulgarity of a Marquis of Westminster advertising that he has the largest income in the world. Then there is the *Standard*, a paper that has prospered exceedingly of late years; and yet, on boards that are even more monstrous than those of the *Telegraph*, does it acquaint the world that it is "the largest daily paper," as though the world sets more value on quantity than on quality. As well might the Tichborne Claimant make much of the circumstance that he is the largest man of the day. And the *Standard*, I am informed by one of its chief men, spends £8,000 per annum in thus advertising its existence. Its price being one penny per issue, this avertising charge absorbs the whole of the proprietary's receipts from 6,000 daily subscribers throughout the year. If by submitting to this sacrifice the proprietors succeed in obtaining a greatly increased sale for the paper, well and good; but I am convinced that the money would be much better spent in increasing the emoluments of the employès, and

giving subscribers more for their money, than in aiding to render the town and its suburbs hideous.

The *Daily News* being a much more juvenile penny paper, may be excused for following the bad lead of its rivals, and assuring the public that it has a "world-wide circulation;" but I wonder it does not occur to some of the proprietors that if this is the case there is no pressing need to advertise the fact; and if it is not the case, it is vain to try to force the circulation by anything else than intrinsic merit. The public very soon form their own estimate of a newspaper, let its own pretensions be what they may, for readers look to the contents of a paper, to its usefulness to themselves, rather than to its size, or weight, or circulation, before they habitually purchase it. A newspaper that is well worth reading, and that every one reads, is its own advertisement, and should scorn such paths to journalistic fame as those on hoardings and sheds. Yet the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which should now be a firmly established and universally known paper, has large boards at metropolitan stations, exhibiting a facsimile on a large scale of its heading. When I was last at home, the *Pall Mall* apparently stood in no need of advertising itself; for not only did *The Times* frequently and prominently quote from it, but it was purchased by probably every third well-to-do City-man homeward bound, besides having an enormous sale among West End and country-house folk. The tone of the paper strikes me as being less cordial and more captious than it was six years ago; and this deterioration, coupled with the placards, may signify a change in its fortunes. The *Echo*, which is published every evening, and priced a half-penny, or one-fourth the cost of the *Pall Mall*, advertises itself vigorously, and has a large sale among people who, might otherwise have bought the dearer evening journal, or gone without one; but it is a question whether the *Echo* can possibly pay. *Lloyd's Weekly News* contributes an important share to the de-

facement of all kinds of public haunts, by announcing that its "sale is over half-a-million." The *News of the World* declares that it is the "best weekly newspaper," (in its own opinion.) The *Magnet* describes itself as "the best argicultural paper in the Kingdom;" the *Hour* that it is "read by the million"; and the *Graphic*, the *Conservative*, *Fun*, and some other journals of comparatively little note, beg to be bought by the fascinations of flaming posters and eccentric typography.

I may perhaps be squeamish in regarding this new indication of enterprise as derogatory to the Press. Of course newspapers are in the majority of cases started with a view to filthy lucre; and none but millionaire proprietors —and where are they to be found?—would care about carrying on a paper on principle at a heavy loss. But the commercial element of Press enterprise should not be obtruded more than is absolutely necessary on public notice; and proprietors should assume the grace of modesty in their own interests, even if they have it not. One can pardon the noisy pertinacity with which costermongers vend their wares; but one cannot excuse the new method by which newspaper proprietors in England struggle to force their publications down the throats of the public, which probably is better acquainted than the caterers with its multifarious requirements. Newspapers that blow their own trumpets, and beg to be bought, may for a time succeed financially, but the prestige of the Fourth Estate must eventually suffer from such degenerate stooping to conquer.

As newspaper proprietors, whose especial province or mission it once was to advertise for the whole world, show in practice that dead walls, even though they "do not a prison make," are, in their opinion, a better advertising medium than their own columns, it is not astonishing that London tradesfolk have of late years turned their attention to the former to the prejudice, it must be, of the latter. It is reasonable to suppose that tradesmen are fully alive to

their own interests, and are even more averse than other people to throw their money idly away. Yet it seems to me as an impartial observer, who by prolonged absence is somewhat of a stranger and pilgrim here at home, that a large amount of the expenditure by tradesmen on advertising in railway stations, &c., is fruitless of good to the advertiser; nay, I will go farther, and say that it must sometimes be fruitful of harm by offending sensitive beholders like my Lord Grey aforesaid. You get almost weary of locomotion in a city that is posted at every turn with the names and boasted circulation of journals that are hawked about by shrill-voiced boys at every railway station, cab, and omnibus stand; and you are apt to resent the impertinent manner in which this or that grotesquely illustrated advertisement obtrudes itself on your notice, and hides the architectural beauty of the surroundings.

We have not yet startled quiet folk, as they do in Paris, by flaming bills, addressed in letters twelve feet long "*Au bon Diable*;" but we do our little best to send non-commercial folk, with limited wants, into lunatic asylums. Look around with me for a moment. Here is a bill advertising "Mrs. Allen's Hair Preparations," side by side with a poster regarding certain "Painting and Graining Brushes," and, beneath, a huge illustration of a corset "moulded by steam, improving the figure, and giving comfort and support" to the fair wearer. And around are flaming advertisements of the *Day of Rest*, a new religious publication, and Clarke's "Blood-Manure;" of the *Educator*, another new religious work, and "Oakye's knife Polish; of *Good Words* and Harry Paulton, a new clown; of the *Mirror*, the "reflex of the world's literature," and the "Micawber double punch;" of the Italian Opera, and the Moore and Burgess Minstrels; of Horniman's pure tea, and Peter Robinson's silks; of Robur, the "new tea spirit," and "carte blanche champagne;" of Smith's "subscription library," and Ben-

nett's watches; of Spiers and Pond's "*pro* rata principle," and "family ales;" of Broombridge's tile Company, and patent hats; of new umbrellas, and "invincible safes;" of Turkish baths, and Cash's "rough towels;" of "soup in quarts," and "Sadler's mustard;" of Dore's Gallery, and "Pain l'Impératrice;" of Fry's "Caracca cocoa," and Brown and Polson's corn flour; of the Yorkshire "relish," and spring mattresses; of Brill's brandy, and Cooper's "extraordinary tea;" of Japanese paper curtains, and Heal's bedsteads; of "fireproof starch," and improved kitchen ranges;" of Jay's "mourning," and Taylor's "furniture depository;" of concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, and at Music Halls which are not Royal; of theatres, flower shows, sewing machines, pleasure parties, trips to the Continent, and so forth. And when I observe the great development of street and road advertising of late years, I wonder whether in another decade St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and Buckingham Palace, will continue to laugh the peripatetic bill-poster to scorn!

LETTER XI.

SOME METROPOLITAN MINOR ORGANS.

LONDON, 17*th May* 1873.

IN my last letter I endeavoured to describe the development of self-laudatory puffing by means of bill-posters of infinite number and vast magnitude on the part of some of the chief London newspapers, and I hazarded some criticisms on what seems to me to be a sign of degeneracy in the Fourth Estate. The propensity that I referred to has not yet extended to the minnows of the Press, for the sufficient reason that the expense of extensive puffery is enormous; and the stranger who does not look into the windows of newspaper shops, or book-stalls in the metropolis, might run away with the idea that the journals that render the streets hideous by their placards are the only ones that exist. This of course would be a great error, as almost every district, and every trade, can boast of an organ that is devoted to the expression of local opinion, or of class or trade interests. And in addition to these there are numerous papers, which, if "born to blush unseen," seem to linger on for some time, and to give scope for the utterance of ideas that are "most strange" if not quite "unnatural." So, in returning home this evening, I bought every paper that I saw offered for sale between Charing Cross and Ludgate Hill station, which was nearly or entirely unknown to me, and it may interest you to learn something of the publications that I thus collected *en passant*.

Here is, for example, a well printed four-small-paged, "monthly journal of practical cosmography" entitled the

Zetetic and Anti-Theorist, edited by "Parallax," who, be it known, is editor also of "Earth-Life," author of "Zetetic Astronomy," and "Founder of Modern Zetetic Philosophy." The object of this journal is to prove that the world is not a globe but a plane, and that the Copernican system of astromony is all fudge, since the earth has no orbital or axial motion, is the only known material world, and though of comparatively recent formation, is about to be destroyed by fire. So the surface of standing water is not convex, as all P. and O. passengers profess to know by ocular demonstration, but is horizontal. And beneath the earth-plane there would seem to be even a hotter place than Madras in June, as an artesian well in Indiana recently threw up 200,000 gallons daily of most offensive water, and the people who were sinking the well ceased boring, for they thought they had "struck a vein from an unmentionable place." As "Parallax" has been expounding his plane philosophy since 1838, it would seem that his opinions obtain some attention; and he is now varying his publications, which include a "zetetical" consideration of the "Foundations of Religion and the Realities of Christianity," with public lectures, one of which he delivered at Penge last month, and followed up on the 5th instant by a public discussion with a Mr. Dyer, (author of the "Spherical form of the Earth") as to the earth being a globe or a planet.

Talking of discussion reminds me of the "*Pro and Con*," a journal for literary investigation, which is edited by Walter Hamilton, F. R. G. S. The sixth number, of the 15th instant, is before me. It contains the fifth chapter of a history of the English Poets Laureate, in which a sketch is given of Ben Jonson's life and works. Among the questions in the *Pro and Con* I find one regarding the "nine gods" by whom "Lars Porsena of Clusium" swore. "We have heard of nine Muses and three Graces, but who were these special nine gods?" The journal

also contains the minutes of proceedings at the last two meetings of the "Society of Literary Twaddlers," in which a Mr. C. E. Easther read a paper on Marmion, and Mr. F. W. Crawford, B. A., one on Macaulay's Essays. The "Twaddlers" held their last ordinary meeting on the 25th ultimo, when they elected two new members (their names and residences are given in full); and its annual dinner, which will be the last meeting of the "session," will take place on the 30th instant, at Story's Gate Tavern, St. James's Park. Do the Twaddlers twaddle post-prandially more than people do elsewhere when making loyal and mutual admiration toasts? A literary man who not only knows that he is a twaddler, but publicly announces the fact by connecting himself voluntarily with a society of self-dubbed "Twaddlers," must be somewhat of a curiosity in these days of literary self-assertion.

To view self-assertion in a particularly striking form you should refer to the *Matrimonial News*, a journal which is devoted not to "domestic occurrences," but to "the promotion of marriage and conjugal felicity," and which thus supplies a "national want," since "civilization combined with the cold formalities of society and the rules of etiquette, imposes such restrictions on the sexes, that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages capable of making each other happy, who never have a chance of meeting either in town or country," and who therefore need an "organ" to bring them "into communication," "*Bonâ fide* notices" are charged at the rate of one shilling for forty words; and "when a lady and gentleman desire to correspond, they must send their names and addresses (in confidence) to the Editor, as a guarantee of honourable intentions and good faith," when he will put them in correspondence, but, mark you, "all introductions are given on the understanding that the lady and gentleman shall each pay a fee to the Editor within a month after a marriage." At the same time the Editor generously offers

to answer questions and give advice "on any point relating to courtship or marriage, or any other difficult subject free of charge." In the issue before me, I find three hundred and one matrimonial advertisements all professing to be *bona-fide*. Most of these have a remarkable family resemblance; some look like shallow hoaxes; while a few have an air of truthfulness about them which suggests that as there are "Literary Twaddlers" in the world, so there may be men and women who would fain be put by a "Special Advertiser" on the road to "marital felicity." It is probable that the "nobleman aged 60" who, "with fine estates and ample income, wishes to receive a communication from a lady of education and undoubted respectability, with a view to matrimony," rejoices in the name of "Walker;" and that the "M. P., aged 40, of good appearance, and with an income of £4,000 a year, who wishes to marry and with that view, desires to hear from a young and good-looking lady, educated, and well connected," represents the borough of *Chateau en Espagne*. And the "gentleman aged 30, middle size, fair, with a fine residence, &c., in the country, and an income of about £3,000 a year;" as well as one "aged 44, tall and dark, of good appearance with a jolly warm-hearted disposition, inclined to look on the sunny side of things, and thinks he, with an income of about £2,000 a year, could make any reasonable woman happy"—both of whom yearn for a wife—may be the creatures of school boy imagination. But who will dare to affirm that "a middle-aged widower in a good position (income £800)" is not "anxious to marry a lady from 35 to 45 years of age," and to receive the carte of "any lady (*embonpoint*) blessed with a jolly appearance and a truly amiable disposition?" I find that "a gentleman, tall and handsome, and holding a first-class position in India, wishes to meet with a lady of attractive appearance, under 30 years of age, with a view to marriage." This advertisement appears in the

company of the following, from which it may be inferred that contrary to general experience, there is still an active demand for desirable spinsters in India :—

A Surgeon on the staff of the Indian Army, aged 40, holding a good position and possessing ample means, wishes to open correspondence with a lady of education and good appearance willing to marry and go abroad with him. Address with Editor.

A Gentleman, aged 23, holding an excellent appointment in India, wishes to correspond with a young lady between 18 and 22 years of age, with a view to marriage; must be dark, with a good figure, lively, and amiable; money no object. Advertiser is dark, tall, and good looking. Address with Editor.

A Medical gentleman, home from India, and who will soon return, wishes to marry before going out. He is about 40 years of age, and possesses good means, and would like a lady from 24 to 30 years of age. Address with Editor.

A Gentleman, age 32, tall, fair, handsome, and considered good looking, occupying a good position in India as an Indigo planter, and returning there next September, would like to correspond with Nos. 7240, 7065, 7198, and 7143, or March 15th, with a view to matrimony. Address with Editor.

A Civil Engineer in India, age 38, holding a good Government appointment, with private property, and who will be in England next autumn, wishes to open correspondence with a lady not over 30, with a view to marriage and to return to India with him. Address with Editor.

A similar wish, or want, is experienced by a gentleman who is about to proceed to Japan as a mining engineer, and would "like to have the blessing of a loving and affectionate wife (with a fortune of £3,000 or upwards) to accompany me to that flowery and romantic island." This should be a more desirable husband than a gentleman "aged 21, good family, no money, no prospects," who "wishes to marry a young lady of comfortable independent means," and says he "is of middle height, dark, slender, easy disposition."

As a rule the gentleman advertisers are of "middle height," and are "considered good-looking," or have a "good appearance." One of them "home from India and possessed of good means" desires to correspond with a "good-looking healthy young lady with a view to marriage"—healthy young ladies being one might suppose scarce in the land whence he has come on matrimonial thoughts intent.

As for the ladies they are, by their own account, bewitching. Here is one who is "very fair and pretty"; another who is "very handsome, and capable of deep ardent affection;" another who is of a "very lively, warm, generous, and loving disposition"; another who is "tall, dark, and handsome, very loving, and highly educated;" and yet another who is a widow with a "good figure" among other irresistible fascinations. Most of the ladies are "well," if not "highly connected," and all apparently possess, (if they could only be persuaded to expend the stamps as freely as one fair advertiser has done in stating the fact,) a "cheerful and happy nature, looking on the bright side of things, and easily pleased," and "would like a kind, good, amiable man, gentlemanly in mind and manners," and "could be happy either settled down or travelling." Of course they are all "capable of reciprocating an honourable affection." They are promiscuous rather than partial in their preferences, for a "fair young lady midddle-sized, lively, and a good musician" invites seven gentleman advertisers to correspond with her; and "Alice, 20, fair, good looking, golden hair, medium height, highly educated and accomplished," has even more strings to her bow; while a third has the courage to challenge twenty-two wife-wanting swains. One young lady, if not an heiress has a wealth of "nut brown hair"; and another who has "dark curls" says that she "hates false hair and everything false." Madeline, the "daughter of a gentleman aged 19," (he must have been married before he was weaned) has a "string of virtues" to recommend her; and Eva, a clergyman's only daughter,

"would be a devoted wife to a kind husband—a man of piety, culture, humour, and means." One dear creature announces:—"I am 27 years of age, height 5 feet 6, very jolly, and considered very handsome, well educated, and of good connexions, very warm hearted and affectionate." Another darling of the same age, rejoicing in the name of "Jopsy," is "dark, very lively, and domesticated, moderately good-looking, under medium height, *but* has a nice little figure." A young lady aged 28, "tired of her solitary and secluded life, wishes to meet with a husband who can appreciate a warm and loving heart," (and provide her with bread and butter, apparel and lodging,) for "unfortunately she has not any money, but," she continues archly, "if good looks and pleasing manner, combined with accomplishments, and domesticated charms," (cats?) "would suffice to afford satisfaction, she feels quite sure that she would make her husband the happiest of men, and envied by all his sex." Here indeed is a chance for Indian bachelors and let them be smart in sending in their tenders, sealed, for the address of this modest young person is with the Editor of the *News*, and should he still be a bachelor, is it not possible that he will himself elect to be the "happiest of men, and envied by all his sex?" In that case, despair not, for it only remains for you to show your money, to take your choice among a bevy of maidens and young widows of rare beauty, and accomplishments allied with "domesticated charms." There are ladies young, and ladies middle-aged; some are *petite*, others are "middle sized," and still others who are tall; there are blondes and also brunettes; "superior minds" and "jolly" dispositions; "brilliant musicians" and others who are "highly educated;" and there are some who after advertising that they are fair, very pretty, "highly accomplished," and "who will have means," add as a postscript "would go to India." It may be a case of *embarras de richesses* with a love-sick bachelor in India; it may even be difficult for him to repress a feeling of regret that he is

neither a Mormon nor a Mussulman; but of this he may rest assured that if he will place himself in communication with the Editor of the *Martrimonial News* and make a suitable remittance, that amiable gentleman, who hold's Cupid's power of attorney, will, with the greatest possible pleasure, send out one lady, or a dozen ladies, to be led to the "hymeneal altar." And having thus found his fate, may the new-fledged Benedict be happy, and at no time stand in need of the services of a gentleman who advertises in the *News* that, as an "established practitioner," he conducts "divorce business, with the strictest secresy and utmost economy."

LETTER XII.

SOME MORE LONDON PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON, *May* 1873.

I DID not nearly complete in my last letter the list of the grave and gay London newspapers that I had not hitherto seen, or with rare exceptions heard of, which I purchased while walking one afternoon from the Strand to Ludgate Hill. The *Bazaar Exchange and Mart and Journal of the Household*, for example, claims something more than a casual notice. It has reached the 263rd number, is priced twopence, and is published every Wednesday. It consists of eight pages of closely printed letterpress, devoted to the Drama, Music, and science from "our own correspondents;" the Literary World; matters of especial interest in the Servants' Hall, the Housekeeper's room, Workshops, the Garden, and to Poultry fanciers; with questions and answers on a variety of domestic topics such as the pickling of walnuts, the breeding of canaries, the braiding of dresses, the hatching of eggs, the pupping of dogs, the bleaching of dresses, and so forth. The answers which are shrewd and practical, are prefaced by a standing editorial note mentioning the names of the four gentlemen who make them. There is no charge for answering or for publishing notes and questions, and the only condition is that all correspondence shall be *bonâ fide*, and authenticated.

Within this outer cover, or covers, is the department of the paper called the *Bazaar*, which itself contains 32 pages, similar in size to those of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Here are 89 columns of advertisements of articles offered, or wanted, by private individuals for the most part, either for sale or exchange, with fully 40 small print and laconic advertisc-

ments in each column, so that one issue must contain upwards of 3,500 announcements. The charge for advertising is 4*d.* for 12 words or less, and 1*d.* for every additional 4 words. The arrangements for effecting a sale or exchange are simple and straightforward. The advertiser may either publish his own name and address, or have his property numbered by the editor; and all letters, in the latter case, are addressed to that number at the journal's office, in a blank envelope, which the editor forwards. The purchase-money, when agreed upon, is deposited at the office, and the seller sends the article to the buyer immediately he is advised of the deposit having been made. If an article is ordered "on approval," the seller is bound, in event of its being found unsuitable, to take re-delivery of it; and the disappointed buyer then obtains a refund of his deposit from the office. And when the condition "on approval" is not stated, and the buyer declares that there have been errors of description, the dispute arising must be referred for settlement to the editor, with the article, and all correspondence relating thereto; and the person against whom he decides must pay all expenses of carriage to and fro with a fee of 6*d.* for arbitration by both parties.

These arrangements seem well devised to protect buyers, sellers, and exchangers from fraud, and the fact that one issue of the paper, taken hap-hazard, contains 3,500 advertisements of articles for exchange or sale, is sufficient to prove that the system has been found to work well by a large number of persons with either superfluities or with wants. Lord Granville, alluding to it at a recent Guildhall dinner, remarked that when he was brought forward in lieu of Mr. Gladstone, gold had been exchanged for a "muff," or words to that effect. I have met several people who have made some valuable purchases by the intervention of the paper. For example, I was awoke at a friend's house the other morning by the strains of a large church organ in the hall, and I learnt that my host had

obtained this instrument for £12 through the intervention of the paper, and had full reason to be proud of his acquisition, which had been built by the most notable firm in London, by whom it was exhibited at the World's Fair of 1851. And in one of his sitting-rooms was a really magnificent mechanical organ for operatic music, which also cost, through the same agency, a mere trifle. In almost every house of any size you will find articles of ornament, use, or amusement, that have lost their interest for the owners without having forfeited their own excellence. Take a 20 guinea operatic musical box for example. I buy it to-day first-hand, have it sent home, and "turn on the tap" of melody in season, and out, and mercilessly victimize my family, and friends with it. But I and all around me eventually tire of the toy, and cease for weeks to wind it up; and at last I feel that I would not mind selling it for a comparative trifle, or exchanging it for much less than its equivalent in plants, live stock, or books. Self-respect forbids my opening negotiations with a pawnbroker; and social usage prohibits my offering it for sale to an acquaintance. So I keep it long after it has ceased, from no fault of its own, to minister to the happiness of my household. On the face of it there is something defective in a state of things that prevents my disposing of a fine edition of Scott's Novels, say, except to a book-dealer who will give no more than the price of waste-paper for it; and it is decidedly advantageous to me, whatever it may be to the dealer, that I can now be brought into communication with a gentleman who possibly wants Scott's, and is willing to part with Thackeray's works in exchange. The household idols often remain for an unconscionable time on their pedestals for no better reason than that there is no way of disposing of them advantageously, or of selling them as other than rubbish. The *Exchange and Mart*, therefore, performs an important function in

promoting among other things the circulation of *"penates"* whose room is preferable to their company.

It is rather a trying ordeal to total the sums that you have expended on the knick-knacks and ornaments around your local habitat; and hitherto these superfluous things have persisted in crowding your boxes, or cupboards, or tables. "Variety is pleasing," the immaculate copy-slips told us in the days of childhood; and the *Exchange and Mart* affords you an opportunity of bartering in a respectable, business-like, yet, if you wish it, anonymous way, your own superfluities for those of other folk. And from such elegant trifles as statuettes, albums, flowers, porcelain, the transition is easy to articles of real domestic utility. Thus in the issue before me I find the following among the items offered and wanted:—

Antiquities, autographs, coins, crests, crockery old and new, stamps, beehives, bees, aquaria, aviaries, badgers, cats, ferrets, foxes, hedge-hogs, guinea-pigs, jackals, mice, partridges, pheasants, rabbits, handbags, dressing-cases, baths, bedding, boxes, carpets, china, clocks, table-covers, curtains, cutlery, d'oyleys, furniture, looking-glasses, lamps, refrigerators, knife and washing machines, ornaments, preserves, rugs, screens, stoves, tea-trays, aprons, bodices, bonnets, boots, caps, cloaks, new dresses, feathers, flowers, gloves, habits, handkerchiefs, hosiery, jackets, lace, parasols, petticoats, scarves, shawls, trimmings, new trousers, umbrellas, uniforms, clerical gowns, alms-bags, banners, communion linen, crosses, vestments, church windows, cattle, pigs, chromos, drawings, engravings, etchings, frames, illuminations, oleographs, water-colour and oil paintings, photographs, prints, stationery, bulbs, ferns and ferneries, mowing-machines, plants, seeds, trees, bracelets, brooches, chains, chatelaines, combs, earrings, lockets, necklaces, pencil-cases, scarf-pins, silver and electro-plate, rings, scent-bottles, studs, watches, dogkennels, field-dogs, hounds, terriers, toy dogs, albums, books, magazines, maps, newspapers, masonic scarves,

boilers, engines, printing presses and type, accordions, banjos, clarionets, concertinas, cornets, fifes, flutes, guitars, harmoniums, horns, music, musical boxes, organs, pianos, violins, and violincellos, cocks, hens, chickens, eggs, and poultry-yard appliances, pigeons, and water-fowl, carts, carriages, goats, horses, perambulators, saddlery, spurs and whips, chemicals, and scientific instruments, cricket, angling, shooting, and smoking paraphernalia, velocipedes, needlework, sewing machines, &c.

All articles of dress must be new, or the bargain is declared void; but other articles need not be so. The offers under each heading precede the wants, or sometimes the two are combined in a proposed exchange. Let me, however, give a few specimens of the advertisements:—

Interesting letter by Charles Dickens for sale, a connection, perfect.—2253B.

What cash offers for Sioux Indian's scalp?—Thomas L. Nash, Sproughton, near Ipswich.

For sale, Bible, 1586, Breeches edition, black lettered.—Address Miss Johnson, 2, Junction-road, South Norwood.

Beehive with stock wanted. Will give in exchange a black and tan terrier dog, banjo, pigeons, or cash.—Henderson, 50, Albert-road, Penge, Surrey.

Wanted, a young Berkshire sow, in pig. Exchange double muzzle-loading gun, or cash,—A. W. Priest, Tudor House, Addlestone, Surrey.

Three doves, perfectly tame, fly about; must sell because of cats. Price 3s. 6d.—T. W. Dibble, Dorking.

Offers taken for a beautifully marked pure (female) Manx kitten. No books, stamps, crests, or photographs; silence negative; no carriage.—2126B.

Mrs. C. Hill will have a litter of rabbits to spare in the course of a week or two from her splendid Himalayan doe, in kindle by second prize buck Luton; room is wanted when fit to leave the doe, 3s. each will be taken, or 16s. the lot.*—Foxhall, Alton.

Man trap for sale never used. Cost 30s. (Near Taunton.) —5079X.

Wanted a good timekeeper (Amrican) cash; sittings of choice eggs, or nanny goat offered.—6234P.

Gentleman's dressing case, bran new. Cost 30s. Exchange for trousers, boots. (Oxford.)—2167B.

Four pairs ladies white silk stockings, cotton tops, new. Price 3s. a pair.—2232B.

Will any one give 7 yds. of real black yak lace, 2in. wide, or useful offers for six pairs of babies' lovely socks.—Minnie post office, Denbigh.

Wanted the necessary outfit for a baby, good and new. Send list. (Monmouthshire.)*—5050X.

I have a pair new trousers man 5ft. 9in. Cost 25s.; cash 15s. Never worn; bargain.—A. Dry, Middstreet, Driffield.

A very good linen surplice, only washed twice, put on over the head, suited for a tall man. Cost 28s.; price 17s. 6d., or offers.—4822X.

A small church window, Medallion in centre, subject, "the Annunciation," the space not occupied by medallion filled with quarries bearing fleur-de-lis. Dimensions to spring of arch, at 3ft. 7in.; from spring to centre of round head of arch, 1ft. 7in.; width 1ft, 9in. In perfect condition; executed by a good artist.—6362P.

Wanted, a person to draw a caricature, from photographs. Send terms and a specimen to—7695M.

A large green stone, supposed to be an emerald. Price £50. Offers requested. (Near London)—6387P.

Wanted, rings and earrings, for sittings of choice eggs, or two nanny goats—6234P.

I will give a lady's Gold Geneva watch, quite new, for a good fox terrier, with pedigree, or for a good pug—T. Cook, Bellericay, Essex.

What will any one give me for an historical essay? Money preferred.—7870.

Wanted, large-goats in milk, also billy. Offer jewellery, canaries, and other things.—Mrs. Hawkins, Photographic studio Melville street, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

A pretty little meerschaum cigarette holder, coloured by a young lady; price 4s. A plain handsome meerschaum cigar holder,

superbly coloured; price 10s. C. P.—Chambers, 6; Penkhull-terrace, Stoke-on-Trent.

I will forward a beautiful pattern of Indian night dress for little boys or girls, children cannot get uncovered at night in this dress, quite supersedes the old fashioned nightgown, very fashionable at the present time, can be made in any material. Price 19 stamps.—4938x.

Thus, having advertised successfully for a wife in the *Matrimonial News*, you may, by means of the *Exchange and Mart* furnish a house for her, and also fill her wardrobe with the wearing-apparel that, coming to you, beautiful and accomplished, but empty-handed, she will probably stand in need of. And then in due course when she wants the "necessary outfit for a baby good and new," you need only announce the interesting requirement, and it will possibly attract the notice of ladies who have ceased to need such things.

One of the most recent additions to the metropolitan press is the "*Devil*," a weekly journal, which claims to "utter Satanic satire." The principal streets in the City, and some even in the West End, were haunted last week by small boys and dilapidated men and women who, with ill-directed persistency, shouted at every passer-by. "The Devil, Sir, just out; only one penny Sir;" and as the publication is sensationally illustrated it sold rather freely. The pictures represent the Devil in full evening dress, with small horns, a caudal appendage, the end of which he carries gracefully like a silk umbrella under his arm, and trotters innocent of pumps; and the letter-press professes to express his sentiments on the depravity of the age. It is surprising to learn that "the Devil has again arrived in London, for the express purpose," not of promoting but "of battling with crime in all its multiform developments." You see, then, that this is not nearly so black a personage as he is painted in pulpits. Let him however speak for himself as to his mission:—"The functions that I once again assume are essentially

those of the satirist and humourist; to shoot folly as it flies, to drag roguery from its fancied security, and, with a relentless hand, to draw aside the veil which covers the face of society, and expose, in all their ghastly hideousness, the dark, damning truths of London life." . . . "I pledge myself to give praise where praise is due—to whip folly, and mercilessly to tomahawk treachery." And in the number before me the articles are entitled "The Devil on Juvenile Profligacy," on "Distress," on "Adulterated Drinks," on "Human Friends," and "At Islington." The satire is highly seasoned, but it is a poor compliment to the intelligence of some one to call such sad stuff "Satanic." The great posters in Paris "*Au bon Diable*" are offensive; but it is a yet greater nuisance to be vociferously reminded at every turn in London of the existence of the catch-penny organ of a goody Devil.

Another rather quaint paper, entitled *Here and There*, an "illustrated journal of romantic events, sporting, and theatrical news, at home and abroad," is also vigorously hawked about the streets. It is priced 2*d.*, and registered as a newspaper. It reached its 38th number last November, and this, its last issue, is still being sold. It is as large as the *Illustrated London News* without the supplement to that journal; is printed on good paper, and is creditably illustrated, some of the blocks having had, I imagine, an American origin. Among other newspapers of recent birth, I may mention the *Verdict* a theatrical one-quarto page journal, devoted avowedly to the dispassionate criticism of the pieces now on the London stage, in conformity with the motto that "truth is truth even to the end of utterance,"—an assertion which nobody can deny. Then there is the *Entr'acte*, a "theatrical and musical critic," which gives with each weekly issue a rough cartoon of some well known actor or actress. This paper has professional advertisements; and I notice that Mark Alberts, "the versatile author and comedian:" Manhill

and Rawlings, the "negro burlesque artistes:" Florence Milton, the "popular London characteristic vocalist and dancer:" Arthur Wyndham, the "grant characteristic impersonator, vocalist, actor, author, and opera bouffe artist:" Wattie Walton, and Alfred Hemming, "England's premier pantomimists:" Rose Vincent, the "new sterling star serio-comique:" Fred Markley, the "original lightning vocalist, author, and quick-step dancer:" George Leybourne, the "lion comique:" and other eminent professionals are open to engagements; and that La Zulcika, Persian actress, "one of the most attractive stars, introduced in England," has just commenced a starring tour in the provinces. Dramatic and musical agents notify their "unequalled advantages in introducing premier provincials and genuine novelties to the leading English and Foreign managers, from whom they have instructions to engage talent of the best stamp for early or distant dates;" and a gentleman, whose name is Israelitish, states for the information of managers of refreshment bars in music halls, theatres and "the trade in general," that he is "prepared to provide barmaids, barmen, waiters, &c., and can guarantee the efficiency and respectability of all persons on his books, as no name is entered until enquiries are made." Another individual, self-dubbed the "Fakir of Oolu," warns the said managers against employing "would-be Fakirs," who are plagiarsing his unrivalled and unrivalable entertainment, in which a "beautiful entranced girl" floats in mid air; and he states that his "characters, title, and posters are duly registered according to law." Yet next to this cautionary advertisement is a card stating that a gentleman named Leggett is the greatest "fakir of the day," and that he and his "enchanted sylph" are "the rage of London, and the rage of opposition fakirs."

The *Theatrical Journal* and the *Figaro*, which also devote their best energies to theatrical topics, are probably not altogether unknown to you. The former paper has

reached its 1,744th number, partly perhaps because it gives a good deal of attention to amateur performances. The most newsy portion of the paper is found in the last page, where there is an advertisement of a "Stage Academy," the dramatic principal of which offers to "thoroughly instruct ladies and gentlemen, who wish to adopt the stage as a profession, in every kind of stage business, elocution, action, stage walk." His terms are as follows:—

Fencing and Dancing.—Classical Character, and Burlesque. Terms, private instruction: per month one lesson a week, £1 1s, two ditto a week, £1 11s. 6d., three ditto a week, £2 2s: per quarter one lesson a week, £2 12s. 6d; two ditto a week, £4 4s., three ditto a week, £5 5s.

Premier Danseuses.—Young Ladies prepared and brought out as Principal Dancers. Terms:—per month one lesson a week £1 1s., two ditto a week £1 11s. 6d., three ditto a week £2 2s: per quarter one lesson a week £1 12s. 6d., two ditto a week £4 4s., three ditto a week, £5 5s.

Ballet Classes.—Young Ladies and Juveniles prepared for the Ballet.—Class Lessons twice a week, Tuesday and Friday, 10 till 12 o'clock per month, £1 1s. Children under 12, £2 2s. per quarter, or £1 1s. per half-quarter. Engagements as soon as competent.

Clown or Harlequin.—Young Gentlemen thoroughly taught to play the whole of the Business, Tricks, Cascades, Leaps, Songs, Dances, Scenes, &c. for £10 10s. Lessons strictly private. The money can be paid by instalments of £2. 2s, at commencement and £1 1s. a month. Engagements guaranteed.

Character Dances,—Private Lessons till perfect in the following Character Dances: Sailor's Hornpipe £1 1s; Highland Fling, £1 1s; Jig (Irish or American), £1 1s.; Breakdown, £1 1s.; or private instruction in the Four Dances for £3 3s.; Big Shoe Dance, £1 1s.; Pas Grotesque, £1 1s; Cachucha, £1 1s.; or Spanish, Dance, £1 1. Or private instruction in the four dances till perfect, £3 3s., paid in advance. Lessons at any hour of the day or evening, between 10 a. m. and 10 p.m. Every kind of Music Hall Business, Comic Songs with special style of Dances, Serio-Comic Songs, and Character Dances, Burlesques, Dualogues, &c., written on the shortest notice.

LETTER XIII.

METROPOLITAN PLEASURE-GROUNDS.

LONDON, *June* 1873.

THE development of railways, (overground and underground) tramways, and omnibuses, has of late years been so great in London, that one is now enabled with the greatest facility to penetrate into miserable regions that were formerly almost unknown to any but the multitudinous and unfortunate inhabitants thereof. Messrs. W. H. Smith Son, and others, have published some excellent pocket maps of the metropolis, giving all the information that a reasonably observant stranger needs when trying to make his way about this wilderness of bricks and mortar. The city has grown, and grown, and still grows; and for miles around is the eye grieved by the sight of gaunt black boards, of large size, raised well on high, bearing an announcement that the pleasant arable land or pasturage around, blessed here and there with umbrageous trees, is for sale, or may be obtained on a long building lease, after a certain transfer of coin of the realm. Large tracts of country, dear to me for their rustic beauty when I was a lad, now groan beneath the weight of Victoria Terraces, Alma Rows, Princes' Streets, Palmerston Taverns, and so forth; and I would be inclined to quarrel for æsthetic reasons with the transformation, were it not gratifying to reflect that the land which formerly contributed to the sustenance of a comparatively few persons, now contributes largely to the comfort of crowds of industrious people who would otherwise probably have been doomed to exist, under far less favorable sanitary conditions, in the heart of the town. He would be a bold man indeed

who staked his reputation for sagacity on the drawing of a line up to which London will go, and not pass, in the next twenty years; and the mind is repelled by a feeling of the hopelessness of the task from considering what London will be a hundred years hence. The vastness of the town could not be adequately realized until pilgrimages in, across, and around it, were made tolerably practicable; and now that this has been done, I make a point of paying flying visits to localities into which I have not before ventured.

Thus, the Bethnal Green Museum attracted me yesterday to the far east of the metropolis, where poverty is usually rampant, and patience under privation almost universal. The region is characterised by narrow streets, a superabundance of cast-off clothing, a plethora of pawn shops, and innumerable public-houses. There is a great deal of traffic, and a prevalence of trucks on which shell-fish, vegetables, and small culinary implements are offered for sale by gentlemen with hoarse voices, and somewhat primitive manners. The police are conspicuous by their paucity, the fact being that a densely-crowded, poverty-stricken neighbourhood, may offer convenient shelter, but not goodly spoil to the professional thief. The people are ill-dressed, and look as though their fierce struggle for bare existence prematurely ages them; but they are not such a down-trodden, narrow-chested, dismal community as might be expected; and healthy looking, though very dirty babies rank among the most interesting and considerable of the local products. The houses are usually small and mean, but it would be a mistake to suppose that they are therefore low-rented. Proportionally to the accommodation afforded, very poor people in London really pay higher rentals than the affluent, and that too in neighbourhoods which it would be gross flattery to call respectable. The landlords in Bethnal Green and similar localities, where the poor do greatly congregate, are compelled in self-defence to charge rents sufficient to cover the risk connected with tenants, who either

pay in arrears, under incessant pressure, or give "leg bail," and pay not at all. The vitality of such tenants, despite scanty and unwholesome food, crowded dwellings and miserable surroundings, is however great, and the Victoria Park has had a great deal to do with the improved sanitary and social condition of the far East of the metropolis.

I make bold to state that until the other day, when the Queen drove through this Park, after visiting the Museum at Bethnal Green, not one person in a thousand of well-to-do Londoners residing in other districts, was conscious of the fact that the poor East-Enders possess a place for healthful recreation that would grace the most fashionable part of any town. The site had from time immemorial been devoted to the manufacture of building materials, and the cultivation of esculents; in other words it was the scene of brick-fields mingled with market gardens. Happily the Government saw betimes the need of fortifying it against the rapid encroachment of the huge city, and in 1844, it was enclosed, and laid out as a People's Park, with trees, roads, paths, and lakes. The red and white hawthorns, the red and white chestnuts, the colored and white lilacs, the golden laburnums, all in full bloom, with here and there rhododendrons, cherry, willow, cedar, lime, silvery oleaster, copper beech, holly, silver birch, poplar, and elm trees, all these afford a delightful contrast to the bright green, well-mown lawns at their feet. A carriage drive from the principal entrance extends for half-a-mile under a grove of young elms, in triple rows, and is sheltered alike from a passing shower, and the sun's meridian rays. In a few minutes you step from a squalid neighbourhood which you leave with alacrity, to a rural scene in which you linger with increasing delight; and, save for the great murmur of the adjacent city, and the crowds of people with a look about them that is seen nowhere but in towns, you might imagine yourself to be in a particularly well kept park in the country. Unpicturesque many of the company possibly

are, but who cares? The Park was made for them, not they for the Park, and they saunter about enjoying in an undemonstrative way the peace and beauty of the scene.

The trees have escaped the infliction of handing down to generations to come on their trunks the initials of youths haunted with an anxiety to make a mark (with a pen-knife) in life. There are several ornamental pieces of water, which are well provided with rowing-boats and canoes, and fairly stocked with swans and water fowl. And at almost every six yards in the more frequented localities, where the views are best, there is a comfortable bench on iron frames. Here do children assemble in troops and take their fill of pure air while romping over the grass, or climbing the iron fences that protect the steep grassy banks of the lakes against being trampled upon. The equipages are numerous enough, but not pretentious, as most of them probably are employed in the earlier part of the day in carrying the nimble assistants of their owners on a round of calls in quest of orders for meat, bread, or groceries; so you do not see much of the "dying duck" order of human beings, who take carriage exercise in a horizontal posture elsewhere. The Park is used mainly by the people for whose particular benefit it was made, and is never likely to be used by any one else, owing to its geographical position. It is nearly as large as Hyde Park, if the extensive cricket fields that form part of it are included. The latter are crowded on dry evenings with players; and cricket-balls struck by the muscular arms of artisans, revenging themselves well for the day's toil, whiz about like cannon shot are said to do on a battle field. Here some creditable bowlers, and some formidable batters may be seen, but there is little opportunity for the display of fielding talent in so crowded a field; and the air echoes distractingly to shouts of "Thank you Sir," and "Just behind you Sir." The behaviour of every one is excellent; and the crowds go home at 8 o'clock,

when the gates close, in every way better for their pleasuring.

But there are other pleasure-grounds that are now within easy reach of all classes of Londoners, and I have had the unalloyed pleasure of roaming in the most leisurely way over some of them. I may notice in the first place the Park at Battersea, which covers two hundred acres of recently waste, but now very valuable land, to the south-west of Chelsea. In a sub-tropical garden of four acres within this Park, there now thrive in the open air, during the best part of the year, acclimatised calladiums, tree-ferns, banana trees, croton, canna, sugar-cane, tobacco, coral, date and other palms, the Egyptian bulrush, and other well known tropical plants and trees. The cannas flourish wonderfully in large beds, and so do India-rubber trees, and Chinese privet. The locality is bleak enough during the long winter months, and some of the exotics have then to be nursed under glass; but for several months in the middle of the year, may the Londoner study some of the most effective of tropical plants without being first compelled, as at Kew Gardens, to enter a steamy hot house. Finsbury Park, near Hornsey, is a yet more recent addition to the pleasure grounds of London. It measures about a hundred and twenty acres, and commands a magnificent view over Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Essex, and Surrey. Then there is Regent's Park, including Primrose Hill, of 400 acres; Hyde Park of 386, Kensington Gardens 245, St. James's Park 58, the Green Park 60, and the Victoria Park of 223 acres. Hyde Park has been greatly beautified under the auspices of Mr. Ayrton; and the vicinity of Rotton Row is now resplendent with rhododendrons in full bloom, and chestnuts in full blossom. I spent there the greater part of the Thursday and Saturday succeeding the Derby and Oaks respectively, and I was puzzled which to admire most, the beauty of the flowering shrubs and trees, combined with that of the undulating slopes

of grass, or the charms of the thousands of fair equestrians and pedestrians, who had, in obedience to the behest of their goddess Fashion, assembled to see and be seen. I revisited the Park once more on Monday, when the upper portion of it was thronged with working men, who in serried ranks had marched with military precision from the Thames embankment to ventilate a rather exaggerated grievance. The contrast between the "Row's" appearance on Saturday, when Royalty, rank, beauty and fashion graced the scene, and that on Whit Monday when the workmen's demonstration took place was very striking. The rank, beauty and fashion were models of admirably dressed, well fed, and prosperous-looking propriety; but the demeanour of the trades-unionists was quite as unexceptionable; and policemen were as conspicuous by their absence on the one day as they were on the other. Saturday afternoon's demonstration of two miles of equipages, three deep, remarkable as it was, was less suggestive than Monday afternoon's demonstration of those without whose aid those equipages and their owners could hardly exist.

The Kensington Gardens with their unrivalled elms, chestnuts, beeches, and pines, beneath which all classes ramble on sunny days; the fairy-like domain of the Crystal Palace; and the public gardens at Kew and elsewhere; have of late years given Londoners a taste for horticulture of which their predecessors were almost innocent; and have encouraged the formation in all parts of the town of charming floral oases that serve to commemorate either the benevolent consideration of a parishioner, or the educated foresight of a vestry. Flowers and shrubs, which only recently were possessed by none but the wealthy, are now hawked about the streets of the suburbs, and offered at prices which bring them within reach of almost the poorest. And the search is now keen for heathers, mosses, brooms, harebells, and other wild plants that beautify the commons around London. There is Hampstead Heath, for example,

where blunt-leaved, slender-pointed, feather, and other bog mosses are found, with awl, silky, pale-leaved, purple, hair, velvet, feathered, and other ground mosses. And think of the birds that haunt our pleasure grounds? Epping Forest for example, which at certain seasons is a greatly favored retreat of Londoners, still boasts of the kestrel, owl, shrike, thrush, redstart, robin, nightingale, wren, tit, wagtail, wood-lark, sky-lark, yellow-hammer, chaffinch, greenfinch, goldfinch, linnet, starling, raven, rook, jackdaw, wood-pecker, swift, cuckoo, dove, lapwing, snipe, teal, widgeon, and many more birds. Even St. James's Park, surrounded though it is by bricks and mortar, and habitually noisy with the sound of the passing traffic, not only has its warblers, but also possesses black and white swans, teal, widgeon, sheldrakes, and a variety of geese and ducks with other water-fowl to give variety to the scene.

Richmond and Bushey Parks are just now to be seen at their best; and the pollarded beeches of great age at Burnham near Slough; the long avenue and other parts of Windsor Park; the exquisite landscapes around Reigate and Dorking, &c., all these are revelled in by thousands of hard-working citizens on Saturday half-holidays, Sunday afternoons, and public holidays. With an under-ground railway across, two over-ground railways around, and some twenty lines converging into the metropolis, they must be impecunious folk indeed who cannot afford the wherewithal, now and then, to reach sylvan scenes where all visitors being on an equal footing are equally acceptable. Both employers and employed have learnt, however slowly, the ultimate benefit of half-holidays with change of air and scene. Saturday afternoon and Sunday trading is no longer tolerated by public opinion; and the "working man" notwithstanding his tendency to try to make political capital out of petty grievances, and his rather exaggerated declamations against class legislation, is in

every way a happier man for the pleasuring that in fine spring, summer, and autumn weather is within his reach.

The Flower Shows at the Royal Horticultural, the Royal Botanical, the Crystal Palace, the Battersea and Victoria gardens, and elsewhere in London, have proved particularly useful in educating the British public in matters botanical. There was a grand show of rhododendrons, azaleas, roses, &c., in the first named gardens this afternoon; and Waterer, the celebrated nurseryman of Knap Hill, near Woking, exhibited in a spacious tent an almost endless variety of rhododendrons mostly in full bloom, arranged with admirable regard to effect, upon banks, around which serpentine, gravelled, grass-skirted walks led you to different points of observation. At one end of the marquee was an elevated piece of ground, from which you were enabled to take a general view of the whole collection. On one side were banks of rosy-scarlet and purplish-crimson varieties with a back ground of blush white feathery descriptions. On the other were rich lake tints, associated with rosy-lilac, and contrasted against yellowish, red-sprinkled white. In front you saw groups of rich chocolate hue, grouped among bright cherry, salmony-pink, and waxy-blush specimens. And in the rear were yet larger and apparently more varied groups, rising with grand abruptness from the sward, and crowned with standard white or blush tints as gossamer-looking as ball-room tarlatans. The *abandon* of Nature in early summer time in this climate, in regard to rhododendrons and their contemporaries the azaleas, is amazing, and it is really at times difficult to believe that art has not been called in to supplement her floral triumphs.

The rhododendrons in our public parks are also very beautiful, and it must be a small garden indeed that does not boast of at least one fine specimen of these noble American plants.' Plants 1½ and 2 feet high of well known kinds are now supplied by Waterer at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 31*s.* 6*d.* each;

the *catawbrinse* at from 1*s.* to 2*s.*; and rhododendrons for general planting at even less. Azaleas, pink, white, yellow, orange, and scarlet, cost from 6*d.* to 105*s.* each. When grown for exhibition in the form of a cone or pyramid, as is now the fashion, the small dark green leaves, hide themselves beneath the flowers, which then unrelieved almost dazzle the eye by their splendid hues. The roses too, at the show to-day, were superb, the palm being carried off by the "*Charles Lawson*," a "bright rosy carmine, very large and very double, one of the best in its class." There was a magnificent specimen of this well-known variety, nestling against one of the walls of the house in Kent referred to in a former letter, with flowers sometimes six inches in diameter, remarkable both for their lovely tint and exquisite perfume. It is a pity there is a poverty of invention on the part of florists in naming new varieties of flowers. Such roses as the Moss, the Cloth of Gold, the Black Prince, the Mont Blanc, the Meteor, the Perfection, the Narcisse, &c., are distinctive; but why should a rose of "large, good form, an abundant bloomer, and a thorough perpetual" be dubbed "*Lord Napier*;" and why should there be forty-nine varieties known as *Madame* This or That? But let roses, azaleas, and rhododendrons be weighted with the names of celebrities, or, worse still, of nobodies, their beauty seems incapable of further development, while happily owing to their increased cultivation, their cost is declining, and the poorest among us may now feast his eyes in the parks upon *parterres* such as a few years ago he might have never had a chance of seeing. Indeed, so far as the pleasure-grounds of the metropolis are concerned there is abundant evidence both of an increasing anxiety on the part of the authorities to minister to the happiness of the people; and of an increasing desire on the part of the people to avail themselves of the opportunies afforded them to admire the beautiful in both Nature and art.

LETTER XIV.

IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

LONDON, *June* 1873.

SINCE I was last at home, a new street has been formed from the easternmost end of that magnificent, and unrivalled river-side promenade, or boulevard, the Thames Embankment, or from the northern end of the new Blackfriars Bridge, past a number of narrow off-shoots from Thames Street, across Cannon Street, and through the Poultry to the Mansion House. It is about three quarters of a mile long, is exceptionally broad, and is rapidly being beautified on both sides with the palatial premises of, for the most part, commercial concerns. For some distance from the Mansion House the houses are in piles of uniformly ornate design; but farther on the spaces that were recently cleared of a crowd of squalid buildings are only here and there occupied, as the City authorities demand enormous ground rents, and refuse to give longer leases than ninety-nine years. But a little farther on the premises of the British and Foreign Bible Society are passed, and within a short distance of these you come upon the new *Times* office. The *Times* stands in great need of better quarters than it has occupied for nearly three quarters of a century in Printing House Square, immediately behind the new building; and it is difficult to understand how Mr. Walter could build himself a palace at Berewood, near Wokingham, and leave his work-people for so many years in the mean and uncomfortable premises they now occupy. The *Madras Mail* Printing Office is palatial as compared with that of the greatest of all daily journals; and not only might the editorial staff of the *Times* envy the *Mail's* editorial staff

their noble hall, but the *Times'* compositors also would gladly exchange their rooms for the lofty, well lighted, and well ventilated gallery in which the *Mail's* compositors do their work. But if this comparison were calculated to make me proud, a look, a long wistful look at the Walter Printing Machine, took all the conceit out of me. I will not attempt to describe the "Walter," so suffice it to say, that at one end of it there is placed a carpet-like roll of paper, *five miles* long; that this paper is drawn into, over, around, and under the machine, and is, as it were, "snowed" down at the other end, printed on both sides, and cut, at the rate of 250 copies per minute! There are four of these machines, and as the din made by one of them, when at work, neutralises the sound of your voice, the uproar created by the four is almost deafening. With these four, each occupying but little more room than a double royal cylinder machine, 1,000 copies are printed in a minute, on both sides, and 60,000 are delivered in an hour to the folding machines close at hand, which tumble them out folded at a delightfully marvellous rate. Mr. Walter asks some £2,000 for his patented press, and has obtained that high price in many quarters. No one can grudge it to him, as he and a practical machinist in his employ, are said to have taken nearly twenty years in elaborating the invention. As the principle is very simple, and the mechanism is devoid of intricacy, the "Walter" must eventually prove vastly valuable to the world by economising both time and labour in the parturition of newspapers.

But the new *Times* office, though a fine building will, when finished, pale in importance beside the superb premises of the British and Foreign Bible Society. These were erected from the designs of Mr. Ed. J'Anson in 1866-69 at a cost of between £50,000 and £60,000 specially subscribed by the public for the purpose. The foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales on the 11th June

1866, and the House was opened by the Primate in May 1869. The Society urgently required larger premises, and its friends may congratulate themselves on its now having secured as a domicile, a palace that is worthy of the great work that is transacted therein. The house contains large store-rooms filled with Bibles, New Testaments, or portions of Scripture, in two hundred and four languages, or dialects; and an excellent Biblical library containing among other curiosities a manuscript copy of the Gospels in Greek, said to be about thirteen hundred years old, and several of the earliest printed editions of the Scriptures. As a Mazarin Bible, alleged to be one of the oldest printed books extant, sold at an auction last month for £3,400, it would be impossible to assign a market value to the considerable collection of rare scriptural publications which the Society has been enabled by the munificence of individuals to make since its establishment in 1804.

The credit of the idea of the Bible Society is chiefly due to Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, the ex-Governor-General of India, and to Mr. Wilberforce, the father of the Bishop of Winchester. The Duke of Kent, Henry Thornton, Zachary Macaulay, Charles Grant, and Samuel Mills, were also among its earliest promoters; and it has always numbered among its Committee several of the leading English and Scotch Nonconformists, since it is distinctly unsectarian. Its editions in English of the Bible are invariably of the authorized version; but in other languages the best ancient or received versions are printed, Missionaries being largely employed in the publication of translations into non-European tongues. The Society has since 1804 circulated 68,000,000 copies of Bibles, Testaments, or "portions," at a cost of £7,000,000; and the various foreign Bible Societies which have been formed on the British model have circulated 48,000,000 more Bibles, so that 116,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, in 250 languages, have been published by these Societies so far. The copies of the Tamil

edition number 1,650,000, of Malayalim 211,000, of Telugu 490,000, of Hindustani (Madras) 94,000, and it has from time to time been chiefly or indirectly instrumental in publishing the Scriptures in Persian, Pushtoo, Beloochee, Sanskrit, Urdu, Bengali, Santali, Lepcha, Maghudha, Uriya, Hindui, Hindee, Bughalchundi, Brug, Canoj, Konsulu, Harroti, Oojun, Oodeypoora, Marwar, Suzapoora, Bikaneera, Buttaneer, Sindhi, Moultan, Punjabi, Sumboo, Gondi, Cashmerian, Nepalese, Palpa, Kumaon, Gurwhal, Canarese, Tulu, Kunkuna, Mahratta, Gujarati, Parsee-Gujarati, Cutchi, Pali, Singhalese, and Indo-Portuguese. Its branch in Madras has issued 2,284,008 copies, that in Calcutta 1,390,888, in Bombay 370,583, in Allahabad 281,964, in Serampore 200,000, or in all India 4,527,443 copies. In the United Kingdom the Society numbers 840 Auxiliaries, 386 Branches and 3,209 Associations; and in Europe and the Colonies, 98 Auxiliaries, and 1,030 Branches, or a total of 5,563 agencies. Its receipts in 1872 were £188,837, and its expenditure £205,213, as against £691 in 1805. The Society calculates the population of the globe at 1,300 millions, and the number of copies of the Scriptures already published at 150 millions, of which more than three-fourths were prepared and circulated by the Society and by kindred institutions in Europe and America. Protestant nations are believed to have received about 75 million copies, of which 65 millions were in British languages or dialects. Only 6 million copies, it is found, have yet reached the 800 millions of "Heathens, Jews, and Mahomedans;" and it is the ambition of the Society to place a Bible in every man's hand on the face of the earth. It is a remarkable fact, that the Society's issues have increased from 77,272 in the twelve months ending 31st March 1809, to 2,592,936 copies in the twelve months ending 31st March 1873. The organization for disseminating the Scriptures has been as nearly as possible perfected, and the Society has been instrumental in giving a marvellous stimulus to Christianity in the present century.

The Museum at Bethnal Green, to which the London world has been flocking to see Sir Richard Wallace's pictures, (lately the property of his father the Marquis of Hertford) is an off-shoot of the South Kensington Museum, and a resurrection, so far as the interior framework of iron columns, floors, stairs, and other fittings are concerned, of the "Brompton Boilers" of 1862. It is not an ornamental structure, but it is admirably adapted for the purposes to which it is applied; and, unlike the South Kensington and Bombay Museums, makes no effort to divert the attention of visitors from the art-treasures to the building that contains them. In several respects it resembles a second-rate Railway Station in England, far more than the ordinary museum type of edifice, as it consists of nothing more than a large hall lighted from the iron girder roof, and double galleries around, the lower of these being raised only a few feet above the level of the hall floor, while that above it is lighted from the roof, and thus makes a very excellent picture-gallery. At the present time the exhibits in the hall are chiefly admirable specimens of mediæval furniture, including a large amount of costly buhl-work, or wood inlaid with tortoise-shell and gilt metal, and several remarkable candelabras, clocks, girandoles, and vases that are not only intrinsically but historically valuable. There are also some highly burnished French bronzes of great merit, and two carved and gilt chairs of state of Venetian manufacture, which once belonged, it is supposed, to a doge, and then came into the possession of Horace Walpole. The statuary is very poor, and even casts are scarce, but the lower gallery is employed to better purpose than the display of classic nudities, by an extensive collection of food and animal products, with illustrations of processes by which they are adapted to the multifarious requirements of man.

Take leather for example, there being nothing like it. Here are numerous samples of the article *au naturel*, and finished for use, and a series of large photographs

exhibiting the various processes through which the material passes on the premises of a well known firm of tanners in Bermondsey. Isinglass, furs, gelatine, bone, cotton, silk, wool, feathers, &c., are similarly exhibited in a state of nature, and in a state fit for use, together with a large collection of grains, insects, friends and foes of gardeners, and certain pests of man and domestic animals—including by the side of a sketch of a Hindoo, a specimen of the horrid creature that is alleged to regard his head as its proper hunting ground. There is an interesting series of sections and drawings of British wood more or less perforated by British borers, with sketches of the foliage of diseased trees, and specimens of the insects or birds that prey on these forest foes. And having made a leisurely survey of all these instructive exhibits, and been painfully reminded once more of your ignorance on matters of everyday occurrence or usefulness, you ascend to the upper gallery, where the loan pictures and porcelains are exhibited. The English paintings include some celebrated pictures by Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Wilkie, and Landseer, including a few whose artistic merit you have, unless initiated, to take upon credit, and that too rather grudgingly. Of modern English work the late Marquis of Hertford does not seem to have been as fond as he was of paintings by Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, Gerome, Rosa Bonheur, and other French artists. The Dutch and Flemish pictures are numerous, and among the Spanish are some charming specimens of Murillo. The Italian mediæval schools of art are also well represented, mostly by pictures which tell their own tale in a life-like way, and do not, as is the case with Millais' works, need a Ruskin to discover their beauties to an undiscerning public. And here and there are glass cases containing old porcelain plates, jugs, vases, &c., and a variety of souvenirs of people who occupied eminent positions in the world in days gone by. Here is, for example, a dagger which formerly belonged to Tippoo Sultan; a set of tortoise-shell,

gold-mounted, ornamented whist-counters, used by Napoleon I; a small ivory bead necklace, a present from Marie Antoinette, which the Princess of Lamballe wore when she was executed; diamond-mounted pipe mouthpieces presented by the Khedive to Napoleon III.; &c., with snuff-boxes, miniatures, enamels, and knick-knacks. The denizens of Bethnal Green seem to thoroughly appreciate Sir Richard Wallace's generosity in making them a loan for many months of his gallery; and it is to be hoped that the example he has set in enabling the comparatively poor to participate in his own enjoyment of his father's great collection, will encourage other wealthy patrons of art to similarly aid in bridging the gulf that separates the west and east ends of the metropolis.

The social dilemmas of England are so numerous, that any scheme that is well devised to elevate the position of the lower classes, is sure to be well supported, not only by humanitarians, but also by those rich folk who are haunted by the fear that if something is not soon done to appease those classes, it will one of these days be a bad time for Dives and his progeny. Among the new agencies for securing this end, is that of establishing clubs for working men. There is one of these institutions in Rupert Street, Haymarket, a second in Newman St., Oxford Street, and others elsewhere. The latest, called the Grosvenor Club, in Buckingham Palace Road, was recently inaugurated, in connection with the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. This institution owes its origin to the late Marquis of Westminster, the fabulously wealthy owner of the Grosvenor estate, who contributed £1,000 towards it, and was followed by Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P. for Westminster, Mr. Thomas Brassey and his three sons, Messrs. Lucas Brothers and others, with smaller donations. A firm of builders, Messrs. Smith and Taylor, besides giving £50, agreed to erect the proposed building at a profit of only 5 per cent. The house was completed last

November, and on the 20th of that month was opened with 250 members. Since then the number has increased to 960, of whom 360 are artisans, 60 assistants in shops, 70 messengers, 150 clerks, travellers, and collectors, 140 men-servants, and the rest small tradesmen, &c.

The accommodation includes a large billiard room, furnished with two of Thurston's billiard tables, and a large bagatelle board; a spacious morning room, suitably furnished; a library; and several small rooms, with all requisite offices. The house is large, and stands in its own grounds in an airy and cheerful situation, about half a mile from the Grosvenor Hotel and the Victoria Terminus. Its appointments are excellent, but are not so luxurious as to be calculated to render the homes of the members distasteful by force of contrast. As the bar is as accessible to them as is that of any public-house, there is no hindrance to the members getting "drunk on the premises," if so inclined, save the certainty that the drop too much will entail their expulsion. Yet no member has yet misconducted himself, and the consumption of strong drinks, though the tariff is low, is limited, while that of tea and coffee is large. The Club is managed by a Committee of twenty-four members, of whom twelve vacate office by rotation every half year, and are eligible for re-election; and candidates are elected, by ballot by this Committee, after their names have been posted up for seven days. The entrance donation is two shillings, and the quarterly subscription half-a-crown. A good dinner of meat, vegetables and bread,—every article being of the best quality,—costs 8*d.*; and for a game of billiards, the charge is 3*d.* during the day, and 4*d.* at night time. The Club is not permitted to degenerate into a political association; it is solely designed to provide the working men of the neighbourhood with the opportunity of spending their leisure in a place where they will not be expected to drink for the "good of the house,"

but will be able to associate in large numbers and both edify and amuse one another.

In order to extend the benefit of the institution to the wives and daughters of members, a large hall is to be erected, when funds are available, contiguous to the Club, for musical entertainments, lectures, &c. The present Marquis of Westminster has given £1,000 towards this hall, and it is hoped that the members will contribute something towards its cost. But on this point, there is some uncertainty, for the members, while ready enough to avail themselves of the advantages of the Club, are singularly reluctant to provide for themselves; and a building firm which offered to give £50 on condition that fifty working men subscribed £1 each in addition, have not been yet able to pay their donation. This is a feature in the development of the scheme that must be regretted, as the members in these prosperous times must be in a position to contribute something; and it is not expedient that they should be content to let others do, what they might do for themselves without personal inconvenience. But in the course of time probably there will be more self-helping men among working people; and there will then be no necessity for Grosvenor Crœsuses to give a "day's income" to institutions which, to be entirely successful, should be independent of everything tantamount to eleemosynary aid.

LETTER XV.

THE ISLE OF THANET.

LONDON, *June* 1873.

THE extension of railway communication in and around the Metropolis, has been so great of late years that, living in rather out-of-the-way, but charming suburb, I can, with no more fatigue than that resulting from a short walk, pop into a train that will carry me to the far north, south, or west, or at least convey me to other trains at junction stations that are capable of so doing. And so, last Friday, having resolved on a small excursion, I went with a fair young relative to the Midland Railway, learnt that there would be a fast train for Ramsgate passing in a few minutes, and availed myself of the advantage offered in a return ticket which held good by cheap fast trains till Monday evening. These "cheap fast trains" leave London four times a day (Sundays excepted,) and comprise first and third class carriages,—no second class passengers being carried. The return fares are from 15*s.* to 16*s.* and 8*s.* to 8*s.* 9*d.* respectively. As these are not ruinous charges, the number of excursionists during the summer months to the several watering places in Thanet is very considerable, and is yearly increasing.

The scenery along the route is not striking, but it is at this season particularly pleasing, for the corn fields are looking very beautiful, and the hops are climbing vigorously up the forests of thin poles, that are planted in long and narrow lines for their accommodation over many a broad field alongside the line. The train runs from Herne Hill to Chatham without stopping, thence rushes on to Faversham, and on again to Herne Bay, Margate, and Ramsgate, doing

the whole journey in a little more than four hours. Arrived at Ramsgate we put up at a large hotel facing the inner harbour, which used to be the chief hostelry in the place. But, as we followed the waiter up the stairs, and noticed the thread-bare carpet, and smelt what we smelt; and as we subsequently ate our frugal meal, and proved once more that the sea-side is not necessarily a good place for obtaining the sea-fish for which one has a weakness; we had abundant reason to suspect that times had changed, and not for the better with this establishment. In the evening a walk up the High Street sufficed to show that the town itself was prospering; and proceeding to the West Cliff, it was pleasant to find that building was going on in all directions since, as a sanitarium, Ramsgate is one of the most desirable towns in the country. Then descending this Cliff, and passing through the town, and ascending the East Cliff, the aristocratic quarter is reached. This region has of late years dubbed itself St. Lawrence-on-Sea, and it is doing its best to disannex itself from the more plebeian Ramsgate, as St. Leonards-on-Sea has done from Hastings. The chief feature of this locality is a sumptuous hotel, named the "Granville," in honor of the present Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. I had not heard of the place before, and *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* afforded no information on the subject, so my surprise was great to find on a site which was a corn-field when last I saw it, a palace "replete with every luxury," and bearing this "strange device" over its ample portal:—"Through this wide gate none can come too early, none depart too late." In, therefore, we went, and we were so pleased with what we saw that the following morning we bade our hostelry near the harbour an easy farewell, and took possession of charming rooms overlooking the English Channel for many a mile.

The Granville Hotel was opened in 1869 by its architect, Mr. Edward Welby Pugin, who exhausted his considerable knowledge of mediæval art in its erection, and

invested a fortune in carrying out his ideas. Unhappily for him, however, the speculation proved abortive, and the property is now held as a security by Coutts, the bankers; and the hotel is conducted, it is supposed, under their direction. The arrangements are in every way admirable. There are two hundred and fifty bed-rooms, all of which are lofty, airy, well proportioned, and excellently furnished and decorated. There is a large reading room well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, for the use of both ladies and gentlemen; a pretty drawing room for ladies and the gentlemen accompanying them; a ladies' and also a gentleman's coffee-room; and a cheerful smoking-room. And there is a noble dining-hall for the accommodation of about two hundred persons at the *table d'hôte*.

As showing the luxurious appointments of monster hotels of this period, I may remark that the northern pail of this hall is provided with a stage, proscenium and drop-scene; and here at times doth local amateur histrionic talent awake the echoes, and invite applause. In the centre of the west wall of the hall is a grand mediæval, carved, stone and marble fire place, displaying the arms in high relief of Lord Granville, beneath which is this piece of advice in old English letters; "Pile on the logs to make the fire great." There are three large windows and a door on this side of the hall, and opposite to them are one large central bow, and four side windows, all of noble proportions, and furnished with sheets of plate glass, ornamented with a quaint border of white glass discs, like the bottoms of bottles, set in a framework of claret-colored glass. There are two oblong mirrors by the side of the stage, framed in green velvet, ornamented with gilt-headed nails; and facing these, immediately above flower-like radiating gas jets, are other mirrors framed in maroon velvet, similarly ornamented with gilt-headed nails. The carpet is of scarlet and maroon

colours; a small oaken wainscot runs around the room; the walls are covered with a pale buff figured paper with a green and gold border; a richly carved white and cobalt blue cornice surmounts this; and the ceiling, divided into fifteen squares, is of a pale buff tint with white and cobalt centre ornaments. In this princely room you are at liberty to take your dinner with the other guests, at 6-30 every evening. As showing that the *table d'hôte* is being naturalised in England, I may mention that our first dinner comprised clear and green pea soups, turbot and soles, lobster and oyster patties, young lamb, veal, new potatoes, and cauliflowers, blancmange, jelly, and gooseberry tart, cheese, rusks, rosewater, and fruit—everything being of the first quality, and not only cooked "to a turn," but served up either hot and hot, or iced as circumstances might require, on unexceptionable table paraphernalia, at a charge of the local equivalent of Rs. 2½ *par tête*. This shows that the sundry and divers requirements of the inner man are studied to some purpose by the modern "mine host." And as to your outer man, this hotel is prepared to cleanse it by all kinds of hydropathic methods. It boasts of a fine plunge bath, and the usual hot and cold private bath rooms; an ozone bath, in which you can soak for hours in the juice of sea-weed; ascending and descending douche, acid, bran, dripping sheet, electro-chemical, half-sheet, hip, hot mustard, Indian or spirit, vapour, local vapour, medicated vapour, medical rubbing, needle sitz, Russian shower, sulphur, water sulphur, and other baths. But the bath of baths is the open air, and the more you take of it in this neighboured, the more do you like it, its influence being so bland and so gently inspiriting.

No wonder, then, that we had a delightful day at Minster on Saturday. This ancient village, five miles west of Ramsgate, is notable as being the place where the Gospel was first propagated in this foreign part of heathendom by St. Augustine, and where a Christian place of worship was

first erected in England. This church was destroyed by the Danes, and in the year 980, the present edifice was commenced. The living is a valuable one, and is at present held by a nephew of the Primate's, who has been compelled by ill health to temporarily relinquish the charge, and the duties of vicar are now being discharged with characteristic energy by the Rev. A. R. Symonds, late S. P. G., Madras, who succeeded Archdeacon Dealtry (late of Madras) here last October, and will probably remain till the end of the year. The vicarage, an irregularly built house of different epochs, decked with wood-bine, honeysuckle, clematis, westeria, and roses,—stands in its own grounds, close to a fruit garden that is a marvel of productiveness; and is surrounded by neat and cosy-looking cottages that nestle among fruit trees and flowers. The surroundings are exceedingly pretty, thanks to the great fertility of the soil, and the abundance of a particularly soft and palatable water that bubbles up from many a spring. Market-gardening is the chief local industry, and monster gooseberries not the least of the local products. The people have an unmistakable air of contented prosperity about them; they are mostly as rosy as their apples in August, and some of them are of patriarchal age. Next to the parson, the most awe-inspiring personage in the village was, until recently, the one whole police constable whom it owns; but his position has been usurped by the dark-tinted Madras "boy" of the vicarage, whose sayings and doings afford an endless theme for truly rural gossip in a place where time seems to be no object to any one. Mr. Symonds—who for a quarter of a century was a modern St. Augustine in Madras—after spending half his life time in good service abroad, could not be more suitably rewarded than with such a vicarage as that at Minster, which is so intimately associated with the labours of his great missionary prototype.

The Isle of Thanet abounds with old churches. On Sunday we walked very leisurely over the cliffs from St.

Lawrence-on-Sea to Broadstairs (which has enlarged its borders greatly of late years), and thence to the picturesque village of St. Peter's, whose church is said to be eight hundred years old. The building has been re-roofed, and both thoroughly and artistically restored internally. The service is choral, with the cultivated aid of a surpliced choir occupying its proper place in the chancel, assisted by the school-children in the rear; and all things being done decently and in order by the vicar and his coadjutors, there was an air of attentive devoutness about the congregation that is not universal in English parish churches. The windows are filled with stained glass; the old high-backed pews have been supplanted by low and symmetrical ones; and the architectural features of the building have been religiously conserved, while the walls and columns have been freed from the stains of age. There are some fine old monuments, and a few recent marble tablets, including one, just by where we sat, to the memory of a poor fellow who was killed at Cawnpore during the Mutiny—that awful crisis in the history of India, of which every church at home that I enter seems to contain some record on "storied urn or monumental bust." And when I read these records, I glance around at the peaceful country folk, and wonder what they think—if they think at all—of India. But I will not pursue this thought, rather do I leave the little village, grateful for finding that some of those who were cut down in the flower of their days in the far East, still live in the memory of the land of their birth. We linger lovingly among the hawthorn bushes still laden with sweet scented blossoms; and we inhale the fragrance of the bean-fields, or anon pause among the clover, poppies, hare-bells, butter-cups, daises, blue-bells and other wild flowers, in and among which the bees warble their melodious bass song of contentment, while the larks above with their soparano trillings seem carried away by the mere delight of existence.

Yesterday found us at Margate. The air and temperature were perfection. The town has in the last ten years increased greatly in size and in attractiveness, what with broad promenades, fine terraces, and extensive parades. Margate is bitterly sneered at by some æsthetic journalists for being the most favored summer resort of the "cockney," his spouse and progeny, as though the citizens of the "no mean city" of London do not take rank among the most energetic, enterprising, and resourceful of mankind. But this is what is said in its praise by a local guide-book :—

"Its sands are more extensive, drier and harder, then can be found anywhere near the Thames shores—its rocks are of greater extent, and have more life amongst them (even anemones are plentiful)—its cliffs are full of lofty and deep shady caverns, are splendid in their panoramic extent and in the long country walks along their summit—its jetty is an endless source of amusement, and a healthy stroll or a shady seat can always be had, with a sea-breeze, on the hottest day—its lodgings are usually airy on the closest day, from its open sea—and when we consider that no expense has been spared to ensure the comfort and accommodation of its visitants; when we notice the elegance of its public buildings: the superior character of its hotels and boarding houses; the softness and salubrity of its atmosphere, the restorative power of its waters, the refreshing coolness and bracing nature of its marine breezes, the bland and delightful scenery of its neighbourhood, the pleasing character of its public and private promenades, the endless amusements which it possesses, the politeness and attention of its tradesmen, and the civility of its humbler classes;—we cease to wonder that Margate stands pre-eminent among those summer retreats to which the nobility, gentry, and citizens of London annually retire from the noise and bustle of that over-grown Metropolis of the World."

I fear the "nobility" do not often honor Margate with their presence: but all the worse for the "nobility," since Sir James Clarke recorded his belief as a physician, that as a sanitarium, "Margate is enequalled." And I can imagine that Herne Bay in which we spent yesterday afternoon, is almost equally entitled to eulogy from a sanitary point of view. It is certainly a wonderfully dull place, like

Cochin, Calicut, Negapatam, or Coconada on a Sunday; and in the winter time, life there must be *triste* indeed. But its climate just now is superb, neither too hot nor too cold, bracing and yet mild. It has a grand sea view, bounded to the west by the Shoeburyness point of Essex; and its neighbourhood is very countryfied, with wide hedgeless fields of corn, beans, peas, potatoes, &c., and here and there farmsteads nestling in orchards. It was hard to tear oneself away from such a place, at this season; but the Railway Company was inexorable, and we returned by the night train to that great metropolitan world of which we obtain a bird's eye view from the vicinity of our present resting-place.

LETTER XVI.

WITH GILBERT WHITE AT SELBORNE.

SELBORNE, 26*th July* 1873.

THOUGH I would prefer not to state the number of years that have glided away since, as a small school-boy, I became first acquainted, and necessarily enchanted, with the Revd. Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," I am free to admit that, upon the news reaching India of Sir Roundell Palmer having taken, for the title of his baronry as Lord Chancellor, the euphonious name of that little village in Hampshire, I registered the similitude of a vow to pay a pilgrimage to the place when next in England, and to submit it to the test of a comparison between what it actually is, and what my imagination, years ago, had led me to picture it to be. As a general rule such a comparison results in the discovery that adult eyes cannot trace those rural charms which, being glowingly described in a book that was read during the most impressionable period of life, are apt to be exaggerated; and too frequently have I been disillusionised by arriving, full of bright anticipations, at a place, dear to me in days long gone by, and then going "empty away." Not so however with Selborne. It has proved itself in my judgment worthy alike of its historian; of the interest that hundreds of thousands of Englishmen and women have, since his death eighty years ago, taken in it; and of being now associated with a Lord Chancellor whom all his countrymen honour as a lawyer, and esteem as a man.

The Revd. Gilbert White was enamoured of Selborne. He was born here in 1720; and, after a creditable course at Oxford, (where he became Fellow of Oriel and a Senior

Proctor,) he settled here. And here he died in 1793, and was buried in the chancel of the venerable church, close to a "Gilbertus White," his grandfather I presume, who died in 1727-28 aged 77, of whom it is recorded on his tombstone that he was :—

Pastor fidelis, comis affabilis,
Maritus et pater amantissimus,
A conjugœ invicem, et liberis atq—
A parochias impense delectus.

White's father and several of his kith and kin, are also interred here, including a Samson White "miles, nat : 1607 ob : 1680," and a London bookseller, probably Gilbert's brother, who seems to have been the last of the line of these "Whites of Selborne," who, according to his epitaph, "sprang from the ancient family of White of South Warnboro' in this county."

