THE CAPITAL OF IRELAND

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE GREEN ISLE.

Some of the Social Splendors of the Last Century—Historic Mansions and Their Present Uses.

Boston Transcript.

The Irish capital lies delightfully between the mountains and the sea. Nearly all English people and many Americans have seen for themselves the bay of which that flighty person, Lady Morgan, said: "Its beauty haunts me like a fever dream," and one can truly believe it has so haunted many an exile. But the visitor, unless he or she becomes unusually intimate, will have scarcely discovered the waste and wealth of loveliness scattered lavishly to the sea side and land side of Dublin. Everywhere from upper windows, often from the streets, one catches glimpses of those blue and tender hills; but even Dublin folk are often not aware of the marvellous glens and slopes up there in the mist and the sunlight. One need not go abroad from that city in the pursuit of my Lady Beauty. By her flying hair and her garments, one may track her home to her haunts in wild and exquisite Howth, in the Dublin mountains, and in all the enchanted land which lies about the Sugar Loaves, "the Silver Spears" of the ancient Irish—which are the two conical hills between which is the gateway into Wicklow.

Dublin itself is not now a city of cheerful aspect. Its wide, deserted thoroughfares, its decayed palaces, its dusty and uncared-for house fronts strike one with a melancholy air. The one thing of life in the streets is the hackney car, admirably horsed, which goes at a breakneck pace, scattering showers of sparks in its progress. These cars would not be possible in a more crowded city than Dublin, and even there the pedestrian runs many risks, the responsibility, if he sustains any, resting by law with himself, and not with the Jehu. Many people have experienced the fearsome delight of clinging on to a Dublin outside car. You generally can recognize a stranger to that delightful vehicle by the tenacity of his grip and the little ease of his seat; but, even to a native, it is not always easy to maintain a dignified composure, given an especially fast horse, an enthusiastic carman and a road paved with cobbles. The hackney car is an accommodating vehicle. For style there is nothing like one occupant to each seat; but it can accommodate four pleasantly—at a pinch. As one of the Jehus answered in reply to a query as to how many his car would hold, "Four if you sit adjacent, but six if you sit familiar."

Round Dublin's two cathedrals history and tradition gather thickly. In Christ Church, the beautiful solemn cathedral on the crest of the hill, the ancient priory of the Holy Trinity, Lambert Simnel was crowned in 1486, the crown used being taken from the head of the Blessed Virgin's statue in St. Mary's Abbey. For this act of treason the archbishop of Dublin had later to do public penance. Dublin was then the chief seat of the English power in Ireland. Its citizens were Norman burghers, and the Irish had no place within its walls. The English pale took in a district about five miles round the city, and was defended by a line of castles; many of them are still existing. Up there in the mountains over Dublin were the Irish septs, the O'Byrnes and the O'Tooles, and it was chiefly against them that the castles were established. Many a time those placid pastures and cornfields under the blue mountains echoed to the wild cry of the Irish clans as they came raiding and cattle lifting. They harried sorely the comfortable Norman merchants in the city, its gates ready to be shut in the face of the foe at a moment's notice.

PICTURESQUE SCENES.

Dublin was not the only city of the Norman settlement in Ireland. Waterford, New Ross, Kilkenny were Norman towns, and these in common with Dublin still possess their Irish town, the settlements without the walls, where the Irish, who lived by trafficking with the burghers, had their habitations.

Christ Church was restored by Mr. Street in recent times, through the munificence of Mr. Henry Roe, a distiller, of Dublin, who, poor man, was said to have ruined himself by the undertaking, which cost half a million. Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, the brewer of Guinness's stout, restored St. Patrick's, the other cathedral.

You go from Christ Church to St. Patrick's by Patrick street, the dirtiest and most picturesque street in Dublin. It goes zig-zag down a steep hill, and at the foot of it the lofty tower of St. Patrick's rises into the sky. The street is a delightful study for an impressionist artist on a winter evening, with the orange of the sunset in the sky, and many silver stars looking down through the clear frosty atmosphere. There are few factories in Dublin, and, therefore, undefiled skies. The street is a street of booths, wherein are vended all manner of miscellaneous articles—old clothes, cheap furniture, flaring prints, looking-glasses, tin porringers, gay crockery, cradles, cabbages, sheep's heads and a thousand other things.

As the twilight comes on flaming gas jets spring up in the fronts of the booths, and if there is not much business a-doing the saleswomen (comfortable, noisy dames, with red shawls about their shoulders and a praskeen or coarse apron tied round their ample waists) come out and gaze up and down the street or engage in friendly conversation with their neighbors. Close to the curb are rows of fish stalls, before which other stout matrons sit cleaning their fish. Dogs root in the gutter for dainty morsels and poverty's satin-skinned, golden-haired children play their games on the pavement. It is like the ghetto of a foreign city.

I have always found St. Patrick's a profoundly melancholy great pile. Though it is at the foot of the hill, you descend many steps into it. One always thinks of it as full of shadows, with a few lights at the far end, where they are singing the "Even Song" or where the organist is practicing. The week-day congregation scarcely exists, though there may be a sightseer making the most of the last glimmer of twilight, who creaks up and down the shadowy aisles, peering into the memorial inscriptions. The Sunday service is crowded for what the irreverent call "Paddy's opera," though one would be sorry to suppose that the music was the only attraction. Anyhow, Sunday brings many fine ladies and gentlemen into the network of slums surrounding the cathedral. The slum dwellers will scarcely ever see again so gay a congregation as that which attended, in 1892, the thanksgiving service of the tercentenary of Dublin University. This was an occasion on which the most gayly attired ladies were dull by the side of the foreign delegates, with their robes of orange and crimson, yellow and azure, green and purple.

At St. Patrick's one thinks only of Swift. His spirit broods over the place. There is his bust above the doorway, with its strange and terrible inscription, and under your feet as you sit gazing up at that bust is the lozenge-shaped brass where he lies with Stella, "where fierce indignation can no more lacerate his heart." As Sir Walter Scott said, when he was here early in the century, "the whole cathedral is his tomb," and it is indeed a haunted atmosphere at evening, with the pale sky showing a little through the clerestory windows and the ragged banners of the Knights of St. Patrick fluttering in the gloom above the oak stalls. They say there is a ghost in Marsh's library, an ancient place adjoining the cathedral — a ghost which comes at night and flings the books about. It may be Swift, perhaps, in his "saeva indignatio." But we need not fancy where realities are so terrible. One can imagine the dead man in the deanery close by, as he was the night they buried Stella here by torchlight.

