AMERICA IN WESTMINSTER.

MANY MARKS OF THE KINSHIP OF THE TWO NATIONS IN THE GREAT ABBEY.

Marble Tablets and Stained Glass Windows That Preserve the Memories of Eminent Americans — The Tray of Cards Under Lowell's Bust in the Poets' Corner.

LONDON, England, Jan. 22.—It seems right odd in these days of inter-Anglican scoldings to find, comparatively speaking, such a large amount of America stowed away in Westminster Abbey, the most sacred treasure house of Britain. One sees Longfellow's bust in the Poets' corner, or mayhap takes a stroll along the grave-floored cloisters and turns into the Chapel house, in the aisle of which stands the memorial to Lowell, and one may go away thinking this is sufficient recognition of America in Westminster. But these represent only a portion of this recognition, which, if you go closer into the secrets of the abbey, you will find indicated at many points.

When you are tired from long wandering along the wonderful aisles, sit down on one of the benches and read over the time-stained card, so many copies of which you have seen as you wandered about. It is about a foot square and is covered with poetry. First you will read these lines by Wordsworth.

They dreamed not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine in hours of fear
Or groveling thought to seek a refuge here;
And through the aisles of Westminster to roam;
Where bubbles burst and folly's dancing foam
Melts as it crosses the threshold.

Then you will be less than human if you do not feel a throb of patriotic pride as you read the next poem—by an American:

O'er England's Abbey bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place
Amongst the glories of her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and the Ararat.

The name which is attached is that of an American known the world round for the depth and cogency and insistence of his philosophic mind, but who would have been high up in the pantheon of the world's poets had he turned his lines into rhythm—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Just under him in this poetic sandwich are words from one who also won his greatest fame in prose, but who had a master's hand in verse—Sir Walter Scott—and it will do you no harm as you sit on the oaken bench to read what Sir Walter had to say about Westminster:

Here where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand and still the tongue
Of those who fought and spoke and sung;
Here where the fretted aisles prolong
The distant notes of holy song,
As if some angel spoke again,
"All peace on earth, good will to men;"
If ever from an English heart,
O here let prejudice depart.
* * * * * * * * *
Where—taming thought to human pride!—
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side,
* * * * * * * * *
To solemn echo seems to cry,
"Here let their discords with them die."

William Wragg, Esq., used to live in North Carolina. This was some time ago, as you may see by the tablet on the wall over your head and the bas relief of a ship in distress and wreck. In fact, William was in America when the Boston tea party was held, and about that time concluded it was a better thing for him to do to seek a place of safety in England. At least, it would seem that he was in search of a place where Yankee bullets didn't whistle, but the marble slab that has been placed to his memory doesn't say anything about it. It does, however, set forth the following in big, plain letters.

> Sacred to the memory of William Wragg, Esq'e, who, when the American colonies revolted from Great Britain, inflexibly maintained his loyalty to the person and government of his sovereign, and was therefore compelled to leave his distrest family and ample fortune. In his passage to England in the year 1782 from Amsterdam, he was unfortunately shipwrecked and drowned on the coast of Holland, the third of September, 1777.

Mr. Wragg may not have been a coward, though it seems rather thoughtless of him to have gone off and left his "distrest" family in the wilds of Carolina, but his surviving afflicted sister in England who caused the monument to be erected in Westminster, says also on the tablet that "in him strong natural parts and the love of justice and humanity, improved by education, formed the valuable character of a good man," and surely she should have known him better than we.

Along down through the noble aisle you walk, after you have sufficiently rested yourself, impressed and softened as you well may be by the solemnity and the history and the romance—strangely dissimilar elements, yet all merged and mixed to bring you into a receptive mood—until you come to a tablet set in the wall just below the medallions of John and Charles Wesley. These two men weren't Americans, but to an immense American denomination they seem, no doubt, almost as though they had been born on the American side of the Atlantic, and the words which accompany their bas reliefs are of interest. "The best of all is, God is with us," and those other sentiments:

I look upon the world as my parish.
God buries his workman, but carries on his work.

The tablet set in the wall below the remembrance of the two Wesleys is of white marble, with lettering in black. It shows the variety of the recognition of America in these words:

> Colonel Joseph Lemuel Chester, LL. D., of Columbia College, New York city, as, also, D. C. L. of the University of Oxford, born 30 of April, 1741, at Norwich, Connecticut, U. S. A., Died 26 May, 1882, in London, where he Had Res ded for many years the Learned Editor of Westminster Abbey Registers. In Grateful Memory of the Disinterested Labour of an American Master of English Genealogical Learning this Tablet is Erected by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

Away off in another corner there stands one of the conventional abbey monuments. It is more than conventional, for it is commonplace. In point of fact, there is a deal of funereal rubbish in the tombs of Westminster, and you will wonder the longer you look how it ever happened that so many distressingly plain and artistically ugly marbles ever were accepted for exposition in this place. But never mind the conventionality, the words on the tablet below the recumbent figure are worth while as though she were heartily tired of her situation, are what interest us. They read in this wise:

> The Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, By an Order of the Great and General Court Bearing Date Feb. 1, 1759, Caused this Monument to be Erected to the Memory of George Augustus, Lord Viscount Howe, Brigadier General of His Majesty's Forces in America, Who Was Slain July the 6th, 1754, On the march to Ticonderoga, in the 34th Year of his Age. In testimony of the Sense they have of his Services and Military Virtues and of the Affection their Officers and Soldiers bore to His Command. He Lived Respected and Beloved; the Public regretted His Loss: To his Family it is Irreparable.

The people are walking slowly and with uncovered heads, for the most part, as we step away from the great arched nave and seek that celebrated nook, walled in by the great Gothic arches, and yet above the busts and memorials, showing dusky in the half light, the glow of the Lincoln sun—for there is a London sun—comes softly in through a rich stained glass window, and illumines the figures of the window in colors deep and warm. So, through the centuries to come, shall the light shine through these windows, the gift of an American citizen to Westminster. There are busts to William Wordsworth in the corner, to Charles Kingsley and Matthew Arnold and others of the lesser—or, some day, shall they be the larger?—poets of Britain, but the most beautiful sight in the corner is the lofty windows above, where you may read the words under one window, "George William Childs," and under the other, "Civis Americanus, A. D. MDCCCLXXV."

The windows commemorate the graces and character of the lives and labors of the poets Herbert and Cowper, and this recognition of English worth by an American is one of the interesting tokens of the close kinship between the two peoples.

Hard by Westminster, indeed to all intents and purposes a part of the abbey itself, stands St. Margaret's Church, and here again you will find the impress of American thought upon this great monument. Mr. Childs here erected another noble memorial window to the memory of John Milton. In the year 1882 Sir Walter Raleigh's memory was recognized by a great and beautiful window in one of the most conspicuous portions of the church, placed there by American hands, just below the magnificent representation of Queen Elizabeth. Perhaps in a still closer sympathy and touch do the three memorial windows on the wall of St. Margaret's to the left of the chancel bring the thoughtful people of the two races in America and England combined to erect this memorial to an American who was known and honored throughout the two countries.

"Many a time, sir, in the years gone by," says the caretaker of the church, who has kindly opened the doors that we may see this memorial, "many a time, sir, has he spoke from that desk right over there in plain sight of this memorial. He was a noble man, sir, and one of the most eloquent that ever spoke here."

This recognition of the great American preacher, Phillips Brooks, is one of the most significant and interesting in all Westminster's memorials in which America bears part.

There is a faded bunch of American golden rod lying in the dust upon one tomb in Westminster, a tomb that has a peculiar and sad interest to Americans, because the life of the one who is buried there was so closely interwoven in the warp and woof of the great fabric which the resistless shuttles of war wove in the days of the Revolution. The golden rod has a card attached to it and on it are the words:

> Lamented by Every American
> School Boy
> Who Reads the Sad Tale
> Golden Rod for a Soldier's Grave.
> MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
> Died October 2nd, 1780.

At the bottom of the card are the words, in a delicate hand: "From an English woman in Delaware, U. S. A."

A bas-relief upon the monument tells the story of Gen. Washington receiving the petition of the ill-fated young officer after his capture, telling how he wanted death to come. There is the customary tablet, and on it you may read the English estimate of one of the best-known characters of the war of the Revolution. It tells of his being raised by his own merit at an early period of his life to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, of his employment "in an important and hazardous enterprise, in which he fell, a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and his country;" of how universally he was beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes, and how his gracious sovereign King George III. caused the monument to be erected. André was executed on the 2d day of October, 1780, and his remains were taken from their resting place at Tappan by James Buchanan, English Consul at New York, and removed to England. André lies a few feet from the monument in Westminster. His body was taken up on the 10th of August, 1821, and, under the slow sea time sailing of those days, did not reach its last resting place in England until the 28th of November.

Through low-groined arches, along a dim Gothic cloister, the stone ceiling stained with the grime and smoke of the centuries, over a pavement deep-worn by the feet of world-faring pilgrims, you come to the entrance of the Chapter House, the work of King Henry III., the first home of the Parliament of England. In a rather dark place, just before you enter the Chapter House proper, your eye will catch sight of a half bushel or more of small cards—visiting cards. They are resting on a tray. The helmeted guardian of the Chapter House, a genial and up-to-date policeman, says as you look at the heap of dust-covered cards, with here and there one untouched by dust, which has evidently just been placed on the tray:

"Some of them, sir, put a card there, and some of them don't. It's just owing to the way they look at it. But you will see a good many of them have wanted to do it, and they say down in that pile there are some of the best-known names in America."

