

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

"ICE BOUND."

The scene to which these lines allude, was witnessed by the passengers in the *Scandinavian*, the well-known powerful "S. S." belonging to the "Allan Line," during her first trip to Quebec this season, which, owing to the perseverance of her officers and the energetic skill of her honourable captain, was successfully completed on Monday evening, 29th ult. The subjoined stanzas give a very inadequate idea of the beautiful picture which, panorama-like, was presented to us, and are really just an epitome of thoughts which, unbidden, crowded into my mind at the time. The fields of ice, varying from two to twenty feet in thickness, must perforce have detained any but a most powerful craft for days, maybe weeks, but the *Scandinavian* ploughed through them, and arrived safely in port, at once a credit to her builders, the admiration of her loving freight, and no small guarantee to the security of the "Allan Line."

At midnight it was when the engine ceased
Its monotonous thud, and the ceaseless rush
Of the ocean, washing the sides of the ship,
Was stayed, when a mighty crush

Awakened us up from the coveted sleep
That some had so earnestly wooed, to win
A little repose from the angry strife
From without and the noise within.

We hurried on deck, and with wondering eyes
We beheld that the sea, anon so green,
Was enwreathed with a robe of the purest white
That ever our eyes had seen.

We gazed with a feeling of reverent awe
On a sight so strange, and a scene so grand;
And I know that I felt that my childhood's dreams
Had come true, and the fairy land

That my infantile fancy delighted to paint,
And my infantile sorrows seemed to cheat,
Had sprung from the past as a living thing:
It seemed to be stretched at my feet.

But my fairy land was no land of dreams
That fitfully come as they fitfully go,
But before us outstretching from sea to sea
There was nothing but ice and snow.

Huge masses unshapen surrounded the ship.
And, arresting our progress, seemed to say—
You are detained by a mightier force
Than your own: and here you must stay.

We anxiously waited, and eagerly watched
For the coming of dawn, and return of light,
In the flickering hope that the morning sun
Would dispel the vision of night.

With the breaking of day we assailed our foe,
And charged on the ice with a merciless strength,
Crushing, crushing, and cleaving the rocky mass,
And forcing our way; till at length,

By an almost inhuman effort we seemed
To be freeing ourselves from the cumbrous mass,
Which claved to the keel of our noble ship,
Refusing to let her pass:

And the wild sea-gulls flew around overhead
And mockingly cawed at our fitful flight,
And the seals paused a moment in sheer surprise,
Then scudded away in a fright.

The scene was changed; and the beautiful banks
Of the river St. Lawrence before us lay,
The green fields stretching right down to the shore,
And the snow-capped mountains, away

In the distance, were tinted with purple and blue,
By the sun that was gradually sinking to rest,
And the sky was bathed in a fiery red
In the far-off shadowy west.

The effort was over, the dangerous ice
That held us so tightly an hour ago,
Was ever so many miles behind,
Away in the gulf below.

And it seems to me now as a long long dream
That suddenly came, as it suddenly went,
Like the visions of youth, and the fairy lands
That to childhood's eyes are lent.

And I think of it now as a day gone by
An experience gained, and a danger past.
'Tis well to be thwarted awhile sometimes,
And our sky to be overcast:

And never a cloud, be it ever so black,
But will either break, or be wafted away;
And never a night, be it ever so long,
But there cometh a break of day.

BY A PASSENGER.

MY FAST FRIEND.

PERHAPS I am naturally rather sore on the subject of legacies. Several old ladies who were supposed to regard my boyhood with favouring eyes have departed, and made no sign to any document in my favour. An old gentleman to whose patronage I was a martyr for several years, left his will unautographed, and though without authentic intelligence on the subject, I firmly believe of course that *had* he put his name to the parchment—. Well, well; I only allude to these facts in so far as they may account for my thinking that it is, as a general rule, a great misfortune to a young man to be left a little money. Mind, I say a *young* man. I am no longer one; so let not my present remarks stand in the way of any intentions which may possibly exist to increase the waning balance at my banker's.

