

St Andrews Pictorial Magazine

Produced monthly by Peter Thomson from 1858-1861.

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On page 19 readers are advised of the Thomsons'
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THE
ST ANDREWS
PICTORIAL MAGAZINE.

No. XLIII

JULY 1861

PRICE 1½d.

THE PAST MONTH.

June 1.—Howes and Cushing's Circus paid us their usual annual visit to-day, the tent being again fixed at Rathelpie. Contrary to custom, they had no street parade, greatly to the disappointment of the junior part of the population. The weather was rather unfavourable in the early part of the day, and in consequence the morning performance was but poorly attended. However, the real card of the evening was the renowned Tom Sayers; and judging from the reception he met with, all the rest of the performances were merely the setting in which he was to stand.

5.—The annual meeting of the 5th Fifeshire Rifles took place last night in the Madras Hall. The company had previously been inspected by Adjutant Forrest, and put through a number of company movements, all of which were very correctly done. At the meeting the accounts for the year were read over, showing a surplus after paying all expenses; the finance committee for the year was elected. There being a vacancy in the list of lance-corporals Mr. G. Paterson was elected to the office. The corps has been divided into four classes for musketry instruction, meeting at various hours each day.

6.—The annual Soiree of the children attending the Free Church Sabbath School took place last night in the school-room. Dr. Ainslie presided and opened the proceedings with prayer. Several addresses were delivered by various gentlemen. Cake and fruit were served out liberally to the scholars. During the evening, an elegant tea urn and sugar basin were presented to Mr. J. Jeffrey, who has long acted as superintendent of the school, and who is now leaving the town. Several hymns, &c., were sung by the children during the evening.

10.—Notice was given yesterday from all the pulpits in the town, that in future the bells for public worship will begin to ring at a-quarter to eleven, instead of eleven as at present; the object being to secure a longer interval between the sermons. It would have been better if those who have the power had completed the improvement by making the same alteration at the afternoon service, by

making the bells begin at a-quarter to two, instead of half-past one, and so giving an additional quarter of an hour to the yet too short interval. The alteration is, however, a step in the right direction.

8.—The annual competition of the St Andrews' Golf Club took place to-day. The Cross was gained by Mr. R. Paterson in 102 strokes. In the evening the Club met in the Golf Inn, where a few hours were spent in great harmony—Mr D. Spence, captain of the Club, acting as chairman, and Mr. J. Auchterlonie, croupier.

11.—A meeting of the Town Council was held to-day. The principal business related to the purchasing of a portion of the ground to the west of Queen Street, belonging to Mrs. Briggs, for the purpose of feuing gardens to the houses in the street. Three of the proprietors in the new street had already bought the whole of this ground, and they now wished the Council to purchase the part opposite the yet unfeued sites in the street, they agreeing to erect a neat wall and rail and widen the street considerably all the way down. After some discussion it was agreed to refer the settlement of the question till Friday first. Some other business of an unimportant note came before the meeting.

14.—The Town Council met today, when the purchase of the ground adjoining the new street was confirmed, one or two members disputing. It was agreed that the new Town Hall be publicly opened the first week in July, by Mr. Howard, of Edinburgh; the details being left to the committee. In the evening a public trial was made of the acoustic properties of the new hall. Both companies of the volunteers were marched from the parade-ground to the hall to do duty as an audience, and Messrs. Sturrock, Salter, Sorley, and others, sang a number of songs in capital style. The result being, that, as regards music, the Hall is a perfect success, the singers having not the slightest difficulty in either forte or piano passages. However, in speaking there is a slight echo, which was felt most about the middle of the room; but this might happen from the room being less than half filled. The seating is comfortable, and the arrangements for ventilation work well. The Hall was lighted up

and certainly presented a very fine appearance. We hope it will be well patronized.

15.—One of those unfortunate accidents resulting from the uncautious use of fire-arms took place this morning. Some young lads, boarders, had been out shooting crows on the Eden, near Guardbridge, when a gun went off, the charge lodging in the leg of W. H. Innes, immediately above the knee. He was brought into St Andrews with as little delay as possible; but though everything was done to save his life the loss of blood had been so great, that he never rallied after the operation, but sunk shortly after. He was the eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Innes of the Bengal army. The gun is reported to have been a very bad one, the materials of the lock being of the most worthless description.

15.—The Life Boat was taken out to-day for her usual quarterly exercise. The sea was smooth, there being only a slight ripple on the water, so there was no opportunity for any display of rowing, &c.

22.—Dr. Shaw, the celebrated magician, has been giving his entertainment in the Town Hall here for several days back, but to rather poor houses.

22.—From the New Zealand papers received last night we are happy to observe that the Rev. Mr. Todd, son of Mr Todd painter here, was elected moderator of the Assembly in Otago.

24.—The Artillery Volunteers have commenced a course of musketry instruction under Major Boothby, the battalion adjutant. It is to be continued during the week, after which it is expected that a squad will be ready for firing whenever the supply of ammunition arrives, which has been expected for some time now.

25.—A numerous deputation of our Freemasons left here by the morning train to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the National Wallace Monument at Stirling. They were accompanied by the City Band, who had donned the new uniform for the occasion, and looked very well indeed. On arriving at Stirling, after the office-bearers had clothed, which was done in a room at the station, they marched to the park with the band playing, headed by the "Tyler," D. Laing, whose quaint figure and unique dress provoked the smiles and laughter of all who saw him, particularly the ladies, who seemed quite delighted with him. After the procession started all through the town, and on to the point where the deputation fell out of the ranks, the "Tyler" was observed of all observers. As the train for home started from Stirling at 5 o'clock, it was not judged prudent for the Lodge to go the whole way with the procession, it therefore broke off and returned to the town for refreshments, which, in consequence of the great crowd, was no easy task. After some time the deputation were played to the train by the band, and arrived home at half-past 9. They were welcomed by a large crowd at the station who waited their arrival; on reaching Market Street the band struck up "Scots wha hae," after which they

dispersed highly delighted with their day's excursion.

26.—Operations have begun on the College Church for the purpose of making the alterations determined on by the Board of Works. The whole has been contracted for by Messrs Kidd of Dundee, who have sublet the mason-work to Mr. J. M'Intosh, builder here. The church is to be thoroughly renewed, and a new roof put on, of a style and character somewhat akin to the other parts of the venerable fabric.

27.—The Artillery Volunteers were marched out to a point on the Anstruther Road last night, and put through a course of "Judging Distance Drill" by Adjutant Boothby. The state of the atmosphere was much against any thing like correctness, it being thick and hazy now and then. Some of the answers came wonderfully near the mark, the distance being first paced off, and then measured with a line.

BIRTHS

At South Street, on the 3rd, the wife of Mr Paterson, baker, a son.

At Kirk Square, on the 6th, the wife of Mr. R. Niven, butcher, a daughter.

At West Port House, on the 16th, the wife of Dr. Heddle, a son.

At St Mary Street, on the 28th, the wife of Mr. William Ross, a daughter.

MARRIAGES

At North Street, on the 7th, by the Rev. Dr. Cook, Mr. M. K. Farnie to Euphemia Pringle.

At Perth, on the 10th, by the Rev. Mr. John Fernie Thomson, Mr. David Henderson, tailor, St Andrews, to Ann Smith.

DEATHS

At Fleming Place, on the 6th, George, youngest son of Mr. Archibald Thomson.

At South Street, on the 6th, Mr George Harris, ostler.

At Bridge Street, on the 8th, Mr. Andrew Forgan, vintner.

At St Mary Street, on the 24th, Janet, daughter of Mr. William Ross, engineer.

PRICES OF PROVISIONS

June 29, 1861

4lb Loaf, fine	--	--	0s 7d
Do. Second	--	--	0 6 ½
Do. Society, fine	--	--	0 6 ½
Do. Do. Second	--	--	0 6
Flour, fine, per 7lb	--	--	1 2
Do. second, do	--	--	0 11
Oatmeal, per 7lb	--	--	1 0
Beef, boiling, per lb.	--	--	0 8
Mutton, per lb.	--	--	0 8
Pork, do.	--	--	0 6
Potatoes, per 28lb.	--	--	1 0
Eggs, per doz	--	--	0 8
Butter, fresh, per lb.	--	--	1 2
Do. salt, do	--	--	1 3



JUST SAVED FROM EXECUTION

OLD MR. HONEYWELL was dead. There was no doubt of that matter, for hundreds had seen him in his coffin, who were curious to see a man who had shut himself, for so many years, out of the pale of society. People may be as mysterious as they please in their lifetime, but death is the grand revealer, and will not keep a secret, unless, indeed, it is buried in the heart of the dead man, and no one else knew it but himself. But what a man is worth in money, or lands, or stocks, and who is to inherit it, cannot be kept from the world.

