

REPELLING INVASION.

AN amusing incident which occasioned the repulse of the first attack made by the Spaniards upon Terceira, during the operations which marked the conquest of Portugal by Philip II., is thus related by Mr. W. F. Walker, F.R.G.S., in his *The Azores*:—

Early in the morning of July 25, 1581, the inhabitants of the village of S. Sebastian were alarmed at the sight of a squadron, consisting of seven large Spanish war galleons, anchored off the little bay of Salga, the operations for landing a hostile force being actually in progress. Hastily summoning some companies of militia, and collecting behind a neighbouring knoll a large herd of the semi-wild cattle from the neighbouring pastures, the islanders quietly awaited the massing of the Spaniards on the beach. When this had been accomplished the Terceirenses advanced close up to the foe, as if to the attack, when suddenly opening out into two long columns, and leaving a wide open space between, the herd of cattle were sent thundering down the centre, goaded on by picadores on horseback. So unusual and unexpected a charge threw the Spaniards into the most complete disorder, and being at once set upon by the islanders scarcely a man escaped to the ships, several guns, which had been landed, falling as spoil to the conquerors.

TWO PICTURES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

THE "Hundred Falls" extend the whole length of a gorge some sixteen miles long, and excavated to the depth of 300 feet in hard granite. . . . On one occasion Mr. Farini and his companions found themselves at the foot of the Hercules Fall when a mighty roar gave warning that the rising waters were coming down upon them. They effected a hasty retreat to a rocky islet, where they spent the night in no small discomfort. Here they watched the "oncoming flood, the swollen river sweeping everything before it with a sullen roar. The rocks on which we were standing soon became surrounded by a raging torrent; the wall of water, not taking time to follow the streamlets, burst over the rocks on all sides, and rushing headlong into all the holes, pools, and cracks and crannies, overflowed them in an instant. The main channel was soon filled, and absorbed each little winding stream in the general flood. What a grand transformation scene! On every side of us was the boiling waters, bearing on its surging bosom uprooted trees, logs, poles, and other *débris*. The booming of the drift-wood as it bumped against the rocks, and the roar of the rushing and falling waters, were deafening. If the flood rose much more our fate was sealed, for, although the rock we were on was a large one, and appeared to be the dividing line between two channels of the river, it bore unmistakable traces of its being water-worn, and no doubt was quite submerged at high water."—*The Athenæum*.

TEUTONIC ENGLAND.

SAD as it is to confess it, the truth must nevertheless be told, that our beasts and birds, our plants and flowers, are for the most part of purely Teutonic origin. Even as the rude and hard-headed Anglo-Saxon has driven the gentle, poetical, and imaginative Celt ever westward before him into the hills and the sea, so the rude and vigorous Germanic beasts and weeds have driven the gentler and softer southern types into Wales and Cornwall, Galloway and Connemara. It is to the central European population that we owe or owed the red deer, the wild boar, the bear, the wolf, the beaver, the fox, the badger, the otter, and the squirrel. It is to the central European flora that we owe the larger part of the most familiar plants in eastern and south-eastern England. They crossed in bands over the old land belt before Britain was finally insulated, and they have gone on steadily ever since, with true Teutonic persistence, overrunning the land and pushing slowly westward, like all other German bands before or since, to the detriment and discomfort of the previous inhabitants. Let us humbly remember that we are all of us at bottom foreigners alike, but that it is the Teutonic English, the people from the old Low Dutch fatherland by the Elbe, who have finally given to this isle its name of England, and to every one of us, Celt or Teuton, their own Teutonic name of Englishman. We are at best, as an irate Teuton once remarked, "nozzing but second-hand Chermans." In the words of a distinguished modern philologist of our own blood, "English is Dutch, spoken with a Welsh accent."—*Cornhill Magazine*.

TURNER'S WORK ON HIS PLATES.

THE first thing Turner did was to make a drawing in sepia for the guidance of the engraver. These drawings are in the National Gallery. They are the ghosts of what they were, and are almost in every case, and naturally so, inferior to the prints. The copper was then sent to Turner, who, with few exceptions, etched with the needle the essential lines of the subject, always with a reference in his own mind to the mezzotint which was to be added. When the plate was etched and bitten in, the engraver roughened the whole plate with a multitude of little projecting points of copper made by a special tool. This is the mezzotint, or more properly the *bur*. All the points catch the ink in printing, and would yield an intense black were they not removed. They are accordingly partially removed with the scraper when lighter darks are required, and the lighter the passage the more the bur is cleared away, till finally, in high lights, it is removed altogether, and the plate in these places is burnished. It is plain then that the mezzotint engraver can gradate the light and shade of his plate from absolute black to pure white, or rather from the deepest dark to the highest light,—and no better vehicle could have been chosen for engraving his drawings by an artist who, like Turner, was a master of gradation, and especially careful in developing his whole subject from or