As a proof that my anti-legacy opinions are not ill founded, listen to this. When I entered a medical school in London, of which, by the by, I was the brightest ornament for several years, J— was a student there. We became acquainted, and were soon on intimate terms. He was very good-looking, attended lectures regularly, was clever with his hands, a favourite with his teachers, and, in short, was looked upon as the most promising youth about the place. Although we were both hard workers, we began to take an occasional evening stroll through the town, which, as the reader may be aware, is particularly fascinating after nightfall. Sometimes we perambulated the Haymarket; at others, we would cross the bridge, and patronise the theatres over the water; or buying masks, the black of which was anything but a fast colour, and came off copiously on our hands and noses, we would spend an hour or two in Vauxhall, trying to realise the idea, that we were having great fun; and then would walk home with aching feet and empty pockets, but happy in the thought that we had been 'seeing life.' Now, whoever invented that

phrase, so far as London life goes, has a great deal to answer for; all the infidel and otherwise immoral publications that ever were issued, never wrought the same amount of ruin among young men as that absurd lying phrase, 'seeing life.' My dearly beloved brethren, what sort of life was it we used to pay so largely for the privilege of seeing? Was it not a sham from beginning to end? Was it not merely vice endeavouring for an hour or two to appear in a state of reckless mirth and jollity?

But J— and I didn't believe that, not we. Was it not, we imagined, a great privilege to get into a fast set now and then, and appear to be a couple of young swells of enormous wealth, and liberality; to be allowed to pay double for supper in Bazan's cellar, underneath Piccadilly; to stroll into the Haymarket supper-rooms, go up stairs, and wait an interminable length of time for lobster salad which never came; to indulge in that style of repartee termed chaff; to bury our noses and our cares in that nectar of our young Olympus, half-and-half! Of course it was; and for all my moralising, I look with tender pity upon all you young blockheads, who, thinking as I did once, are following in the footsteps of your idiotic elders.

But you'll have your eyes pulled open by Time's long skinny finger some day, as mine have been. In the meantime, I warn you that "seeing life" of that description doesn't make you one bit more wide awake, or subtle in the ways of the world, but destroys your health, empties your pockets, and, what is of far greater consequence than either, blunts that keen perception between right and wrong which ought to be to you a coat of triple steel in the battle of life.

Financial deficiencies cut my career about the town very short; moreover, not being built after the Adonis model, and not being ready with my tongue, the life of a fast man was not one in which I was likely to shine. So, relapsing into a quiet plodding student, I spent my days in the anatomical rooms, and my nights in the hospital for the chance of cases of accident coming in; and at last, as all working-men do about a medical school, became a somebody in it. In the meanwhile, I became less intimate with J—, who seldom now appeared at lecture; and it soon came out that his aunt had died and left him money.

"Oh," thought I, "that accounts for the snob cutting me in the Quadrant the other day, as I walked along with a parcel of books under my arm."

I was a poor man, and of course looked with suspicion and disgust on J—, now that he was well off. Confound him! no one ever died for my benefit, except in an anatomical point of view. I felt ill-used, and was never happy except when alone with my grievance.

Time passed on, and I quite lost sight of J—. The autumn vacation came and went, and then the 1st of October, with its introductory lectures and meetings with old friends; then a couple of months' earnest vigorous work, and then Christmas.

Eheu! the thought of Christmas in London almost brings tears to my eyes even now, while my wife sits by me elaborating some coat-of-many-colours for the small Joseph on the rug. There was hard and continued frost that year; and one day, skating on the long water in Kensington Gardens, I bumped up against J—. We fraternised again; but he was not, by any means, the same happy, well-to-do-looking fellow he once was, though there was far more pretension in his manner. He spoke in the peculiar drawl affected by the British swell, was smoking a cigar, and had a capital pair of skates on; but still there was a something about him I didn't like—a seedy look about his cuffs and collar, an up-all-night and home-with-the-milk appearance I had presented too often myself to mistake in others; his right lower eyelid, too, was somewhat variegated—green and yellow with red streaks. In short, said I to myself as I shot along one of the swept paths on the ice:

"J—, my boy, there's something wrong with you; I don't feel as if I envied you so much as I used; I'd sooner be the old slowcoach I am, after all."