Yes, old Mr. Honeywell was dead. Nobody had known him save by those morning rambles. Nobody had spoken to him. But now he died *rich*! So it was said, and wild as was the rumour, everybody believed it and went to look upon him. The rich coffin, with its silver handles and plate, its superb satin, and velvet, and rosewood, where the old man lay in state, robed in white cashmere, with flowers around the poor withered face and in the shrunken hands, told that he was rich. George Honeywell, the young heir, had not had the good taste to bury his father privately and with simplicity. So the old tumble-down house was refurbished up, the four large lower rooms hung with black cambric to hide the weather stains on the walls, and the floors covered with grey drugget. Altogether, it had a singular, though somewhat pleasing effect; and there were persons that did not fail to admire it, supposing perhaps, that there were gay-coloured walls beneath.

The next day there was a committee of builders, and the old oak frame was deemed susceptible of sustaining a new finish. Soon the old house assumed a new aspect, and the

broad silver plate announced that George Honeywell had taken up his residence in it.

He married one of the very Unas designed for him by the stout papas, and for several years the young couple lived luxuriantly. The money lasted well, and George spent it as if he possessed the magic lamp. But after that there was a falling off. Una was reduced to look after her own housekeeping, and George had to restrict himself to slender dinners and cheap wine.

There was one family member in the neighbourhood, the members of which had never recognised George Honeywell in his new station in life. Mr Effingham had seen him when sunk in the lowest dissipation, a frequenter of vulgar haunts, a boon companion of knaves and gamblers. Had he, with his altered fortunes, pursued a course of life above his old habits, and become the decent, orderly citizen that he might have been, he would have lent his aid to keep him there—but George's present life was not a whit better than his old one. His companions were nominally higher in wealth and education, but the curse of vice was upon them, and Mr Effingham adhered to the old-fashioned scripture, that a man cannot touch pitch without being defiled.

Little remained of old Honeywell's property when the next five years from his death had gone by save the old mansion. His son's pride kept him from involving that, and as his credit, at first unlimited, had begun to be doubtful, he was obliged to be economical, unless when fortunate at the gaming-table.

Under these circumstances little Eva Honeywell made her appearance on the stage of life—a fairy creature, of startling beauty, delicate and pure as a water-lily, yet, as she grew into larger growth, brave, in her way, as the Maid of Orleans.

She *needed* to be brave where the father was so weak in principle, and the mother in moral courage to rebuke or amend him, and it was worth while to hear the pretty creature beg her father not to do this or that, because it was wrong. She did in truth acquire that sway over him that he no longer dare to come home with the disgusting odour of brandy upon his lips. Resolutely the little thing refused to kiss him when this had been the case. Her evident dislike of it had made him, at first, use aromatics to hide it, but her keen sense perceived the cheat, and nothing could persuade her to endure him thus.

Mrs Honeywell had borne her trouble with an indifference that made people doubt whether George's conduct was really a trouble to her. She never rebuked him, nor retorted upon her father when he occasionally swore at her husband's faults. She had not the spirit to say that it was a match of his own seeking, as almost any woman, however amiable, would have been tempted to say. Yet little Eva's courage, while it astonished, pleased her; and it came to pass that the child was regarded as the future saviour of her degraded father by the wife who had never tried the effect of her own entreaties upon him.

Eva did have an influence with her father. If she did not save him at once she kept him from sinking lower, and her fearless words often awakened within him a sensation of deep shame and a resolution to amend, which, if sometimes broken, still lingered around his heart.

Near the dwelling of George Honeywell stood a little cottage belonging to the estate, and rented since long before his coming hither to reside by a mother and son. The former was evidently a widow, and not rich. The latter, a boy of fourteen when Eva Honeywell was eleven, was always neatly but poorly dressed; so poorly that, had it not been for the exquisite make and perfect, even fastidious neatness, I should have said shabbily. But the coarse grey jacket fitted so beautifully, the collar and wristbands were so white and so nicely polished, the shoes so scrupulously blacked, though often worn even to holes, and the cap so freshly brushed, that the boy, beside others even whose parents were wealthy, looked more like a gentleman's son, by far, than they.

Within the cottage, which, as one might imagine, was neatness itself, a small stocking-loom gave the key to their maintenance, the boy working upon it when out of school, and the mother while he was absent. George Honeywell knew, instinctively, that Mrs Clarendon was a lady, and he ever treated her in a way far different to his father's miserly and extortionate dealings in regard to the rent. As for little Eva, her principal talk was of Mrs Clarendon and Herbert.

The lady herself was apparently thirty-five.

She was handsome and intellectual looking, although a shade to pale and thin. When in repose her countenance was thoughtful and sad, but when she spoke to her son it was animated and cheerful. Everything about her showed that her past had been of a brighter hue than the present; but it was a fact to which she never referred.

Won by Eva's ardent praises of her friend, Una Honeywell, ashamed that she had taken no steps towards an acquaintance, seized the first opportunity to call there for Eva, who had dallied at Mrs Clarendon's door too long. Entering the gate, she found herself fact to face with the lady. Thenceforth, Una found a friend, and even her husband wondered that she had taken no steps to secure her before. Mrs Clarendon now stayed, night after night, with Eva and her mother, while George was away, ostensibly on business tours. His name was never mentioned between them, but Mrs Clarendon knew well that there was a darker shadow upon the great house than had ever gloomed over her little home. If she and her son were alone in the world she yet had the happiness of knowing that the husband and father who had left them had bequeathed to them the treasure of his good name. She had the inexpressible consolation, too, of seeing Herbert growing up worthy of such a father.

Herbert came in one night, much later than usual, his face flushed, and with an air of excitement.

"My son," said Mrs Clarendon, "is this a proper hour for you to come home?"

"Mother, I have just come home from helping Mr Honeywell home. I found him lying on the ground near old Mr Kneeland's house. You know it is a lonely place, and I roused him and led him home. It was a long time before we reached his house, for he was hurt in falling, I suppose. His clothes were covered with blood and dirt; and look, mother, I have some stains on mine, where he leaned against me."

Mrs Clarendon was satisfied with the explanation, but she mourned over Herbert's best suit, now, perhaps, irretrievably spoiled.

"I am glad you helped him, Herbert," said she, after a time, "yet it pains me to have you come in contact with such a man; nor do I like to have people meet you with him."

"We met with but a single person, mother, and that was Alick Gray. He was going toward Mr Kneeland's or should I have asked him to help me with Mr Honeywell, for he was very heavy against my shoulder, and staggered at every step."

When morning came Mrs Clarendon again examined the almost hopeless stains. While in the act of doing this, and while Herbert, looking sorrowfully at the task she was about to undertake, was bending anxiously over her as she sat with the clothes before her, a man

entered the room without knocking.

Mrs Clarendon rose and stood civilly waiting his errand, and as she did so the clothes dropped in a heap upon the floor, and she saw the man's eyes intently fixed upon them.

He placed his hand on Herbert's shoulder, saying, "You are my prisoner, my lad." The mother shrieked aloud, and the boy tried to release himself from the iron grasp which seemed to cut into the flesh beneath his thin garment.

In pity to the mother's agony of entreaties for explanation, the man said:

"Old Mr Kneeland was murdered in his bed last night. This lad and another person were met coming from his house at a late hour, and both are now arrested for the murder. I am sorry, ma'am," he continued, moved by her anguish, "but I am only doing my duty."

His words restored her to her self control.

"Certainly, sir. You are right. Go, Herbert; it will take but a short time to prove *your* innocence."

The boy answered not a word, but with a face like marble he kissed his mother's cheek, and departed with the grim-looking official.

Mrs Clarendon could not rest. She put away the task she was going to perform, and went over to Mrs Honeywell's house. She heard the sounds of weeping long before she entered. Eva, with a face bathed in tears, was leaning over her mother's bed, from which the latter seemed unable to rise. She eagerly seized Mrs Clarendon's hand, not dreaming that she too was in trouble. When all was told on both sides, the anguish seemed too mighty to be borne. Mrs Clarendon returned only to lock her doors, and went back to stay with Eva, who was really afraid to be left alone with her mother. Soon, however, one after another of George Honeywell's friends dropped in, with assurances that all would be right. The arrest was made at the instigation of Alick Gray, who deposed that he saw the boy and Honeywell coming from the house, but of course nothing could be proved from that.

"But the clothes!" shrieked Mrs Honeywell. "The clothes! My poor George was terribly hurt, and his clothes were stained with blood."

Mrs Clarendon thought of Herbert's, and shuddered. What if these very natural circumstances should incriminate her boy? No! She would not believe that her innocent child would be thus left to suffer for the guilty.

Such an excitement was never before known to arise in the quiet town. Work was suspended, and groups of men, women, and children were assembled at every corner, for many days, waiting to hear the news.

Old Mr Kneeland was buried by the town, scarcely enough remaining of his supposed riches to purchase a grave. Both houses were searched, and the stained clothes

secured. As nothing valuable was found in either it was supposed that George Honeywell had entrusted it to some of his disreputable associates, so as not to excite the suspicion of his wife and daughter.