In these bustling, restless days of ours, it is not easy to imagine a country gentleman of fortune and culture deliberately immuring himself in early life in so remote and unassuming a village as is this ; but visit it, and you will readily agree with me that White was wise in his generation as regards his own health, happiness, and usefulness, as well as regards his beloved parish, and the world at large. He lived out every day of his life, note-book in hand, recording for his own instruction, and eventually for the edification of a few congenial friends, every observation that he made of Nature and her processes; and this too at a time when the world stood aghast at the spectacle of the French Revolution and its wars, and superstition descried the beginning of the *Dies Iræ* in the culmination of the political and social convulsions of the eighteenth century. Ere White published his journal jottings, and unconsciously laid thereby the foundation of a reputation that promises to be imperishable, the study of natural history was relegated to mere classifiers, since it was deemed beneath the notice of both the affluent and the wise in the land. But he was instrumental in not only divesting it of its

forbidding aspect, but also in popularising it as a study desirable for all classes. It was his misfortune "never to have any neighbours whose studies have led them towards the pursuit of natural knowledge," and "for want of a companion to quicken my industry and sharpen my attention, I have," he writes, "made but slender progress in a kind of information to which I have been attached from my childhood." In another letter he remarks that "it is no small undertaking for a man unsupported and alone to begin a natural history from his own autopsia, for though there is endless room for observation in the field of nature, which is boundless, yet investigation (when a man endeavours to be sure of his facts) can make but slow progress; and all that one could collect in many years would go into a very narrow compass." As he became old, deafness caused him to lose temporarily "all the pleasing notices and little intimations arising from rural sounds," and "wisdom at one entrance" was "quite shut out." But he cherished at no time ambitious thoughts, and, as the pioneer of a practical and homely love of Nature, greatness has been thrust upon him by several generations, thus showing once more that Fame is apt to favor those most who never woo her smiles.

Selborne is about five miles from the flourishing town of Alton, and nestles in a valley beside a hill, three hundred feet high, and covered to the summit with beech trees. It consists of one irregular street, about three quarters of a mile long, with neat stone houses on each side. It is very clean, and is addicted to gardens in which roses, fuchsias, and geraniums thrive exceedingly well. The church is of ancient date, a portion of it dating, it is believed, as far back as the Saxons; but beyond this, and its possession of an altar-piece painted by Albert Durer, and presented by Gilbert White, it has no particular claims on the notice of the traveller apart from its connection with the "Whites of Selborne." Close to this edifice is a small grass-covered

piece of ground, called the Pleystow, or play-ground, presented to the village by Sir Adam Gurdon, a daring outlaw in Henry the Third's reign; and here in 1703 was a vast squat oak, with huge horizontal arms, beneath which the elders of the hamlet sat in grave debate while the young folk played around. It was then overturned by a tempest, and its place is now occupied by a large lime tree. There are four inns, sufficient certainly for the accommodation of a village whose population is not twelve hundred. There is one omnium-gatherum shop, and I heard on good authority that its late proprietor retired with a fortune derived from it of £30,000. This is not a bad result, as two or three hundred pounds would probably go a long way towards stocking a store like this. For man and woman should "want but little here below" in the way of purple, fine linen, and bright feathers in a sequestered village like this; and as everybody knows everybody else's means, it would be idle to affect a style inconsistent with one's income. The good rustics live uneventful lives, and long and healthful ones too, three score years and ten being quite general among them. There is a Timothy Loe, for example, buried in the churchyard, near some magnificent yew and fir trees, who was "LIII. years Clerk of this Parish, succeeding his Father who held the same office for L. years;" and there are many other records in the same spot of residents having reached an advanced age. The village is well drained, and dry; and in summer, owing to its sheltered position, is sometimes piping hot, yet in winter is often bitterly cold. White mentions having seen the thermometer standing 80° in the shade in his house, and also at zero.

And such a cosy house it is. Its back faces the street from which it is separated by a thin strip of sward bound by standard roses and flowering shrubs, and a dwarf grey-stone wall surrounded by open wood palings. The front, which

looks out upon a lawn and park-like enclosure of nearly two hundred acres, is simple in outline, a half of it being one-floored, and the rest two-storied; but the ivy, honey-suckle, and jessamin have accorded a picturesqueness to the old place that no architect unaided by Nature could have imparted. And it was here that for the greater part of his seventy-three years there lived, to quote from the epitaph over his ashes, "the historian of this his native parish," who "was kind and beneficent to his relations, benevolent to the poor, and deservedly respected by his friends and neighbours." It was here that he got him up right early, and late retired to rest, in order to observe the infinite wisdom of the Creator. It was here that he puzzled in vain to explain satisfactorily the migration of birds, especially of the swallow and swift; that he noted patiently and lovingly the manners and customs, the loves and domestic occurrences of martins, finches, linnets, black-caps, hoopoes, owls, wagtails, wrens, larks, rooks, curlews, cuckoos, lapwings, swifts, doves, pigeons, bats, vipers, tortoises, and insects. And, it was here, or in the immediate vicinity, that he found hares, pheasants, partridges, wood-cocks, quails, snipe, teal, wild-ducks, rabbits, and wigeons, in more or less abundance; while in the lakes and streams close by he angled successfully for carp, tench, eel, perch, and trout. He proved the existence in the parish of "near half the species of birds over known in Great Britain," and "more than half that are ever seen, in all Sweden," the parish being "full of hills, and woods, and therefore full of birds." He complained that some very common birds have as yet no "English name," including some which make a "sibilous shivering noise in the tops of tall trees." With life all around, above and beneath him—he had a marked respect for the worm as an agent—he could never have had a dull time of it; and his simple life eloquently illustrates how rich is the reward that Nature yields to those who love her for her own sake.

I have already alluded to the wooded hill near to and overlooking the village. The ascent to the summit, up the steep side parallel with the street, is facilitated by a quaint zig-zag walk, at the top of which is a Druidical-like stone, standing on end. The view from this point is superb. Immediately beneath are the beech-trees, with their slender, silvery, smooth and sometimes moss-clad trunks, rising abruptly from the snuff-brown soil of decayed and decaying leaves, and surmounted by the bright-tinted, glistening, quivering foliage that is now in its prime. Beyond, raised up like a map before you, are many miles of admirably tilled fields, either of wheat, oats, barley, or hops, with a few barren-looking plots lately planted with turnips. The land is undulating, and several of the neighouring hill-tops are crowned with uncultivatable but picturesque heaths, whereon the foot of man but rarely treads. And similarly is this hill, on which I am placing you, in a primeval state. The gentle breeze from the Channel, some twenty miles distant, blows over the expanse, and somewhat modifies the almost tropical heat of the sun's rays. The intermingled grass and moss have been nibbled by sheep to an elastic velvet-like surface, that is spangled by daisies, butter-cups, blue-bells, pink clover, and purple-nettle. There are little clumps now and again of wild-roses in bloom, golden gorse, bramble, and ferns; and the amber and black-velvet-coated humble bees here revel in the sun-light, and chaunt their grace over and within every flower. The gentle murmur of innumerable insects, the twittering notes of the busy birds, the lowing of kine in the pasture-lands beyond, are mingled with the sound, borne gently on the breeze, of the laughter of children in the village beneath, forming in short so melodious and delicious a strain, that it is with great reluctance that I rise from the sward, and betake me down the hill at double quick time, through the solemn shade and quietude of the wood, to my hostelry, where a brisk pony that does not seem to

know what fatigue means, waits to carry me to my Lord Selborne's.

The Chancellor is comparatively a recent arrival. He commenced to rent an estate here about six years ago, and as fees rolled in, he invested them in that best of all securities in a wealthy country, land, and now owns above 2,000 acres, representing probably £100,000. His head quarters are fixed at a hamlet, named Blackmoor, full three miles—and such lovely scenery all the way—from Selborne; and here after having built a spacious school, a comfortable vicarage, and a noble church ("dedicated" as a tablet beneath the belfry records "by a Parishioner for the Glory of God,") he built a plain and commodious mansion for himself, on the crest of a slight hill, the view from which is on one side over his own broad acres, and on the other over Woolmer forest and away to the hills near Guildford. He farms a small piece of his land, but the greater part of his estate is farmed successfully by a retired Notting Hill butcher. He takes a lively interest in the material and moral well-being of his neighbours, and devotes much of his Sunday leisure to teaching the children in the parish school. He is my Lord Bountiful in many ways, without affecting patrician state. A self-made man himself he urges other men "*aide-toi le ciel t' aidera;*" and he sits in the body of his church, with his family, in an uncushioned pew, behind his own servants and tenants, to shew that there at any rate all men are equal. Gilbert White might have turned in his grave had a Lowe, Ayrton, or Tichborne, been raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Selborne; but what could be more appropriate than that such a title should have been conferred upon one of not only the most gifted, but also one of the most upright, amiable, and religious of the Lord High Chancellors of England.

LETTER XVII.

TICHBORNE AND THE TICHBORNES.

TICHBORNE, *27th July* 1873.

WHILE bluff John Bull, his buxom wife, stalwart sons, and beauteous daughters are going industriously every morning through a course of criminal literature that puts the organs of their servant's hall to the blush; and while the British Press is placing itself under incalculable obligations to the individual, styling himself "Sir Roger," for supplying readable matter in overwhelming abundance during a dull epoch in the world's history; it has occurred to me to visit the village and adjoining estate of Tichborne, with a view to arriving at some idea of what local public opinion is on the question that now agitates all minds, and makes lawyers, philosophers, detectives, and—geese, of us all. This village is about ten miles, as the crow flies, west of my beloved Selborne, three miles south-west of Alresford (pronounced Allsfurd), and seven east of Winchester. It owes its name, it is believed, to a corruption of the words De Itchen Bourn, it being traversed by one of the principal tributary bourns, or rivulets, of the river Itchen. The neighbourhood is particularly engaging, with many gentle hills, pretty dales, and much timber about; but the village is far from being as picturesque as it might easily be made, for it has an air about it which warrants the suspicion that it is to a great extent participating in the financial embarrassment of the family to whom it has given a patronymic. Its three hundred inhabitants occupy an irregular series of small stone or brick, thatched or tiled, lattice-windowed, low-doored, squat-chimneyed cottages, standing generally in small, and not particularly neat gardens, devoted to the

cultivation of potatoes and cabbages. The fences and hedges separating one tenement from another, are usually dilapidated or unkempt; and to one accustomed to see the presence of my Lord and Lady Bountiful in the surroundings of villages elsewhere, it is immediately evident that Tichborne has long stood in need of a lord of the manor with the will and the wit to direct its destinies aright in accordance with modern conceptions.

But the village is characteristic, I find, of the great estate itself which stretches from this point over some three thousand acres—an estate, which under a wise administration would be magnificent property; but which, under the thriftless, shiftless government of a succession of horsey or bibulous baronets is verily running to seed. The "House" a large grey stone, one-storied pile, just redeemed from ugliness by the gracious honey-suckle, ivy, and jessamin that nestle up and around its walls, is within half a mile of the village, and is at the extreme end of a large park well stocked with magnificent beech and elms. There is a lawn on three sides of it, and a large wall-enclosed kitchen garden in the rear; and there are here and there a few flower-beds, and ornamental shrubs. But, within a few yards there is a bubbling brook pursuing its probably primeval course between reed and weed-covered banks, and under gaunt pollarded willow. And then come a few undrained, moundy, coarse-grassed meadows, doubtless dear to cattle, but very eye-sores to any one accustomed to the landscape-gardening now in vogue around country-houses in England. The fences and hedges all around exhibit gaps and excrescences; and trees that were blown down by a gale long ago, or were cut down, remain prone in the fields, occupying land that might be more profitably employed, hindering farming operations, and giving shelter to rank vegetation. The farm buildings are in sore need of the "stitch in time;" the agricultural implements are either antiquated or rusty; and the land being

impoverished by centuries of neither scientific nor economical farming, evidently hungers after manure, and yearns for drainage. But though the rents of the estates held by the Tichbornes in this and other counties are believed to amount to close upon £30,000 a year—constituting the nice little plum which the lawyers are sucking dry—the successive possessors for many a day have not husbanded but have rather squandered their resources; and had it not been for the law of entail, it is probable the estates might long ere this have fallen into the hands of men who would have made far better use of them.

There has for generations, I imagine, been a marked absence of sympathy between the Tichbornes and their tenants, and it is possible the profession of Catholicism by the family may have contributed in such a locality to estranging them from the humbler folk around them. A Catholic chapel, which abuts upon the House, is itself an object of suspicion in the rustic's eyes; and is an incongruity, seeing that the baronets have hitherto been interred in the old church that, since the time of the Saxons, has crowned a hill half a mile beyond the village. This sacred edifice has not the smallest pretension to elegance. It has a heavy, square, battlemented, vane-surmounted tower, with a nave, chancel, and two side aisles, all huddled together like barns "of sizes." The walls are composed either of puddled clay and pebbles, or split flint-stones studded thickly over a coating of mortar; and it lacks the atoning mantle of ivy, and the solemn shade of yew to mitigate the roughness of its outlines. The interior is quaint, with heavy, stunted, round columns, supporting unornamented semi-circular arches; a rounded roof to the nave; and several high-sided pews in which doubtless our ancestors took post-prandial naps while their parson was doing his best to arouse their attention to more noble themes than crops and cattle, beans and bacon. In the chief of these enclosures, particularly roomy one with high carved oaken panels—

I was this afternoon put, and here I took part in the service which terminated with a sermon devoted to explaining to the half-hundred rustics around, the dogma of the Eucharist, and the fate of those who decline to avail themselves of the privileges of that great ordinance; but, knowing something of the difficulties of educated laymen on this difficult Church question, I could not avoid thinking, as I glanced at my somnolent neighbours, that the preacher was wasting his wisdom on the desert air.

My eyes and thoughts were, however, directed during the greater part of the prolonged discourse, to the aisle at my left hand side, which forms the mortuary chapel of the Tichbornes. In the vault, beneath the wide slabs of stone that pave it, many of the family are shelved, awaiting in gaunt state, as well becomes no mean clay, the crack of doom. Little is known—for the Tichbornes were never scholars—of how many of the family are here buried; but from time immemorial, they have, it is believed, been thus "gathered together in one place." There are a few tablets to the memory of some of them, and several large hatchments, on which there is great "boast of heraldry;" but the chief interest in the chapel attaches to a fine monument to the memory of Sir Benjamin and Lady Tichborne, whose recumbent effigies in marble surmount the lid of their tomb. Sir Benjamin, a tablet over the grave records, was "a Gent of ye Privy Council to ye most Illustrious Monarch, James, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland; and having with loyalty to his Sovereign, and integrity to his country, borne and performed all ye offices of dignity in this county, hath here chosen, together with his beloved wife to sleep with his fathers in ye Chapel founded by his ancestor Sir Roger Tichborne, in ye time of Henry ye First." It is a long chronological step from the first to the last Sir Roger,—a step from the sublime to the ridiculous: from a gallant gentleman to one who by his counsel's own shewing is not and never was either gallant or a gentleman.

The villagers being nothing loath to discuss the present trial, I probed some of them, and satisfied myself that while the tenants on the estate are afraid of speaking out, the inhabitants who are disinterested are for the most part in favor of the Claimant. I walked in from Alresford with a respectable middle-aged man whose grandfather and father had each been fifty, and himself thirty years on the estate. When questioned, this man said that being a lad, when Roger was a lad, he had no occasion to take particular notice of him, so his own opinion went for nothing. But his father who had known Roger as a boy well, was convinced that the Claimant was none other than Roger, and he was going to London to say so. My informant did not think the man, be he who he might, was having a fair trial. He did not like to hear tell of the witnesses for the Crown receiving sums of money for professing to speak the truth; and he thought that Roger being married to a party who was not a lady, was one of the reasons why his relations had turned against him. The case might go against Sir Roger, but that would not satisfy him and many others in Tichborne that he was not the man. A well-to-do farmer expressed to me somewhat similar opinions. It was naught to him whether he was the man, or not; and when the Claimant first visited Alresford, he was convinced he was an impostor till by chance he met him, and was convinced t'other way. Roger was a great lanky lad, very unlike the Claimant; but it was possible that having the requisite bones, he had, since he went abroad, put on a mountain of flesh. May be it would be better to leave that there infant in possession, but let his character be what it may, if the Claimant be Sir Roger, he ought to have his own. He had certainly been mystified of late, and was not so sure about the identity of the man as he used to be; but, so far from agreeing with the Attorney General and Mr. Hawkins that the Claimant remembered too little of the past, he thought, knowing what a dull lot the Tichbornes were, that

he sometimes remembered too much. As for Messrs. Onslow and Whalley, they never knew the lad, so how could they recognise the man, as most of the villagers had done.

In practical demonstration of their belief in "Sir Roger's" identity, the villagers, I am told, voluntarily subscribe periodically their two-pennies, six-pennies, or shillings, to the Defence Fund, no local pressure being brought to bear upon them. At Alresford again, the Claimant is believed in by half of the town's-folk, and much sympathised with; and not a few of the county gentry incline the same way. The coarse abuse of the Claimant in which the Attorney General indulged throughout his speech of three-and-twenty days' duration has contributed largely to the prevalence of the opinion in these parts that the man is not an impostor; and the connection of Catholic priests and gentlefolk with the case has served to warp the judgment of not a few Protestants. One lady, for example, the wife of a county gentleman of fortune, told me that so convinced is she of the identity of Sir Roger, that she thinks there should be a day of national prayer on his behalf! A good deal of national humiliation, it seems to me, is involved in this *cause célèbre* which should remove from Indian to British Courts of justice, the reproach of being the most fruitful field of unblushing perjury. Meanwhile the little posthumous boy, with a puggree round his straw hat, whom I see walking with his father-in-law, across yonder lawn, near the "House," or ever and anon chasing a butterfly from flower to flower, is the monarch of almost all that he surveys in Tichborne, and heeds infinitely less than does the world at large the endless litigation over his title and estates.

LETTER XVIII.

THE WINCHESTER BISHOPRIC AND COLLEGE.

WINCHESTER, 28*th July* 1873.

THE sudden death, a week ago, of Dr. Wilberforce, the Bishop of this diocese, has caused profound regret in this ancient city where he was deservedly popular with men of all ways of thinking; and, on the afternoon of the 25th instant, the Burial Service (Dr. Croft's) was inimitably rendered at the Cathedral, simultaneously with the performance of the choral service at the interment of the body at West Lavington. The fine carved and ebony-like oak throne in the magnificent choir, which the Bishop had so often and efficiently occupied, was draped in black cloth fringed with white, and adorned with a large white cross in the centre; and the stalls of the lesser dignitaries of the Cathedral were also hung with funereal drapery. Most of those who took part in the solemn service knew that the lamented prelate had often, prompted by the warnings of medical men, expressed a belief that his would be a sudden death, as for years, owing to a chronic affection of the heart, he had been unable to obtain sleep in a horizontal posture. He was a good rider, and fond of the exercise, yet the stumbling of a very quiet steed, and not the disease which had saddened his later years, terminated, as in the twinkling of an eye, his career, and threw out of gear the intricate machinery of one of the largest dioceses in the land.

There have been eighty-two Bishops of Winchester since the diocese was constituted in A. D. 650. Of these sixty-three died in office, five were translated to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, one to that of York, and the rest were either deprived of or resigned their offices, or were

translated to other dioceses. Those who resigned were Agilbert in 662, Daniel in 744, Frithstan in 932, and Sumner in 1869. Dr. Sumner was appointed in 1827, by George IV. on the recommendation of the Marchioness of Conyngham, and though he had drawn no less a sum as Bishop than £294,000, he would not resign until guaranteed, as a pension for the rest of his life, £2,000 of the £7,000 a year salary attaching to the office. So when Dr. Wilberforce was translated from the small diocese of Oxford to the large one of Winchester, he obtained no additional emolument, but he largely increased his responsibilities, and the claims upon him. Thirty-nine of the Bishops are buried in the Cathedral.

The diocese includes the counties of Hampshire and Surrey (excepting some Metropolitan suburbs) and the Channel Isles. Compare its statistics with those of the other dioceses :—

	Population.	*nefices.*	*Clergy.*	*Income.*
Winchester ...	... 1,536,829	653	1,200	£ 7,000
London ...	... 2,291,584	534	1,081	10,000
Durham ...	... 858,095	349	172	8,000
Bangor ...	... 195,390	133	81	4,200
Lichfield ...	... 1,221,404	670	275	4,500
Lincoln ...	... 756,119	808	231	5,000
Llandaff ...	... 492,421	239	129	4,200
Manchester ...	... 1,667,720	417	260	4,200
Norwick ...	... 743,000	908	253	4,500
Oxford ...	... 723,926	638	340	5,000
Peterborough ...	... 486,977	581	191	4,500
Ripon ...	... 1,167,288	448	136	4,500
Rochester ...	... 855,409	672	274	5,000
Salisbury ...	... 377,377	478	200	5,000
St. Asaph ...	... 246,337	197	79	4,200
St. David's ...	... 432,689	411	107	4,500
Sodor & Man ...	... 52,469	31	14	2,600
Worcester ...	... 857,775	465	197	5,000
Bath & Wells ...	... 449,862	484	176	5,000
Carlisle ...	... 266,591	286	83	4,500
Chester ...	... 1,500,000	405	228	4,500

	Population.	Benefices.	Clergy.	Income.
Chichester	363,735	311	281	£4,200
Ely	480,716	554	191	5,500
Exeter	953,763	715	236	5,000
Gloucester	568,574	467	190	5,000
Hereford	232,401	358	108	4,200

The patronage of the Bishop of Winchester is large, and includes such livings as that of Alverstoke, £1,087, Buriton £1,194, Fawley £1,179, St. Mary's Southampton £1,000, East Woodbay £1,078 per annum, &c. Their Lordships have rarely failed to take good care of the clergy "of their own household." For example, a Sumner is Rector of Buriton, and Bishop's Chaplain; another Sumner is Chancellor of the diocese, and a third is a Proctor for the See: while a Wilberforce is Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton. A table showing the benefices bestowed upon sons, sons-in-law, and nephews of Bishops andeven Archbishops in the last twenty years, might prove that the prelates of the Anglican Church are not always such simple-minded personages as they affect in the pulpit to be. The outcry, however, against Bishop Villiers of Durham, some time ago, for appointing his son-in-law, Mr. Cheese, to a fat living, hastened his Lordship's death, but it has been shewn to have been exaggerated, as Mr. Cheese has, I hear, justified his father-in-law's good opinion.

To give you an idea of Bishop Wilberforce's characteristic activity, I may mention some of the more prominent of his appearances in public during 1872. Opened St. Catherine's, Ventnor, Jan. 1: consecrated All Saints' Ryde, Jan. 2: consecrated a burial-ground at East Tytherley, Jan. 21: re-opened St. Peter's, Lumpsfield, Feb. 3: re-opened St. Michael's, Mickleham, Feb. 17: took active part in mission services at Dorking, Feb. 17—25: opened a school at Red-hill, Feb. 23: opened Bandon Hill Church, March 4: reopened St. Catherine's, Wolverton, March 24: took active part in the Holy Week services at Winchester, March 24—31: re-opened Holy Trinity,

Wanston, March 25: opened new school at Brasmore, April 1: opened an Orphanage at Brocham, May 18: consecrated St. Andrew's, Surbiton, June 6: consecrated a new burial-ground at Hordle, June 8: consecrated St. Barnabas's, Rotherhithe, June 11: distributed prizes at Kensington Middle Class schools, June 22: re-opened St. Nicholas, Chowton, July 20: held a confirmation at Woking, July 22: consecrated All Saints, Peckham, July 24: and St. Paul's, Wyke, on the 27th: a burial-ground at St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, 29th: additional burial-grounds at Gatcombe and Barbon, 31st: re-opened St. Mary's Newton Valence, September 13th: consecrated additional burial-ground St. Mary's, Easton, 17th: re-opened Elstead Church, October 4: St. Mary's, Bramskett, November 2, &c. He held an ordination at Dorking on February 25, Battersea, May 26, and Alverstroke, September 22. And he officiated for the last time as preacher in the old church at Clapham, where he was, as an infant, baptized! One who knew him well says that "whether celebrating, ordaining, confirming, preaching, teaching, admonishing, whether in a cathedral or in a village church, he ministered with all his might."

The town is posted with placards stating that owing to the Bishop's death, there will be neither Domum nor Domum Ball this year. Under ordinary circumstances, the scholars of Winchester College assemble in the courts of the building immediately before the commencement of the Midsummer seven-weeks' vacation, and, aided by a band of music, sing in the presence of their friends the famous "Dulce Domum," of which this is a free translation:—

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home! a theme replete with pleasure!
Home! a grateful theme resound!
Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain resound!

One heard so much a few months ago of the "tunding" atrocities habitually committed in Winchester College, that I was glad to find that, as a rule, the Wykehamists are a remarkably healthy and happy-looking lot of boys. I have seen the boy who having been "tunded" was made notorious, much against any wish of his own, by his father; and from what I have heard on the spot, I should say that the punishment was not excessive, and was not undeserved. The following is a translation of one of the scholastic laws inscribed on a board:—"Every where, and at all times, let inferiors be subject to the prepostors: let the prepostors govern with equity: let the latter be themselves free from fault, and give good example to the rest: let both inferiors and prepostors refrain from every thing that is unbecoming, both in action and in words." Dr. Ridding, despite his unfortunate letters to the papers, seems as popular as ever, and the College is not large enough to receive the number of applicants for even the expensive privileges of Commonership. I should add that seventy-one boys, having passed a stiff examination, receive by competition their education and board gratis, with a shilling a week besides; and that every Midsummer such vacancies as occur in the number are thrown open to the competition of all boys over eleven and under fourteen years of age. There are fourteen vacancies this month, and there are two hundred candidates for them. Boys thus accepted are required to live within the College, and to wear a long gown. The rest of the boys in the College, some three hundred in number, who are called Commoners, board with certain of the masters in the town and are eligible for both Exhibitions and Scholarships, the letter to New College, Oxford. And from first to last, "tunding" notwithstanding, the boys are habitually reminded of the Founder's and the College's shrewd motto: "Manners makyth man."

Winchester College was founded by William of Wykeham, who in 1366 was created Bishop of Winchester, and

in 1367 Lord Chancellor. He charged himself early with the duty of creating both a school in the capital town of his diocese, and a College at Oxford, the former to be for the maintenance and instruction of two hundred scholars, and the latter to afford University advantages to those who had distinguished themselves at the school. In 1379 he was enabled to found New College, and in 1380 he commenced the school. He lived to see both flourish; and, dying in 1404, he was buried in his cathedral in a chantry of great architectural beauty that he had built for the reception of his remains.

The school buildings are not imposing, and the arrangements for the accommodation of the boys are in some respects primitive. But there are some fine cloisters, a beautiful gothic chapel, a noble dining hall, an admirable library, and the usual class rooms. The whole place has an air of quaint mediævalism about it, that the boys are justly proud of, though some of the appointments are dilapidated, or obsolete. The playing courts and grounds leave nothing to be desired, the cricket field especially, being very extensive with charming surroundings in dry weather. On the wall of a room where the boys used to be served with their meals, there is an old picture, representing a "trusty servant," part man, pig, deer, and ass, with some Latin verses beneath, which are thus translated:—

"A trusty servant's picture would you see
This figure well survey whoe'er you be.
The porker's snout—not nice in diet shows;
The padlock shut,—no secret he'll disclose;
Patient, the ass—his master's wrath will bear;
Swiftness in errand, the stag's feet declare;
Laden his left hand—apt to labour saith;
The coat—his neatness; the open hand—his faith;
Girt with the sword, his shield upon his arm,
Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

The establishment of Winchester College* is presided

* To render the notice of the College more complete than it was in the foregoing letter, the author has added some notes on Mr. McGregor's (Rob Roy) "School Life at Winchester," which he contributed to a Madras journal in 1868.

over by the Warden, whose duties are limited to the administration of the school. Then come ten Fellows whose privileges have nothing to do with the inner life of the school. The Head Master superintends the education of all the boys; the second master, that of the College boys only; the assistant masters, that of the boys in the lower classes; and three tutors give help whenever and wherever wanted. The school is divided into College boys and Commoners. The former are the aristocrats, the latter the plebeians. The College boys are seventy in number, of whom eighteen receive from the Warden the dignity of Præfect, and enjoy the right of fagging most of the rest. The senior of these Præfects, who is also as a rule the senior in school, is called "Præfect of Hall," and is invested with almost absolute power. He occupies the seat of honor next to the Doctor's chair; derives from a number of petty fees attached to his office an income of not less then £50 a year; pays for broken windows in hall; and supplies the rods for the benefit of the whole school. Next to him comes the "Præfect of Tub," whose office is more particularly connected with the dinner department. Then there are two "Præfects of Chapel," one of whom, on alternate weeks, calls the muster-roll there, and in case of the absence of the senior Præfect, undertakes his duties.

The fag at Winchester in the days when Mr. McGregor was there, was compelled to do almost any thing for the Præfects except making beds and cleaning shoes. The Præfects were habitually regarded with the utmost awe by the "Inferiors," or younger boys, who in their turn longed for the day when they would be masters and not fags. The Præfect had entire charge of the boys out of school, and were held responsible and punished for all breaches of discipline committed by the inferiors. They did not act the part for nothing, but they were permitted to thrash the fags immediately on the discovery of delinquencies. This privilege the Præfects did not often abuse.

The delinquencies were of different kinds, but among them were not included the relieving one's comrades of their stationery, knives, faggots, crockery, and College eatables. On one occasion two boys made a bet, to be won by him who should abstract the most knives during a fortnight. At the end of that time the pair had collected nearly all the knives in the school. The boy who had the smaller number being discontented at the result of the competition, proposed another trial, which was assented to. He then "looted" his opponent's booty, and was declared the winner of the bet. As regards money, the most rigid probity was enforced, the punishment of any theft being condign, and the disgrace ineffaceable.

Holidays, which in the quaint slang of the College are called "remedies," were granted with remarkable liberality in the time of which Mr. McGregor writes. In the short half there was at least one remedy and a half per week, and in summer two. The boys on these days were supposed to go into school for an hour or two in the morning and afternoon, but as no master was present, the work done was nominal. Besides these remedies, which were conceded, the boys had, as a right, whole holidays on all Saints' days and Founder's anniversaries. Then there were half holidays whenever a distinguished Wykehamist visited Winchester, or when any boy gained a Scholarship at the University, or distinguished himself in public life, or when there was an addition to the family of any of the masters.

The ordeals through which the "new boy" had formerly to pass at Winchester were peculiar. Shortly after his arrival he was asked if he possessed a pair of "tin gloves," and on replying in the negative, his inquisitors took a half consumed stick from the fire, drew the red hot end down the back of his hand between each of the knuckles to the wrist, and then made two or three transverse lines of blisters. The tormentors then enquired if he was of "Founder's Kin," and, whatever the answer, proceeded to test his assertion by

trying to break a plate on his head, the theory being, that if the plate broke, the descent was proved. The new boy was then allowed a fortnight's immunity from particular trouble, in order that he might learn the duties of a fag; after which he was assigned to a Præfect who henceforth monopolised the right of bullying him, and exercised a general superintendence over his morals and manners. The utmost confusion prevailed during meal time, as the fags had to clean the butter, toast the bread, guard the toast when made, cook the bacon, or boil the eggs for their masters at breakfast, wait at dinner and at tea, so that one way and another, they often had to go without a meal altogether as a reward for their attention to the wants of the Præfects. "There was nothing to complain of in the dinner, though it would have been pleasanter if the meal had been served in joints instead of lumps, and if we had had plates instead of trenchers to eat it off." But the rule about serving was so bad that the juniors frequently missed their helpings altogether; half the dinners were thrown away, and ultimately given to some poor woman. "Somehow or other we fags did manage to eat at odd times, and plenty too; at any rate we were always in excellent condition."

In the bed rooms, order, such as it was, was kept by the Præfects. One of the ordeals of this part of the College was that styled Toetying. "Occasionally a boy would arise in the night and gently removing the bed clothes from the feet of the unsuspecting sleeper, endeavour to noose one of his toes with a string." He then returned to his own bed, and calmly pulled the victim out of his. One ingenious lad "fixed a fishing reel to the end of the room, and having passed the end of the line through a staple fastened to the post in the centre of the room, tied to it other lines equal in number to the boys in the chamber. Having secured each line to the toe of a boy, he then proceeded to wind up the reel briskly, the effect being that, in a twinkling, he had all the boys standing

round the post with one leg extended." This invention was made good use of when the boys required to be awakened earlier than usual. A line was tied to the toe of a little boy in each chamber, the other end of the cord being attached to the window-bar. A candle of a certain length was kept burning all night in one of the rooms. At the bottom of it a quantity of paper was arranged, and a string tied, which was carried through a hole in the top of a junior's bed; to the end of this string a parcel of books, or a pint cup of water was fastened; if the latter, another string connected the bottom of the cup with the canopy of the bed. When the candle burnt down, it ignited the paper, and burnt the string, causing the books or water to fall on the "inferior" who then rose, and tugging at the strings protruding from the windows round the quadrangle, soon roused the whole school.

Mr. McGregor's book contains a glossary of words, phrases and customs, peculiar to the College. Some of these are amusing. Thus *baker* signified anything, such as a cushion or blotting-book, placed on a form to sit upon; *bangies*, drab trousers; *batlings*, the weekly allowance of one shilling; *beevers*, a portion of bread and allowance of beer laid out in hall in the middle of afternoon school; *bibler* a flogging of six cuts; *candlesticks*, candidates for admission into the College; *clean straw*, clean sheets; *con*, a blow on the head given with the knuckles, or any other hard substance; *croppled*, to be floored in any examinations; *four-holed middings*, ordinary walking shoes; *junket over*, to triumph over any person in a friendly manner; *make*, to appropriate any article; *quile*, to endeavour to curry favor with any one; *silver fork*, a wooden skewer used as a chop-stick when forks were scarce; *tugs*, stale news.

LETTER XIX.

SANDHURST AND ITS COLLEGES.

BLACKWATER, 11*th August* 1873.

IT is delightful to be living as I am now doing in a snug little house within a few yards of one of the broad entrances into the magnificent woodlands that stretch for miles away from the Royal Military and Staff Colleges of Sandhurst; and it is gratifying to have abundant reason every day to congratulate myself upon having, after anxious and wistful deliberation, denied certain little folk, in whose well-being I take considerable interest, the costly luxuries of the sea-side in autumn, and elected the more economical and enjoyable pleasures derivable by town-bred children from a residence of some weeks in the country. The rapacity of that hen-cormorant—the female lodging-house keeper at the sea-side, has not, I have found, diminished with the increasing wealth of the State; and I apprehend that most Anglo-Indians who attempt for a year or two to keep up appearances in their native land on half-pay, are debarred by imperative financial considerations from frequenting first or even second-rate watering places "in the season," when school holidays, ill-advisedly, commence and terminate. And even rural retreats, not easy of access by railway, and somewhat unique in their accomodation, are in so great demand that the buxom wives of small farmers are prone to ask fancy rates for the lease of the least unfurnished rooms of farmhouses. One hears sometimes of the modesty of the prices now current in certain parts of France, Germany, and Switzerland; but it needs not only a small fortune to transport a family to and from the Continent, but also no small ability to put up with innumerable

petty domestic inconveniences arising from contact with folk whose ways are primitive. And "a small fortune," let me add, goes but a small way in meeting the demands of the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses of the period, who, conscious of the age's increasing avidity for instruction, do not fail to charge proportionally to the demand, whatever may be the quality of the "education" that they, in high-flown prospectuses, profess to supply to the rising generation. It is therefore desirable to be prepared with a good margin over and above the minimum expenditure which you have determined to allow yourself when at home. Your bills on India are easily enough converted into hard coin (the Bank now charging 8½ per cent. or so for the courtesy!) but no sooner is the coin fairly in your wife's pocket, than it seems to vanish into thin air, and to leave an aching void in her well-worn purse ere she has satisfied all the demands that crowd upon her from quarters least expected. There is no escaping the obligation to pay away your hardly earned income, dive you never so far into the country; but there is considerable consolation in submitting to the ordeal of depletion in so eminently picturesque and healthful a locality, as that in and around Sandhurst.

The mention of this name may possibly touch a tender chord in some martial bosoms not usually supposed to be susceptible to sentiment. For this Sandhurst, I need hardly remind you, is identified with that eventful epoch in the lives of many gallant gentlemen in India which commenced with the termination of school-days, and terminated with the commencement of regimental duties—an epoch of adolescence tempered by sprouting moustaches, in which study was delightfully varied by recreation of a thorough sort. The rural charms of Eton, Harrow and Rugby, have been and are often sung with affectionate enthusiasm by those who have good cause to aid in doing them justice; but I have not heard former cadets express themselves rapturously regarding Sandhurst, though its

sylvan beauties compare advantageously with those which the other places I have mentioned can boast of.

Some sixty years ago, the locality was almost innocent of trees, but abounded in heather and dwarf shrubs. There came however a Governor to the College, who brought with him both a taste for forestry, and permission to set to work planting the weird moors that stretched away for many miles around. And now there is a forest, fully seven miles long by three or four broad. The firs predominate, and would give some monotony to the landscape, were it not that they are interspersed with beeches, and a few oaks and ash that have taken well to the rather thin and gravelly soil. The ground undulates a good deal, much of course to the enhancement of the beauty of the glades; and there are two large artificial lakes, which lend a charming finish to many a peep through the trees. The thick tangled undergrowth of ferns, broom, and gorse is sometimes almost impassable; but go where you will, you succeed in finding little footpaths carpeted with purple, pink, or white heather, or with velvetty moss of a golden green, or brown hue. While the foot bounds over such a road, the eye is delighted by the lights and shades around, and the sense of smell is refreshed by the aroma arising from pine and heath blossom. The farther you penetrate into such woods, the farther you wish to go. Occasionally you push through a thick jungle-like mass of richly tinted grasses and shrubs, and find yourself on the border of a wide expanse of the most exquisite purple-flowering heather, here and there set off against yellowish-green plants, or bunches of gorse, and girdled by noble tapering fir trees, their foliage dotted over with the light green of the newly grown leaves. Then, there are a few avenues, broad enough for two "who are agreed" to walk abreast, but so o'erarched with fir and beech as to render locomotion somewhat difficult to individuals numbering many inches longitudinally.

Many of the peeps obtainable in the spots where the firs chiefly abound, remind me of those that are so welcome in casuarina plantations in India; and the poverty of the soil is sometimes almost as remarkable as it is near Madras. But India produces no heather to gladden the heart of the Scot, no gorse to delight the eye of the Briton; whereas, though Sandhurst is in Berkshire, on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, it abounds with scenery that inimitably resembles the most characteristic moors of Caledonia. The late Sir James Clarke, Physician to the Queen, was wont to declare sententiously, that Bagshot, where he resided, near to Windsor on one side, and three miles from where I am writing on the other, was one of the most healthy localities in England; and a renewed acquaintance with this neighbourhood has tended to make me increasingly disposed to humbly endorse that great authority's personal experience. You may walk in almost any direction hereabouts, and come upon rural roads skirted and shaded by trees, with hedgerows crowned by green and brown ferns, and banks of brilliantly tinted heather; and when you reach the summit of a hill, you usually command a glorious prospect over hill and dale, moor and wood, to Chobham on the east, Aldershot on the south, Wokingham on the west, and Bagshot on the north; the vast amphitheatre being hemmed in by ridges of gently undulating hills bristling with the sharp points of the hardy firs. Or, under yet more favourable circumstances, you may now and then be in a position to look beyond these ridges far away to the blue sea; and the gentle sighing of the summer wind through the swaying branches around you, assists in reminding you of the English Channel, from which you are distant nearly forty miles. In short this Sandhurst, comparatively near as it is to the metropolis, and uncelebrated though it has been in song, seems to me to possess in a remarkable degree, advantages well calculated to endear it to those whose whose lot it often

is to support existence in scenes where Nature and man have been niggard of everything likely to ameliorate the hard lot of exiles. And often as I wander about, inhaling the bracing air redolent of the perfume of the millefleurs beneath, around, or above me, and revelling in the exquisite pencillings, tints, and lights of Nature, I am tempted to wish for the power to call to my side, if only for a brief hour, certain of the cadets of days gone by who now exist as best they may in some remote stations in India. But my power is limited to assuring those concerned, that the scene of their matriculation in the noble art of war, the scene of many a well contested battle at cricket and football, as well of many a hard "exam," has been robbed of none of its notable charms, but has, with growing age, grown more beautiful still.

The Royal Military College, I may mention, was founded in 1799 under the auspices of the Duke of York, the then Commander-in-Chief; and for half-a-century it provided a throughly practical education, both to those who were and to those who were not destined for a Military career. The charges payable by civilian parents of Cadets amounted to about £100 a year, but less than half that sum was paid by parents who were, or had been themselves in the service. The Cadets remained two to four years in the College, and then, if destined for the Army, submitted to an examination on obtaining their commission by purchase. The Army was thus supplied with numerous officers of no mean military attainments; but little by little the old discipline fell into abeyance, and the College thereupon fell into some discredit. Subsequently, officers guaranteed, but waiting for their commissions, were sent here for at first two years', and afterwards twelve months' tuition in fortification, surveying, tactics, military law and administration. Finally General Blumenthal, the eminent Prussian visited the institution, and was led to favor the British Government with a description of the War School

in his own country that put Sandhurst to the blush. Mr. Cardwell then determined, notwithstanding the objections raised by the Duke of Cambridge, and many veterans in the service, to transform the College into a School on the German model; and he succeeded in placing cavalry and infantry subalterns under the necessity of coming here for a course of practical study, after they had spent a year on regimental duty.

There are seventy young officers now in the College, fifty more will join next term, and there is room for eighty besides. Eventually it is believed there will be more than two hundred and fifty subalterns on an average to be educated. It was at one time proposed to erect a separate building close to the College for the special benefit of Indian Officers; and the scheme would probably have been carried through had not the Government of India declined to be debited with the cost of the edifice, estimated at £78,000, and resolved upon establishing schools of instruction in the three Presidencies. Whatever may have been the case between 1860 and 1870, the course of study at the College is no child's play now-a-days. The students are required in their preliminary examination on arriving from their regiments to obtain a fourth of the gross of the total of marks for all subjects; but in their final examination they must score at least a quarter of the total for each subject. Failure to pass results in their being sent back to their regiments for a further probation of six months, at the end of which time they have to be examined in garrison, and should they again be "spun," their services are dispensed with by Her Majesty.

The number of admissions in January, May, and September of each year, are regulated by the requirements of the service. There are three terms, viz., 15th January to 8th April, 15th May to 24th July, and 1st September to 30th November, so the holidays extend over fifteen weeks in the year. The students, who

while studying, receive their English regimental pay, wear the uniforms of their respective corps in College; provide their own books and educational apparatus; pay for their messing and washing; but attendance is supplied, with board, lodging and all charges for instruction at the expense of the College. They are for purposes of discipline distributed into divisions, each under the charge of a Professor or Tutor; they continue under the Mutiny Act and the Articles of War; are subject to the rules laid down by the Governor of the College; and are liable to be removed for moral or physical unfitness, for persistent idleness, or for failing to pass the probationary examinations at the end of the 1st and 2nd terms. They are summoned to study by bugle-call, and are required to be in College by 11 P. M., except under special circumstances which are reported to the Governor. They are required to salute the Governor and his Assistant at all times, and the Professors and Tutors when on duty, or on parade. They are instructed in the Queen's Army Regulations, the interior economy, accounts, and correspondence of regiments, military law, tactics, field fortification, and the elements of permanent fortification, military topography and reconnaissance, and horsemanship. They have to pass an examination in the field and on paper at the end of the course, the examination being qualifying not competitive, and the standard of qualification being determined by the War Secretary, and announced at the commencement of the course. The commissions of officers who pass in the 1st class are antedated two years, and of those who pass in the 2nd class one year, every antedate counting backwards from two years subsequent to the date of the original commission of Sub-Lieutenant. The antedate is liable to forfeiture for misconduct. No officer is permitted to remain more than three terms in the College, except in case of protracted sickness, or his being prevented by unavoidable causes from undergoing the final examination.

The Royal Staff College is nearly a mile distant from the Military College, or "Cardwell's War School," as the latter is sometimes called, but stands in the same park though on higher ground. The building is more imposing in every way, and was far more costly to the country than that of the old College, for no reasonable expense seems to have been spared in adapting it for the use to which it is devoted, namely, the imparting to officers the instruction requisite in these days to qualify them for the higher appointments on the Staff of the Army. The College is not designed for the instruction of a larger number than forty officers at one time, including such as, being married, live in houses of their own in the neighbouring town; and at the present time there are twenty-seven bachelor officers who have quarters in the building. These bachelors are provided with a bed, and a larger sitting room attached, with a small quantity of furniture, and they mess together, each cavalry officer being allowed to be waited upon by a soldier-servant who lives in the College, while the officers of other branches have civilian servants. The course of instruction extends over two years, unless an officer by exceptional diligence or capacity qualifies in a shorter period; and at least twenty officers leave the College every year, and cause as many vacancies which are filled up by competition in London among applicants for Staff employment. While studying the officers draw the pay of their regimental rank, and it is their own fault if they fail to turn to good account in the long run the great advantages that the College, officered by accomplished Professors, offers to all students alike, under the general superintendence of Colonel Hamley.

Military education in England though still probably far from as advanced or as general as it ought to be, has made of late years, under the influence of Continental example, a stride towards what is demanded by the exigencies of a martial epoch in the world's history;

and a work is quietly going on in this sylvan region that may be fraught with consequences of the utmost personal importance to every British subject. Humanly-speaking brains rather than bullets, brute force, or battalions, shape the destinies of nations now-a-days, and he who would win laurels at the hands of Mars, must rely less upon his "good broadsword" than upon his brains. The soldier's profession is being, none too soon, it must be admitted, raised in England from a position of some degradation in civil opinion, to the dignity of a highly intellectual avocation; and Sandhurst is becoming to the Army, what the Universities are to literature, science, and art. Much may remain to be done before that Army will be able to cope mentally with the great Teuton model, and as in other Government institutions in England, so at Sandhust, does anxious uncertainty exist respecting the permanency of the Colleges on their present bases. Yet earnest work is being done which is leavening the whole army, and securing England against such a catastrophe as is graphically related in the apocryphal "Battle of Dorking."

LETTER XX.

AN ALBERT MEMORIAL.

NEAR BLACKWATER, 15*th August* 1873.

A MILE and a half from my present local habitat is a particularly agreeable hill innocent of trees, but carpeted from its broad base to its sharp path-crowned summit, with white, pink, purple, and brown heather blossoms, mingled here and there with dwarf firs, and murmurous with all kinds of winged insects. The sweet charms of this hill often induce us to resort hither before breakfast on these joyously sunny mornings, our reward being found in appetites that play havoc with the farm-house fare subsequently set before us. And it has occurred to me to come here this forenoon to pencil a few lines to you, after taking, in obedience to medical advice, a minimum of exercise, and a maximum of the bracing air that sadly ruffles the leaves of my note-book as I write. The prospect that I view from this vantage ground combines the most marked features of Scotch lowland, with the most striking characteristics of English midland scenery. The hill itself is girdled by undulating heath, dotted with firs, to the extremity of a radius of a mile, or so, from where I am sitting. The broad valley, immediately in front of me, is terminated by a ridge covered with plantations of Scotch fir and larch, in the centre of which, from a shady hillock that is our most favored afternoon resort, rises the shell of a tower to a height of perhaps ninety feet from the ground. The *raison d'être*, the date of the erection, and the name and object of the builder of this weird, ruined tapering yet picturesque landmark are matters on which no resident is able to give information, and for want of a

better explanation, I assume that it was designed for a beacon, or semaphore, some generations ere man conceived such an enterprise as a telegraph from San Francisco direct *via* Madras to Melbourne.

A little to the right of this tower, but three miles beyond it, are the well-wooded hills around Farnborough, crowded by the pyramidical tower of the quasi old-fashioned mansion of the head of the firm of Messrs. Longman and Co., the publishers in London. The estate around this house has been laid out with excellent taste; and the village close by contains many agreeable indications of the enlightened benevolence of the chief modern go-between 'twixt literary folk and the British public. Three miles yet beyond, and in the rear of Farnborough, are the exposed downs of Aldershot, on which I can with a pocket binocular descry the unpicturesque streets of the wooden huts of the camp, and the broad plateaux swept by severe winds, which serve as parade-grounds. To the right of this portion of the view, and much nearer me, are the fine woods of Sandhurst set off in front by a few lawn-like meadows, including a pretty field which is used as a cricket-ground by the professors and students of the Colleges. Up a verdant hill, two miles in the rear of the woods, there climbs the old London and Exeter trunk-road (much infested in former days by Messrs. Richard Turpin and Co.) Further round on my right, I see, over a woody ridge, the upper floors of the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum about three miles distant; and turning my back upon this institution I have in front of me, at a distance of another three miles, the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum at Collingwood Court, near Bagshot.

This Orphanage constitutes the most sensible memorial to the Prince Consort that has yet been erected in England. The metropolis and county-towns are rich in statuary raised in honor of that exemplary personage whose considerable talents and virtues were only dis-

covered after his death; and the rising generation may have their ingenuity severely taxed to explain ten years hence why so much ado was made about him. But, let there be any or no need for memorials, no one will cavil at an Orphan Asylum, which while perpetuating the Prince's name, affords shelter and education to hundreds of children who were in a fair way to become pests of society.

The Asylum was instituted in 1864, by a self-appointed Committee of philanthropists, for the object of rescuing and educating destitute children of both sexes who have lost both parents, or the father only. The elections are made biennially, canvassing being prohibited, and there are usually twenty-five applicants for each vacancy. An annual subscription of half-a-guinea gives the donor one vote twice a year; every donor of five guineas has a vote for life at each election; and the payment of £250 confers the privilege during the life of the donor of always having one child brought up in the institution. The history of the candidates, who must each be recommended by at least one governor, and be over six and under twelve years of age, is carefully enquired into, and a statement made of the circumstaces in each case. The subscribers entitled to vote, (headed by the Queen, who has twenty votes,) then make their own selections, and may either spread the votes to which they are entitled among as many candidates, or "plump" for any one of them. The largest scores carry the election.

Upon the successful candidates entering the Asylum, the relatives are relieved of all further charge, if not also of anxiety regarding them. The children are clothed, boarded, and educated free of all charge; and in the case of boys, are taught a trade, and in that of girls, are prepared for domestic service. The education of the boys is presumed to be completed by the time they reach their 14th year, and that of girls at their 15th year, after

which employment of a suitable description is obtained for them without difficulty. The Committee are averse to the boys entering the Army or Navy, and enable many of the lads to become clerks in mercantile offices and warehouses—side by side, possibly, with the sons of officers and gentlemen whose schooling may have cost a thousand pounds. The children are employed in all descriptions of work on the estate and in the house, and are paid certain fees for their labour. These fees, and any presents they may chance to receive from their friends (who are at liberty to visit them at any time), are banked, and handed to them when they leave the institution, less a penny in the shilling which they are allowed to spend in petty indulgences during their sojourn.

There are now 112 boys and 84 girls in the institution, and there will be an increase to these numbers so soon as the funds allow of the enhanced expenditure. The Committee purchased the mansion and two hundred acres of heathy land around it for £8,000, expended £6,000 in adapting and furnishing it, and some £1,000 more on a dining hall, so that for about £15,000 they secured well built and even noble premises in their own large grounds, in one of the healthiest localities in the kingdom. The salubrity of the place is borne witness to by the circumstance that there has only been one death at the Orphanage in eight years, among about five hundred children, between six and fifteen years of age, all of whom were rescued from utter destitution, or from the conditions least favorable to longevity, or to immunity from serious ailments. There is no endowment, so the Committee depend entirely upon voluntary contributions for the up-keep of the Asylum, and they spend every penny that is paid them, trusting to the continued benevolence of the public. They had a dinner in London last month, presided over by the Duke of Edinburgh, their Chairman, and obtained after the banquet no less a sum than

£4,000. The children are almost all ruddy and stout; all the arrangements for their accommodation are thrifty but excellent; and the expenditure per head does not now exceed £16 per annum. (I have some recollection of having seen it stated that the average expenditure per orphan in the Himalaya Lawrence Asylum is £45 per annum.)

The national monument to the Prince Consort in Hyde Park cost, I think, £250,000, or a sum that would have sufficed for the purchase of three buildings as large as that at Collingwood Court, and for the perpetual maintenance and education of upwards of 600 children. As the Collingwood orphans usually remain about five years in the Asylum, the said £250,000 would in twenty years have saved 2,400 miserable little creatures, whose fate it is to "resent the indifference of society by preying upon society." There is another monument to the Prince at Frogmore in the shape of a mortuary chapel which cost Her Majesty £200,000. It is to be regretted that when the public and the Queen were stirred by a desire to do honor to the memory of the Prince, more Orphanages like the one bearing his name at Collingwood, were not founded, as being far more worthy monuments to the simplicity, and benevolence of his life, than trophies of Sir Gilbert Scott's most gorgeous, not to say bizarre moods.

LETTER XXI.

BROADMOOR AND READING.

BLACKWATER, 22*nd August* 1873.

WE had a particularly pleasant walk last Sunday morning, the weather being glorious, through and beyond the College woods to the village and church of Sandhurst. The church is of great age, and has been admirably restored in conformity with enlightened modern taste in ecclesiastical architecture and decoration, without too servile a concession to ritualistic prejudices. It stands on the summit of a picturesquely situated hill, and is itself an enhancement to the beauty of the landscape; and the service is conducted throughout in a manner harmonious with the building and site. The parson (whose name is Parsons) preached from the lectern in the centre of the small and elegant chancel, instead of from the carved wooden pulpit on his right hand as he faced the congregation. The church-yard, which, like the church, is well conserved, as becomes ground hallowed to the memory of the departed, contains the remains of Captain Blakeney, R. A., who "invented the system of Ordnance which bears his name," of a Mr. Thrift, Mr. Sands, Mr. Tingle, Mr. Doe, Mrs. Eve, &c. And probably there will some day be buried here a Mr. Pigg, a "Bacon and Provision Dealer" on a rather large scale in the village—a gentleman, methinks when I see his carts passing along the country roads, who should be admirably qualified to furnish the world with an exhaustive essay by "Pigg on Bacon."

By the way, in my last letter, I casually referred to the Criminal Lunatic Asylum which crowns the Broadmoor hill near Sandhurst—an institution which I visited when last at

home.* It is not a place that tempts a second visit, but I have obtained a few particulars regarding its inmates which may be of a little service. I may commence by stating that the average daily population of our convict prisons in 1871 was 8,218 men, and 1,217 women, or a total of 9,435 persons. Those who become insane whilst undergoing sentences in these prisons, as well as prisoners found insane before or under trial, are usually sent to Broadmoor. This large institution was opened in May 1873, and from that date to the end of 1872, or a period of 9⅔ years, it received 982 cases of lunacy, of which 507 remained in the Asylum on the 31st December last. Of the total admissions 8·35 per cent. recovered, ·20 were relieved, 29·22 were transferred to other Asylums, 10·69 died, and 51·54 remained in the Asylum. India contributed a small quota of the military lunatics, including the following whose sentences to penal servitude have expired: viz., F. S. convicted in Calcutta for striking a superior officer; R. C. P. at Bangalore for insubordination; T. K. at Neemuch for threatening a superior officer; W. T. P. at Jubbulpore for insubordination; S. V. at Dinapore for violence to a superior officer; T. C. at Rawul Pindee for insubordination; J. R. at Murree for the same offence; and J. H. at Secunderabad for killing a native. Of the 507 patients in the Asylum on the 31st December last, 406 were males, and 103 females. There were 171 murderers, 109 would-be murderers, 12 homicides, including 4 parricides, and 7 matricides. The mortality during the year was at the very low rate of 1·78 per cent., which was attributed in some measure to the absence of excessive cold or heat, although the long continued wet weather prevented the usual out-door occupation and exercise. No form of mechanical restraint was used during the year, and no casualty endangering life occurred; but, during the

* Vide *At Home on Furlough*, First Series, Madras, 1868. Higginbotham & Co.

annual visit of inspection paid by the Commissioners of Lunacy, a male convict, after informing them that his health had been severely injured by poison, suddenly struck one of the Commissioners a violent blow in the face. The attendance at the Asylum chapel on Sundays ranged from 74 to 117 patients, and on the 20th December special services were held for "prayer and intercession for the greater success of Missionary work," and were well attended. The Chaplain testifies to the remarkable "attentiveness and exemplary demeanour of the congregations," and says the proportion of intelligent to non-intelligent worshippers is increasing. There was one escape during the year, but the patient was captured within a few yards of the boundary of the estate, whereas in the current year there have been two escapes and the convicts are still at large—a circumstance that enhances the interest or dread with which tramps are regarded in the neighbourhood.

Talking of tramps reminds me that provincial authorities in England seem in earnest in their efforts to put down vagrancy by means, not of policemen, but of posters; and I was rather amused the other day at finding the walls of some of the farm buildings at Tichborne decorated with yellow bills vowing all kinds of pains and penalties against gentlemen of adventurous and easy virtue, who while on their travels have no visible means of existence. Bearing in mind who the "Claimant" is alleged to be, and the nature of his vagrancy, it was inconsiderate of the parish authorities to placard the edifices that he claims with so suggestive a broadsheet. And this brings to my recollection that a few days ago I saw the Claimant in Westminster Hall, as he was proceeding from the Court where he is being tried, to his brougham. A large crowd had assembled in expectation of this seventy-fifth appearance of the "prisoner;" and immediately his burly form was observed, a shout was raised of "Here's Sir Roger," and there was a

great cheer with cries of "Bravo." He is by no means an aristocratic-looking individual, and if not by instinct and training a butcher, he might easily assume that *rôle*; but he is not quite so vulgar as his portraits represent him to be. He is intensely popular among the working classes, who will have it in their own dogged way that he is not having a fair trial, the Chief Justice being "dead against" him. This feeling is general, I believe, both in the metropolis and the provinces, and exerts a marked influence on the Defence Fund, as do also the Claimant's flying visits to, and momentary public appearances in places within easy hail and rail of London, as Reading for example, which he visited yesterday evening shortly after I had been there. The walls I noticed were liberally decorated with a rough but rather good likeness of "Sir Roger," as well as with an old advertisement of Mr. Martin Tupper's intention to give a public reading of "selections from his own works," and with large placards on which Mr. Attenborough, the chief of London pawnbrokers, solicits the suffrages of Conservative electors at the next general election. My own object, however, in visiting the town was to see something of its most notable products.

In connection with its sauce and biscuits, the ancient town of Reading is well known to every consumer of oilman-stores in India; and shoals of Anglo-Indians pass it every year on their way from Southampton *via* Basingstoke to the metropolis, and also—but with what vastly different feelings!—back again. The town is supposed to have been founded by the grand old Romans who are credited with a marvellous amount of foresight and public-works-capacity in all parts of our island; but some authorities claim a yet earlier origin for it; while all agree that in the time of Alfred it was fortified and had a castle. Sweyn, the ruthless Dane, burnt what there was to burn of it half a century before the Norman Conquest; in the Doomsday Survey it is described as a Royal demesne of twenty-

eight houses; Henry I. founded its Abbey; the Empress Matilda passed a Rogation week here; Henry II.'s eldest son was buried in the Abbey, and his Majesty some years afterwards held his Court here, as also did Henry III. and Edward V.; Parliaments here for a time assembled; Henry VII. founded the local Grammar School; Harry the Eighth visited the town frequently; Queens Mary, Elizabeth, and Anne also honored it with their presence; it suffered cruelly during the Civil War; and several distinguished men, including Judge Talfourd and Dr. Valpy, were born in it. So much for its history. The Grammar School, which under Valpy attained considerable eminence half a century ago, degenerated after his death, but has now been re-established, and has, it is believed, started on a career of great prosperity under Dr. Stokoe, the new Head Master. The foundation-stone of the new building was laid in 1870 by the Prince of Wales, and the opening ceremony was celebrated in 1871 with the assistance of Lord Hatherley, the then Chancellor.

About fifty years ago, Messrs. Huntley and Palmer rented a small shop in the Market Place of Reading, in which they offered biscuits of their own baking in the kitchen beneath, to a public who were not slow to discover the excellence of the commodity; and now their works cover nearly five acres of ground in the town, and employ upwards of two thousand work-people all the year round. The most noticeable feature of the processes of manufacture is the manner in which the biscuits are made without in any stage being handled. A thousand sacks of flour, mostly English, are turned every week into large revolving troughs, and there mixed by mechanical agency with sugar, eggs, and such essences as may be needed. Thence the dough, in huge lumps, is carried on trucks to machines by means of which it is rolled to and fro until the ingredients have been thoroughly worked together into the desired consistency. It is now removed in

large slabs to machines greatly resembling Conisbee's cylinder printing press. Here by means of moulds neatly adjusted, the biscuits are both cut out of the sheet of dough, and placed on tin trays beneath, upon which they are removed to the ovens close by, and passed, at a slow speed to the other side, a distance of perhaps twenty feet. They are now thoroughly baked, and they then fall into baskets placed for their reception beneath the oven's exit. They are then removed to lifts, raised to the upper floors, and packed.

The manufacture of cracknels differs from that of other biscuits in this respect that after the dough has been cut out by the process already referred to, the cakes are thrown into vats of boiling water, when they sink to the bottom, and remain there until boiled, when they return to the surface, are skimmed off, thrown into vats of cold water, again sink and rise, are dried, and finally slowly baked. Could the "cracknels" which Jeroboam advised his wife to send to the prophet Ahijah at Shiloh have been made after this fashion? Though there are so many ovens and all are highly heated, the general temperature of the factory is not high. Cleanliness is rigidly enforced; no inferior goods can pass the test of examination to which they are submitted; and you leave the factory with the conviction that the commodity it produces on a stupendous scale is thoroughly worthy of the estimation in which it is held in every station in India, more especially in those unfortunate places where good bread is as scarce as it probably was with the prophet at Shiloh.

In another part of the town Messrs. Huntley, Boorne and Co., employ nearly five hundred workpeople all the year round in supplying biscuit-tins to Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, and tin match-boxes to Messrs. Bryant and May. The biscuit tins are produced with wonderful expedition in enormous quantities, machinery being employed as far as possible in every operation. The most ingeni-

ous of the many departments of the work is probably that of making the body of the box. A long rectangular piece of tin, shaped by machinery, is handed to a machine, grabbed, its upper and bottom edges bent up, pushed on to a plate, on which it is presented to two hammer like arms, which knock up the sides with great violence, when a kind of guillotine descends on the two bent ends, joins them by the indentation of one end upon the other, and then the block of iron within the case moves back, and an arm rises and jerks the box into the hands of a boy who waits at the side to receive it. The bottom and lid have subsequently to be soldered on. Boxes intended for export are not thus made in three but in two pieces; one of these being cut for the bottom and four sides, the other being the lid; and these when soldered are tested, before being used, with hot water to discover if they are air tight. The small match and fusee boxes supplied to Messrs. Bryant and May in prodigious numbers, are japanned, or gold varnished, and printed with portraits of Royal personages on distinguished politicians in Wales, by a patented process belonging to the firm; but they are stamped out, bent, hinged, and finished at Reading, and then sent to the firm's premises near Stratford in Essex to be filled.

Another establishment in Reading that has a world-wide fame, is Messrs. Sutton and Son's Royal Berks Seed Stores. This firm have now thirty thousand regular customers, whose accounts are kept by a large staff of clerks. They confine themselves as a rule to "retail" transactions, that is, they do not generally deal in more than a few hundred weights of farm seed. Great attention is given by them to the production and improvement of seeds for the garden for amateurs. They have two large gardens near Reading, chiefly for experimental purposes, and they raise their farm seed on several hundreds of acres in Kent and Sussex. Their vegetable and flower seeds are unsurpassed if indeed equalled anywhere, and in grasses, clover, swedes, turnips,

and mangel for farm use they have achieved an enviable celebrity. They take some credit to themselves for customers of theirs having gained £2,400 in silver cups and other prizes for roots and crops of their "champion swede" —a description that frequently weighs 16lbs. Their mangel sometimes weigh 56 lbs. *each*, and one specimen has been produced weighing 59 lbs., and of excellent feeding properties. The arrangements of the stores are admirable. The buildings are large, and even handsome, comprising besides the sorting and packing rooms, a noble hall in which the workpeople assemble daily for prayer. There is also an elegant and well furnished reading room, with books, magazines and newspapers; and there is a dining-room also at the service of the employés.

Somewhat similar conveniences for the use of their workpeople are provided by Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, including afternoon tea for the seventy women in their employ. As one hears a great deal about the alleged neglect of the "British working man" of the period, it is a pity that little is known of the endeavours that many large employers of labour now-a-days make to promote the intellectual and moral welfare of that rather discontentend individual, who however, is far too prone to regard reading, dining, or recreation rooms in connection with his workshop as so many signs of concious weakness on the part of his employer. The biscuit workpeople, it must however be admitted, are a superior looking body of men and women to the ordinary run of English operatives. They seem contented and healthy, as though in receipt of good wages, which they have learnt the art of spending wisely. Indeed, it may be safely said that the working classes in this county-town of Berkshire have a pleasant air about them which is not so general as one could wish in this best of all countries on the face of the earth.

LETTER XXII.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S HOME.

SANDRINGHAM, 11*th September* 1873.

IT is nearly two years since the thoughts of British subjects in all climes were concentrated upon the little village of Sandringham and its Lord of the Manor, who lay there apparently at the point of death. Telegrams reporting the bulletins of the three physicians in attendance were flashed almost hourly from the private office in the Hall, to other Royal residences, to noblemen's castles, to town-halls, newspaper offices, and to the governors of distant colonies. The roads to and from the railway station were thronged with vehicles and anxious pedestrians; and the walks in the park were trodden dismally by correspondents hungering for every crumb of news. The event gave Sandringham a world-wide celebrity, and incidentally proved that despite the captious republicanism of opinion in many quarters, there is an underlying affection for monarchical institutions in this country which is likely to prove of inestimable Imperial value some day.

The Prince's estate includes some 7,000 acres, with the parishes of Sandringham, West Newton, Wolferton, Appleton, and parts of Dersingham. It belonged a few years ago to Mr. H. H. Henly, then to Mr. J. Motteur, by whom it was devised to the Hon'ble C. Spencer Cowper, a step-son of Lord Palmerston, who is locally supposed to have influenced the Queen and the Duchy of Cornwall Commissioners in purchasing it for the Prince of Wales. It is said to have cost but £90,000 a few years ago, then to have been sold for £120,000, then for £180,000, and finally the Prince paid £220,000 for it, a price deemed in the county to be

excessive. Be this as it may, the Prince is making vigorous efforts to render the estate not only conducive to the health and happiness of his family, but also financially remunerative. In the twelve years that he has now had it, he has spent a large sum in making plantations, improving the agriculture, and beautifying the property; and he has the while rendered himself the most popular man, and also one of the best farmers in Norfolk. The general management of the improvements has furnished him with congenial employment such as he would have been denied had a perfected estate been purchased for him; and if Lord Palmerston, as is alleged, obtained more than the market value of the property for his step-son, he succeeded in securing the description of property for the Prince that was best calculated to contribute to the latter's well-being.

Leaving Wolferton railway station, which, though two miles from the Wash, stands on ground that at no very remote period was laved by the sad sea waves, the Sandringham estate is entered by a road up one of the numerous sandy ridges from which the locality takes its name; and thriving plantations of young firs, encircled by ornamental palings and wire fencing are approached. These plantations are laid out with great taste, and promise to alter the character of the landscape in a few years. A great belt of purple heather has been left on the sea side of the estate, which, with its abrupt undulations, background of firs, and exhilarating breezes, remind me of Aldershot; but the park itself is girdled by a dense wood that is dear to game and favorable to reflection. There are several entrances, the chief being through magnificent wrought iron gates presented to the Prince by the City of Norwich. The Hall, as it now stands, occupies the site of what was known as Sandringham House, a fine old English building which the Prince occupied for eight years, and then, owing to its limited accommodation and general state of decay, improved off the face of the earth. The

present building is spacious, simple, and harmonious, and its exterior is faced with red brick, and the hard, reddish, ferruginous, sandstone of the locality. The internal arrangements are excellent, and the decoration throughout is tasteful without being particularly luxurious. The building is said to be practically fireproof, and nothing has been neglected that could be suggested by sanitary knowledge to make it at all times healthy. On one side the prospect is over a wide stretch of sward to a belt of old trees; and on the other the outlook from the drawing and dining-rooms, is over broad slopes of grass, picturesque clumps of trees, ornamental beds of flowers, and wide lawns. There is a small lake whose glistening waters, when the sun shines upon them, add greatly to the beauty of the scene; and there are miles of gravel paths and carriage roads. The kitchen garden, about a quarter of a mile from the house, is fifteen acres in extent, and half of it is enclosed by a 20 feet brick wall, on which nectarines, peaches, pears, &c., grow in abundance. The vegetables are of the best descriptions, and are so numerous, that it is difficult to believe they can be needed for local consumption. Then there are the stables and kennels, all admirable buildings, and stocked with picked animals, including a host of Scotch "doggies," and some Indian hounds. The extensive farm buildings further testify to the good taste of the owner, and the dwellings of the various employés are all in architectural keeping with the Hall. In short there is an air about the whole place of homely comfort, and good judgment in rural matters. There are many more remarkable estates in the country owned by commoners, as Bearwood, for example, the princely residence of Mr. Walter of *The Times*, near Wokingham; but Sandringham is more interesting than Balmoral, and in the course of a few years it should become one of the most picturesque properties in Norfolk. The Prince has had his feathers, crown, and garter stamped on the lamp-posts, and cut in high relief in stone on various

parts of the building, and even the ornamental chimnies are sprinkled with the three feathers, so it may be presumed that he has every intention of retaining possession of the estate when in the course of nature he becomes lord also of Windsor, Balmoral, and Osborne.

The little church about half a mile from the Hall, has been brought to public notice in connection with the daily visits to it that the Princess made during her husband's illness. It now contains a brass eagle lectern, dedicated by "Alexandra" to "the glory of God, a thank offering for his mercy, 14th December 1871," with the text:—"When I was in trouble I called on the Lord and he heard me." In the churchyard, behind the chancel, is a plain white marble monument over the remains of "Alexander Charles Albert, third son of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, Princess of Wales, born April 6th, died April 7th 1871." The little grave constitutes yet another link between the Heir Apparent and the county of Norfolk.

The feeling in the country regarding the Prince of Wales has undergone a marked change in the last half-dozen years. In 1867 he was spoken of by all classes of society in unflattering terms, and there was a conviction abroad that he would never be permitted to ascend the throne without a struggle; but now, owing mainly to reflections prompted by his illness in 1871, he seems to have become exceedingly popular, and to have lived down detraction. His countenancing the pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham is the most grave offence that he is now charged with; but his devotion to field sports instead of to literature, science or art, is pretty generally excused. Judging from the admirable manner in which he administers his private property, and the undemonstrative kindness of his relations with his many employés and tenants, it may be fairly believed that there is a good deal more of sound sense, and consistent goodness in His Royal Royal Highness than is

always credited to him. And as for the Princess every one not only hereabouts, but throughout the kingdom, seems to regard her with an interest bordering on affection. When at Sandrigham she is to be seen almost daily driving in her pony chaise at a rapid pace on some mission of kindness to her cottagers, by whom consequently she is greatly beloved. Her own domestic habits, and the Prince's fondness for the country and all things pertaining to it, are thus highly conducive to the welfare of this neighbourhood, which stood in great need a few years ago of development.

It is worth going many miles to learn for oneself that in the place where our King-to-be is best known, he is regarded as a model landlord, with this one failing that he preserves his game too strictly for the comfort and interests of his immediate neighbours. Rabbits especially, when encouraged to breed, have an erring and straying habit that is not easily kept in proper bounds by even wire fencing; and I have heard of a lady in this neighbourhood who sometimes sees as many as forty of these wasteful animals eating down her wheat, without her daring to take ordinary precautious against the encroachment of such unconscionable Royal visitors. But the Prince has not followed the example set by the Earl of Leicester, at Holkham, a few miles distant, who has provided holes at short intervals at the foot of the twenty miles of wall which girdles his park, for the convenience of such of his rabbits as desire to go abroad to feed on the turnips of his tenants. "Culpable luxury" of this kind may one of these days be called to a stern account. It is surprising that a nobleman who is a sworn magisterial foe to poachers, should deliberately aid his rabbits in poaching upon other men's property for his own eventual benefit.

The drives around Sandringham are both varied and extensive. The thriving town of King's Lynn is seven miles distant, and the new seaside town of Hunstanton is nine miles. Hunstanton is at the extreme north-east corner of

Norfolk, and commands a fine sea view over the Wash to the low lying coast of Lincolnshire. It depends for its attraction almost entirely on its reputation for salubrity in the summer months, as the vicinity is bare, and devoid of interest to other than geologists, archæologists and conchologists. Rents and provisions during the season rule at fabulous rates. Beef-steak, I was told in plaintive accents by a resident with a fine appetite, is priced prohibitively, and everything else in proportion, with no prospect of reduction in the time to come. But the fine breeze on the cliffs, and the excellent bathing on the sandy beach, are worth paying a good deal for; and every year the demands on the limited accommodation are met with increasing difficulty.

Another pleasant drive from Sandringham is that to Castle Rising, three miles to the south-east. This little village enjoyed for many generations the privilege of returning two members to Parliament, though at the time of the introduction of the Reform Bill there were only three electors on the roll, of whom but one—the rector—was legally qualified to vote. This abuse was of course done away with by that memorable measure, and Castle Rising now lives on the memory of its somewhat notable past. It has an interesting Norman Church in excellent preservation, and a Norman Castle which was the prison of the widow of Edward II. during the twenty-seven years following the execution of her favorite, Roger Mortimer. The roof and floors of the latter building long ago disappeared, but the walls which date from the earliest period of English history, and have given shelter to Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, and perhaps even to Stuarts, and Guelfs, are as sound and as vertically true as are those of the new Hall at Sandringham, and give every promise of remaining proud monuments of the Conquest ages after the disappearance of our modern cities of lath and plaster.

LETTER XXIII.

TEE ASSOCIATED CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE.

CARDIFF, *27th September* 1873.

FOURTEEN years ago it occurred to Mr. C. M. Norwood, M. P., and some other leading commercial men in England, that the usefulness of the many existing Chambers of Commerce in the United Kingdom might be largely increased by the establishment of an Association that should afford delegates from the chief centres of manufacturing, importing, exporting, and shipping trade, an opportunity of periodically exchanging their views on questions of general commercial interest. And it was in most quarters seen that by such an agency the commercial community would ordinarily be enabled to place the Government in possession of the opinions of the majority of unprejudiced mercantile bodies with reference to legislation affecting commerce; and that in the course of time the petty rivalries of places of business would give way to a laudable sense of what was for the interest of the country at large. In private life the sympathies of a man are narrowed unless he mixes freely with his fellow men; and it was the common complaint against Chambers of Commerce in England, that they, mistaking "the rustic cackle of their bourg for the murmur of the world," were habitually led into doing things in the supposed conservation or promotion of local interests that were not calculated to improve their reputation for sound judgment. Moreover, the privacy of their proceedings was, on the one hand, unfavorable to the methodical and earnest transaction of business; and, on the other, tended to militate against the utility of the Chambers by causing the public to forget

their very existence. Happily, therefore, the proposal to amalgamate the Chambers for mutual help was cordially welcomed, and the "Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom" was established.

London, strange to say, has nothing corresponding to a Chamber of Commerce, though such a world of trade might have a dozen; and Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham, characteristically regarding themselves as cities that stand in need of no external aid, have, as yet, declined to join the Association, as have also the South Shields Chamber, and a few others of whose public spirit and intelligence better things might have been anticipated. But, up to date, forty-six Chambers, including those of Bristol, Dublin, Belfast, Halifax, Hull, Leeds, Plymouth, Sheffield, &c., have been affiliated to the Association; and seventy Members of Parliament, for boroughs the Chambers of which are represented in it, have become Honorary Members. Mr. Sampson Lloyd, a well known banker of Birmingham, has held the office of President for three successive years; Messrs. Norwood, M. P., and Whitwell, M. P., are the Vice Presidents; and the Executive Council this year comprises gentlemen from Hull, Cardiff, Stoke-upon-Trent, Belfast, Gloucester, Plymouth, Bristol, Bradford, Nottingham, and Southampton. The Association has a permanent office in Great College Street, Westminster, where the Executive Council meet once a month for the transaction of business. The annual meeting takes place in the Palace Hotel, Westminster, during February, or shortly before the meeting of Parliament; and the Chambers are at liberty to send as many delegates as they like. But each Chamber is entitled to only one vote, when its Members do not exceed one hundred, or two votes when between one hundred and two hundred and fifty, and three votes, when it has upwards of two hundred and fifty members. At this annual gathering, the Council report the progress made since the last anniversary in carrying out the directions of the Association.

Steps are moreover taken towards initiating commercial legislation in the ensuing session of Parliament, in personal intercourse with members who have undertaken to bring the matters under consideration to the attention of the House. And in the autumn, after Parliament has been prorogued, the Association meets at some commercial town by invitation of the local Chamber, hears what results were obtained during the previous half year, and discusses such fresh topics of general commercial interest as are brought before it.

