

St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

Our picture is one of those creations of Turner's genius which never fail to attract and interest. A large school of modern art has elevated the prosaic reproduction of the more ordinary aspects of nature almost into a religion. The naturalists, as they may be called, are entitled to great respect, but we doubt whether they will retain a large hold upon the public mind. A keen observer of nature will always appreciate and enjoy a faithful and sympathetic rendering of the more ordinary aspects, and the artists who devote themselves to revealing to the casual observer the beauty and fullness of intention of scenes and objects over which, without their help, the eye would wander listlessly, render no small service to culture and the growth of a healthy taste. They also enlarge the resources of enjoyment that lie around us, at all times accessible. But these sincere and enthusiastic expositors of nature are little likely ever to supersede in public regard those master minds which have been able with fair measure of truth to record for us the grander and more picturesque scenes which can never fail to dominate in interest. Of these master minds, Turner ranks amongst the highest. None have ever excelled, perhaps none have ever equalled, him in representing the greatness of the clouds. Much of the interest of the present view of St. Michael's Mount is due to the way in which the clouds are handled. Apart from this the scene itself from almost any point of view arrests the attention.

Situated on the coast of Cornwall, this giant boulder, two hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea, and some three-quarters of a mile in circumference, towers over the adjacent country, and bids defiance to the sea. At low tide a narrow bank of pebbles connects it with the mainland. Over this, as far back as the pre-Roman times, the ancient Britons carried their tin to ship in the small harbor of the Mount. Here forty vessels can be safely moored, and it is a welcome refuge to the boats of the plicard fishery, an industry of large extent on this coast. For centuries Mount St. Michael was the stronghold of different forms of worship. In the dawn of history we find it covered with oaks; a sanctuary of the Druids. With the triumph of Christianity it passed into the hands of the Benedictine monks, and from time to time there are records of the founding or renovating of religious houses, the granting of charters of indulgences, and the crowding of pilgrims to its famous altars. Like many another favorite haunt of religion, it is now the property of a British baronet, and the old priory does duty as a summer residence. Thanks, however, to that reverence for the past that has preserved so many vivid memorials to rejoice the heart of the modern pilgrim whenever practicable, the rooms retain as much as possible their original appearance, and the chapel is a good sample of the old English style.

A Day in the Life of Tommy Atkins.

BY AN INFANTRY N. C. O.

Our little war in West Africa has once more drawn attention to Mr. Atkins on his travels, and to the hard work which lies before him in Ashanti. There is a long-cherished conviction on the part of the British public that, when at home, every moment of a soldier's day is fully occupied in the pursuit of those practices which are considered to be "conducive to the maintenance of good order and military discipline"—or at all events in a manner that is useful as well as beneficial. I should be sorry to dispel this illusion. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the average soldier, who has in all probability for several years previous to his enlisting been accustomed to work from six in the morning until six in the dewy evening for five and a half days a week, enjoys a large and liberal amount of leisure. How greatly this is the case will be seen from the following account of a typical day in the life of a private soldier of any infantry regiment. Of course the day's routine varies according to the

season of the year and the station; service at home, by the way, being under totally different conditions to foreign service.

I will suppose it to be in the winter months. At 6.30 a. m. reveille sounds, at which time all good soldiers promptly turn out of bed. The average soldier, who is, however, not always good, very probably thinks that the state of his health requires a few minutes' extra repose. Nevertheless, he deems it advisable to turn out when the sergeant in charge of the room does so.

The first thing which he then does is to roll up his mattress and fold his sheets and blankets neatly and with mathematical precision in the regulation manner. This done, he proceeds to sweep under and round his bed cot; every soldier in a barrack-room being responsible for that portion of the room in the immediate vicinity of his cot. He now rushes off to the washhouse, where he performs his necessary, if at times somewhat hurried, ablutions. I may here remark that the British soldier is in person, as a rule, clean. This cleanliness is, however, often due to force of circumstances rather than, in every case, to personal inclination. It is, nevertheless, no unusual thing to see a soldier using a toothbrush, but in this article of toilet he is economical, procuring it, when possible, second-hand.

At seven o'clock he attends, unless employed on duty or otherwise exempted, three-quarters of an hour's parade. During this exercise he undergoes the exhilarating process of doubling two or three times round the square—this manoeuvre is generally known as a chest expander, and is an excellent

Perchance, however, even long-suffering Atkins is dissatisfied with the matutinal meal, the richness and variety of which fails to recommend itself to him this morning. I should here mention that the Government's sole contribution to the meal is one pound of bread (which has also to serve for dinner, tea, and supper) per man. In like manner, nothing beyond the three-quarters of a pound of meat, including a more than adequate allowance of fat, bone, and gristle, is provided at dinner time. All extras, such as butter, jam, fish, eggs, cheese, etc., after which hankers the soul of the recruit, have to be paid for by him. Even the tea, and such obviously necessary articles of consumption as sugar, milk, and potatoes, not to mention salt, pepper, and mustard, have to be purchased with his own money. To raise the necessary funds for this purpose, every soldier is subjected to a compulsory daily deduction, varying from 3d. to 4d. in the infantry, to as much as 7d. or 8d. in the cavalry and marines. This is termed *messing money*, and is expended by the color-sergeants in the purchase of the necessary groceries for their companies. If this messing money has been carefully expended, it often happens that on three or four days in the week there is sufficient to provide the company with some little extra for breakfast or tea. This extra generally takes the shape of butter or jam, or occasionally even porridge, fish, liver and bacon, or eggs (sometimes of doubtful freshness). I am writing now of 1890; in the present year of grace, according to the army pamphlets lately published, the soldier has half a dozen courses for breakfast, various snacks to sustain him through the day, and an elaborate menu at dinner.

We will suppose that Tommy has made up his mind on this occasion to complain about the tea, the quality of which he considers not up to the standard. This is very often the case. Even the best-intentioned contractor can hardly be expected to supply, at a profit, tea of a particularly fragrant variety at a price to be retailed for 1s. to 1s. 6d. per pound, and this after the rapacious and grasping man of the canteen, through whose agency it has to be purchased by the soldier, has enacted its percentage.

A Hindu Chatterton.

It is now about twenty years since the English-speaking race received its first knowledge of an

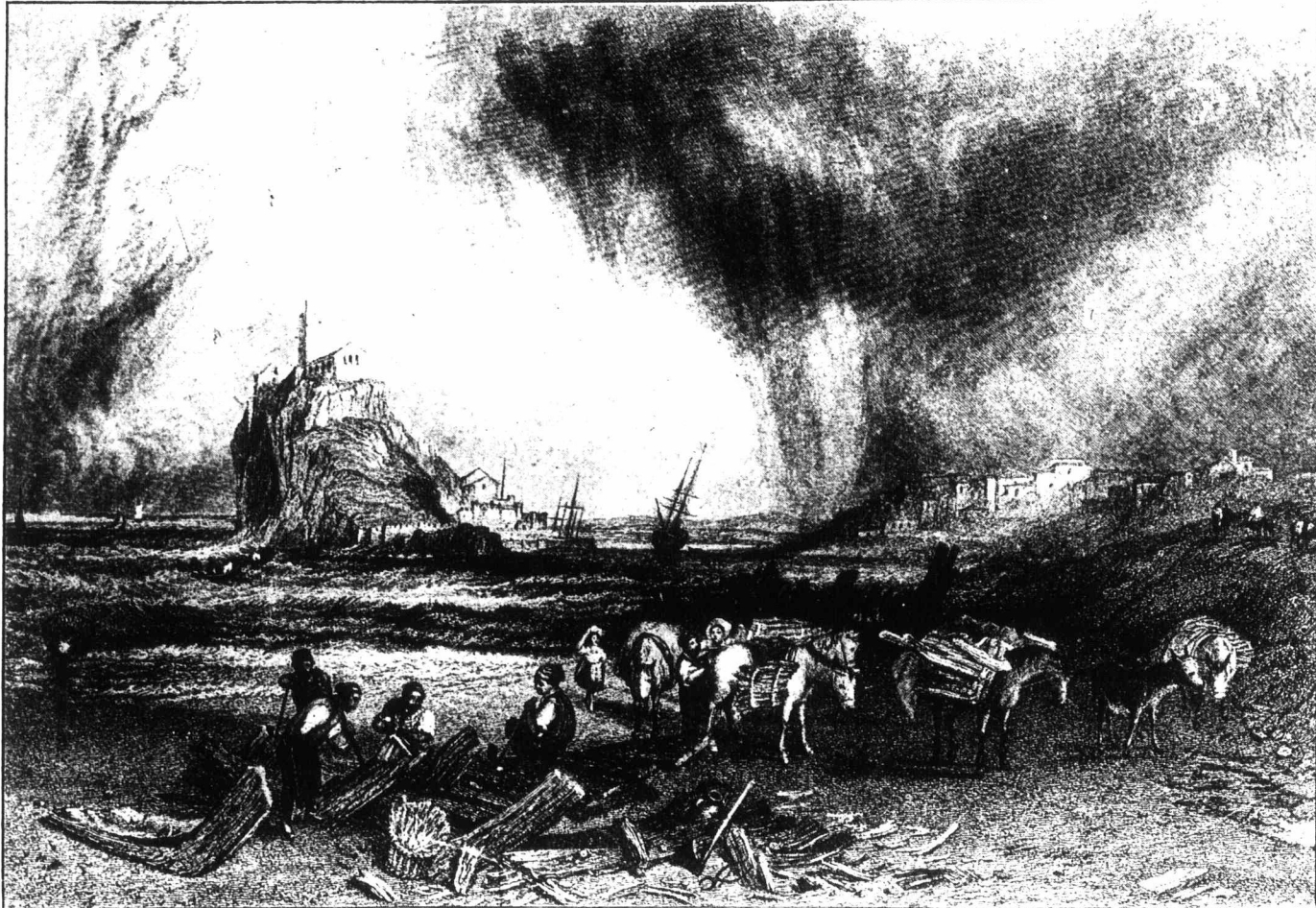
author whose works are yet not so widely known as others of less merit. It happened in this way. One sultry morning in August, 1876, Edmund W. Gosse, an English poet and critic, sitting in the office of the London *Examiner*, was complaining of the dullness of the season, and that it brought no books worth the reviewing. But that morning's mail brought an odd, shabby little book of about two hundred pages, bound in glaring orange color, without any introduction save the announcement that it was published at Bhowanipore, by the Saptahiksambad press. It bore the title, "A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields." Opening it, the first thing the critic's eyes lighted upon was the translation of "The Morning Serenade," by Victor Hugo. It ran somewhat as follows:—