We pass over the time before the appointed trial. Suffice it that each day was more heavy to be borne by the sorrow-stricken women. Una Honeywell loved her husband still, in spite of his faults, and she did not believe that he could ever be induced to commit such a crime.

The time had come for the trial. The court-room was crowded, and it was still as death, save for the murmur that arose when the handsome and intelligent face of Herbert Clarendon appeared within the bar. Poor Honeywell, now thoroughly sobered, stood beside him, every trace of his usual roseate hue banished from his face, and apparently alive to the horrors of his situation.

Nothing was elicited, except Alick Gray's testimony that he met them, and the fact of the bloody clothes. Mrs Honeywell's evidence and Eva's seemed to account for these, but it still looked dark for the prisoners. Mrs Honeywell, who, of course, was not allowed to testify, remained at home in agonies through the whole of this terrible day.

The trial was short, the number of witnesses being so scanty. The verdict was "guilty," but with a recommendation to mercy in the case of the boy on account of his extreme youth and the irreproachable character he had borne. Poor George suffered, in the opinion of many, from his previous habits of reckless dissipation, and there were few who did not think him concerned in the murder, although no one thought him the principal.

The prisoners were remanded to prison, with a long term to elapse before the execution of the sentence. The sad mother returned to her home, her only comfort now being the prospect of seeing her son frequently. The compassionate gaoler allowed her to have long interviews with him, and she succeeded at length in reconciling him to his terrible fate. It had seemed so hard to him to be thus cut off in the very bud of his being to answer for the guilty. The good and pious mother, stifling her heartfelt anguish for his sake, would point him to the sacred cross on which a purer victim suffered death for the wicked, and not by force alone, but voluntarily. Even while her own heart was breaking with the terrible woe that weighed upon it she strove to comfort her boy and nerve him for the scene from which her own thoughts turned away with shuddering.

Thus wore away the dreary months. It was now winter, and the way to the prison was difficult for the tender and delicate women, yet they took turns in going, in spite of wind and rain, snow and ice. Eva accompanied

each, leaving the other in her turn to keep the house warm for their return. Mrs Clarendon had taken up her abode altogether with her friend.

Eva and Mrs Clarendon were returning from the prison one cheerless March twilight. They were unusually late, for Herbert was in one of his gloomiest moods. They went home by a shorter path than usual, a path which they had always before avoided, because it lay by Alick Gray's house, and the association was too painful. This man had declared that, after meeting the prisoners, he had proceeded to Mr Kneeland's house and found him dead. Mrs Clarendon had always believed him to be the murderer, but she had no proof, and had not named her suspicions, except to Herbert.

It was dark. A faint ray of light shone in Alick's window, and, as they approached the house, they heard what seemed the sound of deep groans and cries from a human being. Eva was frightened and clung to Mrs Clarendon, but the latter insisted upon following the sounds. The door easily yielded to her hand, and Eva followed her in mechanically. On the floor of the room lay a dark mass, from which the groans proceeded. Forgetting her fears of Alick Gray, Mrs Clarendon stooped down to the figure upon the floor, while Eva held the faint light, and discovered the face of a man whom neither of them knew. He was in great pain, but managed at intervals to tell his story. He had been living with Alick Gray, who had at last quarrelled with him and confined him in a loft over the room in which he now was. That morning Alick had gone away, as he supposed from the stillness of the house. Determined to escape, if possible, he had, by almost incredible exertions, burst the door open and attempted to spring through the opening, from which Alick had taken away the ladder. Somehow he had failed in his attempt, and had fallen, and although it was a distance of but eight feet, he had broken both limbs, and had remained in that situation all day. Now the limbs had become so swollen that the pain was intolerable, and he could not move an inch, his great weight constantly pressing down the broken members.

Mrs Clarendon had a gentle touch, and although the man weighed probably over two hundred pounds she succeeded in drawing his feet from under the powerful pressure, and then told him she would go for a surgeon. To her astonishment the man grasped her arm and burst into a passion of tears.

"No, no, let me die here!" he said. "That would be too much when I have injured you so much!"

"Injured me?" said Mrs Clarendon, her thoughts instantly connecting his words with the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Hark! Is that not Mr Gray?" he exclaimed, as footsteps were heard approaching.

"Tell me—tell me quick!"

It proved to be a boy passing, and Eva, without saying a word, went out quietly and sent for Doctor Carpenter to come immediately. Mrs Clarendon now hung upon every word uttered by the man. He seemed to have neither hope nor wish for life, but he begged hard that she would promise not to involve Alick Gray. He let fall sufficient, however, to convince her that Gray had been the real murderer of Mr Kneeland, and that his absence was to dispose of his dreadful gains by that murder. Just as she had elicited this the surgeon, who was a friend of her own, arrived with two assistants, and the man made no objection to repeating what he had said, but begged the doctor to give him something that would put him out of misery at once.

The limbs were set as well as their swollen state would permit, and the man placed in Alick Gray's bed, and then the doctor suggested the propriety of placing two of the police where they could secure Alick when he returned. As the policemen could also watch by the sick man, Mrs Clarendon and the others left the house.

It may be imagined that no sleep visited any one in Mrs Honeywell's house that night. Doctor Carpenter had promised to see all those who had a share in the arrest of George and Herbert, but at early dawn Mrs Clarendon and Eva were out, and waiting for the time at which they could be admitted to the prison. On the way they met one of the policemen whom they saw the evening before. He told them that Gray had returned at midnight; that he was arrested and would be in prison by the time they arrived there. His accomplice had disclosed all to a magistrate. By order of the latter the former were discharged and sent home in a carriage with Mrs Clarendon and Eva, who were in such a tremor of happiness that they were incapable of walking.

From this day George Honeywell walked uprightly. He went steadily to reform his character, and by the blessing of Heaven he succeeded. A gentleman who had seen and talked with Herbert while in prison offered him a situation, and the boy found many friends. He became moderately wealthy and supported his mother in a manner more suitable to her former life than to that which she had latterly lived. When he was twenty-four years old, and had built a home where all the comforts and some of the elegancies of life were gathered, he brought Eva, now a stately lady, to it. Two years after, when George Honeywell had redeemed his faults by twelve years of unblemished life, Herbert desired to merge the two families in one. The old Honeywell house was literally dropping down, and its inmates gladly complied with the request to be with their darling Eva. People say that Alick Gray's ghost still haunts his old home.



THE MONTHS. – JULY.

FIRST April, she with mellow showers,
 Opens the way for early flowers;
 Then, after her, comes smiling May,
 In a more rich and sweet array;
 Then enters June, and brings us more
 Gems than those two that were before;
 Then, lastly, July comes, and she
 More wealth brings in than all those three.

—HERRICK.

MANY of the song birds that, during the spring, have made the woods “discourse most eloquent music,” are now for the most part mute, and remain so until September. In the pastures may be observed patches and single stalks of grass in seed, untouched by cattle. This seems to be a wise provision of nature for maturing the seeds and continuing the species. Most annuals and biennials are avoided by animals when in flower or seed, even slugs and snails, those generally indiscriminate devourers, will not touch a leaf. In July most of the succulent plants come into flower, such as the various kinds of sedum and house leek; also the various kinds of *labiatae*. It has been observed that the flowers produced during this month are all red and yellow. In July is frequently found the curious parasite called broom-rape, growing from the roots of the beech and other trees. The stem of this plant is purple and the flowers are lightish brown; it has also light brown scales, which serve instead of leaves. Another curious parasitical plant found at this season is the *dodder*, which twines itself round the stems of clover, heath, and other low-growing plants, so as completely to hide them. Nettles are now very abundant, and as some have wondered of what use such ugly

stinging plants can be, it may be as well to inform them that upwards of fifty species of caterpillars are known to feed upon the nettle, and prefer its leaves to any other plant.

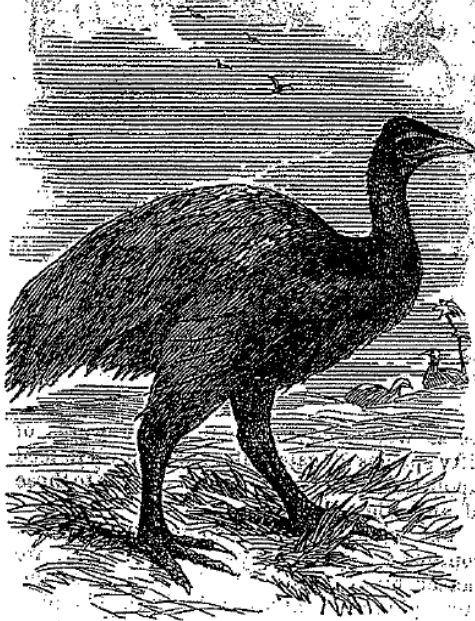
The winds, which are so important to our comfort in these sultry days of summer, are caused by the incessant disturbance of the atmosphere’s equilibrium by heat. The phenomena of land and sea breezes have been thus satisfactorily explained:—The solar beams are incapable of elevating the temperature of the transparent water of the ocean or the transparent volume of the atmosphere, but they heat the surface of the opaque earth with great facility; therefore an island exposed to the tropical sun has its soil greatly elevated in temperature, and communicating heat to the air, a strong ascendant current is produced, whilst other portions of the air from the cooler surface of the ocean, immediately glide inland to restore the equilibrium, and this constitutes the sea breeze. During the night the surface of the island, no longer subject to the direct influence of the sun, becomes much cooler than the superincumbent air, and causes it to contract in volume and to become heavier; therefore it sinks down and spreads on all sides, producing the land breeze.