"This is the night of the funeral," he wrote, "which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now 9 at night, and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is over against the windows of my bed chamber."

THE HUGUENOT CEMETERY.

St. Patrick's is situated in the heart of the Liberties of Dublin, so-called because there settled there a colony of French silk-weaving Huguenots expelled from France at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. These established the famous poplin industry, which so long flourished in Dublin, and is now dying hard. Their Weaver's Hall still exists in the Coombe, that deplorable slum which was once the green valley of a river. Their descendants are among some of the most distinguished of Dublin families, the aristocracy of commerce; and they exist in sufficient numbers to require a graveyard to themselves, though many a Dublin citizen never knows that the high wall and closely locked door in Merrion row hide the cemetery of the Huguenots.

Close by the two cathedrals on Cork Hill, used to be Lucas's coffee house, the haunt of the Dublin Mohawks a hundred years ago, who did their best to equal or exceed the daredeviltry of their London brethren. They used to fight their frequent duels when they adjourned to the country house out on the Dublin Heights. This resort of theirs, the Hell Fire Clubhouse, is said to have been the scene of excesses much the same as those for which Medmenham Abbey had of old an ill-fame. Its ruins on the top of one of the mountains are the most conspicuous thing in the landscape.

Cork Hill, by the way, is now Lord Edward street, named after Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the romantic young leader of the '98 rebellion. The enterprise of the Dublin corporation made a new street of it, a good many years ago, but there is no enterprise in Dublin to build shops in it; it has presented a cheerless double range of building plots for more years than I like to remember. Quite close, in St. Werburg's churchyard, Lord Edward lies, not so far from his slayer, Major Sirr. In many houses of this quarter he was secreted while there was a reward on his head. But to deal with Lord Edward, as he is ever affectionately called, would need a book. The old Dublin houses, too, are full of memories, enough to make one garrulous if one had the space. They are all more or less degraded from their original uses. Moira House, which received Pamela, the unhappy young wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, when her husband was dying of his wound, and she was on the eve of her accouchement, is the Mendicity Institution, a dreary, low, long range of gray buildings, since the Charity Commissioners docked it of its upper story. Aldborough House is a barracks. Powerscourt House is a wholesale draper's warehouse, Charlemont House is used by the registrar general and his staff. Tyrone House, the mansion of the Beresfords, is given over to the Board of National Education; Leinster House, the ducal town house, belongs now to the Royal Dublin Society. But it is no use multiplying examples. Ichabod is written large on these stately old Dublin streets and houses. There is one peer, Lord Iveagh, resident in Dublin, where 100 years ago there were many.

The splendor of Dublin was during the Rutland viceroyalty, at the latter end of the last century, and so rapid was it in its growth and decline that it might be said to have sprung up and withered in a night. In an incredibly short space new streets of mansions arose, for the inhabitation of the Irish Lords and Commons; great public buildings were erected, new bridges and new roadways mere opened, and for a time Dublin was the gayest and handsomest city in the kingdoms. "Never was so splendid a metropolis in so poor a country," says a letter writer of the period.

Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland, was one of the most beautiful women of her time, as we realize in seeing her portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Her husband was also young and handsome, and the pair were selected by Mr. Pitt, according to contemporary opinion, to inaugurate such a period of joyousness in the Irish capital as should lull the discontent which followed the collapse of the volunteer movement, and should wean the aristocracy from devotion to national ideals.

PASSING GLORIES.

The Rotunda was the Irish Ranelagh in those days. The building, with its great ballrooms and smaller assembly rooms, was built by the Dr. Morse who founded the Maternity Hospital, that it might act to it as a source of revenue. It succeeded incredibly well, and the place became a center of life and gayety, around which sprung up the fine new houses of the nobility—beautifully conceived and wonderfully decorated. They brought over Italian artists to adorn their walls with the fine stucco work which now, in so many instances, makes a cynical contrast to the poverty of the inhabitants. Angelica Kauffman was one of the artists engaged. They are great houses, with magnificent spacious rooms, carved mantelpieces, doors and window frames of wine-red mahogany and other tokens of past splendor.

In the last twenty years or more preceding the Union, Sackville street, Rutland square, North Great George's street, Great Denmark street and Marlborough street all came into being and rapidly became "the town." In Rutland square, surrounding Dr. Morse's hospital, were the residences of ten earls and a countess, two viscounts, a baron, three bishops and a host of members of the Commons. In Gardiner's row and Great Denmark street dwelt a dozen peers; in North Great George's street, half a dozen, and the other streets had their lordly residences. "Alas," said John Wesley, when he visited the Moiras in the house that is now the mendicity, "alas, that all this should vanish like a dream!" So transient were the glories of Dublin and its reign of fashion and beauty.

They were no mere fashionables, these lords and commons. As a rule, they were highly cultivated, and were most generous persons of art, as their deserted houses bear witness. James, Earl of Charlemont, was perhaps more than typical of his class. He had traveled widely, and had been an honored guest at many courts of Europe. He was a lover of pictures, of books, of music and an ardent patriot. His memory is treasured in Ireland as the leader of the volunteer movement of 1782. The Rotunda is, indeed, intimately associated with him and the volunteers, for there was held the famous convention of 1782.

Dublin enjoyed itself in those days with a verve which reminds one of the Persians. Imagine a ball at the Rotunda, and the famous personages assembled. There would be the Duchess of Rutland, as she has been described for us, in light pink silk with diamond stomacher and sleeve knots, and a large brown hat trimmed with ribbons and jewels. Her consort appeared in fawn-colored waistcoat and breeches, and a green coat laced with gold. People chose their colors and style in those days and kept to them. Lord Trimbleston dressed in scarlet with a powdered wig and black velvet hunting cap; Lord Gormanston in light blue; the Earl of Belmont very elegant in his silk coat, and satin shoes with red heels and feathered hat; Lord Taaffe with an entire suit of dove-colored silk; Lord Molesworth dressed in groom style, with a colored silk kerchief, and Lord Clanricarde invariably kept to his regimentals. The functions were not vulgarly exclusive, for we hear of Mackin, the actor, dressed extravagantly, with stockings rolled over his knees, long flaps in his waistcoat and enormous cuffs, and Geminiani, the musician, in blue velvet, embroidered in gold.