The trayload of cards was lying at the base of the memorial to James Russell Lowell, cards placed there by American tourists in the years since the memorial was put in place, to show their appreciation of one who stood among the foremost English-speaking poets of his day. The inscription on the tablet below the bas-relief medallion of the poet notes that the tablet and the windows above were placed there "in memory to James Russell Lowell, U. S. Minister to the Court of St. James from 1880 to 1885, by his English friends." It was first intended that the memorial should occupy a place in the Poet's Corner, near the bust of Longfellow, but it was not possible to place any stained glass at that point, so the hall or cloister leading up to the Chapter House, and, in fact, a part of the Chapter House itself, was selected.

The light comes in but dimly on a dull London day, through the beautiful windows of the memorial, but it is a tender and sympathetic light, and it falls lovingly on a dry and seared wreath of evergreen plucked in the garden of the dead poet at Cambridge, and coming across the sea to rest before this memorial.

The windows show from the works of the poet scenes from "The Vision of Sir Launfel," "St. Ambrose," and "The Biglow Papers," while the shield of the United States, the shield of Harvard University, that of Great Britain, and that of Westminster Abbey illuminate the borders. Though it is an out-of-the-way corner of the abbey, it is one of the best known places to the tourists from America, as the heap of visiting cards shows.

One need not describe the memorial of Longfellow, conspicuous among the memorials of the Poets' Corner. It is too well known, but it should not be overlooked in bringing to notice America's place in Westminster. It stands in the very heart of English song. Dryden to the left, Shakespeare's tomb at elbow's touch, Chaucer, Browning, and Tennyson at the base of the bust, beneath, or air slabs of stone, this recognition of the gifted poet is surrounded by the memorials of the greatest men of the land that has delighted to honor him. Cut in the base of the bust are these words, typical of the feeling which more than we sometimes realize, exists between the unprejudiced masses of the two nations:

> This bust was placed among the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet.

With but one exception, and that in the instance of the musician Handel, more than half an Englishman, no other nation in the world but America is recognized among the noble memorials of England's great abbey.

CANADA'S NEW GOLD FIELDS.

The Vast Region That Is About to Be Opened in Northern British Columbia.

Lying between the Yukon Basin and Cariboo is a vast, untrodden region, which offers tempting reward for thorough exploration. The territory is a continuation of that great gold-bearing belt of which California, Colorado, Nevada, Kootenay, Cariboo, and the Yukon are sections. The riches of Cariboo were long ago unlocked to the world, and soon prospectors will have overrun every part of the famous Yukon; but the wild mountain fastnesses of this unexplored territory have so far resisted the white man's entrance, and the great area stretching between latitudes 54° and 58° and extending from the Rocky Mountains on the east to 128° W. long., remains a terra incognita. That streams tributary to the Yukon, Peace River, and the Liard, known to be rich in placer gold, and rivers flowing through Cariboo and Cassiar, noted for their gold beds many years ago, all take their rise on the outskirts of this vast territory, would indicate the presence of mineral wealth in the unknown field.

This supposition is supported by more than mere probability. Since 1885 Indians and half-breeds have vaguely talked of gold "up in the interior" and taciturn Chinamen in ragged clothes have come down to the coast with bags containing large and small quantities of the precious metal. As the industrious celestial has been washing gold in old placer beds for years, earning a pittance which the white man would not consider worth his labor, the appearance of these uncommunicative, mysterious fellows at Pacific ports excited little interest until Klondike discoveries aroused every one. Then prospectors began to suspect the existence of new gold fields south of the Yukon and last summer miners ventured along the margin of the unknown region.

Two men who had been washing gold along streams of this outlying district brought out $48,000 worth of the yellow dust. During the summer one prospector found a nugget worth $70, and in October a large nugget worth $300 was sent from the southern part of the territory. Within the past few weeks the discovery of extensive bodies of fine milling gold quartz was reported to the British Columbia Minister of Mines by prospectors who left last summer to explore the southern outskirts. Winter had prevented more thorough exploration, but the veins were said to be of extraordinary width and were exposed for miles across the country. Samples of quartz, rich in gold, accompanied the report; but so wild and inaccessible is the region these deposits cannot be worked until the Teslin Lake-Telegraph Creek Railway or the Cassiar Central has been built.

The unopened territory is variously designated by the names of its different sections, as the Omineca, the Peace River, the Liard country. Roughly speaking, it is bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, on the west by the Yukon and the Pacific slope, and on the south by Cariboo. The nearest point on the Canadian Pacific Railroad is almost 600 miles from its southern limits, but the Omineca can be reached by way of the coast, going up the Skrena River and following a fairly clear trail for 150 miles.