towards a dominant light. The engravers were not then left to themselves. Turner had proofs of the plates at various stages of the rubbing-down sent to him, and wrote on them his instructions and advice, following the engraving almost day by day, and sometimes working on the plate with his own hands. A few he mezzotinted and engraved himself, and I have drawn attention to some curious things in these plates.—*Rev. Stopford Brooke: Notes on the Liber Studiorum of F. W. M. Turner.*

MOURNING IN COREA.

IN walking through the streets of Seoul one often meets with figures clothed from head to foot in a grayish yellow sackcloth, with bright yellow hats, or rather broad-brimmed straw baskets, on their heads; men, moreover, who further disguise their identity by holding a strip of sackcloth stretched on pieces of stick in front of their faces. These are mourners. In the year 1882 a Japanese traveller who landed on the north-east coast found the officials and all the inhabitants in this lugubrious masquerade. They were in mourning for the queen, who was supposed to have been murdered, but who, after the people had worn sackcloth half a year for her sake, emerged safe and sound from the hiding-place where she had taken refuge from the pursuit of her wicked father-in-law, Tai-on-Kun. For a queen it is customary to mourn twelve months, for parents and near kinsfolk three years. What a deep influence this prescriptive usage has upon the life of the people is illustrated by the following story of an aged bachelor who was asked why he had never taken a wife. "My parents as well as myself," he said, "were desirous that I should marry, and a suitable young lady being found our betrothal took place. Then my future father-in-law died, and we had, of course, to wait three years. I had hardly put off my mourning than I had to bewail the loss of my own poor father; necessarily here was another term of three years' waiting. When these were up, the mother of my future wife took sick and expired, and thus we were obliged to delay our marriage another three years. Lastly, I had the misfortune to lose my own dear mother, which naturally caused a further adjournment. So that, as four times three makes twelve, that number of years had passed over our heads and made us both the older. At this time my betrothed fell ill, and as she was at death's door I went to pay her a last visit. My future brother-in-law met me at the door and said 'Although you are not formally married, yet perhaps I may for this once look upon you as man and wife; come in and see her.' I had hardly entered and been for a moment face to face with my poor wife than she breathed her last. When I saw this all thoughts of marriage fled from me and I have remained a bachelor ever since."—*London Times*.

AMONGST THE SHEAVES.

AMONGST the sheaves when I beheld thee first,
That happy harvest morn a year ago,
A thought crept through my heart with sudden glow,
That never sunny mountain top had nursed
A fresher, fairer flower—the very air
Kissed thy dear face and seemed to feel it fair,
And the serene, deep, summer heaven above
Leaned down to gaze on thee with looks of love . . .
Oh! child-like woman, that hast kept thine heart
So pearled with morning dew—my flower, my flower!
How passing dull my thought was in that hour,
Owning thy beauty, yet devoid of art
And insight to discern, that by God's grace
My life's best angel met me face to face.

T. WESTWOOD: *Gathered in the Gloaming.*

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

ON COMPROMISE. By John Morley. London: Macmillan and Company. Toronto: Williamson and Company.

Mr. Morley's works are so well known to the reading public, that the publication of a new edition necessitates hardly any comment except upon the excellence of its printing and binding. Mr. Morley represents the views of one of the most advanced and liberal schools of thought in England; and represents them fully, fairly, and forcibly. His convictions are those of a plain, blunt man, who scorns the slightest adventitious aid in presenting them, yet rates rhetoric at its proper value; his motive apparently less the playing of the *role* of cultured casuist than the imparting of such casuistry as he is master of. There is a very even temper in his writing, which is sometimes laboured, but never obscure. He deals always with the verities of things, and often in the discussion of the perceptible current of events, shows a broad, deep comprehension of the resistless tides that dictate, far beneath, the tossing moods of the upper waters. His warmest admirers must complain of Mr. Morley, however, that he is too elaborate, in the sense of pains-taking, in his hypotheses and demonstrations. He uses up our patience sometimes by taking us over a long and laborious route to reach a conclusion that we are convinced a by-path leads to. There is an atmosphere of calmness and justice in the book, and its logic, granting its premises, is unimpeachable. Here is its keynote: