

effects of cards and drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favourite amusements in these dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent to the Governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh. No roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape; but the great majority of the victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AT THE GABARI GATE. In peaceful days formerly, especially when the gardens were kept up, Gabari was a place of great resort. The race course was close by, and the terrace in front of the palace built by Said Pasha served as the Grand Stand. Our sketch (which, as well as that entitled "Repairing the Railway Line," is by an officer of the R.M.L.) shows the picket at the Gabari Bridge occupied by the Marines. In the foreground is a Gatling gun, behind are the barricades and a wool store now used as barracks by the Marines.

SPIKING GUNS.—This sketch represents one of the spiking parties which landed on the 11th July, after the forts had ceased firing. The party in question were covered by the guns of a man-of-war, still the duty was of a very hazardous character, as the enemy might have been concealed in ambush, or a mine might have been sprung on them. The work, however, was accomplished without opposition or casualty. Some guns were spiked, others were burst by a 16lb. charge of compressed gun-cotton. Our engraving is from a sketch by an officer of H.M.S. *Munich*.

REPAIRING THE RAILWAY LINE.—We have already spoken of the ironclad train. Here it is, armed with a Nordenflett and two Gatling guns, and manned by a party of Engineers, Marine Infantry, and Marine Artillery for the purpose of repairing a line of railway which had been broken by the enemy. Though within a hundred yards of the enemy's outposts no notice was taken by the Egyptians, and the work was completed before daybreak without a shot having been fired.

THE FIRST BUSH WITH THE ENEMY IN EGYPT.—This skirmish took place on Saturday, July 22nd, between Arab's outposts and our mounted infantry (men of the 60th Rifles). This was the first time mounted infantry had been used. They are represented scouting on the banks of the Canal. The horses were rendered rather restless by the noise of the shots. Mr. Villiers of the *Illustrated London News*, says that he and Mr. Drew Gay, of the *Daily Telegraph*, were the only correspondents present at this little affair.

THE CHAINS OF SWORDFISHING.—Now that whaling has to so large an extent ceased to be the important industry it once was, the most exciting sport which the hardy fishermen of Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard find left to them is the catching of swordfish. The name of this fish describes its most peculiar feature, the possession of a long and sharp sword attached to the snout, and, although it cuts but a small figure beside the whale in point of size, it does not yield to the more ponderous denizen of the deep in the reckless daring with which it fights for life when attacked. A schooner designed for the capture of swordfish is provided with a "pulpit," which is the name given to a little platform built on the extreme point of the bowsprit, about three and one half feet in height, and having a semi-circular iron trap, supported by stanchions. When a fish is sighted by the lookout, who stands on a sort of platform affixed to the head of the foremast, the vessel is brought as near as possible, and then the captain takes his place on the "pulpit," armed with a harpoon. The barb of the harpoon, which is about six inches in length, is backed with an iron pocket in which the iron shank rests, and the shank is attached to the vessel by a short line by which it is freed from the fish when he is struck. In order to secure a great swordfish the barb must be driven right through him. Then when the shank comes out and the line is pulled taut, the barb "toggles on," as the fisherman call it—that is to say, it catches on the other side, and no effort of the victim will free him from the line. When the fish feels the sharp iron penetrating his flesh, he usually springs half out of the sea, then plunges back into the depths and makes off so fast that water has to be poured over the line attached to the harpoon as it runs out from the boat to prevent its catching fire. When the fish finally comes to a standstill the men begin to draw in the line. Sometimes all will go well until the monster is brought alongside, while, again, the fish, after being drawn well in, will dash off afresh with such speed that the men hauling the line will be shot over the side into the sea. Even when he has finally been dragged near the vessel, the fish may suddenly summon all his energy and rush upon the craft with a violence which will shake it from stem to stern, and if he succeeds