Discovery of gold in Omineca caused a great rush northward from Cariboo and the coast in 1870; but without modern hydraulic appliances the gravel was difficult to work. When rich diggings were found in Cassiar the crowds stampeded to the newer field. During the eight years that followed at least $1,000,000 in gold was taken from Omineca by miners satisfied with moderate returns. The general impression that the diggings on the southern outskirts were shallow discouraged exploration until last fall, and then, when the discoveries were announced, the season had advanced too far for prospecting.

For hundreds of miles north of Omineca, is a vast expanse absolutely unknown to the white man. It lies between Peace River and the Yukon. A party under Lord Avonmore is spending the winter in the Liard country, in order to be on hand for thorough exploration of that section of the terra incognita when the season opens. Between the Peace and Liard rivers the climate is not so rigorous and forbidding as in the Yukon. The country is densely wooded. There is a superabundance of timber for fuel and for building purposes. Game, large and small, is plentiful. For naturalist, sportsman and prospector, no part of the unexplored world offers more attractive prizes.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Drummer and the Star.

To the prompter-haunted theatre I come,
Proud to beat my bread and butter from the drum.
Like my heart it gets a beating
When, our eyes that moment meeting,
I behold you take the centre of the stage.
If the brassy, boastful trumpet gets a bar,
Though he bellow like a comic-opera star,
And the tympani are tacit
Till the coming tutti has it,
I can tune my heads, unmoved by jealous rage.

'Tis the softly, slyly whining, love-sick flute
Which disturbs me when my kettles thus are mute,
I detest the scrawny bandy,
Spider-legged little dandy,
He'd be super if the master'd take advice.
When the swaggering baton has beat the close,
And the blessed double-bar invites repose,
Leave your dance and come, my dear,
Where the stars which twinkle clear
Look like footlights of the stage of paradise.

HARVEY WICKHAM.

Just a Cruise.

From the Boston Record.

And what will all the Spaniards say
When they hear the jumping news
That into Dry Tortugas Bay,
Bound on a Cuban cruise,
The white fleet is a sailing,
And the chicken hearts are quailing,

And Don Sagasta? Won't he bark
Across the Spanish main,
Perchance to hear the cruisers bark
Their courtesy to Spain—
The white fleet is a sailing,
And chicken hearts are quailing,
As it sails?

And what will Admiral Sicard do
As they cross Havana bar?
He will take an extra reef or two
In what is his opinion of the Spaniards playing war,
The white fleet is awaking,
And the Admiral is aching
For the word.

The boe'n's whistle sings its little song,
And the gunners are squinting with a frown;
But just as circumspect as Mr. Long
Would have them get a bead on Bingham town,
The white fleet's only cruising,
But it isn't simply snoozing
On the cruise.

Six o'Clock.

From the Syracuse Courier.

At six o'clock, when the whistles blow
And Labor's grimy armies go,
With weary feet, their homeward way,
Happy to end the toilsome day,
I watch and wait for a girl I know;

And, trudging homeward through the snow,
Watching the roses come and go
Upon her cheek, my heart is gay
At six o'clock.

As pure is my queen in calico
As an angel's dream on a bed of snow;
And the light in her eyes is like a ray
From Heaven's windows gone astray
When she greets me with her cheeks aglow,
At six o'clock.

An Idaho Ball.

From the Northwest.

Git yo' little sage hens ready,
Trot 'em out upon the floor—
Line up there, you cusses! Steady!
Lively, now! One couple more.
Shove yer feet out cold sombrero,
Bronco, douse thet cigarette,
Stop that cussin', Casimero,
'Fore the ladies! Now, all set!

S'lute your ladies, all together!
Ladies opposite the same—
Hit the lumber with your leathers!
Balance all, an' swing your dame!
Bunch the heifers in the middle,
Circle stags and do-se-do!
Pay attention to the fiddle!
Swing her round and off you go!

First four forward! Back to places!
Second follow—shuffle back!
Now you've got it down to cases—
Swing 'em till their trotters crack!
Gents all right a-heel and toeing!
Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin—
On to next and keep a-goin'
Till yer hit yer pards ag'in!

Gents to centre; ladies round 'em,
Form a basket; balance all!
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!
Promenade around the hall!
Balance to yer pards and trot 'em
'Round the circle double quick!
Grab an' kiss 'em while you've got 'em—
Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to your sonnies!
Alaman! Grand right and left!
Balance all, an' swing yer honeys—
Pick 'em up and feel their heft!
Promenade like skeery cattle—
Balance all an' swing yer sweets!
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!
Keno! Promenade to seats.

