

a wall of light, silvery as the moon's, waving to and fro in the most bewitching contortions, then fading gradually out. I must confess that at times whilst watching what I have just endeavoured to describe, I gave but little assistance at the capstan. Yet who could resist the spell! Not even those fishermen toiling for their daily bread, who had watched them night after night, year after year, and who perhaps had little reason to regard them with complaisance.

Half the nets had been hauled, some of them much damaged, and not a dozen mackerel, the prospect was not a bright one, when in a moment fresh energy seemed to be infused into every member of the crew as the man furthest in the bows sang out "brail! brail! brail and his mate; pill O!" and in ones, in twos, in small bunches, and finally by scores the mackerel appeared in the nets. What a picture were those nets as weighted with the struggling fish they were lifted over the side. They were brilliant before, they are simply indescribable now. A pulsating, trembling mass of silver, silver animated, all life, silver set with, studded thickly with the purest brilliants, with pearls, flashing and sparkling and glittering in the moon beams. I can recall no similar sight. All worked with a will though the wind was blowing stronger and stronger, though the sea was racing past, though the boat was jumping and heaving and starting, though the foot line was at times taut as a steel rope; and at three o'clock, under small sail, we were running for Penzance before half a gale of wind, all as snug as could be expected on board, and some sixteen hundred splendid mackerel in the fish-hold.

G. E. H.

* Brail is the Cornish name for mackerel. A training net consists of some forty-five pieces which are fastened "squinched" end to end, they are the property of the men, each supplying a given number, usually some five or six; the skipper, or owner of the boat supplying the remainder. Payment is made by shares. At the end of each week the gross take is divided into two equal parts. The first is re-divided, if there be a crew of seven, into eight equal shares, or as they are termed, body shares. One is apportioned to each man, and one goes to the owner of the boat. The other is subdivided so as many shares as will correspond to the number of nets, forty, fifty, or whatever it may be; each man receiving a share for every net of his in the train. The boat usually has a share of nets, and the skipper, who need not own the boat, is allowed to place in two or three more than the men, the extra profit made constituting the pay for his share for his trouble looking after the boat. The boy, if young, receives a small weekly sum, but if strong enough to do a man's work, receives one of the body shares, but is not allowed to have nets. It is often asserted, and probably with truth, that the "briming" on the nets by rendering them visible to the fish, either warns or frightens them away. Fishermen's hands are often badly stung by the larger medusæ or by their stinging apparatus left entangled in the nets. The fishermen call all medusæ "morguls." "Brail, brail and his mate, drudga, pempas, pill," are terms used to express certain numbers of mackerel, thus brail being cried out, all on board would know that there was one; brail and his mate, two; pempas, a small bunch; pill, a score or more of mackerel together; and so on. The fishing boats used in Cornwall are of the lugger build, averaging perhaps between ten and fifteen tons. The smaller class being used in a great measure for pilchard, and perhaps herring fishing.

OF SOME BORES.

The bore is not a modern creation—he is, doubtless, as old as mankind himself—and primeval man, in his cave, may often have yawned as some friend related to him with minute and circumstantial care the mighty en-

counter he had just had with an ichthyosaurus. But the bore has shared in the general process of evolution until to-day he has attained a magnitude and capacity for worrying his fellow-men, as much in advance of his ancestors as they are. He is universal, but wherever one may find him, he is a monster, morally speaking, always on the look out for victims. Various as Proteus are the forms he assumes, but in each one of them he has the one predominant characteristic, he is ever on the look out for fresh victims, and woe to the man who falls into his clutches. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner was one of the first magnitude and the most deadly kind, and although, fortunately, he is rare, yet every one knows some disciple of his who follows in his footsteps.

It is not my purpose to write any lengthened treatise on so vast a subject—a volume would not suffice—but the anguish of my soul compels me to put on record a brief and imperfect description of some of the numerous species with whom it has been my sad lot to have met. As a wide definition, one may term a bore a man with a hobby, which he inflicts on every one else, regardless of whether his victim is interested or not. Among the numerous species included under such a definition, there are one or two of particularly venomous character—and chief among these is he whom I may term the "athletic bore." In this zone of manly sports, he is unfortunately only too common; and there are two sports he particularly affects, football and cricket, probably because the intricacies of both amusements afford him ample opportunity to calarge. His way of proceeding is generally much the same. Having selected a likely victim, he proceeds to make a call upon him. The unfortunate has a strange presentiment of his doom. He at first cherishes a wild and insane idea that he can propitiate the remorseless one. To this end he enters him with effusive cordiality, and at once enters into a conversation with feverish eagerness on every subject except the one of athletics. The bore is perfectly conversant with this little ruse, he watching the struggling victim much in the same way that a bloated spider surveys an unfortunate fly, knowing he has only to wait and his time will come. Sure enough it does. As if by some irony of fate the unhappy man sees the conversation drifting to the dreaded topic. More and more frantic become his efforts. But, alas, all is in vain. Some chance word or expression has given the cue, and with a calm resignation he awaits his doom. The bore has no mercy. He begins in a light and airy vein to discuss athletics generally, and after delivering an interesting essay thereon, proceeds from the general to the particular. Say his forte is cricket. He will probably commence the real agony something in this way. "Grand season this has been for cricket"—grunt from his auditor, which might mean anything, but is decidedly discouraging. Nowise daunted, he proceeds: "Did you see that wonderful score Sprodgkin made up in Yahoo, 54 not out? I never saw