

against wind and surface current to the forty-third parallel; and as the *City of London* reported it to be "in compact form, which will take some months to disappear," it will no doubt advance much further south in the track of vessels moving between our Eastern ports and Europe, and also possibly in the regular ship track from New York to Rio Janeiro, since the polar underflow which has it in tow trends far to the west of the Newfoundland meridians. It will be well, therefore, for vessels crossing the West Atlantic basin, even on comparatively low latitudes, to be on their guard against this and similar mammoth bergs. Two instances, at least, are recorded of their drifting as far south as the fortieth and thirty-ninth parallels (one in May 1841, and the other in June 1842), and it has been said that relics of these swimming glaciers have been passed much further south. Too much caution cannot be used just now by outgoing steamers in running the ice gauntlet.

DOCTORS AND NURSES.

While it is necessary to make a firm stand against a matter of such vital importance as the encroachment of nursing bodies on what must ever be the business of medical men, it would indeed be a calamity to lose the services of ladies altogether from general hospitals. It is not too much to say that nursing could never have reached its present pitch of excellence and refinement except by the co-operation of women from the higher and more educated classes of society. And if modern nursing is to retain its position as a refined art in the institutions where it has already become firmly planted, and is to gain a footing where it has as yet failed to do so, the presence of ladies in its ranks will be an essential condition of success. Ladies, however, must not suppose that it is necessary or even desirable that the business of nursing should become obsolete among women in a lower scale of social life. They and the ladies both have their appropriate duties and positions in a hospital. A judicious mixture of the two is what is wanted, and not a one-sided monopoly. In a hospital ward, which is the nursing unit, there are, as a rule, three grades of nurses—the "sister," the staff-nurse, and several under-nurses. The "sister" has the supreme authority there, both over nurses and patients, and is responsible to the hospital authorities for her conduct of the ward. It is evident that such a one requires to be not only a person of ability and tact, but also of education, knowledge of the world, and refinement.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A REMARKABLE HAT.

A suit which has caused no little excitement among Paris *modistes* and their young lady assistants has just been tried before the Civil Court. The defendant, whom we may call M. Mantilini, after his prototype imagined by Dickens, takes a leading part in the direction of a millinery establishment belonging to his wife. In January last a lady, a stranger, gave an order for a hat of the Pamela shape, but of singularly exaggerated proportions. It was to be of felt, thickly furred, with a broad crown, an immense brim, heavily trimmed with ostrich feathers, and an immense stuffed bird of prey. Our man milliner might almost have suspected that he was being hoaxed, but fashion has such strange caprices that he perhaps did not see anything strange in the article demanded. The hat was executed, but on its being sent home the address given was found to be a false one. The hat appeared likely to remain long in stock, as all his attempts to pass it off on casual customers as the "newest thing out" were met with looks of incredulity. Passing on the Boulevard one day, he thought he recognised his mysterious customer in a smartly-dressed young person before him. Here was an opportunity to avenge the wrong and ridicule he had been made to bear; following her until he met a *sergent-de-ville*, he gave her into custody. When taken before the Commissary of Police, she proved to be an assistant at a rival establishment. She was immediately set at liberty, but did not allow the matter to end there, and at once brought an action for false imprisonment, demanding 1,300 francs damages. The famous hat being produced in court excited mingled wonder and admiration, as it was handed about from bench to bar for inspection. The Court gave a verdict for 300 francs damages and costs, and, as the defendant could not prove that the plaintiff was the customer who gave the order, the hat still remains on his hands.—*Hatters' Gazette*.

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER ON MONEY-MAKING.—Preaching before a crowded congregation in his cathedral, the Bishop of Manchester called attention to the inordinate desire to amass wealth in the present day. He said it was the want of a cheerful and contented spirit that was so disorganising and corrupting modern society. We saw on all sides of us a wild race for wealth. The old maxim which the satirist Horace said prevailed in the Augustan age of Rome was embodied again and again:—"Make money—honestly if you can—but make money anyhow." Then there were the anxieties about rank and position in society, the rivalries and jealousies, the wretched shifts to maintain appearances, and now and then the sudden collapse of some rich man who a moment before was worshipped almost as a god because he was so rich. He did not depreciate the worth of what wealth rightly and wisely employed could do. What he condemned was the false measure of prosperity which seemed to him to be penetrating every rank and stratum of society and threatening its ruin.