In the last three autumns, the Association met at Bradford, Plymouth, and Southampton respectively; this autumn it is in session at Cardiff; and next year it will meet at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The proceedings are conducted with great decorum, as well becomes the importance of the subjects discussed. They were opened on the morning of the 23rd instant in the noble Town Hall by Colonel Hill, (of the Volunteer Corps) the Chairman of the Cardiff Chamber, and by the Mayor, who welcomed the delegates to the town. The chair was then taken by Mr. Lloyd, and about fifty delegates who had gathered themselves together from all parts of the country, occupied three long green-baize covered tables at right angles of the Council's cross table. The subjects are, in accordance with a notice circulated beforehand to all the Chambers, brought up for discussion by the several Chambers connected, and are carefully, and in some instances eloquently debated, the speakers invariably standing. Strict compliance with the written rules for the conduct of business is enforced by the President, who, as a rule, refrains from taking part in the discussions, and confines himself to discharging the neutral duties of Speaker of this Commercial Parliament. The proceedings are public, but they do not seem to be very attractive, as the strangers present sometimes do not exceed half-a-dozen in number. Short hand

reports of the debates are however taken for the local and metropolitan newspapers.

The Association has unquestionably proved of great service hitherto by promoting both harmony of opinion in commercial circles, and united action in grappling with difficulties, and a greatly increased sphere of usefulness is anticipated for it in the time to come. Though *par excellence* the home of commerce, England has no Minister of Commerce, and the Board of Trade often fails to comprehend the great commercial questions that are brought before it, or before Parliament. The Association is both a permanent Vigilance Committee in the best interests of trade, and an auxiliary screw when Parliament is fractious. It seems to increase the responsibilities of individual Chambers, and to enhance the respect in which those bodies are held by the public; and it provides a much needed channel of communication, untinctured by local prejudices, between the Chambers, or those represented by the Chambers, and Her Majesty's Government. In order to show the general scope of the duties undertaken, I will, as I am a guest of the Association, refer as briefly as I consistently can to the subjects that have been discussed during the present session.

The President having delivered a long and interesting inaugural address, the Northampton and Exeter Chambers introduced the vexed question of Bankruptcy Law amendment, and the former urged that "provision be made for a minimum dividend or composition of 10*s.* in the £," to entitle a bankrupt to a certificate, and that every trader be required to keep sufficient and proper books of account in order that his affairs be subject to investigation, and that non-compliance shall render the insolvent liable to a penalty. A lengthy, and, on the whole, eloquent debate followed. On the one hand it was contended that the tendency of recent legislation on bankruptcy was on the side of the debtors, and not on the side of the creditor, and

that a sentimental sympathy for the misfortunes of the former made people forget that consideration was due to the interests of the latter. With the increased competition of late years, there had been an increased temptation to traders to make a show in order to keep up their credit; and many who could ill-afford a luxurious style of living, in order to keep pace with their neighbours, were led into expenditure that they could not afford, and were frequently found to have positively nothing to show, when a crash came, for all the money that had passed through their hands. And when asked to state where it had gone, they often gave no information, and their estate, such as it was, eventually fell into the hands of one or two friendly creditors who persuaded the rest to accept anything, as opposition only resulted in throwing good money after bad. Unprincipled men, counting on the usual reluctance of creditors to offer an opposition that would entail a large sacrifice of both time aud money, were thus led into trafficking in liquidation, by counting on the forbearance of creditors. The remedies against this evil were useless, for they were on the wrong side, and something more was needed to protect the creditors.

On the other hand, it was shown that under the existing laws, the remedies were in the hands of the creditors, and if they could not afford the time and expense necessary for applying them, it was unreasonable to ask the Legislature to do the work that they in their own interest ought to, and could effectually do. It might be a desirable thing to make every debtor pay 10s. in the £, but no Act of Parliament could effect this; and it would be difficult to define what were and what were not "sufficient and proper books of account." People were becoming in this country so fond of going to the Legislature to do everything for them, that by and by they would want the Legislature to teach their children to walk. The best remedy against the abuse of credit was to be found in the

care with which credit was given. The active competition for business was favorable to the proceedings of enterprising men of straw; and capitalists should exercise more care as to the class of people to whom they gave credit, and give more heed to the mode in which their constituents both lived and conducted their business. It was incumbent on capitalists to satisfy themselves that the man who proposed to commence business with them had some capital, experience, and character. Commercial morality would be better promoted by obtaining a law punishing creditors who offered premiums to rogues to trade, than by imposing additional penalties on rogues who availed themselves of the facilities unwisely offered them. Creditors who, because of the attendant trouble, did not look after their affairs, but allowed insolvents of bad character to roam about the commercial world, seeking for credulous capitalists, upon whom they could impose, were oblivious of their duty both to themselves and to others. Credit and character should be inseparable. The propositions were, in the end, negatived by a large majority.

The Association was then invited by the Huddersfield Chamber to memorialise the Government to open negotiations with other countries for the purpose of introducing an international postage of one penny per half-ounce. The desirability of such a rate between the United Kingdom and America was urged, and it was suggested that it should be understood as covering reciprocally the cost of inland carriage. Mr. Whitwell, M. P. pointed out that such a rate, however practicable between this country and America, could not be adopted between England and India; and eventually the motion was negatived. It was now proposed that action should be taken by the Association to move the Government to extend to all missives, sealed or unsealed, the late reduction on circulars and post-cards from one penny to a half-penny. The supporters of the proposition argued that such a reduction would, by stimulating correspondence,

prove remunerative to the Exchequer; and that if a miscalled letter in the shape of a post-card, or circular, were accepted for a half-penny, a sealed one of a corresponding weight should be carried for the same rate. On the other hand, it was represented that instead of extending the half-penny postage to all missives, it would be better to revert to the old system, and abolish that rate altogether. People were inundated with circulars which they never read; and as the persevering senders of these would probably pay a penny, it was desirable that the exchequer should receive more adequate compensation for the nuisance that was caused to the public. The Postmaster General intended to preserve the unity of the penny for letters of half-an-ounce weight, or a weight that usually rendered the individual weighment of letters unnecessary. The sorters, with the greatest facility, could distinguish, without weighing, between post cards or unsealed circulars and sealed letters; but were a half-penny rate introduced for letters weighing a quarter of an ounce, the sorters would have to weigh multitudes of letters, and this would entail great additional expenditure. The Right Hon. Stephen Cave, M. P., regarding post cards as a convenient vehicle for expressing disapprobation of the speeches of members of Parliament, and as a means of annoying private folk anonymously, was not prepared to support the proposition, which was in the end withdrawn. Motions regarding the Bank Charter Act, Tribunals of Commerce, Imperial Taxation, &c., were also discussed.

The meeting then adjourned, and we were sumptuously entertained at luncheon by the Mayor and Corporation; after which the young Marquis of Bute, (Disraeli's "Lothair") escorted us round his magnificent docks, and took us for a cruise across the inner harbour and outer anchorage of Cardiff.

On the following day, the 24th, the Association met again in the Town Hall. The day's proceedings commenced

by a proposition being made on behalf of the Bristol Chamber, that in order to prevent the fraudulent use of bills of lading, they should be drawn in sets, after the manner of foreign bills of exchange. It was eventually resolved that the Association should memorialise the Government to introduce a Bill enacting that all bills of lading drawn otherwise than in sets of three, and numbered consecutively, shall be wholly inoperative in any action or suit in any of Her Majesty's courts of law or equity. The Newcastle Chamber then called attention to the impossibility of proving the delivery of telegrams in England under the existing system, which allows of messages being delivered like letters by post are delivered. The desirability of obtaining some proof of delivery, especially in the case of costly telegrams from India, was forcibly urged; and prompted by Mr. Scudamore, C. B., of the Post Office, who was present, Mr. Whitwell, M. P., said that he believed the Post Office would be prepared to register telegrams, as letters are registered, for a fee of 3*d.* in addition to the cost of the message, but without accepting any extra responsibility in the delivery of such message. As Mr. Scudamore afterwards said, this concession would impose no new burthen on the Post Office, but would put 3*d.* into its pocket. The Association were, however, satisfied with a resolution directing their Council to memorialise the Post Master General (Mr. Scudamore when asked to name him, said he was really not quite sure who he was) to require a receipt to be taken for all messages from abroad, or inland, on which the sender had paid a registration fee. The advantage of using adhesive stamps in the case of bills of exchange and bills of lading, was not for the first time taken into consideration by the Association, and it was unanimously resolved to adopt such measures as might be necessary for procuring the sanction of Parliament to their employment when desired in lieu of impressed stamps. The Cardiff Chamber proposed that the Government be urged

to give the subject of providing a pension fund for merchant seamen their early attention, and it was agreed to memorialise the Government to consider upon Imperial and commercial grounds, the propriety of establishing a pension fund for respectable seamen. It was determined to call the attention of the Government to the question of the Suez Canal dues, which were pronounced to be exorbitant, and to urge it to "obtain just relief for all other shipping in this matter." It was also resolved unanimously to pray the Government to invite the other maritime powers to join in an international conference to consider the existing quarantine regulations, with a view to the adoption of an uniform and intelligent basis on which in future such regulations might be carried out.

Several other subjects of comparatively limited interest were also discussed; and the proceedings terminated in the middle of the third day, with the voting of the thanks of the Association to the Mayor and Corporation, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce of Cardiff, for the hospitable reception that they had combined in according to the delegates. In seconding one of the votes of thanks, Mr. Pease, of Darlington, remarked that their only fear was lest the kindness and hospitality extended to them here should be considered necessary on the part of other Chambers who invited them. "As a company of merchants they were very glad to meet together in social life, but at the same time it must be remembered that they did not assemble on these occasions to show forth to the world a studied love of conviviality. The object they had in view was the consideration of all matters connected with commerce; to place trade upon a sounder foundation; to enable merchants to attain in their own persons, and hand down to rising generations, a high standard of morality, punctuality, and stern integrity, which could alone elevate the commercial standing of the country, and make it truly noble in that respect."

The impression might very pardonably go abroad that the British merchant of the period has a "studied love of conviviality" were the Association to meet in the provinces more frequently than once a year. On the 23rd, as I have already said, we were hospitably entertained at luncheon by the Mayor, previous to being escorted round the Docks by the Marquis of Bute. On the 24th we were regaled at luncheon by the Vice-President and Members of the Cardiff Chamber; and in the evening, Colonel Hill, the President of the Chamber, gave us a banquet in the Volunteers' Drill Hall, at which two hundred and forty persons "assisted," including the young Marquis aforesaid, the Right Hon'ble Chichester Fortescue, the reigning Liberal, the Right Hon'ble Stephen Cave, the expectant Conservative President of the Board of Trade, the Bishop of Llandaff, Sir George Jenkinson, M. P., Colonel Stuart, M. P., Mr. Whitwell M. P., Mr. Scudamore, C. B., &c. The dinner was provided by a Bath firm, and was enlivened by Welsh songs sung between the courses by a numerous choir of female voices.

On the 25th, we went by special train to see the iron-works at Dowlais, (where there are thirteen thousand employès!), and having made a grand tour around that "Inferno," we were conducted to the reading rooms, and sat down to a capital lunch provided by Mr. Clarke, the General Manager. Here again, following rivers of champagne, there was a bounteous flow of eloquence on the part of notable men, winding up with a very neat and well articulated speech by Mrs. Crawshay, (the fair wife of a great iron-master close by, who is just selling his property to a Company for a million and a quarter!) who proposed the health of the genial host. On the 26th we rose right early, marched to the railway station, and went by special train to see the grand old ruin of Cærphilly Castle, then across the magnificent Crumlin viaduct to Raglan Castle, and back again for fifty miles to Cardiff. And this morning we bid farewell

to this busy town, and its beautiful neighbourhood, and hie away to all parts of the country, carrying with us agreeable reminiscences of our reception and experiences in what should be called Buteshire.

Of Cardiff itself, I should say a few words, for it has advanced rapidly from a position of comparative insignificance to that of one of the principal ports in this great commercial Empire. It is a place of historic as well as of metallic and shipping renown since it was in existence in the troublous times of the ancient Britons, and it was garrisoned awhile by those Southerners who called themselves Romans, and by those Northerners who followed William the Conqueror across the Channel. It was fortified by a Norman Chief and called *Caer-daff*, (Fortress on the Taff); and in one part of the castle, Robert Duke of Normandy, is said to have been confined for twenty-six years by order of his brothers William II. and Henry I., and death here at last put an end to his melancholy captivity. The castle was besieged by Cromwell in 1648, and not taken without a stout resistance. The Roundheads thereupon, with their wonted energy, commenced the demolition of the walls, and left but a remnant thereof to posterity, and this remnant has been merged in a large, though by no means ornamental building, that the Marquisses of Bute have erected peacemeal for their accommodation.

It was the second Marquis of Bute who had most to do with the development of the capabilities of the town. Despite the ruin that had rewarded the devotion of large private fortunes and great energies in the improvement of ports elsewhere, Lord Bute was convinced that the mineral wealth of the district by being afforded a convenient outlet at Cardiff, would sooner or later, pay handsome returns for the accommodation offered to it. Nature had furnished an enormous basin immediately in front of the town, between it and the river Severn; but the banks of this basin were

owned by several persons besides his Lordship; and all his attempts to convince them of the advantage of co-operation failed to overcome the traditional jealousy of the noble families to whom he addressed himself. So he resolved upon acting entirely upon his own responsibility; and, incurring enormous obligations, he imperilled his wide patrimony in the construction on his side of the basin, or bay, of a grand system of docks and wharves. He was unhappily stayed in these great public works by death, in the year 1848, when his son and heir was only a few months old; and an Act of Parliament was needed to secure the development of his schemes, and the administration of his estates which owing to the recently aroused demand for coal and iron were seen to be mines of illimitable wealth. As an instance of how the property has improved in value of late years, it may be sufficient to mention, that the Dowlais estate was let to the late Sir John Guest for £160, and is now leased to that gentleman's son for £50,000 per annum.

In Cardiff the population has increased from 6,187 persons in 1831 to 70,000 persons at the present time; the tonnage of vessels trading here from 6,022 tons in 1839 to 2,527,038 tons in 1872; and the exports of coal and iron from 4,562 and 1,200 tons in 1839 to 3,537,246 and 350,000 tons respectively in 1872. The present Marquis, who does not obtain the control of his property until he attains his twenty-sixth year, is said to be anxious to follow in the footsteps of his father. The Russells and Grosvenors may be the largest owners of house property in the world, but Lord Bute is by a long way the chief of dock-owners and wharfingers, and Cardiff regards this state of things with marked complacency.

LETTER XXIV.

ETON COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

ETON, *7th October* 1873.

AN undignified, not to say vulgar squabble over "filthy lucre" has, for the moment, directed public attention to Eton College, and prompted a renewal of the severe criticisms of the system of education obtaining here that have been heard periodically for many a year. The squabble is between the Assistant Masters, occupying boarding-houses, and the Governing Body by whom they were indirectly appointed, and to whom they are bound to show obedience; and the bone of contention is nothing more serious than a paltry £12 a year, which the Masters are agreed in thinking the parents should be made to pay in addition to the already exorbitant charges, but which the Governing Body are of opinion should not be imposed. The Governing Body, who are responsible for the general administration of the school, comprise a Provost and seven Fellows, all of whom are old Etonians, and are, generally speaking, retired or superannuated Masters. The Provostship is presumed to be worth £2,000, and the Fellowship fully £1,000 a year, and the duties of the two offices are almost confined to seeing that the efficiency of the executive of the school is maintained. The Head Master is appointed by the Provost and Fellows, and the Assistant Masters by the Head Master, subject to the approval of the Governing Body, who generally accord a wide discretion to the Head Master in the selection of his lieutenants.

The Head Mastership of Eton is one of the most valuable appointments to which a clergyman can aspire in this

country. His actual salary is only £219 a year, with the use of a furnished house in the College; but in addition to this he receives annually a fee of £6-6 from each of the nine hundred and odd boys in the school, besides an entrance fee of £5-5 from every boy in the Upper School, and a "leaving present," paid by the boy when leaving of from £10-10 to £20. These payments are doubled in the case of noblemen, noblemen's sons, and baronets. Out of his stipend, the Head Master contributes £50 a year to the senior Assistant Classical Master, £44-2 to the others, £350 for prize books, and some smaller sums to other purposes, and he is usually left with a balance at his own credit exceeding £5,000 a year. The Assistant Classical Masters are almost all Old Etonians, and several are, or were, Fellows of King's College, Cambridge. They receive the above-named pittance from the Head Master; but they are also entitled to a fee of £10-10 per annum from every pupil to whom they act as tutor, and £21 from each private pupil not boarding in their own houses. Several of the masters have as many as forty pupils. Then such of the masters as keep boarding-houses are allowed by the Governing Body to charge £85 to £99 a year for each boy under their charge. There are thirty boarding-houses in all, seventeen being kept by Classical, three by Mathematical Masters, one by the Drawing Master, and the rest by persons approved by the Provost and Fellows, but not otherwise connected with the school. What the actual profit derivable from all sources under favorable circumstances by an Assistant Master is, it is difficult to say, for some housekeepers are more thrifty than others; but there is not a doubt down here about the grand total being large.

Yet the Assistant Masters have made an appeal to the parents of the boys in their houses for an increase of £12 a year, on the ground of the rise in the price of the necessaries of life, and have set at defiance the Governing Body who had declined to sanction such a demand. The Masters,

in the first instance, memorialised the Governing Body, and the latter having taken the matter into consideration, agreed to ask the Special Commissioners for sanction to an increase of £6 per annum per boy; but the Commissioners stated that having gone fully into the case last year, they were not prepared to re-open the question of charges for board and lodging. This decision was communicated to the Head Master, who in reply informed the Governing Body that the Assistant Masters proposed to communicate with the parents of the boys under their care, that a reduction in the scale of maintenance of nearly £12 a year would have to be made for each boy; whereupon the Governing Body stated that any unauthorised increase in the face of the enactments of the Public Schools' Act would be illegal. The Masters have however now had the temerity to ask the parents for such increase, and the Governing Body after expressing, in a published letter to their Head Master, their surprise and regret at the course pursued by his subordinates with his knowledge and consent, have declared that the circular to the parents demanding the increase, being issued without authority, is of no effect; and they have "required" that any future application for an increased charge for board and lodging shall be made, in the first instance to the Head Master, and if approved by him, communicated to the Governing Body "without whose sanction it will be a dereliction of duty for any one connected with the school to take independent action." The Head Master thereupon appealed to Cæsar—in other words wrote to *The Times*—endeavouring to justify his own conduct, and the proceedings of the Assistant Masters, and said that he comforted himself for the "grave censure" passed upon him by the Governing Body by the reflection that it was undeserved, for were it not so, "I could no longer continue to hold my present position of Head Master of this great school." This insubordinate letter has now been followed by a lengthy statement by the Asssistant Masters

who attempt to show that they need the £12 to maintain the style of living traditional at Eton, and that the present scale is "ruinous" to themselves. Most of the parents have agreed to the proposed increase; but they did so ere they knew of the charge having been disapproved by the Governing Body, who may be fairly assumed to know whether or not it is really called for.

Thus Eton, at the present moment, is seething with discontent. The authority of the Governing Body has been deliberately ignored by those who owe allegiance to it; and the thousand boys in the College and School are afforded the edifying spectacle of a lively conflict between the executive and administrative personages having rule over them. The mutinous contempt for constituted authority on the part of the students at Sandhurst Military College last spring, brought down the Duke of Cambridge with a threat that any more insubordination would result in the dismissal of the offenders from Her Majesty's service; but there is no Commander-in-Chief to dragoon the Masters of Eton into a right sense of what they owe to the School, and to its controlling authority: and should the Governing Body attempt to assert their authority by dismissing the Head Master, there will, it is believed, be a strike of the fifty Masters who officer the School, and a closing of the doors until a new Staff can be found. The example set by Dr. Hayman at Rugby School, and by the Governing Body who pusillanimously refrain from removing him from the Head Mastership, is pregnant with mischief, not only to Rugby, but to all public schools in the country, for it is calculated to give Head Masters an overweening idea of their own importance, and to make Governing Bodies nervous of resorting to extreme measures in defence of their legal privileges.

It may at first blush seem that the demand for an additional £12 for maintenance is a reasonable one, as ten or twelve per cent. would not more than cover

the advance in the price of food, rent, &c., of late years in England; but, on the other hand, the Assistant Masters have for a long time charged a sum for board and lodging that has given them the opportunity of amassing considerable fortunes; and what they may have lost by the increased cost of the necessaries of life, consequent on the increased wealth of the country, has been more than compensated to them by the increased number of boys to lodge, board, and tutor. Eton is crowded beyond all precedent, and were there only room to accommodate them, instead of a thousand, she might number fifteen hundred boys. She is greatly in fashion, not only with fashionable folk, but with parents who, being recently enriched, desire before all things to be in fashion, and everybody connected with the school must participate in the unparallelled financial prosperity of this greatest of great schools. For the Assistant Masters to form themselves into a mendicant and mutinous confederacy, and, like so many eating-house keepers, to make a parade of butcher's bills as a justification for raising the tariff for a plate of meat, is, under the circumstances, a scandal that discredits both themselves as men of culture, and the school whose good reputation it should be their ambition to sustain.

But the squabble is suggestive of the real causes of Eton being Eton. The school is divided by a hard and fast line into two sections, the College and School proper. The College numbers seventy boys, who are admitted by a stiff competitive examination as vacancies occur, and are boarded, lodged, and admirably educated, solely at the expense of the College, which was endowed by King Henry VI. for their benefit. Until recently the Foundationers, or Collegers, as these boys are locally called, were subject to hard treatment, the funds originally destined for their support being to a large extent diverted for the enrichment of the Fellows; and they were not admitted to equal

social privileges with the boys of the School. But owing to Provost Hodgson and his successors, the position of the Collegers (or King's Scholars as George III. desired them to be named) has been greatly ameliorated in the last twenty years, and the School has learnt to regard with due respect the little band of seventy boys upon whom chiefly rests the responsibility of sustaining the intellectual reputation of Eton. What these seventy boys attain to may be guessed when I mention that when I was dining with them in Hall to-day, a bright-looking little fellow of eleven years of age was casually pointed out to me as somewhat remarkable for knowing the whole of the odes of Horace by heart, besides having advanced to the binomial theorem in mathematics, and acquired great proficiency in versification. A glance at the frontal development of these boys would reassure the phrenologist of the truth of his science; while a survey of the rosy and full cheeks to be seen at each table should satisfy the professor of social science that an abnormal development of juvenile intellect is not in all instances incompatible with a good physique and a marked capacity for foot-ball. The Collegers, if not socially the equals of the sprigs of nobility in the school, are intellectually the cream of the place. They have already furnished the Indian Civil Service with some of its most talented "Wallahs;" and they may be destined to provide India in days to come with Etonians as distinguished as the Marquis of Cornwallis, the Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington, &c. The Marquis Wellesley, preferred as a last resting-place, the Chapel of Eton College, to the venerable grandeur of Westminster, and the classic beauty of St. Paul's, and here his body was interred close to the noble organ to which justice is done by an accomplished Madras Civil Servant, who is acting organist as well as Professor of Music to the School.

The production of such men as Pitt, Fox, the two Wellesleys, George Canning, the late Lord Derby, Sir G. C.

Lewis, Lord Melbourne, Mr. Gladstone and a grand array of eminent generals, churchmen, admirals, authors, &c., is a strong fact in favor of the system of instruction in the School, as distinguished from the College; and the wonderful popularity of the School among wealthy parents of the period, is another argument against innovation or reform. Regarded socially, Eton is a success of which the nation may well be proud. It contributes to a larger extent than any other contemporary institution, not excluding the Universities, in fostering and developing the gentlemanly instinct, and, incidentally, in setting wholesome bounds to the hard, and not always ennobling utilitarianism of our age and race. It makes brave and honorable English gentlemen, and that too by a process peculiar to itself, with which the Masters have little directly to do. It modifies the patrician's pride of birth, the plebeian's pride of wealth, the scholar's pride of brain; and it sends forth by hundreds youths who, in after life, infuse a better tone into the society wherein they are thrown than they usually find prevailing there.

But, apart from its laudable social merits, the School, as an educational institution, can hardly be regarded by its warmest partisans as an unqualified success. The system of requiring each boy to have a tutor by whose aid he prepares his lessons for some other tutor to hear said, relieves boys disposed to idleness in this luxurious atmosphere of the necessity of self-help in order to avoid disgrace; and breeds a colony of parrots rather than of accurate thinkers. The attraction of athletic sports is great in all English schools; but here the pursuit of cricket, foot-ball, and boating, is so enthusiastic and continuous, that boys inclined to studious habits, are too strongly tempted to rely not upon themselves, as they do in their games, but upon their private tutors for help through every intellectual difficulty. Socially and physically, Eton is as invigorating as intellectually (so far as the School is

concerned) it is relaxing; and it is likely, under existing circumstances, to remain so. The authority of Parliament, or of public opinion, does not perhaps fairly extend beyond the College; and so long as the revenues are properly administered, and the Collegers duly educated in accordance with the spirit of the Founder's wishes, and of modern exigencies, no one need quarrel with the parents of the nine hundred boys in the School which has sprung out of that College. If parents choose to send their sons to a school where work is apt to be play, and play work, and to pay £200 a year, or so, for the privilege, they should be permitted in a free country to do so, provided those sons are trained to become loyal subjects and good citizens. One never hears an Old Etonian utter the shadow of a regret about having been sent to Eton, but invariably does the "old boy" wax eloquent in her defence. The system cannot be a very bad one that evokes such enthusiasm among those who have had prolonged practical experience of it; though it is amazing that it has endured so long, and that parents love to have it so. But the sorry spectacle of the liberally pensioned Old Etonians who form the Governing Body, exchanging recriminations with the liberally paid Old Etonians who are Masters, in connection with the fact that meat has "riz," is an unfortunate commentary on the boasted high tone and gentlemanly feeling for the acquisition of which, rather than for book knowledge, most boys are sent to Eton. The butcher, more successful than critical Royal Commissioners, or hard-headed essayists, has set this great school by the ears, and yet no one can be more sincere than he is when repeating its motto,—"*Floreat Etona.*"

LETTER XXV.

THE INDIAN CIVIL ENGINEERING COLLEGE.

COOPER'S HILL, *8th October* 1873.

SITUATED on the broad brow of a considerable hill, overlooking the greater part of Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Middlesex; and commanding on every side some of the sweetest landscapes to be found in this well-favored island-home of ours; the Indian Civil Engineering College* is fortunate in possessing eminent advantages in an artistic point of view. At the base of the sweetly wooded elevation to which it is indebted for its name, there is the broad meadow, that, on the 15th June 1215 (exactly six hundred years to a day before Waterloo) witnessed the assemblage of the great feudal barons around that false monarch King John; and tradition hath it that on the opposite eyot, or island, in the river Thames, the Magna Charta was signed, and the foundation thereby laid of English freedom—and palaver. Five miles distant to the left, Windsor Castle rises like a scene in a theatre, looking almost unreal in its magnificence, but looking also a suitable residence for the sovereign of the greatest Empire the world has seen. The foliage of the great forest of Windsor and the neighbourhood is now rapidly assuming its autumnal tints; the chestnut trees, as is usual with them, being masses of golden brown, and reds, and the holly being already decked with brilliant scarlet berries. The meadows are as green as rice fields in the monsoon; and the hedge-sides where not clad with moss, are laden with

* Since this letter was written, the Queen has been pleased to approve of the institution being called "The Royal Indian Engineering College."

the bright coloured leaves that the chilly night wind has plucked with a remorseless hand. The neighbourhood is dotted with the seats of wealthy gentlemen, including several who have intimate family connections with India; and the beautifully varied roads are rendered cheerful by the frequent passage of well appointed carriages, and of fair and gallant equestrians. Nature has been indeed bountiful of her gifts in these parts; and, in the case of the College, Art has stepped in with admirable effect to give expression to nature.

No wonder, then, that for generations the Hill has been famed for its beauty. Poetry has yet to depict the great Charta drama that was here enacted so firmly and so quietly; but Sir John Denham—"majestic Denham" as Pope called him—penned a graceful tribute to the beauties of the Hill so long ago as 1643, and his ode has survived to remind successive generations that the just appreciation of the beautiful in Nature is no mere modern accomplishment. Denham thus referred to Windsor:—

> . . . . . "(where Mars with Venus dwells
> Beauty with strength) above the valley swells.
> Such seem thy gentle height, made only proud—
> To be the basis of that pompous load,
> Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
> But Atlas only which supports the spheres."

He described the Thames as being a fit model for the formation of human character:—

> "Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full"

And he expressed his opinion that this

> —"noble stream should visit Jove's abodes,
> To shine among the Stars and bathe the Gods."

Denham, when the Revolution broke out, succeeded in carrying the young Duke of York from captivity to France and safety, for which loyal and gallant act his estates were confiscated, and himself outlawed by Cromwell. He re-

turned with Charles II at the Restoration, and did not experience in as large a degree as many others, the base ingratitude of that Sardanapalian monarch; but the Duke of York repaid his services by constituting Lady Denham his chief mistress. At length Sir John died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, which, with a good telescope, can be seen from the Hill that he immortalised in song.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, during two Ascot weeks, occupied the modern mansion which now forms the nucleus of the College, and save for the superior attractions of Sandringham to a sportsman, I cannot understand how the Prince omitted to purchase this property when it was put up to auction shortly before the new Sandringham House was commenced, and immediately after the failure of its then owner, the German speculator who is known as Albert Grant. Within eighteen miles distance of Hyde Park Corner, Cooper's Hill is conveniently near to the metropolis, and to Windsor, and there is no comparison between its picturesqueness and that of Sandringham. The Secretary of State for India fortunately heard of the place, and effected a purchase of it on advantageous terms. The mansion was not adapted for a large educational establishment requiring a number of moderate sized class, and still more small bed rooms; and two large buildings, harmonising in design with that of the house, have been now attached, every provision being made for the convenient accommodation of both professors and students. The Principal, Colonel G. Chesney, author of the *Battle of Dorking* and the *New Reformer*, occupies a charming suite of rooms in the house, and the unmarried professors mostly live in the new buildings; but a row of particularly nice houses has been built a quarter of a mile away from the College, but within the College grounds, for the use of some of the married professors. The conversion of the house and estate from the seat of a wealthy private gentleman to that of a great educational

institution, has been carried out in a complete manner, without any sacrifice of the attractions of the locality; and the students, if doomed within doors to the hardest of head work, are happy in being permitted to live during their course of study under conditions highly favorable to the development of a love for nature, for England, and for art in the way of sketching. Many perhaps of these students were born and educated in prosaic localities, and all are destined to take a long turn of duty in dull Indian stations, so their residence of two and a quarter years in this College can hardly fail to enrich them among other things with affectionate reminiscences that may often cheer them in their daily toil in the East. If anything, the locality is rather too beautiful for the purpose, since I apprehend that its beauty, which takes one by storm at first sight, and grows upon acquaintance, is calculated to sharpen the perception of the deficiencies of the aspect of the plains of India.

The College is designed to supersede the Civil Engineering Colleges in India, so far as the education of European officers is concerned. The chief of the Indian Colleges is that at Roorkee, in the North-West Provinces, which was founded in 1847, for the instruction of Europeans, Eurasians and Natives, and has now nearly two hundred students. Then there is a College at Calcutta with one hundred and sixteen students; one at Madras with one hundred and thirty; and one at Poona with one hundred and seventy students; so that, at the present time, upwards of six hundred persons in India are being systematically instructed in civil engineering. The Cooper's Hill College was established three years ago. Fifty students who entered by competition, have been admitted each year; and the first batch, or the first year's men, have spent this year with a civil or mechanical engineer, or partly with each, and such as pass the final examination will leave for India this autumn. Then the second year's batch will leave the College, and work for nine months under an

engineer, and their place here will be taken by a fresh batch. As a rule, then, the student has to pass twenty-four months (not including holidays) in College, nine months with a practical engineer in hard head and even manual labour, and wind up with three months of final examination at the College. All British-born subjects between the ages of seventeen and twenty years are eligible to compete for admission. The fees amount to £150 per annum, of which the payment of £60 may, under certain conditions, be deferred, and be deducted from the student's salary during the first three years after his admission to the service. These fees include all charges for tuition, board (excluding wine and beer,) lodging and washing, but not medical attendance, class books, or drawing instruments. During the nine months spent with an engineer in practical work, an allowance of five shillings a day is paid each student in lieu of board and lodging, in addition to such fee as the Secretary of State pays the engineers for taking care of and instructing them. And on passing their final examination they are provided with a free passage to India, and are appointed Assistant Engineers, Second Grade, with a salary of Rs. 350 per mensem.

The following is the present staff of the College :—

President.—Lieut.-Colonel G. Chesney, R. E.
Professor of Construction.—Callcott Reilly, Esq., Mem. Inst. C. E.
Professor of Hydraulic Engineering.—W. C. Unwin, Esq., Bac. Sc.
Professor of Mathematics.—Rev. J. Wolstenholme, M. A.
Professor of Applied Mathematics—A. G. Greenhill, Esq., M. A.
Professor of Surveying.—Major W. H. Edgcome, R. E.
Professor of Experimental Science.—Herbert McLeod, Esq.
Instructor in Surveying.—Major E. H. Courtney, R. E.
Instructor in Geometrical Drawing.—Lieut. G. S. Clarke, R. E.
Instructor in Architectural Drawing.—T. H. Eagles, Esq., B. A.
Instructor in Freehand Drawing.—S. T. G. Evans, Esq.
Lecturer in Hindustani and Indian History.—Cotton Mather, Esq.
Lecturer in Geology & Mineralogy.—P. M. Duncan, Esq., M.A.F.R.S.
Bursar.—J. P. Pasco, Esq., R. N., Retired.
Secretary.—J. Ball, Esq., late Capt. 99th Regt.

Colonel Chesney (the "Indian Chesney" as he is called at home, to distinguish him from his two brothers who are also Colonels R. E.) is regarded as one of the most rising military men of the day. He has succeeded by rare tact, patience, and judgment, in organising the College on a footing that is favorable to the thorough development of the abilities of the students, and conducive to harmony in the executive. Himself a singularly gifted and studious man, a graphic writer, and a genial chief, he is surrounded by colleagues who are imbued with his own high sense of duty, and with much of his own cordial sympathy with the students. The internal administration of the College is based on the belief that if you want to train men to be gentlemen, you must treat and trust them as gentlemen. Hence the students enjoy as great liberty in many respects as do men at the University. They have their billiard room, their boats, their gymnasium, and their playing-field; and it is their proud boast that they have up to date, in many battles, conquered all comers at foot-ball. Two-thirds of them hail from our great public schools, and have imparted the good tone of those institutions to this youngest of Colleges. They are compelled to work very hard; but should they need any other distraction than that so abundantly afforded by manly games and rural excursions, they can participate in the liberal hospitality of the wealthy residents of the neighbourhood, who, at the outset, regarded the College askance as the probable haunt of a lot of idle young men, but have now learnt to view it as a decided social gain to the neighbourhood.

The obligatory studies are pure and applied mathematics, the mechanics of engineering, the theory and practice of construction, the elementary principles of architectural design, surveying, mechanical, drawing, descriptive geometry, chemistry, physics, geology, accounts, Hindustani, Indian history and geography, not to speak of the optional study of higher mathematics, natural science, architecture, &c. The

syllabus of the course of study is before me, and as I turn over its seventy-four pages, I am awe-struck by the evidence they afford of the extent and variety of the knowledge that is necessary to enable a student to pass the final tests; and I see at a glance that no man of ordinary intelligence and average application could succeed.

Cooper's Hill will revolutionise the Department of Public Works in India. Whether the thoroughly trained specialists who, by fifty a year, are to be sent out, will at first work quite harmoniously with the self-taught, or untaught officers in authority over them, remains to be seen; but the Department has done itself honor by establishing an Endowment Fund for the College which furnishes at present seven annual scholarships, or prizes, of from £30 to £50. They will be but human, if some of the present D. P. W. officers should at the first regard their new subordinates with a little jealousy, since the latter must undertake their duties charged with practical and theoretical knowledge which it has not been in the power of their seniors to obtain; but any feeling of this sort should eventually yield to a laudable desire on the part of those seniors to avail themselves more freely than they may have hitherto done, of every opportunity afforded by furlough to Europe of bringing themselves abreast of the age; and the result must be that the "Department of Public Wastefulness," will be numbered by the historian among the graphic epithets in use during a past epoch of thriftless, unscientific, hand-to-mouth administration in India.

LETTER XXVI.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

CIRENCESTER, *15th October* 1873.

I HAVE been spending some exceedingly pleasant days in the Royal Agricultural College of Cirencester, noting many things, and attending lectures on a variety of subjects. I am not by any means the first Anglo-Indian who has found his way hither, for several officers of the Indian Army have from time to time spent their furlough here with a view to qualifying themselves for forest, agricultural, and kindred appointments in India. Colonel Crawford, the originator of the Tasmanian (Castra) land scheme, after he had retired from the service, and after he had been promoted to the dignity of a grandsire, took a house for two years in this town, and attended the College as an out-student during that period; and several middle-aged gentlemen are now similarly engaged in obtaining instruction in scientific and practical agriculture. But the eighty students in the College are men whose ages range from about eighteen to twenty-three, and two-thirds of them hail from Eton, Harrow, Cheltenham, Rugby and other public schools.

The College is situated within a few hundred yards of the wall of Oakley Park, the princely domain of the Earl Bathurst, and is about a mile and a quarter from the old market town of Cirencester. It stands within the limits of a farm of five hundred acres belonging to the Earl, which is let to the present tenant on this among other conditions, that he affords the students all reasonable facilities for the daily study of the processes of agriculture, and the rearing of stock. The farm is

divided into twenty fields, and as the soils are by no means uniform, but include clays, marls, limestones, and brash, it affords, in a comparatively small compass, abundant means for an intelligent student to observe the variations to which his attention is directed in the class room. Thirty acres are devoted to experimental work. The students are required to keep a daily record of everything that they note on the farm, and they are told off in small batches to take charge of cattle, to accompany the carter, sheep-shearer, pig-man, shepherd, cow-herd, &c. There are nearly three hundred pure Cotswold sheep, upwards of a dozen milch cows, and a large colony of prize pigs, besides horses not a few, for the students to become acquainted with, and a Professor of Agriculture (himself a former student in the College) makes one or more voyages of discovery round the farm each day.

Yesterday, for example, this gentleman conducted his senior class to a field that is being planted with cabbages; and he then proceeded to ask such questions as these: "Mr. Brown, will you tell me how many acres there are in this field?" "Mr. Smith, do you remember what crop was raised here the year before last?" "Mr. Jones, what is the distance between the furrows, and between the cabbages?" "Mr Robinson, how many furrows should there be in this field?" "Mr. Taylor, what is the distance between the cabbages?" "Mr. James, how many cabbages should be planted?" "Mr. Green, when will they be ready?" "Mr. White, what crop will follow the cabbages?" Thus, the Professor made the students call to mind what crops had been recently raised, and what crops might be expected for three or four years to come. He then showed by experiment the proper way of planting a cabbage which is not quite as easy a process as most of the students at first imagined. Subsequently, he led the way to another field which had just been ploughed by steam agency, and here he asked a variety of questions bearing on ploughing, soils, grasses, weeds, &c.,

and communicated conversationally a great deal of practical information in correction or corroboration of the answers that he received from the students. He must be a dull youth indeed who does not by demonstration of this sort succeed in picking up a considerable amount of farming experience.

The instruction within doors is necessarily to a great extent theoretical. Chemistry, chemical manipulation, and analysis are taught in a large and well-furnished laboratory; veterinary surgery both in a class room by lectures, and in a hospital for cattle on the farm; and natural history, mathematics and surveying, architectural and mechanical drawing, geology, botany, carpentry and smith's work, are other subjects of daily study. The whole scheme of education is designed to make a man think accurately; and the marvel is that in such a country as England, the students do not number many-fold their present strength. The charges are low as compared with those made at most large schools of the period, they being £125 a year for in-students, and £50 a year for out-students, the cost of books not being included; so that £150 to £160 a year should cover all expenses, including holidays, clothing, and pocket-money. The students who are mostly in that awkward period of life between youth and manhood, are invariably treated with the consideration due to men and gentlemen. Work is not compulsory, but chronic idleness is visited with expulsion; and both Principal and Professors are unsparing in their efforts to instil a high moral and business-like tone into those whom they instruct. Some of the students lie fallow during the whole of the two years' course; others do so during the first year, and then reward their teachers for their trouble; and a good percentage having brought habits of persevering study with them, work with a will, and eventually carry off the College diploma which is beginning to be regarded by large land-owners as an essential test of qualification in

land-agents. About twelve diplomaed graduates leave the College every year, and go out into the world to leaven it with a practical knowledge of which its inhabitants usually stand in lamentable need, if they were only conscious of the fact. One of these gentlemen, Mr. W. R. Robertson, who graduated in 1863, is now the Superintendent of the Government Farm, Madras; another is Secretary of Agriculture in the Colony of Victoria; and others have obtained excellent appointments nearer home. The systematic study of agriculture has yet to be commenced in India; but it is gratifying to know that the example of the Madras Government has set the Government of India a-thinking of the desirability of reconstituting the Department of Agriculture on an intelligent basis, with Professors in the Presidency Colleges, and subordinate officers who have been trained at Cirencester.

This College was established in 1842, mainly through the eloquent advocacy of a Mr. Robert Jeffries Brown, and the cordial co-operation of Earl Ducie, Earl Bathurst, Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, Mr. Edward Holland, and other prominent land-owners in this county. In March 1845 the institution was incorporated by Royal Charter, but its progress was for many years slow, and about 1850 the promoters were compelled, in order to save it from ruin, to subscribe £30,000 for the payment of the debts it had contracted, and the provision of the wherewithal to carry it on. Matters improved however but slowly, and the College did not take its proper position in the country until the wise management of the present Principal, the Revd. John Constable, M. A., (who had ben appointed in 1859,) began to tell, and since then it has gone on prospering, and now it is as full as its accommodation for students allows it to be. The buildings include a chapel, dining-hall, library, museum, lecture-theatre, class rooms, laboratories, dormitories, private studies, apartments for professors, and a wing reserved for the use of the Principal. The work commences at 7 A. M., with book-

keeping, to which follows service in the Chapel at ¼ to 8, breakfast at 8, lectures from 9 to 11, museum 11 to 12, dinner at 1, classes from 2 to 4, tea at 6, lights out at 11 P. M. There is a half-holiday on Wednesday and Saturday, the first half of the latter day being occupied in examinations of the students in the work of the week. The subjects discussed include such as the following: classification of soils, chemical differences, sewage, tests for and properties of turpentine, carbolic acid, paraffin, the distinguishing features of fresh river and sea water, the number of horses and labourers required upon farms, reduction effected by steam tillage, the characteristics of cattle and sheep, the management of stock, cropping and rotation in various counties, methods of hay-making, the quantity of seed to be sown per acre, plans of draining, the action of manures, balance sheets of a farm, the functions of the organs of a plant, the cause of the richness of some and the poverty of other soils, the geological structure of parts of England, drugs used in the treatment of animals, the characteristics of various drugs, post-mortem appearances in animals, hereditary diseases, the anatomy of animals, mechanics, the surveying of fields, the mensuration of estates, the designing of farm buildings and farm machines, influence of climate and weather on animals, management of young animals, &c. The student is thus afforded the opportunity of acquainting himself theoretically and practically with all questions relating to manures, breeding, implements, preparation and selection of land, the intimate connection between agriculture and chemistry, and the value of accurate acounts; and he associates during the two years that he may remain here with gentlemen who have mostly brought the good tone of public schools, and a love for manly sports with them. The discipline maintained is firm and considerate, and the neighbourhood of the place is so picturesque, especially in the vicinity of the Stroud valley, that student life here cannot be otherwise than enjoyable.

The outstudents live in the town and walk in daily to attend such lectures as they may fancy, and they are required to submit to examination at the end of each week. The town is a cheerful one, very well supplied, and conveniently near to Cheltenham, Bath, and Bristol. It boasts of a noble church, dating from the 13th century, but for the most part built in Henry the Seventh's reign, which has recently been enriched by Sir Cecil Beadon (who lived here two years after his return from Bengal), with a large stained-glass window in one of the naves. Lord Bathurst's park is locally reported to be the largest in the kingdom, and as it is admirably wooded, boasts an endless number and variety of prospects, and is usually as free to the public as it is to the bachelor owner thereof, it constitutes not the least of the many attractions of the neighbourhood. There is a good deal of hunting to be obtained hereabouts, and one good introduction is sufficient to secure the *entrèe* into a large and hospitable section of county society. So Indian officials who are about to take furlough, and are anxious to post themselves up in agricultural matters while living in a manner conformable with rural tastes, will do well to have a look at Cirencester before resolving to follow the crowd of Anglo-Indians, past and present, to Cheltenham, Bath, Bayswater, or Brighton. Happy is that man's lot who finds something pleasant to do, when out of harness, really worth the doing.

LETTER XXVII.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

CHELTENHAM, *October* 1873.

IF indeed there be an Anglo-India in England, "it is here, it is here," that it may be found. Move where you may, the picturesque town and its lovely neighbourhood abound with past, present, and future Anglo-Indians. In the Ladies' College, where there are 220 students, two-thirds of the whole number are, I learn on the best authority, connected with India. In the Boys' College, the proportion is also large; and the numerous preparatory schools are strongly induced to take a lively interest in the "gorgeous East." Only this moment I chanced to take up from a table in the coffee-room of the "Plough," the *Cheltenham Free Press* of to-day's date, and the first thing that caught my eye was a long extract from the *Madras Mail*, with reference to the late Moplah outbreak in Malabar, with a local editorial note stating that a "Cheltonian well known to many of our readers," had been chiefly instrumental in suppressing it. And five minutes ago, there was a knot of officers standing on the hearth-rug yonder, discussing India from the stand-point of personal experience. Sir William Burton, an ex-Chief Justice, Mr. Edward Maltby, an ex-Provisional Governor, Mr. Thomas Prendergast, an ex-Civil Servant of high standing, and many other well known Madrassées, have made this their home, and found in the genial and good society, and the physical and educational advantages of the town, much to cause them to congratulate themselves on their choice. George the Third may be credited with the discovery of the excellence of the air and chalybeate waters, and though the

latter have fallen out of fashion, or been eclipsed by the spas of Germany, Buxton, &c., the air is as healthful as ever it was; and the drainage and water supply are immense improvements on what existed when Royalty last honoured the town with its presence, and the educational institutions that have started up of late years have handsomely compensated the town for the deprivation of the countenance of the Sovereign, which once beamed with such good pecuniary purpose upon it.

The Grammar School founded by the Recorder of Gloucester three hundred years ago, is the oldest institution in the place; but its fame has been eclipsed by that of the College proper, which was founded so recently as 1841 for "the education of the sons of gentlemen," nominated by Proprietors, who subscribed the requisite capital for the purchase of the ground, and the erection, as required, of suitable buildings. The site chosen is nearly a mile from the High Street. At the time the College was founded, this part of the ground outlying the town had not attracted the notice of builders. But it is now surrounded by quite a town of handsome houses, the chief of which are the large boarding-houses built under the supervision of the Council for the accommodation of the boys. The locality is lively, high, and dry: and it is pervaded by an air of well-to-doishness suggestive of the presence of those enviable gentry who "live at home at ease." The Cotswold hills are a couple of miles distant, the intervening space being occupied by mansions standing in their own beautiful grounds, or fields rich in pasturage and timber. A stiff climb up to the crest of these hills is rewarded by the command there of a beautiful landscape, and bracing air. The town is now seen to be resting in the bottom of a basin, which may probably at one time have been covered by the sea up to the foot of the range of hills that bound it on nearly all sides; and

one can understand that the presence of this picturesque barrier is accountable for the protection of the place from the raw north and east winds that are the bane of existence in the greater part of the United Kingdom at some periods of the year.

The College buildings are externally more interesting than picturesque. The frontage is marked by a square crenulated tower in the centre, immediately above the chief entrance; two gable-ended wings with oriel windows; and on each side of these a long range of square windows and crenulated walls. Entering at the central door, the school room of the Classical Department is on the right, and that of the Modern and Military Departments on the left hand. These two school-rooms are of handsome proportions. The walls are lofty, with an oaken wainscot rising to a height of ten feet from the floor, and tall wide windows above. The flat ceiling is divided by small oak beams into squares, the whole being supported by light oak brackets. At the end of each room, immediately before a fine oriel window, and also in the middle of one of the sides of the room, there is a small dais, on which, under a carved oak canopy, is a chair for a master; and there are other chairs elsewhere for the junior masters. The desks for the boys, in sets of three or four, are ranged systematically at convenient intervals about the room. The walls are nearly covered with boards recording distinctions gained by Old Cheltonians, and so numerous have been the honors obtained, and so large the letters employed in inscribing them, that this method of decoration will have ere long to be discontinued for want of room, unless the ceiling is utilised, or the old boards repainted, and the names re-entered in smaller characters. In a centrical part of each room is a shield with the Royal crown above, and a model in relief of the Victoria Cross, pendent from a ribbon. The shield in the Classical Room bears the name of W. F. McDonnell, who gained the cross at Arrah in 1857; and that in the Modern

room has the names of Andrew Cathcart Boyle, 78th Highlanders (Oudh) 1857; and Duncan George Boyes, R. N. "Euryalus" (Japan) 1864. A small board is devoted to recording that W. F. McDonnell, the V. C. above mentioned, Mr. G. W. Cunliffe, and Mr. J. W. S. Wylle were "highly distinguished" at Haileybury; and from other boards I learnt that the following Competition Wallahs of the Indian Civil Service hailed from this College :—

J. Morgan	1858	T. C. Hudlestone	1864
S. E. Makgill	1859	C. H. Vowell	1864
S. E. Richard	1859	E. C. Johnson	1865
T. Smith	1860	A. E. Gambier	1866
P. W. Tibbs	1860	F. Baker	1867
S. M. Currie	1860	F. H. Barrow	1867
W. W. G. Cornell	1860	E. S Bullock	1868
F. Brandt	1861	L. C. Abbott	1868
J. K. Spence	1861	H. T. Ommaney	1868
S. E. Porter	1861	T. W. Holderness	1869
J. C. Graves	1861	E. M. Money	1869
W. N. Verner	1861	T. W. Holderness	1870
F. R. H. Sharp	1861	R. Obbard	1871
W. H. Comyn	1861	H. A. D. Phillips	1872
S. S. Thorburn	1863	C. M. W. Brett	1872
S. K. Chamberlain	1863	W. F. W. Wells	1873
F. W. Porter	1864	A. H. J. Martindale	1873
E. D Candy	1864	J. D. Rees	1873
T. D. Mackenzie	1864	J. H. A. Tremenhere	1873
J. K. Spence	1864		

Several of these gentlemen succeeded also in obtaining University Honors, of which notice is taken elsewhere on the walls of the College. In one instance, a Mr. Spence, competed successfully for the Indian Civil Service after having competed successfully for Woolwich. And Mr. Holderness, who passed the Indian Civil Service tests in 1869, and was nominated for an appointment, resigned, and went to the University, but repenting of his resolution not to make India his field of labour competed a second time in 1870, and again passed. At the examination this year, several Cheltonians went up direct from the College, and four passed without the intervention of that strange anomaly—a "crammer." Their success has stimulated other youths to "go in" for the "Indian Civil."

Behind the Classical school-room, is one that is used exclusively for the junior boys; and contiguous to the Modern room is a well furnished laboratory which leads into a museum, almost too full of exhibits, presented by old boys, or the parents of present boys. In addition to these rooms there are several small class rooms. The chapel is reached by a covered passage, between two fives-courts, as well as by a door from the play-ground. This large building is chiefly remarkable for its liberal display of stained glass, including a large window over the communion table, presented by the late Revd. Mr. Dobson, a former Principal; a large window opposite to it, which was given by an "old boy," the late Mr. Michael Scott of Bombay; and sixteen side windows, some in memory of Cheltonians who fell in the Crimea, and others of those who died in the India Mutiny. The names of these lamented gentlemen are inscribed upon tablets, on each side of, and corresponding in style with what may pass for the reredos. The following are the "old boys" who perished in India during the Mutiny:—

C. Mainwaring	... Ben. C. S.	E. Walker	... Ben. En.
F. J. Cunliffe	... „ A.	R. H. Pomeroy	... „ C. S.
J. Dalzell	... 93rd High.	A. Grant	... „ N. I.
C. E. Lewis	... Ben. H.A.	E. Jones	... „ En.
C. M. Farquhason..	„ N. I.	A. Murray	... „ N. I.
G. W. Rutherford..	„ N. I.	N. Martin	... „ C. S.
C. A. Robertson ...	„ N. I.	C. Balline	... „ N. I.
W. W. Pitt	... „ N. I.	E. Salwey	... „ H.A.
C. Cunliffe	... „ C. S.		

There is a marble tablet to the memory of Mr. Dobson on the left hand of the small door, leading from the College into the chapel; and a corresponding tablet on the right hand to the memory of Mr. J. W. S. Wyllie, C. S. I., the gifted young Bengal Civilian, who after giving promise of a brilliant future, resigned the Indian service, as a preliminary to contesting Hereford, and died, greatly regretted, shortly after he had been unseated on petition. The tablet bears a striking medallion portrait in white marble of this

"old boy," and the opposite tablet has a similar reminiscence of the old master, to whose honor also a fine full-length portrait in oils has been put up in the Classical school-room. The Modern Department room is graced with a corresponding portrait in oil of the Revd. J. A. Southwood, the present Head Master of this division of the school.

The school is officered by the Revd. T. W. Jex-Blake, the Principal, a Head Master of the Military, another of the Junior Department, and nearly forty Assistant Masters. Mr. Jex-Blake, a Rugbeian, after obtaining a Fellowship at Queen's College, Oxford, proceeded to Marlborough as an Assistant to Dr., afterwards Bishop Cotton, and remained there until Dr. Temple was appointed to Rugby, when he returned to his old school as a Master, and obtained such distinction that he was, five years ago, when about thirty six years of age, elected Principal of Cheltenham. He is an intense Rugbeian, a ripe classic, and a judicious disciplinarian, and, moreover, a gentleman of handsome presence, firm will, untiring energy, and active habits. He takes no boarders, but devotes himself entirely to promoting the intellectual and moral welfare of the whole school. He does not now play cricket or football, but there is no mistaking his muscular capacity to do honor to his training in those grand games, and the physical education of his boys is consequently a subject dear to his heart. There is a large gymnasium in the play-ground, wherein all the boys are systematically drilled in athletics by Captain Hodgson, (late of H. M.'s 44th Regiment), assisted by a retired non-commissioned officer. And it did one's heart good, after seeing how thoroughly and how kindly the boys were put through their gymnastic facings, to go out into the play-ground and watch the football players, till one felt tempted to throw oneself into the goodly fight. A vigorous game was on between Old and Present Cheltonians, and nothing could exceed the admirable "form" of all parties. Many a beaming youth,

rushing away with the ball, intent on covering himself with glory by reaching the goal, was hurled ignominiously by an outstretched foot, when least expected, to measure his length and breadth on the sward; but not an angry look, much less an angry word, marred the harmony of this game of games, which nor Gaul nor Teuton plays. Middle age has its own pleasures; but as it is depressing to be reminded that one has done with football, I willingly change the subject.

There are now 680 boys in the College, or in the large proportion of one master to seventeen boys. It is divided into the Classical, the Modern (or Military and Civil) and Junior Departments. In the Classical Department boys are prepared for the Universities, its upper division being under the immediate charge of the Principal. There is a special preparation for the Indian Civil Service, under Mr. George Nutt, Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Exeter College, Oxford: and in some classes Latin can be learnt without Greek. In the Modern Department boys are prepared for the Army, the Home Civil Service, and for mercantile life. The Junior Department is devoted to preparing young boys for admission to the other two Departments, a work that was formerly done in preparatory schools, in the town or elsewhere, unconnected with, and unrecognised by the College.

The capital of the College is represented by 650 transferable shares, each carrying the right of nominating one pupil, such pupil however to be approved by the Council. The present value of the shares is about £60 each; but parents are also permitted to qualify by paying a rental of £6 per annum in addition to the College fees, which vary from £17 11*s.* to £31 12*s.* per annum, according to the boy's position in the school. Drawing and Physical Science are each £4-4 extra; £1 is charged to each boarder for a seat in chapel; and books, instruments, and stationery have to be paid for. There is one boarding-house for the junior boys, and eight for the seniors, all of which are under the supervision of the Council, by whom they

are licensed, and to whom the gentlemen carrying them on are immediately responsible. Eight of the Masters of the College are in this way empowered to receive a small number of boarders. Two-thirds of the school are boarded, and the rest live with their relatives, or guardians, in the town. The charge for boarding (exclusive of College fees) is £52-10 for senior, and £47-5 for junior boys, including everything but medical attendance, tradesmen's bills for clothing, and pocket-money paid by order of parents.

Morning school is from ¼ to 9 until ½ past 12 every day, afternoon from ½ past 2 until 5 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the other three days being half holidays. (Think of this, ye oldsters, who had but one half-holiday a week!) The vacations extend to fourteen and a half-weeks in the year. The theory in giving such comparatively long daily and holiday rest, is that you can put greater pressure on a boy, and get more work out of him, by a reasonably short than by a protracted strain on his attention; and that the physical education upon which the intellectual mainly depends, cannot be properly encouraged if it is almost "all work and no play." Cheltenham has already supplied India with some excellent examples of the system in vogue; and I have been particularly struck on the spot by the robust and well-bred appearance of the great majority of the present boys. The College caps, with their magenta tassels, are met everywhere; and, as a rule, the wearers are joyous fellows who do justice to the *rôle* of Young England, and speak well for, and of the great school that is placing them under life-long obligations that none of them should e'er forget.

LETTER XXVIII.

A GIRLS' SCHOOL OF THE PERIOD.

CHELTENHAM, 20*th October* 1873.

IN most of the English towns which are best known in connection with the large public schools for boys in their midst, there is a lamentable want of educational opportunities for the rising generation of the fair sex; and one is prompted to ask the reason of so little being done to elevate the mental standard of women in localities brimming over, it may be supposed, with educationists. If a high class education be deemed by the age requisite for those whose lot it will eventually be to recruit the commissioned ranks of the church, army, navy, literature, science, and art, something superior to hap-hazard instruction should be placed within reach of those whose mission it may be to become the mothers of similarly invaluable members of society. Progress, however, in this direction is slow, though the need of it is emphatically admitted by all people who give the matter a thought. In possessing, therefore, in addition to the College for boys, a College worthy of the name for girls, Cheltenham is one of the most fortunate towns in England. At the same time it is one of the foremost in affording practical illustration of what experience, decision, and patience, allied with sympathy and honesty of purpose may do towards elevating the mental calibre of the fair sex.

The Ladies' College at Cheltenham was established in 1854 by a body of proprietors, or shareholders, who were incited to the good work by the eminent success of the creation in a similar manner of the College for boys. The capital was fixed at the modest sum of £2,000, but it

has been since increased, and is now divided among a hundred and fifty shareholders. The terms were at first fixed at a low rate, and they attracted a hundred pupils; but the financial result being soon found to be alarming, the tariff was raised, till it now stands at an average of £18 18s. per annum, music, singing, dancing, and drawing being extra. There are at this time two hundred and twenty pupils, and were there more room available, a yet larger number could be obtained, so the names of new pupils have to be entered on the books six or more months previous to admission. The Council endeavour to keep to the intention of the founders who established the school for the "purpose of providing for the daughters of gentlemen, a sound and religious education, of the highest order and on moderate terms;" and with a view to this end, they require proof that the parents are gentlefolk. The demand for admission is so great that they can now venture to run the risk of making enemies by declining to take girls whose fathers can only by a polite fiction of speech be called gentlemen; and they are more than rewarded by observing the increasing interest manifested by the upper classes in the welfare of the school. There are a few girls who are daughters of peers or baronets; but, as a rule, the pupils belong to the great middle class of English society. Of the four hundred and fifty last entries, ninety per cent. are the daughters of military and naval officers, members of the Indian Civil Service, clergymen, barristers, doctors, lawyers, and private gentlemen; and the remaining ten per cent. are the daughters of manufacturers, merchants, architects, engineers, &c. The candidate being proposed by the nominating proprietor, and recommended by two referees to character, &c., is elected by ballot; and in event of a pupil proving unsatisfactory after admission, the Council reserve to themselves the right of requiring her immediate withdrawal, with or without any reason being assigned by them for so doing. They do not hesitate to exert this power in

cases of persistent idleness or insubordination, for they argue that it would be unjust to the teachers to require them to waste their time upon idle or refractory pupils, and prejudicial to the tone of the institution. Vacancies thus caused, can be filled up at the shortest notice, so the Council can dare to be in earnest; and parents and pupils, stimulated by the instinct of self-preservation, comply with their requirements as being calculated to promote the well-being of all parties concerned.

Draconian rules and regulations, awe-inspiring frowns, stern rebukes, and severe and frequent punishment are held to be unnecessary in the training of girls of good breeding, about whose character satisfactory evidence is possessed, and from among whom idle and insubordinate spirits have been eliminated. When lessons are imperfectly learned, the culprit is not set an additional lesson by way of punishment, but is required to attend school in play-time, and master the original task—or perish in the attempt! If confidence is forfeited, time is given for repentance and amendment, and "if she does not yield to the influences brought to bear upon her,—if her example or conversation is injurious to others—she must leave." There is no public expulsion; the other girls are not informed of the disaster that has befallen the delinquent; but she "must leave;" and her name having been removed from the school list, she proceeds to her home, and, so far as the school is concerned, to oblivion.

The teachers study to cultivate a good understanding with their pupils, and the girls usually respond to their efforts with the demonstrative warmth of feminine youth. As almost everything depends upon the teachers, no pains are spared to enlist the services of the best available, and to retain them by the attraction of liberal salaries and considerate treatment. There are also some masters for special subjects. For example, Dr. Wright teaches science; the Rev. J. W. Webb, natural philosophy; Mr.

Montagnon, history; Monsieur Gomez, French; Mr. Domenico Barnett, the piano; Mr. John Barnett, singing; and Mr. Warren, water-color drawing; but the Council hold that the moral training of girls should be mainly entrusted to ladies, for "women," to quote Miss Sewell, "can deal with women as men never can, since they know the material on which they have to operate; they can give girls sympathy with safety, and sympathy is the great instrument of influence with all young people." The dignity of the governess's office in this school is not therefore compromised by the presence of a body of gentlemen who have to be watched like so many tigers, lest they should presume to exhibit the least personal interest in individual pupils. Twenty years ago, lady teachers of proved attainments were not numerous, but there are now several fields for their production, and this College is furnishing a large quota to the available female tutors of the land. The teachers are not permitted to forget that sympathy between teacher and pupil is of the highest value, and, to quote Miss Beale, the Principal, that "impatience and rudeness are not only morally wrong, but they divert a child's attention and prevent her from understanding." The pupils are assisted when necessary; but, unlike boys at Eton, they are urged to be self-dependent in doing their work, to think out things for themselves, and to seek the approbation of their own consciences rather than that of their teachers. "We regard," says their amiable, firm, and accomplished Principal, "the education of these children as worthy the best efforts of our minds, and not as mere routine work."

For many years the Ladies' College had for its local habitat, a large but inconvenient house in a somewhat remote part of the town; but the desirability of special accommodation being placed beyond question, one of the proprietors, in a public-spirited manner, advanced the large sum of money that was necessary, in addition to the accu-

mulation of profits on the working of the school, to purchase a suitable plot of land in a centrical situation, and to erect thereon the requisite school buildings. And a few months since, the institution made its grand move to an edifice whose architectural proportions put the boys' College to the blush. The principal hall is eighty feet long, by thirty wide, with a height to the centre of the roof of forty feet, and is abundantly lit by large Gothic windows. The desks for the students are methodically arranged, with conveniences of a novel kind supplementing the accommodation in a boys' school. And the scene when these desks are occupied, not by rough school boys, but by rows of charming young ladies, wearing their hair either streaming down their backs, or coiled wondrously on their well set heads, is as beautiful as it is novel, and a shade embarrassing. An air of earnestness of purpose pervades the place, alike among scholars and teachers; and it is pleasant to notice that though the work is certainly heavy, most of the girls have the appearance of being in robust health. And when school was over, there is no doubt about the cheerfulness of all.

There are five large class-rooms opening out of the hall, appropriated respectively to the study of drawing and painting, natural science, practical chemistry, the laws of health, and calisthenics; and on an upper storey there are rooms for lessons in music, singing, and dancing, with floors covered with felt to deaden sound. In the upper classes, the teaching is chiefly by lectures, the pupils taking notes, and submitting to frequent written examinations; but in the lower forms the tests are verbal. Each class numbers from twenty-five to thirty pupils, and is placed under the charge of two teachers, a senior and a junior, under the general supervision of Miss Beale. Great quietness is invariably insisted upon, for, remarks that shrewd lady, "surely one thing that women should learn is to keep silence, when they feel inclined to speak," and it is "neces-

sary for the community, as there are sometimes nine classes going on at once." The Council beg parents to co-operate with them in their hostility to gossip, by carrying out the spirit of the school regulations out of school hours.

A large number of the girls board with ladies approved by the Council (one being the widow of a distinguished officer who perished in the Indian Mutiny); and of these a few—mostly the daughters of people now in India—usually accompany the lady in charge of them to the sea-side in the summer holidays. The houses are within a quarter of a mile of the College, and the girls walk over in the morning as required. The studies, if properly prepared, do not render it necessary for them to attend in the afternoons. The boarders mess with the lady who has charge of them. This lady is never allowed to be a mistress in the school, since it is held, that it would be impossible for any one to do herself credit, and act fairly by her pupils and boarders in both capacities. The sitting-rooms are elegantly furnished, and the bed-rooms are bright, neat, and comfortable, untidiness being treated as a breach of discipline. In one of the houses such pupils as desire it are instructed in riding by a professor, and accompany their lady guardian in long rides to the outlying country, attended by a groom. Almost every room in each house, bed rooms and even bath rooms included, possesses a piano, and as the houses are mansions with many rooms, the jingle, when the girls are practising from basement to roof, is not perhaps calculated to "soothe the savage breast." At other times, there is little noise, for the girls are not allowed to speak in their bed and dressing rooms without express permission. "To those unacquainted with our system," says Miss Beale, "this rule may seem absurdly strict, and I had at first doubts of its expediency, but I have found it valuable. Our hours are short, and the pupils are almost constantly occupied, so that the rule does not press heavily; and it is almost neccessary for the

general discipline, and is a means of teaching self-restraint." The charge for boarders, inclusive of College fees, laundress, and all extras but music, dancing, drawing, medical attendance, clothing, and holidays, ranges from £70 to £82 in two houses, according to age, and from £90 to £100 in the third house, which is more home-like in some respects.

In 1869 the University of London commenced to examine female candidates for University honors, and up to date 46 ladies have passed the prescribed tests, of whom 17 were educated at this College, and of these 17 five took the highest honors available. Five of the former students have obtained similar distinctions at Cambridge, and two have been specially honored at Oxford. The examination last Midsummer, which was conducted by several eminent gentleman-educationists, showed that in scripture the knowledge is "far above the average;" in history it is "in the highest degree satisfactory;" in literature it is "of unusual merit;" in geology it is "very creditable;" in geometry it is "thorough;" and in foreign languages it is "highly satisfactory," showing a "high state of efficiency." In arithmetic, on the other hand, "the work was below the average," and this is explained by advertence to the "extreme ignorance shown by nearly all new pupils." The success in languages is attributed to the fact that pupils are not allowed to begin a second foreign language until they have a fair, and, above all, an accurate knowledge of the accidence of another language, until exact habits of thought have been acquired, and the general principles of grammar have been mastered. Latin is taught when desired as a supplement to, but not in substitution of foreign languages.

As one of the most developed public day-schools for ladies, the College is particularly interesting, and should be seen by those who are loud in their denunciation of such institutions. The bugbear of training girls to become

mannish women is familiar in the mouths of some otherwise intelligent men; and we are told that we have yet to see whether the daughters of Eve incur no penalty by striving as they are now doing after the fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil." On the other hand, there is great weight in the argument of the fair author of a recent pamphlet (Mrs. W. Grey) that "the facilities for classification, companionship in study, healthy public spirit, and a general open-airiness which go with large numbers" place large day-schools for girls at a great advantage over small ones, where there is an enormous waste of teaching power, and a maximum of cost with a minimum of efficiency. And Miss Beale, in a paper read before the Social Science Congress at Norwich on the 3rd instant, argued that in a large school for girls there is more *esprit de corps*, and more of responsibility, than in a small one; that the best qualities are called forth among the elder pupils, and that the influences for good should immensely preponderate. The conventual system has failed; the small private school system has also, by almost universal admission, not succeeded; and a trial on a large scale, under favorable financial and social auspices, of a new system for the mental and moral training of girls of the middle class of English society is now being made in Cheltenham, to which every one who is solicitous for the welfare of "the" sex must heartily wish a happy issue.

LETTER XXIX.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.

BRISTOL, *October* 1873.

THOUGH in the west of England, the district between Cheltenham and Bristol is traversed by that portion of the Midland Railway which brings the great south-western port into direct communication with Birmingham. Bristol has shared to a larger extent than some other great commercial centres in the kingdom in the national prosperity of late years. The reverses that the city experienced in consequence of the ruin of the West India trade were not easily surmounted; and I well remember, how, even so comparatively recently as eighteen years ago, the place seemed in every way too large for the business that it transacted, especially in the neighbourhood of its docks, where, as at Marseilles now-a-days, the facilities for shipping and warehousing were obviously in excess of the current demand. But now the town seems to be too small for its work. The noble docks are full of ships, and the warehouses are choked with produce. Moreover there are marked signs internally of general progress, if not of affluence. There is a particularly fine street connecting the Railway station with the heart of the town which is being graced on each side by almost as handsome buildings as can be found in New London, or New Paris. The liberal use in the ornamentation of facades of the soft white and grey stones of the vicinity, and the charming skill of local sculptors in imparting to the habitats of Banks, Insurance Offices, counting-houses, and retail establishments an artistic elegance to which perhaps scanty justice is done by

the busy throng of passers-by, have conferred architectural attractions of a cultured modern type on Bristol, close to some of the quaintest and most picturesque illustrations on a large and continuous scale of mediæval buildings. It is creditable to those concerned that the older parts of the town, with the carved balconies, windows, doorways, gables, and chimnies, have not been forced to give way to houses of the regulation outlines of the Victorian period; and it is to be hoped that Bristol will for centuries perform in England the kindly office of connecting the practical present with the romantic past that Bruges, Ghent, Rouen, Frankfort and other towns notably do on the Continent.

Unlike Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bradford, and some other great commercial cities in England, Bristol can boast of great antiquity, and even claim to have passed the two thousandth anniversary of its birthday by as much as a quarter of a century. By the ancient Britons it was called Caer Oden; but by the West Saxons Brightstowe, or "bright place." It includes Sebastian Cabot, the navigator, among its many eminent citizens. A city and county in itself, and the seat of a bishopric, its limits now cover fourteen thousand acres, or an area seven miles round, that is transected by the river Avon. It has a population of nearly two hundred thousand persons. It is the seat of leather, timber, and sugar trades, and abounds with ship-yards, glass-works, sugar refineries, breweries, tobacco-mills, tanneries, foundries, cooperages, rope-walks, &c. It supports three daily and three weekly newspapers; and it has sent two members to Parliament since the year 1295. It has incurred an unenviable reputation for its riots, the latest being one that happened during two days of October 1831, in connection with the Reform bill, when the mob burnt the Custom House, Mansion House, Excise Office, Bishop's palace, Bridewell, Jails, and other buildings, occasioned the loss of five hundred lives, and

proved,—did we need proof—that Paris has not a monopoly of the production of ruffians who disgrace not only the civilisation of their age, but also the very name of man.

But it was for the purpose of making the acquaintance of the College at Clifton, rather than of resuming friendly relations with Bristol, that I came here. As the "Montpelier of England," Clifton with its mild temperature, saline breezes, and exquisite scenery, has long enjoyed a high reputation among fashionable invalids. The favorite parts of the suburb are now crowded with elaborately ornamented mansions, standing in small but beautiful grounds, with fine roads graced with avenues on each side. One of the most noticeable objects of attraction in the neighbourhood is the iron suspension bridge across the Avon. The greater part of this structure formerly composed the Hungerford Suspension Bridge over the Thames in London, the materials having been bought in 1860, when that airy structure was made to give place to the Charing Cross railway bridge. The Avon was then spanned from designs by Mr. Brunel, and under the direction of Mr. Hawkshaw, by a bridge measuring 702 feet between the piers, and 245 feet above high water mark, the viaduct being practicable for carriage as well as for pedestrian traffic. The span and altitude of this bridge are unparallelled, and yet the work was completed unobtrusively, and is even now seldom remembered when men enumerate the great engineering triumphs of this engineering age. More justice is done to Telford's Menai suspension bridge, which is no more than 100 feet above high water mark, and 550 feet between the piers.

The College at Clifton was founded by a body of shareholders in 1860, and opened in September 1862 with sixty-nine boys and five masters, headed by the Rev. John Perceval, late Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and one of the best known Assistant Masters at Rugby. The institution proved a success from the outset, and funds were thus

rapidly obtained wherewith to extend its accommodation. In 1865 the foundation stone of a chapel for the boys was laid by Mrs. Guthrie, in memory of her late husband, the Rev. John Guthrie, Vicar of Calne, and Chairman of the College Company. This lady herself died in the following year, and the chapel was subsequently completed with funds left by her for the purpose, so it forms an imposing memorial of both the husband and wife. It was opened in 1867, and is used by the boys for Divine service not daily, as is the commendable practice elsewhere, but only every Sunday. To it followed the erection of the Physical Science school and laboratory, the gymnasium, swimming baths, library (presented by the Head Master), additional class rooms, a second sanatarium, and other conveniences. The strength of the school rose from 69 in 1862 to 134 in 1863, to 222 in 1864, to 225 in 1865, to 289 in 1866, to 307 in 1867, to 342 in 1868, to 361 in 1869, to 371 in 1870, to 422 in 1871, to 433 in 1872, and it now stands at 480. So rapid a rise as this is probably unprecedented, and it speaks well for the talents of the executive, since during the time the College has been in existence a great impetus has been given to education at other large schools like Marlborough or Cheltenham. The boys have moreover distinguished themselves in the great intellectual contests of the day. In 1862 Mr. H. W. Wellesley; in 1868 Messrs. A. W. Paul and G. E. Bird; and in 1872 Mr. J. W. Bird, passed the examination for admission into the Indian Civil Service. In 1871 Mr. Finney and in 1872 Mr. C. J. Stutfield, passed for the Indian Civil Engineering College by examination. In addition to these distinctions, fifty-nine honours chiefly at the Universities, have been gained by Clifton College boys since 1863 inclusive, of which twenty-two have been recorded to date this year. They have carried off a Classical Scholarship and a Classical Exhibition at Balliol, and several University studentships, and have thereby compelled the

educational world to concede the pretensions of their school to rank as one of the foremost in the country.

The College is divided into Classical and Modern sides, or departments, the former having special reference to the Universities, and the latter being restricted to subjects of use in mercantile life, including mathematics, Latin, modern languages, history, &c. Physical science forms part of the regular work in all forms excepting the two highest on the Classical side, and four masters devote nearly their whole time to this branch of the work, which comprises demonstration in the two laboratories and a well-stocked botanical garden, and instruction in chemistry, experimental physics, botany, zoology, and physical geography. All the boys are also taught drawing as regular work. Each boy being required to learn swimming, unless his friends give a special reason for his not doing so, three-fourths of the boys are excellent swimmers, there being a tepid covered swimming bath for their use during the winter, and a cold open bath during the summer, with a skilled attendant constantly present to give them lessons in natation. There is a large workshop in which about sixty boys are taught the use of tools in carpentering under the general direction of the master who teaches experimental physics, assisted by a mechanic who is constantly in attendance. And there is a playground occupying nearly fifteen acres of ground.

In the four boarding-houses kept by the Head Master and three of his large staff of assistants, the system in vogue at Rugby of giving a private study to one or two boys, distinct from their sleeping rooms, is followed. The accommodation is not perhaps so good as it is in some of the more expensive boarding-houses of Cheltenham College; but it is quite as good as any gentleman need require for his son. The terms for boarders under thirteen years of age are £80, and over thirteen years £90 per annum. There are some extras as £10-10 for those who work in the Chemical Laboratory, the same for the

Physical Laboratory, £3-15 for the Workshop, £1 for swimming bath, &c. The gymnasium fee is £1-11-6, for which the boy is entitled to instruction by Captain E. M. Manning, assisted by a retired non-commissioned officer, in a building supplied with every gymnastic appliance that modern athletes fancy. The vacations aggregate eleven weeks in the year, and there are three half holidays a week. Daily school commences at ¼ to 9, ends at ¼ past 12, and when there is afternoon school it commences at 3-30 or 4, and goes on until 5-30 or 6 o'clock. Morning prayers are read in the boarding-house, at 7 in the summer, and 7-30 to 8 in the winter; breakfast follows at 8, dinner is announced at 1-30, tea at 6, supper at 9 or 9-15, immediately before evening prayers, and "lights out" at 9-20 to 10 P. M. The discipline, which is firm and constant, is tempered by consideration for the physical requirements of boys. There is at least one regular form master to every twenty-five boys, or, if the whole staff be included, one master to every sixteen boys. Persistently idle boys have, therefore, rather a bad time of it in school, and render themselves liable to private expulsion as incorrigibles whom it is not worth the while of men of ripe knowledge to educate. The hours in school are short, but the pressure the while is severe; and in the long play hours, the boys who apply themselves to gymnastics, swimming, chemistry, or mechanics, find powerful distractions from cricket, fives, and even football. With its imposing pile of buildings, its large play-ground, swimming baths, laboratories, library, and gymnasium, its high prestige at the Universities, and the famed salubrity and beauty of its vicinity, Clifton College, though one of the youngest of public schools in the country, puts many of the older and better known institutions to the blush, not excluding, at the present date, its great prototype—Rugby.

