

ment of its utterance; it announced the approach of the surgeons—for there were two of them—accompanied by the messengers. They soon made their way to their proposed patient, but to approach him were compelled to enter a boat drawn up on the shingles for the purpose. The scene was imperfectly lighted by two or three lanterns, and only the outline of the sufferer's form was visible as he rose at their approach. There was a call for lights, and in a few minutes several torches brought an illumination more glaring than that of day. Bill insisting on the extremity of the case, had not delayed time by any further account of it to the medical men, than a few hurried words by the way might convey, and they were unprepared for the depth and horror of the danger now suddenly displayed to them. Its hopelessness also was immediately apparent to them. The water had risen nearly to the knee, and, notwithstanding a slight tinge of blood, the swelled and lacerated foot was visible through it, fixed in its iron trap.

"Thank God you are come, gentlemen," said the sufferer; "there is no time to lose. Time and tide wait for no man, as you may see," he laughed hysterically, and resented himself. "Now, gentlemen," he repeated, "I am ready, and shall be happy to give old Father-Thames leg bail."

His mirth, forced and discordant, jarred painfully upon the very heart-strings of the surgeons; they looked at each other, and at length one of them observed that, not being informed of the state of the case, they had not brought their instruments with them.

"What!" cried the skipper, shrilly, "unprepared! Then why don't you send for them? Why do you stand gaping at each other! In the name of Almighty God, send, I say!" and he stamped his free foot fiercely in the plashing waters.

"It is to no purpose; we can do nothing for you," said one of the surgeons. There was a strange contrast between the hopeless tenor of this declaration, and the calm hopeful tone that was habitual to the speaker's professional manner.

"What!" repeated the skipper faintly; "you don't understand me, gentlemen," he resumed, after a momentary pause. "I don't want you to extricate the foot; I want you to cut off the limb—you can do that."

"I am sorry to say that it is impossible," said the other surgeon; "we cannot perform the operation under the water."

"You cannot!" repeated the skipper. "I tell you, you may—you must. Is a man's life no better than a lighted paper, that you can see it crushed out so coolly? Do you see those—? But I won't swear. I say, do you see those waters, gentlemen? Do you know that in another hour they would choke me as I stand?"

"It is quite impossible," repeated the other surgeon. "But can you not remove the foot now—the cold would shrink it. Try again."

"Ay, try, sir—try again," said Bill; "the last time pays for all."

"Are you, too, coward enough to mock the helpless?" said the skipper sternly; "have I not tried in vain? I sit here a murdered man," he went on, folding his arms; "and if I must die, as my soul lives, I will arraign those men at the bar of the Eternal Judge!"

Those words, uttered in a raised voice, reached the ears of the crowd, and, indignant at what, in their ignorant zeal, they considered an unfeeling and reckless disregard of human life, a passionate murmur rose amongst them, mingled with angry exclamations, that were soon wrought up to a fierce excitement, that threatened the lives of the surgeons; and amid cries of "Teach them better! Give 'em a taste of mud! Show them what drowning is!"—the man called Dobbs stepped forward, the voluntary organ of the multitude.

The surgeons quietly urged a few words in explanation, which Mr. Dobbs would not hear, much less care to understand.

"No time to lose in talking," he interrupted; "send for your tools." "There is the doctor here," pointing to the chemist, "he'll fetch 'em."

A loud cry from the crowd seconded the recommendation, and the skipper, with reviving hope, stood up and resumed his entreaties.

"It would be to no purpose," said the surgeon, whose manner has been particularised, addressing the sufferer. "I am sorry to say, we can be of no use to you."

The other surgeon, however, wrought upon by his own charitable hope, or by the dangerous excitement of the mob, suggested that it might be taken off at the knee, if the sufferer would consent to the amputation.

"Let me only carry away my life, gentlemen," said the skipper eagerly, "and mangle me as you please."

The observation was answered by a stifled cheer from the multitude; but Mr. Desford, the first speaker, turned on his professional friend a reproachful glance, only uttering the word "Time" in a low voice, to which the other replied with a movement of disregard, and gave instructions to the chemist to fetch the necessary instruments. The skipper continued to stand; he was now shivering violently from the intense cold of the water in which he was immersed. Bob had this time accompanied the chemist, in order to hasten him; and Bill having brought their boat up close to his captain, many others followed his example, and the shore, to the river's very edge, was crowded with an anxious multitude of both sexes. Their excitement had reached a feverish height, and every moment was augmenting it; several females had been removed from the front ranks of the mob in violent hysterics, and the deep murmur of the male voices was varied by their occasional sobs; but they perceived Mr. Desford speaking to the sufferer, and there was a deep hush of anxious listening.