And coming to the bank near the small bridge, I took off my skates and walked away up Westbourne Terrace, thinking about J— and all our old larks we had together.

Next day saw me on the ice again. One of the skate-strappers came up and said:

"That gent I seed you talking to last evening, sir, has bin and took my best pair o'skates with him; and though it may be a mistake, it's hard lines on a poor cove like me, and it'll thaw shocking before morning." And so it did. So I went back to the old work, the dear old work, for such I hold anatomy to be. It was the custom in the schools, in my day, to dissect till one o'clock, and then go round the hospital. At each bed the surgeon or physician used to stop, and if its inmate happened to be a new one, the dresser or clinical clerk read out the case for the benefit of the students standing round. One day, about two years from the time I met J— on the ice, I went into one of the surgical wards and found the students congregated round a bed, so as to prevent my seeing the patient; but I heard the dresser read:

"John Brown, et. 24; has at present no occupation, but was formerly a medical student; has no particular place of residence, and has spent the last few nights in the streets; is in the habit of spirit-drinking, and is unable to provide himself with proper food; admitted for erysipelas, following a cut on the hand received in a public-house row."

The surgeon made one or two remarks upon the case, and moved away to the next bed, followed by his disciples. I drew nearer to the patient, and saw, to my horror and surprise, in the thin wasted face, the pinched nose, the staring, restless eyes, enough remaining to convince me that this miserable outcast from the London streets was no other than my old light-hearted companion J—.

I almost involuntarily called him by name; a flush of rage and pain passed over his face as he said in a husky whisper:

"Don't speak so loud."

He need not have distressed himself; no one there knew him except myself. He was so changed in appearance that the surgeon could scarcely have been expected to recognize him, while the class was composed of students who had entered the school after his brief career had closed. He was in so excited a condition that I left him; but having the entrée of the wards, I returned after the visit, and sitting down on the locker by his bed, inquired how he had passed the last two years. He was very fretful and nervous, but seemed to have pleasure in talking of himself, and I gathered the following particulars:—At the time he gave up coming to college, and became a man about town, he had not come into his aunt's legacy, which was about £2,000; but he was in-

duced to forestall it by a friend, a fellow he met at a wine-party, with whom he was walking one unlucky day. They looked at some things in the Burlington Arcade, and J— said:

"Now, I'd buy that if I'd the money."

"Not got the money," says his companion: "a man with your prospects hard-up. Didn't you tell me you were down in some old lady's will for a lot of money?"

"Well, but I don't come into it for a year."

"Oh, you innocent, don't you know you can raise the money now, if you feel inclined? I'll put you up to a thing or two, J—, my boy."