LETTER XXX.

AMONG THE MARLBURIANS.

MARLBOROUGH, 22*nd October* 1873.

So scanty were the wardrobes and so miserable the residences of the ancient Britons, that it is reasonable to suppose that the sheltered valley in which this town lies attracted their attention long before those ubiquitous conquerors, the Romans, recognised the strategical importance of the situation, built a fortress in its midst, and made themselves otherwise objectionable to our progenitors. The prevalence around of a soil called *marl* suggested an euphonious appellation for the townlet that sprang up under the shelter of the castle; and several of the earlier English sovereigns were led here either by the exigencies of war, or the attractions of the chase. The castle long since disappeared; but the town found itself in 1689 made famous in association with John Churchill's elevation to the peerage as Earl, and subsequently Duke of Marlborough; and it now holds its head high in connection with the great public school which was founded here in 1843.

Marlborough needed a new path to prosperity, for the extension of the railway system had deprived it of the large income that it derived as a favorite halting-place on the mail coach road from London to Bath and Bristol. A large house, originally built under the directions of Inigo Jones, for a Seymour, close to the site of the old castle, was converted into an hotel for the accommodation of passengers; and when the railways diverted the stream of traffic this establishment was compelled to put up its shutters. The founders of the College being thus enabled to obtain on favorable terms the stout old building, and

some land around it, set the institution going without concerning themselves about estimates followed by interminable bills for bricks and mortar. They desired to afford the sons of Anglican clergymen, by preference, the means of obtaining for a comparatively small charge, a complete classical education suited to their rank in life, and the requirements of the times; and, in 1845, they obtained a Royal Charter which conferred the designation of "College" upon the institution, and provided that two-thirds of the numerical strength of the boys should be ecclesiastical olive-branches. The laity were not slow in discovering the merits of the place, and in urging their claims to participate therein, and possibly it occurred to the Council that, bearing in mind the proverbial morale of clergymen's sons, it would be conducive to the interests of the institution to admit a larger infusion of the lay element. So, in 1849, a second charter was obtained, allowing a moiety of the boys to be the sons of laymen. This charter is still in force, so it may be stated that, as a general rule, half of the boys hail from parsonages, and the other half—do not. On the same principle, I presume, the Council is composed of thirteen ecclesiastics (including four Bishops), and thirteen laymen (including the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Ailesbury and the Earl of Devon.) The executive staff however, consists of ten clergymen and nineteen laymen (including fifteen Oxford and twelve Cambridge graduates). The Revd. Dr. Farrar, F. R. S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and popularly regarded as a Bishop-to-be, is Master-in-Chief, or "Master," the other gentlemen being called Assistant Masters, the title of Principal which obtains at Cheltenham being unknown here.

There are now five hundred and seventy boys in the school, or its full complement. A fifth of these are Foundation Scholars, who being sons of clergymen have been admitted on the nomination of Life Governors after a

competitive examination, and pay £50 per annum. The rest of the boys are divided into those who are admitted, when vacancies occur, by the nomination of Life Governors, and those who enter without such nomination, the first charge payable by the former class, when resident in College, being £80, and that by the latter £85. The Life Governorship, which is obtained by the payment of £50, confers the right of having one pupil, or nominee, in the College during one's life; or Donors by paying £20 are entitled to nominate once. So the £5 charged to the boys who are admitted without nomination by the sanction of Council,—when there are vacancies to supply which Life Governors, or Donors, are not entitled or prepared to exercise a right of nomination,—represents the interest on the £50 share, or £20 donation. The College buildings are divided into six blocks, each superintended by a Housemaster; and there are three Assistant Masters who each receive about forty boys as permanent inmates of their private boarding-houses in the immediate vicinity of the College. Two other gentlemen receive temporarily at their houses a small number of junior boys. The terms at the larger boarding-houses are 100 guineas, and at the smaller £85 per annum, inclusive of everything but nomination fees, and the fees for extra instruction, which vary according to the requirements and standing of individual boys. Add pocket money, subscriptions to games and clubs, the cost of school and play-ground clothing, travelling expenses, vacations, &c., and the parent who is let off for £125 a year, should consider himself fortunate.

There is an expensiveness about schools of magnitude and repute in England which sometimes surprises the unwary parent who has, together with a light purse, a keen desire to enable his boy when at Rome to live as the Romans do; and he therefore who is doubtful about being able to afford the wherewithal to place his son on a financial level with the average of his school-fellows, should not

hastily send him to a public school like this, though, so far as I can ascertain, Marlborough is more economical than most of its rivals. One great advantage that Marlborough has over some other public schools, is found in its proximity to a small town rather than to a large city, for under the former condition, there is little probability of the boys being tempted into mischief, while they can with safety be allowed considerable liberty of action. The surrounding country, especially that in and around Savernake forest, is highly picturesque, and very accessible; and those boys who weary of the rather indifferent playing-field before the College can ramble in every direction, and be rewarded with varied prospects of characteristic English scenery.

The quietude of the locality should be favorable to study, especially to preparation for an Indian career, judging from the circumstance that since 1858 inclusive, the following twenty-seven Marlburians have competed successfully for the Indian Civil Service:—

Charles J. Powlett ...	1858	James Bourdillon ...	1868
George E. Ward ...	1859	Charles E. G. Crawford	1869
John Lee Warner ...	1864	Charles J. Connell ...	1869
John S. Armstrong ...	1865	John W. Harris ...	1869
Henry F. Evans ...	1865	Charles E. Lawson ...	1870
William C. Benett ...	1865	Fred. S. Copleston ...	1871
Henry G. Sharp ...	1865	Frank Giles ...	1871
Richard M. Waller ...	1865	George Godfrey ...	1871
John A. Boyle ...	1865	George E. Manisty ...	1871
Thomas Benson ...	1866	Arthur E. Casey ...	1872
Stephen Hammick ...	1866	John A. Jeffreys ...	1872
Thomas H. Davis ...	1867	Frances T. Hewson ...	1873
H. Dealtry Thomas ...	1868	Joseph B. Fuller ...	1873
Henry P. Henderson..	1868		

During the four years, then, following 1859, Marlborough put in no appearance on the list of successful competitioners, but in 1865 it contributed no less than six to the array of budding administrators; and in 1871 it carried one Cooper's Hill and five Civil Service nominations. The new rules as to age enforced by the Civil Service Commissioners unfortunately preclude boys who aspire to University distinction from competing for India. This

operates unfavorably in all public schools, and will continue so do so until the regulations are modified with due regard to the obvious advantage of affording India the chance of obtaining now, as she used to do in the early years of competition, a fair number of her rulers from the Universities. It is both unfair and impolitic to prohibit brilliant pupils at great schools from completing their education in the way that experience teaches they ought to do. Marlborough has, however, already provided India with her fair share of talented "Wallahs," nd she would undoubtedly send up more men of the same type were the objectionable restriction as to age abrogated.

The arrangements of the College buildings are somewhat complicated as the ingenuity of local builders has been severely taxed to adapt the old family mansion, and whilom hotel, to the requirements of a large school. The main buildings consist of a red brick pile with long windows, high roof and two wings, not unlike Chelsea Hospital. At right angles to this block, on the right hand, there are class rooms, the dining hall, and chapel; while on the left there are more class rooms, the Bradley Memorial Hall (now in course of e ion), and a tennis court. The dining hall is the largest roo of the kind that I have yet seen in a school. All the boys an masters meet here daily, the "Master," as the guest of th sixth form, at a cross table at one end, and the Assistant M ter at tables ranged in four rows along the room. A amount of carving falls to the Assistant Mas a penalty for taking their lunch in hall; but as gentlemen partake of everything on the board, the *ménu* should be always unobjectionable both as to quality and quantity, whatever it may be as to variety.

The chapel was built in 1847. It is a large, well proportioned Gothic building that in my humble judgment is not improved internally by conventional decoration suggestive of the sugar-stick period, or of grotesque Oriental art, rather than of cultivated sacerdotal taste. But then I confess to having

a partiality for unpainted stone, unpainted oak, and an absence of everything approaching to gaudiness in church ornamentation. If, however, I remain at home long enough, I may be educated into admiring the effigies of saints with wry necks, and contorted limbs, painted in garish colours and surrounded by broad bands or dabs of strong reds, yellows and gold; and I may even wax eloquent in praise of an oaken roof whose beams are painted a dull white, picked out with brown and black lines. Till then, however, I fear I shall not be able to congratulate Marlburians on the manner in which their originally elegant chapel has been handled by the soul-less decorator of the period. The building is particularly rich in stained glass. There is a fine window above the altar illustrative of the "Te Deum;" and ten stained windows in the nave, most of which have been placed in memory of old Marlburians. One of these is in honor of the Rev. G. H. Proctor, Lieutenant Freeland, and Lieutenant Mitchell, who died during the Russian war; and the latest has just been presented "as a record of their gratitude to the Rev. J. Franck Bright by the boys of Presbute House in affectionate memory of Emmeline Theresa, his wife." Only four windows now remain to receive stained glass. One of these may some day be appropriated to memorialising the liberality of Mr. F Alleyn McGeachy, who presented the College with a library in 1848, which now contains upwards of six thousand volumes.

Dr. Bradley, the late Master of Marlborough, but now master of University College, Oxford, is being honored by the erection of a Hall, the exact use of which has not yet been decided upon by the subscribers. The College has a laboratory, and goes in largely for scientific education, as well as for much art work, under competent special masters. And it has an organ of its own, the *Marlburian*, which is creditably conducted. In the last number, there is a charming article on the "Puntabout." I extract this

for the benefit of those who take an interest in the game of games of muscular Anglo-Saxon Christians of the period. The writer is evidently an admirer of Charles Lamb, Ruskin, and Carlyle :—

. . . . . "One object there is still which I never pass without the renewed wonder of boyhood, and that is a Puntabout; not a delicate, finely cut, diminutive Harrow football, nor a hard-cased, melon-shaped, broad-ended Winchester football, but a common, black Marlborough Puntabout, lying aside in its hollow of dark mud.

"Take up a single Puntabout, and examine for a minute, quietly, its rude, oval-shaped orb of brown leather. Nothing is there, as it seems, of notable goodness or beauty. A very slight curve, and a very slight gracefulness, and a few long seams meeting in a point,—not a very perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable nor apparently much cared for example of human workmanship, made, as it seems, only to be kicked, and punted, and trodden on this term, and next term to be cast into the lumber-room; and a small twisted, narrow tag, leading down to the unsightly bladder within. And yet think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous balls that flash in summer air, and of all strong and goodly bats, pleasant to the eyes or supple to the touch, stately cane handles of the imperial Lillywhite, and rustic, home-built master-pieces of the village carpenter,—there be any by school boy so deeply loved or by art so highly graced as that oval orb of brown leather, the Puntabout! . .

"The sum of football is in the Puntabout—you may magnify it, or decorate it as you will, you do not add to the wonder of it; you may vary the harmony of its curving lines, blow it to a more perfect swell of its yielding folds, polish it till the sunlight drops upon it like a golden flake, mould it into the rich contour of the match-ball, you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of tanned leather which can cleave its way through the yielding air on the wings of the wind, has in it the soul of football; beyond this we may have more exquisite workmanship, more lavish expenditure of money; we cannot have more wonder.

"For first, there is an infinite strangeness in the perfection of the thing as a work of human hands. The hands of man have wrought much which is awful, or majestic, or attractive, or lovely.

But I know nothing else that man does which is perfect save that. All his other doings show signs of imperfection, or weakness, or vanity, or annoyance. But the Puntabout is naively perfect; the man who first designed it, knew not that he was making anything beautiful, as he shaped the bull's hide into those mysterious curves. It grows under his hands into the image of a perfect sphere, unconsciously recalling the flowing outlines of the autumn clouds in its delicate roundings. He leaves it, when all is done, without a boast. It is simple work, but it will serve its purpose, and every strip of leather thenceforward, is a fate, and has the destinies of Houses, and the glory or the shame of the football warrior woven into every stitch of the seams of it.

"Then again, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the thing accomplished. From no other work of human hands has the Marlburian ever gained so much. . . . But in that curved Puntabout is the gift of another world; without it, what prison would be so strong as that red, unfeeling wall, and those barred and tattered gates? What maimed creatures should we be, chained to our court and class rooms, Andromeda-like, or wandering by the endless downs, wasting our incommunitable strength, and pining in hopeless watch of unconquerable storms! The threads that fasten together the strips of the Puntabout's case are the rivets of the fellowship of our School; on the battle-ground of our Big Game it is one touch of football nature which makes the whole Marlborough world kin.

"Then, again, it is wonderful on account of the nobleness of the method whereby this is done. Of the more notable and more polite amusements of cricket, and racquets, and rifle-shooting, spectators-haunted, and badge-disporting, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to make scores and win cups, nor caring much about anything which, in the essence of it, expresses a desire to get to the wider spheres of London and Wimbledon; but only for homely and stay at-home games, that live their life and die their death in the precincts of Marlborough. Stand, then, upon the slope of the Eleven ground, two hours after noon, when the short-lived splendour of the November day has begun to grow dim, and the long, low banks of the inky clouds are slowly girding the horizon with a funereal belt, and watch the fair panorama which is unrolled before your gaze, pageant of dark, leafless forest trees, and undulating sweep of grey, fallow down, and dew-sprinkled slope of broad, green field, and slow-curled wreaths of faint, blue smoke, and tier after tier of

slated roofs, fading away in the distance into soft blending of undistinguishable lines, and massive clumps of great red building at your feet, staring defiantly, Argus-eyed, with countless quadrilateral casements; watch how the dark streams of living forms flow slowly across the Court like the creeping, crawling waves of Acheron, breaking up into small ripples which sway this way and that, or stagnating into small knots beneath the arches and the porches, and finally vanishing, like bees in the failing sunlight, into their human hives. Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered foams rallying in the court again and floating up towards you along the winding track, till they couch in quiet masses beneath the shadows of the towering goals, bright with the gleam of the sun's slant rays on crimson or on purple cap and silvered tassel, white with the under light of woven flannel, dotted with variegated glow of particoloured socks, and ever and anon from out the midst appear the restless Puntabouts, rising, falling, sharply cut in clearly defined outline against the back-ground of blue sky, their hollow booming sound blending harmoniously as the voices of a dream with the gladsome shouts of the light-hearted players.

"Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see that swaying mass break up into central knots, and gather on this side and on that, sparkling in rich panopoly, now of cærulean blue, now of white, pure as the driven snow, now of white flecked with broad streaks of rosy hue; and then you will see the two lines suddenly draw near, and hear the cry of the challenge, "Are you ready?" cleave the frosty stillness of the air. And mark the majestic flight of the foot-ball rising in stately curve, unwavering, unfaltering, unswayed by the idle breath of wind, goaded to no ungraceful speed, but conscious of the high destinies with which it is charged, hanging for one instant of time with haughty reserve in mid-air, before committing itself to the out-stretched arms of the expectant warriors below. And then you will hear the sudden clang of the charging hosts, and you will see the fierce combatants, breathless, struggling, every nerve strung for the deadly fight, streaming onwards in headlong rush, rolling locked in desperate grapple on the trampled grass, hearts throbbing beneath the close fitting jerseys, eyes flashing with strange lustre, beneath tangled brows. And then you shall hear the while tumult hushed into stillness for a minute, as the ball goes out, and you shall see the rival lines, mud-stained and battle-worn, drawn up once more face to face, each eye fixed, with mingled ebb and flow of alternate

hope and fear, on the tense arm and wary glance of the solitary champion who stands on touch-line, pausing for a fateful breathing space, as though he would sum up the chances of the day's fortunes into one concentrated agony of thought, till the poised ball flashes through the air with hurtling sound, and the tide of battle rolls towards the western goal, and dashes itself upon the goal-line with headlong fall—like the Atlantic breakers upon the Giant's Causeway—and gathers its manifold clamour into one deep diapason of triumphant shout, pealing upon the troubled air, in wave after wave of unceasing uproar. And then wait yet for ten minutes, till the last weary stragglers have passed down the flinty steep before the gate, and as you slowly follow through the lengthening shades, while the throb of suspense dies away from your heart, and the flash of excitement fades away on your cheek, tell me, if ever, on mountain or on plain, by field or by flood, you have seen sight more glorious than this? . . .

"There are few things more impressive to me than one of these Puntabout balls, lying forgotten against the the twisted roots of some lonely tree, with the thin grass sighing in the autumn wind around it. The noble misery there is in it, the might of its battered and strained unseemliness, its mud-encrusted melancholy, resting there for a little while, over-wrought, under-blown, ill-greased, unpitied, and claiming no pity; still less honoured, least of all conscious of any claim to honour. Take it all in all, a Puntabout is a thing the most honourable that the Marlburian, as a gregarious animal, has ever turned his thoughts to. By himself, unhelped, he can do better things than play football; he can compose Prizè Poems, and construct Greek Iambics, and lift ideal weights by ideal machines, according to the laws of mechanics; he can learn lessons, and write lines, with other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, football is his first work. Into that he has put as much of human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, careless courage, careful patriotism, unity of purpose, and harmony of aim, as can well be put into a space of six inches in diameter by eighteen in circumference."

LETTER XXXI.

PNEUMATIC PROPULSION.

LONDON, *December* 1873.

THE inventive genius of man has for upwards of two centuries been directed periodically to investigations having for their object the utilisation of the atmosphere in land carriage; and, in 1805, Mr. Taylor of Manchester, the inventor of the first power-loom, broached the idea that small parcels might be propelled through tubes by the pressure of air generated by stationary engines. More recently a Mr. Medhurst proposed to shoot heavy goods, passengers, and cattle in cars, along rails placed at the bottom of a tube. This led to the invention of the atmospheric railway, which consisted of a piston moving in a tube, having a longitudinal slit, through which an arm from the piston projected for connection with the carriages. This was tried on the Croydon, South Devon, Dublin and Kingstown railways with sufficient success to alarm shareholders in steam railways. But the principle was defective and unreliable, since the air had an incorrigible habit of rushing into the tube through the slit, and of escaping through the slit when a reverse process was required; and it was proved, beyond all doubt, that the system was only applicable to comparatively short distances and at low rates of speed. So inventors returned to the original proposition of Mr. Taylor.

About twelve years ago the subject was again taken up, and an experimental line of pneumatic railway was laid and worked at Battersea, and also under the Crystal Palace. A Company was formed for the purpose of applying the system for postal and other requirements in

the metropolis; but though, during the last ten years, this vast city has been burrowed in several directions by subterranean steam railways, and has witnessed the wide adoption of iron tramways upon the roads, the Company has only recently completed its undertaking, and succeeded in making a small revenue. It was hampered in the construction of the line by that very common complaint, a light purse; by that frequent experience of inventors, the prejudice of the British public; as well as by that fertile cause of disaster, dissensions between executive and administrative officers. And, having completed a line from the London and North Western terminus to Cheapside, it has so far experienced the disappointment of seeing the streets choked with traffic much of which, but for the prejudice aforesaid, might be conveyed by its instrumentality. But as it does not advertise its ability or wish to serve the public, you might, I believe, walk down Regent Street on a fine day, when that brilliant thoroughfare is crowded, and fail to find half-a-dozen men who are cognisant of the fact that the pneumatic tubes are something more than an idea, or a plaything. I might myself have heard nothing about them, had I not chanced, a few days ago, to pass the unpretentious Terminal Office of the Company, next to a well-known lobster shop in Cheapside, and close to the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Of course I entered, and instituted enquiries which resulted in my being obligingly afforded some interesting information, and the means of putting the scheme to the test of personal experience.

The process is nothing more complicated than that of pea-shooting—that lively pastime in which school-boys of former days were prone to indulge when breaking-up for the holidays, at the expense of disagreeable ushers, but which is abhorrent to the more refined feelings of the lads of this, *par excellence*, young gentlemanly period. But I shall probably be understood when I compare the pneumatic

tube to the tin shooter. A pea having been placed in the mouth, and one end of the shooter between the lips, a sharp and strong puff of breath propels the pea with some violence from the opposite end of the pipe. A pea having been placed in the palm of one hand, and covered with an end of the shooter, and the lips having been applied to the opposite end, a short and sharp sucking-up, or exhaustion of the air within the shooter, results in the pea rushing upwards into the mouth, and sometimes down the throat of the experimentalist. Here, then, are complete pneumatics, the mouth being alternately used as the engine for puffing air into or taking air out of the shooter. And what the mouth is in pea-shooting, the engines of the Company at High Holborn are in the pneumatic system.

The distance from Holborn to Euston is a mile and three quarters, and that from Holborn to Cheapside close upon a mile. The Holborn station is furnished with a stationary steam engine, which drives a circular iron fan of 22½ ft. diameter in a chamber, that can be opened to or closed against the surrounding atmosphere. This fan revolves with such velocity that it would be dangerous for a man to venture into the chamber when it is at full speed. By this revolution it either generates, with the aid of the atmosphere, a blast for injection into the tube; or takes the air from the tube, creates a vacuum there, and restores the air to the atmosphere. The perpendicular section of the tube is of a horse shoe form, 5 ft. wide, 4½ ft. high at the centre, and with an area of 17 square feet, the floor, or that portion of it between the prongs of the horse-shoe, being flat, and furnished with small rails of a gauge of about 2ft. Except in some of the curves, where brick work is used, the tube is constructed of iron, and resembles the smaller pipes employed in drainage and water-works. The cars, or "carriers" as they are called, which travel upon these rails, correspond in their perpendicular section with the horse-

shoe configuration of the tube, and are provided at each end with flanges of Indian rubber, which act in the same way as does the tow that is necessary around the piston of a squirt. The carrier is in fact a piston without a rod, and it is moved up and down the tube or cylinder just as though it were connected by a rod with the Holborn engine.

The method of conveyance is simple. Suppose a carrier has to be sent from Euston to Cheapside. The officials at Euston telegraph to the engineer at Holborn, push the carrier by hand a few feet into the tube, and close two heavy iron doors across the mouth. The engineer sets the fan to the task of exhausting the tube; and as soon as that exhaustion approaches the carrier, the air surrounding it rushes forward to fill the vacuum that has been caused, and takes the carrier with it, at a speed that usually reaches sixty, and can be made to attain hundred miles an hour. As the carrier approaches Holborn, the exhaustion is discontinued, and the momentum of the vehicle is gradually reduced, for otherwise it would dash into the Holborn station and be smashed. This is effected by means of an underground valve which admits air to the Holborn end of the tube. As it is, however, the carrier rushes through the iron doors, which open by self-action, on its approach, and runs with considerable velocity through the station, and up a steep gradient provided for the purpose of checking its speed and preventing accident. It is caught at the top of this accurately by attendants, who roll it to another line leading to the entrance of the tube to Cheapside. It is pushed a few feet into this tube, the doors are closed, the fan is set going, a blast of wind is generated in its rear, and it is sent spinning away to the City.

I could not resist the temptation of seeing what the locomotion was like though the carrier is not intended for passenger traffic. There was no difficulty in accommodating myself at full length on the floor of the car, and letting

things take their course as soon as the car had been rolled into the pipe, and the doors shut. Before I had time to appreciate the intense darkness of the tube, that was made visible by a lantern of feeble power with which I had armed myself, a strong puff of air set the vehicle going, and made it, in a few seconds, rush like a mad thing through the bowels of the earth. The little wheels set up a shocking din which reverberated against the iron sides of the pipe; and the car seemed to rock and jerk itself about with surprising agility, so much so that I felt some qualms of sickness supervene on the qualms of conscience that such a novel experience could not fail to engender in the bosom of a paterfamilias. What, it flashed across my mind, would be my fate if the car should chance to drop a wheel, break an axle, or by some means get jammed like a "foreign object" in the larynx of the pipe? There would be little risk of suffocation as long as the fan kept providing me with fresh air in moderate quantity; but it might prove "awkward for the coo" should the authorities, unconscious of the stoppage, continue to pump air into the tube in the ordinary abundance; and in event of their discovering their mistake and endeavouring to relieve the tube of the foreign object by exhaustion, there was a chance of my dying for want of breath, before I could be picked out like a periwinkle from its shell. Truly, however, the rattle, the clang, the shaking, and speed were not favourable to scientific reflections, or even to an accurate analysis of sensation; and just as I was beginning to reconcile myself to the condition of things, I was half deafened by the concussion of the air which was conveying me, against the compressed air that had lodged at the end of the tunnel. Here there might seem to be another risk, for if the doors were to fail to act when it was their duty to open, obedient to a spring pressed by the carrier's wheels, might not the fan, by providing more air than I could possibly breathe, cause fatal pressure upon the lungs? A safety valve, however,

near the end of the tube prevents the possibility of an accident of this nature, for as soon as the car passed that valve, the air generated in its rear by the fan escaped by a pipe into the road overhead, and the car by its own momentum ran into the still air between the valve and the doors, and having rattled out "Open Sesame," the portals flew back, and I found myself regarding with some complacency, from a horizontal point of view, the roof of the little terminus.

Since the beginning of October, the Post Office authorities have entrusted to the Pneumatic Company the carriage of the mail bags from Euston to St. Martin's-le-Grand, for which duty a car is run eight times a day, and occasionally carries some small parcels in addition to the mails. This traffic is too limited to cover the expenses attending it; but it is useful as showing what can be done, and as indicating a probable field for speculative enterprise in the future. The Railway Companies have not yet given the scheme encouragement, possibly because it is not, they think, to their interest to do so; but the system is likely to be extended in this and other cities as soon as the Postal Department report favourably upon it.

The Telegraphic branch of that Department has already utilised pneumatic agency in the delivery of telegrams in lieu of the agency of small boys much addicted to loitering and horse-play in public thoroughfares. The telegraphic head-quarters of London, of England, of the World, are situated in a densely crowded house in Telegraph St. Lothbury, close to the Bank of England. To this point all messages for London come, and have to be distributed over the metropolitan area. Formerly when twenty messages, say, had been received for one spot, they were either re-telegraphed thither, or sent for delivery by hand. But since the introduction of the one shilling rate for twenty words, the former system has been found inadequate to the requirements of the public, though

a number of instruments were shown to me in Telegraph Street which transmit words as rapidly as they can be articulated. Accordingly the atmosphere was called into the aid of the department, and nineteen pneumatic tubes have been laid from that street to the Strand, Fenchurch Street, Leadenhall Street, the Baltic Coffee House, Gresham House, Threadneedle Street, Cornhill, Old Broad Street, Lloyds, the Stock Exchange, Founder's Court, the Anglo-American Telegraph Office, the Indo-European Telegraph Office, Intelligence Department, and Metropolitan Department respectively. One of the two tubes to the Strand is worked by an engine of twenty, the rest by engines of fifteen horse-power. The Strand tubes are each 3,413 yards long, and three inches in diameter, and the time occupied in transmission averages nine minutes. The tubes to places nearer Lothbury are of smaller diameter. The messages, as written out by the receiver, are folded tightly into a cylindrical form, ten or twenty at a time, and inserted into a leather cylindrical box, provided with a moveable top, which is shot to and fro in the same way as are the carriers of the pneumatic railway.

The pneumatic postal tubes have only been adopted to the extent of six and three quarter miles—an inconsiderable distance in a city whose street mileage is equal to the mileage of the overland route from London to Ceylon; and in the provinces, Liverpool has only four, Glasgow one, Manchester five, Birmingham three, and Dublin three, the total length of these provincial tubes being about four-and-a-half miles. Much, therefore, remains to be done before the system can be applied to long distances, but the initial difficulty having been overcome, we may be on the eve of developments that may, to a great extent, solve the coal question, by making man the master instead of the slave of the atmosphere in which he "lives, and moves, and has his being."

LETTER XXXII.

TWO METROPOLITAN SHOWS.

LONDON, 11*th December* 1873.

FASHION in London is said to date its winter from the opening of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show; and butchers and their customers are reminded by that event that Christmas is drawing nigh. The Show is not held at Smithfield, for the site which it for many years occupied in that squalid yet historic locality, is now covered by the Dead Meat Market of the metropolis; but the glass and iron Agricultural Hall at Islington now gives honorable but uncongenial shelter in their lattermost days to the picked specimens of beasts and beastesses, all of which have to be killed immediately after exhibition for fear of propagating cattle disease. The Hall is, as to size, well adapted to the purpose, and the animals are allowed ample room for the display of their points. The sanitary arrangements are excellent of their kind; and it is no fault of the veterinary officers who make them, that they have this year proved inadequate for the protection of the animals. Nothing could have been suggested on Monday, when the Show was opened, in the way of precaution that the Club had not anticipated; and the newspapers on the following morning were pretty unanimous in pronouncing the exhibition to be better than any of its many predecessors. The Press could hardly fail to regard it with exceptional interest, since Mr. John Walter, M. P., of Bearwood, Berkshire, the chief Proprietor of *The Times*, not only carried off the 1st prize for short-horn cows, but also obtained the 1st prize for short-horn heifers, and was awarded the grand cup as the exhibitor of the best animal of the whole Show.

His white roan heifer, with "its grand style, sweet, well-bred, level back and excellent handling," was surrounded during the afternoon, after the award to her of the blue and gold ribbon, by an admiring crowd, including newspaper correspondents who could not but plume themselves in ever so small a degree on the success that had attended "the man of *The Times*" in his long contest, on their own ground, with Royalty, and the landed aristocracy of the country. Money along will not suffice to produce the best of all possible animals; but money must be associated with taste and judgment. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were exhibitors of short-horns; but they failed to carry off prizes, though their exhibits, on either side of Mr. Walter's heifer, were indeed Royal animals in appearance. For Devon steers, Her Majesty carried off two first prizes. The Prince of Wales, however, though he exhibited several fine beasts and sheep reared at Sandringham, went prizeless away. In pigs, a first prize was awarded to the chief proprietor of the Melbourne *Argus* for some black, rotund, and panting creatures, with snouts "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower," and an abnormal capacity for slumber.

The success of this ex-Colonist must have gratified, among others, a gentleman whom I saw in the crowd, who owns no less than 750,000 sheep in Australia and New Zealand, and is now painfully exercised by the uncertainty of the issue of experiments for the importation of Colonial mutton into England that promise to at least double the value of his quadrupedal property. We have barely 32 millions of sheep, 9½ millions of cattle, and 4¼ millions of pigs in the United Kingdon, whose human population is 32 millions; and with beef and mutton at a shilling, and pork at ten pence per pound, and cooking coals at almost famine prices, we are looking wistfully towards Australia, whose pastures are practically illimitable. Each person in the United Kingdom consumes, on an aver-

age, 4½ ounces a day, or 103 lbs. a year of meat, and the actual weight of the whole of our cattle and sheep represents 247 lbs. of meat for each inhabitant. Virtually then, irrespective of reproduction, our meat stock would suffice for only two and a half years' consumption.

In 1870 about 80,000 cwt. of meat, of the value of £231,000 was imported; but last year 352,000 cwt. representing £906,000 was received; and I heard a paper read at the Society of Arts three weeks ago by the Editor of the Melbourne *Age* (who has come home on a special mission in connection with the subject), and a discussion thereon, which justified the confident expectation of carcases being soon imported whole from Australia in ice. A ship load of meat was thus treated early this year, but the experiment proved a failure owing to defective apparatus. There is a strong prejudice among all classes, including the inmates of prisons and workhouses, against preserved Australia meat, and I have as yet only met with it at the table of a retired Australian colonist. It may be as wholesome and nourishing as the analysts affirm it to be; but in its present form, it neither looks appetising, nor is it very palatable. Moreover, it is not so singularly cheap after all, as there is much wastage in cooking and it requires to be fortified with condiments and carrots. I have partaken of legs of colonial mutton imported whole, though not without the while sighing for the flesh-pots of the butchers of the neighbourhood. There must be a deplorable poverty of inventive and scientific genius now-a-days, if a method is not soon discovered for the preservation of meat for some months in an agreeable form, with a view to mitigating the scarcity of animal food in Europe by recourse to the abundant sources of supply in Australasia and South America.

But I am rambling away from the Show at Islington, which is is proving a memorable one. A dense fog enveloped the metropolis early on Tuesday morning, and

has continued for three days in conjunction with a hard white frost that is making people look to their skates, coal-cellers, and wraps; and this fog is not only putting a stop to traffic by railway and road, but it is decimating the unfortunate cattle at the Show by a process of slow asphyxiation. "The air they breathe," writes a reporter thereon, "is vitiated in a two-fold way. The carbonic acid gas which the animals, the gas-lights, and the spectators generate, is kept close down to the ground by the dense fog overhead. During the twelve hours that the Hall was open yesterday, there were at least three thousand people constantly in it. When it is remembered that each person in that time gives off four ounces of pure carbon, and that each animal gives off at least double that quantity, the extent to which the atmosphere breathed by spectators and by animals is vitiated by carbonic acid gas, may be imagined, putting the lights out of the question. There is a deficiency in the proper supply of oxygen, and the fog prevents from rising and spending themselves in the upper air the sulphurous acid, carbonic oxide, and all the other noxious products of combustion, and the volatile products (ammoniacal and other) which are given off by the animals. The creatures suffer and die from suffocation by foul air, just as did the miserables in the Black Hole of Calcutta. That the sole ailment is suffocation, is proved by an examination of the animals that have died or been slaughtered, their lungs being found gorged with black blood."

This convincing testimony to the danger of a London fog indirectly accounts for the difficulty in breathing that country people of a full habit of body experience when they come to town in the winter season. Fatted animals which have never roughed it in the open like their more robust if leaner kinsfolk are necessarily delicate despite their magnificent contour; and it is not surprising that exposure to a raw, murky, heavy, smoky atmos-

phere, proves very trying to beasts reared in luxury in structures almost impervious to evil climatic influences. Thus this Cattle Show, which opened with excellent promise, is being spoilt by the occurrence of a severer dose than usual of what is, after all, seasonable weather in London; and the exhibitors are threatened with the loss both of their beasts, and of much of the prestige of rearing them. Should the fog not clear off, the Hall will probably have to be closed, in order that the animals may be kept quiet in an atmosphere as little vitiated as possible by the consumption of coal gas, and the exhalations of visitors.

On Monday evening I attended another Show, to wit, a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society to hear a long promised address by Sir Samuel Baker descriptive of his recent expedition into Central Africa, avowedly to put down slavery, but actually to add territory, and revenue accruing therefrom, to the possessions of the Viceroy or Khedive of Egypt. Sir Samuel entered upon this enterprise in a spirited manner, after making an arrangement with his employer, that he should be paid £10,000 besides his expenses for the service to be done and rendered; and there are a good many people on this side who argue, that while admitting his pluck and energy, and giving him all honor for his ephemeral success in attacking an indigenous institution in Central Africa, he cannot be reasonably accorded honors similar to those which were the only reward of the disinterested, uncommercial expeditions of discovery of Livingstone, Speke and Grant. But every one who had an opportunity of attending the Geographical Society's meeting seemed anxious to put in an appearance to hear the "lion" of the hour discourse of his travels; and an hour before the proceedings were appointed to commence, the approaches to Burlington House were thronged with carriages, and with pedestrians in evening dress. The crowding at the doors was so great and excited

that ladies in full evening dress were to be seen strategically jumping over some small iron railings before the doors. The throng inside was excessive, and very soon the large theatre of the new London University building was filled in every part, even a narrow cornice around the hall being occupied by venturesome gentlemen, who, had they lost their footing, would have broken their own necks, and the necks also of some of the fashionable folk upon whom they must have fallen.

Precisely at half-past eight, a stalwart policeman wedged a way through the crowd for the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Christopher Rawlinson, Sir Samuel Baker, and a goodly following of other notabilities. Sir Samuel was cordially greeted, and having been introduced by Sir Bartle Frere, the present President of the Society, in the blandest manner conceivable, he commenced the delivery extemporaneously of his address, which told us afresh what he had already read in the papers. Narratives of Central African travel are at no time exciting, even though they be liberally garnished with sanguinary details that have lost their novelty if not their intrinsic horror; and Sir Samuel Baker was not to blame for the aridity of his materials. It was not easy, however, to realise the fact, that this bronzed, healthy, bearded gentleman, in evening dress and white kid gloves, had so recently returned from an exile of five years to a region as wide as that near the Nyanza lakes; and that the lady near the Duke of Edinburgh had emulated and stimulated the speaker's ardour by heroically sharing his dangers. And by the "lion's" side there was sitting the mild-looking, ex-Governor of Bombay, an official of noble integrity and high attainments, who has achieved an undying name in India's annals. Then there was the Prince of Wales, who as soon as Sir Samuel had finished his creditable address, took the President's place at the Council table, and in a few well chosen words offered Sir Samuel

welcome on behalf of the Society. The Prince referred to the traveller as "my friend," and testified to his untiring energy as a traveller, a sportsman, and a Fellow of the Society, with a friendly earnestness that justified the enthusiastic response which his remarks elicited from the large audience. The prince speaks with considerable readiness, but his accent is singularly un-English, and is rather that of a well educated native of India, than even of a German who has mastered our language. He has a rather bad time over his "r's;" and he pronounces many words in a manner suggestive of its being unusual with him to speak English *en famille*. He looks in good physical form, and his resemblance to the Prince Consort has been aided by his inheritance of the premature paternal baldness. Having brought his speech to a happy conclusion, the Prince shook hands very cordially,—he is quite a master of that art—with Sir Samuel Baker, and resumed his seat in front of the President amid wild applause. The proceedings terminated with the traveller's grateful acknowledgment of the reception that he had met with, followed by "Three cheers for Lady Baker," which were of course given with a right good will.

LETTER XXXIII.

A MODEL REFUGE FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN

HANWELL, *7th January* 1874.

ABOUT a mile and a half from the Lunatic Asylum which has secured this picturesque and salubrious neighbourhood a world-wide notoriety,* there is a refuge, or school, for pauper London children which offers one of the best examples available in England of invaluable institutions of this description. Most people now-a-days admit that in crime, as in disease, prevention is better, easier, and more economical than cure; and therefore, that schools for the civilization of City Arabs are a far more advantageous investment of public funds than large prisons, however admirably controlled. As considerable educational progress is made in both prisons and juvenile reformatories, it would be ungenerous to decry the zealous endeavours of the Government, assisted by Jail Chaplains and Schoolmasters, to enlighten the minds of habitual criminals, as well as of those who have just entered upon the road to ruin. But the stigma attaching to reformatories must ever militate against their success by rendering former inmates ashamed of the means by which they obtained their education and a fair start in life.

It is desirable, therefore, to catch destitute street children before their evil courses lead them into actual crime, and as far as possible to sever their connection with such of their relatives as are unable to exercise over them sufficient moral control. For many years children of this class were accommodated in the Metropolitan

* For a description of this institution, see *At Home on Furlough*, First Series, page 120. Madras, Higginbotham & Co. 1868.

workhouses, but they were usually contaminated by the low moral atmosphere pervading those last refuges of the destitute; and, when discharged from the workhouse school, they often lapsed into that barbaric heathenism of the poorer quarters of London which has no parallel among the "heathen" of India for whose welfare so much money and energy are expended in England. The Government, represented by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Sir Kay Shuttelworth, and other philanthrophic statesmen, accordingly made the experiment of collecting pauper children of several Unions and parishes, and educating them at Weston Hill, Upper Norwood; but, after a few years, it was resolved to select another site, and to erect more suitable premises. A small estate at Hanwell, comprising a farm house and one hundred and twenty acres of land, was purchased; an imposing pile of buildings, capable of holding fourteen hundred children was erected; and the school was opened in the autumn of 1858 for the exclusive use of the City of London and St. Saviour's Unions. The total cost of the institution was £72,200, which was raised by loan by the two Unions, on the understanding that it would be paid off by yearly instalments. The debt has now dwindled down to £19,000, and will probably be entirely liquidated within four or five years.

There are now 381 boys, 336 girls and 348 infants, or 1,065 children in the institution, of ages ranging from a few months old, to sixteen years. The admissions amount to about 570 children a year, and the discharges to almost a similar number. The two Unions together contribute £33,000 out of their poor rates for the support of the children whom they send; and the present expenditure, including part payment of loan, and full payment of interest on the outstanding debt, amounts to £31,500 a year. The average cost per head, per week, for main-

tenance, and clothing, is 4*s.* 10½*d.* and that for common charges 3*s.* 7¾*d.*, so the total cost for the year, is about £22 3*s.* per head. When the whole of the building debt has been paid off, this expenditure will be considerably diminished, and a burthen thereby removed from the shoulders of rate-payers, which at present causes some parochial unpleasantness. At Mr. Müller's Orphanage at Bristol, the cost for clothing, maintenance and instruction is only £12 10*s.* per head per annum, and probably £15 represents a fair charge for securing equal advantages in England to those possessed by the inmates of the Himalayas or Neilgherries Lawrence Asylums. The principle of compelling the present generation of rate-payers to bear the entire cost of the freehold estate that is now being acquired for the Hanwell schools, is not one that usually commends itself to the average British mind, which calmly sees in an enormous national debt an illustration of the ease with which generations yet unborn, may be made to bear the penalty of the maladministration, or extravagance, of their predecessors. It is gratifiying, therefore, to find that there are a few people of influence in this country who act on the belief, that our successors will most probably have quite enough to do to meet the obligations that they themselves contract, without the addition of responsibilities incurred by their progenitors.

That London should be well able to bear the outlay of £72,200, spread over twenty years, for the provision of suitable accommodation for several hundreds of pauper children, may be gathered from the circumstance communicated to me by a high civic authority, that the Corporation expended no less a sum than £80,000 in the entertainment at Guildhall one evening last July of the Shah of Persia. How such a sum as the principal of £4,000 a year, in perpetuity, at five per cent. rate of interest, could possibly be squandered on such an occasion,

I am at a loss to understand. Solid gold knives and forks were provided for the chief guests, and not a few of these disappeared; the members of the Common Council treated themselves to golden badges that cost eight or ten guineas each; and the furniture, when sold subsequently at auction "at an alarming sacrifice," realized no less than £10,000. Such prodigality at the shrine of obsequious patriotism is criminal when the streets of the metropolis are crowded with children whom "nobody owns," and who may become the cause at no distant period of a convulsion of society. But I will not dwell upon the mass of misery that sometimes fills the observer with forebodings for the future of the country, as it is more agreeable to contemplate the admirable results that have accrued from these model schools at Hanwell.

About one hundred children leave per annum, and go out into the world to gain their livelihood. The girls almost invariably enter domestic service, and having learnt habits of obedience, cleanliness, and contentment, with a knowledge of plain and machine sewing, laundry and kitchen work, they are in great demand among mistresses of households, who are tormented to death by the young person of the period who accepts the post of servant without the least intention of serving anything but her caprices. The applications received by the school for girls being half as large again as the number to be placed out, the authorities are enabled to select the best situations for them. Great care is taken in ascertaining that the respectability of the households into which they go is undoubted; and the Chaplain pays each girl a visit at her mistress's house twice a year for the two years following her discharge from the school. He also interviews the mistress, and begs to be informed for the guidance of the Board of Management, to whom he makes a formal report on the subject, whether or not the girl is an early riser, is quick and clean at her work, tidy in her person, cheerful, truthful, obedient,

honest, and generally well conducted. The present Chaplain has been connected with the institution upwards of twenty years, and has watched the career of nearly one thousand young women who have left the school during that period. He states it as his experience that whereas eighty-five per cent. of the girls brought up in workhouse schools go to ruin, not ten per cent. of the Hanwell girls have joined the criminal ranks, thus shewing a gain to society in twenty years of upwards of seven hundred and fifty respectable and useful members of it, who, under the work-house system, would in all probability have gone to swell the crowd of jail inmates.

The physical degeneracy of a large number of the children, though it yields to a great extent to kind treatment, excludes the boys especially from many avocations, and contributes largely to the sick and death-rates of the institution. It is, therefore, the object of the Guardians to obtain possession of pauper children in their infancy. The boys, as a rule, look less healthy and more care-worn than the girls, which may be partly due to the greater attention given by the latter to their personal appearance. In the boys' school rooms, the spectator is shocked by the abundant traces that he sees around him of old wounds and sores, coupled with a low phrenological development significant of descent from a debased type of character. The lads, however, while often bearing the imprint of the ill-usage, misery, and degradation from which they have been rescued, look happy, and are excellently behaved. They are not only well instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, and elementary history and geography, but are trained to become carpenters, blacksmiths, gas fitters, engineers, painters, glaziers, gardeners, tailors, and shoe-makers. But dwarfed and permanently weakened as many of them were by the miserable surroundings of their infancy, they are not readily received into the Royal Navy, and the Guardians are unable to pay the

premium for apprenticeship in the mercantile marine. Most street-boys are gifted with some sense of melody, so great attention is given to training them in music, and a large number eventually recruit the bands of the regular Army. Most of the girls are comely; their rosy cheeks shine like so many fresh apples, and their stout arms, half pickled in the wash-tub, present an uniformly mottled appearance, that if not picturesque, is compatible with a high state of health. Ophthalmia is the standing pest of the institution, and it is lamentable to see the number of victims to it, despite all the precautions taken by the authorities to prevent contagion, not the least remarkable of which is, their prohibition of the use of the same towel at two ablutions, each child being allowed sixteen towels a week!

As to the internal management a rather considerable acquaintance with such institutions, enables me to say that there is little left to be desired. The buildings are imposing rather on account of their size than of any architectural pretensions to which they can lay claim, for as the architect was controlled in making his designs by gentlemen who felt that they could not in fairness to others indulge in æstheticism, he succeeded in providing a rectangular block which meets the requirements of the inmates without recourse to palatial magnificence. The corridors are long, high, and wide, and the rooms into which they lead are well proportioned, airy, and cheerful. The class-rooms and workshops are small, but complete; the kitchen is most commodious; and the laundries are models of what such places should be. There is a Chapel above the central entrance; and behind it is a large dining-hall, with a pretty oak roof, and some good engravings. The play-yards are paved throughout with slabs of York-stone, the object being to secure a dry space for the children in almost all

weathers, and to prevent the raising of dust which would be favourable to the spread of diseases of the eye. On the hundred and fifteen acres under cultivation, around the institution, thirty of the boys learn agriculture, under competent direction, though few of them seem equal to continuous work in the field. There are thirty-two cows on the farm producing five hundred gallons of milk a day, and water at the rate of fourteen thousand gallons a day is obtained by steam power from a well three hundred and sixty five feet deep—a model well from which as much as forty thousand gallons have been drawn in one day, without affecting the depth on the following morning.

Owing to the town origin and breeding of the boys, a good deal more paid labour is employed than would be necessary were an equal number of country lads concerned, and this tends both to increase the working expenses, and to diminish the self-helping uses of the institution. Another difficulty that the guardians have to contend with is that connected with the practice of parents removing their children when they themselves have been blessed with a ray of prosperity, for in such cases, the children usually remain at their respective homes long enough to forfeit much of the moral and physical good so diligently acquired at Hanwell, and become again chargeable to the Parish on their parents lapsing into adversity. The position of the foundlings who are sent here is therefore, on the whole, a more favourable one than that of many of the children who have relatives; but, in any case, the hundreds of young persons who have been educated in this institution, and gone out into the world, must congratulate themselves on having been sent to Hanwell. Some of the boys have distinguished themselves as schoolmasters, and a few after matriculating at the University of London, have been ordained clergymen in England and the Colonies.

It is worth while comparing the cost of the Hanwell Schools with that of the Lawrence Asylum at Ootacamund. The object of the latter institution is "to provide for the children of Soldiers of the British Army, who are serving, or have served within the limits of the Presidency of Madras, a refuge both from the debilitating effects of a tropical climate, and from the serious drawbacks to the well-being of children incidental to a barrack life; to afford them an education suitable to their condition in life, plain, practical, and essentially Christian; and, as far as practicable, to train them to useful occupations." The Asylum buildings, and estate cost £110,000, being £49,000 for the boys, £37,800 for the girls' premises, and the rest for levelling sites, for two hospitals, servants' rooms, plantations, workshops, roads, approaches and cooly lines. The boys' building is capable of accommodating a maximum of 400 boys, so its cost per head is about £122, or thereabouts. At Hanwell, accommodation is secured for a maximum number of 1,400 children, and the cost of the institution including land represents a sum of £51 per head.

Until the amalgamation with the Madras Military Male Orphan Aylum, the annual cost of maintenance at the Ootacamund Lawrence Asylum averaged £27-16 per head for the five years ending with 1870-71. The number of boys on the rolls ranged from 48 in 1859-60 to 137 in 1870-71, and that of girls from 22 in the former to 64 in the latter year. 43 boys and 30 girls in 1870-71 were pure Europeans, and the remaining 117 children were of Eurasian parentage. Between 1863 and 1870, 17 boys obtained situations in the Telegraph Department, 17 enlisted into the Army, and 31 obtained other situations. In the same period, 6 girls entered service as domestics, of whom 4 have since married; and 113 children were removed by relatives for a variety of causes. The difficulty of putting European girls out in

life, is one that in a country like India, seems certain to increase, and the contrast in this respect between the Ootacamund and Hanwell Asylums is very marked. The children are probably as well trained in the one place as the other, but while in India matrimony is almost the be-all and end-all of female orphans, in England trained female labour is in great demand, and marriage does not enter into the calculation of the Guardians. The Ootacamund boys are thought highly of by the Telegraph authorities, but there is a limit to the requirements of that Department; and the Horse Guards are not favourable to enlistment in India. Coffee planters can offer a little employment to youths educated in the Asylum; but after all the situations available to the best of the lads are of a very subordinate nature, and it is rare for any of them to attain a position of comparative independence. The labour is excellent of its kind, but the labour market is overstocked with native agency; and employers who need European skill usually send to England for what they require rather than seek it locally. It is a question, then, whether the Indian Government acted wisely in the interests of European orphans by causing the Lawrence Asylums to be erected in India instead of in England.

☞ While correcting the reprint of the foregoing remarks, I have gathered some facts from the official report of the Ootacamund Lawrence Asylum for the year ending 31st March 1874. There were 324 boys and 55 girls on the rolls at the end of that year. The average annual cost of each boy, not including interest on the £110,000 invested in the Asylum buildings, was Rs. 239-7-3, say £24, and of each girl Rs. 327-3-7, say £32-15, (the cost regardless of sex at Müller's Orphanage which is rent and interest free, being £12-10 per head.) Including five per cent. interest on capital, the annual capitation charge would be about £36 per boy, and £48 per girl.

The Committee thus refer to the chronic drawback of the Male portion of the Asylum :—

"There is still experienced great difficulty in providing the lads, and more especially those, who form our day industrial classes, with suitable employments in life; and this difficulty, it is probable, will go on increasing. The Army, which would furnish an excellent outlet to the lads, is virtually closed to them, as 82 per cent. of their number being East Indians, are ineligible for enlistment in British Regiments. Our Rule 47 lays down, that 'where any boy, who has attained the age of 16 years, has parents, guardians, or other relatives able to render assistance, they will be required to remove him on the Committee calling for the same,'—thus throwing the onus of providing employment on the parents or guardians of the children. Well suited as is this rule to the children of the living soldier, its enforcement,—except where the position and respectability of the guardian are a sufficient guarantee that the child will be properly provided for,—will bear heavily upon the orphans, and 65 per cent. of the strength of the school fall under this class. To return these to their friends would inevitably tend to swell the destitution already prevalent, and to undo the work of the Institution. The burden, therefore, of providing the lads with employment, devolves almost entirely on the Committee, who are giving their closest attention to this important matter; and they hope to lessen, since they cannot prevent, the difficulty experienced in finding employment for the boys, by increasing the number and efficiency of the industrial classes, and by the formation of special classes for training lads for the Civil Engineering and Medical Departments." The Telegraph Department is still open to the boys; and "applications for trained musicians from Officers commanding regiments, having from time to time, suggested the importance of giving the boys such a knowledge of instrumental music as will facilitate their admission into the ranks of the army, a set of instruments for a brass band has been received from England, and a class will be opened, as soon as the services of an efficient Master are secured."

Nothing is said in the Report of how the girls are disposed of when they reach womanhood, and have no home to return to. The practice, when the Asylum was in the city of Madras, was for British soldiers who had obtained

the requisite license from their Commanding Officer, and for other respectable men, to communicate their matrimonial proclivities to the Matron, and by her to be asked to tea, at which entertainment they were afforded an opportunity of seeing a selection of the marriageable girls; and upon finding one to "suit," the swain soon brought her to name the happy day, and the nuptials came off speedily. The late Lady Amberley, I think it was, denounced this phase of matrimony in vigorous terms; but it was, and I presume still is compulsory in order to protect the Asylum from being burthened with the maintenance for life of a number of women for whom no occupation can be found in the institution, and who have no other chance of marrying than the rough and ready one suggested by the exigencies of the case.

The fundamental mistake of establishing the Lawrence Asylum in India was in not anticipating the difficulty of eventually providing for the inmates. The money expended would have gone much further in England, as the cost of each orphan would have been considerably diminished; a larger number of families would therefore have been able to obtain the benefits offered; and in due time the youths instead of becoming an encumbrance on their relatives, or lapsing into the unhappy condition of "mean whites" in the tropics, would have found numerous avocations open to them; and the maidens, instead of being limited to the one road opened to them by a marriage devoid of everything sentimental, would have had almost as good a chance, as the girls at Hanwell, of starting in life, under favorable auspices, in a comparatively independent position.

LETTER XXXIV.

WINTER IN THE ENGLISH MOFUSSIL

SOUTHWELL, NOTTS, *5th February* 1874.

A WELL known merchant of a city not a thousand miles from Madras, upon being asked, once upon a time, what he thought of the Taj at Agra, to which he had recently made a pilgrimage, replied, that in his judgment it would repay the most unromantic of men to travel blindfold from London to Agra, see the Taj, and return home blindfold. And he expressed his inability to believe in the existence of so prosaic a temperament, even in the atmosphere of exchanges and marts, of cotton bales and grey shirtings, as should be untouched by the fairy-like beauty of that mausoleum. I was reminded of his sagacious remarks this morning, as I bowled along the frost-bound roads and paths of the undulating country around my present place of abode. There was a light damp fog yesterday and the day before that, with a mild temperature highly favorable to the premature development of foliage; but last night a change came over the land, with a cold wind from the north; and to-day we are cheered, almost for the first time since last April, with the sight of a gloriously wintry day. The frost seems to have arrested the humidity resulting from the recent mists, and to have electro-plated it on the smallest, equally with the largest of material objects. Each blade of glass, each piece of straw left by the hedgeside at the last gleaning, each twig, is embellished with an incrustation of frost. Not a breath of wind disturbs the placid beauty of the scene; the sun is almost hidden by dull blueish clouds, charged apparently with snow; and the eye wanders

from lawn to hedge, from spider's gem-laden web to forest trees, until it feels almost jaded by the contemplation of such infinitely varied phases of beauty. Look at those noble firs yonder with their pendulous branches mantled with matchless white; at the stalwart holly bushes with their large bunches of bright scarlet berries peeping out from the snug recesses of the festive tree; or at the broad blades of the pampas grass with their white outlines, in striking contrast to the brown brick wall behind them. The lofty elms and ancient oaks show every branch, every twig, so distinctly that one longs for a camera to depict the scene. The trunks of these and other trees have now a mellow-brown or blue-black tint diversified by silver bands and tracery on prominent parts. Each tree seems perfect in its beauty, and yet the eye of the spectator seduces him into awarding the palm to the one under present inspection as compared with all those that preceded it. Language fails to do a tithe of justice to the wondrous symmetry and exquisite beauty of Nature's almost momentary handiwork in winter; and the mind, realizing in a large degree that beauty, reproaches the tongue for its inability to give expression to feelings of awe-struck admiration.

I might have loitered a whole day examining the infinite forms of beauty exhibited on a square yard of hedge-side had not the severe frost stimulated rapid locomotion, and given zest to exercise. The roads, and even the ridges of lately ploughed fields, have now a metallic crust; and one bounded over the former with an alacrity that was not favourable to the continuance of other than ejaculatory conversation, till at length I found myself almost unconsciously running a foot race with my sympathetic companion. Then reaching a pond, we stay a minute to enjoy the crackling noise of the ice broken at the water's edge by the weight of the foot, or to recall pleasant recollections by chucking pebbles which

"ping" "ping" across the glassy surface, and at last, bounding into the thick hedge the other side, disturb a robin so plump-looking in his light brown wings, and scarlet vest, that he seems a miniature of a "coachee" of old. So sharp is the frost, however, that one soon moves on again with cheery hopes that employment will soon be found for the new skates at home, and that the crops will be benefited by the arrest of the premature sprouting of the seed. A gate sheltered between two high hedges, and partly under a large tree, suggestive of some of Birket Foster's pictures of English landscape, being reached, an attempt is made to fill and light a pipe without removing the mitten over the right hand glove, but the rebel member, that is usually so deft in such matters, almost refuses to perform its wonted office, and seems lost alike to feeling and to duty. Eventually, however, it is forced to yield a reluctant obedience, and a light being obtained, the sacrifice is offered, and the mouth effectually closed against the treacherous Nor-easter. Then on again; over that stile at a bound; down this sloping hill; away over that running stream which even Father Frost cannot stop; and up into the plantation which leads to a wood that in spring time is carpeted with violets and primroses mingled with mosses of lovely hues and the softest texture. But how the frost does bite; how numb has one's nose and still more numb the chin become; and as the breath freezes on the upper lip how the ears tingle and the eyes blink. If only for the enjoyment of such a day as this in the old country, t'were well indeed to come home on furlough blindfold, and then gang back again.

Though a town of small importance now-a-days, Southwell has filled an important rôle in English ecclesiastical history. It is supposed to have been founded by the Romans, as Ad Pontem; to have been named Tiovulfingacestor by the Saxons; and about the year A. D. 633, a

church is said to have been erected here by Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York. Since then nearly ninety Archbishops have filled the office of supreme head of its church, seven of whom were buried within its precincts. The majority of these prelates made contributions to the Chapter of Southwell for the sustentation or convenience of the resident clergy, and almost all took delight in the venerable palace, provided near the church for their fitting accommodation. Here Wolsey, "Cardinal Lord Archbishop of York," was wont to seek rest from the cares of state; and here after having contributed a magnificent Gothic gate-way to the Chapter House, furnished a library in the Palace, and added a park to the Chapter grounds, he was fated to come under arrest on that memorable journey in September 1530, which terminated with his death in Leicester Abbey. The Bismarckism of Wolsey, like that of Thomas A'Becket, was not appreciated by the English historian of old; but modern students of mediæval and contemporary annals, are inclining to the belief, that those strong-willed prelates were in advance of their times, and that something of their determination of character, tempered by modern conceptions of humanity, might often prove an agreeable substitute for the limp policy of statesmen, whose most exalted function sometimes seems to be to bandy vulgar personalities. Let his shortcomings have been what they may, Wolsey was a good friend to Southwell, and he will be remembered here with gratitude so long as his exquisitely carved gateway remains to illustrate the refined architectural taste of the epoch of the Seventh and Eighth Henries.

The collegiate establishment of Southwell was reconstituted after Wolsey's death, by his ungrateful master, the "Defender of the Faith," and was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth in 1585 with statutes and ordinances for its self-government. It was provided that divine service should be performed here thrice daily; that sermons

should be preached on Sundays and Holydays; and that there should be six Vicars Choral, six Singing Men, six Singing Boys, besides a Vicar General, sixteen Prebendaries and a Parish Vicar. The Vicar General being elected by and from among the Prebendaries exercised all episcopal functions except ordination and confirmation over twenty-eight towns, or villages, around Southwell. One of the Prebendaries, taken by rotation, was appointed every three months to act as his viceregent, with the title of Canon Residentiary, and to this officer the Chapter owed implicit obedience. The Prebendaries and the Vicars Choral were allowed the pick of the livings in the gift of the Chapter, and were further supported by the rents accruing from lands of considerable value in the neighbourhood. And the Archbishop of York as the official head of the Chapter enjoyed many "liberties" in Sherwood Forest near Southwell, and derived some revenue from lands, game, and fallow deer in this locality.

The church, or Minster, was declared by Henry VIII to be the mother church of Nottinghamshire, and it was ordained that the Mayor and Aldermen of the county town were to ride in their best "livery" to Southwell on Witsun Monday, and there hear the "*Te Deum*" chanted, excepting on such occasions as his Worship might be "deterred by the foulness of the way, or distemperance of the weder." James I, halted at Southwell on his journey from Scotland to London, and was so struck by the imposing size of the edifice that when one of his retinue ventured to suggest that it was inferior to York Minster, "the most high and mighty Prince" and "most dread Sovereign" (to quote the fulsome dedication in the English Bible) replied peevishly, "Vare wele, vare wele, but by my blude this kirk shell justle with York, or Durham, or ony kirk in Christendom." Charles I, spent many a sad hour in this town, at the commencement of the Civil Wars; and finally, in 1646, after remaining a night in its Saracen's

Head Inn, he delivered himself up to the Scotch Commissioners, by whom he was sold to the English. Several men of weight have visited Southwell from time to time, the greatest of whom was Mr. Daniel Lambert, in 1808, who weighed 50 stone, or 6¼ cwts. The father of Mr. Robert Lowe resided, and is buried here; and the expressive features of the cynical Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose discourteous manners and chronic combativeness have had a great deal with to do with "dishing the Whigs" this fortnight, are not unfamiliar in this locality.

Thus Southwell has an interesting history which gives it an individuality not usual among towns in the English Mofussil. In addition to this, it enjoys the reputation of being peculiarly favourable to longevity, and I have, within the last week, been fortunate enough to make the acquaintanace here of a large number of ladies, whose ages verge on, or exceed four score years, and who are in possession not only of all their faculties, but of the power to take the most lively interest in all that concerns the welfare of both their friends and country. The churchyard is full of monuments to the memory of equally aged people, and the records of the town bear out the inference that the temperature, the soil, and mode of life in this place combine, as they rarely do elsewhere, to secure the residents an unusually long lease of existence, coupled with an immunity from many of the ills to which human flesh, at an advanced age, is heir. As to the men I cannot speak so confidently, since there are few men to speak about, most of the old ladies being widows whose sons are employed in foreign parts; but one may hope the best from the circumstance, that a native of Southwell, who is living within a few yards of where I am writing, has just resigned the position of Father of the House of Commons on entering his ninetieth year.

The disestablishment of the Chapter, forty years ago,

has shorn the town of much of its society, and it lives now, rather in the recollection of its dignified past, than in hopes of a more prosperous future. It boasts assembly rooms in which there are bi-monthly penny readings of a high order of merit; it has also a theatre that is open about once a year; and it has several good schools. Once a week, the presence of a few village matrons, holding baskets in their hands, containing farm-yard produce for sale, imparts an unwonted liveliness to the streets; and the appearance of one whole policeman, helmet and all, at less rare intervals, gives assurance of the safety of life and property. The Saracen's Head aforesaid is the chief hotel, and I have several times observed, that its entertainment for man or beast takes the form of a recently defunct pig, in the process of being scalded in the yard that, in the old coaching days, was probably too small for the reception of visitors. Pork is, I should imagine, not the least important article of local commerce, and judging from the gallinaceous sounds around me, there must be an active production of eggs; but, generally speaking, the trade of the town is languid, and a thorough-bred Manchester man, or a pushing Liverpudlian, if doomed to reside here for a permanancy, might be expected to commit suicide within a week of his arrival. To those however who appreciate rural quiet, good society, hunting, and trout-fishing, with varied scenery, and healthful surroundings, Southwell offers considerable attractions. At any rate I have resolved to repeat my visit.

LETTER XXXV.

DEFUNCT CELEBRITIES.

LONDON, *February* 1874.

AFTER enduring with some difficulty a course of provincial Toryism, it is pleasant to find myself once again in the congenial head-quarters of Liberalism, the Reform Club, and to see around me numbers of men whose very appearance discredits the plausible allegation reiterated on hundreds of platforms during the last fortnight, that the Whigs are un-English, if not positively Communistic in their sentiments and aspirations. This Club has, in a larger degree than most institutions of the kind, a quasi-public character; for it is here that the manœuvres of the Liberal party are supposed to be directed. Yet the Reform, despite its political prestige, is not only one of the most comfortable and palatial of Clubs, but is also one of the least demonstrative in politics that I know of. Hence it is that the defeat of the party has been met here with philosophical equanimity, worthy of superior political beings. The Liberals seem to feel that as they have had an unusually long innings, it is only fair that the gentlemen next door at the Carlton should have a turn at the wickets. It is tiresome to be always batting, even when one bats like a Grace; and a little fast bowling and active fielding, should do a world of good to those who have just been stumped out by their own Captain. The Tories, like the Liberals for that matter, are not infallible when in power, but their patience when out of office is exemplary; and they have merited by a protracted but judicious inaction the

good fortune that has, to their great surprise, just befallen them.

Who could have imagined a month ago, either in the Reform or the Carlton, or in any other haunt of politicians, that the brilliant transformation scenes of this exceptionally brilliant pantomimic season would be eclipsed before Parliament met by the instrumentality of the potent equivalent of the harlequin's wand—Mr. Gladstone's too facile pen! Who could have foreseen that the Premier, imitating the proceedings of the late Emperor Napoleon, would, without any better reason than self-distrust, express his individual dissatisfaction with a large working majority, and seek, with the aid of a *plebiscite*, overwhelming odds against all comers! Æsop has told us of the dog who, when carrying a piece of meat in his mouth, across a bridge spanning a stream, saw his reflection in the water beneath, and not only made a futile effort to possess himself of the provision held by an imaginary rival, but thereby lost his own breakfast. Mr. GLADSTONE never made a greater mistake than when he "asked for more;" and his unfortunate misinterpretation of the temper of the country has landed the party that he leads in a dilemma from which they will not easily escape. He has thus made enemies of friends, without making friends of enemies, and he is driven into opposition without the solace that is derived by the General whose misfortunes are due to causes over which he had no control. Like India, England is weary of hasty legislation, and wants rest to mature and develope her recent victories over ignorance and prejudice. The Premier's pace as a reformer was too fast, and filled even fervid Liberals with anxiety as to the upshot. The Army, Navy, and Civil Service were disgusted by cheese-paring retrenchments; the landed gentry were alarmed by the threatened interference with the game and property laws; the clergy were scandalised by the prospect of disestablish-

ment; the brewers and their numberless myrmidons the publicans, (whose beer-houses in London alone have a street frontage of thirty-three miles!) vowed vengeance against statesmen who regard the increasing demoralisation resulting from beer-drinking as preventable by increased restrictions upon the sale of what passes for beer; and the trading classes were apprehensive of the future of a foreign trade that was imperilled by a feeble foreign policy. The sad condition to which France and Spain have been brought by exaggerated Liberalism has made even the most sanguine of British Liberals nervous; and the pretensions of men of the Bradlaugh, Lucraft, or Odger type, coupled with recollections of the mobs led by Beales, have assisted in modifying the convictions of numbers of men who assisted to send Mr. Gladstone to Downing Street in '68. The "Conservative reaction," about which most people were incredulous in the autumn, has proved greater than even the Tories allowed themselves to hope, and they come proudly into office on the crest of a great wave of reactionary opinion in this country. Electors are beginning to vote for the best man offering, independently of party. I was particularly struck the other day by the candid admission of an official of distinction, and a professing Liberal, that in the event of a feeble Liberal and a strong Conservative simultaneously seeking his vote, he would either abstain from voting altogether, or vote for the Conservative. Men, not measures, are wanted—good men, unwedded to cut-and-dried ideas; men who will think for themselves, and not as they are told to think; staunch Englishmen who will sustain the honor of the nation both at home and abroad, and set their foot down on the truculence of Lowes and Ayrtons. Messrs. Lowe and Ayrton not only, in the late Parliament, wearied the patience of the nation, but they disgusted their own party, and proved rankling thorns in the side of the too sensitive and yet too forbearing

Premier. Such men, however, regarded from a Tory stand-point, should seem to be among the most useful of adversaries; but it has been gall and worm-wood to Liberals for several years to see pertinacious discourtesy, coupled with unquestionable talent, rewarded at the expense of the credit and unity of the Liberal party. There are cranky Tories, as there are cranky Whigs; but no Tory Premier has yet pusillanimously stooped to avert their hostility by investing them with high office. For the time being the Liberal party is stunned, and to a great extent disintegrated, and the Conservatives must indeed be unlucky should they fail to retain office for some years. By degrees, however, the Liberal party must recover popular favor, and meanwhile they will emulate the patience of their rivals when in a minority.

Certainly no one would suspect that so great a reverse, self-inflicted, had been sustained, by contemplating the jovial faces of the stalwart English gentlemen who are at this moment crowded around the large boards in yonder marble hall on which the results of the elections, as advised by telegraph up to the latest moment, are recorded in large characters; nor do the "late" Members of Parliament, who have just returned to town after in vain soliciting a renewal of the "distinguished honor," &c., from ungrateful constituents, look at all crushed by the personal calamity that their leader's unwise dissolution has entailed so undeservedly upon themselves. It is open to question whether the honor of being a member of Parliament is, after the first year of experience, nearly as delightful and profitable as the general public imagine it to be. Certainly the abundant illustrations we are now having of the instability of Parliamentary honors is not calculated to make easy-going men increasingly solicitous of senatorial distinction. It can hardly be agreeable to be haunted every day of one's Parliamentary existence by gloomy forebodings of failure

at the next election; and what must be the chagrin of a man in the position of Colonel Pease, for example, who was elected for Hull three months ago at a cost of some £6,000, and has now been rejected after an equally expensive contest that he did not provoke. Individual gains or losses, however, are trifles when compared with the welfare of the Empire, and in India, the return of the Conservatives to power in England will probably be hailed with gratitude. I heard an official in the diplomatic service of the West Indies express himself warmly last night at the Society of Arts regarding the superiority in every way of the controlling authority in Colonial matters of a Conservative to that of a Liberal Ministry; and every word of his ill-timed but well-received remarks applied to India. It would be difficult to explain why the affairs of India are controlled in an arrogant spirit by a Halifax or an Argyll, and in a courteous manner by a Northcote, or a Salisbury, but the fact is undeniable. This reflection may mitigate the disappointment that an Anglo-Indian Liberal must feel at witnessing the present *bouleversement*.

Among the faces familiar in the late Parliament that will be missed in the new Assembly, not the least notable is that of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild, Member for Hythe, who died last week, and was buried to-day in a new Jewish Cemetery near Willesden. The morning was bitterly cold, with premonitory symptoms of an approaching fall of snow, coupled with a hard frost that penetrated even the stoutest of wrappings. The country around Willesden is high, open, and undulating, and owing to the absence of trees, is exposed to the full force of the north-east wind. The burial-ground, probably six acres in extent, situated in an unpicturesque hollow, is surrounded by a plain brick wall. About half a dozen interments have been made since it was opened in October last, so a sufficient space remains for the gathering to their fathers of a large portion of the children of Israel now living in London. Near the

entrance gate there is an ornamental mortuary chapel, with Gothic windows, and a belfry. The interior of this small edifice is devoid of all furniture but two common stoves, and plain wooden forms attached to the wainscot. In the centre of the room when I entered, there was a bier, painted black, and before one of the stoves, with his back turned towards the fire and his hat on, was the sexton, who, on observing that I removed my hat affably informed me that it was not the custom to uncover in that place.

The Baron's grave which had been dug at the extreme end of the central walk, was but seven feet deep, in the clay. The funeral procession of thirty-five mourning coaches and about forty private conveyances, arrived at noon, with a marked absence of the plumes, weepers, and other funeral paraphernalia, that caused Charles Dickens so much indignation. The hearse being brought to the door of the chapel the coffin was removed, and placed on the bier, with a black cloth pall over it. The coffin itself, though containing the remains of one of the most wealthy of modern men, was free from all attempt at ornamentation. The friends having alighted from their carriages, and assembled with their hats on in the Chapel, and Sir Anthony, and five other Rothschilds, having stationed themselves on one side of the bier, the burial service was recited from memorat by the Rev. B. H. Ascher, Rabbi of the Burial Society of the United Synagogues. The service consisted of but li up more than a psalm in Hebrew, of which the following ion translation :—

"He is the Rock whose work is perfect, for all his ways are just. The God of Truth in whom there is no iquity, just and upright is He. He is the Rock perfect in ever work; who can say unto him, what workest thou? He ruleth b w, and above. He slayeth and reviveth, bringeth to the grav and bringeth up again. O Thou who sayest and fulfillest, show us unmerited kindness, and for the sake of Him, who was bound like a lamb, listen and do as we ask. Oh Thou who art Righteous in all Thy ways, O Thou long suffering and full of mercy, have compassion

and spare we beseech Thee both the fathers and the children, for Thine O Lord are the pardons and the mercies. Thou art Righteous to slay and to revive. Thou in whose hand is the custody of all spirits: O do not permit our memorial to be blotted out, and may thine eyes open over us in mercy. If a man attain but one year, or if a thousand years he should live, what will it avail him? It would still be as though he had not been. Blessed be then the Righteous Judge who slayeth and reviveth. Blessed be He for His judgement is true, and everywhere doth His eye survey, and he repayeth to man his recompence and his reward, and all will ever give thanks to His name. We know O Eternal! that Thy judgement is righteous. Thou art Righteous when thou speakest, justified when Thou judgest, and no one can find fault with Thy manner of judging, for Thou art righteous, and Thy judgement is just."

The body was now borne into the open air, and at a convenient distance from the chapel placed on the ground, the people congregating around it. The Rabbi then made a touching address in English in eulogy of the deceased, and finally addressing him in the first person bade him ascend to the rest prepared for him above. The procession now reformed, the body was carried to the grave, and the coffin being slowly lowered, the Rabbi ejaculated in Hebrew "May he come to his rest in peace," which the bystanders repeated. Wreaths of violets, camellias, and snow drops, were dropped upon the lid of the coffin, and were followed by lumps of earth, thrown by the friends of the deceased, and in a few minutes the people returned to the chapel, and thence made their way to the carriages again. The austerity of the proceedings was remarkable, and it seemed strange that the "long home" of the great man who had fallen in Israel, of one who was a prominent member of a family that estimated its wealth, three years since, at £80,000,000, should be chosen in a melancholy looking cemetery that might have been reserved exclusively for workhouse paupers whom "nobody owns." So far from desiring to conceal, the ceremonial was

calculated to impress afresh on the minds of the spectators the truth of the "Preacher's" observation, that "all go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

How differently have the relatives and admirers of the Prince Consort striven to honor his "dust." History records nothing to the disadvantage of Prince George, the consort of Queen Anne, nay, it credits him with begetting nine children. But that is almost all; and a few years hence impartial historians of the current epoch will perhaps be rather at a loss to explain the presence in this country of an unprecedented number of memorials of one who would not have been tolerated had he misbehaved himself, who had no chance of making himself very notable, and who, when alive, did not succeed in rendering himself popular. The insincere fuss that the name of "Albert the Good" now excites is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, for it is not calculated to raise the foreigner's estimate of British character. In truth a wrong is being done to the Prince's memory by the demonstrations that have been made in his alleged honour by civic corporations. No one who has perused the touching memoirs of the Prince that the Queen has published, can fail to see that he was a uniformly good, unostentatious, talented, and amiable man, who honorably strove to remain in the background of the throne; and to raise monuments all over the country to him, not because of any remarkable acts, but because of his quiet, unblemished, and domestic character, looks too much as though we are not accustomed to find simplicity, purity, and domesticity in a Royal personage in England. It is already difficult to explain to the rising generation the gushing Albertolatry of the period. "He was a good Prince." "Then are all Princes bad who are not memorialised by statues?" "No, but this Prince was the Queen's best friend, he died when comparatively young, and she was

inconsolable." "Then was the statue raised because he was a kind husband, and died young?" "My dear boy, had you not better go to football?" The sentiment is, however exhausting itself, and the unveiling of a statue to the Prince on the Holborn Viaduct, which I witnessed a few days ago, may prove the last of these stereotyped exhibitions of "loyalty."

The statue, a bronze one, has been presented to the City by a gentleman whose name has not yet transpired. The sculptor is a Mr. Charles Bacon of Sloane Street. The horse and its rider are a little over life-size. The Prince is represented in full uniform as Field Marshal, raising his plumed cocked hat in salutation apparently of the City omnibuses crossing the Viaduct. The attitude is constrained, and after looking at the figure a few minutes one is disposed to think that the arm must be weary, and that the Prince will contract a cold, if he does not hasten to cover his royal head. The highly polished granite pedestal, is fifteen feet high, placed on a concrete formation of considerable depth. On the sides of the pedestal are two *bassi relievi* in bronze, the one representing the Prince laying the foundation stone of the Royal Exchange in 1842, the other depicting Britannia in the act of distributing awards to the successful competitors in the Great Exhibition of 1851. At each end of the pedestal is a bronze figure, one of "Peace," the other of "History," recording events of the Prince's life in a ledger, on the corners of which are the dates of the two Exhibitions, 1851 and 1862. The site chosen for the statue is one of the finest in London, and the figure terminates the vista of several great thoroughfares. What we now know of the Prince Consort's character warrants the belief that had a proposal been made during his lifetime to erect a statue to him on this spot, he would with characteristic modesty have declined the honor, and suggested that it might be more suitably bestowed

by the City on James Watt, George and Robert Stephenson, Fairbairn, Rennie, Telford, Brunel, Arkwright, Faraday, Cooke and Wheatstone, Rowland Hill, Christopher Wren, Paxton, Hooker, Caxton, or John Walter.