in hitting it with his sword, may drive a hole through which the water will pour in. Gradually, however, his strength is exhausted with the constant loss of blood, and at last he is hauled alongside, when two iron "landers," resembling boat hooks, and having curved steel hooks at the extremities, are hauled over the side and thrust into his gills. By the use of these his great head is held, while a stalwart sailor climbs down over the side with the "thumper," a weapon between a tomahawk and a sledge-hammer, and gives him a series of ponderous blows between the eyes, despite his struggles. Then a great hook is got over his wide, extending, crescent shaped tail, the throat halyards are brought into requisition, and he is hoisted aboard, although he may yet make one or two desperate leaps before he dies. When several fish are sighted at once, a screw will not wait for the death of one before attacking another, but buoy him by means of a water-tight barrel, having a ring attached to two lines wound tightly around it. This is bent into the line as it is run out by the fish, and then the barrel is thrown overboard. The fish is always puzzled to make out what this means, but all his struggles to escape from it prove fruitless, and at last the barrel floats calmly upon the water, pointing out to the fishermen where their victim lies. A good sized swordfish is fifteen feet in length, and weighs about 700 pounds. Fine, juicy steaks are secured from it, which command a good price in the market, and a schooner which has good fortune off the Nantucket coast can carry to Boston a load which will well repay the crew.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.—The death of Lieutenant Howard Vys, of the 60th King's Regiment (Royal Rifles), the first officer of the Army killed in this Egyptian Campaign, is the subject of one of our sketches. This young officer, who received a wound in the femoral artery, and bled to death in ten minutes, is among the earliest victims of the war. The sketch represents the scene of his being carried off the field by his comrade, Lieutenant Piggott, and three soldiers, while others, under Captain Parr, are fighting behind to cover the party. The ironclad or armoured railway train, equipped by the seamen of the Naval Brigade under command of Captain Fisher, of H.M.S. *Indefatigable*, was described in our last; but we now add to the former illustrations those of this highly original warlike contrivance travelling along the line from Alexandria, and the Naval Brigade skirmishing in advance of it, when engaged in supporting the military reconnaissance of the 5th inst., towards King Osman, or Kirdji Osman, the nearest point of Arabi Pasha's fortified position. An armoured railway train was used by the defenders of Paris in 1871; and Mr. J. Evelyn Lardet took out a patent for such an invention, with very ingenious mechanical appliances, in the following year. Port Said, with the Mediterranean entrance of the Suez Canal, and with the British and other European ships of war now lying there, affords the subjects of our second special Artist's sketches for this week. The port is entirely artificial, and is formed by two rough, narrow, and low breakwaters, enclosing an area of some 450 acres, with an average depth of only 13 ft. or 14 ft. of water, except in the ship channel (about 300 ft. wide) leading to the inner basins, where the depth is from 25 ft. to 28 ft. The western breakwater, which extends for 6240 ft. at right angles to the shore, and is slightly curved to the eastward towards its extremity, was commenced in 1860, and carried out about 1300 ft.; beyond which point and at a short distance from it, was deposited a heap of stones that was surrounded by iron piles, and from its detached position was called "the island." The work was then left untouched till 1866, when the breakwater was joined to the island, and it was continued to its present length, and finished in 1868. From the mainland to the island the breakwater is formed on its inner side of a bank of rubble stones, surmounted by a promenade, over which the spray breaks with a very moderate north-west wind, and on the outer or sea front of concrete blocks; but beyond the island to its termination it is entirely constructed of large blocks of artificial stone, composed of one part of French hydraulic lime with two parts of sand, and some of which were transferred to it from the eastern breakwater. This latter, which also consists of large masses of concrete, is of more recent construction, extending to about 6020 feet, and converging towards the western harbour. Such is the harbour of Port Said. It cannot, according to these authorities, be considered as a harbour either in respect of extent or depth for vessels of large tonnage and great draught; but, slightly improved and well maintained, it has, as we have seen, nobly served its purpose. Near the commencement of the West Mole is the lighthouse, the tower of which, composed of a solid mass of concrete, is 160 ft. high, lighted by an electric light flashing every twenty seconds, and visible at a distance of twenty miles. Three other lighthouses of the same height, though differing in construction, have been erected along the coast between the fort and Alexandria. It is interesting to know that the solid blocks of concrete or artificial stone so extensively used here, at least below water, become firmer and more trustworthy by reason of the growth of seaweed upon them. Port Said is a town regularly laid out in streets and squares, with docks, quays, churches, hospitals, mosques, and hotels, and all the adjuncts of a seaport. Fresh water is supplied to it from Ismailia, half-way on the Suez Canal. The town, we are told no longer

presents the same busy appearance which it did when it was the headquarters of the engineering work; but the increasing traffic through the isthmus always imparts a certain activity to the place. The sketches of minor incidents, both at Port Said and at Alexandria, are those of the British sailors disporting themselves in a ride on the native donkeys; British soldiers trying to conduct a bargaining conversation, by means of finger-signs and head-shaking, with native cake-sellers, in the absence of an Arabic interpreter; and that of the superior tradespeople, in the Grand Square of Alexandria, putting up temporary wooden shops amidst the ruins of their handsome business houses.

