

TEN YEARS AGO.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
This woman's whole existence."

Less vivid shows the Past to-day
Across the wastes of life;
Thy voice comes dim and far away
Through misty years of strife.
Ten years— and I can scarcely tell
Or went they swift or slow;
I only mind me what befell
Ten weary years ago.

Though Time, with sure and steady pace,
Has dried the tears once shed,
And dimmed the memory of thy face,
The parting words we said—
Though years have dulled grief's sharper sting,
The deeper sinks its woe,
The yearning for the buried Spring
Of ten long years ago.

The Spring of love and hopes and fears,
The sweetest I may see,
The sun and centre of my years—
Nay, life itself to me—
Is only one of many such
That haply he may know;
His heart may dwell with tenderer touch
On one less long ago.

Perchance he may remember still,
Perchance he may forget,
So many changing currents fill
Two lives that once were met!
I cannot vouch for love of men;
One only thing I know,
That still I love as I loved then,
Ten weary years ago.

A. S.

BLUNDERS IN PRINT.

This is a most comprehensive title, and might include every species of mistake which could possibly find its way into type.

In the present case we may group under it a few examples of the more common errors in print, not only of those directly attributed to the printer, but also of the mistakes resulting from a loose style of composition, as well as those which may occasionally creep into the "copy" even of the careful in the hurry of writing for the press. Both writer and printer, no doubt, repudiate them, but the disinterested will probably decide that each is responsible for a share.

In a speech on temperance, not very long ago, Sir Wilfrid Lawson was reported to have alluded to the "spirit of reticence that exalteth a nation," but, of course, the teetotal baronet had used the word "righteousness" where "reticence" did duty. This mistake was doubtless due to the similarity of the consonantal outline for the two words in the system of short-hand most generally employed. In the course of a discourse on the Holy Land recently, a lecturer said that, although improvements in this respect had come into operation in all other parts of the world, the Eastern traveller still retains his sandals, and next morning was horrified to find himself asserting in a local print that the Eastern traveller still "retails his sandals."

An orator, in describing the enthusiasm with which a speech of his had been received, made use of the expression, "At that moment the shouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air." But the picture was presented in a somewhat modified form to the readers of the journal which printed it: "At that moment the snouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air."

It might possibly be difficult to decide whether the writer or printer was in error when a leading London daily made Lord Derby quote the poet thus:

"That climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills."

An absurd blunder appeared in the Parliamentary report of the *Daily Telegraph* on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government. There a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his perception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaliel of Birmingham."

Perhaps Irish reporters, owing to the recognized tendency of the soil and climate, are privileged in matters of this kind. One of them, in describing the result of a recent conflict between the police and the people in which fire-arms were used, writes: "In the union infirmary lies John Smith with his shattered leg, which was amputated on Tuesday last." Ordinary mortals might have imagined that the surgeon would have caused the shattered member to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the crippled patient. That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be correctly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of a shipping disaster: "The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for three thousand pounds, and carried two hundred tons of pig-iron."

Nowhere are more ludicrous blunders to be met with than in the compositions of advertisers, due, no doubt, in some measure, to the restraint imposed by limited space, and it is scarcely possible to look through the columns devoted to these in any of the principal daily papers without meeting numerous instances of the inability of many persons to state exactly what they want, and of very loose use of words and phrases, frequently giving rise to amusing ambiguity. Thus some one advertising in the *London Times* announced that "two sisters want washing," while some one else in the interest of an infant terrible required "a handsome Shetland pony/suit-

able for a child with a long mane and tail." Everybody has heard of the lady whose idea of her own physique is ingeniously conveyed in the intimation that she has for disposal "a splendid lady's gold watch." It is not alone "splendid ladies" who part with their watches in this way, for every day the public are informed, through the same medium, that there is for sale an "excellent lady's gold watch," "a beautiful lady's watch," or "a small gold-faced lady's watch." Women of peculiar personal appearance, too, occasionally engage in barter of this class, for recently a purchaser was wanted for a "black highly ornamented lady's fan."

When the vender is of the other sex we have for sale "a massive gentleman's gold chain," "a most reliable gentleman's gold watch," or "a rich gentleman's gold chain." No doubt some of those who adopt this style of expression are ready to enter into a defense of it by an argument respecting adjectives and their relation to nouns. But what excuse will be advanced by the author of the following, which appeared a few months ago in the *London Times*, showing on the part of the advertiser some extraordinary ideas respecting horseflesh. "For sale, a four-wheeled covered business horse and car." "Wanted, a piano by a lady with modern legs," has before now met the public eye. Can that lady have emigrated? There is a strong suspicion that it is her hand which is seen in the charming composition: "A piano for sale by a lady who is about to proceed on a long voyage in a walnut case," etc.