By these memories our present-day Dublin appears dingy. The houses of Parliament, which were the center of so much national and social life, are, as all the world knows, the offices of a bank. The House of Commons, which so often resounded to the eloquence of Gratton and Flood, is given over to the money-changers; and the House of Lords, which, with commendable feeling, the governors of the Bank of Ireland have left undisturbed, stands lonely and silent with its empty wool sack and its rows of chairs and benches. That is a beautiful bit of Dublin where the houses of Parliament and Trinity College stand facing each other.

Cant Regarding Stage Setting.

Beerbohm Tree, in North American Review.

We hear a great deal of cant talked by those who insist that the ideal stage setting should be a green baize, whose decoration should consist of placards inscribed, "This is a street," "This is a house," "This is heaven." In all this there seems to me something of affectation. If Shakspeare's poetry could be better or more reverently illustrated by such means, I would say: "Take away those baubles of scenery, of costume, and of archaeological accessories!" It was all very well for David Garrick to appear in a powdered tie-wig, a Georgian coat, and silk stockings when he was impersonating the Thane of Cawder; but he created the effect (which undoubtedly he did create) not by virtue of the incorrectness of his costume, but in spite of it. The greater knowledge of historical periods possessed by our theater-goers of to-day, the increased sense of humor, the demand for luxury, require general and detailed illusion in the appointments of the stage, and to deny it to theater-goers is to be affectedly superior to one's age, and belated in the movements of the time. Every artist uses the material which his generation places at his disposal. If the painter lacked paint and canvas, he would content himself with the flagstone and a piece of chalk, if the musician lacked a Stradivarius he would still be returning to the old tooth-comb; but why complain of the canvas and the paint and the Stradivarius! The increase of picturesqueness in all the arts, the complete revolution in taste as regards house decoration, the greater cultivation of the eye, all these have tended to what has been contemptuously called the "millinery" of the drama. I admit that there has been a tendency towards an over-elaborate decoration, which may have sometimes swamped the beauty of the poet—and here taste must always be the arbiter—but I cannot think that the public would nowadays be so readily inclined to listen to Shakspeare's noble dramas did they not receive that splendor of setting which modern ingenuity and modern resource have placed at the disposal of the stage manager of to-day.

Theatrical Smoke.

Chambers's Journal.

The method by which this effect is produced contradicts the proverb "Where there is smoke there is fire," for a quantity of hot water poured upon a shovelful of quicklime will create smoke enough to simulate the smokiest of chimneys. The possibilities of smoke to steam as an aid to illusive effect have not yet, however, been exhausted. Probably the day is not far distant when some enterprising manager will introduce behind the footlights—but, we hope no further—a realistic imitation of a London fog.

WIND PRESSURE TEST

PROF. F. E. NIPHER'S EXPERIENCE WITH A LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

How It Feels to Stand Eighteen Inches from a Train Moving Fifty Miles an Hour.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"How does it feel to stand eighteen inches from a train going fifty miles an hour? There is one man in St. Louis who has been there. He is Professof Francis E. Nipher, of Washington University. He made the experiment in the interest of science during the past week. He has only a few bruises to remind him of the ordeal.

To Professor Nipher's scientific mind there is nothing wonderful in the fact that he should have placed his life in jeopardy to verify one of his pet theories. He was trying to figure out the wind pressure exerted by swiftly moving bodies. The swiftest thing he could find on earth was a fast express and he got as close to it as he could so as to get the full benefit of the wind pressure. He came near experiencing the effects of wheel pressure, but he doesn't mind that, because he found out what he wanted to know.

Professor Nipher's harrowing experiment was made last Monday near Louisiana, Mo., on the St. Louis, Keokuk & Northwestern road. The professor's pet hobby is wind pressure. He has made the wind and its effects a lifelong study, and has for years been making tests which have been watched with a great deal of interest by constructing engineers, railroad experts and meteorologists everywhere, while his treatises on the subject are among the best to be found in scientific libraries. He makes frequent trips out of the city for the purpose of testing the pressure exerted by the wind at various velocities. An extremely high wind cannot be encountered frequently, so Professor Nipher gets on a fast train and raises the wind, which is practically the same thing. The backward rush of air around a train going sixty miles an hour has the same effect as the wind blowing at the same rate would have.

Professor Nipher noticed that when his recording instrument was held close to the side of the train there was a smaller pressure than that recorded when the instrument was extended five or six feet from the car. He concluded that the air near the car must be carried forward with the train. It was to test the accuracy of this conclusion that he made his startling experiment.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

This is his account of the test as told a reporter: I had been out along the line and was walking back to Louisiana, when I saw the fast express coming down the track. The thought flashed over me that here was the chance of my life to test the wind effect close to a train. I was just opposite a railroad coal bin. There was a small post in front of the bin. I grasped it with my back to the track and leaned back until I was not more than eighteen inches from the rail. As the train approached I found myself speculating as to its speed. I never reached a conclusion, for when the train was apparently fifty feet from me a strange thing happened. The train faded out of sight. I had a confused notion that I was being hit repeatedly about the body. How I held on to the post I do not know, for I did not know there was a post there. I was conscious of nothing but quick, sharp blows about the body. When I at last gained full consciousness the train was out of sight. If I were placed on the witness stand I could not have sworn that it passed me. I was still clinging to the post and continued to do so for several minutes.

"The first thought that struck me was that I had been foolish. Then there came to me a terrible realization of the danger to which I had exposed myself. I found myself calculating in how many different ways I might have been killed. Thoughts crowded in on me so fast that I was seized with a fear that I was going mad. I thought what might have happened had the suction of the train pulled my feet from under me. Then I had a mental picture of myself going over backwards and plunging head first under the wheels. I calculated how many wheels would have passed over me. I imagined what might have happened had the train jumped the track and rolled over on me. How long this state of mind lasted I cannot tell, but I was never so horrified in the face of actual danger as I was when standing by that little post after all possibility of danger had passed.

"I have had three other narrow escapes from death, but none of them had such an effect on me. On one occasion while driving, my feet were entangled in the lines and I fell under the buggy. The horse ran away and dragged me two blocks. On that occasion I was vaguely conscious that something was being done to me.

"Another time I was at a fire and had just stepped off the pavement when a wall fell, killing several people and almost catching me. I was mentally stunned for an instant, but went right to work helping the rescuers.