"Still barred thy doors! The far East glows,
The morning winds blow fresh and free.
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song:
Light, in the sky, deep red above,
Song in the lark, of pinions strong,
And in my heart, true Love."

The reviewer's only comment was: "When poetry has this flavor, it matters little whether Bouveyre prints it on Whatman paper, or whether it steals to light in blurred type, from some press in Bhowanipore."

The book was the work—not the first—of a young Hindu girl, Toru Dutt, then under twenty years of age. She was the youngest child of Govin C. Dutt, an Indian officer, and was born in Calcutta, in 1856.

In her early childhood, accompanied by her mother, she went to Europe; visited France, Italy, and England. She went to school in France for



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

method of raising an appetite, and winds up with a quarter of an hour's physical drill.

As soon as the parade is dismissed it is breakfast time. While the comrades have been on parade, the orderly men have paraded at the stores, under the superintendence of the orderly officer, and drawn from the quartermaster the bread and meat for the day. The allowance per man is one pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat, in which latter is included a very fair amount of gristle, bone, and fat. The bread is generally very good, but the meat, of which each man is supposed to get three-quarters of a pound a day, is by no means all that is desired. Three-quarters of a pound of meat is construed by the authorities as three-quarters of a pound of fat, bone, gristle, and meat—which reduces the *edible* allowance per man to about half a pound, and often less. The orderly men have also fetched the tea or coffee from the cookhouse and poured each man's share into the basins which are provided for the purpose; cups and saucers being considered unnecessary luxuries in a barrack-room.

While breakfast is in progress, the orderly officer of the day commences his tour of inspection. Preceded by the battalion orderly sergeant, whose duty it is to give notice of the officer's approach by flinging open each door, rapping on it with his stick, and shouting "Shoo!" in an unnecessarily loud tone of voice [N. B. This mystic word is the recognized military contraction for attention], he inquires at each barrack-room if there are "any complaints?" "None, sir!" replies the orderly man, on behalf of his comrades. Exit the orderly officer and his minor satellite.