SAVED BY A SHADOW.

The shadow is a favorite with poets. "Life is but a walking shadow," says Shakespeare, and Fletcher speaks of our acts as our "fatal shadows that walk by us still." But a leading clergyman in Virginia, who was a Confederate scout in the Civil War, has good reason for speaking of a shadow in more joyous words, seeing that by it he was saved from death. A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* tells the story:

The house was surrounded. The scout took in everything at a glance, and determined to try to cut his way through the Union soldiers and risk the chances. But the ladies represented to him that was certain death. They could conceal him, and S— assented.

The young ladies acted promptly. One ran to the window and asked who was there, while another closed the back door—that in front being already fastened.

S— was then hurried up the staircase, one of the ladies accompanying him to show him his hiding-place.

The Federal troops became impatient. The door was burst in and the troopers swarmed into the house.

S— had been conducted to a garret bare of all furniture, but some planks lay upon the rafters of the ceiling, and by lying down on these a man might conceal himself. He mounted quietly and stretched himself at full length, and the young lady returned to the lower floor. From his perch the scout then heard all that was said in the hall beneath.

"Where is the guerilla?" exclaimed the Federal officer.

"What guerilla?" asked one of the ladies.

"The rascal S—."

"He was here, but he is gone."

"That is untrue," the officer said, "and I am not to be trifled with: I shall search this house. But first read the orders to the men," he added, turning to a sergeant. The sergeant obeyed, and S— distinctly overheard the reading of his death-warrant. The paper chronicled his exploits, denounced him as a guerilla and bushwhacker, and directed that he should not be taken alive. This was not reassuring to the scout concealed under the rafters above. It was probable that he would be discovered, in which case death would follow.

There was but one thing to do—to sell his life dearly. After ransacking every room on the first and second floors, the troopers ascended to the garret. The ladies had assembled to divert the attention from it, but one of them asked, "What room is that up there?"

"The garret," was the reply.

"He may be there—show the way."

"You see the way," returned the young lady.

"I do not wish to go up in the dust; it would soil my dress."

"You go before, then," said the trooper to a negro girl, who had been made to carry a lighted candle, for night had come now. The girl laughed, and said, "there was nobody up there," but at the order went upstairs to the garret, followed by the troopers. S— heard the tramping feet, and cocked his pistols. The light streamed into the garret, and he saw the glitter of bayonets. His discovery seemed certain. He was about to spring down and bow when the men groined, "There's nothing here," and went down the stairs again. The servant girl had saved him by a ruse. She had taken her stand directly beneath the broad plank upon which S— was extended, and the deep shadow had concealed him. To this ruse he doubtless owed his life.

An hour afterwards the Federal detachment left in extreme ill humor, and before morning S— was miles away from the dangerous locality where he had overheard his sentence of death. He is now one of the leading clergymen in Virginia.

BRAMAH LOCK-PICKING.

About the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851, this subject was brought into public notice in a singular way. An American lock maker, Mr. Hobbs, declared openly that all the English locks, including Bramah's, might be picked; and, in the presence of eleven witnesses, he picked a safety-lock of one of the best makers in twenty-five minutes, without having seen or used the key, and without injuring the lock. After much controversy concerning the fairness or unfairness of the process, a holder attempt was made. There had, for many years, been exhibited in the shop-window of Messrs. Bramah, a padlock of great size, beauty, and complexity; to which an announcement was affixed, offering a reward of two hundred guineas to any person who should succeed in picking that lock. Mr. Hobbs accepted the