"It would be cruel to deceive you with hopes," he said; "if you cannot draw the foot out, no chance of extrication now remains for you—save through the gates of death."

The words were scarcely spoken, when there was a short cry, and one agonised sob from Bill's boat. It was the girl Sal, who had crushed so close to the sufferer, that her cry, in the strange tension of his nerves, seemed to strike him like a blow. He had been stunned, but not convinced, by the surgeon's words; and this aroused him.

"If not at the knee," he asked with a sinking voice, glancing at the waters, which had now nearly reached that joint, "couldn't you take the limb off at the hip?"

"Impossible!" repeated the surgeon. "It is but cruel to delude you with hope; you must die!"

The skipper heard that calmly spoken but decided doom. He looked to the other surgeon—a dumb and desperate appeal

for the renewal of that hope almost dead within him. The surgeon tried to smile an answer, but he turned away his head, and the wreathing lip seemed but a mockery on that face of horror. Well did the victim read it; he sank back in his chair, rather from the relaxation of the limbs, than any voluntary movement. The cries of "Shame!" mingled with threats, that followed Mr. Desford's speech, were paralysed to silence by a voice scarcely human. It was from the skipper. He had scarcely touched the seat of the chair, when he bounded up again. Well might horror change his voice: the chair was afloat, and he had plashed into a bed of water.

"God bless you, captain!" cried Bill, wiping his eyes; "it is but death after all—why, you've been alongside of him thousands of times."

"It is but death!" repeated the sufferer hollowly; "ay, it is a word to you, but what is it to me?—chained down, with those black waters rising—rising! My God, deliver me!"

A hand gently touched his arm; it was Sal, who, with a pale, earnest face, was gazing at him.

"It is not so very dreadful," she said. "My little brother smiled, and said death did not hurt him. Don't—don't take on so; it is not so very dreadful."

The sufferer's countenance relaxed as he listened.

"Will you do the errand of a dying man?" he asked gently.

The flood of silent tears she wiped away was her answer; and stooping down, he whispered a few earnest words in her ear, then taking a memorandum-book from his pocket, he wrote in it rapidly for a few minutes, and placing it in her hands, said solemnly: "Remember, and farewell!"

"I will, I will," replied the girl.

He pressed her arm; then, turning to the surgeon, said: "Will you be my executor? You will find here," he continued, understanding the surgeon's expressive silence, "a memorandum of my will, my address, and all particulars necessary; and now pray to God for me in this my struggle."

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Ah," he continued shiveringly, "how very cold it is! Brandy! brandy! to thaw this ice at my heart! Brandy, I say!"

"And brandy you shall have, captain," said Bill energetically, "or may I live upon water?" and he strided along the boat in his hurried way to the shore to fetch it. He soon returned with a bottle and a glass, into which he poured some.

"There, that is sufficient," said the surgeon, checking him.

"Fill up! fill up!" was the skipper's counter-order.

"Would you die drunk?" said Mr. Desford, expostulating with him.

"Ay, ay, captain, you shall have enough of it," cried Bill. "He has a right to do as he pleases," he continued, addressing the surgeon; "it is his own affair, I suppose."

"You would not dare to enter King George's presence, if you were not sober," replied the surgeon; "your captain is going to the King of Kings, would you send him there drunk?"

"No, no; I don't mean that," said Bill, in a subdued tone; "but it's hard to refuse it to a fellow-creature, when there's no other comfort left him."