What is the nationality of the author of this announcement, which was published in a Manchester newspaper? "A foreign gentleman could be received into the house of a gentleman who is desirous to learn English conversationally, and would have all home comforts." here is another: "A vacancy occurs for a little girl in the family of a motherly lady requiring kind but firm treatment." An advertiser in the *London Standard* evidently thinks a beast of burden may entertain an objection to carry a person of indifferent moral character when he writes: "Wanted, a quiet pony for an invalid young gentleman that has no vicious habits." A nice child was described a short time ago in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Wanted, a nurse for an infant between twenty-five and thirty, a member of the Church of England and without followers." An auctioneer, advertising in a Belfast paper, shows the possession of some curious notions of ornithology, when, in describing a property for sale, he states: "the mountain is well stocked with hares, rabbits, and other wild fowl."

That "other" strongly reminds one of the daily newspapers' "tall but respectably dressed man" of the police courts. Such practices as painting and putting the hair in papers are not entirely unknown in this country, but they have scarcely as yet become recognized family duties, except in the household of an advertiser in a London daily, who some time ago required "a house suitable for a small family that has been recently papered and painted, and is in good order." There are some strange sheep to be met with in the British colonies if a New Zealand settler meant what he wrote when he announced that he wanted "an industrious man to take charge of three thousand sheep who can speak Spanish." Were it not that a young lady of linguistic attainments would be unlikely to hide her light under a bushel, one might be disposed to conjecture that the docile animals had been pupils of a colonial governess who lately announced that she "can do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." Different commodities, we know, are often inclosed in one case, but it is seldom we see so incongruous a mixture as that contemplated by the person who "wanted an ice chest to hold two hundred pounds of ice and a new harness." A chemist advertises in his window, "artificial eyes," immediately beneath which, on the same placard, are the words, "Open all night."

A RUN THROUGH CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

The visit paid by the Society of Engineers to Chatham Dockyard was, under the existing state of uncertainty in Eastern politics, exceptionally interesting. In all works where Governments are paymasters, business, to the eye of the casual observer, proceeds leisurely. The men cease work to gaze at passing strangers and, unless the foreman happens to be hard by, gaze on until they are out of sight. Hence the term "Government stroke." But Chatham Dockyard, spite of the unhurried bearing of the artisans yesterday, is just now very busy, and indeed long years have passed since so many hands were employed. Over a hundred scientific gentlemen landed at the yard in the afternoon, and were without delay, at the request of Admiral Superintendent Watson, conducted through the works by Mr. E. A. Bernays, the superintendent civil engineer, and Mr. Penny. Upon the first slip visited was being built the armour-plated cruiser, *Warspite*, 315ft. long, 61ft. broad, 23ft. 10in. deep, and of 7,300 tons (displacement). She will carry four 18-ton guns on barbette, six six-inch rifled breech-loaders, and 12 torpedoes. This vessel's thickest armour is ten inches, and she is warranted to make sixteen knots an hour.

Next came the *Calypso*, a single-crew corvette of 2,765 tons, and carrying ten six-inch guns. Like the *Warspite*, she was commenced last year. The *Rodney*, which occupied the next slip, is the biggest vessel in the yard. She was laid down in February last, and is the latest