Bats, of which there no less than sixteen distinct species, natives of the British islands, are now frequently encountered by the rambler about twilight. They drink on the wing like swallows by sipping the surface as they play over pools and streams, which they love to frequent, not only for the sake of drinking, but also for the insects which are found over them in the greatest plenty. The bat is only a twilight and nocturnal rambler.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE MOORUK.

THE managers of the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, deserve well of the public; they traverse sea and land for novelties, and we are about to introduce one of their last gifts to our readers, a gift nearly as valuable as the curious day-sleeping apteryx from New Zealand in the adjoining cage. The mooruk is a bird of the same order as the ostrich, rhea, emu and cassowary; the



wings are abortive, that is to say, so short as to be useless for flight, though very necessary, abbreviated as they are, for many purposes in the economy of the birds. One of the calls made by the birds is "Mooruk," and hence its native name. It is smaller than the cassowary, and wants the horny casque, or helmet, on the head, which made that bird so strange to our forefathers: this, with the greatly reduced turkey-neck wattles, gives it the look of a young bird, and imparts what you may call a demi-semi-idiotic look to the head, reminding one somewhat of portraits of those wanting brains. It may be, after all, only a young cassowary, and time may develop his bony crest. The great interest of the bird is to the student the development of our knowledge of geographical distribution.

THE FASHIONS.

THE weather of the last month has given cause for the anticipation of a warm and genial summer, in consequence of which a variety of thin and delicate fabrics have been introduced for dresses, both for morning wear and the promenade. One of these is a fine mohair woven with silk; it is in various colours and *chinée* patterns; a white ground with *chinée* pattern in pale grey, spotted with

a bright lilac or green, is extremely pretty; some are light *havannah* with *mauve* spots, which are more suitable for morning wear. *Barèges* and *grenadines* will be in especial favour, the colours and patterns being most exquisite. Another material for morning wear is the *Foulards*, those with black grounds sprinkled with rich chintz flowers being the most *recherché*.

Bodies for morning and promenade dresses are made high, or a little open; the waists round, many with fastenings either in the front or at the left side, with bows and long ends. Sleeves are either wide and open, of the Isabel form, or half-tight, slightly shaped at the elbow, with *revers* on the top side only, or a small cuff turned back; with these last a full sleeve of cambric with richly worked cuff should be worn. The square body open in front is equally in favour for young ladies.



Skirts are made long and excessively full at the bottom; for silks the breadth should be gored; if not all, those of the front and sides; many are wearing the skirt without any trimming, particularly figured silks. Bareges and light materials should have fluted flounces.

The long *Casaque* of fluted *glacée*, the sleeved *manteau* and the *paletot*, either close-fitting or half tight are the most fashionable for out-of-door costume: the sleeves are all very large.

Bonnets very little in their form; they are worn high in front, and are fully trimmed in the interior. — *World of Fashion*.

WE are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

TRAITS OF TRAVEL

AN ARMENIAN WEDDING

THE family being well off, the rooms were nicely arranged, and in part carpeted, and a number of musicians were playing on the violin. I was conducted to the divan, chibouks, wine, nuts, and sweetmeats, being plentifully handed round from time to time. In the centre of the room knelt a young boy richly dressed. The violin players every now and then burst into a wild extempore song, accompanying themselves on their instruments; while the boy would, from time to time, start up and commence a violent kind of dance, beating castanets to keep time with his motions. This went on almost without intermission for at least an hour and a half, during which every one smoked and looked on, and, at the end of that time, fairly tired out with noise, I left. The following morning the bride was taken to church. I did not see her go, but I witnessed her return. She walked between two women—her bridesmaids I presume—and her face was concealed by a covering of crimson silk ornamented with gold, and terminated with rich gold tassels. She was preceded by singers, and followed by at least seventy women. As she approached the threshold of her father's door, a sheep was thrown down at her feet, and she suddenly stopped with her bridesmaids while its throat was cut with a sharp knife, and the blood flowed in rivulets all round the spot where she was standing. Advancing a step or two, she frequently stooped and kissed the hem of her father's garment, bending very low. Presents were now offered to her, of rich silks and cloths, and these she received herself, handing them to her attendant women, while a censer of incense was continually swung round her head by her father. I could not understand the custom of slaughtering a sheep on such an occasion, nor did I speak enough of the language to be able to discover its purport.—*Tour in Armenia.*

THE YOUNG WIFE. The marriage of middle age is companionship; the second marriage of maturity, perhaps the reparation of a mistake, perhaps the pallid transcript of a buried joy: but the marriage of the loving young is the only realisation of the complete ideal of a lovely human life. Let those who have found that pearl hold it fast and keep it safe. Within the doors where love dwells no evil thing should enter, and the loving bride who would be the happy wife must specially guard against her own impatience and despair when the lover is merging into the husband, the flatterer into the friend. The last state may sometimes be better than the first.

OLD men think there is very little romance now, but there will always be enough romance in the world so long as there are young hearts in it.

POET'S CORNER

ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE

The Angel of the Flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay;
That spirit to whose charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews from Heaven
Awakening from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose,
"Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found when all is fair,
For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
"Then," said the Rose, with deepened glow,
"On me *another* grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there this flower had not?—
'Twas but a moment. O'er the Rose
A veil of moss the angel throws;
Thus robed in nature's simplest weed,
Say, *can* that Rose in grace exceed?

A SUMMER SONG

(From the "Dublin University Magazine")

The summer winds are wooing
The leaves in the woodlands green;
The summer birds pursuing
Their mates the boughs between.
O life in the far green forest!
O love by the brookside fair!
Stern care, in vain thou warrest
With the breath of this odorous air.
Thou canst not dim the glitter
Of streams through the woods that run;
Thy touch shall ne'er embitter
Our love draughts drunk i' the sun.

FULL DRESS OF THE BURMESE LADIES

NOTHING, perhaps strikes the stranger so much as the contrast between, what appears to him the more than half naked savages he takes this people to be when he first sees them in their every-day dress, in their rude houses and straggling villages, and their refinement, elaborate toilette, costly ornaments of gold, silks, and other paraphernalia, they display on grand occasions. The quality of highly-worked gold necklaces and pendants, chains, bangles, or bracelets, ear ornaments, rings, and precious stones, worn by these damsels, would astonish, and perhaps excite the envy, of many a European belle. The principal garment, the *te-mine* (or skirt), is made of silk striped in horizontal zig-zag lines, in which red and yellow are the predominant colours. The *in-gie* (or jacket) is of lace, or embroidered book-muslin, and over the left shoulder is thrown a scarf of figured silk or gauze. The head is without any other covering than the thick black hair these people invariably possess. It is combed back from the forehead, and fastened in a knot behind, and ornamented with flowers. They likewise rub sandalwood powder and other cosmetics over their faces, so that women often appear much fairer than they really are.—*Winter's Burma.*

THE utterly bad is more common than the perfectly good. We seldom see a rose without a thorn, but often a thorn without a rose.



COUNT CAVOUR

THE LATE COUNT CAVOUR

COUNT CAMILLO BEUSO DI CAVOUR, who has played so prominent a part in the Italian drama during the past two years, died at Turin on the 7th June. He was born in the city in which he died on the 10th of August, 1810. A sister of the Emperor Napoleon, the Princess Maria Pauline Borghesa, stood sponsor for him at his baptism.

As the second son of an ancient aristocratic family (says Mr Basil Cooper, in his "Life" of the late count), his father destined him, according to Italian usage, to the military career, for which the boy was trained, although against his own inclination, in the Royal Military Academy at Turin. When not yet twenty Count Camillo quitted the military academy with the rank of a lieutenant of engineers. The young count then resolved on a voyage to London.