HOW I BECAME A MURDERER.

(From *London Society*.)

I.

"Thou shalt do no murder." I suppose that the response which sane men and women make in church to the sixth commandment is about the emptiest and most formal prayer of which they are ever guilty. Ask yourself, reader, if you have the faintest ghost of a fancy in you that, under any conceivable, or imaginable, combination of impossible circumstances you could ever pray with meaning to be delivered from the temptation to murder in cold blood a fellow-man or fellow-woman. You have read history, and you read the newspapers, and you know that murders are not uncommon things. But, nevertheless, you think of them as belonging to an outside world, with which you—otherwise than as a just possible victim—cannot possibly have any sort of concern. You would as soon think of praying to be delivered from the sin of witchcraft as from the sin of murder. They are, alike, impossibilities to you. Of course, I assume you to be of the type of the average reader—sane, but for a few harmless and probably wholesome crotchets, educated in the ideas and feelings of your time and country, and in sympathy with them, respectable and prudent in all weightier matters, and as comfortable, within and without, as the majority of your neighbours. If I were to tell you that you are a potential murderer, you would not even be angry with me—you would simply smile at such an absolutely preposterous notion. And so, in the face of such an accusation, should I have smiled—once upon a time.

Judge for yourself if I should not have had the right to smile. My name by the way, is Alfred Lambourn, and I consider my name as of some consequence to my argument, because I happen to be one of a family which can carry back its history for an exceptional number of generations and without being able to name a single member of it who was not perfectly respectable and perfectly sane—not taking into account a certain hereditary tendency to let ourselves be imposed upon and our money to slip unaccountably through our fingers in the most contented manner. I should say that our family characteristics were steadiness, prudence, and plain common sense, combined with a somewhat inconsistent indifference to becoming higher or richer than we find ourselves at starting. But of course we have our distinguishing marks among ourselves. I am a solicitor; and I cannot at this moment call to mind a case of a man's being murdered, at least in the flesh, by a solicitor. I live quietly and in harmony, with all my tastes and inclinations, in a little place close to the sea, and am, as I have always been, particularly strong and healthy, and fond of using my limbs without entirely neglecting my brain. I have a few cupboards in my house, but have never had the ghost of a skeleton in one of them. I have no turn for dissipation, and am quite as well off as I want to be. In spite of my profession, I am, and have always been, absolutely without an enemy, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that I have exceedingly few neighbours and scarcely any clients, my practice consisting in semi-legal semi-agricultural stewardship to the best and dearest friend I ever had in the world—friends I should say, for his wife is as dear to me as if she were my own sister, and his children as if they were my own. Whom should I ever have been tempted to murder, and why? Put the question to yourself of yourself—and answer it if you can.

My friend was Sir Reginald Gervase—of course you must allow just as much accuracy to my proper names as you please. He had one of the largest estates in Foamsire, and lived mostly at St. Moor's, a splendid place near Spendrith, which is on the wildest and rockiest part of that grand and magnificent coast, as all the world knows. My description of him is short—he was literally, the best and finest fellow in the whole world. Were Lady Gervase writing this story, I have no doubt she would say a great deal more of him; mine must be a man's praise of a man. He had not a single fault that I could ever discover, and yet was as far from being a prig as the South is from the North Pole. He was nearly my match—which is saying something—in point of chest and biceps, and infinitely more than mine, or most men's in brains; and his heart was larger still. I sometimes used to think it his single misfortune that he was so rich and so happy and so full of a sense of all the duties that his birthright had thrown upon him. Had fortune left him the struggling barrister that he was when I first met him in London, he would have made himself a great man, instead of merely growing into something much greater. For he had by no means been born to a Baronetcy and the ownership of St. Moor's. He unexpectedly inherited it from a cousin of about his own age, and apparently as strong and as healthy as himself, who had been struck down by death when hardly thirty years old. It was a change to turn most men's brains, and send half of them to the devil. Sir Reginald took his wealth and his position with less elation than he had taken his first brief, went abroad for a while, and then came back to settle down for good at St. Moor's. The first thing he did—which was in an hour or two—was to become first favourite of the whole country, and that among his poorer, even more than among his richer neighbours. The next was to send for me, then managing clerk to a London firm, to be his friend and counsellor. The next was to marry, as wisely as man ever married in this world. He had fallen over head and