However, the great City was stirred on the morning of the inauguration by the announcement that the Prince of Wales would cause the statue to be unveiled, and would subsequently "partake" of luncheon at the Guildhall. The ceremony of unveiling was not an imposing one. A short address was read, explanatory of the statue, and His Royal Highness having then commanded the "drapery" to be removed, the Lady Mayoress stepped forward, pulled a cord, and after sundry wayward ropes had been cut, the veil fell off, and the statue was revealed. The Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Common Councillors wore their robes of office, and were attended by gentlemen in Court dress, and guarded by warriors of the Honorable Artillery Company Volunteers. The Prince of Wales was well greeted, and comported himself with customary geniality. He was supported by the Duke of Cambridge who looked none the worse for the assault that he met with three days ago in Pall Mall at the fists of a disappointed officer. The Royal and Civic group was then photographed twice by three cameras, and the carriages being re-entered, the Prince of Wales sharing the Lord Mayor's coach, a procession was formed to the City, and a dense crowd swarmed round and into a narrow enclosure in which barely a hundred of us had assisted to perform a rite in honor of a Prince of secondary rank who died upwards of twelve years ago, after twenty-one years of honourable but unremarkable existence as a naturalised Englishman.

LETTER XXXVI.

IN A MIDLAND COUNTY.

28th March, 1874.

"You don't mean to say that you are seriously thinking of leaving town at the beginning of *the* season, and that you propose to bury yourself in the provinces, just as London is putting on its best aspect, and laying itself out for amusement?" Such are the questions that have been invariably put to me by acquaintances on my informing them incidentally of my intention to spend the spring in the country. And possibly most persons may, at the first blush, feel disposed to endorse the semi-contemptuous criticism that so heterodox a project has called forth. No one, hardly, can appreciate more than I do the vivacity of the enormous world of London-town —a vivacity that, when associated with good weather, fair health, pleasant friends, and easy circumstances, is irresistable. "There is no place like London," is the admission of all those who have visited it; and now that communications up and down, across, around, beneath and above it are rapid, varied, and economical, it is more than ever a desirable sojourning place for the Briton returned for a brief space from exile. The metropolitan theatres are so numerous that one is to a great extent compensated for the unconscionably long runs of successful dramas. The clubs of the better sort are "liberty halls" of palaces, with large libraries admirably provided with publications to suit all requirements; inimitable cuisines that possible detract from the legitimate charm of the domestic "joint;" and, best of all, the cream of good male society. There are restaurants and dining-rooms which,

so far as cuisine and ornamentation go, run the clubs close. And there are museums, lecture rooms, and other delightful places of instruction or amusement suited to the tastes and purses of almost all classes. There is a fabulous amount of realised wealth represented in the miles of grand streets that have sprung up in the western suburbs during recent years; and this wealth offers a large field for the development of talent in the way of ministering to the recreation of those who have nothing particular to do beyond manœuvring for a higher rung in the ladder of fashion than that on which they find themselves. The struggle for social promotion must seriously diminish the happiness of the strugglers, but it tends to keep society alive, and to check stagnation. The titled families are comparatively few in number, and not all of them feel impelled, or have the means to live in good style, so it is to her recently enriched citizens that London is chiefly indebted for the display of potential wealth at this cheery period of the fashionable year.

I was in Hyde Park yesterday afternoon. A bright sun, a zephyr breeze, the greenest of grass, and trees and shrubs with the blush of early spring upon them, made the scene charming. The Queen being expected to pass through on her way to Windsor, the fashionable world had ranged itself in more or less handsome equipages on each side of a road, a mile and a half long, leaving a passage in the centre for the Royal party. There were thus sufficient carriages to stretch, if placed in single file, upwards of three miles, and yet the streets converging on the park seemed as thronged as ever with fashionable conveyances. The spectacle afforded by Rotten Row, on a fine spring day, when Parliament is sitting and "everybody" is in town, whether it be before lunch by the equestrians and pedestrians, or after lunch by the equipages, is well calculated to flatter the vanity of

the Briton, who, however he may affect to scorn on principle "mere money" in the abstract, cannot easily rise superior to an instinctive respect for the outward and visible symbols of wealth and rank. There is, however, a monotony about the exhibition by Park habitués of themselves and their quadrupedal and vehicular possessions that tends to arrest the growth within the casual spectator of envious discontent. Despite the coronets on panels, the monograms on harness, the wigs on coachmen, the powder on footmen, there is a stereotypedness in the fashion by which fashionables assert their fashionability that is apt to make one dubious of the superlative happiness of the "upper ten" and their satellites. One seems to see the same faces that one saw in the same place when a child, and not a few of them are aristocrotic, but sad, faded, and lifeless. Certain family coaches, driven by antiquated coachmen, and carrying wizened ladies or gentlemen, appear to be inseparable from the scene, though they have little harmony with the surroundings; and one may easily imagine the same coaches, coachmen, square horses, and ancient dames or squires, will be seen a century or two hence slowly moving, funeral fashion, along the same road, waiting for the tardy summons of death. Yet for all the monotony of the proceedings solemnly enacted here as one of the highest objects of life, one would like to be included in the fortunate number of the wealthy, and he who says he would not deceives his own self. England is a rather hard country for a comparatively poor man, who has a large family, to live in; but it is the best of all possible countries for a rich man to spend his money in. And as for its metropolis in the early spring,—what with the throngs of people, the wide-spread prosperity, the general independence, the bustle of the streets, the gay shops, the party-giving, the theatre, opera, and concert-going, the sermon-hearing, the stir, the whirl, the life,—it

is the natural rendezvous of all who have time and money to spare.

Small wonder, then, that my intimates denounce the bad taste that, in their opinion, I exhibit by turning my back at this time of year upon such a place. And to be candid they almost persuaded me to condemn myself. But it is a good thing, when you have deliberately resolved upon pursuing a certain course of action, to go straight through with your furrow; and let my qualms of conscience, at the eleventh hour, have been never so numerous, I am glad to find myself at this present time sitting in an arm-chair, in a particularly cosy room, in a sunny country-house, upwards of a hundred miles from the metropolis. London in *the* season is seen at its best; but that season is also *the* season when Nature is to be seen by those who love her at her best. It is well enough for permanent residents in this fair country to indefinitely deny Nature their tribute of devout admiration when the fields are vocal with the bleating of lambs, the sky jocund with the singing of larks, and the hedgesides and woods joyous with the twitter of finches, and the melody of thrushes. They can, if they choose, have a surfeit of rural pleasures at any season of the year; but to an Anglo-Indian recovering what the doctors describe as "tone," after a mild winter passed under agreeable conditions in London, the country offers powerful attractions. I admit the disagreeableness of weighing anchor just as one has settled down to London life, for the operation reminds you too forcibly of the large portion of your leave that you have lived out; and your mind, which has not been hitherto permitted to disturb itself with arithmetical calculations of that sort, begins in a morbid way, rather unfavorable to present happiness, to reckon up the balance still at your credit, with a foreboding that the more it goes the faster will it seem to slip away. The more varied your impres-

sions and experience the longer should the leave appear to be, both while it is being enjoyed, and retrospectively; so instead of cooping oneself up for the whole of a furlough within one town, however large, and one house, however congenial, it seems to me to be prudent to divide one's leave into convenient portions, and to open up in each of them "fresh fields and pastures new." The plan has this recommendation, that it is capable of being made economical, if done systematically, in an unfashionable kind of way. The world of fashion goes out of town in the winter months, so that is the time for an Anglo-Indian with moderate means to obtain a well-appointed house in town on moderate terms; and when the said world returns to town the opportunity is favorable for his cultivating any taste within him of a bucolic or rurally-æsthetic sort. The first consideration with most Anglo-Indians who return home invalided, is to recruit their health, without running into debt meanwhile; but, as this cannot be very easily done with rents, wages, coals, meat, and other necessary things at current rates, it is a matter of great moment for such people to obtain as much as they can for their money when so little of the latter is forthcoming.

The thrifty calculations of probable home expenditure that were so sagaciously made on the eve of your departure from India are pretty sure to be miserably falsified by innumerable extras that were quite unforeseen. Hence the probability of its being advantageous to divide your favours between town and country with a view to doubling your experiences, and striking a moderate average of expenditure. At the best it is an evanescent and somewhat paltry kind of pleasure that is derived from the contemplation of what is termed "fashion;" and it is probably not a good thing, as a rule, to see much of people who are far more fortunately circumstanced in some important respects than yourself. But it is a wholly

good thing to commune in ever so humble a way with Nature, to revive the rural associations of youth, and to divert the thoughts for a while to some nobler object than the mere "getting on in life." Birket Foster, one of the most favoured of modern artists, is peculiarly popular in India, because he depicts with unique skill, not the horrid slaughter of men on the battle-field, or the dying agonies of poor beasts slain in the chase, but the picturesqueness of rural England, with thatched cottages, shady lanes, ivy-mantled churches, and flower-studded hedgesides. And here I am surrounded by innumerable "bits" that such as he would love to paint, lavishly scattered among a large variety of wider scenes, typical of the best kind of English landscape. "Pity me not," then, for being at the commencement of London's fashionable season in the English Mofussil, but "lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold" about my prosaic doings hereabouts.

LETTER XXXVII.

THE COUNTRY AND ITS DENIZENS.

April 1874.

THE chronic variableness of the climate of England has been remarkably illustrated during the last fortnight. This time last year the trees and hedges were almost bare of foliage; the winds were still wintry; and the fires in bed and sitting rooms offered more potent attractions than the dull green fields and unshaded lanes. A cold rainy year had been followed by a raw winter, and this had been succeeded by a spring that took a long time to make itself felt, and was tardily dethroned by summer. But that summer, if long a-coming, was long a-going; and its decline and fall were worthy of its protracted loveliness. Then came winter again; but a winter that was kindly to the crowds of people in this humid island afflicted with weak chests; and especially so to the masses of poor folk, to whom an ice and snow-bound season would have meant misery if not death, owing to the famine prices of coal, and the restricted demand for labour. And once more are we congratulating one another on the early setting in of the most inspiriting season of all; once more are we basking in the warm rays of the sun, and revelling with inexhaustible delight in the transcendent beauty of the wealth of blossom and young foliage around us. "For so,"—to quote the text of the preacher at the Minster last Sunday,—"the winter is past. . . . the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come."

Living in the country, and occupying a delightful bed-room with an eastern aspect, I am awoke betimes by

the morning sun, and am prompted to take the "top of the morning." The "early bird catches the worm," and Charles Lamb, a delicate man who needed a good deal of bed, tried to make out a strong case against early risers by showing that early rising proves fatal to many a worm. Be this as it may, the early riser in the early spring need not entertain, when in health, the smallest scruple about the wisdom of his movements. The greyness of dawn is succeeded by a blush of colour that lends enchantment to the thatch of even the meanest cottage, and tints the woods with colours that no brush ever adequately pourtrayed on cartridge paper or canvas. The prevailing calmness of the scene is at length broken by the flood of harmony that the birds joyously pour forth, and by the bleating of lambs in the surrounding meadows to which the deep-toned response of the ewes forms a remarkable contrast. The dew, sparkling like liquid jewels on every leaf; the azure sky, towards which the larks are mounting, while they seem to pour forth their whole beings in rapturous praise; the incense of the breath of flowers; the variety and perfect harmony of colours; and the exuberance of young life around—these combine to ravish the senses of the spectator, and to inspire him with grateful sentiments.

It is pretty certain that few animals are endowed with the power of appreciating Nature that is accorded to many members of the feathered family. The horses, cows, and sheep in the field, find a sunny morning more favorable to the obtaining of an early and a dry breakfast than a cold and wet one; but they live rather to eat, than to enjoy themselves as the larks, linnets, nightingales, woodpigeons, and other birds seem in a measure to do. Similarly, the country folk, who have been habituated from infancy to rural sounds and objects, often appear to have outlived the sense of their charm. So the Anglo-Indian at home for a brief period, may derive an amount of unsophisticated, inexpensive, health-promoting, and soul-

stirring pleasure from the common objects of the country, to which the permanent denizens are usually strangers. It is indeed delightful to find oneself in the open air, when almost all the human world is still in a horizontal posture, and, with the nearest and dearest of kin, to trot along the country lanes, and "over the hills and far away," with a blithesome spirit in harmony with the joyous surroundings, and no thought but what is connected with a reverent admiration for the perfection of Nature's handiwork in things great, and still more in things small. Here is a field, a pleasant pasture in truth, gemmed with daisies, violets, and celandines upon a carpet of spring verdure. It is also dotted with sheep; the oldsters intent on nibbling the grass to make up for time lost in the night; and the youngsters, either frolicking in little juvenile groups, or snuggling against one another, or beside a dam that is already exhausted with the fatigue of gaining her early breakfast. Their long woolly tails give the lambs the appearance of having five legs when they are standing still; but anon they utter a bleat, rush away to the mother, give her udder a rude poke, kneel, and announce the flow of milk into their up-turned mouths, by twiddling their tails with great rapidity. The ewe turns her sagacious head around approvingly to see the tails twiddle, and, after a little space, moves away leaving the infants on their knees looking in vain "for more." Lambs are slow in providing for themselves as compared with the little golden balls of goslings that, like so many satellites, rotate with irregular orbits around the self-conscious old goose yonder. What do the goslings think of so stupendous a being as their mother should seem from their point of view to be? "Is it conceivable that I shall ever attain such stately proportions as hers? Can it be that the same grass which makes a lumbering sheep of that stupid lamb, will suffice to make a noble goose, or still nobler gander, of poor little me? Can

I hope to see the feathery puff that insufficiently clothes me, develope into the quills that form the pens of the ready writers among men?"

Turning from these lambs and goslings, the attention is riveted on the blossom of the surrounding orchards. Here and there the trees are so covered with it as to seem robed in snow; and elsewhere the flowers are set off against an undergrowth of exquisite green foliage, the white being strongly contrasted against a background of firs and larch. The cedars occasionally introduce with the best effect a density of colour, and a poetry of form that cannot be too much admired; and the elms and oaks are already suffused with a blush of greenery. The blackthorn is in full white blossom; but the hawthorn will not be in flower for two or three weeks, though, unlike the blackthorn, it is already in full leaf. The violets were unusually abundant this year, owing to the mildness of the winter, and it is impossible not to mourn their rapidly growing scarcity in nooks where a fortnight since they were to be plucked by handfuls. This too has been a good season for primroses, primulas, and wood anemones. So I congratulate myself anew on passing so propitious a spring in the immediate vicinity not of this Street, or of that Square in the great Metropolis, but in the heart of the country *pur et simple.*

It is a deplorable circumstance that the peaceful surroundings of the country are little in keeping at the present time with the mental condition of the peasantry of England, who are chiefly instrumental in making that country the unrivalled garden that it is. Left longer than any other class of the community to take care of, educate, improve, and better themselves, the farm labourers have only recently awoke to a sense of their undoubted degradation; and now that they are stirring themselves a little, the farmers are retaliating by acts that are singularly short-sighted, and that may, I fear, culminate in disaster to

both masters and men, not to speak of that public at large to whom both are invaluable. I was at a crowded meeting last night at Exeter Hall in aid of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union. The chair was taken by Mr. Samuel Morley, M. P., who was supported by other Members of Parliament, and the proceedings were conducted with propriety. The meeting had special reference to the fact of about two thousand labourers having been locked out by farmers near Newmarket, not for having asked higher wages, but for joining the Union which is supporting a hundred and eighty men, who struck work because their employers declined to give them an advance of one shilling upon their poor wages of thirteen shillings a week. Trades Unions have been declared by the House of Commons to be lawful associations for the promotion of trade interests; so there is no more impropriety, or illegality in the labourers forming themselves into a union for mutual help, than there is in farmers forming a Chamber of Agriculture, or in merchants constituting themselves a Chamber of Commerce. The hardship, then, of turning these two thousand labourers adrift, because they had agreed to assist in supporting their class-fellows, who had committed no greater offence than the asking of what they considered a fair week's wage for a fair week's work, is painfully obvious; and the more intelligent of the farmers probably by this time see that they made a blunder, fraught possibly with ultimate mischief to themselves, by placing these men in the right, and themselves in the wrong. A thoroughly good grievance that would come home to, and elicit the sympathy of the general public was just what the Union needed; and it is not surprising that the Urban Trades Unions, by making common cause with the agriculturists, are assisting to complicate the perilous questions of the day connected with capital and labour. That the farmer, usually speak-

ing, is not in a position to meet the demands of the labourers, may be taken for granted, but unhappily the labourers are unable to saddle the right horse—the landed proprietors, especially the landed aristocracy. Farming in England now-a-days is not an encouraging profession, and farmers may well feel alarmed about their future if landlords should prove stubborn. This however, tends to make them take unwise steps to keep up relations of class to class that are obsolete.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. Joseph Arch, the President of the Union, and two other former labourers. The unadorned eloquence of men who spoke strongly, because they felt strongly, and testified from personal experience to the existence of evils, was telling. Arch has a clever head, and a good expression of countenance. He speaks deliberately, as though feeling the truth of every syllable he utters. He said, among other things that were applauded to the echo, that agricultural labourers "do not believe in the sort of reverence which taught them to be contented while they starved: the sweetest sermons preached to them were those contained in the sweet smiles of a happy wife: the doctrine that cheered their hearts was the ruddy health on the cheeks of their children." He demanded the restitution of the common lands, amounting (I think he said) to seven millions of acres; and he urged the land-owners to grant small allotments to the men; when "instead of the best bone and sinew in the land going out of the country, every little cottage would be a great national fortification, and the labouring classes would be a credit and honor to the throne, and the crown of the nation." The meeting pledged itself to support the labourers in their struggle in defence of the rights of combination, and boxes for donations were put into active circulation.

The Eastern Counties are astir with an excitement that is pretty certain to spread to other parts of the

country, and seriously embarrass the former at an early date. England seems no sooner to have escaped from the discontent of one class of workmen than she falls in the way of another class who refuse to be comforted. The Trades Unions stirred up all kinds of mechanics to claim higher wages, and, as an inevitable consequence, a good deal of our manufacturing trade fled to cheaper markets. Then the colliers and their masters contributed largely to the domestic anxieties of the masses; and no sooner have their pretensions been overcome than the agricultural labourers ask for a larger share of the fruits of their labour. All classes are combining unintentionally to make all commodities, including labour, dear; and it is to the credit of the peasants, or rather it is evidence of their unenlightenment, that they have so long delayed to ask for an increase of remuneration in proportion to the increase of the cost of the necessaries of life that the last ten years have brought about. But people who are slow to move are apt to move too fast when they are stirred at last, and it will need all the influence of men like Mr. Morley, to keep within proper bounds the torrent of indignant dissatisfaction with the old state of things that is being let loose. Arch, with his shrewd and practical experience, his rough but cogent eloquence, his determined look, firm mouth, and earnest eyes, is, what Carlyle calls, a "man who can," a "canning man," and a power in the State for good or evil. He is fortunately associated with gentlemen who are sure to exert a wholesome corrective influence over him, should he be influenced by unwise counsel in other quarters. This is consoling, for were he and other representative men to lose their heads at this juncture, agrarian outrage on a large scale would probably ensue, now that the usually torpid blood of the peasantry is up.

LETTER XXXVIII.

IN A HAY-FIELD.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, *June* 1874.

WITHIN a few yards of my present rural habitation, there is a particularly umbrageous and agreeable clump of sycamore trees crowning a hill which acts on one side as our town's barrier against chilly breezes; and, having vainly attempted this brilliantly sunny morning, to apply myself indoors to the usually welcome task of writing to you, I have come up hither in order the better to appreciate the blandness of the air, and the beauty of our surroundings. The field of ten acres, near the centre of which I am sitting, slopes away on both sides to outlying portions of our cosy townlet which are called respectively West and East Thorpe. It is bound at each extremity by the public highway, beyond which the land rises again gradually, so that from my present modest elevation, a wide panoramic view of hay, corn, beans, pease, and other fields presents itself with many a picturesque clump of old timber, and row after row of thick hedges. Here and there are farm buildings, or flocks and herds, or labourers' cottages, or roads and pathways, and the far distant horizon is demarcated very plainly by a ridge of trees. Immediately before me are two converging avenues of lofty old elms, between which is a paddock, and at the farther end of this is a flower-girt croquet-lawn that fronts the comfortable house of the owner of this field. Behind this residence which has for many a long year been associated with every grace of English country life, the three square, grey, stone towers of the venerable Minster uprear themselves majestically, and

remind you afresh that the "monks of old" were remarkable not only for their love of good cheer, but also for their appreciation of good air and fine scenery.

This field has been devoted for forty years successively to the cultivation of hay, and usually yields good returns; but the present season has been unusually dry, and the crop of grass is exceptionally light in most parts of the country. Until last year inclusive, the hay hereabouts was mown with the scythe; but three enterprising individuals having invested in mowing machines, the old state of things has passed away, and a new fashion which promises to be lasting has taken its place. And who will regret that the gangs of Irish haymakers addicted to hard bargains, strong liquor, and too expressive language have been shunted by the ingenious instrument whose rattle now sounds in my ears! Formerly the farmer who was compelled to utilise this vagrant itinerating labour, frequently found himself, when the weather was treacherous, at the mercy of his casual employés who not unnaturally exacted something out of his necessity. And even when the labour difficulty was surmounted, there was often great risk of the crop being ruined by the tardiness unavoidable in getting it in. Thus hay-making, though ever a favorite theme with poet and artist, and associated with some of the pleasantest recollections of childhood, often proved to the amateur or "gentleman," as well as to the professional farmer, one of the most anxious processes of the year. The substitution of the hay-cutting machine however relieves him now from the greater portion of his anxiety in this respect, for it does in hours an amount of work that formerly needed days to accomplish, and renders him almost independent of manual labour so far as the mere mowing is concerned. With two horses, tandem fashion, a boy on the tender, a driver on the machine, and a man to rake the grass as it falls, the field is cut uniformly, and the crop laid systematically

in rows, awaiting the nimble pitchforks of the men and women who toss it about to dry.

What has become of the crowds of Irish labourers whom this and other agricultural machines have combined to deprive of their former means of existence in seed-time, haying, and harvest? It is a safe assumption that these appliances have helped to drive many a stalwart Hibernian from his normal state of poverty, tempered by occasional glimpses of good wages, to a condition of prosperity in the far West, where his capabilities find scope for their exercise as they would never have done in his native land. The itinerant field-labourer from Ireland who came in with the hay, and went out with the corn, and the while scandalised the rural mind in England by some of his characteristics, was a good deal more instrumental than he perhaps imagined in widening the gulf that unhappily exists between the sister countries. His relations with his employer were usually of the armed neutrality, rather than of the cordial alliance order; and, experiencing at the best but coldness, and frequently harshness, it is little wonder that he returned to Ireland with no very friendly feelings towards the English as a people. In creating such splendid men and women as the Irish peasantry mostly are, Nature must have designed them for a higher *rôle* than that of occasional field-labourers, and "rankers" in the army and elsewhere; and mechanical art, in relieving English farmers to a great extent from a disagreeable thraldom, becomes a potent agent in the development of the world's resources in distant lands.

The contrast between a broad expanse of growing grass, rippled ever and again by the breeze, and tinted with various shades of yellow, green, white and brown, such as was this field the day before yesterday, and the scene presented to-day by that grass all prone in ridges of a grey-green tint, is striking. And one can hardly repress a feeling

of regret for the tall, flowering, waving, beautiful grass that was shorn so remorselessly by the machine, leaving only its hard, cylindrical stumps behind to mark the spot where so lately it waved obedient to every zephyr, and accorded shelter to birds, and to insects not a few. So long as the grass is growing one of the best periods of the year, the in-gathering of the crops, is a pleasant thing to look forward to; but with the fall of the grass, one is reminded that the sixth month of the year is being lived out, and that there are not many summer months to follow; so one would fain cling to the present, and make the most of it ere it has slipped away past recall. The haying time usually seems to set in with a rush; and expedition being necessary to get in the crop, it is over far more rapidly than one could wish who finds delight in spending the live-long day in the fields, inhaling the fragrant perfume of the ripening grass, or listening to the dulcet warbling of the birds, and the murmurous melody of the bees; and when at length the fields are swept clean, the stacks thatched, the cattle admitted to feed upon and fertilise the "after grass," and the land resumes its wonted placidity, you are apt to feel that you did not make the most of the opportunity you had to revel with the youngsters who may never be happier than they were when nesting, engineering, or waging mimic battles with hay. Since the aroma of new mown hay forcibly reminds most English folk of the sunny days of childhood, youth, and possibly courtship, it is a happy circumstance that even a tropical sun cannot rob such people in India of an occasional reminiscence that inspires them with an increased desire to see their native land again. Indian hay may not be as well grown and nourishing as the average English product, but the family resemblance between the two is sufficiently close to prove welcome to exiles.

In mentioning that the weather this year has not been

on the whole favorable to the hay, I am reminded of the great difference between the present season and that of two summers back. It is stated authoritatively that this is the dryest year since Waterloo, or, excepting 1815, since the beginning of the current century, and that these assertions are supported by the meteorological observations at Greenwich. There is often a tendency among statisticians unconsciously to manipulate observations so as to make them bear out their theory that they live in an exceptional epoch. Sometimes it is an unparalleled shower of frogs, or pick of gooseberries, or mortality among game, or clouds of lady-birds, or extreme heat, cold, wet, or drought; but whatever the exceptional thing is, men rather like to regard themselves as the victims of an abnormal state of things. So this year it is interesting to learn that we are partly indebted for our dry and occasionally chilly weather to a covey of asteroids through which the earth is slowly groping its way, the assumption apparently being that these asteroids act as a shield between the earth and the sun! Even without this pretty idea it is surprising how little rain we have had in the last twelve months. I am a pretty fair critic in this respect, since I have spent the greater part of that period in the open, armed with an umbrella that I bought in Madras fifteen months since. Whether my umbrella frightens away the rain, or acts *à la* asteroid as a shield, I cannot say, but I can vouch for this that it has followed me most dutifully in my many peregrinations; it has been put up on the slightest provocation; and that yet it has not had a good soaking a dozen if half-a-dozen times, though on principle I eschew cabs and other costly modes of conveyance. If then, I may regard my dumb friend, that combines the double functions of walking-stick and umbrella, as a rain-gauge, I must be allowed to testify to the fact of the weather having been remarkably dry.

How different would have been the teachings of that

same gauge had I come home two years ago! Then "the rain it rained every day;" society like the soil was sodden; and men's minds became as limp as their collars. It makes a vast difference coming home on furlough in a wet or a dry season. During the course of the latter you are master of the situation; but during the incidence of the former you are the helpless victim of adverse circumstances that should make even crocodiles weep. The house you live in may be all that a well-ordered English house should be—and how incomparably well ordered thousands of them are—and you may have an unusual number of friends to see, and show yourself to. But having, with lamentable rapidity, exhausted the always torpid interest of those friends in Oriental topics, and convinced yourself of the hopelessness of attempting to enrich their minds with the most elementary Indian terms of speech, you soon find that rain, as a late Hindoo gentleman said of scholarships, "makes the land dull." The highly tinted visions of what you would do when once you got home, which you dreamed in the day time for many months previous to your departure from India, prove baseless fabrics of a too fertile imagination; and you sometimes are so bored by unavoidable inactivity that you would fain be back in a place where the sun if hot, is not ashamed to show himself.

At this time of the year, for instance, the day dawns shortly after 3 A. M. You can see to write indoors without a candle until 9, and to play croquet without lamps till 10 P. M., so, if an early riser, as Anglo-Indians can hardly avoid being, you have fully sixteen hours of daylight to enjoy—or endure. You are not to work; indeed the atmosphere in which you live is not favorable to work; you cannot read straight ahead for sixteen hours; there is a limit to the time consumed with meals, even though by dining

early you smuggle in a dinnerish supper; and music, singing, drawing, or the petting of birds or quadrupeds, is apt to become, after a protracted spell, tiresome. Your friends must leave you very much to your own devices; so your fate is sad indeed when you are debarred by distance, or otherwise, from getting to the retreat of a club or a library in a persistently wet day in the United Kingdom. With bright weather, on the other hand, you can sit joyously for hours on a hay-cock, as I am doing, and congratulate yourself on thus pleasantly complying with the advice of your doctor who urged on you the duty of laying in a fresh stock of physical strength, wherewith to return to that Oriental field of labour in which hay-fields, owing to snakes, are a snare.

LETTER XXXIX.

RUGBY AND ITS SCHOOL.

RUGBY, 1874.

THE scene that I am viewing from the weather-worn, and penknife-tattooed bench upon which I am sitting, is well calculated to flatter the pride of an Englishman. The parallelogram before me, of some half-a-dozen acres in extent, is divided into two capacious playing-fields, carpeted with grass, and brilliantly illumined by the inspiriting rays of the sun. The tints of the abundant foliage of the noble elms that transect and bound this historic spot, vie with those of the sward now being nibbled in one part by sheep and clipped in another by the mowing machine. On my right, behind the elms, the grey or red school and church buildings are here and there discernible through gaps in the branches; and on the left, beyond the playing ground, there is a Roman Catholic Church, graced with a peculiarly elegant, tapering, studded spire, bound on one side by the school gymnasium, and on the other by the racquet court.

The scene is astir with life, for there are five representative games of cricket going on, and fully a couple of hundred of youths of England are either taking an active share therein, or are watching the progress of the contests with rapt and skilled attention. And though there are so many full-lunged, well-grown, healthy young fellows engaged, scarce a voice is to be heard, save now and then, when a remarkably good hit extorts momentary applause from the critics, that blends not inharmoniously with the cawing of the rooks,

the bleating of lambs, and the running fire of cricket and racquet balls well struck by sturdy players. The spaces around the games are marked by groups either of lads stretched on the grass, with their heads conveniently posed on their hands, or of others strolling in pairs, arm in arm, with at least a hand a-piece in a trowser pocket. The older and greater guns among the players are faultlessly attired in white flannel; but the others are garbed miscellaneously, most of them wearing, *inter alia*, a black-and-white, straight-brimmed straw hat, with a broad black ribbon around the crown. The vocal stillness is unique; it speaks of an all-pervading repugnance to demonstrative exultation; it denounces as bad form the exhibition of ill-humour under calamity; and it points to the existence of a self-containing and self-respecting demeanour, whether fortune is favourable or unkind, that stimulates each player to exert his utmost for the good of his side, or the credit of his house, and to rise superior to personal vanity. No vulgar epithets, such as are heard elsewhere when juvenile passions are aroused, disturb the classic serenity, or do outrage to the sacred associations of the scene; no horse-play in any corner distracts the attention and incurs the displeasure of the spectator; naught, in short, is at discord with the essence of that good feeling and high tone which should animate youthful representatives of refined society. Here, regardless of the storm that has during the last three years beaten rudely against the old place, are the mimic battles still fought, that are the earnest of such national triumphs, as the fall of a Sebastopol, a Lucknow, a Delhi, a Magdala, or a Coomassie. On this breezy, sun-flooded, elm-shaded, cheery plateau, have hundreds of men learnt how to sustain the honor of their country, in all departments of work, in all parts of the world. A mischievous *règime* that menaced the existence of the school has now ended; a new term, and therewith

a new epoch in the momentous history of the place has just commenced, and Rugby—the scene of Arnold's, Tait's and Temple's labours—is herself again.

There is no necessity to say much of the unhappy reign of Dr. Hayman. The Trustees of the school are blame-worthy for having in the first place appointed him, and in the second for not having sustained his authority. He was never qualified for so responsible a position in the educational world; and it is not surprising that he desired to avail himself of the opportunity afforded for self-aggrandisement by the new-born anxiety of the Trustees to break through the old traditions of the school. Dr. Hayman might, and should have exhibited more dignity throughout his contest with his superiors and his subordinates, but he was certainly roughly treated by both; and it is conceivable that many men of greater self-control than he has would have failed to rise superior to the abundant provocation that he received. His assistants disputed his authority, and calculated on the active sympathies of the Trustees protecting them against the dismissal that they ran the risk of by their organized insubordination; and when all parties concerned had discredited themselves by their squabbles, and compromised the prestige of the school, they washed their dirty linen in a Court of Justice, and enabled a Vice-Chancellor to crown the edifice of folly by an inexcusable partisanship. Happily, the law proved unequal to the task of preventing the exercise of the chief prerogative of the Trustees; and the ill-treated yet quite unsuitable Head Master having been finally dismissed, has now been comfortably provided with a living by the new Prime Minister.

There were three candidates for the vacancy, Mr. Perceval, the Head Master of Clifton College; Mr. Jex-Blake, the Head Master of Cheltenham College; and Mr. Snow, an Assistant Master at Eton. The two gentlemen first named, as I have mentioned in former letters,

are old Rugbeans, and the first of the two was popularly supposed to have been the favorite for the appointment when Dr. Temple resigned; but the choice of the Trustees has fallen upon the Rev. T. W. Jex-Blake, and their decision has been hailed with general public approval.

The vicissitudes of the school have been startling. In 1751, for example, Mr. Richmonds assumed the Head Mastership, and within four years brought up the number of the boys from 70 to 281. He was succeeded by Mr. Barrough, who ruled twenty-two years, and witnessed the decline of the number from 281 to 521. Dr. James an Etonian, then came to the rescue of the apparently moribund school, and the number advanced in six years to 165. Then followed Inglis in 1794, Wooll in 1807, Arnold in 1828, Tait in 1842, Goulburn in 1850, Temple in 1858, Hayman in 1869, and now Jex-Blake in 1874. During Dr. Hayman's reign, the number of boys at Rugby fell from 500 to 325, but there has been an addition this week, the first of the new *règime*, of 25. Many county families that had for generations sent their boys to Rugby, have of late reluctantly commenced new alliances elsewhere, which cannot with due regard to the welfare of the lads concerned be now disturbed, and the evil influence of the quarrels may operate for a long time in other quarters; but the school being now at harmony with itself and with public opinion, cannot fail to rapidly recover not only its former numerical strength, but also its former intellectual renown, which was not sustained under Dr. Hayman's auspices. Dr. Jex-Blake has commenced his reign by reinstating Mr. Scott in the house-tutorship, and Mr. Arthur Sedgwick in the Assistant Mastership, from which they were arbitrarily expelled by Dr. Hayman. Loyally aided by the talented gentlemen among whom he ranked on equal terms for eleven years, stimulated by his own and their fervid Rugbeanism, and supported by high

academic prestige, wide and varied scholastic experience, and personal popularity, Dr. Jex-Blake has, it may be hoped, a brilliant career of usefulness before him that will largely contribute to the honor of Rugby.

The school which Bishop Gell, Sir Arthur Cotton, and others of note in India were educated, has peculiar claims on my notice, and I regret that I have not succeeded in obtaining the names of the living "boys" who are now serving as public officials in the Indian services. The representative Rugbean has a distinct individuality, which is of aid in moulding the characters of other men, by diffusing the gospel according to Arnold—that lover of truth, that foe to cant, that preacher of good feeling in all relations in life. How little could Lawrence Sheriff of London, grocer, who founded the school upwards of three hundred years ago, have conceived that he was planting the seeds of an institution that would be instrumental in remodelling education in his native land, and even in moulding English character. He endowed the school with the rents accruing from various small properties, including eight acres of pasture half-a-mile outside the London of his days, which then produced a rental of £8, but which now yield nearly £5,000 per annum.

Rugby is represented in the House of Lords by two former Head Masters,—Archbishop Tait, and Bishop Temple, and by sundry "temporal" Lords; and in the new House of Commons by thirty-five "old boys," including Mr. Cross, the new Home Secretary, and Messrs. Goschen and Adam, late Secretaries of State. The "moral thoughtfulness" that Arnold inculcated, combined with the solid characteristics that used to be deemed exclusively British, are remarkably exemplified in the person of Mr. Cross, a statesman who has, without any marked genius, stepped into the first rank of politicians with the approval of all parties. Arnold died in harness in the school house before any of the

present Rugbeans were "thought of;" but though dead, and buried in the beautiful chapel wherein for sixteen years his earnest voice was heard almost every Sunday, he "yet speaketh," thanks to his biographer Dean Stanley, and to other old pupils of his, like Bishop Gell, who are living testimonies of what he was, and what he wished "my boys" to be. The character of the school has been modified by the silent pressure of contemporary events since Arnold's death, and there is more "sweetness and light," far less roughness and darkness now, than was the case in his time. Political changes that caused him grave anxiety, as compared with which his school troubles were trifles, have been consummated without a tithe of those disasters that he in his warm-hearted patriotism saw abundant cause to apprehend; and those changes, affecting the relations of various sections of society, so far from militating against the national importance of his school, have combined to enhance its value, as one of the best of all training grounds for English gentlemen.

LETTER XL.

A MINOR PUBLIC SCHOOL.

STONY STRATFORD, *May* 1874.

THE difficulty of finding a school in England suited to the requirements of parents with comparatively small means—such as the majority of Anglo-Indian officials may be taken to be—is so great, that I have directed my attention to a large and prosperous College in this town, which seems to me to offer the advantage of a good education combined with unexceptionable associations and moderate charges. He who can in reason afford the cost of sending his sons to Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, or one of the other great public schools of this country, and refrains from having them trained in such an institution, incurs a grave responsibility of which those sons will probably be acutely conscious in after-life. The tone of the great schools has improved of late years under the influence of Parliamentary and public opinion. Head-Masters are now elected at ages which would have astonished the last generation of scholars, the argument being that a highly cultured man with his academic laurels still green, and his energy undiminished, is better fitted for the charge of youths, than a comparatively old man who lives in a past epoch of the world's history. There is still probably, too much devotion to play at the great schools, and there are other directions in which reforms are necessary, if only to render the sons of the upper and middle classes competent to hold their own intellectually against the lower orders, who are being educated in a practical way that speaks volumes for the educational policy of the late Government. But, after all, only a few parents, compara-

tively speaking, are in a position to send their boys to one of the great schools, and thousands are left who must betake themselves elsewhere.

The Anglo-Indian parent is usually placed in a peculiarly disadvantageous position when the anxious question of educating his children comes up for solution. He is regarded with effusive interest by a certain class of schoolmasters, whose talents are in an inverse ratio to their pretensions; and should he be induced to put his trust in the plausible prospectuses of such gentlemen, he will very likely find, on his return to England, a few years afterwards, that notwithstanding the roseate reports of the mental and moral progress of his boys, with which he was periodically favored, they have been allowed to fritter away some of the best years of their youth, and to acquire habits of idleness that threaten to result in their being the servants of servants to the end of their lives. That the outraged parent, whose fond hopes are thus cruelly disappointed, does not take the change out of the money-grubbing and unscrupulous adventurer who calls himself a schoolmaster, by administering a sound personal chastisement to him with his own cane, is a proof rather of the law-abiding propensities of the Anglo-Indian, than of his disposition to compound a felony. The education of the lower classes is closely scrutinised by the Government, but the middle class which chiefly recruits the Indian and Colonial services and commerce, is still left to a great extent at the mercy of reverend gentlemen who have no mercy, or no special qualifications for the duties that they undertake. The Squeers tribe have died out, or have transferred their talents to new branches of industry; but there are not a few Dotheboys Halls yet in the land, from which the anxious parent must fervently pray that his sons may be delivered.

It is not of such an institution that I have now to write, but of a College that is interesting as a type of

the best class of the minor public schools of the country in this, as to education, transitional period. My attention was first directed to it by an advertisement in the *Times*, which informed me, among other things, that the Rev. John Pickford (late Sanscrit Professor in the Madras Presidency College) is one of the Classical Masters. This gentleman is so eminent a Sanscrit scholar, and his early retirement from India was so much regretted, that it was but natural to desire to know more of a school with which so accomplished a man had connected himself. Another inducement to make further enquiries presented itself in the statement that the "inclusive charge for board and tuition, washing, medical attendance, stationery, use of scientific and other educational appliances, is 60 guineas per annum." As this sum is about as much as a parent can afford to pay for schooling, who has no more than Rs. 1,000 per annum to assign for each of his children in England (say, £63 school fees, £7 extras, £15 clothing, £15 holidays, &c.), and very few even second-rate schools are as modest in their demands, I was induced to come here to see for myself how the land lies.

Stony Stratford is two miles from the Wolverton station of the London and North Western Railway, thirty from Oxford, and sixty from London. It can boast of an ancient origin, since it is believed to have been in existence at the time of the Romans, and to have formed a halting-place on the long midland road of theirs known as Watling Street. The soil on which it is built is composed of a rubbly oolitic gravel overlying the lower oolitic rocks, a formation that is favorable to the absorption of the rather too abundant water supply of the plain in which it is situated. This plain is partly surrounded by gentle hills as fertile-looking as itself, and it is diversified by meadows, umbrageous trees, and thick hedges. The locality has an open and pleasant look about it, without any very marked characteristics. The town consists of little else

than a long straight street of single-storied, red brick, clean and prosaic-looking houses, with here and there a small shop, a rather large church, good pavements, and the other accessories of a country place, that, without any manufactures, aspires to be thought well-to-do.

The College is the development of an old school that proved a financial failure, owing to the intellectual torpidity of its conductors, rather than to the dulness of the pupils. What made the present Head-Master, or Warden as he is called, apply himself to the task of evolving order out of the chaos that existed here when he came, I have not discovered. Himself a Fellow of New College, Oxford, a ripe classic, an ardent Churchman, and withal somewhat of a capitalist, the Rev. Walter M. Hatch, to whom I refer, devoted himself to the work of supplying a first class, and tolerably inexpensive school, for the sons of gentlemen, on the model of Winchester, and in accordance with modern requirements. And having invested a considerable sum in the development of his idea, he transferred his proprietary rights to a Company, with a capital of £30,000, of which up to date only a third has been paid up. Unlike Cheltenham, Clifton, Marlborough, and some other Proprietary schools, the possession of a certain number of shares is not at this College essential to the admittance of a boy; but this may possibly be required of parents eventually. Meanwhile the possession of twenty-five £10 shares enables the holder to nominate one boy to be educated at half the ordinary fee of 60 guineas, during such time as he may remain at the school; and the possession of five £10 shares entitles the possessor to a reduction of 10 per cent., say 6 guineas per annum on the ordinary charges for one boy. These concessions necessarily offer more inducement to the parent of a small boy than to one whose son is in his "teens." A boy of eight years may be expected to remain at least eight years at school, so the parent by investing £250 would obtain a discount of £252,

and at the end of the lad's schooling, would still possess the 25 shares whatever might be their value. That value, a few years hence, will of course depend upon the success of the school meanwhile; and probably small capitalists will hesitate to become proprietors until that success is assured.

The progress up to date has been rapid, and the present term shows an increase to the list, which now numbers nearly a hundred and fifty boys, of whom nearly a half are sons of beneficed clergymen. The Warden is assisted by the Reverend J. W. Knight, formerly Head-Master of Lichfield Grammar School, as Sub-Warden, by Mr. Moore, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, Mr. Pickford, before mentioned, and three or four other masters of ability in their several Departments; and the domestic arrangements are supervised by Mrs. Knight assisted by a Matron of experience. The school buildings comprise a beautiful chapel, a large dining-hall, a lecture room, school and class rooms, large dormitories, and a gymnasium, the whole adapted for the accommodation of two hundred boys; and there are about fourteen acres of playing ground and fields attached to the College. About thirty of the senior boys are provided with separate partitioned bedrooms, or cubicles, excellently furnished, and suitable for occasional use as private studies—snuggerries in short that render the sleeping arrangements at most of the great schools poor by comparison. The chapel is the boast of the place, for it has been built and decorated with great taste, and almost regardless of expense. The boys attend, surpliced, daily service both morning and evening, and take a prominent part in the choral portion of it, many of them being excellent solo singers.

The following is the school time-table:— 6 A. M. first bell for rising, 6-30 silence bell for private devotions, 6-45 roll-call, 7 breakfast, 8 chapel, 8-30 to 10-30 school, 10-30 luncheon, 11-15 to 12-50 school, 1 dinner, 3-50 roll call,

4 to 5 school, 5 tea, 5-30 chapel, 6 to 7 school, 7 to 8-30 prepare lessons, 8-30 supper, 8-40 dormitory. This gives 52 hours of actual tuition a week, and the greater part of a half holiday every day. All Saints' Days and church Festivals are holidays, and a whole holiday is also given once a month to boys who have passed a satisfactory examination, and behaved creditably during the previous month. The school is divided into two divisions at foot-ball, in one of which every boy is compelled to play three days a week during the season. At cricket junior boys are required to field for the seniors for one hour twice a week. Every boy is expected to learn to swim, there being two bathing places in the River Ouse close to the playing fields, one with shallow water for novices, and the other with water fourteen feet deep for practised swimmers, the bathing being invariably superintended by a Master. The school is divided into Classical and Modern Departments, the former being adapted for the preparation of boys for scholarships at the Universities, or for appointments in the Civil Service, and the latter being suited to those who are intended for the medical profession or for scientific pursuits. Greek, but not Latin, is optional in the latter Department, though parents are urged to allow their sons the opportunity of making at least an elementary acquaintance with that language. Religious instruction which is imparted by lectures on Sundays, and on Saints' days from 10 to 11, is confined to the Greek Testament, Bible history, and the liturgy and doctrine of the Church of England. The domestic arrangements are based upon a just conception both of the economy in the long run of providing boys with the best of comestibles, and of the duty of inculcating habits of order, neatness and cleanliness during youth. The meals are taken in the Hall with the whole staff of masters, who sit at a cross table overlooking the whole assemblage. In fact St. Paul's College, Stony Stratford, may be regarded as a Winchester on a rather small scale, with the important

difference that its fees are at the least a half of those charged by the great public school that it most resembles.

☞ Since the above was written, the Revd. Walter Hatch, preparatory to entering upon a larger field of duty elsewhere, has resigned the Wardenship of St. Paul's College, Stony Stratford, and been succeeded by the Revd. Walter F. Short, M. A. This gentleman was educated at Winchester, and was elected Scholar, and afterwards Fellow of New College, Oxford. He was subsequently appointed to the Head Mastership of Oswestry School, which was in a short time raised to a prominent position by his exertions. Being compelled to resign this post by temporary ill health, he became one of the Tutors of New College, and filled various University offices. He was Master of the Schools, and one of the Proctors in 1870. He was then nominated by the Government to be Chaplain and Classical Instructor at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, an office which he has now resigned in order to go to Stony Stratford, where not his least recommendation in the estimation of his boys will be that he is an excellent cricketer, that he rowed in the "University Eight," and that he is as vigorous in body as he has proved himself to be in mind.

LETTER XLI.

THE CHIEF FOUNT OF EAST INDIA ALE.

BURTON ON TRENT, *May* 1874.

THE contrast is remarkable between the busy town of great breweries in my immediate rear, and the placid river at my feet in whose mirror-like surface are reflected the azure sky overhead, the spring-green foliage of the overhanging elms, the feathery stems of the graceful willow, the beauteous blossom-cones of the chestnuts, and the noble amplitude of oak and ash. Yonder, far and wide, are pasture lands on which the eye is alternately attracted by the golden sheen of butter-cup and celandine, or the creamy patches of daisy and cuckoo plant set off to advantage on the greenest of grass. The thrushes and linnets warble in the trees, the hoarse yet homely croak of the rook resounds from afar, varied by the harsher cry of water birds, the bleating of lambs, and the lowing of cattle. And ever and anon the whistles of locomotives plying in the brewery yards, or on the main line of railway, and the murmur of the town's traffic, mingle with the notes of Nature's sweet songsters. The valley is almost encircled by hills, which are to a great extent wooded, and dotted with pleasant-looking dwellings. Shallow, transparent, and sluggish, the river Trent seems reluctant to leave the country side, and to approach the noted town wherein its waters are largely utilised, but are not so far honored as to be converted into beverage for man. And yet the great world, which consumes in fabulous quantities the famed product of Burton industry, is satisfied that it absorbs the limpid waters of the river on whose picturesque bank the town rests. But this is only one of the

many popular errors into which the world, being sometimes ill-informed, drifts and stays. The Trent water is largely used in cleaning the vessels or apparatus of the brewers, but not a drop is employed in the concoction of the commodity that has made those brewers a power in the State.

It has been calculated by Professor Leone Levi, of King's College, that upwards of 92¼ millions sterling are invested in the liquor trade of England, 13¼ millions in Scotland, and 11½ millions in Ireland; and that the revenue derived from beer, wines and spirits is about 28 millions, or considerably more than a third of the whole national revenue, to which Messrs. Bass and Co., alone are believed to contribute £780 per day. In 1872 upwards of 55½ millions of bushels of malt were consumed in brewing, representing 2¼ millions of acres of land devoted to the production of the raw material used for brewing and distillation, besides 60,000 acres appropriated to hop-growing. It is further estimated by the Professor that one million and a half of persons are employed in this country in various branches of the production and distribution of liquors of various kinds. The fixed and floating capital invested in cotton manufactures in the United Kingdom is calculated at 85 millions sterling, that in the woollen trade at 22½ millions; that in the iron trade at 25½ millions; while in the liquor trade 117 millions are invested, or a sum equal to a seventh of the National Debt, or a fourth of the share capital of British railways, or more than half the value of the total exports from this country. And of this prodigious investment in the production of liquor that cheers, inebriates, and assists to pauperise the masses of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Burton-on-Trent is the seat of the largest investment, and of the largest production. The commercial success of this town, stupendous as it has been hitherto, has stimulated it to fresh exertions, and even London

brewers, like Truman Hanbury and Buxton, edified by, or envious of, the achievement of their rivals hereabouts, are erecting large breweries of their own, whence in a few months they will pour an enormous quota into the great river of ale that, taking its rise here flows down myriads of thirsty throats in all civilised lands.

Bass and Co. are, on all hands, recognised as the princes of Burton brewers. Their establishments are on an enormous scale, and represent the profitable investment of vast sums accumulated in the course of time by the increasing popularity of their brew. In three years more the firm will attain its centenary, for it was in 1777 that Mr. William Bass, the grandfather of Mr. M. T. Bass, the present Member for Derby, founded the business, on a very small scale, which has now so greatly developed that six locomotive engines are insufficient to work the traffic in the yards. 60,000 railway trucks are employed in the course of six months, and 580,000 casks are used;—which casks put on end would, it is calculated, make 2,440 pillars each as high as St. Peter's at Rome. The firm employs in this town above 2,000 men and boys; it pays £2,000 a week in wages; it produces 800,000 barrels of beer in the course of a brewing season; it uses 40,000 tons of coal a year; it pays in malt tax and license duty £285,000; and it receives from the public in a twelve month about £2,400,000. I have heard it stated that a 2*d.* glass of ale costs the producer no more than a half-penny; be this as it may, there is not a doubt but that the profits of brewing even when conducted on a small scale, are very large, so what must the returns of profit be of a firm that receives for the liquor it produces nearly £7,000 per diem.

It would be vain for me to attempt to describe the premises of Messrs. Bass and Co., which extend over 150 acres in this town, and contain 26 stationary engines for working the machinery. But I am informed by a trade

organ, that in their newest brewery "there are three floors, the whole giving a space of six acres, or considerably larger than the roped area at Lord's Cricket Ground on the occasion of a great match. One of the racking-rooms on the ground-floor has an area of more than an acre, being 433 feet long by 110 feet broad. On this floor also are the two engine rooms besides other accommodation. On the first floor are grinding and storing-rooms for malt, the mashing-room, and turning-rooms. One of these latter, immediately over the racking-room just mentioned, and of the same dimensions, contains 1,460 tunning casks, each of which holds 160 gallons, equal in all to 233,600 gallons. In the mashing-rooms there are twelve mash-tubs, each of which will mash sixty quarters of malt, so that more than 150 acres of land would be required to grow the barley for a single charge for these dozen tubs. On the second story of this building are the fermenting-rooms, containing 226 squares of vats, each of which will hold 2,200 gallons, or 587,600 gallons in all, a quantity more than sufficient to fill a swimming-bath 250 feet long, 160 feet broad, and six feet deep, which is more than three times the size of the largest public bath in London. On the third story are the coolers, and copper house. In this latter are three water coppers, each of which will boil 12,000 gallons; and eleven wort-coppers, that will each boil 2,200 gallons."

The premises are pervaded by an air of thoroughness and efficiency. The blocks of buildings are numerous and vast, and the processes through which the liquor passes before it is pronounced perfect are bewildering. You, however, perambulate with as wise a look as you can bring your features to assume, and listen to your guide's technical descriptions of, the washing-rooms, the fermenting-rooms, the malt-houses, the stores, and the engine-rooms, and you sniff, and taste, and see, and wonder, and then you depart into the outer world with an idea

that the beer that John Bull at home and abroad swears by, that Monsieur calls *pell ell*, is produced in oceans, by Messrs. Bass and Co. with a minimum of human labour, and a maximum of intrinsic purity.

And then you are informed that the water which is the basis of the beer, is obtained from artesian and Abyssinian wells sunk into the gravelly foundation of the town, where they tap inexhaustible springs which are fed by the drainage of a range of hills close at hand. This water contains nearly 19 grains of sulphate and 15 grains of corbonate of lime to the imperial gallon, besides sulphate of potash and magnesia, and it is remarkably free from organic matter. These properties are invaluable to the brewer, since whatever saccharine matter is put into the water remains there for an indefinite period without injury. The peculiarity of the springs must have been known six hundred years ago, when certain jovial "monks of old" in the neighbourhood brewed a "nut-brown" ale that was greatly appreciated by the recipients of their bounteous hospitality. The conventual beer of the abbots of Burton obtained far more than a Trent-Valley reputation, for the more it was drunk by the mediævalists, the more was it wanted. The abbots had many broad acres, and in leasing these to millers of the period, they sagaciously made it a condition that the malt of the lords of the manor, both spiritual and temporal, should be ground free. And when Mary, Queen of Scots, was imprisoned by Elizabeth in Tutbury Castle, Secretary Walsingham wrote to the Governor as to "what place neere Tutbury beere may be provyded for her Majestie's use;" to which that official replied that "beere may be had at Burton." Up to the year 1822 none but strong ale was brewed here; but after much labour a person named Hodson succeeded in producing a pale and bitter beer capable of retaining its properties with ordinary

care in all climates, and this he named Indian Pale Ale, and thus commenced a special branch of the trade, of which for a long time he enjoyed something tantamount to a monopoly. In the *Bengal Hurkaru* of 1830, the arrival in Calcutta of the first shipment of Indian Pale Ale is noticed, and from that date to this, the shipments have increased greatly, the beverage being deemed indispensable to the health of English troops.

Though the premises of Messrs. Bass and Co., are the most extensive, the comparatively new brewery of Messrs. Samuel Allsopp and Sons, is the most compact and imposing in the town. It occupies an area of 50 acres, with an excellent frontage towards the railway station, and is connected by the firm's line with what is called the Old Brewery farther within the town. In their new premises, Messrs. Allsopp have a noble series of buildings with considerable architectural pretensions. The various processes are here to be seen with small inconvenience, and what with excellent lighting and ventilation, iron, stone, and asphalte floors, iron columns, and its great magnitude, these premises are more interesting than even Bass's in Burton, or Truman's in London. Here, as at most of the breweries in the town, during the brewing season, the work is carried on day and night by relays of men, and it is found almost impossible, immense as are the appliances, to produce enough beer to meet the demand. Allsopps, with three great malting establishments of their own, are only able to produce half the amount of malt required for their business. The hops are obtained chiefly from the Kent District, but the United States, France, Belgium and Holland also contribute a large quantity, the imports in 1868, for example, having reached 322,000 cwts.

The leviathan brewers can well afford to give fancy prices, when the necessity arises, for the best of everything used in their trade, the chief consideration with them being to sustain the reputation that their respective ales have

obtained, so when the world asks for pure Burton ale, and consents to pay the price for that commodity, it may calculate upon having its wants abundantly supplied. Bass and Co. have in London a building with a floor space of not less than eight acres, capable of storing 90,000 barrels of beer, and Allsopps have metropolitan stores with room for 60,000 barrels; so these two firms alone have usually 150,000 barrels available to meet the requirements of a city with a population of close upon four millions, and beer-houses, which placed in a row side by side, would stretch to a distance, it is calculated, of thirty-eight miles. In Burton, where every employè in a brewery has a liberal allowance of beer, the number of public houses for the retail sale of the beverage is small; but in most provincial towns the number of such establishments is formidable; and, in connection with the increasing intemperance of the lower orders of society, one can understand the anxiety of many philanthropists to put additional restraints on the sale of intoxicating liquor. But whether men can be made temperate by Act of Parliament remains to be seen. At any rate let us not think "because we are virtuous that there shall be no more cakes and ale." Burton, certainly, would not entertain such an idea for a moment. It is making herculean efforts to catch up the national and the world's yearly increasing requirements for its product. It is enlarging its old breweries and erecting new ones; it is doing its utmost to deserve well of the generation that professes to be unable to live comfortably without its beer; and having produced a wholesome beverage in quantities sufficient to float a fleet or two of iron clads, it declines to hold itself in any way responsible for the fate of misguided creatures who live to drink.

LETTER XLII.

THE DERBYSHIRE SANITARIA.

MATLOCK, *June* 1874.

ON several occasions I have heard it stated that there is a striking resemblance between the physical features of Coonoor, on the Neilgherry Hills, and Matlock, in Derbyshire; but until to-day I have not had an opportunity of making a comparison between the two sanitaria. Derbyshire is sufficiently centrical to allow of its being visited at the cost of little money or fatigue by residents in all parts of England. It is a county richly endowed with scenery of beautiful and varied types, yet it is resorted to by comparatively few people; and it is reserved, generally speaking, for believers in hydropathy to catalogue the many attractions of this exquisite part of the kingdom. Until quite recently the railways skirted, but did not traverse, the more picturesque districts, but the great Midland Company having made the county-town of Derby its head-quarters, has extended the benefits of the railway system to Buxton, while the North Staffordshire line has brought the famed Dovedale within easy reach of the venerable town of Ashbourne—the quondam domicile of Tom Moore.

I may remark in passing, that the Midland Company has in London the largest and the handsomest of railway termini in the world, with a semi-elliptical iron girder and glass roofed shed, measuring 243 feet from wall to wall, 100 feet high to the centre, and 700 feet long, the whole covering a site of nearly ten acres. The station at Derby is much smaller than this, though the traffic that passes through it is probably greater than that

which reaches St. Pancras, for Derby is in communication with Bath to the south west, Carlisle to the north, Lynn to the east, Cambridge to the south east, and the metropolis to the south, not to speak of the lines of other large Companies with which the Midland is connected. Derby is a prosperous-looking town, that prides itself on having been both the first to commence silk weaving in England, and the first to supply motive power by water-wheels to silk and cotton mills. It manufactures silk and cotton fabrics, hosiery, ribbons, lace, and other valuable commodities to a large extent; and it is no exception to the general rule in England of manufacturing towns being deplorably prosaic. The residents probably are as happy as their contemporaries in more attractive cities, but to the casual visitor, the place proves dull after an acquaintance of only a couple of hours, and you gladly return to the station, and there await the departure of the train to Matlock. The line passes at first through flat and uninteresting country, but this is soon exchanged for fertile plains, varied by gentle undulations, here and there covered with woods. Belper, the home of the Strutt family, and the seat of the great cotton-weaving industry with which they are identified, is passed. The last head of the firm thirty years ago, presented, at a cost to himself of £10,000, a park to the citizens of Derby, known as the Arboretum, and deserved well of the county for so doing; but what was my surprise to be told, on going to see the place that I had to pay an entrance fee of 6*d.*, and that beyond a few broad straight walks, that might have been designed by a book-keeper with his office ruler, some equally formal mounds, some fairly grown trees and unornamental lawns, there was nothing to see; and I quitted the place chuckling over the fact that the People's Park in Madras is a paradise as compared with the pleasaunce that probably answers the requirements of the denizens of Derby. The junior brother of the donor of this park represented Derby

for many years in Parliament, became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and was created Baron Belper a few years ago. His Lordship's eldest son has entered on public life with the prestige attaching to the Senior Wranglership. The firm will complete a century's existence two years hence.

Matlock is divided for postal purposes into Matlock Bath, Matlock Bridge, and Matlock Bank. The first named portion of it is—Coonoor; the second is the connecting link; and the third is the home of hydropathy "in all its branches." The railway skirts the three places, passing either beside the bank of the river Derwent, or diving through the fine hills that skirt the valley. The scenery at Matlock Bath, as seen from the railway station—a building with pent roofs, interlacing beams, and lattice windows—is rather Swiss-like, the hills on all sides being beautifully wooded, and bold in outline, and the houses at the base of some of them resembling chalets as seen from a distance. After passing through the town, which is composed, as to the High Street, of hotels, lodging and refreshment houses, lapidaries, and petrifying wells, and getting half a mile away up the road, and then turning right about face, I obtained a view that seemed quite familiar. The precipitous grey stone cliffs, on one hand, crowned with trees, and their rugged faces decked with moss, furze, and weeds; the ridges of high hills, on the other, overlapping one another, and for the most part covered with trees of excellent foliage; the road, bound on one side by the naked rock from which it had been excavated, and on the other by a rough stone wall; the river beneath, whose waters scramble noisily over their shallow rocky bed; and the villas scattered cosily about on commanding situations, combine to make up a scene that only needs a few bullock-carts and heavily laden coolies to render it the verisimilitude of Coonoor. The air, too,

in the valley is relaxingly warm, and many of the visitors have a valetudinarian look about them, suggestive of the idea that they lately arrived from "the plains" in an unstrung condition. The woods are perhaps more vocal with birds than are those that have of late years sprung up and beautified the Neilgherry sanitaria; and the business-like whistle of the frequent trains that is echoed from one hill side to another is certainly not Coonoorish; but otherwise I am enchanted again and again by bits of valley scenery, by mountain grandeur, by woodland beauty, by joyous river, and by a general air of repose and brightness that recall to my recollection many a happy day passed at Grove's, Gray's, or Holmes's at Coonoor. There are not a few one floor villas hereabouts almost hidden by honeysuckle, woodbine, and jessamine, with flowers and shrubs around, and a back-ground of firs, that might well be regarded as the kin of that delightful part of Gray's Hotel, known as Stanley Cottage.

There is a noted cave beneath the summit of a bold hill called Masson, immediately behind the town, which is reached by a zig-zag path of romantic beauty, provided at short intervals with benches whereon folks out of breath may recruit their strength, or beaux to belles may tell their love. It was formerly a lead mine, and was worked by Romans, Saxons, and Danes to such good purpose that scarcely any metal now remains. It is entered by a narrow passage, and sometimes measures five, at others twenty feet high. The guide lights it up as he advances with gas, which is laid on in pipes to convenient positions, and the effect of this illumination is admirably dramatic. At length you reach a lofty hall formed by Nature, two hundred feet beneath the summit of the hill. Several hundreds of men might here rendezvous, and the passages leading to this spot would conveniently shelter half-a-dozen regiments. Indeed, it is calculated that

10,000 men might here take refuge, and leave scarce a trace of their presence behind to point a foe to their whereabouts. The thought arises, what would be the agony that such a body of men would be caused were an enemy to bar the exit of the cave and remorselessly smoke them to death, as a crowd of Algerians were once smoked by Marshal Pellissier of the Malakhoff. The temperature is uniform throughout the year, it being comparatively mild in winter and chilly in summer, with a suspicion of pervading dampness. The walls are studded with crystals, limestones, and glistening spars, and in some places look more wet than they are found by touch to be. There is not much percolation of moisture through the great superincumbent mass of stone, but in places stalachtites are being formed by drops of water falling at long intervals. Ages before man was thought of was the greater portion of this cavern as it now is, and ages hence it will have undergone no change, but may even then serve to remind the superior beings of the "coming race" of the brief existence of man.

The situation of Matlock Bank is more open and airy than that of the Bath, and it is in the former place therefore that most of the hydropathic establishments have congregated. There are three principal ones, known respectively as Smedley's, Matlock House, and Rock Side. Smedley's, the largest and best known, is about twenty years old. It belongs to Mr. John Smedley, the proprietor of some mills in the neighbourhood, and is conducted under his own and his wife's personal supervision. Mr. Smedley is said to have experimented hydropathically first on himself and then on his operatives, and encouraged by the results of his water and fresh air treatment he struck out a new path to fortune, "far," as he says, "from the busy haunts of men with their contaminations." He is not a qualified practitioner, and he suffered some years ago for his temerity in invading the province of scientifically

educated men; but, beyond the vexation incidental to a trial for homicide, resulting in a acquittal, he has been permitted by the law to act upon his theory that "the practice, while generally described as hydropathic, embraces all that is of undoubted value and safety in the healing art, with much that is peculiar in itself, and which especially qualifies it for the treatment of delicate and serious cases of disease." He is assisted by a "physician" with half the alphabet after his name.

Smedley's has been enlarged from time to time, and is now capable of accommodating two hundred visitors. The internal arrangements seem well calculated to promote the comfort of all. The administration is conducted with mechanical punctuality and efficiency by a strong staff of domestics, most of whom are pictures of robust health. The patients breakfast at 8-30, attend divine service at 9, dine at 2, take tea at 6, have evening prayer at 9, and go to bed by 10-30. The "bath attendants are on duty to administer treatment," from 6 to 8 A. M., 10 A. M. to 12-30 P. M., 3 to 5-15, and 8 to 9 P. M. The terms for board, lodging, medical attendance, and bathing, according to the situation of the bed-room occupied, varies from £2-12 to £3-13 per week for an adult. The dining-room with its two long tables, covered between meals with a red cloth and other accessories, bears a remarkable resemblance to the saloon of a P. and O. Steamer; and the groups of people, some reading novels, others playing cards, many gossiping, and still more lounging, might be so many passengers at a loss to kill time. At meals no allusion is permitted to "cases" or "treatment," and offenders against this prudent bye-law are liable to be fined. Order and silence are enforced as much as possible after 10 o'clock, in the interest of the numerous sufferers always resident in the establishment; and any breach of decorum is promptly punished by a heavy fine, or compulsory retirement from a scene where the recovery of health must in a great measure depend upon the harmony of the inmates.

Matlock House is managed by a Mr. and Mrs. Rowland, and Rockside by their nephew and niece. The former building, having been designed for the purpose, is more commodious and agreeable in some respects than Mr. Smedley's, and the seventy inmates seem as comfortable as can be. The "treatment" pursued at these two establishments is that known technically as the "mild water cure," the nature and temperature of the baths being regulated by the requirements of each sufferer. According to Mr. Rowland "every bath tends to open the seven million pores of the human skin," and then to "invigorate, strengthen, and build up the shattered frame, from whatever cause it has suffered." As carried out by himself, hydropathy is, he states, specially beneficial in the following ailments, "stomach complaints, constipation, piles, liver complaints, heard disease, chest affections, bronchitis, asthma, congestion of the brain, spinal irritations, sciatica, lumbago, paralysis, tic, kidney affections, sun strokes, chronic diarrhœa, incipient consumption, sleeplessness and depression of spirits (brought on by overwork or too freely using intoxicating drinks), skin diseases in every form, female complaints, neuralgic pains, gout, dropsy, rheumatism; in fact almost every complaint is either curable or is greatly benefited by judicious hydropathic treatment." Mr. Rowland's two establishments should be, therefore, the modern equivalents of the Pool of Bethesda, and the medical profession must be a monstrous sham.

The terms at Matlock House for persons taking treatment, varies from £1-18-6 to £2-12-6, and for visitors not taking baths, for board, lodging, and attendance, from £1-15 to £2-8 per week. At Rockside the charges are even lower than these. The ordinary bill of fare at both places is sufficiently generous, and is varied every day according to circumstances. Cold meat, bacon, eggs, and ham for breakfast; beef-tea, bread-and-butter and milk for lunch; fish of all kinds boiled and fried, boiled or

roast beef, mutton, and pork, veal, lamb, rabbits, puddings, fresh and stewed fruits, and vegetables, for dinner; cocoa, bread-and-butter, plum cake, toast, &c., for tea; and cocoa, bread-and-butter, sago, arrowroot, milk, with meat for non-patients, for supper, form the ordinary staples of diet. On Sundays no baths are given except to those who really need them; and as a further mark of respect for holy things, "a discount of 5 per cent. is allowed to clergymen and ministers of religion." It is further worthy of notice that a "medical man attends weekly," but it is not stated whether on the occasion of his visit this gentleman inspects each of the "seven millions pores of the skin" of each patient.

The regular hours, the unanxious life, the wholesome diet, the bland air, the beautiful scenery, and the unusual attention to health requirements, must conduce to the success of Matlock as a sanitarium, more than does the hydropathic treatment prescribed by unqualified practitioners, who calmly accept the responsibility of dealing with "almost every complaint" to which flesh is heir. It is little wonder that medical men who are qualified are apt to lose their tempers when invited to concede the claims of the hydropathists; and that they readily wash their hands of patients who evince a desire to place themselves under irresponsible hydropathic "treatment." You can hardly insult a London physician more than by asking him to sanction your taking the water cure, as prescribed by Mr. Smedley or Mr. Rowland. He will perhaps curtly suggest that you should make your will, and have your measure taken at an undertaker's, before leaving town. But if yon are not sufficiently unwell to feel in need of "treatment," and if you require change of air, scenery, and society, coupled with economy, the Matlock hydropathic establishments, regarded and used as so many well managed *table d'hôte* hotels or boarding houses, offer considerable attractions. The society is unavoidably "mixed," for the proprietors

cannot well afford to compel "visitors" or patients to comply with an arbitrary social standard of respectability. They draw the line somewhere, but no more or less finely than does the P. and O. Company when booking passengers; and you may sometimes be thrown into close contact with agreeable, and at others with vulgar people. You pay your money; and if you do not like the surroundings, you can pack up and be off to a place more in harmony with your individual conception of the fitness of things. And rest assured that the room you occupied will not remain empty many hours. There is almost a daily influx and efflux of visitors—male and female, youngsters and oldsters, military men and civilians, clergy and laity, gentlefolk and the reverse. The place has its advantages and disadvantages; but, so far as Nature is concerned, the former preponderate.

BUXTON, 25*th June* 1874.

IF Matlock may be regarded as the Coonoor, Buxton may be termed the Ootacamund of England. The distance between the two places is twenty-two miles, and along the whole route the scenery observable from the high level railway is of the most romantic description. The line traverses dale after dale, and skirts mountain after mountain, or burrows through some great rock, and then spans a river. The greater number of the mountains exhibit bluff crags at the extremity facing the line, but some are like the downs of Brighton, with bold but smooth outlines, and a garb of the tenderest green grass, on which, from a distance, the errant sheep look like so many insects hanging on by their eyelids to a perpendicular surface. The valleys are rich in trees and shrubs, and some of the more sheltered hill sides have been planted with larch and Scotch fir. The train goes through this fairy-like region, where scarce a human dwelling can be seen,

but where a majestic silence usually reigns, at far too great a speed for the ordinary traveller; and the wide basin in the centre and lowermost portion of which Buxton is situated, is entered long ere one has ceased to marvel at English people going "abroad" in quest of scenery far inferior perhaps to that which is to be found at their own doors.

The basin aforesaid is composed of limestone, shell and gritstone formation, in ridges which are sufficiently high to keep off cold winds and to divert heavy rain at certain seasons. The lowermost portion of the town is a thousand feet above the sea level, and the highest several hundred feet above that. The broad hills around are for the most part cultivated, and there are several large plantations of firs; but, generally speaking, the locality would be improved by the more liberal introduction of trees on the Ootacamund fashion. There are roads and pathways in all directions, commanding a great variety of views. One particularly charming hill, crowned with a heap of stones, locally designated "Solomon's Temple," offers abundant reward to those who toil up its steep ascent; and others are scarcely less liberal in the way of scenery to visitors who are fond of bird's eye prospects. The houses are mostly semi-detached villas, with a little piece of garden to make them private, and there is an absence of the ugly-looking squares and terraces that disfigure most of our sea-side resorts by reproducing the prosaic forms of civic architecture. There is a crescent which was built eighty years ago after the model of similar piles at Bath; and here doubtless for many a season did "fashion" mostly congregate, though the only outlook is on to a hill of unmitigated ugliness. The chalybeate waters of Buxton, there is reason to believe, were known to and appreciated by the Romans, traces of whom are frequently found in the neighbourhood; and Mary Queen of Scots, during her long captivity in England, paid the place several visits; but

it was reserved for the last two or three Dukes of Devonshire to create modern Buxton. They have from time to time caused the hills and dales to be planted, churches and schools erected, baths built and extended, hotel and lodging accommodation provided, and parks, walks, gardens, and roads laid out and beautified. Capitalists were attracted by comparatively low ground rents to build; and free-holders were rendered numerous by the disposition of the Dukes to sell plots of land outright at reasonable prices. Forty acres in the best situated part of the valley were definitely reserved for a park, and twelve of these have been conveyed to a local Improvements Company and formed into public gardens which constitute the chief rendezvous of Buxton Society. I have rarely seen pleasanter grounds within a town than these. As they were partly laid out under the supervision of Sir Joseph Paxton, they exhibit some charming effects of the fine art of that eminent landscape gardener of Chatsworth and Sydenham. They are traversed by the small river Wye, in serpentine fashion; they abound in pleasant avenues, shady trees, flowering shrubs, and fern-clad rock-work; they have two miles of walks, two lakes and five bridges; and they are further graced by a large iron and glass pavilion within which a band plays once or twice a day, and visitors who are nervous of the outer air read the newspapers, gossip, or doze. A charge of three pence in the morning, and six pence in the evening is made for admission, the proceeds of this small tax being devoted to the maintenance of the place and support of the band.

There are several hotels in the place, the chief being the "Palace" erected recently by a public Company, on an unexceptional site near the terminus of the railways. A peculiarity of this establishment, which is palatial in every sense, is that the breakfast and lunch, as well as dinner, are *table d'hôte*. Tea follows in the ladies' drawing room at 9 o'clock, and then there is a little music and

singing. There is a large reading-room available to ladies as well as gentlemen, and a handsome dining-room in which, to the number of eighty or ninety persons, we sit down simultaneously to meals, thrice daily. Cold meat, bacon, fish, ham, and eggs form the staples of breakfast; cold-meat and preserves, of lunch; and salmon, trout, soles, patties, joints, and sweets in great variety, of dinner; and the charge for this excellent board and for lodging and attendance, is barely 11*s.* a day.

Here, as elsewhere, I have of course met old Indians. I was allotted a seat at table beside a Scottish gentleman who proved within a few minutes, to be a retired P. and O. Captain with relatives in Madras. He waxed eloquent over the exemplary manner in which the Company discharge their duties to the Government and the public; and stated it as his experience that the importance on shore of those who awake the echoes of the steamers with their grumblings is usually in an inverse ratio to their affectation of importance afloat. We were both forcibly reminded by the surroundings of the *table d'hôte* of P. and O. life, the chief difference being that a large number of neatly dressed and brisk Philisses here wait at table in lieu of stewards. These maidens are assisted by the waiters of the house, and their joint efforts are surprisingly successful in serving the dinner in a manner satisfactory to visitors. The dining of a hundred persons, each one of whom is convinced that he has peculiar claims to be served first with the best of everything in half-a-dozen courses, is usually done far more efficiently on the Continent than in England. But this Palace Hotel proves itself laudably equal to the strain. And, after sauntering about the whole day in an appetising atmosphere, either climbing hill-sides, or promenading in the park, or investigating the beauties of the dales, it is pleasant to be relieved of the trouble of ordering a solitary repast for yourself, and to find your place at an

unexceptionable repast with scores of equally hungry souls.

A large number of, but not all the visitors to Buxton imbibe and bathe in the chalybeate waters that form the *spécialité* of the place. Dr. Lyon Playfair, analysed them in 1852, and found that in an imperial gallon there were 1·044 grains of proto-carbonate of iron, 1·160 of silver, 2·483 of sulphate of lime, 0·431 of sulphate of magnesia, 0·303 of carbonate of magnesia, 0·147 of potash, 1·054 of chloride of sodium, and 0·460 of chloride of potassium. They are colourless, inodorous, and are of about the same temperature as the atmosphere. They are alleged to be of service in cases of general debility, local weaknesses, rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, some cases of paralysis, &c., but they are injurious in pulmonary, liver, brain, kidney, heart, and other cases of organic change. The primary effect is stimulating, the secondary debilitating, and persons in a generally healthy condition are warned against making any use of them; while those who are not in a good state of health, are urged to place themselves under competent medical supervision before submitting to the treatment. In any case, immersion in the waters on several successive days is said to be highly injurious, and patients are recommended to bathe on alternate days, or on two successive days, omitting the bath on the third day. Active pedestrian exercise before and after the bath is deemed essential, and the brain should be given a whole holiday. A large portion of each day should be spent in the open air, and early hours, plain and nutritious diet at regular hours, and the society of pleasant people, are of course strongly recommended.