"The only time I ever had a sensation anything like the one that followed the passage of the train was just after receiving a heavy electrical shock from a battery of Leyden jars. I was experimenting in the classroom and accidentally discharged a battery of six of the jars. As on this occasion I was unconscious for a brief period, though I remained on my feet. When I regained consciousness I began to figure the horrible things that might have happened to me had the charge been stronger. The feeling was almost exactly the same as the one that came over me after the train passed.

STRUCK WITH COAL.

"I stood clinging to the post for some time before I found an explanation for the blows about the body which I felt while the trains was passing. The blows, at least, were not imaginary, for there was about half a bushel of anthracite coal about my feet. This almost compensated for my terrible mental shock, for it proved that I had not overestimated the forward impetus given the air close to a fast moving train. The coal had been picked up from the bin and carried along with the train and close to it until I stopped it. It was altogether an experiment which I would not care to make a second time." Professor Nipher has since learned that the train passed the coalbin at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

While the professor has no desire to make another close range personal test of wind pressure he is preparing for a series of experiments which will be watched with interest by scientists everywhere. A fast train will be used, but Professor Nipher will be on it, not alongside of it. He expects to obtain results which will revolutionize existing methods of computing wind pressure. The experiments will be the most thorough of the kind ever made, though Professor Nipher has been working along the same lines for a number of years. He has had several difficulties to contend with, but believes he will overcome them during his coming tests.

Wind pressure is one of the most difficult problems to be solved in all kinds of construction work. It is an element that must be taken into consideration in erecting buildings and bridges and must be figured to a nicety to insure the safety of sky scrapers. Professor Nipher believes that the formulas now used by builders and engineers are faulty. He hopes to remedy the defects in the present basis of wind calculation and to obtain new formulas of great practical value.

"I expect," he said, "to get more accurate estimates of wind pressure at various velocities than have ever been obtained. Engineers and builders now use what is termed as pressure boards. A pressure board is usually about three feet square and made of light wood. There is a spring and a scale at the back. It is placed facing the wind, and the pressure is computed from the reading on the scale. All calculations now used are based on results obtained from experiments with these boards. These calculations are necessarily faulty, because there is always an exhaust behind the board; that is, the air passes around the board, and there is practically a vacuum behind it. There is no such exhaust behind the wall of a building. The interior of a building is filled with air. The exhaust, instead of being behind the wall facing the wind, is on the other side of the building.

"In my experiments I will do away entirely with this exhaust. The apparatus I use is comparatively simple. In my previous experiments I have projected a pressure collector from the car window. This collector is a small metal cylinder. The end turned against the wind is open. The other end is connected by a rubber tube to the top of an air-tight cylinder containing water. Another rubber tube leads from the bottom of the water cylinder and connects with a graduated glass tube. The pressure of the wind without forces up the column of water in the glass tube inside the car.

VALUE OF THE EXPERIMENTS.

"The exact pressure of the wind when the car is going at any speed can be determined from the reading on the tube. The pressure required to raise a column of water a given height is known. By taking the readings on the tube at a known velocity and applying the known mathematical formula, the exact pressure can be obtained. When the car runs, say, forty miles an hour, the conditions are the same as if the car stood still and the wind blew in the opposite direction at the same rate. In making the experiment the pressure at different distances from the car is obtained by placing the pressure collector at different distances from the car.

"Heretofore I had no means of determining the exact speed of the train when a given reading was taken, so that my results were not mathematically correct. In making my next series of experiments I shall have a Boyer's speed recorder attached to the car. It is the one thing needed to make my results absolutely accurate. I am having a recorder made especially for the purpose. In making my experiments hereafter I shall extend the rod carrying the pressure collector through the car roof instead of from the window. The results will be the same and there will not be so much danger of breaking the rod through contact with telegraph poles, bridges or passing trains.

"The experiments will be of great value for three purposes. As I have said, it will enable builders to calculate accurately the wind pressure a wall will withstand. It will be of great value to railroads. It will determine exactly the air pressure at different distances from a moving train and will show at what distance from the train the so-called suction might be fatal or dangerous to people or animals along the track. This matter of suction often enters into damage suits in cases where people are drawn under the wheels or hurled against the cars. The experiments will be valuable, too, in correcting anemometers or wind recording instruments used in observatories. The readings of these instruments are now incorrect. Atmospheric conditions in the rooms where they are kept affect them. There is also an exhaust behind each vane or arm of the instrument, which is not now taken into consideration. My experiments will make it possible to determine just how much of the force that makes the anemometer revolve is due to the wind pressure and how much is due to other causes."

Professor Nipher says it will take him a month to prepare for his experiments. The experiments themselves will consume the same length of time. The railroads are deeply interested in his researches. The Illinois Central has offered to place a special train at his disposal for an entire month. He will probably accept the offer and make the tests on the Illinois Central main line, between Chicago and Cairo. At the conclusion of his experiments Professor Nipher will write a book on the subject, which will be published by the St. Louis Academy of Science, of which he is a prominent member.

QUEER PUBLICATIONS.

Many London Periodicals of Which the Public Knows Little.

London Mail.

In this London of ours numerous journals are published, some of them having a considerable circulation, of whose very existence the general public is profoundly ignorant. Take, for instance, the Evening Corn Trade Gazette, published every day in the city of London. Who among the readers of the Daily Mail, unless they happen to be connected with the trade in question, has ever seen a copy? Not many, we trow. Indeed, most trade journals are little known outside their own particluar clientele. It will no doubt be surprising to most people to learn that agriculture has no fewer than thirty-seven journals devoted entirely to its interests, not more than two or three of which are known, even by name, to the average individual. The healing science boasts of forty-seven, including such oddly-named prints as the Gynaecological Journal and the Journal of Laryngology. The above is exclusive of special publications issued by hospitals and other large institutions, of which there are a great number. The best known of these latter is, perhaps, Guy's Hospital Gazette.

There are more than four hundred religious papers published in this country. Yet it would probably puzzle the average man in the street to name off-hand more than half a dozen at the outside. Perhaps the most curious of these is Hora Jucunda, a journal devoted to the interests of the blind. It must be one of the few papers never seen by its regular readers. Not many outsiders have ever come across a copy of the Pawnbrokers' Gazette. It is issued only to subscribers, the most interesting portion of its contents to a "layman" being the weekly chronicle of dodges to circumvent the guileless pawnbroker. The Woman's Suffrage Journal is another publication of whose existence the mass of the community is painfully unaware. Its columns are chiefly filled with diatribes against "that creature," man.