The Song of the Drum.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Do you hear my summons hammer thro' the crackle and the clamor,
Do you feel my throb and thrill?
When I meet the smell of powder, oh, my merry note grows louder,
And my song shall not be still.
Follow, each beside his fellow, 'neath the vapors gray and yellow,
Wildly cheering, sternly dumb,
And rumble, rumble, rumble, when the smoke-wreaths toss and tumble,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

Men forget their fears and follies as they face the blinding volleys,
And the young recruits they come,
With their simple sunburnt faces, from the quiet country places,
To the call of me, the drum.
Come, ploughboy lad and carter, and your life-blood freely barter
For the bullet sure for some,
And rattle, rattle, rattle, through the din and roar of battle,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

When the boys that follow fast there, drop aside and fall at last there,
From the surging lines of red,
Then no more of pomp and ruffle; my notes awhile I muffle,
And I moan and mourn the dead.
But the losing battle needs me, and the whistling bullet speeds me;
Through the reeling ranks I come,
And clatter, clatter, clatter, where the broken regiments scatter,
You shall hear the rolling drum. Follow the drum!

In January.

From the Boston Daily Globe.

My lady has no ears for me,
Nor has she any eyes;
Love cannot win a look from her
How hard so e'er he tries.

She, who but now was happiest
When I was by her side,
Now lets her thoughts away from me
Go roaming far and wide.

There's speculation in the eye
That once met mine with fond
And eager gaze. A colder page
Than Love's to-day she's conned.

Now in her mind I am the last
Where once I was the first;
Yet I'm not jealous of the thoughts
In which she is immersed.

I'd be a fool to peak and pine
Because of things in plaids
That occupy her mind since she
Has seen the Sunday ads.

I know my lady still is mine,
Altho' Love's image pales
Before th' alluring prospect of
The January sales!

M. N. B.

To Delia Skating.

From the Westminster Gazette.

Of Diana, huntress, goddess, maiden cold
And sedate,
And her heavenly grace and beauty tales are told
Of old date—
How through woods swift-foot she sped,
Danced on many a mountain head;
Yet we never hear it said—
She could skate!

Thus the happy bard who Delia's form and face
Celebrates
As Diana's own, must sing an added grace
On her waits,

As he sees the radiant girl,
Red as ruby, white as pearl,
Like a Menad dancing, whirl
On her skates.

Oh, the graceful form that flies and stoops and swerves
Free, slate,
Swiftly changing as a wave that gathers, curves,
Passes straight!

Oh, the eyes like stars that glow,
Which the frost has burnished so!
('Tis a gift of frost that know
Those who skate.)

As a bird who poised in air on sleeping wings,
Watching, waits;
Then by sudden fright or impulse moved, upsprings;
Swoops, gyrates;

She, whose feet the Graces fledge,
For her safety giving pledge,
Skims from perilous edge to edge
Of her skates.

A Low Parliamentary Trick.

From the Washington Star.

She came to Congress, for at last
Oppression's hand from her had passed.
She answered to her country's call
And raised her voice in council hall,

And yet she seemed unhappy. Men
Had made the welkin ring again
With ready and sincere applause
For what she said about the laws.

E'en while she spoke, a shadow spread
Across her face. The joy was sped.
Some potent spell seemed to assail,
At last they saw her courage fail.

A simple sentence wrought her woe.
A fellow Member whispered low
The message of dismay and hate—
"My dear, your hat is not on straight."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A friend sends us the whole poem "The Norway Sheep," for which B. asked last Sunday. The authorship of the poem is unknown. Another friend says that *Littell's Living Age* of Sept. 29, 1888, copied the poem from *All the Year Round*.

Can you tell me who wrote a poem called "The Jew's Prayer," and where the music for it can be found? It begins:

Indulgent God of love and power. To thee for help I fly.
Be with me at this solemn hour and hear my lonely cry.
Renew my heart and be my guide to Thy celestial throne.
Oh, let me see Thy wounded side; I come to Thee, the Crucified.
Lord, condescend to be my guide. Oh! leave me not alone!

CHARLES F. NETTLESHIP.

Old residents of Buffalo will remember away back in the time of the Fox sisters, when they and their spiritual rappings first were coming to notice, say in 1850 or thereabouts, a fanatical ranter who went about the streets crying: "Woe, woe to the inhabitants of the earth!" He claimed to be the Angel Gabriel, and his method was to stop on some prominent corner and blow a long tin horn till a sufficient crowd had assembled for him to address. On one occasion some irreverent scoffer, noting the style of trumpet he was using, yelled at him: "That's right, Gabe, go it; toot your own horn if you don't sell a clam!" The gamins took it up and repeated the cry every time the fellow attempted to gather his wouldbe flock together, and at last he had to abandon the city to the woe he had cast upon it, as his preaching after that was an object of ridicule. T. D. W.

1. Who compose the Senate of Hawaii? 2. Under the treaty now before the Senate of the United States will the Hawaiians themselves become American citizens or will they have to be naturalized? L. M. B.

1. Fifteen members, elected in 1894. 2. The treaty makes no provision in the matter. American citizens resident in the islands, of course will retain their citizenship; Congress is expected to provide for the Hawaiians and the European residents. Unless Congress does so they will come in as aliens, and will have to be naturalized.