challenge; the lock was removed to an apartment specially selected; and a committee was appointed, chosen in equal number by Messrs. Bramah and Mr. Hobbs, to act as arbitrators. The lock was screwed to, and between two boards, and so fixed and sealed that no access could be obtained to any part of it except through the key-hole. Mr. Hobbs, without once seeing the key, was to open the lock within thirty days, by means of groping with small instruments through the keyhole, and in such a way as to avoid injury to the lock. By one curious clause in the written agreement, the Messrs. Bramah were to be allowed to use the key in the lock at any time or times when Mr. Hobbs was not engaged upon it, to insure that he had not, even temporarily, either added to or taken from the mechanism in the interior, or disarranged it in any way. This right, however, was afterwards relinquished; the key was kept by the committee during the whole of the period, under seal; and the keyhole was also sealed up whenever Mr. Hobbs was not engaged upon it. This agreement, elaborate enough for a great commercial enterprise, instead of merely the picking of a lock, was signed in July, 1851; and Mr. Hobbs began operation on the 21th. For sixteen days, spreading over a period of a month, he shut himself in the room, trying and testing the numerous bits of iron and steel that were to enable him to open the lock; the hours thus employed were fifty-one in number, averaging rather more than three on each of the days engaged. On the 23rd of August, Mr. Hobbs exhibited the padlock open, in presence of Dr. Black, Professor Cooper, Mr. Edward Bramah, and Mr. Bazalgette. In presence of two of these gentlemen, he then both locked and unlocked it, by means of the implements which he had constructed, without ever having once seen the key. On the 29th he again locked and unlocked it, under the scrutiny of all the members of the committee. On the 30th the proper key was unsealed, and the lock opened and shut with it in the usual way; thus showing that the delicate mechanism of the lock had not been injured. Mr. Hobbs then produced the instruments which he used. The makers of the lock took exception to some of the proceedings, as not being in accordance with the terms of the challenge; but the arbitrators were unanimous in their decision that Mr. Hobbs had fairly achieved his task. The two hundred guineas were paid.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Australians defeated the All England Eleven by 185 to 178.

A Destructive hailstorm occurred near Perth on Monday, killing many workmen.

THE *Pull Mall Gazette* denies that Sir Garnet Wolseley has applied for reinforcements.

ANOTHER reserve of Indian troops has been sent forward for immediate service in Egypt.

THE Cork Corporation has resolved to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. Dwyer Gray.

A LONDON cable announces the death of Fred. Godfrey, bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards.

FIVE hundred and thirty-seven died in Manila on Tuesday and Wednesday from cholera.

MAHMOUD FEMMY, Arabi's chief engineer and military adviser, has been taken prisoner.

THE military party in Cairo is much excited, and has already commenced house-burning.

THE British ironclad *Miantaur* has shelled the Egyptians out of Mandara, between Kamleh and Aboukir.

It appears that Arabi means to make a stand at K (dr-el-Dwar, from whence, in case of defeat, he could escape into Tripoli.

AUSTRIA supports the demand of the Russian Ambassador that the final solution of the Egyptian question be referred to Europe.

A Port Said despatch says Arabi has asked for an armistice for eight days. Sir Garnet Wolseley refused this, but ordered an armistice for one day.

FERRIBLE riots have occurred at S. dem, in Madras, between Hindus and Mohammedans. The former committed horrible atrocities on the Mohammedans.

MARIA SPERMAN has confessed to the murder of McCaffrey, the young farmer shot dead at Goulbourne, near Ottawa, on Saturday night. The girl is under arrest.

THE trouble at Harmony Mills, Cohoes, N.Y., ended yesterday by the strikers going to work again, at the 10 per cent. reduction. The actual loss to operatives in wages during the strike is \$270,000.

AN outbreak has occurred at the Coran capital, headed by the father or uncle of the King. All the inmates of the palace, including the Queen, their heir and thirteen Ministers and other high dignitaries of the State, were murdered.

ON Monday night the Arabs attacked the British positions at Kassasin, but were repulsed with heavy loss, leaving their guns in the hands of the British. The latter lost only eight men, but Sir Garnet Wolseley reports the number of wounded as 56.

"AIM high," said Emerson. "Aim low," said General Jackson. Perhaps after all the best way is to shut your eyes and pull the trigger.

GENTLEMEN from the country: "May I have the pleasure?" Miss Society: "Ours." Gentleman from the country: "What does 'we' mean?" Miss Society: "O. U. and I."