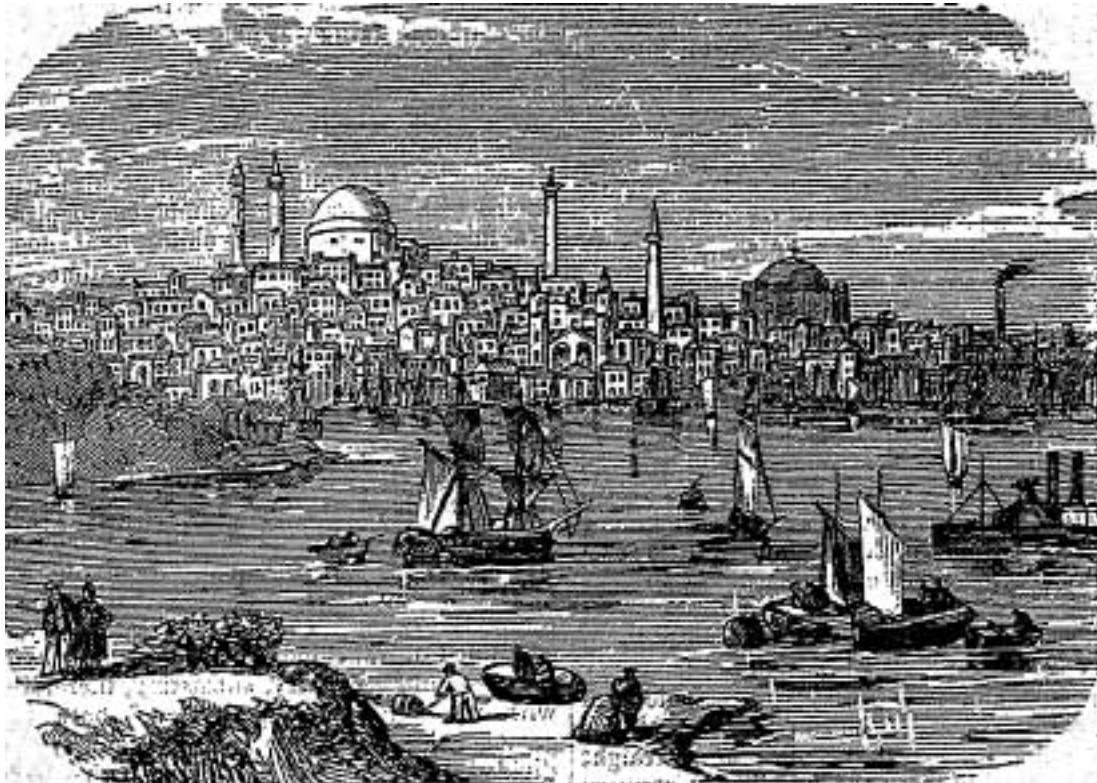
Count Cavour returned to Turin in 1842 from his voluntary exile. In conjunction with his friend, the well-known Count Cesare Balbo, Count Cavour established a first-class political daily newspaper, *Il Risorgimento*. Soon after the first electoral college of Turin chose him as their representative in the popular assembly.

On the 2nd July, 1850, Count Cavour

delivered the speech which led to his joining the ministry. The occasion was afforded him by the loan bill of the Finance Minister, Nigra, concerning the issue of State securities for £240,000. During the prorogation of the Parliament, from July to November, 1852, Count Cavour travelled to France and England, in both which countries the Piedmontese statesman was honoured with important tributes of respect. In 1852 the King resolved to summon Count Cavour a second time to his aid (for he had ceased to hold office), and commissioned him (this time without imposing conditions on him) to form a cabinet. In the course of a few days—on the 4th of November, 1852—the new administration was constituted.

In April, 1855, the entire ministry tendered his resignation. The King charged General Durando with the formation of a new cabinet; but the steps which he took led to nothing, so that on the 31st of May, 1855, Count Cavour was again definitively entrusted with the helm of the State.

It is probable that, as early as about the middle of the year 1858, binding engagements were entered into between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour, having reference



BALTIMORE

to a common policy and course of proceeding towards Austria.

On the 24th of January, 1859, the *Moniteur* came out with the official announcement that intimate relations had for some time subsisted between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Sardinia. "The mutual interests of France and Sardinia," it went on to say, "have influenced the two sovereigns to draw more closely the bonds between them by means of a family alliance. For a year past negotiations have been going on with a view to this, but on account of the Princess's age it was necessary to defer till now the moment of the nuptials." On the 23rd of January, General Niel, as Prince Napoleon's proxy, went through the ceremony of betrothal, and as early as the 30th the marriage was solemnised with great pomp at Turin. The incidents of the late war are too fresh in the minds of our readers to need recapitulations; so are the events of the last twelvemonth, which must be inseparably associated with the career of the late statesman.

The late Count was unmarried, and his great wealth, we believe, descends to his nephew.

WE should be more tender of our friends than to bring them little sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real life but cheerful life; therefore valetudinarians should be sworn, before they enter into company, not to say a word of themselves till the meeting breaks up.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA

"WARS and rumours of wars!" The Great Exhibition of 1851 was thought to have ushered in a peaceful millennium, and yet seldom in the history of the world has there been such a succession of stirring events of a warlike kind as during the last decade. The Crimean war, with all its horrors, was succeeded by the revolt in our Indian possessions, and the embers of disaffection were yet smouldering in Hindostan when the Italian war broke out; and now that comparative quiet reigns in Italy—it being seemingly but the calm which so frequently precedes the storm—the great continent of America is convulsed from end to end, not by the aggression of a foreign foe, but from internal disruption, state rising in arms against state, friend against friend, and father against son—such being the inevitable consequences of civil war.

As yet, though affairs have assumed a dread aspect, no great deed of bloodshed has been accomplished, while we write, in the important republic of America. We say "great" deed, because the affairs at Baltimore, Fort Sumter, and elsewhere, are insignificant compared with what must follow should the differences which have arisen between North and South be settled only by an appeal to arms; and that appears, we must own, to be now the only alternative, so excited have the angry passions of the contending parties become. We shall, as events transpire, give illustrations of the various places of interest in America, and we now proceed to

give a few particulars regarding the subject of our present engravings.

BALTIMORE, the metropolis of Maryland, is pleasantly situated on the north side of Patapsco river. Its situation, on gently uneven ground, gives it a fine drainage, and affords many handsome sites for dwellings. As laid out, it has an area of four miles square; but the section which is compactly built extends about two miles from east to west, and a mile and a half from north to south. The streets, which are regularly laid out, and from 50 to 100 feet wide, generally cross each other at right angles. The north end of the town is the fashionable quarter, and the principal promenade is Baltimore street, which runs from east to west through the centre of the city. Jones's Fall, a small stream, one of the confluents of the Patapsco, divides the city into two parts, passing through it from north to south, a little east of the centre. Three superb stone bridges and four wooden ones have been thrown over this stream, connecting the different parts of the city. The houses of Baltimore are mostly constructed of red brick, with marble and granite basement. The stores and dwellings which line its broad, regular, and straight streets rival in taste the best in the country and evince substantial wealth and general prosperity.

From the number of its monuments Baltimore has been denominated the Monumental City.

it is defended at its entrance by Fort M'Henry. Baltimore, from its great facilities for trade, enjoys an extensive commerce. It is in this particular excelled by few cities in the Union; possessing, as it does, besides its foreign commerce, most of the trade of Maryland, a moiety of that of Pennsylvania, and a portion of the western states. It is the greatest flour market in the world; while its trade in tobacco is second to that of no other city.

"GOD WILLING."—Its race had once been beautiful, its wings broad and strong. Then, one evening, the largest forest birds said to it—"Brother, shall we fly, tomorrow, God willing, to the river, and drink?" and the ostrich answered, "Yes, I will." At dawn they flew away, first up towards the sun, higher and higher, the ostrich far before the others. It flew on in its pride up towards the light; it relied upon its own strength, not upon the giver of that strength; it did not say "God willing." Then the avenging angel drew aside the veil from the streaming flames, and in that moment the bird's wings were burned, and he sank in wretchedness to the earth. Neither he nor his species were ever afterwards able to raise themselves up in the air. They fly timidly—hurry along in a narrow space; they are a warning to mankind in all our thoughts and all our enterprises to say—"God willing."—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

ANCIENT ENGLISH LAW.

FOR an able-bodied man to be caught a third time begging was held a crime deserving death, and the sentence was intended on fit occasions to be executed. The poor man's advantages, which I have estimated at so high a rate, were not purchased without drawbacks. He might not change his master at his will, or wander from place to place. He might not keep his children at home unless he could answer for their time. If out of employment, preferring to be idle, he might be demanded for work by any master of the "craft" to which he belonged, whether he would or no. If caught begging once, being neither aged nor infirm, he was whipped at the cart's tail. If caught a second time his ear was slit, or bored through with a hot iron. If caught a third time, being thereby proved to be of no use upon this earth, but to live upon it only to his own hurt, and to that of others. So the law of England remained for sixty years. First drawn by Henry, it continued unrepealed through the reigns of Edward and of Mary, subsisting, therefore, with the deliberate approval of both the great parties between whom the country was divided. Reconsidered under Elizabeth the same law was again passed; and it was the expressed conviction of the English nation that it was better for a man not to live at all than to live a profitless and worthless life. The vagabond was a sore spot upon the commonwealth, to be healed by wholesome discipline if the gangrene was not incurable; to be cut away with the knife if the milder treatment of the cart-whip failed to be of profit.