So the result of this conversation was, that J— went with this disinterested friend to a loan-society, where J— had to insure his life, at an extra premium too, because the cautious medical referee detected something suspicious in his thorax, which might carry him off before the year expired. Then J— was admitted to a wonderfully mysterious room, in which three gentlemen sat at a green table (one of the three being the disinterested friend who suggested the proceeding), and he was asked to take a seat opposite them, which he did with that humility and respect due to great capitalists. Some financial rite having been performed, he found he had borrowed on the security of the life-assurance policy and his aunt's money in prospect, £1,000, which meant £900, for, of course, there are a few trifling preliminary expenses attending all such matters; so he, who had entered the office almost a suppliant, so subdued was he by the dignity of the establishment, and the sublime suavity of the secretary, came out feeling himself a man of means; he took a cab to the nearest bank, accompanied by this disinterested friend, who introduced him, and got him cheque and cash books, and instructed him in the little technicalities to be observed by a gentleman with a balance at his banker's. Under the auspices of this invaluable adviser, J— became a man about town, which means one who leads a gas-light life in the streets, and frequents places where steady-going people would prefer not being seen. He also indulged in expensive presents to young ladies of the *corps de ballet*, and betted freely with the disinterested friend, who always won. The £900 soon melted away, and he could not pay the insurance premium nor the interest on the loan; and having forfeited his aunt's legacy by these omissions, he became very miserable. Hard living and anxiety had by this time begun to tell severely upon a constitution never very robust. Unable at last to provide himself with proper food, he took to spirit-drinking, and at last subsisted almost entirely upon gin. He had neither funds nor inclination to return to college and resume his professional studies; while at the same time the usual refuge, an assistantship in the country, was shut to a man of his dissipated habits. For the few months previous to his admission into — Hospital, he had hung about the spirit-stores, where he occasionally met some old acquaintance who would give him a shilling or a dram. One night, while he was drinking at the bar of the — public-house in Oxford Street, the disinterested party came in, and affected not to recognize J—, who straightway made some insulting remark, and was turned out by the waiters. In the scuffle, his hand was cut by some glass, and the erysipelas he was suffering from was the result.

"But, old boy," said he, as he finished his story, "it will soon be all right, you know, and I intend turning over a new leaf: people don't die of the erysipelas often, do they?"

I made him no answer, for this malady was at the time epidemic, and slaughtering great numbers of such patients as himself. I knew his chance of recovery was a very slender one. It was therefore with considerable anxiety that I entered the ward next morning, and heard with little surprise that he was considerably worse; the erysipelas had spread over his neck and chest, and he was delirious. The other patients expressed annoyance at being disturbed by the abominable blasphemies he uttered, and we had to remove him into a private room. There I sat by him, administering strong stimulants till he died. Not one sufficiently lucid interval occurred in his hours of apparently great mental and bodily suffering, to give me another opportunity of conversing with him, and ascertaining his wishes upon any worldly matters.

That afternoon, as I was passing out of the hospital, there was a decent-looking girl of eighteen, with an infant in her arms, asking the porter if "there was a patient called J— in the house."

"No, ma'am—none of that name."

"That was the real name," I whispered to him, "of the erysipelas case in — ward."

Her sharp ears heard my remark, and inferred the truth from it; and I found that even poor J—'s death was not unremembered, and that he had one, at least, to follow his pauper funeral.

SOAP A SOURCE OF SKIN DISEASES.

Obscure affections of the skin, of the face of men especially, are well known to specialists to be widely spread. They are commonly classed as *eczema*, and, while causing great discomfort, especially at night, show nothing, or almost nothing to the eye, if the patient be otherwise in good health. Skin specialists frequently ask patients whether they have been using any new sort of soap, but no one seems hitherto to have traced any distinct communication between soap and this troublesome disease.

It is a fact, but very little known to the multitude of both sexes who use the "Prime Old Brown Windsor Soap" of the perfumers' shops, that by far the largest proportion of it is manufactured from "bone grease." Few more beautiful examples of chemical transformation are to be found in the whole range of chemical manufacture than this one. At one end of a large range of buildings, we find a huge shed heaped up with bones, usually such as are of little value to the bone turner or brush maker, in all stages of putrefaction as to the adherent or inherent portions of softer animal matter attached to them, the odour of which is insupportable.

These are crushed and ground to a coarse powder, exposed to the action of boiling water under pressure, sometimes of steam, until the grease and marrow are extracted.

We need not here pursue the subsequent treatment of the rest of the material from which bone glue and "patent isinglass" are prepared, the latter of which we often eat in the soups and jellies of the pastry cooks, and finally to the "bone dust" or phosphate of lime, nearly free from animal matter, which is produced for the use of the assayer and the china manufacturer, etc., as well as for other purposes in the arts,