Will you please name me one or two instances in history, near or remote, wherein money, or the lack of money, has been shown a power in national affairs? Was the Southern Confederacy an example? That is, did its bankruptcy contribute to its failure? W. F. J.

Money gave to Great Britain great power in the Napoleonic wars; she kept her own and other armies in the field, and was able to wear Napoleon out. The possession of money enabled Prussia to overthrow Austria in 1866 and take the first place in the North German Confederation, from which first place her King stepped into the place of German Emperor in 1871. The lack of money, or national bankruptcy, has never been a hindering power in national affairs. The bankruptcy of the Confederate States did not contribute preponderatingly to the failure of the Confederacy.

About a year or eighteen months ago your London correspondent reported a case of excessive damages given to a woman in a suit against her doctor, who had told his wife the patient's trouble. Who were the parties and what damages were given? A. G. M.

The case was that of Kitson against Playfair for slander. Mrs. Kitson, the wife of Mr. John Kitson, sued her sister-in-law's husband, Dr. William Playfair, for accusing her to the sister-in-law of unfaithfulness. She recovered £12,000 on March 27, 1896.

1. Are there any reliable statistics to show what effect the abolition of capital punishment has had on the number of murders in any of the several States or in other countries? 2. Is it possible for an ocean steamer or yacht (Cammell) to float in one drop of water? To be more explicit: If a containing vessel were built one-millionth (.000001) part of an inch larger than the hull of the boat in every dimension, and one drop of water put into it and the steamer introduced, would she float, or would she touch bottom? J. L. B.

1. There seem to be none that are trustworthy. 2. Theoretically, the vessel would float.

1. At what particular time, by whom, and why, was the masculine habit of parting the hair in the middle first introduced here? 2. Was it not a few years since more or less generally ridiculed by the press? 3. Did this effeminate fad appear via the stage, as the hair which is draped or hangs like portières in Cleo de Merode style? 4. To what extent does it prevail beyond college circles? A.

1. Within fifteen years; we cannot fix it more exactly. 2. Yes. 3. It did not come by way of the stage, for hair parted in the middle has long been a mark of a fop on the stage. We presume that some leader of fashion started it, who found himself getting bald, and decided that parting his hair on the side only emphasized his increasing baldness. 4. Very largely nowadays.

Please give me the derivation and definition of the words "greater and lesser Antilles," as used frequently by your paper in speaking of Cuba, Hayti, and the Philippines. A. J. M.

The derivation of the word Antilles does not seem to be known accurately. Some persons say that it is the name of a continent, believed by Columbus to exist where he discovered the islands now known as the Antilles; others, that it comes from *ante islas*, the forward islands, and apply it to the Caribbean group. The Greater Antilles consist of Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica, and Hayti; the Lesser Antilles of the islands lying in a curve north of the South American coast, the most important being Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Trinidad, Martinique, St. Kitts, Nevis, and Santa Cruz. The Philippine Islands are in Oceanica, in the Eastern Hemisphere, now here near the Antilles.

During a discussion concerning the merits of different games of cards, a gentleman asserted that the German game of skat was much more scientific a game than whist. Is this so? C. F. R.

We think not. No whist player will admit that skat is more scientific than his game, and we think that very few Germans claim that their game is deeper than whist. Skat has some écarté, some bésique, some whist and some poker in its composition; it is quicker than whist and more complicated, but probably not more scientific.

What is the fastest time made by a sailing ship between Liverpool and New York or New York and Liverpool? Please give name of ship. J. P. S.

Thirteen days 1 hour 25 minutes, made by the clipper ship Red Jacket in 1854.

Who led the mob that went from Paris to the Royal Palace to attack Louis XVI. of France? ALPHA.

On June 20, 1792, the mob was led by Santerre and the Marquis de St. Huruques; on Aug. 10 Westerman led the mob, while the Insurrectional Committee aided him; it was composed, besides himself, of Santerre, Barbaroux, Fournier, Camille Desmoulins, Danton, Carra, and others.

Please tell me how to take grease spots out of marble. A. W.

It is said that common clay, saturated with benzine and applied to and allowed to remain some time on the grease spots, will remove them. It will probably take the polish off the marble, however. Try placing a piece of thin blotting paper on the spots and pressing with a hot iron.

A man starts from New York at noon, Jan. 10, travelling westward. He travels as quickly as the sun, and reaches Chicago about one hour later, and finds it is still noon. As he travels onward he finds it is continually noon for him. Twenty-four hours after leaving New York he arrives there again, and finds it is still noon for him. He is told it is noon, Jan. 11. Now the question is this: When did the day change with him? E. P. F.

By general consent among civilized nations the day begins as the sun passes the International Date Line, which follows a conventional course from Behring Straits to the South Pole, avoiding all important places. As the traveller crosses that line, whether it is at 180° east and west of Greenwich, or at 120° east or 160° west, the day changes for him.