Froude's History of England

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF THE DAHLIA.

This beautiful flower was imported from China, of which it is a native, into Europe somewhere about twenty years ago, and the Swedish botanist, Professor Dahl, was the first who cultivated and made it known. It soon attracted notice in England, where, from the beauty of its form and variety of colour, it became at once an especial favourite. In 1815, about two months after the battle of Waterloo, it was introduced into France, and the celebrated florist André Thouin, suggested various practical improvements in its management. The botanist Georgi had shortly before this introduced it at St. Petersburg; and hence it is to this day the dahlia is known throughout Germany under the name of *Georgina*. It was at first supposed that the bulb of this flower was edible; an idea which, at the period of its early introduction, greatly retarded its cultivation; so at least we learn from a recent remark on the subject in a foreign journal: as also that two of the most enthusiastic of the Parisian amateurs of the present day, Messers Chéreau and Dr Marjolin, have been known to expend in one single year 6,000 francs each in the purchase of dahlias.

ANECDOTES

THEODORE HOOK once dined with Hatchett, at his delightful villa of Belle Vue, famous for its culinary completeness. "Ah, my dear fellow," said his host deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you'll not get to-day such a dinner as our friend Tom Moore gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook; "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."

ON one occasion Charles II asked the famous Stillingfleet, "How it was that he always read his sermon before him, when he was informed that he always preached without book elsewhere?" Stillingfleet answered something about the awe of so noble a congregation, the presence of so great and wise a prince, with which the King himself was very well contented. "But pray," continued Stillingfleet, "will your Majesty give me leave to ask you a question? Why do you read your speeches when you can have none of the same reasons?" "Why, truly, Doctor," replied the King, "your question is a very pertinent one, and so will be my answer. I have asked the two Houses so often and for so much money that I am ashamed to look them in the face."

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.—It is impossible not to attribute the Roman simplicity of Washington's character in great part to the influence of her who could reply to enthusiastic congratulations—"But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery; still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise." To Lafayette she said, in a parting interview, "I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy." And yet her son was one in whom his contemporaries, as well as posterity, recognised the fulfilment of the famous "Indian prophecy" on the Kanawha River:—"The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies—he will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

THE Cardinal de Richelieu, when increasing every day in power, met, coming down the steps of the Louvre, the Duke d'Esperon, who had formerly been the principal favourite of the King. "What news above there, my lord duke?" asked he. "None," answered the other, "except that you are coming up, and I am going down."

CHARLES NAPIER.—His regiment being with the main body, he heard each morning the ever-recurring sound of the Light Division's combats in front, and had hourly to ask of wounded men if his brothers were living. Thus advancing on the 14th of March, he met a litter of branches borne by soldiers, and covered with a blanket. "What wounded officer is that?" "Captain Napier of the 52nd. A broken limb." Another litter followed. "Who is that?" "Captain Napier of the 43rd, mortally

wounded." It was thought so then. Charles Napier looked at them, and passed to the fight in front. —*Life of Sir Charles Napier.*

MEMORY

OF all the gifts with which a beneficent Providence has endowed men, the gift of memory is the noblest. Without it life would be a blank—a dreary void, an inextricable chaos, an unlettered page cast upon the vast ocean of uncertainty. Memory is accumulative; it is the granary of youth, the treasury of old age. Youth is the season in which we possess her in full vigour; our impressions are then vivid and lasting, and as those peculiar and beautiful qualities so eminently distinctive in early life begin to unfold—that generous confidence which places implicit trust in others, that poetry of the imagination and warmth of fancy that tinges every object *couleur de rose*—a fount of happy thoughts and gentle memories is treasured up, which not all the stormy bustle of after years can ever eradicate. As the scene of life opens on our view, and men enter into the world, mingle in its pomp and glory, its toil and pleasure, its strife and ambition, the beautiful illusion may vanish from his sight—each visionary thought, and fond, delusive dream may sink beneath the crust of worldly hopes and interests—the glowing enthusiasm and singleness of soul be gone, never to return, and he may think himself wiser and better by the change. But the flowers of memory are still green in his heart. The latent fire still burns in his bosom as he treads the eventful path of life; in a long and weary pilgrimage he must experience many and frequent vicissitudes; care and sorrow will lay their corroding fingers on his brow; pain, sickness, the disappointment of cherished hopes, misfortune under some of its varied aspects, will creep into his soul, as the sere and yellow leaf advances, and as old age creeps on apace the wisdom of this provision of Divine Providence becomes more apparent, earth's jarring strife and ceaseless turmoil begins to pale upon his senses, and as the restless thoughts and bitter fancies, the accumulated rubbish of later years, gradually sink into oblivion, the memory of youth, like a Phoenix, arises from the ashes; every-day affairs and transactions now begin to fade like a vapour on a mirror, and leave little trace upon the mind, whilst the minutest incident connected with youth, or even childhood, is recalled with vivid and startling accuracy. Memory, like imagination, is the common property of all, belongs equally to all ranks, and varies only in some of those assimilating features which generally form a connecting link with the great family of mankind.

Some one has remarked that God has never created two individuals whose countenances exactly resemble each other. This is equally applicable to memory. Gall and Spurzheim unite in declaring that there are as many

different kinds and degrees of memory as there are organs for the acting and reflecting faculties. The memory of some people resembles a sieve—a variety of things are continually passing through their minds, but they retain nothing; some are retentive only in trifles, and allow the more important details to escape, whilst others are of that delightful description so happily possessed by the great novelist, Sir Walter Scott, which, without any previous effort of the mind, instantly appropriates whatever pleases or strikes the imagination.

An instance of this is related in the life of the poet Campbell. Scott and he had been enjoying a sail on the river. The poet took the opportunity to read aloud in manuscript his poem of Hohenlinden, to the great delight of the novelist, who was particularly fond of heroic verse. Some days after Campbell remarked to Sir Walter that he had lost the manuscript of his poem, and could not recollect a word of it. "I think I can assist you," said Scott, humorously; "get your pen and I will dictate," and, to the profound astonishment of the bard of Hope, he repeated the entire poem *verbatim*.

Memory is too often accused of treachery and inconstancy, when, if inquired into, the fault will be found to rest with ourselves. Although nature has wisely proportioned the strength and liberality of her gifts to the various intellects around, yet all have it in their power to improve it, by classing, analysing and arranging the different subjects which successively occupy their minds. By these means habits of thought and reflection are acquired which will materially conduce to the invigorating of the understanding, the improvement of the mind, and the strengthening and correction of the mental powers, or, to use an Eastern aphorism, "The weakest capacity, by aiming at excellence, will be above mediocrity; the strongest, by aiming at mediocrity, will fall short of it."

PRESENCE OF MIND.—At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

ROLLING STONES.—For these unstable people, who are perpetually changing their employment, as though they had made up their minds to roll restlessly up and down in the world for the term of their natural lives, there are three chances: to be a "jack of all trades," to remain poor, or to turn a thief. A man who will "stick to nothing" must realise one of these three chances, and which of the three is not unfrequently determined by circumstances. A repugnance to constant, monotonous, and plodding industry, has hindered the advancement of most, and caused the ruin of many. *Cornhill Magazine*.



THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

M. BLONDIN, who is, while we write, causing some little sensation with his tight-rope performances, is a well-built strong little man, short in stature, very muscular and wiry. His face seems incapable of change, even at the most startling events or sudden surprises. The rope upon which he performs is a well-twisted cable, about two inches in diameter. The tension to which it is subjected in stretching reduces the diameter slightly. The arrangements at the Crystal Palace for stretching the rope are very ingenious; and Blondin admits that he was never so well served in that respect before. It is drawn across the whole length of the transept, between two platforms on either end of the topmost gallery. By a series of winches and checks the tension is made as taut as possible, and the lateral vibration is stayed by means of "guy" ropes, which are fixed to the side galleries, and passed through loops fastened to the cable at distances of about twenty-five feet. At the ends of these "guy" ropes leaden weights are suspended, so that the "guy" ropes play easily through the loops, and adapt themselves by a compensating balance to the motion of the cable. On the floor of the transept below the Directors of the Crystal Palace, have the wisdom and forethought to keep an open space, all along some forty feet wide. From the topmost gallery this blank path has an ominous look, for it painfully suggests its only use—a clear space for a fall, if fall there happen to be. No other life is to be sacrificed if Blondin fall. Blondin steps forth dressed in tights and spangles, and with a kind of feather-covered



Indian hat on his head. In his hand he bears a balancing-pole weighing fifty-eight pounds. It is of stout ash, and is twenty-eight feet long. He wears slippers of undressed leather, and these do not appear to be chalked. After this he returns and varies the entertainment by standing on one leg; sitting on the rope in an easy *nonchalant* style, and then getting up on one leg; standing on his head upon the rope; hanging by the bend of the leg; turning a somersault, &c., and he has also wheeled his child in a perambulator across the rope, which is about 140 feet from the ground, but this performance, we trust, will not be again permitted. When he has reached the other side there is another variation; this time not a very pleasant one to look at. His eyes are blindfolded, and a sack is thrown over his head. When he advances upon the rope, however, he seems to falter, and begins to stagger about. He seems to miss his footing, and for a moment everyone expects that he will fall. So terribly real is this pantomime that ladies scream and fly the sight.