The Vaccination Inquirer, again, has a somewhat limited circulation, spite of the fillip given to the subject by the report of the committee. So, too, we venture to prophesy, has the Anti-Tobacco Journal. It may or may not be a good thing to refrain from the use of the soothing weed, but one would imagine that even the most bigoted abstainer would scarcely care to support a journal merely for the pleasure of seeing his views on one solitary subject repeated week after week.

It will surprise mose people to learn that the much-berated domestic servant has at least three journals devoted exclusively to her interests. They are the Servant, the Servants' Own Paper and the Situation Advertiser.

A curious compilation is the Hue and Cry. It is not on sale anywhere, its circulation being entirely restricted to the police force of the United Kingdom. As might be inferred from its title, it contains a full descriptive record of all persons who are "wanted" by the authorities, a special portion of the paper being set apart for deserters from the army and navy. It is somewhat strange that more attention has not been attracted lately by the Anglo-Armenian Gazette, a journal published in London and devoted to the interests of that exceedingly unlikeable and much-persecuted race.

It would hardly be supposed that the violin has no fewer than three journals devoted to its interests, while the far more popular piano has only one. Yet such is the case. Their names are the Strad, Violin Budget and Violin Soloist. The Lute explains itself, but one would think that its circulation again must be strictly limited. Very few people play a lute nowadays.

A paper of which every one has heard, but which comparatively few people have seen, is the Court Circular. It is the only paper specially patronized by royalty, and costs 6d a copy. Its contents are not specially interesting to those outside the magic pale of society. Nevertheless, it has a considerable circulation.

JUMBO OF THE FOREST.

Petrified Monster Six Hundred Feet in Length Found in Nevada.

Mineral Collector.

The largest tree in the world lies broken and petrified at the end of a defile in northwestern Nevada. Its dimensions are so great that those who know of its existence hesitate to tell the story because they hardly expect to be believed; but there is sufficient evidence to give the tale credit, improbable though it may seem. This tree makes the monarchs of the Mariposa grove seem like impostors, and, compared to it "the tallest pine grown on Norwegian hills to be the mast of some great admiral" is but a wand. As for the story of its discovery, it is thus told by "Dad" Lynn, of Fresno, and supported by other equally well-known people:

"Back in 1860 a company of about forty-five left Red Bluff to prospect the then unknown country beyond Henry lake and Surprise valley. There were in the party lawyers, butchers and shoemakers, but we were one-sided on one point; each individual felt positive that this was the turning point of his existence, and that bright shining gold in unlimited quantities would reward the rather unpleasant jaunt. The Indians—we call them Bannocks—were at that time raising hair, and very many sudden moves were at times necessary in order to get rid of their unwelcome attentions. Finding but little gold in this section, we traveled toward Baker county, Oregon, through a country entirely denuded of timber, except a few dwarf cottonwoods along the waterways. Close to the Baker county line we came to an opening in the rocks about wide enough for our wagons to go through, and on either side loomed precipices 500 and 600 feet high. The crevasse was about fifteen miles long, and at its end, just to the right of the trail, we found a number of petrified stumps of different heights and sizes. In their midst on the ground lay a monster tree, somewhat imbedded in the soil. It was completely petrified, and from the clean-cut fractures of the trunk seemed to have fallen after petrification. At its butt this tree was quite sixty feet in diameter. We measured its length with a tapeline. It was just 666 feet long. No limbs remained, but in the trunk were clefts where apparently limbs had broken off. Amberlike heads of petrified pitch or gum adhered to the sides of the trunk for a distance of 100 feet or more. Where the huge trunk was broken squarely off the center seemed transparent, and the growth marks showed in beautiful concentric rings. Its natural appearance was handsomer than any dressed marble or mosaic I have ever seen, and we all expressed the opinion that it would make a wonderfully beautiful floor and interior finish of some grand building.

AN EARTHQUAKE TRAP

HOW UNCLE SAM CATCHES AND RECORDS SEISMIC SHAKES.

The Delicately Adjusted Seismoscope Connected with the Weather Bureau—Longest Pendulum in the World.

Washington Letter.

Few people, even here in Washington, have ever heard that Uncle Sam possesses an earthquake trap. Yet there is one almost under shadow of the capitol's dome. Perhaps no other machine employed by official savants for making scientific observations has a more interesting function. It is baited now for the next earthquake which may shake the earth beneath it and the ingenious students in charge of it are hoping that nature may send them the much-sought-for game before long. It is the only earthquake trap in the country, so far as government scientists know. It is an adjunct of the national weather bureau, although as yet the meteorologists of that institution do not claim any ability to forecast earthquakes.

Beneath the southwest corner of the main building of the weather bureau has been made a square cell, whose floor is a single slab of cement, extending a foot or more into the earth and said to be so laid that nothing short of a tremor of the earth itself can shake it. Upon this slab rests the earthquake trap, which, in the more dignified language of science, is known as a seismoscope. Seismoscopes have been used to great advantage in Japan, where earthquakes are common occurrences, but none save that in question has ever been practically used in this country. The instrument proper occupies less space than an ordinary mantel clock. In simple words, it is a pendulum which moves when the earth trembles even to the slightest degree and which at the moment of each tremor closes an electric circuit and thereby operates a recording mechanism.

A cylindrical weight hangs upon a long link, the latter supported by a horizontal pivot extending through it. From the upper edge of the link extends a long, delicate needle, about a foot in length, which points directly upward when the weight is attached. The slightest movement of the weight is greatly exaggerated at the point of the needle. This point, which is tipped with platinum, passes upward through a small platinum-rimmed hole in a flat piece of metal belt stationary with the base of the instrument. So perfectly is the needle balanced that its point normally passes through the center of the hole. One pole of an electric circuit is attached to the weight and needle, at the pivot, and the opposite pole to the metallic plate containing the hole. Even the slightest movement of the earth will cause the suspended weight to wobble and thereby cause the point of the needle to touch the rim of the hole. When this contact takes place the electric circuit is closed and a message is dispatched into another building, where a recording instrument is at work.

THE SEISMOGRAPH.

The instrument which automatically writes a record of the earthquake's occurrence is known as the seismograph. This is kept in the instrument room of the weather bureau, where are installed the wonderful paraphernalia used in making weather forecasts and special observations. The seismograph consists principally of a revolving cylinder, moved by clockwork, and adapted to make one revolution every six hours. Wound around the cylinder is a broad ribbon of paper crossruled with parallel lines. The distance between each of these lines indicates five minutes of the revolution.