Anton Gruelich.—Van Wyck, the name of the first Mayor of the City of New York, is pronounced to rhyme with Mike.

J. Keelof.—We do not know where Sweeney's marble yard was thirty years ago. Look in a city directory of 1868; the publishers of the directory have it on file.

Robert H. Griffin.—Sir John Franklin was the first to discover the northwest passage. See McClintock's "Narrative of the Fate of Sir John Franklin" and other similar books.

Two Republicans (J. S. S.), Philadelphia.—An incoming steamer must take a pilot from the first pilotboat she meets; her Captain may not choose what pilot he will patronize.

E. M. Ivy.—Bunker Hill monument is 221 feet 2 inches high, 30 feet square at the base, and 15 feet 4 inches square where the pyramidal apex begins; 6,700 tons of granite were used in building it.

A. B. Y.—If you are interested in the question of the invention of electric telegraphy, read the life of S. F. B. Morse, by S. I. Prime, and Alfred Vail's "Magneto-Electric Telegraph." Except by the relatives of Prof. Morse it is admitted now very generally that Vail took a very important part in the development of the telegraph.

C. H. S.—The twentieth century will begin on Jan. 1, 1901. If you have 2,000 numbered counters to put in piles of 100 each, your first pile isn't complete until it has the hundredth counter on top. The second pile begins with number 101, and ends with number 200, and so on, until the twentieth pile begins with number 1901, and ends with number 2,000. The fact that people did not begin to reckon time from Christ's birth immediately after His birth, but waited until about 554 A. D., doesn't interfere with the parallel between the piles of counters and the centuries. When they did begin to reckon time so, they referred the beginning of the first century to His birth, and ran along regularly afterward, just as you do with your counters.

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Some time since, a special and exhaustive examination of the feed water of boilers was made by a competent engineer, with the conclusion—as reported in the Boston *Journal of Commerce*—that the presence of an acid in a boiler can be accounted for in the following manner: Internal corrosion is not only originated by the acids with which some canal, pit, and other waters are impregnated, but is also due to the acidity resulting from decomposition, by the high temperatures in boilers, of the chlorides of lime, magnesia and sodium, and of sulphates of lime and magnesia, the former sometimes developing hydrochloric and the latter sulphuric acid. If, therefore, these acids are not neutralized by introducing some substance for which they have greater affinity than the material of the boilers, the latter become pitted or wasted.

For the more easy and effective purification of the indoor atmosphere a humidifier of some two feet square has been contrived by Henry J. Barnes of Philadelphia. This device has its top and two sides solid, the third side is a tight door, and the fourth, or front, in part is of open-work brass, and the bottom is open, the whole being intended to stand over a register in the floor. One-half of the interior is taken up with a galvanized iron water tank, with broad edge at the top, on which rests a brass frame to hold several rods at the top, from which are suspended strips of cotton felt almost the width of the tank and long enough to reach to its bottom. When in use the tank is filled with water, the strips of felt dipping into it become wet, and the hot air coming up through the register into the box has no other means of exit than past these strips, thus becoming charged with moisture. If the air of the room gets too moist, so as to be seen by the deposit of dew or frost on the window panes, then, by a simple bit of mechanism, acting automatically, the strips are lifted from the tank and the hot air dries them, and, passing beyond, regulates the atmosphere of the room, the strips being then again dipped into the tank. The window glass serves as a guide in determining the number of evaporating surfaces required in a room, and, this known, it works automatically.

Some of the English papers have much to say concerning the new Halford system of railway construction—the plan, as briefly outlined in the London *Times*, being one in which gravity is the motive power and the cars are always running down hill. This result is achieved by making the permanent way in sections, hinged together and at each end supported on hydraulic rams. As the train reaches the junction of two sections, it puts the hydraulic machinery in action, so that the ram rises, lifting the end of the section, together with the cars that are upon it; the train thus has a decline, down which it runs by its own weight, and, as the same process is repeated with each section, it is practically always running down a falling gradient, continuous, though of varying steepness. The hydraulic power necessary in carrying out this system is conveyed through a pipe which is laid beneath the rails, and the admission of water to the cylinders of the rams is controlled either by electrical means from the cars themselves, or by the weight of the train depressing the section it is about to leave, and in this way actuating the supply valve.

Near Shasta, Cal., one of the gold mines is worked by means of a peculiar machine, called a monitor, invented and operated by A. G. Annis, the machine in question being sunk in the river through the centre of a boat, twenty feet long. A cylinder of iron, three feet in diameter at the top and five feet at the bottom, with two windows at the top, is lowered through the hole in the centre of the boat to the bottom of the river; the workman enters, descends, the cylinder is closed at the top, air is forced into it, and the workman descends to a dry surface at the bottom of the river to work the gravel. The compressed air, which clears the cylinder of water, is also applied in elevating the gravel through a pipe inside to the deck of the boat, where it is deposited in sluices and washed. The peculiar feature of construction in this arrangement is that by which the water is forced out of the cylinders and the gravel up to the top through the pipe inside. The value of this method has been proved by thorough tests—three men working in shifts of four hours each, as stated—the returns in gold being eminently satisfactory.