The *rationale* of Blondin's performance is this—he has perfect confidence in his own sense of touch and balance, and he never looks beneath him. That being so, fifty feet and five hundred feet are the same to him. He looks in a fixed manner, and always above him; he is guided by his feet. When, therefore, he is blindfolded, he is deprived of a sense which is of no use to him—which may, indeed, prove a source of danger.

SOME TRUTH IN IT.—I have always thanked God, says an old philosopher, that I was not born a woman, deeming her the bestower rather than the enjoyer of happiness—the flower-crowned sacrifice offered up to the human lord of the creation.

A THOUGHT.—The irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution has got within the shell of the oyster, incites the living inmate to secrete from its own resource the means of coating the intrusive substance, and thus germinates the pearl. And is it not, or may it not be even so with troubles and afflictions in our case? We, too, may turn even sickness and sorrow into pearls of great price.

CHINESE MUTILATION.—The following plan adopted by the beggars is the most extraordinary one that has been met with. Four men were seen one day crawling on their hands and knees one after another on the ground, and calling on the passers-by to give them money. They had lost their legs a few inches below the knee. The stumps were thoroughly cicatrised, but were pyramidal, and very tender, the cicatrix of the skin being drawn tightly over the bone. On inquiring into the cause of this surprising loss of the limbs the men said it arose from an accident which occurred at a fire, where their legs had been burnt off. It was ascertained however, that beggars in the southern provinces of Shan-tung were in the habit of removing their limbs for the purpose of exciting sympathy, and that the operation was performed by a beggar who made it his profession. He ties a piece of thin string as tightly as possible round the middle of the calf, drawing it closer from time to time until mortification ensues. When the soft parts are separated the bone is sawn through, and in time the stump is covered with skin. This operation causes great suffering, and many die in the process; but those who survive the amputation are congratulated by their friends as having gained the loss of their limbs and an increase of fortune from the contributions of the benevolent.—*The Medical Missionary in China.*



VARIETIES.

A SAYING IN FAULT.—When people say "Necessity has no law," they must surely forget the poor-law.

SPENDTHRIFTS economise in what they give, the charitable in what they spend.

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

OLD ostrich feathers can be made to look as well as new by holding them over hot steam, then drawing each vane of the feather separately over a knife to curl it.

A CENSUS-TAKER found a woman who gave her own age as 28 years, and that of her eldest son as 23!

THE grand essentials to happiness in this life are said by a good man to be—something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.

HOOPS.—There was something of a "set back" administered to the young man who ventured to remark that "hoops take up a great deal of room." "Not so much as hogsheads," replied a sharp young lady in the assemblage.

THE storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snowstorms, their *drifts* are not always seen.

AMERICAN FASHIONS.—Four-story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. The increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade. Short-necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should get their ears moved up a little higher.

"WHAT makes you get up so late, sir?" said a father to his son, who made his appearance at the breakfast-table about ten o'clock. "Late! why, father, I was up with the lark." "Well, then, sir, for the future don't remain up so long with the lark, but come down a little earlier to breakfast."

FASHIONABLE OBSTRUCTION.—The enormous amplitude which female dresses have attained to is productive of peculiar inconvenience to pedestrians in haste, walking through fields and lanes. Owing to the present width of skirts, it takes a little woman five minutes to get through a great gate.—*Punch*.

All existence is not equal, and all living is not life ;

Sick men live, and he who, banished, pines for children, home, and wife;

And the craven-hearted eater of another's leavings lives,

And the wretched captive waiting for the word of doom survives:

But they bear an anguished body, and they draw a deadly breath,

And life cometh to them only on the happy day of death.

—*Book of Good Counsels*.

CHARITY.

THE best charity is not that which giveth alms, whether secretly or with ostentation. The best charity—that which "worketh no evil"—is the charity that prompts us to think and speak well of our neighbours. Even if they be openly condemned, and that with warrant, it is a noble charity in us not to gall their wounds by multiplying knowledge of their offences. We are all ashamed to confess that our quickest instincts are to think ill of others, or to magnify the ill of which we hear. There is a universal shrugging of the shoulders, as much as to say—well, I expected as much—it is just like him—I had my suspicions of her—"I could a tale unfold," and thus on through an endless chapter, with which every reader will be somewhat familiar—from his or her own experience. Now one who says "I could a tale unfold," yet holds it back, leaving the hearer to infer any and every evil, stabs character with the meanest, deadliest blow. Yet who is there that carries no this ever-ready weapon—this poisoned dagger? The charity, that gives to help and not humiliate, is good, but the charity that makes us "think no evil" is better. Let us seek to possess this charity and practise it, for it alone is the "Charity that covereth a multitude of sins!"

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.—How few women are there who ever make themselves friends to their servants, who care to inquire of their families, to bear their troubles by the precious sharing of sympathy, to soothe their sorrows, or administer more than the coldest service in their sickness. Still fewer seek to guide them mentally, or help to make them participators in the glorious riches of thought and knowledge scattered broadcast on life's pathway. There is yet the old aristocratic feeling abroad that knowledge should be exclusive, and not dealt out too lavishly to the many-headed Demos; that education is a privilege belonging, as by right of caste, to the idle and wealthy alone; that the horny hand has no portion with the inheritors of the toiling brain; that those who work have no place with those who think. A mistress who looked to the mental condition of her servants as part of her household duty, who sought to keep them in the right way by loving exhortation, to elevate them by noble teaching, to purify them by tender words of grace and love, would be regarded by nine-tenths of her friends as demeaning herself below her condition, and failing in that well-bred reticence characteristic of the true gentlewoman.—*London Review*.

IF we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth, to make our temper sweet as our breath, to cut off our faults as to pare our nails, to be upright in character as in person, to shave our souls as to shave our chin, what an immaculate race we should become!

PEARLS WORTH STRINGING.

NOTHING is really troublesome that we do willingly

BY preparing for the worst you may often compass the best.

IT may be that the greatest reward of early piety is early death.

A LIFE of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

BEYOND doubt, a little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves.

A PROVERB is defined as a coin from the mint of wisdom, stamped by the hand of experience.

THE words, wife and children, are beautiful, yet how little they express to that half of a destiny, the bachelor.

THE remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it either goes before or follows.

WE pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future.

TO the man of strong will and giant energy possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

AS the sword of the best-tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous.

LANDOR says very truly that, unless we respect ourselves, the respect we show to others is apt to become servility.

THERE is no greater obstacle to success than trusting in something to turn up instead of going to work to turn up something.

CONVERSATION ought to be mental music, in which diversity of thoughts in the unity of humanity makes harmony for the soul.

I HAVE thought that wild flowers might be the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on hills and fields mysterious truths.—*Francis.*

WHEN Aristotle was asked what were the advantages of learning, he replied; "It is an ornament in prosperity, and a refuge in adversity."

HE that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass; for everyone has need to be forgiven.—*Lord Herbert.*

GOD has not taken so much pains in framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it.

PURE truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and clear conscience bring happiness; not riches or circumstances ever can do it.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

HOUSEHOLD MEMORANDA

OIL OF ROSES FOR THE HAIR.—Olive Oil, two pints; ottar of roses, one drachm; oil of rosemary, one drachm; mix. It may be coloured red by steeping a little alkanet root in the oil (with heat) before scenting it. It strengthens and beautifies the hair.

FAMILY OIL FOR THE HAIR. —Oil of sweet almonds, one gill; spermaceti, quarter of an ounce. Melt them together over the fire, first breaking the spermaceti into very small pieces. When cold, stir in a few drops of oil of bergamot, rubbed up with half a grain of civet.

OIL FOR THE HAIR.—Oil of ben, one pint; civet, three grains; Italian oil of jasmin, three fluid ounces; ottar of roses, three minims. If ottar of roses is not to be had ten or twelve minims of common oil of roses may be substituted. This oil strengthens and improves the hair, makes it curl, and gives it a beautiful gloss.

TO MAKE SOFT POMATUM.—Soak half a pound of clean beef marrow, and a pound of unsalted fresh lard, in spring water three days, changing and beating it every day. Put into a sieve, and when dry into a jar, and the jar into a saucepan of warm water. When it is melted pour it into a basin and beat it with two tablespoonfuls of brandy; drain off the brandy, and then add essence of jasmin, bergamot, or any other scent you may prefer. Almond and rose forms a very delicious perfume. This pomatum does not turn rancid, as many of them do after being a short time in use.