Bearing against the paper-covered surface of the cylinder is a small arm, which, if held still, would trace a spiral like the chisel of a turn-lathe. The end of the arm is tipped with a fountain-pen which makes marks on the paper. A regulator clock which ticks at standard time is connected with this arm in such a manner that every five minutes the pen point will give a sudden jerk back and forth, making small points in the otherwise straight line. The points thus traced are the same distance apart as the rulings of the paper.

The registering mechanism is in the same circuit, which is closed by the needle of the earthquake trap. It is so arranged that points similar to those made ordinarily every five minutes will be traced upon the recording paper by the fountain pen every time the point of the needle touches against the rim of the hole mentioned. Thus the earthquake is denoted by a single point or a series of points falling between those regularly made. The exact instant of the disturbance may then be determined by counting off the number of five-minute marks made since a known time noted when the record was begun, and by applying a carefully graduated scale which will show how many minutes, seconds and fractions thereof the instant of the shock exceeded the last five-minute mark preceding.

The earthquake trap has already caught two earthquakes and one hurricane. The first earthquake caught was that which shook Philadelphia and vicinity on the 1st of September last year. No one in Washington felt the shock and not even the authorities in charge of the instrument suspected that the vibrations had been carried thus far with sufficient force to be recorded on any instrument of precision. The earthquake occurred on Sunday at 6 hours 8 minutes 39 seconds, a. m., and the records made by the seismoscope was not discovered until two days afterward, when it was looked for. Shortly after this earthquake a second was felt in a few places, but not in Washington. It was trapped by this delicate instrument, however, in a manner similar to the recording of the former.

Although seismoscopes are not supposed to make records of wind phenomena, the recent tropical hurricane which played severe havoc in Washington and other points of the East was recorded by the earthquake trap. The indication at first thought would naturally be that the wind on that occasion was sufficiently intense to shake the very earth itself. But according to the authorities at the weather bureau this in all probability was not the case. The wind perhaps shook the weather bureau building to its foundations and the inclosed earth beneath was made to tremble from that cause.

THE MONUMENT NOT AFFECTED.

The largest seismoscope in the world is owned by Uncle Sam and is used here in Washington, but not for the study of earthquake shocks. This is a copper wire, 550 feet long, hanging from the extreme top to the bottom of the interior of the Washington monument. It is protected throughout its length by a line of pipe and holds suspended at its lower end a plummet, which hangs in a vessel of oil. Two small transits, arranged at right angles to each other, are kept focussed upon the wire, just above the plummet. Even the slightest movement of the top of the monument may be observed by the transits. This, the longest pendulum ever erected, was carefully put in place when the monument was built, in order that the authorities in charge might always be able to test the lean of the great shaft. If an automatic recording attachment were arranged in connection with the plummet wire many interesting facts might be learned by its aid. The rules of the monument require the custodian to take a statement of the transits every day and to submit the same to the War Department at the end of each month. The records thus drawn, as shown to the writer, reveal the interesting fact that no change in the monument's position resulted from the light earthquake shocks a year ago. If the transits could have been watched, however, during both disturbances some motion would doubtless have been observed. The force of the wind is found to change the position of the top of the monument to one side or another but merely as much as a minute fraction of an inch.

On very hot summer days the expansion of the south face of the great obelisk, which face is longest exposed to the sun, is sometimes found to shift the apex towards the north a few hundredths of an inch. Thus the elements cause the plummet line to move irregularly around its normal resting place, but it is found invariably to lean towards this normal when there is no great heat or wind. Directly after the severe hurricane of this autumn the statement of the plummet wire was taken, and it was found to hang only one-two-hundredths of an inch off the normal. This was about the usual deflection, showing that whatever the bending of the shaft was during the fury of the storm it returned to its normal position after the elements had subsided. General Casey, under whose direction the monument was completed, once estimated that the giant structure would be in no danger as long as subjected to a wind of less than one hundred miles per hour. It has been said by another engineer that nothing short of an earthquake could bring it down. Another danger might arise from lightning. The monument has been struck many times, but without damage since the aluminium cap was connected with an elaborate system of lightning arresters running down the shaft's entire length inside. Summer before last it received its last assault from above. The authorities of the Naval Observatory turned their great telescope upon it and found that all of the stones were in perfect condition. Taking into consideration the general effects of the elements and allowing therefor, students of earthquake phenomena might make some interesting observations by aid of this giant pendulum, which may readily be used as an earthquake trap.

TAKING THE BABY.

Showing What Infernal Nuisances Amateur Photographers Really Are.

Buffalo Courier.

The Johnthomases had just got nicely domiciled in their new house in Parrot Place and with the brand new baby thought themselves happy as could be, little reckoning what one fatal evening was to do for them. The front door bell rang and, before they could help themselves, in bounced the three friends they were most anxious not to see, and they had two cameras among them. With the utmost glee they announced that they had taken pity on their friends. "We're going," said they, "to photograph by flashlight the interior of your new home and your equally new baby."

Now the Johnthomases didn't at all care to have their parlors and reception hall filled first with a blinding blaze of light, and then a heavy white coating of dust, and they positively objected to having "the interior or the new baby flash-lit," but what could one lone creature in the shape of Mr. John Johnthomas do against two camera fiend females, and their protector, especially when the baby's young aunt went boldly over to the side of the invaders, one of whom remarked that she was "short on photo plates, but long on flashes." In fact, she said that she had them to burn."

Well, they first decided that they wanted to take the precious one in the tout ensemble, so the gentlemen were promptly relegated to the smoking room, while the "altogether" business was got under way.

By this time the baby's grandmama had fallen completely into the snares of the bearers of the black boxes, and even the mistress of the manse showed signs of deserting her liege lord, so engrossed was she in pushing chairs, divans and tables about and posing screens and rugs for the necessary artistic effect, as if a flash light could be artistic.

Finally, after unlimited trials, during which the poor infant shivered as poor Marie Antoinette once did, and for want of the same garment, they expressed a fear that the pictures wouldn't be successful owing to the flash lights being only No. 1's instead of No. 2's, which, each photographer excitedly maintained, she had told the other to bring.

Then the men were recalled to what sounded like a 5 o'clock, so much and so loudly was everyone gabbling. One wanted the babe and its mother in a large armchair; another, a family group; the third, a pose in the reception hall with the immense, surly greyhound spreading its attenuated limbs and slim-pointed muzzle on the Kazark rug in front of the newel post.

By this time it began to filter into the inner consciousness of the head of Mr. Johnthomas that, perhaps, it would be nice after all if a picture could be had of Etheldrida Whipple Marie, and faint fond hopes began to surge in his manly bosom that perhaps one out of a dozen plates they threatened to expose might turn out a passable likeness instead of a monstrosity like the pictures he had seen of some of his friends' first born. His hopes were dashed, however, by the announcement from Mrs. Johnthomas that the baby had fallen asleep, incredible as it might seem in such a babel, and she positively refused to have it awakened. To pass the time away until she should wake, the amateurs proceeded to eat the Johnthomases out of house and home, demanding beer, mushrooms, etc. But at last the baby saved her parents from ruin by waking up and beaming brightly on the assembled faces, looking so sweetly pretty that her father forgot the bruises he had got in lugging the tall stepladder out of the cellar because it was needed to hold the pan for the flashlight.

Finally, after posings interminably, shrieks of laughter and other seemingly necessary accomplishments of a flashlight performance, three pictures were taken which Mr. Johnthomas was assured would be perfect gems of art. He felt a little cheered at this and could even find entertainment in the lively quarrel which ensued between the dames photographiques as they meandered down towards the graveyard car, each beseeching the other not to be so mean, and to develop all the plates like a dear, though Mr. Johnthomas couldn't for the life of him imagine a deer in the little hot, stuffy upstairs closet peering anxiously into a shallow pan of orange-colored fluid to see whether the plate was to be a sucessful thing of beauty or merely another failure such as you speciously explain to your friends was caused not at all by any bull-headed stupidity or neglect on your own part.

Mr. Johnthomas corralled the man of the flashlight proclivities a few days after, on the street and seeing a suspicious-looking envelope in his hand, made bold to take it by force and look at the inclosed proofs. One glance was enough. They were awful! It was bad enough that he saw himself bald-headeder than usual, that his mother-in-law looked like the Witch of Endor, that his sweet and lovely wife had twenty years and forty heavy pounds added to her naturally bounteous personality, but when he gazed at what he divined must be Etheldrida Whipple Marie, and was electrified by seeing a hydrocephalous-headed freak, with a stingy neck, and a most monstrously protuberant abdomen, he could bear it no longer. He scowled, he swore, he called names, he danced in his wrath, and came near tearing at his precious and rapidly thinning locks. When he recovered, the long lanky loon that had dared insult his congregated household by helping those malignant females to hold them up to the ridicule of the ages by means of sensitized paper had vanished.

Mr. Johnthomas went slowly home, and when he got there he told his people they need ask no questions, for none would be answered, but if ever he knew of their holding any communication whatever with Miss Bradley or Miss Stone, there would be war, and that instanter.

Then he got the dustpan and whisk and for the sixteenth time gathered up some more of the flashlight ashes from the piano top.

METHODS OF CHINESE FIREMEN.

Extinguishing Fires Among Li Hung Chang's Countrymen.

New York Tribune.

If Li Hung Chang would submit to an interview on the subject, it would be interesting to know what his feelings were as he sat upon the grand stand at Union Square during his visit to New York, and watched the exhibition of one of the most efficient fire departments in the world. The difference between the workings of that department and the one which he has known in Peking must have aroused forcibly his remarkable powers of comparison.

A slight inkling of his impressions, however, may be gained by a brief outline of the workings of the fire departments to which he is accustomed in China. These departments are considered very effective even by foreigners to that land, and it may be they are when the construction of Chinese dwellings and buildings are taken into account. There is scarcely a house there over two stories high. But even for houses of that diminutive height the Chinese methods of fighting fires must appear very crude compared to the system here.

In the larger cities of China there are stationed throughout their length and breadth fire watchmen. Upon bamboo poles is built a sentry box with a narrow balcony circling. These sentry boxes are stationed at regular intervals, say the distance of five or ten of our city blocks apart, and in each one a watchman is on duty day and night. The instant signs of a fire appear in his district he sounds the alarm either by voice or by a gong, and the dread cry is hastened along to the nearest fire engine house. In these houses, which are none too numerous, are kept hand engines somewhat like the most antique type known here. They are dragged by running Chinamen, and at the alarm the engine is rushed off to the scene of the fire with really creditable rapidity, and the engine "pipes" are put in connection with the nearest canal. These canals are so numerous throughout the large cities that one is nearly always within reasonable distance of a fire. If there be not one near, a well or cistern is utilized as the source of water supply.

There is little organization in a Chinese fire department, but the crowd that gathers lends a willing hand, and can usually extinguish a fire in the building in which it originated. As the buildings are only of two stories, as already explained, the difficulties presented to the Chinese firemen are not great. Should the fire get beyond control, however, there is a precaution which the Chinese alone of all nations have adopted to prevent its extensive spread. At frequent intervals in the crowded part of the cities firewalls of brick have been built. These walls include fixed areas, beyond which no flames can travel.

Besides these engine houses and firewalls are maintained, in the city of Canton, at least, one or two stationary engines near central points upon the banks of canals for use in case of fire. The engines are in buildings designed for them, much after the manner of reservoir pumping stations here, but, of course, of a much less elaborate design. From these engines iron pipes run over the roofs of neighboring houses for some distance, and from the frequent outlets along the line of pipes water can be distributed in time of fire upon threatened points.

WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.

She Is the Idol of Her Nation and Has a Mind of Her Own.

Literary Digest.

When Queen Victoria inherited the British throne she was scarcely more popular than is the young Queen of Holland at the present moment. The Dutch simply adore their young sovereign, and take the most intense interest in her coming of age (which will take place next August), and in her possible marriage. Queen Wilhelmina is credited by her people with much force of character. It is thought that she will attempt to rule as well as reign, and her choice of a husband is, therefore, a matter of utmost importance to the Dutch. The Wochen Zeitung, Amsterdam, says on this subject:

"The many rumors of the Queen's approaching marriage are premature. More than once she has declared she would prefer to remain single as long as possible. At any rate, it is certain that the Queen will choose for herself. She will not be railroaded into marriage. Only recently she said: 'I love my loyal subjects, and hope to please them in every way. But if they believe that they have a voice in the choice of my husband, they are decidedly mistaken. If extreme measures should be resorted to against me, I shall be more energetic than ever. I will not be married against my will, and I will not be married at all if I am not allowed to have a voice in the matter.'"