An interesting as well as a curious scientific point was brought to the consideration of the British Association, at its recent meeting, by Prof. Richet, namely, a method of ascertaining the amount of time necessary for realizing any physical sensation or mental impression, and this by mechanical means. If, for example, the skin be touched repeatedly with light blows from a hammer, Prof. Richet states, one may distinguish the fact that the blows are separate and not continuous pressure when they follow one another as frequently as one thousand a second. Then, too, the smallest intervals of sound can be much better distinguished with one ear than with both; thus, the separateness of the clicks of a revolving toothed wheel was noted by one observer when they did not exceed sixty to the second, but, using both ears, they could not be distinguished when occurring oftener than fifteen times a second. Again, the sharp sound of the electric spark of an inductive coil was distinguished with one ear when the rate was as high as 500 to the second; and it has been found, too, that hearing is so much more rapid than counting that, if a clock-clicking movement runs faster than ten to the second, four clicks can be counted, while with twenty to the second two can be counted, bright, however, is much less keen than hearing, in distinguishing differences, so that, if a disk half white and half black be revolved, it will appear gray when its revolutions exceed twenty-four per second.

The San Francisco papers have published some admirable views of the "largest engine of its type ever built," one which is to develop 10,000 horse power and drive the excursion paddle steamer Empress Queen from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, the steamer being 360 feet over all. This engine is a three-cylinder compound, diagonal type, surface condensing. The high-pressure cylinder, sixty-eight inches in diameter, is placed between two low-pressure cylinders of ninety-two inches diameter each and with a stroke of eighty-four inches length; the high-pressure cylinder has a piston valve, while the other cylinders have flat slide valves, the double eccentric link motion controlling all three. The starting and reversing is done by means of a direct-acting steam and hydraulic engine; the condenser, cylindrical in form, is placed athwartships between the cylinders and the shafting supports, and a separate centrifugal circulating pump, worked by an independent steam pump, supplies the condensing water and is arranged to be used as a bilge pump if necessary. The two boilers are installed forward of the engine and two aft, making two compartments. The Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company of Govan, Scotland, are the builders, and the Empress Queen is expected to make twenty-five statute miles an hour.

Experiments made recently by scientific men in France, says the *London Standard*, have developed a somewhat curious and unexpected fact, namely, that certain persons possess a magnetic polarity—that is, they are found to act after the manner of magnets, having, in fact, north and south poles. In such a case the individual, on being completely undressed and placed near a sensitive galvanometer, will, when turned on a vertical axis, cause a deflection, first in one direction and then in the opposite, just as a magnet will do. It is not assumed that all persons possess this polarity, but in the case of Prof. Murani, an Italian, upon whom the experiment was tried, the phenomenon was unmistakably exhibited, it being found that his breast corresponded to a north pole and his back to a south pole.

Among the industrial items of valuable information contained in the "Blue Book" of the United Kingdom of late issue, not the least important are those relating to the mines. It appears that during the year 1896 the total output of coal was 195,361,260 tons, of which amount only 9,300 tons were obtained from open quarries; seams worked in England vary from eleven or twelve inches to thirty feet in thickness, and in Scotland seams of cannel coal only six inches in thickness are being worked. For cobalt and nickel ore the only mine worked is in Flintshire, which, after being idle for several years, has lately been reopened. Copper mining is rapidly increasing in extent. Flint mining still survives in Brandon, the product of a few shallow mines operated in a most primitive manner sufficing to supply the gradually diminishing demand for gun flints. The total quantity of iron ore obtained from the mines and quarries last year was 12,500,000 tons.

An extensive use of manganese bronze in the form of sheets, for mining screens, is noted, on account of the acid mine waters having no action on it. For rolling into sheets a mixture containing more copper and manganese and less zinc is now employed. It is also found that a substitute for German silver can be made by the use of manganese, the different metals and their proportions being as follows: 67.25 of copper, 18.50 of manganese, 13.00 of zinc, and 1.25 of aluminum. The color of the metal produced by this amalgamation is pronounced very good for the uses to which it is put, and resembles in a remarkable degree the article known by that name; it is also said to be fully as strong as the best German silver, and has a superior casting quality, such as will be appreciated by foundrymen.

SINKERS STARTS A NEW LODGE.

A Talk with Sarsaparilla Reilly on Wives, Widows, and Life Insurance.

Sarsaparilla Reilly wore a new button in his coat lapel when he greeted the Sinker Man in the restaurant. The button bore the letters "U. O. R. S." Glancing at the button, Sinkers exclaimed:

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