

## ST. PETER'S PUMP, BRISTOL.

The antiquity of St. Peter's Pump is so remote that it has baffled the research of all modern antiquarians; and even William of Wyreestre (circa 1480) says—"Yn Sanctre Petre hys parysh ye own auncyente foyntayne or pompe, fore aunte ye gret house of Mastyre Norton, an alchymist, of gret fayme: yt be 14 stappes from hys house, and was mych reputed for yts gode water long tyme afore ye Romayns." We have every reason, on the authority of Diodorus Siculus, to infer that it was the very pump from which Julius Caesar, on visiting Bristol—the ancient Caer Brito—drew his first supply of water to make the thousand bowls of brandy-punch to which he treated his victorious legions; and so pleased was he with the quality of the lymph, that when afterwards he pitched his *castra stativa* on St. Vincent's-hill, he every evening sent down his kettle by a centurion's company to fetch back a supply for his night's toddy. It subsequently became so famous that Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, when she gave a tea party to the Roman General Paulinus and his officers (who afterwards showed themselves so grossly ungrateful as to whip the old lady and her daughters as though they were school girls), she sent a special messenger to Bristol for a pitcher full, saying that to get the true flavour of the Souchong there was no water like that of St. Peter's Pump. It was equally and jealously prized by the Romans, and Leland appears to think it was the chief cause why Ostorius so rigidly guarded the place, and surrounded and fortified the neighbourhood with those strong camps whose vestiges still remain the wonders of castramentation. Tacitus, in the 12th Book of his Annals, says, "*Ostorius claudus castris Sabrinum et Antonium fluvios obsideri parat*,"—the chief temptation for his adopting these coercive measures towards the aborigines being their coveted possession of St. Peter's Pump, though it is a singular circumstance that neither Camden, Horsey, nor Strakeley, whose antiquarian industry has been so highly applauded, make any mention of the fact. After the departure of the Romans we only meet an incidental mention of this interesting object of antiquity in that celebrated incubation, "*The Groans of the Britons*," where the pathetic writer says, their tears fell "like water from St. Peter's Pump." A much more cheerful allusion is made to it in another very ancient composition by Eeca, Bishop of Hereford, about the latter end of the 15th century. It was in Latin, but is thus translated by Thos. Rowley (in a very old MS., *pence me*)—

"Whanne sprynge came dauncyng onne a flourette bedde,  
Dichte yune greene raimente alle in gaynesse spredde,  
The leaves of haubourne boddyng on his synnipe,  
Lyke sparklyng droppes from out St. Peter's pumpe."

Time will only permit me to refer casually to the other incidents and individuals with which it was associated. The Great Godfrey of Gonsance, when inhabiting the neighbouring castle, used to have his *shirt of mail* washed in it, and the Consul Robert had such a regard for it that he presented it with a new sucker at his own expense. Queen Elizabeth stopped at the pump in her triumphal passage through Bristol, when the mayor presented her with a glassful, qualifying it with a "sketch of cognac" from his leather flask. The mayor's calendar (which I have been permitted to inspect through the courtesy of the Chamberlain) thus quaintly and curtly records the incident: "Mayster mayer dyd gve her puyssente Majestie a drafft of Saynte Petre hys pumpe, addyng thereto fro the botal he dyd tak fro hys poke: ye queen did like ye typle ful wel, and dyd sai pleasantlie too him—'Maister maire, by ye bones of my father, I do much relyse yr pumpe, but much more yr botal'—whereat ye cortiers laft rite merrilie." Its water continued to grow in popularity and use, and was partaken of by various other royal and distinguished personages on their visit to Bristol. It was extensively patronised by the various mayors until the present, who, according to his own testimony before the Water Works Committee, has had very little personal acquaintance with that particular element.

I shall now conclude this imperfect paper by a curious bill of charges incurred for repairing the pump in 1397. It ran as follows:—

Item, a leyther sucker iij ponds oxe leyther for ye pumpe.  
Item, yron nayles L in number to fastyn yt.  
Item, for new tymbre for top of yt.  
Item, ij pyns for handle.  
Item, iij daies pai for an old foole to maik ye work.

Now let me finally thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my imperfect attempts to throw light upon so abstruse a subject, and beg of you, since the matter has been so dry, you will accompany me to the pump itself, when I will stand treat for the brandy, and we'll all drink to the continued preservation of this noble and interesting monument.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

Why are troubles like babies?—Because they get bigger by nursing.

"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

Why is a fashionable society like a warming-pan?—Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but whoever heard of a woman being in such a predicament?

WOMEN have often successfully hid valuables in their hair, and a young French lady lately found a thousand franc note in her deceased mother's chignon.

AN Illinois girl couldn't secure a certificate as a school-teacher because she couldn't tell the committee why the hind-wheels of a carriage were the largest.

AN old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts up very soon, and grows in its place.

WHEN a man is treating a dashing window to ice cream, and sees his wife coming into the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, hang to his chair, and trust to Providence.

FORTUNATELY for medical science, not every physician who saves a married woman's life is so morbid as to suspect her husband of lying in wait for him with an air-gun.

A NEW style of ear-rings has a small bell attached as the pendant. When Charles Augustus calls around to see Clara Jane, those tell-tale bells are muffled as soon as the old folks retire.

THE Boston girl is clever. She brings her suit for breach of promise, and then has the trial postponed until she reduces her weight sufficiently to go before the jury as a fearful example of the ravages of blighted affection.

THERE was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

"DID she return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a young man, who intimated that he had had some difficulty with his sweetheart.—"Yes, she returned it, and that is exactly what the annoyance is. She said she didn't want it."

"I HAD nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met: "but one of the girls got married. Now I have —" "Eight?" interrupted Jones. "No, ten—counting the son-in-law!" said Smith, with a sigh which might have been heard afar off.

THE father of Dorabella recently found that girl's hands full of blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," he said, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?"—"Yes, papa, said she; "but all these had leaves."

WE have just had occasion to console with a friend suffering from the shafts of female wit. He had been in the habit of making very frequent calls on a very agreeable lady of his acquaintance, and, on entering her parlour one evening, he said, "Well, Miss Sims, here I am again, you see, as regularly as the fever and ague."—"Oh, no," said she, very demurely, "that comes only every other day." He declares he will not call again for—a whole week.

MADAME X. was in the habit of consulting her physician, Dr. Z., daily, between the hours of two and three. The doctor was a witty and charming man, and they talked of every subject under heaven. One day, however, the doctor came and was denied admittance. He thought there must be some mistake, and ordered the servant to announce him again. This time the lady sent down a very polite message, informing the doctor that she was grieved beyond measure at being obliged to deny herself the pleasure of his company, but she was very ill.

## THE GLEANER.

THE Rhine salmon are the largest in the known world, frequently reaching 80 and 90 pounds weight.

THE English cricketers that went out to Australia to show the way to play cricket have been beaten again; last of all by the Sydney team.

FRANCE now collects the largest revenue ever raised by any nation in a time of peace. She collects £34,000,000 a year more than England.

DR. CUMMINGS is a prophet, and he predicts that the Turks are now about to be swept out of Europe, and the Jews are preparing to take possession of their own land of Jerusalem.

THE police of Moscow have frequently found of late placards upon walls, posted during the night, which demand for Russia the same constitution lately granted by the Sultan to Turkey.

THE Empress Eugenie will return to England in February. Her Majesty's visit to Rome does not appear to have given her so much satisfaction as she anticipated. The Empress is reported to be growing rather stout.

ONE of the latest Parisian toys is called the "Eastern Question." It is a steel crescent around which hang a certain number of rings strung together. The problem is to bring order out of confusion, but the more one tries to arrange them, the greater is the confusion. In the end, the toyseller divides the crescent into several pieces, and the rings arrange themselves in the simplest way imaginable.

DURING one of the fairs in Paris, some years ago, Baron James de Rothschild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed, he asked in a bantering tone: "Well, my dears, what can I do for you?" "Ah, Baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph." "With pleasure," replied the gallant old Baron, "if you preface it with an agreeable sentiment." So the young lady, without much ado, wrote on a dainty slip of paper: "I hereby give to ——— charity ten thousand francs," and the Baron immediately signed his name in full, and smiling paid the same to the enterprising Parisian.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

GOSPELING IDLENESS.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of *cumuli*, when he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

SILENT SUFFERING.—These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab, and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sounds, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing, except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of paste-board, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfection, and worshipping his own image. All his upper storeys are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space—as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.

A TRUE LADY.—Beauty and style are not the purest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Her face ever so plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

PHASES OF LIFE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-weary and tempest torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few and evening hours, when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

## VARIETIES.

AIR BATHS.—Mr. John Quincy Adams was in his ninetieth year when Charles Mackay first visited the United States. He was in excellent health, the cause of which is explained by Dr. Mackay. "Men and women," he said, "scarcely ever allow the fresh air of heaven to touch any part of their bodies except their hands and face, and even to these ladies are systematically unjust by wearing gloves and veils. The surface of the beautiful human form requires to be for a certain period of every day exposed to the action of the atmosphere. I take an air-bath regularly every morning, and walk in my bed-room in *puris naturalibus*, with all the windows open, for a full half-hour. I also take a water bath daily. I read and write for eight hours a day. I sleep eight hours, and devote another eight to exercise, conversation and meals. I feel within myself a reserve of bodily

strength which, I think, will carry me to a hundred years, unless I die by accident or am shot or hanged."

FEMALE SKATERS.—In Friesland, the women are as fond of skating as the men, and frequently have races. At one of these races, which took place in February, 1865, on a piece of ice in the outer ditch of the town of Leuwarden, there were thirteen competitors for the prize. They skated two and two, and after each heat, she who arrived last at the goal quitted the course. The seventh and last trial was between the two remaining winners, one of whom was twenty years of age, and the other sixteen. The former gained the principal prize, consisting of a gold ornament for the head, and the other the second, which was a coral necklace, with a gold clasp. One of the competitors on this occasion, was past fifty, and many of them only fifteen. To afford some idea of their swiftness, it is stated that one young female passed over the course, which was about 150 yards long, in thirteen seconds, or a mile in something less than two minutes and a half.

LIVING CHESSMEN.—Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of chess have heard of the games said to have been played in the Middle Ages with living chessmen. Lord Lytton recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Mooltan, last month, his Lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, in a novel game of chess with Col. Millet. The chess board, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of red and white calico with checkers a yard square, having been spread in front of the hall, chessmen, men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniforms appropriate to the various pieces, were marched and took their places. Then by word of command each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for the Viceroy. An Emperor of Morocco, who once indulged in a similar amusement, is said to have added a terrible realism to the game by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—There seems at last a reasonable probability that Cleopatra's Needle, which was given by Mehemet Ali to the British Government, and which has remained so long on the shore at Alexandria, will, before many months are over, be set up in London. An engineer, who has devoted much attention to the subject, says that by carefully swathing the monolith in a kind of sacking, and covering it with wood in a rounded shape, it could be rolled into a barge and then towed to the Thames. Once there, however, the still further and greater difficulty of erecting it has to be encountered. The erection of the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, cost £80,000; and it is the enormous expense involved in dealing with this still larger and more interesting monolith which has hitherto deterred the British Government from attempting the enterprise. The engineer, whose plan is now to be tried, maintains, however, that the work can be done, and the obelisk put up safely in the place to be provided for it at the end of Northumberland avenue, at a cost of £7,000.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. ALBONI, once the greatest of contralto singers, widow of Count Pepoli, was married for the second time in Paris, on Jan. 29, to Captain Charles Zieger, of the Republican Guard.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have finished their great patriotic drama, "The Traitor," on which they have been engaged for three years, and it will be presented at the inauguration of the new season at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris.

THE receipts of the masquerade at the Paris Opera amounted to nearly £3,500. One thousand five hundred carriages drew up to the gates, bringing 5,123 people. The ball-room was far more than half a square mile in extent, and the gaslights were as bewildering in their number as their blaze and glare to those who sought to count them.

THE Vienna Ladies' Orchestra, the organization that performed in Steinway Hall on first coming to this country, and subsequently in the Atlantic Garden, has been arrested in San Francisco, where there is a law against women being employed in places where liquor is sold. The members were marched through the streets in their evening dress by the police.

THE wife of Salvini, the actor, recently sent Wagner a basket of flowers, consisting of a bed of white blossoms, on which were laid five lines of verse made by five blades of grass, with the trouble-key picked out in violets. The two opening bars of the "Rhine Daughter's Song" were marked on the lines by pink blossoms.

THE former residence of Edwin Forrest, near Philadelphia, now a house for indigent actors, is a strange place. The house is a palace in its gorgeousness; the furniture is beautiful and expensive, the library, the pictures and the statuary are such as are seldom seen in private collections. All this is enjoyed by two old and infirm actors and a superintendent, for the benefits of the establishment have not been availed of by any except the two mentioned. Forrest's will orders the erection of a miniature theatre, in which the inmates of the house may entertain themselves and others. The endowment is sufficient to maintain a large number of persons, and it is supposed that in time the institution will become filled.

A JOURNALIST, formerly of Chicago, but now employed in New York, is afflicted with stammering, and also with the ambition to excel as a dramatic writer. A New York manager recently consented to hear him read a short farce, the sole condition being that the reading should not occupy more time than the manager did in smoking the cigar he had just lighted. Away they started, the one in no less hurry than the other, and the reading and smoking were concluded together. Of course, the question was immediately put: "What do you think of it?" "Well," replied the manager, "it is not a bad idea. Father, mother, lover, daughter, all uttering, will have a novel effect." The journalist furiously exclaimed: "They don't stammer; it's only my misfortune." "Oh, then, it isn't funny at all," Sorry I can't accept it."