development of the barbette principle. Her armour is 18 inches thick, one-fourth being steel. The length of this heavy ship is 325ft., breadth 63ft., depth 46ft., tonnage 9,150, and she will carry four 60-ton and six six-inch guns. The *Polyphemus* was no stranger to the visitors, most of them having last year paid her a special visit of inspection. What her future may be remains to be seen; at present she is high and dry in dock, having her brass tubes replaced by others of iron. The sister ships *Agamemnon* and *Ajax* claimed most attention, not only because they have not answered the expectations formed of them, but because they are being made ready for immediate service. They are double-turreted ironclads, carrying four 38-ton guns, two six-inch guns, two seven pounders, four mitrailleuses, 10 Nordenfelta, and 12 torpedoes. They have 18-inch armour plates, are 280ft. long, 66ft. broad, 22ft. 7in. deep, and of 8,490 tons displacement. The *Kover* also is fitting out, and in an advanced state of completion. She is a corvette, carrying 14 six-inch guns, several machine guns, and half a dozen torpedoes. The *Constance* is a trifle lighter in form and equipment, but carries the same number of torpedoes. She also is being fitted up with all speed. A large number of punts for landing horses were pointed out as awaiting shipment, if required, for Egypt. The *Conqueror*, next visited, is pushing on to completion. She is partly barbette and partly turret, and will carry 24 torpedoes, a couple of 43-ton guns, and others of better calibre. Alongside lay the *Jumna*, Indian troopship, under refitment. The *Linnet*, a small vessel, was also found ready. Having inspected the ships and run through the workshops, the Engineer visitors were conveyed by dockyard express train to the extension works, where three new basins have been constructed by convict labour, each basin representing an area of 34 acres. The new works are for the departments of the factory, repairs, and fitting out. The convicts had to turn their backs as we passed, in pursuance of a regulation made after an attack some time since by a marine who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for striking a naval officer, who swore he would repeat the offence whenever he had the opportunity, and who put his threat into execution upon a passing captain at Chatham. The trip from London in the *Duke of Edinburgh* had occupied five hours, and as the tide was still adverse of the homeward voyage, the visit of the Society of Engineers was not a prolonged one. Before the steamer left Medway, thanks were voted to the Lords of the Admiralty for ready permission to inspect the dockyard, and to the officials who had guided the visitors through it. The Society of Engineers was represented on the occasion by Mr. Jabez Church, president; Messrs. C. Horsley, Beridge, Spice, Ganson, Walmley, Rigg, Baldwin Latham, and S. Catler, members of the Council; Mr. A. Williams, hon. secretary and treasurer; and Mr. B. Reed, secretary, to whose able management the success of the excursion was due. "Prosperity to the Society" was proposed by Mr. Glaisher, who recounted the excellent work done by it in all branches of engineering science. During the day Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., inspected the 45th Regiment on Chatham Lines. It was rumoured that the battalion is to proceed to the Mediterranean, and that the General left Chatham for London in the afternoon to confer with the military authorities at the War Office and Horse Guards.

BEECHER'S FARM.

Mark Twain has written of Mr. Beecher's old farm on the Hudson river as follows:—

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs, and traps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavourable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for \$1.50 and feeds him \$40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about \$9. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but makes \$7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn. And anyway it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the

ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes out the infernal carrots—though I have never heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason so many farmers failed; they scattered their forces too much; concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted \$1,500 worth, but never one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with someone; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon-ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets.

A PEACEFUL conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end and measure. This consummated state of felicity is only a submission to the dictate of right nature. The foundation of it is wisdom and virtue, the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge.

A WOMAN who would always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms if it were not too frequently combined with parental and conjugal anger. This is worth remembering; for there remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and later an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

THE BETTER WAY.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct our way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting our hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but, if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes is not to give way to lamentation, but to seek action—not to sit and suffer, but to rise and search for the remedy.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—It is in the household, more than anywhere else, that personal character receives its early direction and its subsequent shaping. The sublime order of the material universe is the result of law acting upon each particular atom and holding it in its proper place. Equally in the sphere of human life the general good is the product of the special obedience rendered to the spirit of truth by the individuals composing a community. Making due account of the general appliances of education, whether secular or religious, nevertheless we must come back at last to the household as the chief source of right training. Fathers and mothers are—and must be, for good or evil, the main educators of their children.

UNWISE AMBITION.—Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness. The unwise ambition of parents frequently induces them to urge their children into careers for which they are wholly unfitted, and where they are soon lost in a crowd or trodden under by superior ability; while, if they had been thoroughly prepared for some humbler sphere, they might have become valuable and respected members of a grateful community. The materials of a good farmer are spoiled in making a petty and insignificant lawyer; a skilful mechanic is lost to the world in making a weak and vapid preacher; an enterprising and successful tradesman is sacrificed for the sake of producing an inferior and useless politician. Sometimes it is the youth himself, against the advice of wise parents and experienced friends, who spoils his life in some futile endeavour. Seeing that every place is open to him, he thinks he can enter into any one that it suits his pleasure to select. The question of his fitness does not occur to him, or, if it does, his self-esteem answers it satisfactorily to himself. He does not hesitate to assume responsibilities and undertake duties from which those far able and wiser than himself would shrink. Other things that he could have done well and honourably he neglects. Forced into an unequal contest with men of superior power, he gradually sinks out of sight and out of mind, and he is fortunate if he be not also out of pocket and out of character.