So far the Dutch people are rather pleased with these expressions of independence. They are, however, anxious to have certain legal formalities settled before the Queen becomes of age. The Courant, Rotterdam, writes as follows:

"It will be necessary to define the position of the Queen before the law, to remove the conflict between the Queen's position as head of the state and as a wife, and it is best that this should be done before she has chosen a husband. According to the civil code the wife is bound to obey her husband, and the latter has a right to demand that his children should be called by his name. More, the husband can compel his wife to reside in whatever place he thinks fit to choose as his abode. The Queen is not above the law; she must obey it as well as her subjects. The rights of the prince consort would, therefore, clash with the Constitution, for the seat of government may not constitutionally be transferred to a foreign country. The Queen's exceptional position should be defined by special legislation while she is yet free."

Although there are many points of similarity between the position of the Queen of England and that of the Queen of Holland, there has sprung up between the two countries an estrangement since Wilhelmina inherited the throne of Holland. For some unaccountable reason the young Queen has a violent aversion to everything English. The British press returns this dislike with interest. "Her figure is ungainly, her lips are bloodless, she shows that she is the child of an old rake," etc., are things we read of her in Life and other English society papers. These descriptions are reported to her and do not assist her in overcoming her dislike of Englishmen. The Vaderland relates the following incident:

"During a recent tour abroad the Queen expressed a wish to the Dutch embassador accredited to a foreign court to meet his daughters. 'I do so wish to meet some Dutch girls,' she said. 'I am just dying for some one to speak to me in my own language. Do send your daughters to me.' 'But my daughters do not speak Hollandish,' replied the unfortunate nobleman. 'My girls were not born in Holland; they only speak English.' 'Then, for heaven's sake, do not send them to me,' replied Queen Wilhelmina, wrathfully. 'I will have nothing to do with Dutch girls who do not understand their own language.'"

SHE WAS MISREPRESENTED.

The Reporter Meant Well, but He Failed to Please.

Washington Star.

Even when her speech was obscured by sobs there was something about her voice that showed she could sing high C and assert her right to the center of the stage. It was pathetic to see a strong woman so utterly dejected.

"I want to see the horrid reporter who wrote the contemptible piece about my miserable suit for divorce," she said, after her paroxysm of weeping had abated.

"He's out," was the prompt and positive answer of the editor, who is a humane man.

"Can't I see him later?"

"No. He took a week's salary and went on a vacation. He said he wasn't coming back till his money was all spent, and we don't look for him in any time less than six months."

"Perhaps somebody else could attend to what I want, although I don't suppose there is any use in my asking for justice. It must have been pure malice."

"You refer to that item about your divorce?"

"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me that you are exceedingly unfair to the reporter. Why, he did his best to be complimentary. No less than three times he alluded to you as the 'fair plaintiff.'"

"Yes, that was very nice of him. But read on."

"I don't find anything that is not in the same vein. He says: 'The lady's toilet had evidently been an object of much care; it was a triumph of the milliners' art and a monument of her elegant taste in such matters.'"

"That's the sentence," she exclaimed, rising to her feet. Her indignation dried her tears, and shaking her clinched fingers at the newspaper, she said: "What did he mean by trying to humiliate me in the eyes of all those spectators? How dared he insinuate that the common old things I wore to that courtroom are the best clothes I have?"

The Rain Engineer.

Alexander McAdie, in North American Review.

Three years ago the attention of the community was directed to the question of the artificial production of rain. The principle upon which rain was to be made, as it was commonly stated, viz., concussion of the air, was neither countenanced nor accepted by meteorologists. The results of the experiments were exactly such as were forecasted by men who knew the worthlessness of the claims then made, and yet fully realized that rainmaking was nevertheless a scientific possibility. The rain engineer will some day be enrolled among the professional occupations. He will be one who has closely followed and clearly comprehends the physical processes of cloudy condensation. He must be something of a physicist, chemist and meteorologist combined. Problems such as Hertz solved in his graphic methods of following changes in moist air, or Von Helmholtz discussed in his papers on "billow" cloud formation will be appropriate work for him. The changes which a cubic foot of air charged with a given amount of vapor goes through as it moves from place to place in the atmosphere, he will understand and control. Air at sea level at a temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, half filled with moisture, has eleven grams of water vapor in each kilogram of air. If the pressure is suddenly lowered about 15 degrees, certain conditions result. The air is in the condition of a soaked sponge, and has all the water vapor it can hold. If the mixed air and vapor can be lifted about four thousand feet the rain engineer can ordinarily form a cloud or fog. Conversely if he can increase the pressure and supply the requisite amount of heat he can alter conditions so that no fog forms or if it has formed, cause it to disappear. Provided we can control the thermo-dynamic conditions we can condense the invisible vapor of the air into visible cloud and, on the other hand, change the visible fog into invisible vapor.

The Boy Gladstone.

Justin McCarthy, in the Outlook.

Sir Roderick Murchison, the famous naturalist, has left it on record that Gladstone was "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." Most of us can testify from our own knowledge that Mr. Gladstone lately is the handsomest old man who ever went to Eton or anywhere else. Visitors to Eton are shown, of course, the name of Gladstone carved into a wall or a woodwork here and there. But, naturally, no one ever goes to any place where a famous man once lived without being shown his name carved, as is confidently affirmed, by his own hand. At Eton Gladstone's closest friend was that Arthur Hallam to whose gifts and virtues the late Lord Tennyson has inscribed one of his greatest poems, the "In Memoriam." Among his other mates were some whose names will still be remembered in America—Frederick Tennyson, for example, brother of the poet and himself a poet; Alexander Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," and the historian of the Crimean war; James Bruce, afterwards the famous Earl of Elgin; Charles Canning, afterwards Earl Canning and viceroy of India, "the Clemency Canning" of the Indian mutiny—a nickname then given to him in scorn by the panic-stricken votaries of a policy of slaughter, but now remembered to his honor and his glory. William Gladstone was not much of an athlete, as the term was then understood. He did not care much about schoolboy games of any kind. He was very fond of sculling, and kept a boat for his own use, and he was then, as ever since, a tremendous walker. He walked very fast, and he walked great distances. His delight was to wander about through all the lovely places surrounding Windsor, in company with a few boys of his own age and his own tastes.