Buxton wears, much less than Matlock, the air of a sanitarium, for sick folk are not very conspicuous, and there is a large gathering of persons who have visited the place less, because they stand in need of treatment than that the neighbourhood is a very pleasant one on

its own account. The proximity of the great cotton and woollen centres of manufacture is discernible in the company at the hotels; but a few baronets and Honorables give a fashionable tone to all around. I do not remember having in all my rambles at home and abroad, experienced a more agreeable hotel life than that which I am now leading; and, with a continuance of fine weather in the day time, and rain at night, I would fain prolong my stay here indefinitely, were it convenient so to do. Buxton possesses most of the charms of Ootacamund in the way of scenery and fine air; and is not the less enjoyable because, unlike the Neilgherry sanitarium, it takes little thought of official dignity, and is not addicted to exclusiveness. It has a pleasant air of contentedness, sociability, and good manners about it, which seems to constrain even those who are perhaps rather too demonstrative elsewhere to comport themselves in a fashion consonant with the prejudices of the majority. A few Americans, claiming of course to be ladies and gentlemen, slightly disturb the harmony of hotel life by their peculiar methods of recruiting the energies of body and mind; but you try to be reconciled, since there is no help for it but to beat a retreat, to seeing a fair and voluble *vis-à-vis* pick the wing of a fowl with her teeth, and her argumentative lord beside her eat peas with a knife. Americans, though the financial condition in the States is cruelly bad just now, are to be met with everywhere in England where there is anything worth seeing, and they appear to see everything expeditiously with the aid of the New York Harper's exhaustive guide to England, n several volumes.

Not the least important service rendered by the last Duke of Devonshire to Buxton was permitting a large building, in one of the best parts of the town, hitherto used as stables, to be converted in 1850 into a hospital for the use of the sick poor of the United Kingdom suffering from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, and neuralgia:

pains, weakness, or contractions of joints or limbs arising from such diseases: chronic forms of paralysis: poisonous effects of lead, mercury, or other minerals: dyspeptic complaints, &c. It contains 150 beds, spacious day rooms, corridors, dormitories, &c. A subscriber of one guinea a year is allowed to nominate one in-patient per annum, who without charge, receives board, lodging, medical attendance, medicines, and the use of the baths for three weeks; or four out-patients who are entitled to medical advice, medicines, and the use of baths and waters. A donation of £10 confers the right of having one in-patient on the list annually for life, or four out-patients. It is calculated that during the last fifteen years, 17,601 persons have been under treatment in this Hospital, of whom upwards of six-sevenths derived undoubted benefit from their stay. Fully 15,500 cases of rheumatism—the particular malady of the poor in this humid climate,—obtained relief on an average within twenty-five days in each case. An institution of this description on the Hills in India for the benefit of comparatively poor European and East Indian residents in the plains, such as engine-drivers, mechanics, subordinate officials and their wives, should prove instrumental in saving many valuable lives that are now yearly sacrificed for want of the means to meet the heavy expense of obtaining change of air in that country.

LETTER XLIII.

"OH! TAKE ME TO LONDON AGAIN"

LONDON, *June* 1874.

I WILL commence this letter by saying that as a matter of course I came up to London from the midland county where just now I have my usual domicile, to "see the Czar," and that having found my way back to the centre of British civilization, I have remained here several days doing the sights of the season in the true provincial business-like spirit. I saw his Imperial Majesty last in June 1867, when I witnessed his entrance into Paris as the guest of the Emperor Napoleon. War with Prussia was then regarded in France as inevitable, though the Luxembourg difficulty had only just been surmounted by the shrewd diplomacy of Lord Derby, added to the unpreparedness and mutual dread of the two rivals. So the Czar's visit was justly regarded as significant of Russia's sympathies at that day being, at the worst, not actively hostile; and the usually sombre countenance of the Emperor Napoleon was naturally enough expressive of satisfaction as he drove with his powerful guest through the streets of his capital, and regarded the tolerably cordial greeting that the Parisians gave the Northern Autocrat.

Seven years have sped away since then, and the Czar has paid a long-deferred visit to the cordial ally in the Crimean war of that quondam host of his at Paris whom Nemesis did not spare. His Majesty has aged during that period, but still looks so comparatively young, that he might well be taken for the elder brother of his eldest surviving son, the formidable-looking, Czarevitch.

The reception given him at the Crystal Palace should have done something towards atoning for the meagre hospitality he received at Windsor. The building was not inconveniently crowded, though the attendance was very large, and the proceedings were highly successful. The rendering of the Russian national hymn by a monster chorus, the Czar and audience standing, was thrillingly magnificent; and even our own National Anthem, which is much less spirited, was performed in a fashion worth travelling miles to hear. And the fireworks were beautiful, the climax of a cataract of golden fire being indescribably magnificent. The Czar promenaded through the building afterwards, and revealed himself to be a man of Imperial stature and bearing, our own Princes seeming dwarfed beside him. On succeeding days, he showed himself freely in the streets of London, and was received in a respectful, but by no means cordial manner by the very crowds that found occasion to shout themselves hoarse in honor of that Oriental infliction of last year—the Shah. A wide-spread idea that the Czar had paid England a visit, with a view to assert the extravagant pretensions of his daughter to precedence over the Princess of Wales, the recollection that he has overreached us in the matter of the Black Sea Treaty, and the impression that he bears us no good will, prevented his being a popular visitor. It was not, however, pleasant to mark the contrast between his reception and that which was given to the Persian Sovereign with whom the English can have little in common.

The day after the Czar's visit to Woolwich, I made a leisurely tour of the Arsenal, and I could but think as I pursued the course taken by His Majesty, that it is a quaint custom which bids civilized nations, when at peace, show probable enemies the processes of manufacturing munitions of war. There would, one might suppose, be some execuse for our inviting a

guest who had been an enemy, and might be an enemy again, to see how we strive in things great and small, to promote the material and moral welfare of our countrymen in particular, and of mankind at large, not by converting millions of men into military machines, but by employing their brains, muscles, skill, and knowledge, in the developments of the resources of the earth. Shorn of the banners and gold lace, the pomp and ceremony, it is a custom, worthy of the dark ages, that constrains us to invite a potentate to inspect an arsenal that is busied in making great guns wherewith, it may be, we shall one of these days pound thousands of his subjects into eternity.

The most interesting route to Woolwich from London, on a fine day, is by the river, and it is almost a pity that instead of carrying him down in a few minutes by railway, the Czar was not conveyed in a steamer, for then he would have seen a good deal of the source of England's commercial greatness, and of the valid reason for her hatred of war. And after visiting Woolwich, it would have been worth while to have carried His Majesty by water to Richmond, there to dine at the Star and Garter. I was there last week doing whitebait. We drove from town, via East Sheen, Richmond (to order our dinner) and Bushey Park and Hampton Court. Nominally we made the excursion to see the chestnuts in bloom at Bushey. The show of blossom in the grand chestnut avenue is believed to be unequalled elsewhere, and this year, as there has been hardly any rain to spoil the flowers, the scene was wonderfully charming. Hampton Court Palace is as picturesque as ever, and the grounds are admirable, the whole place being indeed far more regal than Balmoral, Osborne, or Sandringham. Returning to Richmond, we dined in the handsome wing of the Star and Garter, which was opened last summer; and in the intervals of the courses, we feasted our eyes with the contemplation of the lovely panorama

stretched out before us, with the silvery-looking Thames winding through the middle portion of it. Unlike some other large hotels in the country, the Star and Garter not only charges well, but justifies high charges by its cuisine. It has become the property of a joint-stock company without forfeiting its old reputation of being one of the best of all possible hostelries for dining you as princes are supposed to dine. It would be hazardous to claim greater eminence for it, since there has of late years been a wonderful development of the art of dining luxuriously. The formal private dinners that are in vogue in town at this season are often marvels of cooking; but you need to be a singularly hungry, patient, and loquacious individual to sit them out, since, unlike State banquets at Windsor Castle, which are exactly sixty minutes in duration, the private form of fashionable conviviality in London is becoming even more exhausting than the "big feeds" of "bigwigs" in the East, and you find yourselves sighing ere the ordeal is half over for the simplicity of a "bit of fish" and a "cut from the joint" with, if you like, no one to make talk for, at your club, or even for the humble "spatch-cock" that you approached with an appetite at some quiet public bungalow when travelling in India.

"Have you been to the Royal Academy?" being a stock question at current dinner parties, I necessarily visited that exhibition of contemporary art and patiently waited my turn to obtain a momentary view of Miss Thompson's "Roll Call"—the picture of the year. It is said that two months ago this young lady of two-and-twenty was delighted to hear that her picture had been accepted by the Hanging Committee of the Academy, and that she had not the remotest idea of the happy fortune that, thanks in a great measure to the Prince of Wales's allusion to it at the Academy inaugural dinner, awaited it. She rose one May morning to find by the newspapers

that she had become famous; and her success must prove encouraging to other lady artists, who stand more in need than she does of pecuniary results. I am ready to believe that there are no more indifferent paintings than usual in the Academy this year, and I would like to be allowed to annex a dozen of the rest. But the portraiture of ladies and gentlemen of no consequence in anybody's estimation but their own is as rampant as ever, and unhappily some prominent landscape and animal painters are being seduced by filthy lucre to apply themselves to the profitable task of depicting rapidly realised wealth. The great masters wrought wondrous results in the representation of sacred persons; but their successors are playing a monotonous tune on one string that cannot promote the real welfare of modern art.

The International Exhibition at South Kensington has a large collection of home and foreign paintings. The French portion of it is supplied with almost all kinds of subjects, excepting reminiscences of the late war. Apart from those pictures there is little to see in the Exhibition that you cannot see to greater advantage in the shop windows of Regent, Oxford and Bond Streets. Last year the exhibits, though few, included the machinery for the manufacture of marmalade, the bottling of soda-water, the making of cigarettes, and similarly prodigious industries; but this year there is a woeful extent of empty space that quite accounts for the Royal Commissioners having reluctantly determined that this, the fourth, of what was intended to be a ten years' series, shall be the last. Public opinion from the first ridiculed the idea of ten successive annual International Exhibitions, and the Commissioners have at length bowed to painful necessity. The South Kensington Museum, over the way, is as interesting and popular as ever. It has lately been enriched by two noble halls devoted to the display of large architectural models, including a section of Trajan's

Column at Rome. These and the other halls are brilliantly illuminated in winter evenings by rows of gas jets under the roof, and, what with an endless collection of silks, satins, jewelry, porcelain, knick-knacks and furniture of interest on account of age, historic association, or intrinsic value, and a large collection of paintings and sketches by eminent artists, it is a delightful place to visit frequently. The very word Museum is is so identified with one's juvenile experiences of a melancholy sort, and so associated with mummies, Portland vases, and unmitigated weariness of the flesh, that it is delightful to find in the South Kensington institution an absence of the characteristics that render the British Museum so prosaic and even repellent. The Government are now, however, erecting on a piece of land, south of the Horticultural Gardens, and west of the South Kensington Museum, a building for the reception of the zoologic portion of the treasures at the British Museum; and there is every reason to hope that instead of the severely classical style of architecture that pervades the Bloomsbury institution, the new structure will be in accordance with the instincts of an Owen Jones, or Ruskin, with an interior enriched by mural mosaics and pottery, and even with a silver gridiron whereon the British Public may have their chops and steaks cooked to a turn before their eyes. There is no more exhausting "place of amusement" to pass a day in than the British Museum, yet to the present time the authorities have set their face against refreshments worthy of the name, out of compliment perhaps to the clad and unclad gods and goddesses around who, though represented in marble in a life-like manner, have uncommonly small appetites.

London is, I am told, so full, that it is not easy to find a room at short notice in any of the principal hotels, though some of these enormous establishments can conveniently entertain the strength of half a regiment; a

certainly the Parks and streets favor the belief that the admirable weather (for pleasure-seekers) is proving unusually attractive to country-people. The annual journey of the ordinary provincial to "town," is the great event of the rural calendar, for the experiences then gained not only afford food for thought and conversation for the rest of the year, but enhance the interest with which the London papers are read in the country. There is now much less than formerly of the narrow provincial spirit which mistook, as Tennyson says, the "rustic cackle of the burgh for the murmur of the world." And, as a consequence of the annual or bi-annual visits to friends in town, the country folk are falling into the habit of obtaining a large proportion of their supplies from London, instead of, as before the railway epoch, from the nearest market town. The Co-operative Stores consequently do an enormous provincial business in provisions and dry goods, and even send into the country heaps of country produce. A lady in whose judgment I repose great confidence assures me that prices of provisions in the country, taken all round, are rarely lower than in London, and the quality is not always as good, since the "best of everything" gravitates to town. In my distant rural habitat, even the roses are forwarded in large numbers to Covent Garden. The country squire, or his modern equivalent, leaves his goodly measure at a London tailor's, and looks to that genius for the future to garb him fashionably; the squiress similarly establishes business relations with London milliners and bonnet-makers; and their neighbours also obtain wines, books and sundries from the metropolis. All this tends to ruin the provincial trading folk, who in self-defence are compelled to seek large profits on the business that they do obtain, which necessarily induces other customers to leave them. It is possibly more true now-a-days that London is England, than that Paris is France.

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LETTER XLIV.

HARROW SCHOOL.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL, 1874.

SUNNY memories of a time when, as a child, I lived a-while in a highly picturesque, gable-ended, ivy-mantled old house, which I just now paused to look wistfully at, on my way from the railway station to the townlet of Harrow-on-the-Hill, may possibly render me peculiarly disposed to claim for the great school I am visiting, the advantage of an unrivalled situation. For here, less than a hundred years ago, used I to wonder at the glorious panorama that is seen from the ridge of the church-crowned-hill; and it was here that I regarded with awe the Fifth and Sixth Form scholars, who revealed their grading by that "strange device" a swallow-tail coat. The village of those days, has, in common with most suburban places, extended its borders. Shady fields, that I seem to remember in connection with hay-making, have disappeared before villa residences, pleasant lawns, and well-stocked gardens. And lanes that were wrapped in a delicious gloom by being closely hedged in and arched over by foliage, and that were often a foot deep in mud, have been widened, palisaded, gravelled, and drained. The changes, however, if they have robbed Harrow of somewhat of its former rusticity, and conferred upon it the attractions of prim promenades, plate-glass windows, and a plethora of photographic views, have left it in possession of a large number of umbrageous trees, a variety of broad fields, and a view over the metropolitan and surrounding counties that is eloquently and untiringly beautiful. Take for

example the prospect that is commanded from the room in the Head Master's house, which, by immemorial usage, is allotted to the Head Boy for the time being. The ground slopes away so abruptly from the basement of the building that you overlook the tops of a clump of noble elms, and beeches close at hand in the garden, and see many a shady nook in the shrubbery yonder that should be highly favourable to either verse, book, or love-making. And then, at the foot of the Hill, commences the plain, cut up into innumerable rectangular fields by trees and hedges, and traversed diagonally by the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, along which heavy trains, freighted with passengers or goods, scurry noisily every few minutes. An overhanging cloud of grey smoke reveals the situation of London town, and yet beyond are the gentle highlands that that town is omnivorously absorbing.

How different must have been the aspect of this stretch of country three centuries since, when it entered into the benevolent heart of John Lyon, "a yeoman" to found a Grammar School within the village of Harrow, for "the perpetual education, teaching, and instruction of children and youth of the said parish," as well as "so many foreigners," or strangers, as the place can conveniently entertain in the judgment of the Governors. He bequeathed several small estates in trust to those Governors, and, mindful perhaps of many a painful journey that he had made, he required them to devote a portion of the rents to the repair of the highways from London to Harrow, and from London to Edgware, and the remander to the purposes of the school. The property has necessarily increased in value since then, and barely a third, instead of as formerly two-thirds of the total value of the rentals, now goes to the School, the rest being employed to no better purpose than in relieving ratepayers, who are unconscious for the most part of the benefit done

to them, of a small burthen that would otherwise, by Act of Parliament, devolve upon, and be complacently borne by them. But decent roads were even scarcer in Lyon's days than decent schools, and he assigned himself, right patriotically, the double task of opening a road to learning, and of mending the ways to London where that learning was sure to be in requisition. Whether or not he was a bachelor, history recordeth not, but if not a bachelor, he had a bachelor's partiality for the order, as he ordained that the schoolmaster and usher were always to be unmarried. This regulation many years ago, was respectfully brought in writing, by a Sixth Form boy, to the notice of a Head Master on the occasion of that personage's nuptials. The writer was promptly called upon to apologise, as the ordinance had by virtue of their discretionary powers, been already abrogated by the Governors; but the youth was a stickler for celibacy, or for rigid compliance with the undoubted wish of the Founder, and he declined to recall his letter, whereupon he was degraded day by day for nearly a week, and then, having reached the middle of the school, and still proving stubborn, without being impertinent, he was let alone, and allowed, as best he could, to work his way back to his proper grading. John Lyon, could he be consulted, would possibly applaud the law-abiding habit of mind of this scholar, even if he condemned his revolt against constituted authority. And were the Founder to revisit the country, to which he has proved a great benefactor, he might enforce his condition of celibacy by the argument that Head Masters of large schools have quite enough to occupy them now a-days without troubling themselves with the care and expense of a family; and that the prohibitory charges for education in England are mainly attributable to the necessity of obtaining adequate means to dower the daughters, and put out into the world the sons of the teachers of the period. A man who is charged with the

general educational and moral control of upwards of half a thousand boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, and the domestic control of half a hundred, may be excused if he occasionally tires of the rising generation, and neglects to contribute a quota of his own to the population.

No one, however, can wisely deny a Head Master the infinate solace and support of a good wife, who is aware how much the success of a school depends upon his characteristics. Harrow, like some other great schools, has abundant reason to desire to be ruled by none but first class men, abreast of the requirements of the age, fertile in resources to meet them, and free from the rather narrow views of average bachelors in holy orders. Under the administration of Dr. Wordsworth, the present Bishop of Lincoln, the number of boys fell from 190 to 78. Dr. Vaughan then took the command, rapidly brought the number up, and after a brilliant career of fifteen years, resigned to his successor and former pupil, Dr. Montague Butler, aged twenty-six, the charge of 450 boys. Dr. Butler has increased the list by a hundred names, and is only prevented by lack of accommodation from giving shelter to more. Dr. Vaughan still lives, having repeatedly declined the onerous honors and dubious delights of a bishopric, and he has ample opportunity, as Master of the Temple, to watch with gratitude, mingled with pride, both the honorable career of many an old pupil, as well as the happy development by his disciple, of the best of his own projects for the welfare of the School, that holds him in honored and affectionate remembrance, like Rugby does Arnold.

Dr. Montague Butler is a remarkable example of the wisdom of imposing great responsibilities, under certain circumstances, on exceedingly young men. It was his lot to be birched by one of his present subordinates, as well as to carry off the Governors' Prizes twice, the Peel and the Hope Prize, the Gregory Memorial, the Head Master's Prize twice, and the Lyon Scholarship, between

1849 and 1851 inclusive, and, after a distinguished University probation, he was qualifying for a forensic career, when he was induced to take orders, with a view to receive his old master's mantle, and he returned to Harrow as Head Master, scarce eight years after he had left it as a sixth Form boy. Dr. Jex-Blake has just assumed command of Rugby about four and twenty years after having left it as a senior boy, and yet even he is counted a young man by modern legislators, who seem to begin to cut their wisdom teeth on the shady side of sixty, and to increase in juvenility as they grow in years. Dr. Butler, on the other hand, though yet only a middle-aged man, has held the Headmastership of Harrow nearly a quarter of a century, during which he has drawn as salary at least £100,000 to console him for his resignation of the chance of the Lord Chancellorship. He is, I believe, the first instance of an Harrovian being Head Master of the School. Between 1660 and 1771, there were six Head Masters, of whom five were Etonians; then followed Dr. Drury and Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Longley, who were Westminster boys; then Dr. G. Butler, who was privately educated, Dr. Wordsworth, a Winchester boy, and Dr. Vaughan, a Rugbean. Eton thus officered its growing rival for upwards of a century, and was then deprived of that honor in order that "Harrow might no longer be considered a mere appendix to Eton," not, however, without a mutiny on the part of the boys in support of a popular Assistant Master who, being an Etonian, was refused the Head Mastership, to which appointment he had in all other respects stronger claims than other candidates.

After seeing many of the newer and less notable schools that have started up in various parts of the country of late years, I have been struck by the comparative meanness and dilapidation of some of the school buildings at Harrow. The accommodation is very limited for so large a number of boys, and there are few of the outward

and visible concessions to a luxurious age that are usual elsewhere. But Harrow prides itself on the time-honored primitiveness of some of its school-rooms, and with some excuse regards panels deeply carved with the names of old boys, who have achieved eminence in the great outside world, as far more suggestive and instructive than carved stone-work, artistic fresco, or gilded prize-boards. The School is divided into boarders, foundationers, and home-boarders, of whom full 500 rank under the first, [illegible] under the second, and about 30 under the third class. The boarders live in ten houses, conducted by the Head Master, and nine Assistant Masters; and the rest live with their relatives in or close to Harrow, and form a body among themselves distinct in some respects from the great mass of the school. The domestic arrangements for the boarders are sufficiently comfortable though rather rough, bearing in mind the attendant expense, and the discipline is said to be generally excellent, thanks in a great measure to a firm monitorial system which relieves the masters of a good deal of unpleasantness by imposing on the senior boys the obligation of enforcing obedience to local laws. There being fourteen weeks holidays the school year consists of only thirty-eight weeks. School work begins at 7-30, and lasts about four and a half hours on a whole school-day, and about two hours on a half holiday. A certain time is devoted to the preparation of lessons, and during this the boys resort freely for assistance to their respective tutors, for here unfortunately, as at most large schools in England now-a-days, each boy has his "coach."

The growing practice of affording boys at school the aid of private tutors is naturally enough highly appreciated by dull or lazy lads, who are thus helped jauntily over stumbling blocks, and enabled to take a better position in the class lists than they might otherwise hope to attain. Parents, scanning those lists, and seeing now and then a prize book in the hands of their sons, are disposed to

think the hot-house or forcing system a beneficent one, and masters who increase their emoluments by tutorial fees are still more in favor of it. But, speaking as an amateur in these matters, I would offer my opinion that the practice is doing a great deal of injury to the rising generation. Boys themselves cannot be expected to think much of the ultimate objects of education being something different from the mere achievement of scholastic distinction; but their parents ought to remember that their sons are not likely to be trained to self-helping, self-reliant, self-dependent habits of mind, without which success in after life is not attainable in any pursuit, if they are throughout boyhood relieved of the necessity of thinking out things for themselves. There is not a trace of wet nursing in modern cricket or football at schools, and there should be none in the preparation of lessons. Mr. Ruskin, in a letter to a friend which has just been published by a Glasgow Journal, alludes to the desire of audiences to be audiences only, becoming an "entirely pestilent characteristic of the age." "Everybody wants to hear—nobody to read, nobody to think. Everybody wants to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills, and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise." Pills of this sort are in great demand, and are largely manufactured for most of our schools. Just as it would be vain to expect a cripple to totter on crutches into muscular manhood, so is it unreasonable to look for resourceful men being developed out of lads who are coached along the roads to knowledge. The system is clearly opposed to the primary idea of education, namely the educing, or drawing out of the mental powers, with a view to their cultivation and increase.

Harrow prides itself upon its sport, and especially upon its cricket. It has almost yearly, since 1818, played with Eton at Lord's Ground in London, and of the forty-

two completed games it has scored twenty victories. Eton won in an innings on nine, and Harrow on six occasions. No matches were played in 1856 and 1857, and in 1860, '61, '63, and '67, the game was not finished. In '65 Eton lost, obtained the victory in the four succeeding years, but last year was made to yield its laurels. Harrow used also to play Winchester at Lord's, the score between 1825 and 1854 showing thirteen victories to the former, and eleven to the latter. Harrow won both matches against Eton and Winchester in 1842, '43, '48, '49, '53 and '54. Since 1854, it has not played Winchester at cricket, but competes against it among other schools at the annual rifle-contests at Wimbledon. The Schools' rifle-match was commenced in 1861, and has been won seven times by Harrow, twice by Eton, twice by Winchester, and once by Rugby. Winchester's highest prize score is 313 points, Harrow's 268 two years successively, and Eton's 248. Then, besides football, there are racquets, foot races, swimming matches, debating contests, and musical reunions to occupy the abundant leisure of the boys; and there is the Vaughan Library that forms a noble tribute to the worth of Harrow's greatest Master, and secures the boys constant access to the founts of all departments of knowledge. It is customary for boys leaving the school to contribute a book, or set of books to this Library, which is also further enriched occasionally by devoted Harrovians of former epochs, like Lord Palmerston, with works of art, valuable manuscripts, and historical curiosities of abiding interest. The miserable squabbles at Rugby during the last four or five years undoubtedly induced many families to sever their old connection with that school, and to form a new one with Harrow; but it is chiefly to its wise administration of many years, that Harrow is indebted for its proud position as the greatest but one of English public schools.

LETTER XLV.

THE CANKER OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.

1874.

HAVING now made myself acquainted with some of the chief schools in England, and had the opportunity of discussing educational topics with specialists, I may be permitted to offer an opinion on the present system of the education of middle class boys. There is good reason to believe that it is the fate of the majority of Anglo-Indian parents, both to pay extravagant fees for the education of their sons in England, and also, sooner or later, to discover that the money has not been well invested. And the fault is usually found to rest less with the boys, than with the system in vogue at most schools. It is agreed on all sides that a good education is tantamount to a passport to the highest positions in civilised life; and that natural ability, allied with energy and rectitude, is not usually sufficient to overcome the disadvantages of a neglected education. And hence it is that the majority of Anglo-Indian parents, apprehending that they can make no other provision for their sons, put themselves, with a self-denial that does them credit, to great personal inconvenience in order that their boys may be educated up to the requirements of the times. Their liberality of expenditure seems, as long as they remain in India, to be amply rewarded. The reports of their sons' progress at school are, if not glowing, at least encouraging; and the parents trust that they at least, unlike some of their neighbours, have reason to congratulate themselves on the competency of the preceptors. But too generally is it their lot on returning home to find their

sons good cricketers perchance, but no scholars; or at the best nothing better than indifferent classicists, afflicted with a morbid contempt for modern languages, and an inveterate antipathy for mathematics. And then the bitter truth comes home to them that, resulting from their own long absence from home, and from the unpractical nature of the instruction given at the better class of schools in England, their sons have, so far as the acquisition of useful knowledge is concerned, virtually wasted some of the most impressionable years of life, and contracted habits and prejudices that may be fatal to their advancement hereafter.

Yet, when the parents look around for a remedy, they rarely find one. Painfully conscious of the fact that the great majority of middle-class men now-a-days find little immediate use for, or benefit from, a knowledge of ancient languages, but daily need of some acquaintance with modern languages and science, they discover that the slight reaction against the old-fashioned system of education has, as yet, produced only a few schools such as seem to be required by the exigencies of the age. The best in many respects of these schools that I have visited is the International College at Isleworth, near London, of which the learned Dr. Schmitz, formerly Rector of the High School of Edinburgh, is the Head Master. This institution, founded at the suggestion of the late Mr. Cobden, is designed to give a thoroughly practical work-a-day education, at fairly reasonable charges to middle-class boys. The classics, so-called, are not, unless parents wish it, ignored, but they are placed in a subordinate rank in the curriculum, the chief attention being given to German, and then French. The College occupies a noble edifice built for it in one of the healthiest suburban districts of the metropolis, and it has a large play-ground, and a gymnasium that leaves nothing for the most accomplished athlete to desire. For all this, however, the number of boys is

much less than could be accommodated, and Dr. Schmitz is about to resign the Head Mastership. The College, in short, is not yet a financial success, so there is not much probability of other institutions being founded by private subscriptions on a similar basis elsewhere. This is much to be regretted. The fact is that, as with other things, so with education, the test is money rather than merit; and, provided the masters of the old schools will only continue to ask high fees, they are pretty sure of the unreasoning patronage of comparatively as well as of actually well-to-do parents. But as the evils of the present system are not usually harvested until it is too late to prevent them, the world is being deluged with British youths, whose mental condition justifies the contempt with which it is regarded by Germans; and it is remarkable that when enumerating the many causes that combined to bring about the decline and fall of England, the author of the "Battle of Dorking" mentions the existence of "schoolmasters, who, like all other professional classes, drove a capital trade: they did not teach much, to be sure, but new schools with their four or five hundred boys were springing up all over the country."

It would be preposterous to contest the hackneyed assertion that a ripe knowledge of the classics is essential to a complete education, or to what is known as scholarship. Without that knowledge University honors are unattainable, and success in the Church, or at the bar, or in literature, is not to be expected. But are all youths, are the majority of youths, destined by their parents for the University, the Church, the bar, or literature? If not, why should the mass of boys be arbitrarily required to obtain at the points of the schoolmaster's birch a smattering of a branch of knowledge that in all probability will prove of no direct, if of any, service to them in after life? The late Home Secretary, in a recent speech, endeavoured to defend the classical system by

alleging that the present race of educators are mostly classicists, and that time is needed to raise teachers qualified to comply with the growing demand for modern knowledge apart from classical. In other words, it is because the majority of schoolmasters now-a-days are themselves men of limited attainments, that the mass of the rising generation must be educated in an unpractical manner. The classical system certainly produces a succession of eminent scholars, or rather, there is a succession of eminent scholars in spite of it; and the masters proudly point to these exceptional cases as so many incontrovertible arguments in its defence. But this is not a fair way of regarding the question. What is wanted in our public schools in England, is not a system that gives scope for the display of the ability of a small percentage of boys, but one that will produce a large average of well educated men. University distinctions gained by "old boys" which are paraded in the calendars, and announced at the annual speech-days to large gatherings of applauding parents, would hardly be accepted as matter for jubilation, were the vast number of life-failures that the classical system is responsible for, taken into consideration.

As in almost all families marked differences are noticeable in the characteristics of brothers, so in every school there are numerous and distinct types of mind. Yet the object of the classical schoolmaster is not to educe the power of each mind by cultivating it in its own congenial groove, but to compel all minds to conform to his groove, on the assumption that from that groove all desirable subjects for study radiate. Such a master talks much about the elevating influence of classical studies, and will not stay to reflect whether the study of modern languages, including one's own mother tongue, not to speak of science, cannot become elevating also. He "makes ancient languages the sole instrument of early education, he represses a natural curiosity and thirst after

other knowledge that he ought to encourage, and in the end, when, uncongenial study ending in failure has wearied the victim and dulled his enthusiasm, he will turn him away and say, 'This youth cannot rise to elegant scholarship, though he may do for a position of mediocrity.'" The "elegant scholarship" of one out of a thousand of his schoolfellows, can hardly compensate a man for having to fill a "position of mediocrity" owing to his lack of modern knowledge. Here and there in England I have met schoolmasters who have risen superior to the old prejudice that has for so many years been denounced in vain; but, as a rule, the masters of the period cling tenaciously to the conviction that the beginning and ending, the be-all and end-all of education must always be classics, classics, nothing but classics. Living as they do in a world of their own, the observed of all observers, the centres of their respective systems, they decline to entertain seriously the conceptions of what the outside world really is, which are communicated to them by those who live and struggle in it. They argue with some force that what has from time immemorial been admitted by the greatest of minds to be an essential course of study for the cultivation of the higher intelligence and literary taste of great minds, must be the best of all possible systems for all minds. They know, and the knowledge flatters their self-complacency, that their mastery of a couple of dead languages contributed more than any other cause to their own success. They point triumphantly to the prelates and statesmen who owe their eminence to their classical attainments in early life. Trained as they have been in an atmosphere of classics, and habituated from youth to regard with some contempt the men who are not painted with the same brush as themselves, they listen courteously to, but with an evident disinclination to be influenced by the earnest appeal of parents on behalf of a useful, in preference to an ornamental education.

The first object that most parents have in view when sending their sons to an expensive public school, is that of placing in their hands a knife wherewith to open the world's oyster—not an "elegant" plaything, but a good work-a-day knife. Parents who are able to provide handsomely for their sons, may perhaps venture to indulge in the vague hope of seeing their sons dubbed "elegant scholars;" but by far the larger number of middle class parents can make no ultimate provision for their sons; and should the latter, therefore, spend their youth at school, and fail to be educated, the chances are great that the family will eventually sink in the social scale. It is a hopeful sign, therefore, that the University of London has this year made Greek optional with French or German at the matriculation examination; and it is gratifying to learn that the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction have just reported to Parliament that science is not sufficiently taught at the public schools, and is not sufficiently encouraged in the Universities. The greatest stride that has been attempted by any of the older schools in the direction of modern education has been made by King's College School, London. This institution, which is ably officered, is divided into the Upper, Middle, and Lower school, the Upper school being subdivided into the Classical and Modern branches. In the latter the pupils are prepared for general or mercantile pursuits by instruction in Divinity, Latin, Algebra, Euclid, Arithmetic, English History and Geography, French, German, and Drawing, and two of the three chief scholarships are open alike to pupils in the Classical and Modern Departments. At Wellington College again, the education is classical, with the introduction however of modern elements as regular portions of school-work within the proper limits of school-hours, and proficiency in these subjects advances a boy's place in the school

irrespective of his attainments in classics. But, so long as the study of classics is compulsory on all the boys in the school, will there be some difficulty in finding lads so gluttonous of work as to desire to take up modern subjects in addition to the ordinary curriculum. The concession therefore is probably of little practical value in the long run. At Marlborough College, also, a Modern Department has been created; but the boys belonging to it do not rank so high in tutorial opinion as do those in the classical bulk of the school; and they are debarred from all chance of obtaining some of the chief of the school's laurels. And so with Rugby and other great schools, something has been done in a grudging spirit, to avert the charge of being behind the age, but the old order of things continues so far as the great majority of the boys are concerned.

The average parental mind may now and then rebel against the old-fashioned prejudices, and demand that the rising generation shall be educated, primarily with a view to enabling it to earn its own livelihood in after-life, and quite secondarily with a view to reflecting splendour on the educators. But, after a little growl, the British middle-class father generally comforts himself with the sublime reflection that a public school education, if it fails to make more than a mere handful of scholars, is favorable, as is no other influence under the sun, to the formation of that wondrous being—"an Enn a green man." And if such a parent is con low coat, and and income are waning, by the presenc vy winter of three or four gentlemanly young men evenged two bits, and a manifest inaptitude, owing to ain, hail, and ssness, and contempt for small beginnings, quantity on hood, the world at large has no business to say ing. England should, however, be caused some chagrin at finding that at the Vienna Exhibition last year, the jurors awarded the first diploma of honour for educational matters to Germany, and the second

to America! Yet education is nowhere as expensive as it is now-a-days in England; and nowhere, I honestly believe, is it, in the great majority of cases, less efficient. It might be well then, for Anglo-Indian parents if they could obtain for their sons, without detriment to their physical and moral well-being, a share of the educational advantages that are so liberally offered by the State to the natives of India.

In an amateur, non-official, man-of-the-working world fashion, I have taken a great deal of trouble to ascertain the position of affairs in the educational world in England, and my conclusions, let them be never so fallacious, have at any rate not been formed hastily. I see cause to fear that the middle class in England will be outrun in the pursuit of employment by a lower grade of Society, unless a great change comes over the educational system that deals with the former class. The world's appraisement of a man's value is often different from the schoolmaster's. The "elegant imbecility" engendered by a devotion to classical studies to the exclusion of subjects of daily use, is not perhaps so frequently met with now-a-days as it was in those when Sydney Smith held it up to ridicule. But there is unfortunately an imbecility among many youths of the period that is not elegant; and the fault of this rests not so much with them, as with their instructors. The struggle for existence is becoming bitter for those who are not born with golden spoons, that the outlook for the youthful mercantile mouths, Algebra, Euclids, saturated with classical erudition, but ignorant of Geography, Freneful knowledge, is a gloomy one. The evil is three chief schools; and parents may each do something to Classical and about the reform that is urgently needed, Colege again, the opportunity of impressing upon school-masters that their sons need an education in those subjects without a fair knowledge of which a gentleman, now-a-days, runs a good chance of starving.

LETTER XLVI.

THE OAKS DAY.

LONDON, *5th June* 1874.

I AM reminded by the almanac, rather than by personal realisation of the fact, that seven years have glided away since I was last on Epsom Downs—since last I formed an atom in a great multitude collected there to witness what claims to be "national" sport. The occasion to which I refer was made memorable, both by the occurrence of a snow storm in the "merrie month of May," and the victory of the outsider "Hermit." The day opened in an ill-humoured fashion, with cold sour looks, a whistling biting wind, and blue-grey clouds; but all these portents did not dissuade the gallant and fair charterers of four-in-hands, barouches, waggonettes, omnibuses, vans, tent-carts, and other vehicles, from making the journey by road from the metropolis to the course, and exhibiting in their light costume a fortitude under adverse circumstances suggestive of eventual doctors' and even undertakers' bills. Shortly after breakfast the sun beamed out for a little time; and I was mildly chaffed for making my appearance, not with a green-veil-surrounded grey hat, a gossamer yellow coat, and the lightest of tweed suits, but with a heavy winter over-coat and an umbrella. I was however revenged two hours afterwards when the wind brought up rain, hail, and snow, and then left these to descend in some quantity on masses of people who had not protected themselves against such inclement weather. And then, as though the day had not been sufficiently unpropitious, the "Derby" was won by "Hermit," whose quotable value in the betting-ring at starting was 40 to 1. Mr. Chaplin, the

owner of this "dark horse," was said to have won £200,000, and the Marquis of Hastings to have lost £100,000 by this unlooked-for event, and the racing world went home lamenting, with incipient colds in the head, and the discredit attaching to their want of prescience. The "glorious uncertainty" of the turf, and of English weather, was never better illustrated; and the year will probably be long note-worthy among sporting men and holiday-makers.

Having, then, seen the "Derby" race run once on a time, I did not feel particularly anxious to witness a repetition of the contest, for, just as Dr. Johnson was wont to snuff out poor Boswell's faint love of the country by alleging, in his abrupt way, that "when you have seen one green field, Sir, you have seen all green fields," so does it occur to me that when you have seen one horse-race you have seen all horse-races. But, most people who attend race-meetings do so not because they care about "sport" so called, or the breeding of good horses, or the contemplation of the reward of patience, pluck and good riding, but because they enjoy the fun of the assembled crowds, and the agreeables and even disagreeables of the day's "outing." There was a time, and only recently, when society at large in the metropolis took a lively interest in the prospects of the competitors, and talked about "favourites" in a blundering yet amusing kind of way. But it seems to me that a change has come over the spirit of the land in this respect, and that the University boat-race has put other racing events into the shade. The shops, decked with both dark and light blue rosettes, neck-ties, and feathers, remind you for weeks before that race of its approach, and in hundreds of windows you are afforded gratuitously the unspeakable advantage of contemplating the eloquent features of the young gentlemen who are for several days the greatest of the great in the land. The Prince of Wales, despite his

bonhomie which renders him so popular, the Duke of Edinburgh, who has yet to take a leaf of kindly nature out of his elder brother's look, and even their mother in the Highlands, may each, or all, have some serious ailments, and not half the anxiety would be thereby caused to the public as would be occasioned by a mishap to the stroke-oar of one of the boats. But as for the Derby and Oakes there is now but a languid interest excited among the general public even up to the very hour of each race. The House of Commons, after legislating with severity against betting, rather inconsistently, because quite unnecessarily, adjourns a day for the Derby, though it never thinks of paying a similar compliment to the great contest between those two Universities from which it chiefly recruits itself. There would be some reason in Members of Parliament allowing themselves an afternoon holiday to enable them to assemble on the banks of the Thames, and rub shoulders with youthful scholars some of whom are in training for Parliamentary honors, and all of whom are gentlemen; but there is little occasion for our legislators to make a pretence of needing to run away to Epsom, excepting that it may be useful to some who are philosophers to see for themselves how their own bran new laws are sometimes more honored in the breach than in the observance. But, I am trespassing on the province of an honorable member, who this week reminded his brother senators of the discredit attaching to the ever-increasing numbers of black-legs, pick-pockets, welshers, and other rogues who prey on the public at races; so I may as well leave him to point the obvious moral of the existing state of things, and betake myself without further parley to the "Oaks."

Instructed by the painful experience of two Indian Colonels who two days since went to and returned from Epsom on the top of an omnibus, spending ten exhausting hours in the process, the weather being tropical, I rose superior to

the blandishments of "the road," and resolved to make the journey in a prosaic manner by rail. On arriving at Victoria Station, I purchased a return ticket on which was printed a notice that the Company did not guarantee the holder any class of carriage; and I popped luckily into a first class carriage, and had hardly done so ere the train started. Out in the open country, which we soon reached, the sun was blazing in so fierce a way, and the interior of the carriage became so hot-housey, that I thought wistfully of wet-kuskus tatties, sun-shades, and tiffin baskets, heavily laden with ice, claret and soda. A residence of some duration in the topics renders an Anglo-Indian not less, but more sensitive of tropical heat in England than his stay-at-home neighbours; for, as long as you are in the tropics you comport and protect yourself accordingly, and exposure is systematically avoided; whereas, in England, when it is hot, you cannot to any great extent improve the situation, but must grin and bear it in small winter-adapted rooms, warm clothes, curtained and feather beds, and stuffy vehicles, and that too though some facetious friend may remark that "as you have taken the degree of salamander, old fellow, you must thoroughly enjoy this grilling weather."

On reaching the improvised station at Epsom Downs this grilling commenced in earnest, and up went my umbrella. The half-mile to the Grand Stand is innocent of tree or shrub, and is aggravatingly rutty and stubbly. It was, however, worth traversing on foot, as it was enlivened not only by the crowds of race-goers, but by beggars of sorts, and roughs of sizes. Here unfortunates who had lost their sight craved the pity of the passer-by in melodramatic speeches; here the maimed exposed their shortcomings, and besought relief. Now you come upon half-a-dozen rifle establishments where, by means of a spring, glass bottles or balls were jerked up into the air, and you shot at them on their descent—"quite as good as pigeon shooting,"

according to the owners of the breech-loaders. A little farther on, and you were approached by individuals in sombre attire, but of unclerical aspect, who begged your acceptance of a tract full of brimstone and strongly-worded metaphor, on the assumption that your steps would be bound to a very warm region indeed if you did not at once retrace your path to the railway. More blind and deformed mendicants, more male and female, aged and juvenile vendors of "Dorling's correct cards," matches, and cigars, and the outskirts of the course were reached.

Here, near the Grand Stand, did the carriages from town arrive rapidly, and were besieged by impromptu grooms. Here, as everywhere, beer was being sold in buckets-full, and refreshments offered to man and beast. Diving through the throng, the vicinity of the professional betting men was reached. I had quite expected to find these gentlemen conspicuous by their absence. Parliament and public opinion have voted them "nuisances," who must by all means be stamped out; but here they were notwithstanding, occupying little rostrums, and exhibiting by their bloated faces and blatant tongues a commentary on the inefficiency of Acts of Parliament to suppress mendacious roguery. "Two to one bar one," "Two to one bar one," with elephantine stress on the "bar" was the offer, now as ever, that they shouted at you, and everybody. "Bar one!" What a brute does not that fellow look, with his bull-neck, low-forehead, and cunning eyes! "Bar one!" What a life must not that man have lived, whose ill-looking hat is labled with his assumed, or real name! "Bar one!" What do these fellows do with themselves during the intervals between races! Nearly deafened, and quite disgusted by their noise and parrotry, I tried to escape through the crowd, and at last succeeded in wedging my way to the centre of the course. The Grand Stand was only partially occupied at present; but the drags, and other carriages, had taken up the best places opposite to it, and there was a fair show

of beauty and fashion, though less than I had expected to see. The police were in strong force, and were aided by detectives in plain clothes, who now and then pounced upon a luckless pick-pocket, and bore him off struggling to "a cage" beneath the stand, thence to be subsequently removed to the prison-van, almost out of sight yonder. Acrobats, negro-minstrels, fortune-tellers, fire-eaters, Davenport brothers, organ-grinders, &c., were pretty numerous; but none of them seemed to be doing as active a business as were a number of individuals who imposed largely on public credulity by placing two or three pieces of metal resembling half-crowns into a purse, and offering the "lot" for two shillings and six pence. The police looked on quietly at this obvious sale and circulation of bad money to ninnies of tender years, although elsewhere the mere possession of a travelling-bag full of such products of unscrupulous industry as the speculators held would render the owner liable to a long term of penal servitude.

Wending my way slowly through the rows of carriages and booths, I at length reached the starting post, and there awaited the first race. The "clear the course" bell was rung half an hour ere the six horses could take their preliminary canter before the admiring many and the clever few; and then slowly they came up to my stand-point, and were met by two gentlemen attired in light tweed frock coats, with hats, cravats, and trowsers to match, and wearing also a smile of self-complacency and self-importance. There were two false starts, owing to the waywardness of a French horse; but a third attempt being made, the animals were got off almost instantaneously, and were soon flying down the course. As the specks of bright colours approached the Grand Stand, the shouts of the multitude increased, and the bell soon told us at a distance that all was over. The second race I witnessed from the rails nearly opposite the winning post, and this over, I betook myself to the summit of the Grand Stand for the "Oaks."

The interior of that large building was crowded; there was a good deal of brandy-and-soda business and flirtation going on; expensive tiffins and dinners were being done justice to; but horse-racing seemed the last thing that the company had come together to see. Here I noticed a popular late Collector of Madras; there I passed a knot of men talking appreciatively of something a well known Madras lawyer had contributed to the day's *Hour;* and close by was a group of officers comparing the heat of Epsom with that of Roorkee and Kamptee.

But it is little use remaining below, so let us mount that steep staircase, and have a bird's eye-view around. Extensive though my knowledge is of English landscape. I find it difficult to recall a scene more characteristically beautiful than that which is surveyed from the summit of the slope that crowns this Grand Stand on Epsom Race-course. Here, perched up at least a hundred feet above the heads of the busy crowds below, you may at your leisure contemplate a panorama whose diameter may exceed sixty miles, and whose circumference may possibly extend to two hundred. The county of Surrey is too close to the metropolis, and in many parts too much built over, to allow of its claim to picturesqueness being sufficiently allowed by the masses of Londoners, who, at stated periods, scurry away to great distances in search of scenes not half as lovely as those which are to be found in abundance at their doors. And the contiguous districts, as regarded from this elevated position, seem equally rich in dense woodlands, and pleasant fields, in villages, churches, and gentle undulations.

As it is comparatively seldom, in this humid climate, that one is favored with an opportunity of seeing so magnificent a picture under such extremely favorable circumstances as we have had this Derby week, I thoroughly scrutinised the diversified features of the prospect, and having been much charmed by the peace-

fulness, material well-being, and beauty of it all, I turned with a feeling of curiosity to take a bird's-eye-view of the swaying masses of my fellow beings swarming over and around the course. How insignificant does mankind look even from this limited altitude, how petty in the aggregate when occupying the centre of such an extensive landscape: but what the crowd lacks in magnitude it makes up in sounds that are more vociferous than musical. The yells of the betting-men to the gaping geese who eye their lists with perilous interest; the shouts of the *habitués* of the betting ring; the ringing of the bell; the cries of hucksters; and the shrieks of mountebanks; are varied by the din of large drums; and the chorus of negro minstrels. Slowly the police succeed in persuading, rather than forcing the crowd behind the barriers; and then, as a matter of course, that unlucky dog of dogs makes his appearance at one end of the course, and is hooted, tail 'tween his legs, ears back, mouth open, and tongue wobbling, to the other end, where he finds escape from his vocal assailants. Where that animal comes from, where he goes to after his solitary race, and who owns him, are questions that have yet to be answered, but he invariably turns up at the critical moment; and disappears into the great unknown.

The stragglers from the paddock having at last been folded by the constabulary into their appointed "ring" fence, ten of the eleven three year old fillies who are to run for the Oaks, walk majestically past the Stand, to a distance of about a quarter of a mile up the course, when they turn, and, without waiting for the favorite "Miss Toto," canter back at a smart pace, in good racing form, towards the paddock, and there stop, walk through, and slowly wend their way, with "Miss Toto," to the new High Level Starting Post, when they take up a good position at once, and are started off beautifully. How the typical sheet might have covered the lot for several

yards; how "Lady Patricia" drew out, and was waited upon closely by "Miss Toto" and "Apology;" how the latter came ahead of the "Lady," and then took a lead, which she improved rapidly, and won by three lengths, with "Miss Toto" next, and then the "Lady"—are not these things exhaustively described by the sporting critics of the metropolitan press. The great race over, we all refreshed ourselves, as though we, and not the panting fillies, had contested it; and after the next event had come off, I walked back to the railway station, found one seat vacant in a train just starting, popped in, and within an hour was performing ablutions in my club, preparatory to dinner—a repast that was followed by attending a performance at the Globe Theatre of that most popular of all fillies—"*La Fille de Madame Angot.*"

As to the alleged falling-off in the attractiveness of the Epsom Summer Meeting, I cannot offer a decided opinion; but my own crude observations make me believe that the *Saturday Review* is warranted in saying that Londoners "are beginning to find Epsom a delusion. They certainly stop away from it more and more every year; and on last Wednesday—a picked Derby day as far as the weather was concerned—the diminished attendance was everywhere perceptible, at the railway stations, on the road up the hill, in the paddock, in the neighbourhood of the Grand Stand, and even in the Grand Stand itself. Not only were the visitors fewer in number, but they were also as unenthusiastic as can well be imagined." For my own part I was struck by the comparative tameness of the proceedings on the Oaks day, prepared though I had been to look for a smaller and a more refined attendance than is usual on the Derby Day. There were few family parties, and the "ladies' day" was, it seemed to me remarkable for the absence of ladies, though the weather was everything that female heart could desire for the display of the possession of the triumphs of the milliner's and coiffeur's

art. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh were present *en garcon*, and so were crowds of other Benedicts, who seemed notwithstanding to find the day enjoyable enough. But, just as at public schools fisticuffs have gone out of fashion since youthful energies came to be devoted to cricket, football, rifle matches, and boating; so is the Turf gradually yielding to the superior attractions of manly sports that are not associated with gambling and rascality. The sporting propensities of the Englishman have not diminished, but have been directed into new channels; and the nation at large is, both financially and morally, the gainer thereby.

LETTER XLVII.

LONDON-SUPER-MARE.

BRIGHTON, *June* 1874.

THIS town continues to offer almost unrivalled attractions to the Anglo-Indian, be he in a robust, or be he in an unstrung state of health. It is both lively, as to its outer, and sociable as to its inner life; it boasts a bracing climate; it is comparatively close to the metropolis; and it has taken honors in the noble art of self-amusement. It is a Belgravia, Tyburnia, Hyde-Parkia, Kensingtonia, grafted on a cutting of Cheltenham, with just a flavour of Torquay and St. Leonard's. It is not perhaps an economical place to live in; but the life one leads here is worth living, and paying for, being far better than the prosaic existence of heaps of people, who reside in the metropolis, and know not the names of their next-door neighbours. Of course it rains here sometimes in a copious fashion, or this would ill-deserve to be British soil; but a lengthened experience of the place in years fled away, warrants my asserting that it is a good business-like rain that falls here in summer time, and that there is rarely an infliction of the drip-drop-dropping weather that so often renders London out-of-doors utterly miserable. Trees being conspicuous here by their absence, the heat of the sun's rays is sometimes almost tropical. A portion of the promenade most frequented in the day time is paved with red tiles, on the assumption, probably, that these absorb the heat more, and throw off the glare less than the ordinary paving-stones; but let the theory be never so good, there is no disputing that the result is a close resemblance to that obtainable on the top of a heated

oven. Fortunately, there are a number of shops hereabouts, each of which spreads out a broad parti-coloured awning, so however hot your poor feet may be, your upper works are fairly comfortable.

The shops on the King's Road are a pleasing feature of the town. Foremost among them is the establishment of Mr. Mutton, the confectioner. Though himself I believe deceased, this gentleman's name yet speaketh eloquently of delightful dinners, of still more joyous suppers, and of yet more memorable wedding-breakfasts, as well as of ices, lunches, lobster salads, turtle soup, and other enjoyable vanities. But think not that "Mutton's" has fallen from its first estate; that it is unequal to the requirements of an age that having, at sundry times and in divers places, banquetted sumptuously, with the aid of Spiers and Pond, Bertram and Roberts, and Stars and Garters, and grown capricious, is more difficult to satisfy than was the last generation of visitors to, or residents of this town. No, the establishment retains its old reputation as the head-quarters of gastronomic art in Brighton. Some of the neighbouring shops have, I see, been taken by large London firms, as marine branches; so persons who are accustomed to wine and clothe and beautify themselves by the sole aid of the genius of the West End of the metropolis, can, while residing here, maintain their all important metropolitan connections with retail trade.

The trade of Brighton must be increasing rapidly, for not only has the permanent population increased by twenty-five per cent. in the last ten years, but for nearly six months in the year there is a perpetual influx of visitors, the majority of whom, being on pleasure bent, forget the economic scruples of their work-a-day lives. So comparatively recently as 1801, the town numbered but 7,339 inhabitants. In 1838 the railway to London was commenced, and the line being opened in 1841, caused a rapid increase of population, and brought

down shoals of metropolitans, for whom house accommodation had to be found. Rapidly did the place increase its borders; creep up the downs at one extremity, and over many a corn-field at the other; but still the cry is that more house-room is wanted. There are now 57 charitable institutions, 106 physicians and medical practitioners, 64 chemists and druggists, 28 dentists, 4 opticians and 27 undertakers. There are 157 boarding, and 44 day-schools, 721 lodging-house keepers, 30 fly-proprietors, 36 livery-stable keepers, 34 coach-builders, 16 saddlers, 40 printers, &c. And there are 7 local newspapers, named, respectively, the *Examiner*, *Guardian*, *Gazette*, *Observer*, *Herald*, *Times*, and *Daily News*. Some of these journals must have a precarious existence, since the London morning papers are delivered here as soon as they are in the suburbs of the metropolis, or as soon as you can reasonably require them; and the evening *Standard*, *Pall Mall*, *Globe*, and *Echo* are obtainable long before dinner-hour. But the contentions of ritualists and anti-ritualists in this rather religiose town; the chronic perversity of town-councillors; the great catches of fish and visitors; the course of market prices; and the sorrows of the bathing-dames; offer local journalists fertile themes for vigorous writing that are not likely to be encroached upon by their metropolitan contemporaries. It is a pity, however, that, with so many formers of political opinion, Brighton did herself the discredit last February of severing her connection with Professor Fawcett, and electing in his room as her representative in Parliament, a first-class yachtsman, and—nothing more. Fawcett is one of the few prominent Liberals, whom even the professed enemies of Liberalism can afford to respect. He is not a party man, so much as a loyal, highly cultivated, manly Englishman, with strong, well-informed opinions of his own about India and the Colonies, that it deeply concerns the nation to have expressed frequently in Parliament. But the 721

lodging house-keepers, and such like, discarded this eminent man in favor of a gentleman of fortune, who has yet to prove his possession of brains. The town merited disfranchisement for thus abusing the confidence reposed in it by Bengal, not to say Great Britain. But Hackney has now honorably averted the long continuance of the scandal attaching to the exclusion of such a man as Mr. Fawcett from Parliament.

But, after all, it is not very surprising that local voters are somewhat incapable of cultivating Imperial sentiments; for Brighton may well seem to them to be a world in itself, having but an indirect connection with outlying worlds. It is difficult, for example, when sunning oneself here, to realise the existence of an India; or to feel any sustained interest in the doings of America, Australia, or Oceania. The student should never come to Brighton, save to obtain by absolute idleness the physical strength wherewith to resume his mental struggles elsewhere; but the Anglo-Indian, who sighs for bracing breezes, combined with cheerful surroundings, cannot perhaps do better than join the throng of well-to-do, amusable, and amusing loungers in these parts. Here you may rise early, or late; bathe pluckily from a boat, or gingerly from a machine; breakfast off the fat of the land, or that of the sea; constitutionalise on the parade, wearing your blandest smile, or on the downs towards the Race Course, where it blows half a gale on the slightest provocation; doze on the beach in the shade of a boat, or attempt to read as you inhale ozone; tiffin at Mutton's, or at the Grand Hotel; make a call or two, ride, drive, or parade; and then sit down to dinner, that is succeeded by a long twilight evening, during which you may watch the moon's rays brilliantly reflected on the sea, and listen to the musical ripple of the wave-wash blended with the harmonious strains of the bands; the foreground, the while, being enlivened by crowds of promenaders and carriages.

The town has grown considerably since I last resided here, but in other respects it is unchanged. The pleasure-boat-men, the bathing fraternity, and the beach-hawkers seem the very folk whose sayings and doings inspired my youthful mind so very long ago with interest. The fresh scent of the sea-weed, and the sounds of the town, are equally familiar; and I find myself looking with somewhat of the old juvenile feeling of wonder into the windows of florists and stick-sellers, almost forgetting that I have seen many of their wares in a state of nature in the tropics. The Chain Pier still spans the littoral currents that lave the sea-wall before Kemp Town; but it has been cruelly deserted by the beauty and fashion of the place since 1866, when the West Pier was thrown open to the public. The latter, a screw-pile affair, like that at Madras, is 1,115 feet long, with a platform varying in width from 140 feet at the two ends, to 55 feet in the centre. It has continuous seat accommodation for nearly 2,000 persons, and 100,000 superficial feet of promenade. Here, from May to October, a band plays every morning and evening on week days, and every evening on Sundays; and here you can in the early morning bathe the outer, and at all times refresh the inner man. Here you can expose yourself to the full force of the sea breeze; or shelter yourself from it behind glass screens. And here it is likely you will meet old Indian acquaintances; or, at any rate, strike up an acquaintance with persons who have been out to, or who have relatives in India. That gentleman, for example, who is slowly taking a sheltered seat, must surely have gone to the tropics for his deep yellow complexion, and silken-puggree; those children yonder with their thin pale faces, pen-holder legs, and rather quaint attire must have been late arrivals per P. and O. steamer to Southampton; and there is no mistaking the Indienne in the still elegant, but faded young matron in that Bath-chair with the vulcanite tires. She may perhaps

have been "put on board in a dying state," and have barely escaped a watery grave; and her condition, so sadly contrasted with that in which she left England, must fill her home friends with alarm; but in a few weeks, braced up by the air and cheeriness of this hope-inspiring pleasure-making town, she will probably be able to take small walks on her own account, and then rapidly approach convalescence, pick up flesh and rosiness, and be her old self again ere the autumn is over, and the fashionable season *par excellence* of Brighton has begun.

Numerous as are the attractions of Brighton, they have received a great addition in the Marine Aquarium, which was opened two years ago, and promises to be the incentive to the formation of similar repositories in other parts of the country. The idea was broached, in 1866, by Mr. E. Birch, an engineer, after he had visited the much smaller establishment at Boulogne; and the institution owes its existence to a private Company, aided by the advice and warm support of Mr. Frank Buckland, the eminent naturalist. The projectors obtained an Act of Parliament to enable them to reclaim some foreshore near the Chain Pier; and the Aquarium was completed at a cost of nearly £60,000, less £7,000 contributed by the Town Council, in consideration of an improvement to the Marine Parade effected by the Company. The buildings, which are for the most part subterranean, are reached by a broad flight of granite steps ornamented on each side by shrubs and roses. These steps lead to the entrance hall, 80 feet by 45 feet, from the centre of which the chief corridor commences; and extends for 220 feet to an artificial cascade in rock-work at the extreme end. There are, in all, forty-one tanks of various sizes, some as small as 11 by 10, and others ranging up to 100 feet long by 40 wide. These receptacles are lit from above by the glass roof of the building; and are fronted towards the spectator by sheets of plate glass an inch thick,

74 inches long, by 40 wide, bedded in caoutchouc, set in a framework of Portland stone. The sea-water is pumped into a reservoir beneath the floor, and thence up into the tanks, which are capable of holding 500,000 gallons. The water, when taken from the sea, being charged with fragments of seaweed, shells, shingle, and marine débris is allowed to stand some hours to permit floating matters to subside. The tanks are supplied from the bottom with streams of compressed air which aerate and oxygenises the water while in use, thus performing the office of wind and wave in the open sea. The terra-cotta enrichments, the red black and buff brickwork, and the stone carvings, are in harmony with the requirements of the place, being both cheerful and warm-looking. The groined roof of the corridor is constructed of variegated bricks, resting upon stone or marble columns, the capitals of which are enriched with life-like carvings of birds, plants and fishes. Some pieces of statuary are grouped about picturesquely, and seats are conveniently arranged for the contemplation of the whole scene, which is a novel one.

The largest fish at present in the Aquarium is a royal sturgeon, measuring nearly eight feet long, which was captured at Bognor, and conveyed here, partly by rail, more dead than alive. It is now thriving, notwithstanding its unavoidable solitude, and it spends the best part of the day swimming rapidly to and fro in a tank large enough to float a small ship. You regard it, as you might do, were you peering through the window of a diving-bell at the bottom of the sea; and you are struck by the suppleness of its huge body, and the latent force of its fins and tail. The octopus, in a neighbouring tank, attracts still more attention. This is a repulsive looking fish, with eight hideous snake-like boneless limbs, furnished beneath with rows of elastic, cup-shaped, sucking discs. The head is armed with a sharp horny parrot-like beak, with which the shells of

crabs are cracked and opened, as well as with a pendent receptacle for the secretion of a disgusting ink-like liquid, which, as a last resource, the horrible creature spurts out in self-defence at an assailant. When at rest, in a crevice of a rock, the octopus looks like a lump of offal; but, anon, it lazily unrolls a limb, then uncoils another, creeps out of its hole, and displays its unwieldy body with its arms, or legs, prowling far and near in search of prey. The specimen in the Aquarium when stretched out would probably not measure more than four feet across, from the end of one limb to the end of another opposite; but the British Museum contains, in a glass case, the limb of one nine feet long, and there are authenticated instances of specimens having been captured in the Baltic with limbs measuring eighteen feet. It is a comfort to know that monsters of this sort are rarely met with, for such a creature with eight limbs sweeping a circumference of fifty feet, would prove a most formidable assailant to an unarmed boat's crew. Victor Hugo has piled up the agony in connection with this fish in his "Toilers of the Sea."

The Aquarium is rich not only in zoophytes and anemones, arranged with the happiest effect on artificial rock-work, so as to exhibit the progressive development of these lowest forms of animal life; but also in live crabs, lobsters, mackerel, plaice, salmon, dog-fish, herrings, carp, whiting, prawns, shrimps, &c.; and the place is left, after a prolonged visit, with a feeling that one has only just commenced an intellectual acquaintance with a few denizens of the sea in a state of nature, which had hitherto been regarded from an exclusively dinner-table point of view.

LETTER XLVIII.

IN HOLLAND.

AMSTERDAM, *July* 1874.

To those who have studied the vestiges of Dutch power in India, the little kingdom of Holland cannot fail to prove peculiarly interesting; while to all who are weary of the dragooning policy of Emperor, Czar, and Kaiser of this period, a visit to the Continental State that most nearly resembles England is a refreshing experience. The Dutch are not, as are other Continentals, wholly given up to the idolatry of big battalions, of brute force, of insatiable ambition; but, content with and in themselves, grateful for their independence, innocent of all political ambition outside their own narrow limits, and fond of their home be it never so homely, they afford a remarkable contrast to the king-and-priest-ridden peoples, in their vicinity. They are proud of their Colonial possessions in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, Surinam, St. Eustache, Curacoa, and Guinea, covering an area of 660,000 square miles, and supporting a population of twenty four million souls; and they—smoke complacently excellent Manilla cheroots costing barely a penny a-piece. They possess a merchant fleet of two thousand vessels, with an aggregate burden of nearly half a million of tons; and they have a trade estimated at fifty millions of florins of imports and forty millions of exports per annum. They are a remarkably self-helping people. Most of the kingdom is beneath mean sea level, so they have to live under conditions that would be thought rather hard elsewhere. An ant-hill, if found in Holland, might perhaps be characterised by Dutch geographers as a lofty eminence, on the summit of which

the bold traveller might plume himself upon having risen superior to the level of the greater portion of the three and a half millions of people in the land. The sea is kept off by dykes, or dams, along the coast; and even the rivers are thus in some parts banked up, and raised above the surrounding country. These embankments are constructed of earth, sand, and mud, well puddled together, covered with enlaced willow twigs, and stamped clay; and are further strengthened by the roots of trees that are grown on the ridge, and by a coarse grass that takes kindly to the surface soil, and binds it together. Six millions of florins are expended annually upon the maintenance of these dykes, which constitute not only the bulwarks of the land in the time of peace, but an effective substitute for a large standing army in the time of war, since by cutting them, the greater part of the land could be submerged, and invaders be treated to the fate of Pharaoh in the Red Sea. The French, it is true, successfully invaded the country in 1795, and founded the Batavian Republic; but they were, to a great extent, assisted by recreant Dutchmen. For ten years did the little Republic exist, and it was then abolished by Napoleon in order to provide his brother Louis with a crown. Five years more having passed away, that King-against-his-will abdicated, rather than submit to the arbitrary domination of France; and Napoleon at once annexed Holland to the French Empire on the ground that the land had been formed by the alluvial deposits of French rivers! But in 1813, the intruding French were expelled by Russians, Prussians and Dutch in alliance, and they left behind them few traces of either good or evil administration.

Since that happy deliverance the Dutch have grown in intelligence, commercial enterprise, and independence. They, alone of European peoples, have abolished capital punishment; and they have also practically abolished the Governmental functions of their King, thus leaving him

little else to do than to draw his pay, and live as comfortably as he can upon it. His Majesty, William III., is a tall, unaristrocratic-looking personage, addicted to rapid pedestrianism, fond of fraternising at corners of streets with his subjects, and but little appreciative of the pomp and ceremony of a Court. It was this sovereign who by negotiating, in the spring of 1867, for the sale of part of his birthright, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, to Prussia, nearly precipitated a war between that aggrandising State and France. The intervention of England brought about an arrangement by which the teeth were to be drawn from Luxembourg, in respect to the demolition of the almost impregnable fortress which was the real bone of contention; but, owing to the expense and difficulty of dismantlement, and also to the German and French having come to blows, the fortress for the most part remains intact, and will probably one of these days be absorbed by Germany, and utilised as an outwork. The Dutch take little interest in the Duchy; and they are far too practical a people to blame their King for trying to obtain advantageous terms for the surrender of a possession that is of little use to him, and of no benefit to his northern subjects. His Majesty's heir-apparent, the Prince of Orange, aged thirty-four, is regarded in Holland as a rejected suitor of Princess Beatrice of England, the gossips having it that on the occasion of his last visit to Windsor, whither he had gone on matrimonial thoughts intent, he was told rather abruptly by that young lady at dessert, that she could not bear oranges, and that he took the hint, and departed on the following morning. It is just possible however, that, *faute de mieux*, the Princess may alter her mind. The Prince is one of the few eligible young gentlemen in her own rank of life; and if his natal land is prosaic, it has some pleasing features, socially and morally, that are conspicuous by their absence in other and mightier States.

Availing myself, as thousands of experienced and inexperienced travellers now-a-days do, of Cook's tourist tickets, I came to Holland by way of Belgium, partly in order to renew an old acquaintance with the latter country, but chiefly, perhaps, to escape a tedious cross-sea passage to Rotterdam. Cook has a marked preference for the routes to the Continent viâ Harwich; and the Great Eastern Railway Company, which for years floundered in the slough of financial despond, must be deriving no small benefit from the comparatively recent utilisation of that dull Essex port. The mail train leaves Bishopsgate a few minutes past six in the evening; runs without stopping to Harwich in two hours, and the passengers merely have to cross a plank to get on board the steamer. I visited Harwich last year, and could not but be struck by the improbability of Continental folk who land there being favorably impressed with England. A large hotel has been built opposite the steamer quay for the comfortable accommodation of travellers who rarely however stay to put it to the test of experience; and the town generally has the unlucky fate of seeing a great deal of traffic pass its doors without contributing largely to its wealth. The steamers that cross to Antwerp are superior in every respect but speed to those that ply between Dover, Folkestone, and Newhaven, and Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe. They have saloon accommodation on the P. and O. model, with a capital cuisine, numerous stewards, clean berths, and every convenience. Those to Rotterdam being of larger tonnage are still better suited to the tastes of persons who, though virtuous, are not good sailors.

The passage up the Scheldt to Antwerp is rather tedious, for the scenery on each side is as flat as that on the banks of the Hooghly; but there are antiquated villages, and queer specimens of naval architecture to enliven the route. The grand tower of the Cathedral at

Antwerp is seen many miles off, for in so level a land, it forms a landmark over a considerable area; and, after a circuitous cruise, the steamer reaches the broad anchorage, and the passengers land near the new docks of the Belgian Liverpool. The railway from Antwerp to Rotterdam cannot boast of a single cutting, for it traverses a great stretch of level country characterised by an absence of hedges. On entering Holland, there are to be seen in every direction prim avenues of poplars, planted with mathematical accuracy in straight lines, and shading the brick-paved roadways on the tops of the dykes. The fields are irrigated abundantly from channels of nearly stagnant water that serve as boundaries; and their cultivation exhibits the proverbial thriftiness of the Dutch character. There is a magnificent piece of engineering in an iron lattice bridge that spans the Hollandsch Diep, an inlet of the sea, $1\frac{5}{8}$ miles broad. At each end is a massive stone pier, that reduces the waterway to $\frac{7}{8}$ of a mile, which distance is crossed by 14 arches with a span of 110 yards, and by two swing bridges. Some of the stone foundations were laid on the pneumatic system, 50 to 60 feet below low-water level, and 1,170 tons of iron were employed in the construction of the works, the total cost of which was within half-a-million sterling, or "greatly less than had been anticipated."

Rotterdam is an equilateral triangular-shaped city, surrounded and intersected by canals that serve as a means of intramural communication. The houses are highly picturesque with quaint gables, doors, windows, roofs, and chimneys. Trees are liberally planted on both sides of the roads that skirt the canals; and the pleasant shade that these afford, the bright colours of the boats, with their walnut-shaped, highly varnished hulls, and chocolate sails; and the prevailing air of mediœvalism, make up a picture that can be seen in no other part of the world. In Amsterdam, the capital, there is a great

deal more to attract the notice of the traveller. This city occupies a semi-circular site, with a broad outer canal for a boundary, and six or seven inner semi-circular canals, united by smaller streams that radiate from a common centre, called the Dam. Even with an excellent map in hand, I have several times lost my way among these interlacing canals; and I can the better therefore appreciate the artificial construction of the whole city. The buildings in the older parts are very interesting; the canals are alive with traffic; and the roads crowded with vehicles and a contented-looking people; but the whole place, even one's bed-room, is pervaded by a sickly smell arising from the polluted water of the canals. The inhabitants do not seem conscious of the nuisance; and hence it is that they are only slowly arousing themselves to the expediency of discontinuing the immemorial practice of allowing the drainage of so large a city to gravitate into the canals. All the Dutch towns I have seen are so many eloquent examples of the long-suffering of Nature, and of the thriftlessness in one direction, and uncleanliness in another, of a singularly thrifty and cleanly race. In other European cities, as a rule, a tidal river is utilised as a drain; and though this practice is bad enough, it is not as objectionable as allowing every householder to pollute a stagnant canal outside his door. But in Holland, with an enterprising and careful people much given to engineering works, a state of things exists that must be seen to be believed; and as the remedy is now being applied on the pneumatic principle, I have come here to ascertain, in connection with the proposed drainage of Madras, how air is utilised in lieu of water as as a carrier of town sewage.

The pneumatic system of drainage has been invented and patented by Captain Charles Liernur, a Dutch Engineer. It has been successfully introduced in Prague, Amsterdam, Dordrech, Olmutz, Brun and Leyden. The Municipality of Leyden testify to their pneumatic drainage works, which I

have visited, having exerted a beneficial influence on the public health, consequent on the removal of refuse without the pollution of the soil, streams, or atmosphere; and they say that all the working expenses will be soon repaid, and "our capital returned." In Amsterdam,* (where Captain Liernur has shewn me the system in operation in various parts of the city,) the Chief Engineer and Director of Public Works last month, submitted a report to the Common Council in which he speaks of the system being "absolute perfection in a technical and sanitary sense," and

* In treating of Liernur's improved town drainage system, Dr. Egeling, the senior Medical Inspector of Holland, says:—"For the English reader, this system has a double interest. It embodies the principles which have been demonstrated in every report on the sewage question—for the last dozen years at least—to be the only ones upon which a satisfactory solution is attainable. All culminate in this one leading thought, that the plan of removing all kinds and degrees of refuse by only one channel leads to the same perplexities and difficulties, as treating persons, merchandise, and cattle as only one kind of freight, and transporting them in only one class of railway car would do, and that it is far cheaper, in view of the ill-effects resulting therefrom, to employ a different form of carriage for each variety." Starting from this leading principle, Captain Liernur divides the work to be done into four different classes:—1. The sewers proper, are made absolutely impermeable, and devoted exclusively to filtered house, kitchen, and rain-water. 2. The drainage of the soil is effected by porous pipes, regulating the ground-water. They lie at a higher level than the sewers proper, and drain into them. Of course in towns that are sewered already, he makes use of the existing sewers, and does not lay these subsoil drains. 3. Refuse liquids of trade and manufacture are only admitted into the sewers after being purified by their producers. 4. The fæcal matter—chamber slops, and sink sediment included—is removed by a separate system of pipes altogether, the peculiar feature of which is, that in order to avoid as much as possible the dilution, which makes transport, utilisation, and disinfection next to impossible, air pressure is used instead of water to drive the excreta out of the closet-pipes.—[Extract from report by Mr. A. Scott in the *Journal of the Society of Arts.*]

recommends its adoption to the whole of the new town, and the most populous part of the old; and other civic officials have expressed themselves almost equally strongly in favor of the process. The Medical Congress held at the Vienna Exhibition last September tested the system, reported their conviction that it is capable of doing its task completely and remarked that "the various motions occupy such an infinitesimally small space of time, operate so smoothly, and without attracting notice, that the invention called forth the utmost admiration, and all present, among whom were professional men of the highest class, could not but acknowledge this in the most unmeasured terms." This report caused the Emperor of Austria to inspect the works in the Exhibition; and having carefully witnessed the whole process, His Majesty "expressed his satisfaction with the rapidity, certainty, and absence of all offensiveness, with which the emptying of so many places, and transferring their contents into barrels for transport to the country, took place." The introduction of the system in Holland, Austria, and Germany, I am informed by the patentee, has not cost on an average more than £2 per head of the population; and calculating as he does the value of the excreta of each person at 10s. a year, he maintains that in ten years, the original outlay will be covered, and a net profit of above 5s. per head per annum be realised thereafter. The system has a sublime contempt for levels; and it has the further attraction of requiring no exceptional engineering talent to carry it out.

But the question immediately arises does it pay? This is the crucial point regarding which most critics have many, and Captain Liernur has no doubts. He is inventing machinery which will be put up in Dordrecht next year, by which he is sanguine he will succeed in converting the sewage into merchantable guano. At present the sewage at Leyden and Amsterdam is not thus

transformed, but in its natural condition is carried away in barrels, and used as liquid manure in the large tracts of recently reclaimed land that are being brought under cultivation in the northern part of this country. But this is only a half of what Captain Liernur aspires to do for the world. English chemists and engineers for the most part do not believe that he will succeed in the manufacture of a *poudrette* that shall be both inoffensive and inexpensive; and London financial folk, who have from time to time been bitten by clever but inefficient nostrums, will have nothing to say to any scheme for drainage that does not offer a fair chance of being profitable.

The more one sees of Amsterdam the more does one marvel at the genius and courage of its founders, and at its enjoyment for many successive years of comparativly good health. It has a population of about 270,000 persons occupying 27,000 houses, most of which rest on the tops of wooden piles that were driven, centuries since, into the muddy bed of a salt water lagoon. The piles could not have been protected after the modern fashion against worms and rot; and half a century ago those beneath the granary of the Netherlands India Company, being stored with 3,500 tons of corn, gave way under the pressure, and great was the ruin; but there is no indication of a similar fate threatening any house I have seen; and the roads which are also constructed upon piles seem as solid as they do in other cities. The intersecting canals divide the town into ninety islands, connected by nearly three hundred bridges and canals. Except in the districts to which the Liernur system of drainage has been applied, the canals receive every description of refuse and filth that householders care to throw into them; and they have on this account to be frequently dredged, the immediate effect of that process being a potent addition to the normal unsavouriness of the atmos-

phere of the neighbourhood. The canals are, as far as possible, flushed by a stream from the river; but the supply of pure water is only equal to the task of slightly modifying the impurity of the surface water, and in creating a sluggish current that tardily carries away some surface abominations. The drinking-water of the city is obtained from a reservoir nearly fourteen miles distant; and the houses are provided with cisterns for the collection of rain water which is generally used for kitchen and ablutionary purposes. It is difficult to reconcile the individual cleanliness of the Dutch with their public uncleanliness. Their dwellings are externally and internally models of neatness; and yet the canals beside which they are built by preference are frequently disgusting to look upon apart from their picturesque surroundings. But life-long habit necessarily influences the average Dutchman's opinion of the uses and abuses of canals; and it says much for the intrinsic value of his invention, for Captain Liernur's pluck, and for the enlightenment of the Town Council, that notwithstanding the wide-spread feeling in Amsterdam of its not being worth while to spend any large sum of money with a view to modifying a state of things, that successive generations did not find peculiarly objectionable, the means have been found to give the Liernur system a fair trial in the midst of a people, who are not likely to be backward in applying it in all their towns, as soon as they possess convincing proof of its commercial success.