VARNISHED FURNITURE.—This may be finished off so as to look equal to the best French polished wood, in the following manner, which is also suitable to other varnished surfaces:—Take 2 oz. of tripoli powdered, put it into an earthen pot, with just enough water to cover it; then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber, and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with the tripoli and water. It will be known when the process is finished by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair, even gloss. When this is the case, take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work.

WASHING KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if coloured, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry, and the fair operator will soon be gratified to see that her old gloves look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, shapey, and elastic.

SCIENTIFIC MEMORANDA.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CYLINDER.—A statement to the effect that a new photographic machine had been invented in America appeared some time ago. It is alluded to by a French paper published at Lyons, which says:—"A machine has just arrived from America which is capable of printing 4,000 photographic proofs in an hour from the same negative. The paper used is said to be prepared with gelatine; and impregnated with iodine of silver mixed with other substances, which endow it with extraordinary sensibility. It is then rolled on a cylinder, and unrolled, when in the machine, by clockwork, so that each portion remains about a second opposite to the negative, which, during the movement of the paper, is covered by lid worked by the same machinery. The sun's rays are brought to bear upon the original in a concentrated form, by means of its powerful lens. The result is said to be that photographs which, by the ordinary process, cost at least 1f. 50c. each, can be produced at the rate of a sou each."

A COURSE of experiments is now in progress with Medford's musketry rifle shells, and if this new form of projectile prove successful the power of the Enfield rifle will be vastly increased, and must occasion an entire change in the present form of ammunition wagons—not one of which, it is thought, will be proof against the penetration and explosive power of these little teasers.

AN Austrian journal states that M. Moritz-Diamant has discovered a mode of manufacturing paper from maize leaves, which is carried out on a large scale by Count Carle de Lippe-Wiessenfeld. The success of M. Moritz-Diamant's invention is such that not only is every description of paper produced but that manufactured from maize leaves is said to be considerably tougher than any ordinary paper made from rags, while it is entirely free from the imperfection of brittleness common to straw paper.

THREE-BLADED PROPELLERS. — The result of the series of trials with her Majesty's ship *Duncan*, which has just been concluded, is to prove that, whatever advantage may have been gained by the three-bladed over the two-bladed propeller is more than counter-balanced by the impossibility of raising the screw when the ship might be at sea under canvas, and the frequent necessity its use would impose of docking the ship.

IN the Arsenal at Troy, New York, U.S., there is a machine for making bullets, which is capable of producing 60,000 per day. By changing the dies, conical or round bullets may be made at pleasure. Only two similar ones are said to be in existence, one owned by the State of New York, and one presented to the Japanese last summer.—*Mechanics' Magazine*.

FACETIÆ.

THERE is a firm in York under the mild and soothing title of "*Snapp and Byte*."

WHEN your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity should it name?—Comus.

"I THOUGHT you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "Oh, yes, but it and Smith went together."

A SECOND thought is generally better than the first, but second childhood isn't half so good as the first.

"DO you understand figures boy?" "Oh, yes, I am always cutting a fine one."

WHY do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth only to mark the track which leads to Heaven.

SAID Anna's preceptor—"A kiss is a noun, but tell me if proper or common," he cried. With cheeks of vermilion and eyelids cast down, "Tis both *common* and *proper*," the pupil replied.

SOME men are always fond of raising their voices, because, perhaps, it is the only way they can raise the wind.

IF a pair of oxen lean up against each other in walking it is a sign they are not well mated. When lovers do so it is a sign they want to be.

A MAN who commits suicide does a rash act, but he who eats bacon for breakfast does a rasher.

REBUS.



Solution to Rebus in our last—"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

TO OUR READERS

THE Editor takes this opportunity of bidding his readers Farewell. On account of the health of a member of his family he is about to proceed to New Zealand. He returns his sincere thanks to his friends and readers for the kind support they have given him during the three years and a half the Pictorial Magazine has been in existence; and he begs to assure them that the memory of their kindness will be a sunny thought to him when he is far away.

The Magazine will be continued as before; communications to be addressed to MR J. W. STEWART.

THE BUSY BODY.

(Communicated.)

—o—

AMONG very many professing Christians—and even among Christians who have some claim to the titles of sincere, devout, &c.—there are to be found sins, which, entwining themselves as they have done, by long and unchecked growth, around their everyday life, seem to them only to form a part of its harmless routine. They are of such a nature that many would recoil from the very idea of pronouncing them *sins*, and would, in fact, scruple to give them a place in the long list of *failings*. But be that as it may—call them neither *sins* nor *failings* if you prefer it—of this there can be no doubt, that many of them are injurious in their tendencies and baneful in their effects. Among these, there is perhaps no one more conspicuous than gossiping, or playing the "busybody," as St Paul has called it. I doubt not but to my youthful readers it seems very strange that *this* class of the community should be held up to scorn; but stay, let us see if the young do not know as such as we do ourselves about the gossip. Did you ever wonder how often and how unexpectedly Mrs M. would break in upon your happy family circle, it may be when mother was just putting baby to bed, or setting aside the tea-things, or engaged in any little work which nobody but that lady would have intruded on? Did you never

wonder where Mrs M. got all her inexhaustible stock of news, and how she seemed to be Mrs L.'s confidential friend when in her company, and acted any part you liked towards her when she was *not* in her company? Yes; you have wondered often, and so have I. And when you grew a little older, you were not without your ominous forebodings that the little family secrets which your mother trusted to her so unhesitatingly were not long secrets, and that you and yours were discussed in the same way as you heard her treat others. Oh! who can tell the amount of evil these people work?—Justly did St Paul inveigh against them in Timothy i. 13. Who can tell how they tare asunder the bonds of love which once tied friend to friend? To them it is, I fear, that we must attribute the greater proportion of unfounded family stories, and the many glossed exaggerations that we meet with constantly. Would you know them? They are easily discovered. They are to be found in all ranks and circles, differing in many respects, but with the characteristic that shall ever be peculiar to them—that they are *family pests!*

ALPHA.

"NOTES AND QUERIES."

—o—

Our last query, regarding Maggie Murray's Brig, brought nothing in reply save a mythical story about a suicide, without particulars enough to make a story about. We venture this month on another. Why is the western suburb of our ancient city termed Argyle? Can any one of our readers furnish any information on this dark point? In an old charter belonging to one of the properties the word is spelt "Argailles." This word has a French look, and seems to be derived from the Latin "Argillo," or clay. Is there anything in the soil on which Argyle stands which would warrant a direct derivation from this source? Or has the place been originally peopled by natives of the western county of that name? Or had it formed the residence of some of the MacCallum-mores at a time when the king and court used to reside in Fife? Or how?

NOTICE

WE beg to direct attention to the alterations in the running of the trains for the month. Though giving increased accommodation to the travelling public, they occasion corresponding changes in the arrival and departure of the mails, which are hardly the thing so far as regards this town, as the evening delivery is thereby thrown about an hour and a half later, which will prevent parties answering their letters by return of post. It will, in general, be considerably after ten o'clock each night ere the delivery can be completed, which entails considerable hardship to the postmen.

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.—The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapour for some days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the cross of the south, only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the 16th degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light. The pleasure felt on discovering the southern cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and Spaniards peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the New World. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross having nearly the same right ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night in different seasons the southern cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a-day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the Savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, "Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend!" How often these

words reminded us of that affecting scene where Paul and Virginia, seated near the sources of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the southern cross, warns them that it is time to separate! —*Humboldt*.

A SAFE CONCLUSION.—A windy orator once got up and said—"Sir, after much reflection, consideration, and examination, I have calmly, and deliberately, and carefully come to the determined conclusion, that in those cities in which the population is very large, there are a greater number of men, women, and children, than in cities where the population is less."

NEVER GIVE UP !— The following account of a pursuit of a partner under difficulties is related by Southey, as being literally true. It pointedly illustrates the advantage of persevering:- "A gentleman being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place appointed was met by a lady. Their situations in life entitled them to be so called, and the gentleman as well as the lady was in earnest. He, however, unluckily, seemed to be of the same opinion as King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Queen Mary of Arragon—that she was not as handsome as she might be good—and the meeting ended in their mutual disappointment. He advertised a second time, appointing a different square for place of meeting, and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady—they recognised each other—could not choose but smile at the recognition, and perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. You will anticipate the event. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time in the newspapers, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humour, and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance appeared so remarkable, that this third interview led to the marriage, and the marriage proved a happy one."

BAROMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS

Taken daily at 9 a.m., at Gregory's Green 7 feet above sea level.

Highest,	June 14.	--	30.22
Lowest,	do 10.	--	29.76
Mean for the month.			29.92

Mean Temperature at 9 morning,	59.1°
Highest,	June 13, -- -- 70.5°
Lowest,	do. 10, -- -- 52