LETTER XLIX.

THE HAGUE TO BRUSSELS.

July, 1874.

THE Hague offers a remarkable contrast to Amsterdam, for while the latter is nothing if not commercial, the former is nothing if not aristocratic. The mercantile capital is one of the liveliest of cities; but the official capital restricts its liveliness to fête days and Sundays. The Hague is fourteen miles from Rotterdam, and three from the sea. The majority of the suburban streets have been built so as to divide the newer part of the town into rectangular blocks of houses; a large canal pursues a course round the town, and a number of smaller streams go across it. Owing to the absence of trade, these canals are free to a great extent from much that renders those at Amsterdam disagreeable; and the municipal authorities have raised pleasant avenues of trees along the roads that run beside the canals. The most fashionable locality is in the neighbourhood of a tank, or artificial lake, called the Vijver, in the centre of the town, the surface of which is kept in motion by fresh water being pumped in at stated intervals, and thence propelled into the canals. There are several mediœval buildings hereabouts of considerable historical interest, as well as the modern palaces of the King and Heir Apparent. In the outskirts of the town, where there is more elbow-room, there are numerous villas, which are remarkable for their elegant iron and stone work embellishments, their lavish display in the windows of sheets of plate glass of unusual dimensions, and little gardens beautifully arranged with statuary, beds of flowers, creepers,

and mossy banks. Most of the houses boast of doors ten to twelve feet in height, and eight to ten in width, with an elaborately carved archway, and richly moulded panels. The national cleanliness is illustrated in every direction, and is particularly noticeable in the shady boulevards, which, as well as the streets within the town, are kept carefully free from leaves, dust and dirt.

The pictures at the local Museum constitute not the least of the many attractions of the Hague. They include several of Rembrandt's master-pieces, of which the chief is his rather ghastly "School of Anatomy," representing a celebrated anatomist in the art of dissecting a corpse, and lecturing the while to a class of students. Paul Potter's "Bull" is also here; and the genius of Jan Steen, Teniers, Murillo, Rubens, Snyders, Van Ostade, Mieris, Wouverman, Dürer, Ruysdale and other old painters is well represented. The proportion of sacred subjects is smaller in this gallery than is usual in Belgium, but there is a marked taste for battle and tavern scenes. The latter are presumed by their modern admirers to be efforts to inculcate virtue by depicting vice, and large sums are readily paid for pictures representing to the life a crew of intoxicated boors of those "good old times" when drunkenness was thought venial. There is a strong family resemblance in these scenes which becomes rather wearisome after one has seen numerous examples. Wouverman's battle scenes are remarkable for their high finish as well as for almost invariably depicting in the foreground a plump white charger with a long mane and tail, prancing in an impossible fashion on the prostrate corpses of foes, while his rider, plumed and booted, with bâton in hand, is shaping the destinies of nations. But if the old artists were rather conventional in their treatment of subjects, their mastery of the art of colouring was marvellous, and the pity is that not one of them handed down the recipe.

The Hague has now the great advantage of possessing one of the most admirable hotels in Europe, named appropriately, the Belle Vue, since it overlooks a portion of the "Bosch," and is altogether charmingly situated. Its *salle-à-manger* is a sumptuous apartment, with a plethora of mirrors of great magnitude, costly curtains, and furniture. And the afternoon *table d' hôte* is a daily culinary triumph. The Dutch are not usually supposed to be dainty eaters, and the poorer orders certainly are content with a class of food that would not be tolerated by similar classes in England; but the habits of the well-to-do people here seem to approximate closely in the matter of food to those of Parisians.

There are two great points of attraction at the Hague, the "Bosch," or Wood, and Scheveningen. The Bosch is a Parisian Park on a large scale. It surrounds a royal [illegible] Ant is about three miles long by one broad. Almost [illegible] of this space is planted with beeches and oaks, [illegible] around ornamental lakes, or beside serpentine [illegible] reams of water in motion. The greater number of the trees have grown to so great a size, that it is not easy to realise that the forest is of comparatively recent growth. There are a few carriage roads across it, o'er-arched with trees, and a number of very beautiful avenues of great length for pedestrians. At least once in the week a concert is given here, and attracts all classes of society from princes to private soldiers, and brings in scores of well-to-do people from Rotterdam and Amsterdam. On Sunday afternoons also, the residents promenade in this umbrageous retreat, and a military band renders important assistance in making the gathering a pleasurable one. There is not a Dutchman who is not deservedly proud of "Het Bosch" of "'S Graven Hage."

Scheveningen, the Brighton of Holland, is three miles from the Hague, with which it is connected by both a canal of uncompromising dulness as to scenery,

and two roads, one of which is as straight as an arrow with triple rows of fine trees on each side. The latter road is paved with "klinkers," or thin tiles imbedded endwise into cement or puddled clay; and one of its four avenues, is devoted to the use of the tram-cars which ply between the city and the village. A more agreeable or picturesque tram-road cannot exist. It is so straight you can see the cars when they are little dots in the distance, and watch their coming up under the trees till they reach your stand-point. The vehicles are of the lightest construction, and when heavily freighted with passengers bowl along rapidly.

Scheveningen is a marvellously clean fishing village with some eight thousand permanent inhabitants. It occupies a site below the level of the sea, a few yards distant, and from which it is protected by the sandy "duin old" or mounds, that form the bulwarks of the greater part of Holland. The air is reputed to be highly salubrious, and the bathing is excellent; so, during the summer months, the village is thronged with visitors, most of whom come out for a day's enjoyment of its advantages. On the ridge of the dunes, there is a klinkered terrace, which is used as the fashionable promenade; and there is a large restaurant, in the grounds of which a band performs on Sundays, and occasionally during the week. The place is historically remarkable as being near the scene of the defeat by the Dutch Admiral De Ruyter, two hundred years ago, of the united fleets of England and France.

The journey back by rail from the Hague viâ Rotterdam to Antwerp is rather monotonous. The river Maas, on the north bank of which Rotterdam lies, is about half a mile wide at this point, and offers anchorage for a large amount of shipping. The river is unbridged, but the piers for a bridge that has long been projected are nearly complete, and within a year or so it is hoped that the railway link that is now missing at this point will

be supplied. At present passengers for the south have to embark in a small river steamer, and are taken about two miles round a bend of the river to the extreme end of the southern line. The railway passes close to Dordrecht, one of the oldest towns in Holland, crosses a wide tributary of the river Maas by a fine iron lattice bridge, proceeds to Moerdyk at the Hollandsch Diep, and on to Breda. The engine being here reversed, the train soon arrives at Esschen, the Belgian frontier custom-house, where the passengers have to alight, and make a declaration of possessing or not any dutiable articles, after which they are at liberty to refresh themselves with a rather medicinal beverage that passes for beer. Thence the line passes on to Antwerp, and drops passengers in a south-western suburb, close to the well stocked and prettily laid out Zoological Gardens of that city.

Antwerp has greatly extended its limits of late years. The town proper was so closely built, that few new houses have been erected within it; but the suburbs to the west and south-west are now covered with blocks of tall houses on the new Paris model, with wide and straight roads, and broad boulevards. The ramparts that used to separate the town from these outlying districts, have been removed, and the site converted into a noble avenue. But though these old fortifications have disappeared the Belgian Government has during the last fifteen years expended large sums in strengthening the citadel to the south of the town, and in erecting several new works for the defence of the river. The siege of the town in 1832,—when 4,500 Belgians, with 145 guns, kept General Haxo with 55,000 French and 223 guns at bay two months,—was an experience that the Government has profited by. Antwerp may yet again have to fight for her liberty. While Napoleon III lived, there was abundant reason for Belgium to be on her guard against Gallic ambition, and there is no darker blot

on the Emperor's escutcheon than that involved in his negotiation through Benedetti with Bismarck for the annexation of the Kingdom of an ally, who was at the time a frequent visitor at the Tuileries. That negotiation has served however to warn the Belgians that some day their independence may be menaced by the alleged requirements of Germany.

Meanwhile, however, the citizens of Antwerp lead a busy and a prosperous life. Their port is entered annually by 5,500 vessels, of an aggregate burden of nearly two millions of tons. They have exhibited great enterprise in anticipating the requirements of commerce; they have enlarged and increased the docks which were commenced by the First Napoleon; and they have erected quays and warehouses on a grand scale. The city is remarkably rich in grand old churches, including the famous Cathedral, with its spire 402 feet high, and the Church of St. Jaques where Rubens is buried. These edifices are full of almost priceless paintings; and there is also a Museum with six hundred pictures obtained for the most part from suppressed monasteries and churches of the town. Rubens was born in Antwerp, and the town has collected a large number of his paintings as well as of those by disciples which were fathered upon him. It would be interesting to know the number and gross measurement of the pictures that are credited to this great painter, for giving him credit, though he was a pleasure-loving man, for producing paintings with exceptional rapidity, it is impossible that he could within the limit of his life (he died aged sixty-three years) have painted with his own hand all the pictures that are accepted as his. A large bronze statue of Rubens occupies the central point of a square near the Cathedral, called Place Verte, though there is hardly any thing green about it.

LETTER L.

BRUSSELS TO COLOGNE.

July 1874.

BRUSSELS has many attractions corresponding closely to those of Paris; but, unlike that fascinating but unfortunate city, she is not associated with political chaos, and modern savagery. In 1830 her citizens fought for the recovery of their political independence; but there is no part of the city corresponding to the blood-deluged Place de la Concorde. A noble Column, somewhat after the style of the Column of July in Paris, has been recently raised in honor of those who brought about the Constitution of 1830, and a statue of Liberty marks the resting place of such as fell during the crisis; but the revolt against the Netherlands Government was prompted by feelings very different to those which have so frequently plunged Paris into disaster; and the secession has fortunately left the rest of the Netherlands with no desire for revenge. Belgium has nothing to fear from Holland, or Holland from Belgium, for both States have prospered since the war, they have a great deal in common, and their union is strength.

There are 6,000 English residents in Brussels, in a population of 170,000; and the greatest intimacy exists between the natives and these foreigners. The King is never weary of entertaining English Royalty, and he rarely fails to pay England one visit a year. His father, the First Leopold, was a naturalised Englishman, and exerted a potent influence for good on English politics, by the advice he gave his niece, Queen Victoria; and his mother was a daughter of Louis Philippe, King of the French.

The sympathies of their present and late Sovereigns are in accordance with those of Belgians generally. Belgium has everything to hope for, nothing to apprehend from England; and unfortunately she has little to hope for and much to apprehend from both Germany and France. And England cannot but respect the pluck, energy and fortitude of the Belgians, and desire to aid them in retaining the political freedom which they have acquired, developed, and used to excellent purpose. No wonder, then, that English gentlefolk, with rather limited means, and with a taste for Continental life, find it no difficult matter to settle down permanently here. The town is eminently cheerful, and fairly healthy; and the cost of subsistence in a modest style, in a good quarter, is still comparatively light, though there has been a marked upward tendency in food, wages, and rents in the last ten years. The manners, customs, architecture, parks, concerts, administration, and uniforms of Paris are closely reproduced in Brussels. The new suburbs with tall, square blocks of handsome houses, wide streets, avenues of trees, and numerous restaurants are thoroughly French. The shops in the principal streets are not large, but they are well supplied with *articles de luxe* from Paris, and the more substantial products of British industry, especially textile fabrics. The flower and fruit shops are particularly attractive: and part of the market in early morning is filled with the produce of the market and flower gardens of many a mile around the capital.

There are 5,350 Roman Catholic clergy, and 12,000 nuns and sisters of charity in Belgium, or one clergyman per every 950, and one female devotee per 424 inhabitants. In the streets of the capital the large proportion that nuns and ecclesiastics bear to the population is very noticeable. There are six large churches, and a number of small places of worship in Brussels. The Cathedral of St. Gudule was restored at great cost between 1848

and 1856. The edifice was erected about five hundred years ago; but the stone-work has been scraped, and "restored" so thoroughly, that the interior shows no trace of age, and there is little of that picturesque light and shade which render Westminster Abbey so remarkable. But the thorough "restoration" of Notre Dame in Paris having similarly deprived that edifice internally of the charm conferred upon it by the touch of Time, the Brussels people may, with that model of taste before them, make light of the protest of lovers of the picturesque. St. Gudule is remarkably rich in old stained glass, and in admirable wood carving, the pulpit, representing the Expulsion from Paradise, being a *chef d'œuvre* of Verbruggen, a carver who flourished a century and-a-half since, and attained an eminence in his branch of art that has never been surpassed. The churches and monasteries in Belgium are full of marvels of wood carving; and at the Paris Exhibition of 1857, a pulpit was exhibited from Louvain, representing a Gothic font with a graceful canopy, and two staircases, the whole work being studded with inimitable representations of flowers, fruit, leaves, and figures.

There is a great deal to see in Brussels in the way of old and historic buildings, mediœval and modern paintings, and marvels of lace manufacture. There is a concert in the beautiful Park adjoining the town, almost every evening when the weather is favorable, and on Sunday afternoons; and no where can more accomplished military bands be met with, the band of the "Guides" especially having a European reputation. The city has the appearance of being in a flourishing condition, and it says much for the intelligence and unanimity of the Municipal authorities and rate-payers, that more than a half of the municipal budget is being annually devoted to the execution of public works connected with the extension, sanitation, and embellishment of the town. There are half-

a-dozen theatres, two or three halls for winter and other concerts, and ecclesiastical fête-days not a few. The arcades are also remarkable, one of them the "*Galerie St. Hubert*" being finer than anything of the kind in Paris, and only a little inferior to the magnificent *Galleria Vittoria Emmanuele* in Milan. There are several interesting places within easy reach of Brussels, as Waterloo, Mechlin, Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp. There are a few schools for boys and girls, to which English children can be sent; and there is no scarcity of Professors of languages, music, singing, dancing and drawing. Brussels, therefore, must be a agreeable place for an English gentleman with a moderate income, a thrifty wife, and several children, to live in,—far more agreeable, I should imagine, for a time at any rate, than most of the Asia Minors to which Anglo-Indians retired from business usually gravitate.

Leaving Brussels with much regret early one evening, we reached by a fast train, the city of Liège at about 9 P. M., and taking a hackney carriage were driven in the dark through what seemed to be endless boulevards of great width and strange solitude to the Hotel de Suède in the centre of this Sheffield of Belgium. Consequently, when we commenced our peregrinations in the morning, we were as unacquainted with the bearings and appearance of the thoroughfares as though we had been dropped blindfold into the place overnight. We were soon satisfied that however closely packed, and insalubrious, this capital of the Walloon District may have been in those cruel times when the "Wild Boar of the Ardennes," misruled with an iron hand, Liège has of late undergone (and possibly incurred a heavy municipal debt for) vast improvements that must, while tending to enhance rents, and therefore wages, exert a beneficial influence on the taste and health of the citizens. Sir Walter Scott mentions that Quentin Durward, on the occasion of his first visit to Liège was wonder-struck by "the

lofty houses, the stately streets, the splendid display of the richest goods and the most gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around, the walks crowded by citizens, the huge wains transporting broad cloth and serge, arms of all kinds, nails and iron work, as well as every article of use or luxury intended either for the consumption of an opulent city, or received in barter. He admired also the various streams and canals drawn from and communicating with the Maes, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the facilities of water carriage." Believing this to be an accurate sketch of Liège half a thousand years ago, it is certain that the shade of Quentin D[illegible]ward would find it no easy matter to trace a resemblance between the modern and the mediœval city. The old sombre, narrow, unpaved, tortuous, unsavoury thoroughfares have given place in many directions to wide streets of highly ornamental houses. The river Meuse has been embanked, and a broad tree-shaded, well-paved road runs along the top of the continuous quays. And the boulevards, squares, and pleasure grounds available to the public are remarkably extensive and beautiful, now that the avenues of trees planted on all sides have attained a considerable height and breadth.

There are upwards of 100,000 inhabitants most of whom are connected with the local coal and iron industries, and not a few of whom have to work the coal mines that extend beneath the town and river. But Liège does not wear the air of a Sheffield, Wednesbury, Dowlais, or other great coal and iron centre in England. The people look more poor than abject, and the Municipal authorities have exerted themselves in a most laudable manner to mitigate the hard conditions of their lives. The neighbourhood of Liège is remarkably picturesque, especially in the direction of Verviers, and there are lofty hills at the back of one side of the city from which

panoramic views of wide extent can be obtained. These heights are fortified, one of the hills, which commands the whole town, being crowned by the Citadel, that is reached by a long steep street of rather squalid houses. One of the masonry embankments, or quays, is named after a Mr. Cockerell, an Englishman, who in 1817, in conjunction with the then King of the Netherlands, founded the iron works and engine factory of Jennappe, a townlet five miles from Liège. This gentleman died in 1840 after having bought out his Royal partner, and the property was purchased by a Company with a capital of half a million sterling, which has since been increased. The works now cover an area of 180 acres, give employment to 9,000 hands, and 223 steam engines, consume 300,000 tons of fuel, and are capable of producing in a year 100 locomotives, 70 steamboat engines from 4 to 1,000 horse power, 1,500 other steam engines, and 6,000 tons of cast iron for the construction of bridges and other purposes.

Leaving Liège at noon, we arrived by railway in three quarters of an hour at Verviers, and were enchanted, as have been thousands of travellers before us, by the highly picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood. The railway traverses the dales between acclivities clothed with plantations of fir, and sometimes studded with elegant villas, and one would fain linger in so singularly beautiful and prosperous a locality. Verviers is devoted, like a Leeds on a small scale, to the manufacture of cloth, and has the honor and pecuniary advantage of furnishing the material used in making the uniforms for the Belgian army, which on a war footing would number nearly 100,000 men. From Verviers the railway proceeds through a region of varying interest to Aix la Chapelle, and thence to Cologne, which we reached about 6 o'clock.

When first, as a small lad, I traversed this route a quarter of a century, save one year, ago, the train, was invaded on our entering Germany territory, by formid-

able looking Prussian soldiers, wearing spiked helmets, moustaches, and frowns, who demanded and collected those almost obsolete nuisances, passports, and appeared to regard the travelling public as runaway galley-slaves till they had given proof to the contrary under the signature of a Secretary of State, or other great authority of their native land. The whole process was solemnly farcical, but the dash of militaryism infused into it by the Prussians, gave it an air of political importance. The Continental world, elsewhere than in Russia, is wiser now-a-days, and a passport is only very rarely of use in proving identity for the satisfaction of exceptionally obtuse postal officials. So, one is allowed to complete the journey from London to Cologne, without official interruption, and on arrival at the latter place, the passing of the baggage is a formality that entails no greater inconvenience than unstrapping and unlocking your boxes. It is presumable that the authorised examiners, on behalf of the Customs, of passengers' baggage have no lower opinion of themselves than have persons clothed with brief authority in general; but I never have my luggage examined, than I marvel at middle aged and able-bodied men being found in all countries to devote their lives to so idle a function as that of dancing attendance at railway stations, and poking their noses and hands into the *impedimenta* of the roving public. And, so far as my observation goes, it is the habit of baggage functionaries in all lands to seize the rare occasions, when their services, such as they are, are called into requistion, as the most fitting opportunity for conversation among themselves of a social or political nature, though the wearied passengers outside the barriers are fretting to escape from the cold mercies of the draughty baggage-room to the solace of hotels, and such refreshment as the Britisher exacts out of a soup-plate that passes muster for a washing-basin. This reminds me of the anomaly

presented by the existence in Continental hotels, much frequented by English people, of ablutionary apparatus of infantile dimensions. The dining-rooms and dinners, the bed rooms and beds at Continental hostelries of the better class, leave nothing to be desired; but, allied with all this remarkable development, there has been no improvement, generally speaking, in regard to bed-room crockery, although I cannot but imagine that the servants abroad must be caused great annoyance in obliterating the abundant evidence that the average Englishman leaves behind him of his frantic efforts to bathe in a thimbleful of water. Judging from the characteristics of a portion of the paraphernalia supplied for the use of travellers, it is fair to conclude that, despite their silken ways and dulcet tones, the landlords abroad rarely themselves "tub," and don't expect their fellow creatures to "tub" as part of the business of daily life.

Cologne is a city of contradictions. It is the fountain of the most agreeable of artificial perfumes, and the haunt of horrible stinks. Its sanitary arrangements are deplorably defective, though the Rhine is so handy for the reception of its waste products. But, on all sides, have I noticed abundant signs of local prosperity and municipal energy. The Prussian Government may be stern, but in the main it seems to be animated by a sense of the duty of making its subjects cleanly. Cologne has yet much to do; but it cannot be denied that much has been done in the last twenty years to embellish and improve it. Some of the new quarters resemble parts of Paris, which city seems to direct the fashion of modern civic architecture as well as that of female costume. The old streets however are still narrow, gloomy, and ill-paved, though they are full of quaint old buildings, venerable shop-signs, and richly carved door and window frames. There is a normal population of 125,000 persons, including 7,000 soldiers; but from the appearance of the principal streets and market-

places one might credit it with a far larger number of military denizens. The private soldiers, wearing spiked helmets, blue tunics, and white trowsers, are met with everywhere: and strangely numerous are their officers, whose fine military bearing, horizontal and vertical inches, heavy moustaches, copious light brown beards, large caps, blue tight-waisted tunics with scarlet facings, and tight fitting black trowsers on their well shaped legs, command the respect of the foreigner. In Cologne the officers receive great consideration. They walk about at a steady pace, touching their caps at every turn in response to the respectful salute of every uniformed passer-by, and they cross, without paying toll, the bridge of boats that connects the city with its suburb on the opposite bank of the Rhine. This bridge is a curiosity in its way. It is formed of thirty-nine barges, chained together, and planked over, and is 416 yards from end to end. But the river is now also crossed by a noble iron suspension tubular lattice bridge, for the use of the railway, other wheeled traffic, and pedestrians.

The world-famed Cathedral of Cologne is approaching completion. The foundation stone was laid six hundred and twenty six years ago, on the 14th August 1248, Henry the Third being then King of England, and America and India having yet to be discovered. The Archbishop who projected, and the architect who planned it, must have been men of very large ideas. Cologne was a squalid place by all accounts in their time, and there was something almost audacious in a proposal to raise a Cathedral with a floor area of upwards of 7,000 square yards. But the foundations were laid, and successive Archbishops added their mites to the stupendous work, till three hundred and fifty years ago, when people wearied of the task, and resolved to be satisfied with the completed choir. The French, on their occupation of the city during the Revolutionary wars of

1795, sacrilegiously utilised the choir as a hay magazine, and being short of bullets, calmly appropriated the acres of lead on the roof. But the year following Waterloo, the then King of Prussia, though a Protestant, charged himself with the formidable task of resuming the building operations that had been suspended three hundred years; and his two sons, the late King of Prussia and the present Emperor of Germany, loyally continued what he had so well begun, and disbursed on the works between 1842 and 1871 nearly £450,000, the greater part of which came out of their own purses. The interior is nearly finished, and is incomparable: and the exterior promises to be worthy of that interior. The edifice is close upon 150 yards, or a little more than one-eleventh of a mile long, with a breadth of 67 yards, and a height of 201 feet to the roof. The completed central tower is 357 feet, and the two western towers are to be 510 feet, or a tenth of a mile high. It would be ridiculous for any but an architect gifted with the art of word-painting to attempt to describe the structure, and the most vivid description by a Ruskin would probably convey only a faint idea of the grandeur and beauty of this Titanic work. It is an achievement that exalts the observer's sense of the gifts vouchsafed to his fellow-men; that strikes him with a feeling akin to awe; and enriches his memory with thoughts that in other lands are recalled with gratitude. It appeals by its magnitude and intrinsic beauty to materialistic rather than devotional sympathies, but it prompts the question if the human race can achieve such grand results in their present struggling state of existence what may not be their capabilities hereafter.

The only other religious edifice of the many in Cologne that I shall venture to notice is the church of St. Ursula, an English Princess, who, on her return from a pilgrimage to Rome, is said to have been murdered here with 11,000 maiden companions. The Church was erected eight

hundred years ago, but the choir was added in 1658, during the Commonwealth in England, for the reception of bones of the martyrs. The place is a veritable charnel house. There is a space behind the walls, made for the purpose, that is crammed with bones; and there are little windows, with iron gratings here and there, through which you see the ends of these sad remains of humanity. In another part of the Church used as a vestry, there are a number of effigies of the principal martyrs, executed in silver and gold, the heads of which are trepanned, so that the upper part can be moved back on a hinge, when a human skull is found to be contained within this novel kind of box. The contrast between the smiling lineaments of the effigy, and the ghastly stare of the skull that it holds is sufficiently striking.

And who was St. Ursula? The history of England, her reputed country, is silent regarding her; but there is a legend of venerable age which relates that she was the lovely and accomplished daughter of the British King Deonatus, and that a youth of the name of Holofernes, the son of a heathen prince, fell in love with her, and with a view to leading her to the hymeneal altar became a Christian, and took the name of Ætherius at his baptism. The Princess being a "laggard in love" demanded a three years engagement, in order to enable her to proceed to Rome with her ten ladies-in-waiting. The King reluctantly granted the request, and the Princess, set sail with her ladies, each of whom, like herself, had a retinue of 1,000 maidens. The party which thus numbered 11,000 unprotected females, collected it is said from all parts of the world, arrived safely at the mouth of the Rhine, sailed up that river to Cologne, and thence to Basel, where they left their galleys, and proceeded on foot to Rome, visited the tombs of the Apostles and returned by easy stages to Cologne, where they fell into the hands of an army of Huns, under Attila, by whom,

they were ruthlessly massacred, with the exception of the Princess who was reserved as a prize for the chief. She, however, refused to survive her companions, and was then killed without ceremony. But, "as the story goes" a host of angel warriors put in an appearance after the mischief had been done, smote the Huns hip and thigh, and restored freedom to the city, in grateful recollection of which interposition, the citizens collected the bodies of the martyred virgins, and erected a church to their perpetual honor.

It has been ascertained that the discovery of the relics did not commence till about the year 1155. "The digging up of the field was carried on systematically for nine years, in the course of which thousands of skeletons were found, male as well as female, besides coffins, stone tablets with inscriptions and the like;"* and it was revealed to a nun in a vision that certain bones belonged respectively to a Pope, an Archbishop, several Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, and to Ætherius the bridegroom-designate. But the antiquarians, with that remorseless superiority to sentiment, which is not their least remarkable characteristic, make out that the field indicated was the burial-ground of the ancient Roman station, *Colonia Agrippiana*. It is now supposed that although the bones that are exhibited as the sacred relics of the 11,000 martyrs, comprise the bones of both sexes and of all ages, and that although there never was such a massacre as the legends describe, that, in all probability, Attila, "the Scourge of God" did put to the sword in Cologne a number of Christian girls, whose cruel fate suggested the romance which conferred the honor of canonisation on Princess Ursula.

* Vide "Chamber's Encyclopædia."

LETTER LI.

COLOGNE TO BASLE.

July 1874.

THE voyage up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence is now performed in 13½ hours by the American steamers that have been put upon the route, the distance being 127 miles, but the return journey, so strong is the current, is made in 9 hours. The steamers that formerly monopolised the traffic were small and somewhat uncomfortable, with comparatively few positions whence passengers could observe the scenery with ease. But the American boats, with a hurricane-deck from stem to stern, two large saloons, and every convenience, afford the traveller every opportunity of seeing what there is to see. They travel however at such a speed that persons who are going up the river for the first time are apt to take so cursory a view of the panorama as to be unable afterwards to recall any particular localities to their mind's eye. I have at different times landed at Königswinter, Coblenz, and Bingen, for I have "done" the river five times; but I seem still to possess but a very elementary acquaintance with it, and I would much like to travel from Cologne to Basle on foot in order the better to realise the beauty of the neighbourhood, and the grandeur of some of the many ruins along the route. There is now a railway line running parallel to the stream on each bank from Dusseldorf to Strasburg. These lines were constructed with a view primarily to military exigencies; and well did they repay their cost in 1870 as bases of supply to the German Army. From Bonn to Mayence, the lines follow a trace within a few yards of the river. They are connected by

branches, to the east and west, with the great trunk lines of Germany and France respectively.

The castled crags of the Rhine are both eminently picturesque and highly suggestive. Romantic legends have conferred fame on most of them, but sober fact requires us to believe that when these huge buildings were tenanted, the Rhineland, despite its fine scenery must have been an undesirable place to live in. The existence of so many strongholds points to the chronic blood-feuds of the feudal age; and their situation on almost inaccessible peaks suggests the thought that the water and food supplies of the occupants must often have been critically limited. The badness of what are called the "good old times" would rather startle some of us if we fully realised what our forefathers endured. With clothing of the coarsest texture, homespun stockings with thick seams, ill-fitting boots, a poverty of handkerchiefs, food of a gross description and little variety, black bread, ill-brewed ale, sour wines, no tea, no coffee, little if any sugar, no sauce but that of hunger, no condiments worth naming, no other bed but one of rushes, no night-gowns, no lamps that gave decent light, no soap, no bathing-tubs, no pianos, no books, no penny-post, and, last but not least, no newspapers,—our predecessors, male and female, may have been very gallant and handsome, but they must have had a dull time of it in the rare intervals of peace, and a sorrowful lot when war desolated the land, and prepared the way for plague and death. It must have been because life had so few charms in those days that men risked it on a very small provocation. There is this, however, to be said, that the "old times" produced throughout Western Christendom men with the will and means to erect superb fanes that our generation despairs of excelling. The barons of the Rhine, like their contemporaries in England, were probably more often than not pretty considerable rascals; but they lived in days that produced

architectural giants, whose very names the world has not perpetuated, though their works promise to endure to the end of the world as monuments of human genius, taste, and devotion.

Mayence has seen busy times since I last visited it, for, during the Franco German war, thousands of French prisoners were here interned, and thousands upon thousands of German soldiers marched to and from victory. The garrison has now been reduced to 8,000 soldiers, the civil population being 47,730. It was in the occupation of France, and was regarded therefore as a French town, during the seventeen years preceding Napoleon's departure to Elba. It was then assigned to the Duchy of Hesse, and came subsequently to be garrisoned by Austrians and Prussians, who relieved each other of guard on alternate days. But the white coats had to beat a sudden retreat in the summer of 1866, a few weeks before Sadowa; and it will probably be many a year before they find themselves again fraternising on this spot with Prussians.

The Railway journey from Mayence to Frankfort occupies three quarters of an hour. We arrived at the latter destination at 11 P. M., and were rather disgusted at discovering that it is not the fashion in Frankfort for hackney carriages to wait for the arrival of the last Mail train; and had it not been for an able-bodied Teuton who owned a truck (and made us pay famine fare for its use) our luggage would have had to remain at the terminus. But the truck being laden with our own and two fellow-travellers' traps—including that "one little box" of fearful weight, containing "really nothing I assure you" which every lady must have—we followed the vehicle along silent streets with great blocks of tall houses towering on each side, and at last reached one of the several palatial hotels in the heart of the town.

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The whirligig of time has wrought many changes that have exerted a potent influence for good or ill on the fortunes of Frankfort. It is nearly eleven centuries since Charlemagne founded, and conferred upon it the name of *Franconfurt*—the ford of the Franks. Centrically situated, the little city rapidly grew in political and commercial importance till 1356, when Charles IV published his famous Golden Bull, appointing it the place of election of the German Emperors. For four and a half centuries was it permitted to exercise this proud prerogative, but at last, in 1806, after the campaign of Austerlitz, the German Empire was dissolved by Napoleon Buonaparte; and again Frankfort found itself the "ford of the Franks." In 1814, however, after the first collapse of the French Empire, Frankfort regained its independence, and was constituted by the Allies one of the four free cities of the German Confederation. This freedom was protected by alternate guards of Austrian and Prussian troops till 1866, when the former were driven out by the latter with very scant ceremony, on the eve of Sadowa; and the town without its wishes being consulted, yielded to the inexorable law of might, and was absorbed into Prussia-proper.

The collapse of its free institutions may have caused some vexation, but it has not marred, but rather does it seem to have promoted the prosperity of Frankfort. The old portions of the city have not been touched by builders for centuries, save in the matter of paving stones. There are numerous little lanes with houses opposite to one another whose upper floors project so far forward, that the inhabitants might almost shake hands across the road. Richly carved door and window frames, gable ends, and cross beams are observable in every direction, and the residents alone are modern. But Frankfort is rapidly extending its borders. The suburbs that have sprung up in the last dozen years are

noticeable for their broad, tree-skirted roads, and highly ornamental villa residences, or for barrack-like blocks of houses, on the Haussmann model. The walls that, within my recollection, surrounded the town, and tended to prevent the free circulation of air, have disappeared, and their site has been occupied by the most charming and complete belt of urban promenades in the world. The town is pentagonal in shape, one of the sides of the figure resting on the river Main. There were a dozen angles in the zigzag line of fortifications that started from one of the river ends of the city and went round to the other end, and the promenades are simularly zigzag, so that at no one spot is a very long prospect obtained. The length of these promenades I take to be fully five miles. There is, as one leaves the city, first a belt of lawns and trees; then a broad pathway, shaded by trees; then a wide road for carriages; then another broad pathway; and lastly an almost continuous row of luxurious-looking villas and mansions.

The financial operations of Frankfort are often on a gigantic scale, as for instance in the case of the late French war indemnity loan, when I am told, one comparatively small financial agency made a profit of some £200,000 within a week, and the Rothschilds added a ponderous sum to their enormous accumulations. Frankfort has been for many generations the banker of impecunious Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Governments. Its "Judengasse," or Jews Street has again and again furnished those sinews of war, that no Kaiser, however otherwise autocratical, can dispense with. A squalid street was this when I was a boy, and the denizens were children of Israel of a rather degraded looking type. But one side of it has now been demolished preparatory to the erection of a row of modern houses; and the other side seems to blink again beneath the unaccustomed glare of broad daylight. The Jews of Frankfort, 8,000 in number, have a grip of Europe that

they may may some day employ for their own national advantage. They live laborious days; they burn much midnight oil; they spend little; they make and hoard much; their opulence is at once their pride and their power; and, knowing the hold they have on a perversely thriftless generation of Christians in all lands, they are biding their time, seldom seeking no rank outside their own community, but looking vaguely for the summons to return to what is pre-eminently to them the Holy Land. They are more powerful than Bismarcks or Napoleons, but they do not go out of their way to show their power. They have made Frankfort what it is, and they may well cling fondly to so remarkably handsome, prosperous, and lively a city.

The Railway route to Wiesbaden, traversed in about ninety minutes, passes a number of large vineyards, which yield the celeberated Hockheimer wine. Till quite recently the town was famous for its gambling rooms, and the "bankers" who were periodically licensed to keep the tables, were compelled to pay for the privilege by carrying out important local improvements, and they thus assisted to pave, light, rebuild, and beautify the place. But they tended to demoralise everything and everybody that came into contact with them, and no amount of material benefit conferred on Wiesbaden itself could compensate for the domestic misery that was caused by the Cursaal; so at last they were peremptorily deprived of their license. For all that Wiesbaden, like Homburg, Aix-la-Chapelle, Baden-Baden, and other places, was in the "good! old gambling days" a strangely interesting place. The unhappy many who lost their little all, rarely remained about the neighbourhood of their disappointments; and the elated few, who had treacherous runs of luck, gambled in a millionairish manner, chucking about piles of paper and rouleaux of metallic currency with well affected indifference that was only excelled by

the manner in which the croupiers raked the stakes to and fro as so much dirt. The closing of the gambling rooms, it was feared, would cause the rapid decadence of Wiesbaden; but judging from externals, it seems to have had a contrary effect. The Cursaal with its large mirrored rooms, just as they were of old, with the exception of the tables and company, is still open to the public, together with the extensive and ornamental gardens behind, in which one sometimes saw unfortunate gentlemen looking pictures of misery, or wives and daughters, coaxing stern husbands and fathers to facilitate yet one more financial operation. The mineral water, strangely similar to chicken-broth in taste, continues to bubble up boiling hot from the bowels of the earth, and down, what the children neatly term, the "red lanes" of crowds of visitors.

It is a pleasant railway journey of two hours between Frankfort and Heidelberg, across plains, bathed in sunshine, dotted with snug-looking homesteads, plantations of trees, large vineyards, and numerous orchards, and beside ranges of hills, many of them crowned with ruins of castles. The population, cattle, and sheep are not numerous, but there is an air of peacefulness about the region little in keeping with the sanguinary scenes of which it has again and again been the stage. The French have left their mark here in blackened ruins of ancient fortresses; and if they are well advised, they will in that remote period when they find themselves once more masters of the situation, either efface all trace of the vandalism of their predecessors, or repair the wanton damage that those fire-eating Gauls committed. It cannot but fan the normal hostility of Germans to meet at short intervals in this debatable district with examples of the ruthless severity of French Generals, for such examples warn the intelligent Teuton of what he may look for should the tables be once more turned upon Germany. Even the impartial foreigner, let him hail either from Eng-

land and America, cannot avoid contracting a prejudice against a nation which has left such ugly traces of its prowess as those which abound along the route from Mayence to Basle.

Heidelberg of late years has been considerably enlarged and improved. It consists of a rectangular parallelogram-shaped block of houses, about three times as long as it is broad, placed lengthwise on the bank of the Neckar. There are three principal streets running almost parallel with the river, the outer one, on the land side, having been converted into a most picturesque boulevard, with four or five rows of well grown trees. On one side of this beautiful drive and promenade, which leads from the railway station to the Castle, there are villas, standing in their own little plots of ground, and looking generally very comfortable. The famous University is situated in the middle of the town, opposite the Museum. The Castle is reached by a carriage road of easy gradient, as well as by a steep foot-path called the Burweg, which leads from the town to the Great Balcony, that is upwards of 300 feet above the river. On mounting to the castle yard, the traveller is met by a female armed both with keys, and polyglot lingual attainments, who having formed a party, and secured payment in advance, proceeds to show the way over this incomparable ruin.

Commenced in the year 1400, and extended by successive Electors of the Palatinate, it received great additions during the ill-starred reign of Frederick V, the husband of Princess Elizabeth of England, (daughter of James the First) who, in an ill hour, accepted the crown of Bohemia, quitted Heidelburg to take possession of the throne, and never returned to the scene of his early happiness. During the Thirty Years War, the Castle suffered much, but was partly restored by Charles Lewis, who in 1674, during the devastations

of the Palatinate by the French, wrote to Turenne, to the effect that as the barbarities he was permitting could not be perpetrated by command of the "most Christian King" of France, and perhaps arose from some personal grudge, he would willingly gratify it by meeting the Marshal in single combat,* an invitation that the latter declined. In 1689, upon the French obtaining possession of the Castle, they blew up a portion of it; and four years afterwards they did their utmost to complete its destruction, which led Louis XIV, the "Grande Monarque" to have a medal struck in commemoration of the event. And such portion of the massive walls as withstood French gunpowder, was struck by lightning in 1764, and suffered woeful injury.

Yet for all this misfortune, a large portion of the Castle is still, as to its outer walls complete, and might apparently be rendered habitable again at small expense. There are great halls, with large fire-places; small chambers with windows cut in enormously thick walls; long corridors; endless subterranean passages, and gloomy dungeons; and there are ruined towers covered with ivy, and giving support to trees of some size; and from the broad terraces there are most engaging views over the Odenwald, with the Neckar threading its silvery course far away to the horizon. And if this panorama does not suffice to enthral the traveller, there is the *Kaiserstuhl*, a hill which rises 900 feet higher than the Castle, and is crowned with a tower, 93 feet in height, from which you can see the Rhine and Neckar valleys, the Odenwald, the Haartz and Taunus Mountains, and the Black Forest, mapped out around you. Even the spire of Strasburg Cathedral, seventy miles distant in a straight line, is said to be visible.

It is a pleasant railway journey from Heidelberg to Strasburg. You pass close to Carlsruhe, a fan-shaped city,

* Baedeker.

the streets radiating from the front of the palace of the Grand Duke of Baden, while on the opposite side avenues similarly radiate through the Ducal woods. Then on to Rastatt, a little town of some historical interest; to Oos where passengers change carriages for Baden-Baden; and so on to the townlet of Kehl, of which we heard so much during the Franco-German war of 1870. The Railway Station and annexes still bear traces of the rough usage that they received from the beleaguered French at Strasburg. The blowing up of the Kehl railway bridge across the Rhine was one of the earliest incidents in the war; and a new bridge has now been opened to traffic. The citadel at Strasburg is only two miles from Kehl, and the railway which passes close to it, makes afterwards a wide sweep of probably four miles in order to enter the town at the opposite extremity. One looks in vain for traces of the late warfare in the smiling market-gardens through which the train runs; but on passing through the fortifications, a few pieces of chipped masonry mark the spots where some superficial damage was done by the German Artillery, which it has not yet been thought worth while to obliterate. In the town itself, the marks of the siege have almost entirely disappeared; and yet it endured during forty-seven days one of the fiercest bombardments on record, and sustained wide-spread damage to public and private property. The shell of the large building, on the northern side of the Market Place, in the centre of the town, formerly the residence of the Commandant of the Garrison, remains as it was left after the interior had been consumed by fire during the siege. The famous Library has been rebuilt; and fine rows of houses have sprung up on the site of some of the large conflagrations which caused all Europe to fear that the Cathedral would be involved in the destruction of the whole town. The cross on the summit of the Cathedral spire, which was knocked out of the perpendicular by a cannon ball, has been

readjusted, and it is not easy to detect the injuries that the guides perseveringly endeavour to show you on the building. The defence constituted one of the few incidents in the great war which did justice to the old military genius and endurance of France; and General Uhrich, who directed it, merits the perpetual gratitude of his countrymen for his heroism and genius.

Those who knew Strasburg as it was see changes not a few in Strasburg as it is. The exodus since the war has been considerable; and a large portion probably of those who have been compelled—since *il faut vivre*—to remain in this as the only place where they have standing and influence, may murmur loudly among themselves, and sigh for former times. Moreover no less than 1,300 non-combatants were killed during the siege, leaving necessarily hundred of families not only to mourn their loss, but also to regard their new masters with dislike. It may be true that instead of being a French town with a marked German aspect, Strasburg has become a German town with a marked French aspect; but, to one who had not visited it before the war, the place and its surroundings seems more German than French; and the presence of innumerable German soldiers assists to make one forget that quite recently this was an integral part of France. Statuettes and photographs of two pretty maidens, in provincial costume, with tears in their eyes, and a plaintive expression, are offered for sale as symbolical of Alsace and Lorraine; and doubtless there must have been a lamentable amount of loss, misery, and tear-shedding in these provinces in the last four years; but the citizens of Strasburg have resumed their life-long avocations with some cheerfulness; and the abundant traffic in the streets indicates that the change of Government has not been permanently injurious to commercial enterprise.

The spire of the Cathedral which is 465 feet high, ranks as the highest in Europe, but it will soon

have to yield the palm to the twin western towers of Cologne Cathedral which are to be 511 feet in height. The beauty of the Strasburg tower is somewhat marred, while at the same it receives its chief characterestic from four perpendicular buttresses that extend from the level of the ridge of the roof to about a hundred feet from the summit. The outline of the spire, as visible between these buttresses, is seen to taper off as gently and uniformly as the superb tower of Antwerp Cathedral, and the stonework of both the buttresses and the spire they enclose have been carved with exquisite skill. And the interior of the Cathedral fills the spectator with admiration not only for its magnificent proportions, but also for its wealth of old and modern stained glass.

Between Strasburg and Basle on the eastern bank of the Rhine, pleasant views are obtained of the western extremity of the Black Forest, of vine-clad hills, and of large stretches of arable land. We stopped a few hours at Freiburg to see its Cathedral which is said to be the "only perfect Gothic church in Germany." It is built of red sandstone, and is particularly remarkable for its spire 397 feet in height which is so beautifully and elaborately carved as to resemble lace-work. The sky can be seen through and through this structure from a little above the clock to within a few feet of the cross; and an air of gossamer lightness is imparted to the work that renders it quite unique. The softness of the material employed greatly facilitated the execution of the bold design of the architect; but it is surprising that with so little apparent solidity the spire has reared itself proudly aloft upwards of six hundred years without yielding to the wind, and without suggesting to architects elsewhere a far more graceful design than the conventional opaque structures that "point upward to Truth."

LETTER LII.

THE BASLE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BASLE, *August* 1874.

THIS ancient border town of Switzerland is pleasantly situated on the left bank of the Rhine, close to the junction of the boundaries of Switzerland, Germany, and France. Just now, owing to the unusual heat of the weather, a greater amount of mountain snow has melted than usual, and the stream having risen above its wonted level, glides swiftly past, with an oily coherency of surface, many a perilous whirlpool, and a creamy chocolate colour showing how richly it is charged with alluvial soil for the benefit of the wide plains through which it has yet to run. The town is full of mediœval relics, and is girdled by suburbs of recent growth, containing a variety of ornamental and comfortable residences; but, being at a distance from the Swiss mountains, and possessing no peculiar beauties of its own, it offers little other attraction to a traveller than the admirable hotel of the "Trois Rois," which at this season is crowded from basement to garret. A long balcony from end to end of this hotel is raised but a few feet above the stream; and here day after day, and night after night, do visitors greatly congregate, and gain an idea of the majestic force of the Rhine, such as is not easily acquired in any other locality. The streets, with few exceptions, are narrow and irregular, but they are rendered interesting by the presence of old houses, and quaint signs over the shops. The Cathedral which occupies a prominent position in the town, is seven hundred years old. It is said by Continental guide books to be one of the "finest Protestant Churches in exist-

ence," but they who hold this opinion cannot have visited the Cathedrals of Canterbury, Salisbury, Ely, Lichfield, Lincoln, York, and many others in England. And, after a course of Roman Catholic Cathedrals, the interior of the Basle Minster strikes one as being painfully bare of ornamentation, but this is in a great measure due to certain iconoclasts who three and a half centuries since wreaked their vengeance on Papal symbols only too successfully. The cloisters connecting the Minster with the Bishop's Palace, are interesting; and close to this is a terrace on the top of a rock rising abruptly from the Rhine, from which a charming view is obtained of the river, the town and the neighbourhood. Basle also possesses a museum with a picture gallery of considerable interest, and a large natural history collection; a University with 130 students; and a number of venerable fortifications, and gateways. Near to one of the largest of the latter structures, called the Spalen Thor, there is the "Missionhaus" of the Basle German Evangelical Missionary Society.

This Society ignores class, and even to a great extent race distinctions, and enlists many to whom the service is likely to offer the attraction of social promotion. Its Committee of Management, who exercise the privilege of filling up vacancies in their own body as they occur, are animated by a laudable desire to facilitate the proselytising efforts of comparatively poor men; and just as the Apostles were drawn from some of the lower ranks of society, so are the Basle Missionaries, for the most part, representatives of the middle and lower classes of modern times, such as clerks, mechanics, carpenters, shoe-makers, agriculturists, &c. The "Missionshaus," in "Missions Strasse," has accommodation for 90 students. At the present time, of this number, 43 are from Wurtumburg, 7 from Baden, 6 from Prussia, 6 from Alsace, 15 from Switzerland, 4 from Russia, 2 from China,

and, 1 from Hesse Darmstadt, 1 from Western Africa, 1 from Turkey, and 1 from Asia Minor. Candidates for admission are not always required to pass an entrance examination, but it is necessary that they should afford the Committee satisfactory information respecting their past life, and give proof of possessing the special qualifications that should adorn evangelists. The Committee exercise every care in making selections, and they contend that they rarely fail to choose young men of piety coupled with some intellectual attainments.

Once admitted into the College, the candidates are relieved of all expenses for board and lodging, clothing, and instruction. Their ages on entrance vary from eighteen to twenty-two years; and the course of instruction usually extends over six years, during which they are taught Latin, Greek, Hebrew, English, Theology, and other branches of knowlege. They rise at 5 o'clock; study from 5-30 to 7, when morning prayers are read; at 7-30 they breakfast; studies are continued from 8 to 12; they then dine; work in the garden or shops till 2; from which time till 4 o'clock, there are more lessons; they then have coffee; and return to their books and classes until 8 o'clock; when they have supper, which is followed at 9 by prayers, and at 10 by bed. They have a vacation of six weeks in the summer, and of a few days at Christmas. From an English point of view, this amount of work, extended over six years, cannot but seem very heavy, but in and near Germany, students make light of an amount of mentral strain to which their English contemporaries are unaccustomed. The course of study is sufficiently severe at the College to betray the propensities of idle students, who, after several warnings, are weeded out by the Committee, in justice both to the Society itself and to the more worthy students. Those youths also whose health during study breaks down, are required to make room for others who are believed to be

better fitted physically for the arduous life and severe privations sometimes incidental to a Missionary's career in foreign parts. The financial position of the Society is an anxious one, and the Committee cannot afford, and consequently shew no inclination, to retain in the College such students as they dispassionately consider are not likely to meet their requirements. There are always far more applicants for admission than vacancies to fill up—a circumstance that incites the students to merit the favours bestowed upon them. At the end of the six years the students have to give a final proof of their having taken full advantage of the educational opportunities so liberally afforded to them; and this test being passed, the Committee without consulting them, decide upon the part of the world to which they shall be sent, be it India, Africa, America or China.

It is supposed that very few of the students commence their studies with the distraction of an engagement, and when the course of study is completed, not much time is left ere embarkation for love-making; so at least half of the Basle Missionaries go abroad as unengaged bachelors, and as such spend the first two or three years in studying the language, literature, customs, and people of their fields of labour. Being by that time assigned a distinct charge, and invested with a variety of duties in the discharge of which a wife should prove of assistance, they usually communicate to the Committee their wish to marry, and the Committee either send out, at the Society's expense, to those who are already engaged, the ladies who may be named by the Missionaries themselves, or charge themselves, in the case of their unengaged servants, with the responsible office of match-makers. Ladies who feel a call to a Missionary life, are in the habit of communicating their wishes to the Committee, who keep a careful record of their names and antecedents. The Committee are quite alive to the miserable consequences of ill-assorted unions; and

being themselves discreet and experienced men, well advanced in years, and of good social standing, they approach the task of selection in an eminently business-like manner, as the custodians, so to speak, of the future usefulness of the Missionaries on whose behalf they are acting. Consequently they require the lady candidates to bring testimonials to character, health, and mental qualifications, and certificates as to age which must range between nineteen and twenty-five years; and, as far as possible, they supplement these, by information privately obtained by themselves from the clergy, or gentry, or tradesmen of the places from which the ladies come.

Nothing perhaps could be more unromantic than this phase of matrimony. It has, however, more to recommend it than is conjectured by the facetious folk who are prone to make it the subject for ridicule. If the future wife and husband meet as strangers on a foreign shore it has to be remembered that both have passed through a severe examination of character, and have given evidence of possessing similar religious aspirations. They may meet without mutual admiration, but they should meet with mutual respect; and the affection begotten of that respect is perhaps not slow to grow as soon as they are irretrievably united. If the marriage can only be happy which commences with the rhapsodical feelings that form the burthen of ninety-nine out of a hundred novels of the day, then the married lives of at least a half of the Basle Missionaries must be melancholy; yet, having myself had the pleasure of meeting in India several of those Missionaries and their wives, I may express an opinion that there is not much melancholy in the households of most of them, and that in practice the Committee prove themselves to be discreet recruiting Sergeants for General Cupid.

The married Missionaries draw Rs. 1,300 per annum and rent, with Rs. 100 extra for each child; and after ten years' service their pay is augmented by ten per cent. No

definite arrangements are made for leave of absence; for the Committee expect the Missionaries to remain at their appointed fields of labour as long as their health is unimpaired, and not to return to Europe without ample cause. Some of the Missionaries remain twelve to even sixteen years in the tropics; and should they then desire to come home, even though their health is not broken down, the Committee are not averse to enabling them to do so, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure." During the two or three years that, under medical certificate, the Missionaries may remain at home, an allowance is made to them at the rate of about 1,000 florins per annum, it being expected that, as soon as they are able to do so, they will attend meetings, and give such other assistance in promoting the interests of the Society as it may be in their power to do. Missionaries whose health has been permanently injured in the Society's service, and who are disqualified from obtaining other employment, are granted a compassionate allowance of 600 florins per annum; while those who succeed in obtaining work elsewhere are sometimes paid 2,000 to 3,000 florins wherewith to set themselves up in their new calling.

The "Missionshaus" is a large, square, unornamental, airy, white building, fitted up with careful regard both to economy, and to the desirability of habituating the inmates to unluxurious surroundings. The sleeping accommodation is particularly primitive, there being wards sub-divided into four or six rooms, each containing two or three beds, and the whole barren both of privacy and comfort; but everything is clean, and the table is abundant, if not perhaps very choice. A museum attached to the College contains some interesting curiosities contributed by various Missionaries in India, Africa, Persia, and China, and constitutes one of the smaller exhibitions of the town. The Committee room is a plain apartment in the front of the building, containing on the walls portraits of various

missionaries and converts. The Committee are presided over by Mr. Christ-Serasin, a Senator, assisted by a Vice President, a Secretary, and ten members. There is also a financial Sub-Committee of five members, and a Sub-Committee of eight members, to superintend the education of Missionaries' children. There are seven resident Masters in the College, and four non-resident Assistants; and affiliated to the College is a "Children's Home," the boys' branch of which, containing 31 sons of Missionaries is directed by three Masters; and the girls' branch, containing 29 daughters of Missionaries, by three Mistresses. At the present time there are 9 Missionary widows, partly or wholly supported by the Society; and 8 travelling clerical agents at home, 4 of whom were formerly employed in India.

The Society supports 120 Missionaries in all, of whom 71 are connected with Indian, 45 with African, 9 with Chinese, and 2 with Home Missions. Nine of the 71 Indian Missionaries, and 10 of the 45 African Missionaries are at present at home on furlough. Of native Agents the Society numbers 5 Deacons, 54 Catechists, and 10 Evengelists. It has 19 stations in India, 9 on the West Coast of Africa, and 4 in China; and connected with these 32 stations, are 90 outstations. In India, Mangalore was its first station, the Mission having been established in that interesting town forty years ago; and the youngest is Karikal in Canara, which was opened two years ago. It supports in Canara South Mahratta, Malabar, and the Neilgherries, 62 European brethren and 35 European sisters. It has in India 2,628 children under instruction and about 5,000 members of the Church, for the benefit of whom Rs. 1,94,130 was spent last year. At the beginning of 1873 the Society was burthened with a deficit of Rs. 60,000 which increased by the end of the year to Rs. 1,08,000, and the Committee apprehend that they will be soon compelled for want of funds to reduce the area of their work in India, Africa, and China.

The decreasing revenue of the Society is felt prejudicially by every Missionary, and it is the more surprising, as it is coincident with a rapid increase of the income of the great British Protestant Missionary Societies. Take, for example, the Church Missionary Society, whose income in 1853 was £101,148, in 1863 £131,217, and in 1873 £156,440, shewing an increase of upwards of 50 per cent. in 20 years. Without making invidious comparisons, it may be stated that while no Missionary Society represented in India is more economically managed than the one whose head quarters I have described in this letter, there are no Missionaries who are individually more earnest, consistent, industrious, thoughtful, and modest than those connected with the Basle Society. A Schwartz is needed to reawaken interest in this Mission on the Continent of Europe. Meanwhile a small body of philanthropists in Central Europe are disinterestedly placing the Western Coast of Southern India under great obligations, and establishing, as educational agents, a strong claim on the sympathy of the Madras Government, which the Society would like to see expressed in increased grants to their 65 schools.

LETTER LIII.

A SANITARIUM IN SWITZERLAND.

ENGELBERG, *6th August* 1874.

UPWARDS of seven centuries since a Benedictine Abbey was founded in the mountain-girt valley of Engelberg, or Angel Mountain, and rapidly assumed stately proportions. The locality, being both sparsely inhabited and almost inaccessible, could not have offered the pious monks many opportunities of practical goodness outside the walls of their retreat; but, being far distant from the busy haunts of worldly men, and charmingly close to some of the grandest phases of Nature's handiwork, the place was a favourable one for the instruction of youthful ecclesiastics, and for the peaceful departure of reverend seniors. Their handsome Church, decorated internally with quaint mouldings, and elegant wood carvings; enriched with paintings of some merit; and possessed, also, of a few revered relics; must in their eyes have been the centre of the terrestrial universe, the material object to which their best affections were tri-daily directed, and the congenial retreat from the petty passions that even the rigid austerity of monasticism did not perhaps wholly subdue.

The valley itself, near the centre of which the Abbey still proudly stands, is 3,313 feet above sea-level, and measures about three miles in length by one mile in width. Except at its north-easterly extremity, it is walled in by mountains, the most notable of which are the Titlis, 10,627 feet high, to the south-west, the Rigidalstock, 8,514 feet, and the Widderfeld, 7,732 feet. These mountains are capped with eternal snow, and their sides are furrowed by the silvery torrents that rush down in summer

time, and go to swell the tumultuous stream that runs, in a serpentine bed across the valley longitudinally, and then dashes down the north-easterly outlet. The exquisite yellowish green of the herbage of the valley is contrasted strongly beside the deeper tints of the firs that bristle everywhere on the lower slopes of the hills; and seen from a distance, the few chalets that dot the plateau have a picturesqueness of their own that poets have ever loved to describe and artists to paint. A near approach to these large, sloping, stone-strewn-roofed, deep verandahed, and small-windowed, wooden dwellings of the aboriginal population reminds one anew of the untidiness that often characterises highlanders living within view of beauty, sweetness, and light. A touch of Dutch cleanliness and orderliness should prove conducive to the domestic comfort of the Swiss, and render them more attractive individually to visitors from foreign parts. The latter now frequent the valley in yearly increasing numbers, not so much, I imagine, with a view to the active enjoyment of the present, as with a hope of renewing their strength by liberal indulgence in mountain air, absolute abstention from customary toil, and gentle pedestrian exercise, associated with early hours and simple diet. Who it was that, so to speak, discovered the sanitary advantages of the valley, or brought them first to the notice of the public, I have not ascertained. The virtues of the locality must, however, have been known for centuries to the monks who could not under local conditions have been otherwise than healthy; and the pristine solitude of Engelberg has now been slightly disturbed by noisy diligences and other vehicles constructed on antique models, as well as by troops of strangers, who, if not hilarious in their method of taking the air, form at certain hours tiny features in the landscape.

The monks do not offer any visible protest against this rude invasion of the lay world into their retreat. The

abbey bell calls with deafening clank, for a quarter of an hour at a time, all devout souls to public worship at 3-30 A. M., 7 A M., and 6-30 P. M.; the monks pursue their daily avocations without intruding themselves on public notice; their large school is resorted to by all the young cow and goat-herds of the neighbourhood, and their capacious cellars are utilised for the storage of sometimes as many as a thousand of the tasty cheeses that form the chief, if not the only, staple of local commerce. Excluding the unpicturesque-looking hotels and boarding houses that the wants of visitors have created, the scene around must be almost identical with that which won the admiration of the "monks of old," who first settled here; and the mildly bracing mountain air cannot have changed its character since it came to be be regarded wistfully by Teutonic lowlanders. The majestic calm of the higher altitudes, the wide stretches of snow, the murmurous voices of distant torrents, the almost plaintive melody of the herdsman's horn, the echoed tinkling of the cow and goat bells, the occasional croak of a crow, and the blithe chirrup of grasshoppers, are delightfully soothing to the *habitués* of towns, and, coupled with the air, are also conducive to health.

I may mention that, Engelberg is about eighteen miles from Lucerne. You cross by steamboat in three quarters of an hour from Lucerne to Stansstad, and there disembarking, find within a few yards of the jetty the composite vehicle, of exceptionally slow movement, called by a generation long since gathered to its fathers, a *diligence*—an "express" conveyance equal at an effort to a terrific eight miles an hour, excluding stoppages, on a road as level as a billiard-table, and to half that speed up hill. The "*tria juncta in uno*" of the diligence may have covered the inventor with contemporary distinction. There is, as it were, a brougham like compartment to start with, called the *coupé*, and in this coveted

place the two cooped-up occupants have their faces towards the rear of the four or five quadrupeds attached to the equipage, and so have the scene and all the world before them. The body of the conveyance is like that of an ordinary coach, with sitting room for four individuals not given to stretching their arms or legs incontinently in their slumbers; and, yet behind these, raised as high as their heads, is a gig-like arrangement, coverable in with glass when the weather is inclement. The exterior of the whole revels in a rich yellow pigment varied on the upper panels by black; and the edifice, which rests on high axles, is crowned by a pile of luggage, or articles of merchandise, beneath a protecting tarpaulin. Let us be thankful that there are no diligences on any Indian ghaut; let us be grateful for the bullock-cart with its hearse-like movements, and yet more for the horse-transits that bowl along like one o'clock to the tune of a post horn. As to the untamed steeds wherewith the diligence is ordinarily horsed, it is possible that the quadrupeds of the Indian Carrying Companies, could they but regard such rivals without prejudice, would blush with conscious superiority, and proudly indulge in an unwonted frisk of their tails, and a cocking of their ears. True, the diligence "four-in-hand,"—very well in hand, never fear—have a shrewd knowledge of the Swiss-German of local Jehus, and yet it may be said to their credit that at critical points on the road, where a little restiveness on their part would land nigh a dozen human beings in eternity, they exhibit a philosophical resignation to a hard lot worthy of a better cause.

Stans, a deadly-lively little village at the foot of the pass, is situated in a fertile valley, so hemmed in by tall hills, that from the 11th November to the 2nd February, the sun shines upon it for but one hour in the morning. The local cost of living is decidedly small, provided the ordinary—the very ordinary—fare of the country

is considered sufficient to maintain existence; and to Colonels and other Indian gentlemen who desire to brood in a morbid manner over their "grievances" at leisure, and economically, Stans should offer unusual attractions. The plain is sprinkled rather abundantly with wood houses, to which distance lends a certain enchantment, but which had usually be best regarded only from a distance. Many of these dwellings are both protected against damp, and externally ornamented by wooden shingles, a third of an inch thick, two inches broad, and eight long; one end of which is cut semi-circularly, while the sides are parallel. These shingles are nailed over the planks forming the walls of the house, with great dexterity, in rows, half overlapping one another, and they form an armour-plating resembling, from a little distance, the back of an armadillo. The boards forming the verandah, the door and window frames, and the gable-ends are often rudely but picturesquely carved: and one is surprised to find so many traces of innate and time-honored art associated with an inaptitude for creating a neat garden around the dwelling. The inhabitants have a pauperised look, little in keeping with the pretty things that poets have written respecting Swiss peasants; and the women as to their attire and features, do not closely resemble the syrens who profess at fancy balls to wear Helvetian toilettes. The cattle are large and sleek, and the goats, dogs, and cats are respectable representatives of their species.

The ascent to Engelberg is by a beautifully wooded pass, between two ranges of boldly defined hills. The road creeps up one of the sides of the pass zig-zag fashion, at an easy gradient, and winds through primeval forest of great beauty. There are few other than fir trees hereabouts, and birds are conspicuous by their absence; but the perpetual sound of falling water, or of streams in heavy fresh, breaks the silence agreeably. The mountain-torrents

are innumerable. Sometimes they look like thin streaks of silver twining down the gaunt side of a weather-beaten bluff; at others, they come tumbling head over-heels, with joyous and effusive impetuosity, raising wreaths of spray around, and dashing noisily into the deep basin beneath, from the overflow of which the water, none the worse for its fall, plunges tumultuously over and around the boulders that strew its capricious course. At the top of the pass the road creeps between narrow rocks, picturesquely placed as sentinels, and enters the plateau in about the middle of which Engelberg is situated.

With mountains, several of which have snowy crests, towering over and almost encircling this plateau, it is difficult to understand how the place can be a desirable resort for invalids or convalescents, who stand in need of being braced up. The air is mildly cool, and pleasantly soft, but with such huge barriers the circulation of it is sluggish, and consequently exercise cannot be indulged in with vigour without entailing considerable fatigue. The consciousness of being imprisoned, the inability to obtain a view over the world beneath, and the monotony of the life, are additional reasons for feeling surprise at the favor in which the place is held by distinguished German physicians. There are probably a thousand visitors here now, and it is only by great good fortune that a bed can be obtained without a week's notice beforehand of one's requirement. There are two large hotels, one having accommodation for nearly three, the other for about two hundred visitors; and there are several large *pensions* or boarding-houses, all very well managed. There are scarcely any French, no Americans, and barely a dozen English, among the visitors; for almost the whole place is Teutonic, and from morning to night little but German conversation is heard.

The day's proceedings commence with the drinking of a tall glass of frothing milk, fresh from the cows that

are brought round for the purpose. Breakfast is obtainable at any time between seven and ten o'clock; table-d'hôte-dinner follows at half-past twelve, and supper at half-past seven. The supper is virtually a second edition of dinner, as it comprises soup, meat, vegetables, and pastry. A second glass of milk is generally imbibed at half-past five o'clock. The fare is plain, but abundant, and wholesome, and is associated with excellent milk, bread, butter and potatoes. The charge for board varies from 5 francs, in the *pensions*, to 7 francs per diem in the chief hotel; and that for a single bed from 3 to 5 francs, according to the situation of the room occupied. So one can easily live here for 10 francs a day, wine included, and live comfortably too, with a great deal of pleasant German society, that does not show a trace of the boastful consciousness of national strength which, it is alleged, is just now the besetting sin of the German race.

As a hill-station, Engelberg is certainly less attractive than some hill stations in India. The scenery is on a grander scale, but is yet in many respects similar to localities around Ootacamund; and I am frequently reminded of some of those choice "bits" on the Neilgherries that photographers have so deftly depicted. But with little to do by way of recreation, visitors here are driven to a jog-trot kind of life that may be well suited to the tastes of convalescents, but is hardly, one might imagine, calculated to afford much pleasure to the large number of unquestionably healthy folk who settle here for four to eight weeks at a time. A Gaul would expire of ennui in a week or so; and even a Teuton must be conscious of the absence of beer-gardens and brass bands. With the exception of a few carnations and oleanders, grown very sparsely near hotels, there are none but a few wild flowers to vary the monotony of firs and rather rank grass. There are a few rugged paths for pedestrians, and these are frequented at certain hours of the day by visitors, either walking singly,

or in pairs, and all indulging in the same deadly-lively pace, testifying to the want of a definite object in view. There is a marked want of vigour in the air, of bracing freshness, such as renders the spirits so buoyant and the limbs so active on the Neilgherries or in Scotland; and one looks up wistfully, but vainly, to the driven snow that mantles the bold ridges of the highest mountains, and longs for the bracing mountain air and glorious prospects that are to be had there. Yet a more economical, quiet, comfortable, easy-going, and picturesque mountain retreat it would be difficult to find on the Continent, and the ruddy looks of most of the visitors speak volumes for its salubrity. Given ample leisure, with no domestic claims elsewhere, a respect for the German character, a love for the changing phases of mountain scenery, an ability to dispense with the recreations of towns, an appetite that is not capricious, and a keen appreciation of pure soft air, and Engelberg is a summer retreat with much to recommend it.

LETTER LIV.

A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

LUCERNE, *August* 1874.

HAVING this morning ascended, and this afternoon descended the Rigi mountain by a railway, that, in a distance of four-and-a-half miles, rises to a height of 4,500 feet above the lowermost terminus, I cannot help asking myself how it happens that although Metapolliam, at the base of the Neilgherry Hills, has now been brought into connection with the railway system of Madras and all India, no serious proposal has yet been made for carrying the branch line from Metapolliam, up the Coonoor Ghaut, by means of a railway on the Rigi model, and so on to Coonoor, Wellington, and Ootacamund. The physical difficulties to be surmounted on that Ghaut are considerably less than those that have been triumphantly overcome not only in Switzerland, but also in Austria and America; and the civil and military advantages derivable from placing the plateaux on the Hills in railway communication with the plains should not be unknown to a Government who make those plateaux their head-quarters for two-thirds of the year. Happily the Rigi Railway affords an admirable example, mechanically and financially, of the description of mountain railway that seems to me to be needed to develope the resources, and extend the benefits of the Neilgherries; and I may well then attempt to describe it, leaving however to engineers, the task of doing more justice to the theme than I, as an unprofessional, can hope to do.

Had the Rigi railway been constructed in the United Kingdom the daily, and, still more, the illustrated weekly newspapers of the metropolis would have familiarised the

public with its characteristic features. Switzerland, as yet, is not blessed with a Press that can profess to have, a "world-wide circulation," so any locally published descriptions of the undertaking have been read locally, and nowhere else. The Swiss moreover are an eminently modest people, not given to the trumpeting of their achievements, and little instructed in the science of national or self-glorification; so the Rigi railway was projected, commenced, and completed without any fuss, or much ceremony, and its existence is known to but few persons besides tourists who have made use of it, and engineers who have been placed by enterprising members of the profession in possession of technical reports thereon. Dr. W. Pole, F. R. S., in the course of last year, read an excellent paper before the Institute of Civil Engineers in London descriptive of the line: and I have also obtained the pamphlet in German to which he is indebted for a good deal of the information that his monograph conveys. With these competent guides, with an interesting private communication from the Engineer of the line before me, and my own personal experiences to-day, I can give you at least a crude sketch of a novelty in engineering that leaves the Madras Government no other than financial objections to urge against the construction of a similar line to Ootacamund.

The Rigi, an isolated and conical mountain 5,905 feet above sea level and 4,472 feet above the lake of Lucerne, commands an almost unrivalled panorama over three hundred square miles of country. There was a Chapel to "Our Lady of the Snow" erected on the summit, for the use of herdsmen, nearly 200 years ago; and in the year 1700 an image of the Virgin in this building was credited by the simple-minded *habitués* of the place with having effected some miraculous cures, the report of which having gradually spread over the neighbouring valleys, induced devout and invalid inhabitants to make

toilsome pilgrimages to the bleak spot that had been so peculiarly honoured by the chief object of their adoration. As their numbers increased, some speculative individuals erected sheds for their shelter, which a hundred years ago gave place to small Inns that increased in number, especially after the peace of 1815 had re-opened the Continent to travellers. The extraordinary beauty of the scene from the summit of the mountain soon made the Rigi one of the most attractive spots to tourists, and pilgrimages to the Chapel of "Our Lady of the Snow" died out in proportion as the number of tourists increased. In 1848, a small hotel was built within a few yards of the summit, and to this point upwards of 40,000 persons a year climbed in search of the picturesque, and were rewarded either by obtaining a glorious view, or by finding themselves involved in an impenetrable mist. The ascent was made by zig-zag roads, either on horseback or on foot, the first charge in the former case being about 19 francs per person, not to speak of the extortions of guides. The road was steep, and the ascent, even on horseback, fatiguing, so there could be little doubt that, were a railway constructed from the base to the summit of the mountain, and be proved beyond question to be safe, a large proportion of the 40,000 visitors might be expected to make use of it in the upward journey, and to willingly pay something in excess of the ordinary charge for horse conveyance.

It occurred, then, to Mr. Riggenbach, the Manager of large railway workshops at Olten, (a town half-way between Lucerne and Basle) to utilise some old inventions, with a view to the construction of a railway up the mountain. In 1863 he patented in France an improvement upon what is professionally known as the "rack and pinion" system, which had been originally patented by Mr. Blenkinshop in 1811, and exemplified by that Engineer in a small railway at the Middleton collieries near Leeds, that,

according to Mr. Smiles, was the first instance of the regular employment of locomotive power for commercial purposes. Mr. Riggenbach's improvements attracted the attention of engineers, but it was not until 1868 that he commenced his plans for the Rigi railway. He then associated himself with two other Swiss Engineers; obtained a concession from the Lucerne Government; got up a Company which subscribed a capital of £50,000; commenced operations in 1870; and, had it not been for the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, which delayed the delivery of the rails from France, the first part of the line, which extends from the lake to about two-thirds of the distance to the summit, would have been completed during that year. However, in May 1871, this portion was finished; and upon being thrown open to public traffic, proved such a financial success that the capital of the Company was increased, and the railway continued to the summit, a distance of 7,755 yards from the base of the mountain. This additional portion was thrown open to the public early last summer, and the shareholders expect a dividend this year in excess of the 15 per cent. that they have hitherto received.

The gradient of about one-third of the whole line is 1 in 4, the gradients in other parts varying between 1 in 4 and 1 in 6, except in some places, as at stations, where the road is level. No zig-zags are employed to diminish the steepness of the hill side, but the line starts abruptly from a point a few yards' distance from the lake, and mounts upwards in almost a straight line. There is one rather large cutting, a tunnel 250 feet long, and a light iron-girder bridge of the same length, 75 feet above a stream. The rock along the whole route is known as "pudding stone," a "hard but easily worked conglomerate." The station buildings are constructed of wood, in an inexpensive fashion, and in every other department great economy in expenditure is visible. The permanent way

consists of cross-sleepers, fixed firmly into a frame by longitudinal timbers laid on the top of the sleepers, and bolted into them by wooden screws. This framing is embedded in ballast and packed, and there are masonry foundations at intervals of three or four hundred feet, so that a thoroughly firm and regular road is secured. The gauge is 4 feet 8½ inches. The rails, which are of the "Vignoles" shape, weighing 34 lbs. per yard, are spiked down to the cross-sleepers, and the joints are "fished" in the usual way. In the middle of the line, between the rails, is the rack bar, or rail, which is, as it were, the key-stone of the whole concern. This is made of wrought iron, formed by two flanged longitudinal "cheek bars," with teeth placed between them rivetted on each side. These teeth are 4 inches apart, 5 inches long, 1·5 inches high, 2·2 inches wide at the bottom, and 1·3 inches at the top. The rack thus made in lengths of ten feet is fastened down to the cross-sleepers with wooden screws, and in the curved part of the line the teeth of the cheek bars are inserted so as accurately to converge to the centre of the curve.

The locomotive is a marvel of ugliness, resembling a black quart beer bottle on wheels, rather than the proud-looking "iron-horse" with which we are all so familiar. It was found necessary to abandon the horizontal form of boiler on account of the effect of the steep gradient on the water level; so the boiler was made vertical, and covered with a dome from the centre of which the chimney rises. This boiler does not stand perpendicular on the carriage, but is inclined towards one end of it, at an angle of about 1 in 5, so that when you see the engine on level ground at the lake-side terminus, you note that the ugly-looking, chimney-crowned, black-bottle-looking boiler, leans forward, in a groggy giraffe fashion. The effect produced by half-a-dozen of these monsters congregated within a circular engine-

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house, with all of them bending towards one another, is comical. But when the carriage of the engine is climbing up or descending the road where the gradient is one in four or five, the boiler and chimney are in a perpendicular position. The locomotive is not reversible, but having gone up head foremost it must come down tail foremost, in order to retain the equilibrium of the boiler. The four outer wheels are 25 inches in diameter, with a cogged-driving wheel in the middle between them. This central cogged-wheel, which is also about 25 inches in diameter, has 20 teeth, the breadth of which is somewhat less than that of the rack. It is made of the best cast-steel, "cut out of the solid and shaped with great precision." It is the business of this wheel to grab the teeth of the rack, or central rail beneath, and thereby to force the whole machine to mount the incline, or to descend the slope. On going up the hill, the engine is placed behind a passenger carriage, and pushes it by main force up the incline at a speed of between 3 and 4 miles an hour; and on the return journey it goes first backwards, and is followed by the carriage (with which it is not connected) at about the same maximum speed.

There are two sizes of passenger carriages used, one with accommodation for 54 persons sitting in rows of 6, on nine benches at right angles to the rails, and the other for 30 persons. The benches, which are of light construction, are made with a deep seat and curved back, so that the figure of the passenger (who invariably faces the engine) adapts itself conveniently to the change of gradient, excepting in some particularly steep parts on the upward journey, where as your back is towards the summit, you are apt to find yourself slipping off your seat. The seats could not be arranged longitudinally, along the carriage, as passengers would then lean against each other and be caused considerable inconvenience; nor would it be desirable to take passengers up face forwards,

as in a sitting posture their feet would then attain almost the level of their heads.

When sitting at the lowermost part of the car, or that part nearest the engine, you turn round and see your fellow-travellers at the other end of the car towering over you; and similarly, when sitting at the further end of the car, the passengers nearest the engine are observed to be many feet beneath you in the world. The sensation of the ascent is peculiar, but the idea of danger does not obtrude itself so forcibly as it does on the downward journey, when you are tempted to think that a slight disarrangement of the machinery, such as the fracture of a tooth of the driving cogged wheel, or of a tooth of the fixed rack rail beneath, could hardly fail to give such momentum to the engine as the driver would be unable to contend with. We all know by experience how much easier it is to run down than to walk up hill, and also what a little extra speed suffices to send you pelting down a slope at a speed disproportionate to your wishes. Now as an ordinary train on the Rigi weighs about 20 tons, and the gradient rises to 1 in 4, there is, Dr. Pole calculates, a force of nearly 11,000 lbs. constantly acting to drive it down the incline at a speed that would make express trains blush.

In order to provide against the danger of its running away, the engine is provided with a special kind of break on each side of the axles; and an "independent control through the medium of the engine;" and the driving axle is armed with a strong pair of clip breaks. The motion is further controlled by a novel and ingenious arrangement of working the engine running down hill, that has the effect of absorbing to a large extent the force of gravity and thoroughly regulating the speed. "The steam is entirely shut off from the cylinders, and certain other cocks and valves are opened by which the pistons are made to draw in atmospheric air, and to com-

press it on their return stroke before it is expelled. The degree of this compression can than be regulated as so to offer any resistance required, and thus as the pistons are caused to move by the downward inpulse of the gravity of the train, the velocity of their motion can be controlled at pleasure." The breaks are always in readiness, and the engine can be brought to a stand almost instantaneously. The carriage is provided with strong breaks, acting on the four outer wheels, and on the cogged weeel that runs in the rack central rail; so should the engine run off the line, run away, burst, or otherwise misbehave itself, the carriage, being unconnected with it, can be brought to an immediate halt by the guard.

The slow speed maintained on both journeys is one of the chief guarantees against danger, and it is believed that no serious accident is likely to happen, unless caused by the animosity of some of the numerous guides whose occupation has gone since the opening of the railway. The officials are on the alert in protecting the line against danger from this quarter; the inspection of the rolling stock and permanent way is most efficient; and notwithstanding that close upon 100,000 passengers are carried in the season, no accident has yet occurred. The fare on the upward journey is 14, and on the downward journey 6 francs, the difference in the tariff being regulated by the difference in the temptation to pedestrians to make use of the line. The traveller willingly pays the 14 francs to escape the toil of the ascent. Being fortified by the bracing air of the summit, he feels more than equal to the downward journey, and in the majority of instances scorns the idea of paying 6 francs to escape it. The line is so economically and efficiently administered that the working expenses are now only 35 per cent. of the total receipts.

I am informed by Mr. Riggenbach that a locomotive similar to those used on this line costs about 50,000

francs; a carriage for 54 passengers 8,000 francs; and a goods waggon 3,500 francs. He also tells me that he has just constructed two mountain Railways on the Rigi system, one near Vienna, and the other near Pesth; and that should the Madras Government desire further information, he will promptly give it. Further, that he is prepared to supply from the Olten works, the locomotives, waggons, rails, and all accessories for a mountain line and workshops, and to send an engineer to impart to "*les gens du pays*" the requisite instruction for using them. I repeat, therefore, that should the Coonoor Ghaut long remain unprovided with a railway, it will be due to financial and not by any means to physical considerations. What has been done, and thoroughly well and economically done, in Switzerland and Austria, it concerns the Madras Government to think of causing to be done on the Neilgherry Hills, not twenty years hence, but at once. At a rough calculation, taking the cost of the Rigi railway as a basis, 20 lacs would more than suffice for a railway up the Coonoor Ghaut. The Government, by offering a guarantee of 4 per cent. could raise this amount in an hour, or so, in Lombard-street; and the work might be at once set about under Departmental supervision, by Mr. Riggenbach and his skilled coadjutors. The crucial question in connection with this project is—can the Government safely calculate on such a line earning sufficient to cover not only working expenses, but also a part, or the whole of the guaranteed interest. It is some encouragement to know that the Rigi railway, with hardly any revenue from goods traffic, will probably yield shareholders this year 20 per cent. dividend.

LETTER LV.

A BIRTHPLACE OF SWISS WATCHES.

FLEURIER, *August* 1874.

THE highly picturesque valley of Travers, which has a world-wide celebrity in connection with its mines of asphalte, is several miles long, and from one to three broad. It is sheltered by ranges of high hills clothed to their summits with firs, and abounding, among other things, at this season with delicious wild raspberries. A small, clear, and swift river runs down the valley in a serpentine course, and passes several townlets, or villages, each of which has at least one church surrounded by houses, rich in tiled roofs, white chimneys, yellow, buff, and grey walls, and green venetians. There are white roads connecting these quiet hamlets skirted by poplars; and, on the lower slopes of the hills, there are acres of vineyards, teeming now with clusters of yellowish-green grapes. Peat is found in abundance in the vicinity of the river; and in drier situations, at a greater distance from the stream, are goodly fields of potatoes, oats, and wheat, around cosy-looking homesteads, in which are to be seen the fine cows of the country placidly chewing the cud, and the majestic St. Bernard dogs, with sagacious eyes, shaggy tan coats, and bushy tails, acting as constabulary. The under-growth on the hill sides is frequented by several beautiful descriptions of butterflies; but birds are scarce everywhere; and there is consequently a rather disappointing silence in the woods. But the rich tones of the village church bells are wafted upon the breeze; and the lowing of the cattle, the sonorous barking of the dogs, with the shrill whistle of the locomotive steam-

engine rushing towards the neighbouring boundary of France, continually disturb that silence.

The locality has thus an eminently tranquil and prosperous appearance, that is justified by a more intimate acquaintance with it. Its few thousands of inhabitants pass their days contentedly, discharging their duties as servants of that outer world in whose doings they take a limited interest. The necessaries of life in proportion to wages are not yet as costly as they are elsewhere. The inhabitants are by instinct home-staying, because home-loving; and such of them as migrate in quest of a larger field of labour, usually return in age with a competency wherewith to pass the evening of their days amid the beloved scenes of their youth. Their business habits are too marked to allow of their being credited with Arcadian simplicity; and possibly if their life is singularly peaceful, it is also monotonous for lack of some of the ingredients of existence in centres of industrial pursuits further north. But, asking the world for nothing more than to be left in their enjoyment of liberty of conscience and of Government; and by nature and habit a thrifty, thoughtful, and industrious people; they have comparatively few wants, and indulge in few extravagances. They apply themselves with national earnestness to their special trade, and are contented with so modest a reward for their labour that they are rapidly beating out of the field of competition workpeople elsewhere who are not so easily satisfied.

Far removed from the path of ordinary tourists, the interesting village of Fleurier—the most important in the Val de Travers*—affords the opportunity not only for

* In January last there were 15,970 inhabitants in this valley, occupying 1,779 houses, in the proportion of 7,970 males to 8,000 females. Of these 4,818 were married, 1,077 were widowers or widows, and 10,075 were unmarried. An eleventh of the population, or 1,464 persons, ranked as "*propriètaires.*" Two-thirds were indigenous to the soil, and 1,277 were not of Swiss parentage. There were 140 marriages in the year. There were 302 boys born to 309 girls. The deaths numbered 236 males and 208 females, or 444 persons in all, so that there was a net increase of population in the year of 167 souls.

ascertaining how a watch comes into existence, but also for studying the life and institutions of an unspoilt part of Provincial Switzerland. Its population now reaches 3,000 souls, for whose use there are eight classes in the free Public Primary Schools with as many teachers, a free superior school with two Professors, and private and boarding and infant schools. There are two or three public libraries, a museum, a society for promoting public lectures, several local and instrumental musical societies, benefit societies, associations for the relief of the indigent poor, and for the shelter of neglected children, and a local newspaper. There are also several clubs, a bathing establishment with swimming and warm baths, a hospital, and a refuge for the aged. Moreover, there is a telegraph station to which the corrrect mean time is signalled from the Cantonal Observatory. There are four fire-engines with fire-escapes, and other apparatus for saving life. The able-bodied male inhabitants are thoroughly organized and drilled fire-men, and so admirable is the system of prevention, that although many fires have from time to time broken out in the village, it is sixty years since a house was burnt down here, and barely two total losses have occurred within the last hundred years. The Municipal rates are about a third heavier than the Governmental taxes, without constituting a severe burthen on the population. They comprise a property tax of one-tenth per cent., and an income tax of one per cent. From the latter tax 400 francs may be deducted for the necessaries of life, and 150 francs for each child under eighteen years of age, so that poor workmen who have large families, are let off easily. Income deprived from property and taxed as such, is exempted from liability to income tax; and in the case of property used in certain businesses, the interest upon the capital invested is deducted from the rateable income. There is a tax upon salt, which is sold by Government at 10 centimes per pound; and a tax upon

mutations. These are the whole of the indirect taxes. The revenue thus obtained suffices to defray the expense of all public offices, as well as for the maintenance of the public schools in a state of high efficiency; for, while on the one hand, the Government and Municipal authorities are animated by a desire to relieve trade and industry from all avoidable burthens, they are also earnest on the other to secure the services of trustworthy officials at the lowest possible rate of salary. To a great extent the population, by helping themselves, relieve their rulers of the necessity and responsibility of thinking and acting for them, and under such a system the systematic waste of the public revenues is almost impossible.

So far as I have ascertained, the history of the manufacture of watches in Switzerland, from the earliest times down to the present period, has yet to be written. I may remark, then, that in this country a watch is not made in one large factory as is the case in America and elsewhere, but its component parts are manufactured by people in various localities, who work without communion with one another though under the general direction of a dealer, to whom the orders are sent, and by whom they are distributed over a large area. The division of labour in the manufacture of Swiss watches is most minute. It is rare for persons employed in one branch of the trade, however small, to encroach upon other departments, but each workman makes it his pride to do one thing as well and as economically as it is possible that it can be done. The movement or frame, of Swiss watches, is usually made in small factories, in which some of the work-people stamp out brass pieces of the requisite dimensions, others use powerful steel lathes, drill holes, make screws, fit, slit, &c. The wheels are stamped out of flat brass, which has been previously cut and hammered; and the cog-wheels are cut and shaped

by machinery, as are also the steel pinions, which are eventually fitted and rivetted on the wheels by hand. Having now passed through thirty district operations, the frame, or skeleton, of the watch is complete, and is in that state purchased wholesale by the dealers, whose duty it now is to have the more delicate works prepared, inserted, and pivotted. Tools of the most delicate and accurate description are now called into requisition, such as one for placing the wheel and the pinion it drives in proper gear, a second for marking the hole in one plate opposite to the hole in the other, a third for accurately drilling holes, and numbers of others, such as files, burnishers, polishers, nippers, compasses, and so forth.

The watch still lacks the main-spring, and the escapements connecting that mainspring with the train of wheels, as well as a dial, hands, and a case. The main-springs are manufactured in factories, out of the best steel procurable, in sizes varying from the dimensions of a hair to those of a walking-stick. Almost all the escapements employed in Swiss watches are English inventions, and thus form a remarkable exception to the general rule of Swiss mechanical ingenuity having been almost exclusively utilized in the local watch trade. Frequently the manufacturer obtains the escape wheel from a maker whom he has never seen, who lives miles away in a remote locality, and gives employment to several hands. And the cylinder is produced in some other factory in which parents and children, of both sexes, take a share in the various manipulations of the minute tubes. In the same way the jewelled holes are pierced, polished, and set by as many different individuals; and the balance is similarly prepared by work-people who rarely employ themselves on the production of any other portion of the watch.

Having collected the various parts, it is the business of the escapement maker to adjust and fit them. The dial is

stamped out of a thin rolled sheet of copper, and the discs of metal thus obtained are deftly covered by hand with a thin coating of liquid enamel, resembling "Chinese white," are then baked, on the completion of which process the figures and ornaments are painted on the enamel by boys with the aid of a thin camel's hair brush and black paint, after which the dial is again baked. The cases are partly stamped and partly rolled out in small factories; and in their rough state they are removed to another factory where they are engine-turned, chased, or otherwise decorated, and are finally burnished. The works are now adjusted inside; the hands (which are stamped out by machinery) are fitted, and the whole mechanism is carefully examined and adjusted by examiners, and finally regulated for sale.

Watches of the highest class, such as have duplex, lever, or chronometer escapements, are not manufactured wholesale, and the sub-division of labour is not so minute as with less valuable watches. The winding work of keyless, or stem-winding watches, and the striking part of a repeater, are branches of the trade that are carried on in elevated and retired valleys, far distant from the principal centres of watch manufacture. Those remote localities also produce the beautiful works of perpetual calendar watches, and the delicate and complicated mechanism of clock-watches, not only for Swiss, but also for English and French watch-makers. The sub-division of labour, upon which the trade in Switzerland may be said to hinge, has been greatly facilitated by the liberal arrangements of the Swiss Post Office, which by the attractions of low charges for the conveyance of small parcels, and great security, enable manufacturers to utilise both the comparatively cheap labour of out-the-way places, and the skill of the better trained and educated work-people of towns and populous valleys, not only in the construction of the watch, but also in its ornamentation.

I do not know what may be the case in other cantons, but in Neuchatel, the principal seat in Switzerland of watch-manufacture, an Observatory is maintained at the public expense, both to record astronomical observations and to test the quality of the chief manufactures of the locality. Eight prizes, varying in value from 50 to 150 francs, are here awarded annually to the makers of the best chronometers submitted for observation; and the Director forwards an annual report to the local Government with reference to these chronometers, which is published for general information. The present Director, Dr. Hirsch, a Swiss gentleman, who appears to take an enthusiastic interest in the welfare of the most prominent industry of his country, was deputed last year to visit the International Exhibition at Vienna, in order to report on the various exhibits of watch-manufacture, and to make instructive comparison on the spot between Swiss and other products. The International jury, after carefully examining all the exhibits, testified to the remarkable progress that had been made in Swiss chronometers since the Paris Exhibition of 1867; and this was the more gratifying as the jury was composed of 19 members of different nationalities, many of whom might have been pardoned if they had regarded Swiss competition with some jealousy. There were 115 German exhibitors, 93 Austrian, 76 Swiss, 22 French, 7 English and 2 American, or 315 in all; and of the 76 Swiss exhibitors, 38 belonged to Neuchatel, of whom no less than 28 received prizes or honorable mention. It was ascertained that the annual production of watches in Switzerland being valued at 88 millions of francs, places this little country a long way ahead of all other nations, for France comes next with watches worth 42½ millions, Germany with 22 millions, England with 16 millions, the United States with 8½, and Austria with 8 millions, making a total production

valued at 185 million francs, or nearly 7½ millions sterling, for the whole world. (Switzerland produces 1,600,000 and England 200,000 watches a year; so it would seem that eight Swiss watches are made for one English.) The rewards at the Exhibition included diplomas of honour, medals of progress and merit, diplomas of merit, and money prizes; and Switzerland carried away two out of six of the first named, and thirty-three out of eighty-seven of the second, together with seven out of ten medals of co-operation. And while almost the half of her exhibitors carried off the superior reward, scarcely more than one-fourth of the English exhibitors were similarly honoured. Vienna being a long way from England, and English manufacturers being weary of Exhibitions, full justice was probably not done in this department of commerce to the skill of British watchmakers; but making allowance for this, there seems reason to believe with Dr. Hirsch that the best descriptions of Swiss chronometers are equal to those produced in any part of the world.

LETTER LVI.

EDUCATION, &c. IN SWITZERLAND.

NEUCHATEL, *August* 1874.

SINCE the Constitution of 1858 came into operation, education has been compulsory in Switzerland, and is gratuitous under certain regulations consistent with Republicanism. In each commune, or municipality of a Canton, there is at least one public primary school for children, except in the case of small communes, which are permitted to send their children to a school of a neighbouring municipality. The schools are sub-divided into classes, no class, however, containing more than fifty pupils. They are controlled by the Director of Public Instruction of each Canton; and the administration is conducted by a Commission appointed by the Council of State, a half of the members of which are representatives of the several districts of the Canton, and the rest belong to the teaching staff. These Commissioners hold office for three years, and are then re-eligible for appointment. The Commission is charged with the interior management of the schools; appoints the masters and mistresses; makes annual reports to the Director; directs the annual examinations, determines the classification and promotion of the pupils; and pays frequent visits to the schools to see that the regulations laid down for their control by the Council of State are duly attended to. The course of instruction includes the French language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, drawing, gymnastics, the elements of geometry, land surveying, natural science, and agricultural economy, and, to the boys, the laws relating to their duties as citizens, and to the girls domestic economy

and needlework. The books and requisite apparatus are supplied at the cost of the State. Religious instruction is voluntary at the discretion of the parents, and is regulated by the Commission.

The course commences with children of seven years, and pupils are at liberty to remain at the school until they have attained their sixteenth year. In order however to allow of apprenticeship, children of thirteen years are permitted to leave school after having shown that they have acquired a certain amount of instruction, on condition that they attend the classes formed for apprentices until their sixteenth year. In these classes they obtain 10 hours schooling a week, of which two are devoted to artistic or mathematical drawing in the case of boys, and to needlework in the case of the girls. The Commission is further permitted to grant exemption from the usual attendance to pupils destined for agricultural pursuits on their attaining their twelfth year, on condition that they attend school six hours a week until their sixteenth year. At the same time parents or masters of apprentices, are at liberty, under certain conditions, to obtain special instruction for their children, without recourse to the public schools, on their furnishing the Commission with proof of such instruction being at least equal to that obtainable in the public seminaries; but in event of that instruction proving insufficient, the Commission can require the pupils to attend the schools.

The ordinary lessons in the schools give employment to the pupils for 24 to 30 hours per week, exclusive of the time devoted to religious instruction. The pupils are not allowed to absent themselves excepting on account of serious illness, a death in their family, and other stated causes, and all absences are reported to the Commission. Should a pupil absent himself without sufficient excuse twice in three months, the parent or guardian is liable to be brought before a Justice of the Peace and fined 2 francs.

Should the absences be more frequent in six months the fine is 5 francs; and after the payment of two such fines, he can be brought before the police tribunal, and imprisoned for a period not exceeding 3 days. In event of his still failing to send the child regularly to school, he is liable to a second prosecution, and to imprisonment of from 4 to 30 days. These regulations do not apply to apprentices, provided they give the attendance at school required from them. The schools are inspected by two Inspectors appointed by the Director of Schools for the purpose, who have the right to assist at examinations, and who report their observations to the Director. All pupils upon the roll of the school are required to submit themselves for examination, and parents of absentees are liable to be fined 5 francs for the non-attendance of their children on such occasions. A certain sum allotted annually in the budget for the purpose of public instruction, is divided proportionally to population, and the communes are expected to provide the school-house and any further expenses that may be necessary. The male teachers of the permanent schools receive salaries varying from 1,500 to 2,500 francs, and the female teachers from 800 to 1,300 francs a year, according to the number of classes to which they give instruction. In schools, of only one class, the master receives 1,200 francs, and the mistress 800 francs.

The boys attending the public primary schools in Switzerland, belong to the highest equally with the lowest class of society, and this being so, there are very few private schools in the country. It is difficult for an Englishman to understand how landowners, for example, who were formerly school-fellows of their own labourers, can hope to retain that deferential respect which it is thought in England should characterise the relations of the employed with the employer; and one might expect that there would be a great deal of inconvenient familiarity in

consequence; but I am assured that such is not the case. The employer, knowing that his servant is possibly as well educated as himself, treats him with consideration; and the servant does not, I am told, presume on a slight intimacy resulting from contact on the forms of the village school. The Swiss are republican in something more than name, and being so they see no objection to the children of all citizens, be their social standing what it may, meeting on the neutral ground of the public school, and drawing upon the same fount of knowledge. As they find this system work well, they cannot comprehend the broad demarcation of classes which commences with school-life in England; and they argue, that if our upper and lower classes saw more of one another and met on a more friendly footing during youth, there would be less of odious class legislation and more of mutual sympathy. Be this as it may, every Swiss is obliged to be educated to a certain extent; and this has a great deal to do with the peace-loving, industrious, and provident habits of the people.

The Canton prides itself especially on its system of dealing with criminals. During 1873 the mean monthly number of prisoners in the Penitentiary was 77, most of whom had been found guilty of comparatively minor offences. The Grand Council of State is now seriously endeavouring to repress crime, not by severe penal servitude so much as by systematic efforts to reform the criminals while in durance vile. The discipline is based upon the principle of progressive classification. It is assumed that after a certain amount of punishment, the moral reformation of the culprit should be encouraged. There are three stages, or classes, through which the prisoner has to go before obtaining a ticket-of-leave. The first stage is passed in the seclusion of a cell day and night, and the culprit is urged to review his past life, to make good resolutions for the future, and

to regard the severity of his confinement as a means for bringing him to a right sense of his moral condition. As soon as he has, by his industry in performing the work assigned to him and by his general behaviour, satisfied the functionaries of the prison of his contrition for the past, and his determination to avoid crime for the future, he can be moved to another class where he is, as far as possible, enabled to exercise the trade to which he was apprenticed, a portion of the produce of his labour being placed to his credit. After having remained at least six months in this stage, he can be promoted to a higher one, in which he is allowed not only greater freedom of action, but also receive four-fifths of the produce of his industry. And after justifying the promotion, he is liberated, on condition that he finds somebody to give him employment, and so to facilitate his re-entrance into society. Among other agencies employed in the reformation of the prisoners, may be noted some engravings presented by Miss Carpenter and some illustrated books of rhymes. The behaviour of those who are provisionally liberated is observed for some time rather with a view to obtaining evidence of their good than of their bad conduct. The system, which is eminently benevolent in its object, is said to work well both for the good of society, and for the ultimate welfare of those who have been led into crime.

One cannot but wonder what would have been thought by jail authorities of the beginning of this century of the present solicitude for criminals. Think of a Court-yard of a jail of those days, 30 feet long by 18 feet wide, for the accommodation of 400 to 500 prisoners; of cells under staircases, six feet wide, occupied by five unfortunates; of dungeons level with a river, with the walls perpetually damp with moisture; of others into which fresh air never penetrated, and daylight was almost unknown. Switzerland has been among the first to remodel its prison system, and to introduce the ticket-of-leave. I could not ascer-

tain whether the Judges are inclined to give heavier sentences than they might be expected to do were there no such thing known as remission of punishment at the discretion of a body of men over whom they exercise no jurisdiction. There must however, be always a risk of Judges showing what seems to be exceptional severity, when they have reason to apprehend that exceptional leniency will be subsequently shown to the criminals whose punishment they are supposed to accurately and justly fix with due regard to the heinousness of the offence, and the welfare of society.

The late Franco-German war has set the Swiss, in common with other European peoples, reforming their military organization. Under the existing law the local Army is composed of the Federal Elite and Reserve, formed of the able-bodied male adults between the ages of 20 and 34, and the Landwehr, in which men between the ages of 34 and 44 are embodied. The total of the two first classes is 133,949, and of the third 67,000 men. It has within the last few days been resolved by a Commission presided over by the Permanent Minister of War for the Federation, to abolish the second class, or Reserve, and to embody all the persons liable to service in the Elite and Landwehr, the former class to number 105,000, and the latter 95,000, men giving an available force of 200,000 men, of whom a half will be thoroughly drilled troops. This reform, which gives the country a large, reliable, and permanent force, in lieu of an army, a large part of which existed on paper, will raise the military expenditure of the Government from £150,000 to £440,000 per annum; but as the Cantons are at the same time relieved of the burthen they have hitherto borne of the cost of equipping their respective contingents, the actual increase of expenditure is only £120,000 a year. And in order to lessen as much as possible the inconvenience of service in the militia, the Infantry are for the future to have 45 instead of 52 days'

drill per annum, the Artillery and Engineers 50 instead of 60 days, and the Cavalry 60 instead of 70 days. Arms with the latest improvements are to be supplied, and a special loan is to be raised for the purpose. The majority of the Swiss are much given to rifle-matches at their village shooting-grounds, which often form a prominent feature in the lowland landscape.

Switzerland is just now passing through a constitutional crisis, owing to an Act passed last year for readjusting the connection between Church and State. In the opinion of many this Act accorded a recognition to heterodoxy inconsistent with the tenets of the Protestant faith; and in order to mark their disapproval of it a large number of clergy threw up the appointments that they held under the Council of State, and have formed themselves into the nucleus of a Free Church, to be independent of State control. The vacancies thus created in the State Establishment have been filled up; but society has been and is painfully agitated by the new Dissent. There are three Protestants for every one Roman Catholic in this country. The former are in greatest strength in the Canton of Berne, where they number seven to every one Catholic.

LETTER LVII.

COMPULSORY FIRE INSURANCE.

THE VAL DE TRAVERS, *August* 1874.

The majority of houses in Switzerland exhibit on their frontage a small gilt metal shield testifying to the fact that they are insured against fire; and as they are usually composed of the most inflammable materials, including plank walls covered with wooden shingles, wooden roofs also shingled, and strewn with heavy stones as weights, a stranger finds it difficult to understand how any Insurance Company can afford to accept the risk of guaranteeing the owners against such a very probable contingency as total destruction by fire. There is, it is true, an abundance of water hereabouts, which comes streaming down the hills, and rushing across the plains in large volumes; and, for several months of the year, there is enough and to spare of a soaking rain, against which a fire would fight at a disadvantage. But there are also a few summer months in which the heat of the sun is almost tropical; and the houses are then dried up to such an extent, that a spark would set them ablaze. The inhabitants also have a practice of storging around their dwellings, beneath the lowermost balcony, the faggots prepared for winter consumption, which necessarily increases the risk of fire. And since most of the inhabitants are poor, one cannot imagine how they can possibly afford to bear the expense of the premium demanded in other countries for the insurance of similar tenements; and one is led to suppose that they forego not a little domestic comfort for the sake of averting one of the greatest disasters that can befall people

who live from "hand to mouth." The fact is, however, that they are independent of Insurance Companies altogether; and yet, at the same time, set an example of thrifty provision against disaster that it would be worth the while of larger and richer communities to follow. Clearly no Insurance Company outside Switzerland could venture upon the risk of insuring the houses I have described, except at a rate of premium that would be almost prohibitive; and no purely Swiss Company could reasonably hope to obtain sufficiently remunerative business in the country to make both ends meet. So the Swiss, precluded from availing themselves of the advantages offered by private enterprise, and animated by a broad communistic feeling that is entitled to all respect, have constituted themselves their own insurers, by making fire insurance compulsory upon all.

By the existing law, all buildings erected in the State, with the exception of those constructed for the manufacture of gunpowder, and of those whose value is less than 400 francs, must be insured; but no proprietor of a building can be simultaneously insured in the State Mutual Insurance and in a Foreign Company. The superintendence of the State Insurance, is entrusted in each Canton to a "Chambre d'Assurance," composed of the Director of Public Works as President, twelve Assessors, and a Secretary, nominated by the Council of State for four years, and eligible for renomination at the end of that period. The twelve Assessors are chosen from the Proprietors of buildings in the districts of the Canton, and receive a remuneration of ½ a franc for each league that they have to travel, and of 3 francs for each sitting. Their Secretary is paid a salary at the discretion of the Chamber. The Chamber manages all the affairs of this Mutual Insurance, subject to the surveillance of the Council of State; examines and receives accounts; determines the rates to be fixed; judges all appeals; settles all

matters relating to the payment of claims; and may, subject to the ratification of the said Council, effect re-assurances to the extent of the value of three-fourths of the buildings insured. It exercises a surveillance over the construction of buildings; sees to the enforcement of regulations for the prevention of fire; and suggests to the Council such precautions as it may think necessary for diminishing risks. The valuation and the classification of buildings are made in the presence of a Justice of the Peace and of the proprietors, by two sworn experts nominated by the Chamber; and the Secretary of the Commune, or Municipality, assists in the drafting of the policy, which contains the name of the proprietor, the number in the local register, the size of the building, the purposes for which it is used, the sum at which it has been valued by the experts, and other details. The experts in their valuation regard only the intrinsic value of the buildings, and take no knowledge of any exceptional advantages of situation, and fittings, &c., nor do they include the value of the ground. When the building changes its proprietor, the new owner has immediately to report the fact to the Secretary of the Commune or Municipality, who communicates thereupon to the Secretary of the Chamber of Assurance. To meet the expense of the valuation, the Proprietors have to pay half a franc for each thousand francs of value, but in no case is this charge allowed to exceed fifteen francs per building. The Proprietors are at liberty to have the valuation and classification of their buildings revised within the eighth day of the first valuation, and this second valuation is conducted by three sworn experts, in conjunction with the two employed on the original valuation. The expense of this revision is borne by the Proprietor only in event of his claim for reduction being proved to be ill-founded. A reduction of the rate and of the guaranteed indemnity is made when the Chamber has been satisfied of the

diminished value of the property; and similarly an increased rate and indemnity are allowed upon the Chamber being satisfied of improvements having been effected.

The buildings are divided into three classes, the first being those constructed wholly of stone, brick, or other incombustible materials: the second those constructed partly of stone and partly of wood; and the third those constructed wholly of wood. There are three subdivisions of risks of the first, and two of each of the other classes. The risks are influenced by the proximity of the buildings to, or their distance from other buildings, and their situation in a village or town, and an additional charge of 50 per cent. is made for those in which such trades are conducted as laundries, bakers, breweries, distilleries, cheese manufactories, spinning mills, forges, foundries, tile-making, gas-houses, paper factories, and buildings in which steam engines are employed, or petroleum or alcohol stored. The rates, which are payable on the 30th April of each year, vary from half to three-quarters per cent. for houses of the first-class; from one to one-and-a quarter per cent. for houses of the second class; and from two to three per cent. for houses of the third class. In event of these contributions proving insufficient to meet the claims of the year, a supplementary rate is imposed in the year following, which is not however chargeable on new buildings; and, similarly, in event of there being fewer losses than usual, the Chamber can have a new valuation made of property with a view to the reduction of rates.

Upon a fire occurring, a Justice of the Peace, proceeds to the scene within three days, accompanied by two experts, and a member of the Chamber, and in the presence of the Proprietor, he draws up a report of the damage done. If the fire has destroyed the building in such a manner that there only remain sufficient materials to pay for the cost of clearance, the loss is considered total; but

should the destruction only have been partial, the valuation is made irrespective of the loss of furniture and other objects not forming an integral part of the house. All damage resulting from stopping a conflagration is considered and valued as loss by fire. Should the Proprietor be dissatisfied with the valuation of the damage, he is at liberty, within eight days, to have it reassessed by three new experts, and is chargeable for the cost of that revision in event of his claim being proved to be unfounded. Proprietors who are found to have insured elsewhere, or who are proved to have been guilty of incendiarism, are not entitled to any indemnity from the Chamber. Further, no indemnity is granted for fires resulting from military movements, war or civil revolution; or for damages caused by explosions of steam engines, gas, gunpowder, or other inflammable materials; but should those explosions cause a conflagration in the building, the assurance holds good. Proprietors are at liberty to insure elsewhere for damages resulting from explosion, provided the policies of insurance are submitted for the information of the Chamber within a month of their execution. Three-fourths of the indemnity payable by the Chamber is paid within three months of the accident, and the balance on the 30th of April of each year, under the inspection of the local Communal authorities. The present law of Mutual Insurance will remain in force until the 30th April 1877, when the Grand Council can sanction its continuance for a further period, make such changes or modifications as they may deem necessary, or dissolve the association, provision being made for the payment of all claims arising up to that date, and for the division, at their discretion, of any reserve funds still remaining. In Neuchatel, and probably in other Cantons, the Chamber of Assurance has effected a re-assurance with the Phœnix Company of France, to the extent of three

to four-fifths of the risks for buildings of the first and second class, for which it is itself liable.

In practice this system of Mutual Assurance works admirably. Each member of the community has a personal interest both in bringing incendiarism to light, and in arresting conflagrations; and consequently in each town, or hamlet, the able-bodied male citizens form themselves into a volunteer corps of firemen, and by means of frequent exercise attain a high degree of excellence in that capacity. Total losses are consequently very rare except in the case of houses far distant from other dwellings. I have been told to-day by a most agreeable Swiss gentleman—with whom I have been for some hours, and to whom I am mainly indebted for the facts contained in this letter—that he does not remember a fire having occurred in his town of watch-makers since he was a boy, now nearly thirty years ago. The high state of efficiency attained by the volunteer firemen is not often put to the test by a large conflagration; but none the less the volunteers keep up their interest in the good work, and, at the slightest alarm, be the weather or hour what it may, they troop out, form themselves into bands, and hasten to the scene of danger. No fire has much chance against such odds. Mutual Assurance means active, combative, mutual defence against a common danger. Whatever may be the value of their army, regarded from a Moltke standpoint, the "Pompiers" of Switzerland are second to none in the world; and I had the good fortune the day before yesterday of assisting at an annual *fête* at Berne of the fire-brigades from all the Cantons, and the citizens of that interesting Metropolis seemed to take an unlimited interest in the processions through their streets of the heroes wearing brass helmets, and armed with axes, who were accompanied by bands of wind instruments, and banners. If the citizens of London could be induced similarly to act together for mutual insurance, the danger

would probably be removed of the repetition on a gigantic scale in that city of a catastrophe like that which laid Chicago low, and which Parliament and the public have been repeatedly informed, on the authority of experienced Superintendents of fire-brigades, is always imminent.

Although fire insurance is universal in Switzerland, because compulsory, and its advantages are highly appreciated, the Swiss have yet to be convinced of the benefits resulting from that compulsory system of saving known as life assurance. Like the French, but unlike the English, they generally contrive to live well within their income, be it what it may; and their nest-egg grows till they are enabled therewith both to improve their own prospects, and to make a suitable provision for their families in event of their death. Possibly they are the better in long run for depending on themselves rather than on a Company for obtaining something to bequeath to their families in addition to a blessing. Leading, as they mostly do, sober, peaceful, and useful lives, they are often able to retire at an earlier age than people do in countries where thriftiness is less generally practised; and it will need many years, an entire change of national feeling, and a deluge of eloquent prospectuses to make them conscious of what, to an active life insurance agent of this period of monster Insurance Companies, might appear to be a partial state of barbarism unworthy of the nineteenth century.

LETTER LVIII.

THOUGHTS ABOUT RESIGNATION

LONDON, *October* 1874.

AN Anglo-Indian, whose furlough is rapidly gliding away is tempted to cast discretion "to the dogs" and "have none of it." India, and duty to be done in India, look so *triste* from an English stand-point, and the comforts of home so pleasant by contrast, that comparatively little inducement is sufficient to make one think seriously of "cutting the country" and accepting in all hopefulness some small opening in one's native land. But "what can a fellow find to do," is the question of questions that agitates the minds of retired Anglo-Indians in England. A circumstance over which even officials have no control, to wit, the rapid efflux of time, often brings a man to the end of his career in India at the critical juncture in paternal life when money is needed to complete the education of sons and daughters, and to start some of the former in life. It is well for India that, as a rule, officials are compelled to retire from public life before they are "used up;" but it is not always well for the persons most interested,—the officials themselves; and it is almost melancholy to notice the means eventually taken by such gentlemen to earn an honest penny in England. Thus, I find that a well known Major General, who not long ago ruled the Department of Public Works of Madras, after identifying himself with the establishment of a Co-operative Association in London, is now engaged in a Colony as roving inspector-general, on a special mission, for a Mining Company. I hear of a recent District Judge devoting himself to

the duties of Director of another new Co-operative Supply Association in this city. A third Madrassee, still more learned in law, is now one of the chief men in the conduct of a new London daily newspaper. And the late Senior Member of Council in Madras appears on the Board of Directors of the new Railway Travellers' Protection Society. Other instances might be given of the "industriousness" of retired Anglo-Indians.

It speaks well for India that its administrators are usually found to bring home with their comfortable pensions a readiness to engage in new work, chiefly for the love of work, at an age when they might be pardoned for indulging in a protracted holiday-making. It is possibly a misfortune to return with a Star of India handle to one's name, since a "Sir," when of the self-conscious order, cannot easily stoop to conquer, as a plain "Mr.," shorn of all quondam official rank, finds no difficulty in doing. Generally speaking, however, after they have found their level in the "old country," and realised the at first painful fact that they are by most people in England regarded as "no one in particular," ex-Indian officials clothe themselves with humility, and not unfrequently jump at baits in the guise of seats on Boards of Direction, and drop some of their savings in their haste to grow rich. Some eschew commerce, and lay themselves out for benevolent offices, for the good of mankind in general and of India in particular. The most notable specimen of this class is Sir Bartle Frere, who takes an active part in the proceedings of the Geographical and other Societies, writes pamphlets, makes Missionary addresses, contributes to *Good Words*, corresponds with the daily newspapers on the slightest provocation, and all this too in addition to his discharge of the duties of a Member of the Indian Council. Then there is Sir Charles Trevelyan who has been just rewarded by Mr. Gladstone with a baronetcy for long and

varied work as a public servant, as well as for many services as a practical philanthropist. Lord Napier and Ettrick, too, is always to the front of platforms of social science in England. And Lord Lawrence has only just retired from a position of public usefulness as Chairman of the London School Board.

These are notable examples of the prolonged mental activity of Indian officials. To any one endowed with a large amount of official experience, coupled with a wide knowledge of mankind, England offers wonderful attractions. It is by virtue of its enormous wealth a land of hobbies, a land of adventure, and adventurers, a land of "progress," and all that. So a man, greedy of work for its own sake, without reference to emolument can easily find heaps to do every hour, of every day, in every week. But the man who commences his search for congenial employment in England at the age of forty-five, or thereabouts, and is solicitous of earning as the reward of his work something worth his while to accept, has usually a bad time of it. The labour market is crowded to suffocation with men of all ages who have had local training; and as a rule Indian experience, when weighed in the commercial balance, is found almost lighter than air. To have ruled with success a province as large as, and more populous than Wales, is in the abstract very creditable; but you cannot readily discount the fact in Lombard Street, or quote it "on 'Change." To have for a quarter of a century lived more or less *en prince*, and been accorded deputy viceregal honours, is not the best preparation for intimate association with "City men," who rank an Indian Collector with an English tax-receiver, and an Indian Judge with a provincial "beak." But since men regard all men as mortal but themselves, so the average Anglo-Indian may regard his chances of obtaining remunerative employment in England when he retires, as peculiarly encouraging. The

mistake is not usually realised until it is too late to rectify it, and the victim then perhaps allots himself the consoling task of making an example of himself, and saying in friendly terms to those about to retire—don't. The Indian Clubs in London are haunted by gentlemen almost in the prime of life, who condemn their folly in having been beguiled to send in their papers of resignation one day sooner than they were compelled to do. These gentlemen speek feelingly of the purposeless life to which they are doomed in England, which compares so unfavorably with their active career in India. They complain bitterly of the inadequacy of their pensions to keep them and theirs in comfort; and they growl at the caprice of a Society that does not go out of its way to do common justice to those who were at one time the bright and particular stars, the very salt of the earth, the white Brahmins of India. But when such men find suitable employment, that brings in a little grist to the mill, and invests them with some importance, they at once are "themselves again," and not a few achieve a remarkably good position in this metropolis.

But such employment is only rarely to be met with. It is therefore imprudent to count upon it, and to act upon the suggestion of well-meaning but ill-informed home friends that "something is sure to turn up." It is a cruel thing for a man whose family stands in need of that daily counsel and sympathy which none can give as well as a parent, to tear himself away from home and its endearments. But it is still more cruel to be doomed to a condition of chronic idleness in the prime of intellectual and physical life; to find unavoidable expenses out-running the income derivable from pension or nest-egg; to see your sons idling for want of a little capital to make a start in life; and your daughters deprived of all chance of marrying by your inability to "entertain." The cruelty of this is not felt so long as the novelty of home life and home amusements lasts; but it must

be poignant when that novelty has worn off, and the outlook is seen without prejudice. "The rich have many friends" in England (as elsewhere); and he who is not rich in England, may regard himself as a favorite of fortune should he be able to number half-a-dozen real friends outside his own and his wife's relatives. An ex-Indian will ordinarily try to make up for the deprivation of local society by reviving old Indian friendships; but old-Indians in England are not generally as sympathetic as they were in the land of exile, to which their eyes are often wistfully directed. They are of one mind respecting the hardship of their individual lots, the misery of compulsory idleness, the increasing expensiveness of everything, and the inherent snobbishness, vanity, and vexation, of "society." But an agreement in growling is favorable to the formation of a dislike of, rather than an affection for brother-growlers; and consequently those who may have been inseperable in the Indian Mofussil for many a year, not rarely bring themselves to pass one another in Piccadilly with a familiar nod of the head.

I do not wish to dogmatise on a matter which can be viewed from various stand-points. Circumstances alter cases, and what is hot meat to one man is sometimes cold poison to another. But in general terms it may be safely said that men with families, who have nothing but their pension or a small nest-egg to retire upon; who are in good physical condition; and who do not find the duties of their position in India particularly irksome; should be on their guard against allowing their minds to be warped by views of the pleasantness of life in England, of the acceptability of old-Indians in English society, and of the thousand and one roads to wealth, (and poverty!) that are open to the man who is blessed with a little capital and a fair share of brains. Nothing can well be more delightful to the wealthy Englishman than England, with its magnificent metropolis, its lovely country, its life, its

bustle, its society, and its "comfort;" but let him who is comparatively wealthy in India pause before voluntarily exchanging that position for one of comparative poverty in the old country. Far better is it to exist in India in a comfortable way, with many friends in the same boat, and without carking anxiety about incomings and outgoings, than to struggle for existence in England, with scarce an acquaintance, or a compensation for the monotony of life. When the time arrives that renders retirement unavoidable —and it comes to all far too rapidly—it is well to accept the inevitable with good grace, to bid a grateful farewell to India, and to hail England with kindliness rather than with an expectation of favours to come. But he is wise who while not incredulous of the blandishments of England makes the most of his present advantages in India. In any case, seeing how heavy a purse is now-a-days needed to maintain a family in comfort in England, the Indian who is dazzled by a distant view of the joys of life at home should look before he leaps from a certainty in the East to an uncertainty in the West.

My observations at home have led me to think that an Anglo-Indian usually deceives himself when he cherishes the idea that he made a fundamental blunder in ever going in for an Indian career. There is no small temptation for a man who has discovered he is somebody in India, to think that had he remained at home, he would have been recognised as a somebody in England, and been rewarded in proportion to his present estimate of his merits. But it is pretty certain that a very small proportion even of the highest officials in India could, had they remained at home, have found the means of earning a comfortable livelihood early in life. There is in India for a willing horse, what England only rarely offers, opportunity—opportunity not only for earning a comfortable livelihood, but opportunity also for gaining an extensive knowledge of men and things.

Of course, other things being equal, a man should prefer with the Laureate "fifty years in Europe to a cycle in Cathay;" but, other things are not equal. Had the average Anglo-Indian for example, never gone abroad, he might have become Lord Chancellor, Prime Minister, Field Marshal, Admiral of the Fleet, Speaker, or something of that sort; but it is possible that he might not have done so; and that the chances were in favor of his lapsing into life-long genteel poverty. There are thousands of as good men as average Indians in the old country, who would give their ears to exchange their uneventful, unhopeful life in public and private offices for such a career as the latter are blessed with. Without capital, influential friends, or genius, he must be a rarely fortunate man who succeeds in making head way, early in life, in England, against the influences that combine to keep down most of one's school fellows. A wise man, therefore, goes abroad that he may return home at a comparatively early age, and be independent of those influences. And none but a foolish one will quarrel with his daily bread in India, or elsewhere.

There is sagacity in the remark of Sydney Smith that "no man can take upon himself to say that he is so indifferent to his country that he will not begin to love it extremely when he is 5,000 or 6,000 miles from it." Nostalgia is not easily overcome; it is the prompting of nature itself; and he who, being an exile in India, has never felt home-sickness, may be a most worthy person, but can hardly be regarded as a man of feeling. The home-sickness creeps upon you badly at times, especially on the outward journey. The wrench from home is a severe penalty to pay for the privilege of spending the best years of one's life in India, but there is some thin solace in the adage that "what can't be cured had best be endured."

LETTER LIX.

RETURN FROM FURLOUGH.

November 1874.

THE inevitable date of your departure from home, and all therein that you hold most dear, having arrived, it is a matter of no small importance that you are favoured with bright weather along the route that you follow to the port of embarkation, and that your latest experiences of your native land are associated, not with dismal rain, damp fog, and chilly wind, but with the glorious hues of autumnal foliage, the brightness of the sun in a cloudless sky, and an atmosphere that is eminently exhilarating. It was my lot to have to pass my last night in England in the palatial hotel at the Charing Cross Railway Terminus; for the morning mail train to Dover starts too early to admit of one's safely deferring the dreaded leave-taking until a ghostly hour, and rendering one-self all the intervening night the prey of anxiety, in connection with the probability of the cabman, chartered over-night, over-sleeping himself. The hotel aforesaid is one of the largest in the kingdom, but it cannot justly claim to be one of the most comfortable, for it is haunted by travellers of foreign aspect, and of somewhat uncouth ways, and it does not seem to lay itself out for permanent lodgers. The attendants are habituated to meet the arbitrary requirements of folk who, going to bed in anxious mood, are rendered sleepless until the small hours by the apprehension that they will, by some cruel combination of circumstances, be too late for the morning train; and ere it is really necessary, the outgoing Anglo-Indian is aroused from his bed

by the "boots," and enabled to put in an appearance at an appetiteless, cheerless, silent breakfast, prepared for himself and other miserables. The luggage having been registered through to Paris, and the passengers having taken their seats in the train, the guard whistles, the engine replies smartly, and the great station is left, with scarce a soul in that usually crowded haunt to witness a departure every incident of which is engraven beyond all risk of obliteration on the memories of some of the actors in the scene. The train calls at Cannon Street terminus to pick up passengers, and then starts in right earnest for Dover.

The huge metropolis is soon left behind, and a farewell glimpse is obtained of the unrivalled garden and park-like scenery of Kent. It is somewhat tantalising to see, profusely scattered around, the charming residences of middle-class men, who perhaps have never been absent more than a month at a time from their families, and who rarely work as hard for their daily bread as the average of people in India are contented to do. How placid, how enviable is the lot of the individual—it strikes you as you pass,—who is the tenant of yonder picturesque dwelling, standing proudly in its own ornate grounds, with conservatory, coach-house, and fish-pond, since he can probably count on the life-long enjoyment of the society that every man cherishes most, and that too in his "ain dear native land." What is he better than myself that he should never experience the bitter wrench of leaving kith and kin for years; that he should know nothing of how men yearn, in an uncongenial land of exile, for the solace of home! But instead of pursuing this fertile vein of morbid comparison, it is better to let oneself observe the exquisite charms of nature as exhibited in the woodlands, hedge-sides, lanes, and avenues of this well-favoured locality. The painful thought may obtrude itself that you are perhaps regarding all this for

the last time; but the glistening, dew-laden leaves, tinted with all shades of reds, browns, yellows, and greens; the familiar surroundings of English village life; and the brightsome light of the sun, happily call away the mind from preying on itself. Yonder is the noble Gothic Church crowning a wooded hill that I have frequently visited. In a few minutes I try to catch a glimpse, through the woods, of the little chapel which contains all that remains of Napoleon III. Then the villas become less numerous, and the region of hop fields is entered and rapidly traversed. The poles that were lately garlanded so beautifully, are now stacked in tent-like clusters, and the ground is being dressed with manure, weeded, and otherwise prepared for the next crop of the graceful plant whose produce is grossly abused by man. Tunbridge is passed, without a halt, and so is Chatham and smaller towns. At last Dover is reached; the train runs beside the Lord Warden Hotel, and on to the pier; the passengers embark at once on the steamer alongside; the baggage follows; and, within a quarter of an hour, you are leaving the harbour, and taking a wistful look on the last of England.

The steamer is well freighted. There are many well-to-do ladies and gentlemen on board who, despite a by no means unhealthy appearance, believe that they cannot safely venture to hibernate in their native land, and are bound, therefore, for sanitaria in the South of Europe. And there are a few unquestionably sickly persons who seem, one cannot help thinking, to be leaving England for the last time; besides several other individuals who have an unmistakable Indian air about themselves and their traps. Happily the sea, which here too often exacts toll of even ocean-sailors, is calm; and the stewards' disagreeable occupation is gone with their chance of fees. The skipper paces his bridge restlessly, and reminds me of a predecessor of his on this line, when first steamers were run, who vexed an observant

passenger by at short intervals ordering the crew in stentorian tones to "haul up the jib," and then shortly afterwards to "haul down the jib." At last the passenger ventured to interview the Captain, and to ask him for an explanation of his frequent contradictory orders which seemed purposeless. "Why Sir," said the old salt, "if I did not make myself heard, this new fangled craft would never know that there was a Captain on board."

We ran into the harbour at Calais without difficulty, and disembarked after having mentioned our respective names and nationalities to two officials who guarded the gangway. The mail train was waiting for us along-side the quay; and in this we were conveyed to the station half a mile off, where an excellent hot lunch awaited those who stood in need of refreshment. After a detention of three quarters of an hour, the officials fussed about after the manner of Gauls, and repeatedly urged us to "*monter*" the "*voitures*," evidently without expecting us to comply with their bland entreaties. At length, however, we scrambled up from the low platform to the high carriage, and the train left the dingy red brick and cross-beamed terminus of one of the most profitable of Brassey's railways. The line skirts the coast to Boulogne, which shows many signs of having participated in the material prosperity of the late Empire; and then runs near the river Somme up to Amiens, whence it follows an almost due southerly trace to Paris, where we arrived at 6 o'clock, or in about ten hours from London. Like many other Anglo-Indians, we put up at the *Lille et d' Albion* hotel in the Rue St. Honorè, an establishment which is comfortable without being expensive.

Paris, as to area, is two square miles smaller than Madras, but is about five times as populous. There are not many traces of the desolating Reign of Terror of the Communists in 1871, but the gaunt ruins of the Tuileries, here

and there stamped with the superfluous announcement "*Propriètè Nationale*," reminds spectators of that horrible period. The boulevards are as splendid and bustling as ever; the traffic is great along the chief thoroughfares; and the shops are crowded with valuable commodities. But the people have a look about them that is not encouraging. They are reminded by placards of the "*Libertè, Egalitè, et Fraternitè*," that they are supposed to possess; but their countenances indicate anything but satisfaction with the old will-o-the-wisp of the nation. Paris has been made the paragon of cities; but the embellishments have unavoidably increased the difficulties of existence to each citizen; and the late war made a crushing addition to the Municipal debt. The city, apart from its architectural beauty is profoundly interesting in connection with its recent history, and with the events yet perhaps to be enacted within it. The conviction that, should the Communists rise again, they will be better prepared to wreak their savage vengeance on civilized society, makes one regard the whole surroundings of the place with a sympathy not evoked elsewhere. The shop-windows are full of portraits of the Prince Imperial; and people are cherishing the hope that that mild-looking youth may solve the uncertainty of the political situation; but no one can indicate the agencies by which a stable Government will be brought to succeed the Marshalate. The unforeseen is sure to happen. The city is for the present a dormant volcano, and any year may witness an eruption that may mean the "abomination of desolation" to the monuments of the nation's genuis that barely escaped the horrors of '71.

It is usual for foreigners to laud the delights of Paris, but those delights are marred by the consciousness of there being profound misery here associated with an iron military despotism. The popular feeling towards Germany is not so vindictive as it was two years ago; but a very little

would suffice to fan it to white heat; and you cannot pass a French soldier without conjecturing that it may be his fate to fall a victim to his country's yearning for revenge. The sullen looks of the lower order of Parisians may mean mischief sooner or later to France, and woeful injury to the world. Neither Republic nor Empire can restore contentment to a non-descript population smarting under humiliating defeat, struggling against trade stagnation, and ground down by high prices. All in vain, therefore, are the writings on the walls of public buildings, and the inscriptions on the currency. Liberty with no freedom, equality with broadly marked class distinctions, and fraternity with no public spirit;—France has gained all these in exchange for an Empire which, if corrupt, did for a time succeed in promoting the material prosperity apart from the mental enlightenment of the nation. The Napoleonic initial, which is still profusely sprinkled on buildings and lamp posts, must remind the Parisians frequently of a man who, with all his faults, was actuated by an ambition to serve France through himself. His reign ended in fire and sword, foreign and civil war, desolation, petroleum, ruin, and death; yet his body reposes peacefully in a granite sarcophagus, the gift of the English Queen, in a small mortuary chapel attached to a Catholic church, in a village in Kent. And one of these days,—as a Republican police official in uniform calmly remarked to me at the Invalides,—it will be removed to Paris, and there placed near the ashes of the uncle whose dying wish it was to repose "*sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple Francais que j 'ai tant aimé.*"

But I may not linger here, sauntering, moralising, and boulevarding; testing the cuisnies and comparing the jewels of the Palais Royal; improving my acquaintance with the art-treasures in the Louvre, and wondering why copyists usually select the ghastly rather than the

pleasant pictures. Time presses; so we charter a "Victoria," and rattle over the stones for miles, past endless piles of new buildings, along miles of broad and brilliantly lighted streets, and so on to the terminus of the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway, in time to start by the 8-40 P. M. express train. We reach Tonnere at 12-30 A. M. The *Buffet* with its bright lights, and its long tables laid for supper, attracts us all. The waiters bustle about, and serve us with a small basin of clear vegetable soup that is piping hot, and refreshing. Some misguided persons substitute for the soup a cup of black coffee, but they pay for it subsequently by broken rest. Half a pint of *potage* costs the vendor a mere trifle, and the consumer but half-a-franc, but oh! (as the clergy say) the comfort of it, how it restores the jaded traveller, how it picks up the invalid! Refreshed internally, and cleansed externally, we *monter* once more, chatter a little, and drift into sleep.

Macon is reached shortly after 5-43 A. M. The hour is melancholy in the month of November; the twilight is ghostly; and we emerge from our carriages looking pale and disheveled. But we resort to the Buffet, and are served with coffee and boiling milk in equal proportions, in thick white cups; as well as with long rolls and some butter. "Man wants but little here below," remarks a passenger, "provided it is piping hot, to restore him to a sense of the dignity of existence." We take that little; we again ablutionise under difficulties owing to the meagre appliances; we again *monter*; we watch the break of day; bowl along rapidly through an increasingly interesting country to Culoz, where we breakfast scramblingly; and so on to St. Michel, by 12-43 P. M. This used to be the terminus of the Savoy line, but the line is now continued ten miles up steep gradients to Modane, near to which the Mount Cenis Tunnel is entered.

The idea of piercing the Alps is said to have been discussed by the Savoy Chamber of Commerce and Agriculture in 1842, and surveys were taken by direction of the Sardinian Government. But the claims of politics diverted public attention from the proposal till 1856, when Sir James Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, represented to Count Cavour, the Sardinian Premier, the importance of considering the scheme in connection with the proposed utilisation of the route to Brindisi for the Indian mails; and the Count with characteristic energy took the matter up cordially, and soon determined to carry it through. Meanwhile three Piedmontese engineers were training themselves for the giant task. They had been sent in 1850 by their Government to learn railway engineering in England; and they saw the atmospheric railway in operation on the Croydon and South Devon lines. They returned home, and "it occurred to them that there would be some economy in using water power to condense the air in the tube behind the train to be propelled, instead of using a pump worked by steam power to exhaust the air in front of it." While they were elaborating this notion, Mr. Bartlett, an English Engineer, invented a machine for perforating rock by a pointed iron bar, to be darted out of a tube charged with condensed air. Cavour recognised the value of this invention, warmly supported the project of his three countrymen to graft their method of compressing air by water on Mr. Bartlett's machine, provided one of them with a seat in Parliament to enable him to explain his plans, and prevailed upon the Government to sanction an experiment near Genoa which proved successful. What Mr. Bartlett obtained for the use of his invention I have not ascertained. The Sardinian Government, let us hope treated him liberally. A contract was made with the Victor Emmanuel Railway Company; a subsidy of 20 millions of francs was granted towards the cost of the

work; and in August 1857, at the height of the Mutiny, which seemed to render England's retention of India problematical, the great Tunnel which was designed secondarily to serve India was commenced.

The Tunnel is 7½ miles in length; is 5,307 feet in one part beneath the summit of the mountain; and 3,709 feet above the sea level. The level rises with an average incline of 1 in 45, from the French side, till about the central point, whence the descent to the Italian side is along the very slight incline of 1 in 2,000. The work occupied fourteen years, and, including equipment of the road cost about £60 per lineal foot. The excavation was commenced simultaneously at both ends, and was directed by two observatories, the officers in which checked the axis of the gallery as it proceeded, and so accurate were the observations, that the two parties effected a junction in the centre of the mountain and scarcely half a yard difference was found in their axis lines. The engineers, assistants and workmen, were Italians; but the cost which exceeded six millions sterling was divided between Italy and France. It is remarkable that England, though the Mistress of India, has been indebted to the enterprise of two allies for the development of her communications with her great Dependency by means of the Mont Cenis Tunnel and the Suez Canal.

For how many years will the Indian mails pass through the Mont Cenis Tunnel? The Italian Government have done a great deal to induce the British Government to utilise their railways, and the latter should be slow to forget this. But mails and passengers demand to be sent by the most direct and rapid route, regardless of international sentiment, as the French Government have found to their cost since the Indian mails ceased to go "*viâ* Marseilles." The project of a railway from Europe to India has been frequently mooted and shelved; but it is probable that one of these days there will be a "pull

altogether" on the part of mercantile and engineering men to carry it through. Constantinople will within a few months be connected with the Railway system of Europe, and there are 2,900 miles between Constantinople and the railway system of India. Now-a-days two or three thousands of miles of railway are thought little of. In the United States, for example, 30,878 miles of railway were constructed between 1862 and 1872, of which 8,212 miles were opened during the latter year, or nearly three times the distance from Constantinople, viâ Sivas, Arabkir, Tabreez, Teheran, Ispahan, Shiraz, and Yezd to Kurrachee. Kurrachee would be then 4,500 miles distant by railway from England. There are three other projects under consideration. The first line would pass from Constantinople to Erzerum, cross the Persian frontier, then on to Khoi, Tabreez, Teheran, Shahrood, Meshed, Herat, Kandahar, through the Bolan Pass to Shikarpoor, and Sukkur—or a length of about 3,000 miles. This route has not been surveyed for railway purposes, but a *reconnaissance* survey of it has been effected throughout, and the details of every portion are in the Quarter-master General's Office in Calcutta. The second line leaving Constantinople follows the central route through Asia Minor, or the route of the Indo-European telegraph, passing by Sivas, Moosul, Kermanshah, Teheran, Meshed, Herat, and so on by the Bolan Pass to India. This route 3,200 miles long has been surveyed for engineering purposes to Teheran, and passes through "the best peopled country of all." The third line leaving Constantinople proceeds to Bussorah, goes round the Persian Gulf, and on by Mekran to Kurrachee, a distance of about 2,900 miles. It will be strange indeed, if one of these projects is not taken in hand ere long, and if the Mont Cenis route is not thereby superseded. Meanwhile the Tunnel is a great fact, which having discounted, we leave behind, as we rapidly descend to Piedmont, and so on to Turin.

Turin is for the most part a new city, with rectangular blocks of buildings, straight streets, good paving, and fine boulevards. The attractions are not numerous. The King's Palace is large, with a series of heavily decorated rooms, and an abundance of mirrors and white marble. The dining saloon, the walls of which are mirrored from floor to ceiling, is noteworthy. It was here that a banquet was given by Victor Emmanuel to Napoleon III, on the evening of the latter's arrival in January 1859, to assume command of the French army that was destined to drive the Austrians out of Italy. The fate of France and Italy trembled in the balance a few days after this dinner, and Austria yielded, not knowing what victory had cost her enemies. Seven years afterwards, and Austria, just recovering from her disasters in Italy, was crushed afresh by Prussia. Four years more, and Prussia annihilated the Empire that had been refounded at Solferino. Events march rapidly now-a-days, and come about in a way least expected. The banquet in the Hall of Mirrors at Turin, was a prelude to the assemblage in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, which consummated the downfall of the French, and the revival of the German Empire. To what combination of circumstances, fatal to the happiness of mankind, and to the security of dynasties may the latter assemblage prove to have tended?

Piedmont resembles parts of India that are well irrigated, and not blessed with forests. The farmers seem to be thrifty souls who make the most of their opportunities; and the land produces a variety of crops that have a pleasant appearance from the railroad. But there is little to see on the route of particular interest, till the elegant spire that Napoleon Buonaparte gave to Milan Cathedral is descried on the horizon of the great plain.

Milan is an eminently cheerful city of the modern type, with broad and straight streets, large and tall houses, pleasant boulevards, and a vivacious population. It was

frequently desolated by barbarians, but it rose from its ashes with increased vitality, though with a loss of antique buildings that can never be repaired. Napoleon constituted it the capital of what he named the Cisalpine Republic; subsequently conferred upon it the higher rank of metropolis of his new Kingdom of Italy; and here in 1805 did he crown himself King, and commenced a triumphal arch of white marble as a termination of the Simplon route. This arch was not completed till a quarter of a century after the foundation stone had been laid. It is, considerably smaller than the Arc de l' Etoile in Paris, being about the size and somewhat in the style of the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. It is surmounted by a bronze effigy of Peace in a chariot, drawn by six prancing horses, and by four statues of Victory on horseback; and it is adorned with basso-relievos and inscriptions. A large tablet above the central arch, pays a grateful tribute to the memory of Napoleon I, and records that the Kingdom of Italy was happily restored in 1859.

The Cathedral is marvellously beautiful. The whole of the exterior is composed of white marble. It is adorned with upwards of a hundred elaborately carved pinnacles, and two to three thousand statues. The lower part has been stained by rain, damp, or dust, but the pinnacles that bristle around the roof have a snow-like whiteness, and when seen by moonlight, the building bears a close resemblance to an iceberg, or the "baseless fabric of a vision." It is 10 yards longer and 6 yards narrower than Cologne Cathedral, and its central tower is 7 feet shorter than that of Cologne. The interior is superb. It is exceedingly rich in stained glass, and art treasures: and the dim and tinted lights, add considerably to the beauty of the general effect. Napoleon I charged himself with the task long intermitted of resuming the works. The piazza around the Cathedral is now being cleared of a number

of ugly and mean houses, and a pile of highly ornamental buildings is being erected, leaving a hollow square, in the centre of which the Cathedral will be seen to great advantage. A beautiful arcade, or passage, named after Victor Emmanuel, with handsome shops, and an iron and glass roof, leads from the Cathedral-square to the famous Scala Theatre. This Theatre is said to be large enough to accommodate an audience of 3,500 spectators. The piazza in front of it is now graced with a statue of Leonardo de Vinci. The painter in the peaked cap, and large garments with which he is always identified, is represented standing on a square pillar at each corner of which is a statue of a favorite pupil. A little farther on, in the centre of a piazza named after Cavour, is a bronze statue of that lamented Minister, with History at the foot inscribing his name on the stone. At Turin, a magnificent monument has been raised in honor of that gifted statesman. Italy, represented as a very handsome and unclad woman, is on her knees, proffering for his acceptance a wreath of laurels; and the Minister whom she is embracing with one arm, has a comical expression, as though surprised at a genuflecting lady in so remarkable a déshabille taking such an affectionate interest in him. The Milan monument represents the Count in the act of addressing the Senate, and his upper and nether garments, his "Newgate frill" and a perky smile, are rendered with remarkable cleverness; but it is questionable, whether it would not be well to leave such a man to be remembered by his deeds rather than by effigies that memorialise his homely face, figure, and wardrobe.

The Picture Gallery of Milan contains hundreds of old paintings illustrative of sacred subjects; but the ordinary traveller who has seen innumerable representations elsewhere of those subjects is apt to pass, with a feeling of satiety, the priceless works of old masters, and to ask himself whether the cause of religion has been served by

the painter's partiality for the ghastly incidents in sacred narrative. There is Saint Sebastian, for example, who is said to have been shot to death with numberless Mauritanian arrows in the time of Diocletian. In this Gallery, the unfortunate martyr, with scarce a rag on, and bristling with arrows, like "quills on a fretful porcupine" regards you blandly in every room, and sometimes two to three times in a room, until you are conscious of having by familiarity with his fate grown indifferent to his sufferings. Yet you have not a doubt that you would feel lively sympathy for any man whom you chanced to see with only a pin sticking well into him. Then the representations of Deity usually fail to exalt one's ideal. The Father is conventionally depicted as an old man with an abundance of silvery hair and beard, a furrowed brow, and a stern expression, as though he had once been young, had had an anxious life, is now very old, and may some day be no more. Christendom with pictures like this to see in infancy has always regarded the Father from the painter's unscriptural point of view, and religion has suffered and is suffering in consequence.

One becomes so accustomed to pictures representing human suffering, that it is difficult to imagine what is the opinion formed by educated natives of India for example, when first they visit a large picture gallery in Italy. The realism of the scenes of agony is sometimes horrible. In the King's Palace at Turin, some of the most sumptuous of the rooms are adorned with large paintings, not of beautiful landscapes, like those by Zucarelli in Windsor Castle, but of battles with heaps of patriots or enemies bleeding to death in the foreground. How pleasant to dance, or dine, or sleep, or study, in rooms so decorated. The London Stereoscopic Company some years ago incurred the displeasure of the public by publishing a photograph of the heads of the brigands who were decapitated in Greece for murdering English travellers. The

photograph was so true to nature that few persons cared to add it to their collection. Nor has any photographer, so far as I know, yet taken a view of the interior of the Morgue at Paris, with the corpses of suicides, or murdered persons lying on the slanting marble slabs, and the water trickling over them to retard decomposition. No, the public could not stomach it. Yet paintings of corpses, executed with great fidelity, are regarded without a shudder when the artists are pleased to say that they represent the bodies of holy personages; and the same people who would be too fastidious to purchase a photograph of a suicide at the Morgue, or of a "subject" at a hospital, will stock his album, and cover his walls with copies of works whose chief artistic merit is that they reproduce the very horrors of the Morgue and dissecting room. There was a "Crucifixion" in the last Exhibition of Paintings in Paris, that excited much animadversion since it was alleged that the painter had brought a body at a hospital, conveyed it to his studio, had there crucified it, and had successfully taken a full length portrait of it. Yet it would have been only fair to have applauded rather than blamed the artist for his conscientious discharge of the duty he had set himself of doing justice to the scene in Calvary. We are accustomed from earliest youth to pass complacently through galleries whose walls are hung with paintings, depicting a variety of forms of human agony, and our feelings having been blunted by familiarity with such scenes, we often, I fear, fail to realise what were the sufferings of the early martyrs of Christianity.

Leaving Milan in the afternoon, we reached Venice about 9 P. M., and took a gondola, instead of a cab, to convey us to Danielli's Hotel. The scene along the canals, with everything still around, with a few lights reflected in the unrippled water, and a mysterious gloom pervading the blocks of buildings on either side, seemed familiar, for

no city has been more frequently depicted on canvas and by the camera in all its moods, or has been more celebrated in song and prose-painting. It is said that Venice has 3 large and 114 small islands, 147 canals, and 378 bridges. The canals, like those of Amsterdam, have been the sewers of the town for centuries; and they emit a more or less offensive odour. The people for the most part are plain featured and poverty-stricken, and their dwellings, if low-rented in consequence of house accommodation being now in excess of the demand, are squalid and unsavoury. But probably a man who is on the point of bidding farewell to Europe for an indefinite period is not in the fittest temper to do ordinary justice to the attractions of his place of embarkation, so I may not be alone in the opinion that Venice is disappointing.

There are numbers of churches, empty or half-tenanted palaces, and numerous picture-galleries. There are many quaint views, and strange people to see; there is a mediœval history more or less sanguinary, and a modern history more or less miserable to think about; but after the sights have been cursorily done, and the novelty of the gondolas, the water streets, and the surroundings of the place has worn away,—which it does too rapidly,—Venice strikes me as being one of the last places of note in which I would care to spend a summer, or winter, much less a life-time. It is moreover disillusionising to be told by Mr. Ruskin in his famous monograph, that "the Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream, which the first ray of day-light must dissipate into dust," that "no prisoner whose name is worth remembering, or whose sorrows deserved sympathy, ever crossed that Bridge of Sighs which is the centre of the Byronic ideal of Venice; no great merchant of Venice ever saw the Rialto, under which the traveller now passes with breathless interest."

As showing the danger of making predictions, it is worth observing that in 1866, Mr. G. A. Sala, writing to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the eve of the evacuation of Venice by the Austrians, said that the port of Venice was well nigh dammed up, the tide had little scour, and it would take millions to dredge a channel deep enough for ships of burthen. "Danish men-of-war, they say, once came up to Holborn-bars. When they besiege Middle-Row again, we may see East Indiamen unloading at the Dogana." Yet half a dozen years after this was written, the channel had been sufficiently deepened to allow ships of burthen to anchor opposite the city; and P. & O. East Indiamen commenced, not only to unload within a few yards of the quay, but also to receive luckless fellows outward-bound to the "gorgeous East"

"creeping like snails unwillingly to school."

LETTER LX.

IN A BUNK AGAIN.

November 1874.

IT is scarcely exhilarating, after dreaming of "home" and of those who make it so dear to you, to wake up with a start, and find yourself, not in the cheerful and cosy, sun-lit room in the pleasant house in the country that you so lately occupied, not in the more ornamental apartment of a friend's town house, but in the narrow dimensions of a bunk in a P. and O. ship. And, let them be never so expressive in the day time, it is, to say the least, disappointing to descry the features of your fellow passengers in the other cribs, instead of the lineaments of the help-meet who has remained at home in connection with the "urgent private affairs" of young children. People who from their cradle to their grave, live in the "old country," without being called upon to experience at any time a separation from kith and kin exceeding a month's duration; who earn a livelihood without incurring constant wrenches at their hearts' strings; and who, generally speaking, pass slightly monotonous but easy lives; may sometimes fail to understand the misery occasionally incidental to a career in India; but we who have to go abroad, full well do we know what the pain of separation means, full well do we realise the sacrifices that must be submitted to, since—*it faut vivre.*

Tossing about here, thus early in the morning, before the active life of our little floating world has commenced for the day, ere the recognised time has arrived for male passengers to flock in nondescript sleeping attire to the marble baths at midships, it is difficult to check the

melancholy feelings that surge up, and provoke futile regret at one's back being turned again upon the old country. The experience of home-leaving becomes more rather than less bitter as it is repeated. When first you underwent the ordeal you seemed to have all the world before you. You were young. India was unknown to you. You had obtained an opening there. The man is not to be envied, or must be peculiarly unfortunate in his localisation, who has lived many of the best years of young manhood in, without acquiring a liking for certain features of India. It is, however, the too common habit of Anglo-Indians to cultivate a distaste for, rather than to take kindly views of, a land in which a large portion of their lives has to be spent; and as a fitting punishment for this, they strew their path with thorns, and their beds with nettles. It is unmanly, as well as suicidal, to think the worst of any place that you have voluntarily selected as your field of labour. And yet, when lying in your bunk in a steamer, that is taking you, with every revolution of her screw, several additional yards away from your Beulah, it is almost impossible not to groan again at your loss of what constitutes your world. The arrangements of a first class P. and O. Steamer are excellent of their kind. They include a great deal of eating and drinking, smoking and chatting, and they are not unfavourable to mild flirtations and pleasant social intercourse; but he who has returned at a bound from the dignity and happiness of a Benedict's condition to the so-called freedom and ease of *quasi*-bachelorhood, or, what Indians call, "grass widowhood," should cultivate the habit of sleep, or he will too probably, in the small hours of the night, find himself the victim of morbid reflections of a retrospective sort, such as I have dared to commit to paper.

There is something suggestive in the thought that you are thrown for a month into intimate contact with

men and women, bound like yourself, from England to India, most of whom you had perhaps never heard of a few days ago, and whom you may never hear of again, after a few days hence. Look at my three cabin fellows—a Major, a Missionary, and a Merchant. We shook down in our very small apartment as "to the manner born." We determined, by mutual consent, when to ablutionise, when to turn in, and when to turn out. We divided the limited space for boxes without a shadow of a difference of opinion. And we, whose very existence was unknown to one another last month, have talked to such good purpose from time to time as we lay prone in our berths, that we really know more of one another's exchequers, manners, tastes, hopes, and belongings, than is known by most of those who are our neighbours for years in India. Our daily life on boardship being unavoidably an idle one, apart from the serious business of doing justice to three substantial meals, with preliminary coffee and supplementary grog, we have had to lay aside a good deal of that British isolation of manner which so often bars the formation of friendships in middle life. Hence it is that I know my military friend in the berth opposite is fortified with a letter of introduction to his new Commander-in-Chief, on which he builds hopes that I trust may not be disappointed; that my clerical acquaintance beneath him is painfully exercised in his mind by the claims of Ritualism and by domestic anxieties; and that my commercial neighbour nearly lost his all in the cotton mania, ten years ago, and believes that there is scarce a merchant left in the Indian Cottonopolis who owns a rupee to bless himself withal. The Major is unmarried because he was jilted by a poor girl who is now dead, and in whose memory he loyally wears a small ring; the Missionary being poor has nine children; and the Merchant returns home a year hence for a wife. I have listened to excellent Mutiny and hunting anecdotes,

interesting clerical episodes, and tales of how fortunes were made and lost in India ten years ago. I have obtained the latest gossip of the "Rag and Famish" respecting impending Army changes; the latest alarm at Salisbury Square about the increasing paucity of suitable applicants for a Missionary career; and the latest scandals about stock-jobbery in the City of London. The Missionary, being a novice, exhibited some difficulty at first in divesting himself in public of the credentials of his office with which his tailor had furnished him; and he was a bit scandalised perhaps at the child-like innocence shewn by the military gentleman above him in making his toilet. But even this diffidence about preparing himself for repose has succumbed to a sense of the inevitable; and he suits himself to the manners of the place, and now shaves and talks like his neighbours.

In other cabins there are Judges of High Courts, Commissioners, Civil and Sessions Judges, Collectors, Colonels, Doctors, Engineers, &c., jumbled up without the smallest regard for their individual dignity when on shore; and reduced, for the voyage at least, to a common level that does them all good. We occupy on equal terms the berths and settees that have been, month after month for years, occupied by similarly miscellaneous companies of people; and a few days hence, when we have been scattered over India, never more to meet, our places here will be taken by another set of people, unhaunted, as many of us not unnaturally are, with gloomy retrospective thoughts, but animated by the hope of an early meeting with friends in England. As passengers we step on board; our names are ticked off by the purser; we take possession of our berths; we live our little life; and, the journey being concluded, we speed away. While afloat, the ship, and those connected officially with her, the weather, and the daily run, occupy our thoughts to the partial exclusion of other matters; and as we scarcely ever pass another vessel, we seem to be living

in a new world that has but an indirect and unseen connection with the world behind and before us. It is not quite easy to realise that voyages similar to that on which one is engaged—which forms an epoch, a mile-stone, to date back to in one's life—are being constantly made by numbers of vessels carrying crowds of passengers all the year round; and it is not pleasant to be reminded of the certainty of your soon forgetting even the names of the greater number of the long rows of passengers with whom you are incessantly sitting down to meals, and with some of whom you have formed an intimacy almost tantamount to cordial friendship. But so it is.

The daily life at sea in an outward-bound steamer leaves however frequent opportunities for passengers to vex themselves with vivid recollections of the furlough that has terminated all too rapidly, and now seems so far away. It needs not an exceptionally acute mental organisation to picture in the mind's eye, hundreds of scenes pleasantly associated with those from whom one has been torn by the necessity of existence; but the pity is that such reflective indulgences are followed by a reaction that embitters the present. The sentiment that lacerates the heart of emigrants, and other exiles, when leaving their native land for years, perhaps for good and all, does honor to humanity; but it does havoc to one's composure, and for a time shrouds life with regrets, allied with an envy of those who never go abroad. The same ship that was honored with your almost affectionate regards on your homeward journey shall seem a very tub on the outward. Even a gay city like Paris, Brussels or Vienna, will appear to be devoid of its proudest attractions when visited by you *en route* back to India. There is "balm in Gilead" you are well aware, but you cannot console yourself with the thought of the ameliorations of life in the land whither you are going, so long as your mind is crowded with sunny memories of the land behind. There is, may be, a chance of

your returning home, if all goes well, in five years; but five years though a short enough period to look back upon, is wearily long to look forward to; and five years must bring about great changes in those who are now children. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" only when not prolonged unreasonably. Affection—connubial, parental, filial, and fraternal affection, is exposed by five years' absence to too severe a strain; and the ties of relationship once seriously warped are not readily made taut again. Parents whose whole life in India is a struggle for the means to promote the welfare of children keep their affection warm far easier than their children can be reasonably expected to do. Brothers and sisters whose lot is cast in different continents are too often estranged for want of the exchange of active sympathy. Frequent visits to Europe are perhaps ill-calculated to promote a steady application to work in India, or, at any rate, a steady accumulation of coin; so it is difficult to maintain home ties without compromising one's efficiency or financial situation abroad.

Knowing all this you try to concentrate your mind on the life immediately before you, and so to cease worrying yourself vainly with the contemplation of that behind. But the task of pulling yourself together,—especially in rough weather, when you are in a throw-me-over-board sort of humour,—is no easy one. You have lived out a memorable chapter in your history, and would fain relieve the latter pages of it, fraught through many of them were with the sorrow attaching to the prospect of the separation before you. But there is comfort in the consciousness that you have rekindled affection that had you not returned home, would have continued to languish for lack of nourishment. The houses you lived in with wife and bairns, the rooms you occupied, the journeys you took the recreation you obtained, the sayings and doings, the many incidents of your furlough

are engraven imperishably on your memory; and you conclude that, barring perhaps the difficulty of constraining a portion of your normal Indian income to make both ends meet in England, you have had a delightful holiday, that has been brimful of joyous domestic experiences, and replete with opportunities for posting yourself up in matters relating to the social, political, moral, and material progress of your country. So, though nature is rebellious at times, and you find yourself lapsing into a melancholy that is not profitable, you gradually recover your composure, and land once more in India determined to find in that severe but usually effective refuge—hardwork, the distraction which will both mitigate the hardship of your lot, and rekindle within you the hope of a joyful reunion with kinsfolk and acquaintance in your native land beyond the sea.

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