He was interrupted by a cry from the multitude on the shore, announcing the return of the messengers with the surgical instruments; but even the surgeon who had sent for them now showed no thought of using them; the waters had risen several inches above the knee; but the multitude still retaining their belief in the possibility of amputation, the lives of the surgeons were becoming endangered by their desperate excitement. Bill, who saw too clearly that all hope for his captain was gone, suggested that it was advisable that they should, in his own expressive phrase, "bolt by the way of the river"—advice very rapidly taken. The skipper pressed the hand of Mr. Desford, when that gentleman grasped his, at his departure, but his eyes roved bewilderedly, and though he echoed the adieu, it was with mechanical indifference. The boat in which the surgeons were standing, was, by the aid of a bribe to the boatman, almost imperceptibly paddled out of the circle of jostling vessels, and they were soon in the gloomy security of the mid-stream. What need to proceed inch by inch in the description of the approach of that which the reader perceives to be inevitable. Gradually, but surely, those gloomy, those relentless waters stole on; they reached the waist—they covered the shoulders—they drew a cold and strangling circle round the throat—they bubbled from the lips, though the neck was strained in the effort to raise them above the blindly hastening flood. Who shall describe the horror of the multitude, that from the land and from river looked on powerless, while the mighty water, like an inevitable fate, swallowed up limb by limb a living being! At length there came one strong, one desperate cry from the sufferer—it was his last: the waters closed over his mouth—they rushed into his nostrils—there was a struggle, a deadly struggle beneath them for a few moments, and then stillness—the stillness of death!

TICHBORNE STORIES.—At a dinner party lately, somebody, so runs the story, asked Lord Westbury what he thought of Sir William Bovill. Lord Westbury half closed his eyes, as is his wont when he has something pleasant to say, and sweetly observed, in his bland and subdued tones:—"Bovill? Ah, well, I think that, judging by this Tichborne case, Bovill fairly promises, with a little more experience, to become the worst judge we ever had!" Sir John Coleridge, the Attorney-General (one of the family of the poet), is thought to have weakened his reputation as a lawyer by his lengthy, ineffective, and even bungling cross-examination of the claimant. The story goes, that in Lord Westbury's company one evening, Sir John was very warm and outspoken as to the character and pretensions of the claimant. The opinion of Lord Westbury was sought. "I have read Sir John Coleridge's cross-examination," was the direct reply, "and I am convinced that it has thoroughly exposed an imposter!" Fancy the feelings of the listeners, who knew only too well, as Westbury's large blue eyes looked benignly round on the Attorney-General, what the kindly meaning of the ex-Lord Chancellor was. There is a story told, too, of a worthy farmer from one of the southern counties, who came up to London specially to have a look at the self-styled Sir Roger Tichborne. He could not get into the court, but he was told that after the day's sitting the claimant was always the first man to come out through a certain door, and he received a general description of his ap-

pearance. He waited and waited, and at last there came forth—not the claimant, but the Chief Justice, Sir William Bovill. Now, Sir William is not remarkably elegant in appearance, or intellectual in expression. Our rustic surveyed him closely, believing that he gazed upon the plaintiff, and then exclaimed in a voice that was fully heard by the judge and the crowd: "Well, he *do* look like a butcher! Surely he *can't* be a gentleman!"

NOVEL METHOD OF WARMING RAILWAY CARS.—The introduction of a new method for warming railway cars on some of the French and German lines, has been attended with gratifying success. A preparation of wood charcoal, nitrate of potash and starch is employed. At first the charcoal was burnt in perforated boxes two feet long, four and one-half inches wide, and two and three-fourths inches deep. It was soon found, however, that this combustion caused violent headaches, and the charcoal was, therefore, put into close iron boxes placed under the seats, a double top being employed to prevent the seats of the cars from becoming too warm. The prepared charcoal is placed in the boxes in pieces four inches long, three inches wide, and two inches thick. On the line between Aix-la-Chapelle and Berlin, eight pieces of charcoal were used for heating a compartment. This quantity sufficiently warmed the car during sixteen hours, and at the end of the journey the fuel was still red hot. This prepared charcoal costs thirty-two shillings per hundred, and the expense of heating one compartment is said to be much less than that required by any of the ordinary methods employed, being less than a penny an hour.

INVENTION OF SUSPENSION BRIDGES.—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese at an early period is to be found in their suspended bridges, the invention of which is assigned to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleang, the commander of the army under Kaou-tsoo, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of roads through the mountainous province of Shense, to the west of the capital. Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered a communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 labourers he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges, which rested on pillars or abutments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which are called by the Chinese writers, very appropriately, flying bridges, and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One still existing in Shense stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable (as M. Pauthier suggests) that, as the missionaries to China made known the fact more than a century and a half ago, that the Chinese had suspended bridges, and that many of them were made of iron, the hint may have been taken from thence to similar constructions by European engineers.

MEERSCHAUM.—At the Berlin Geographical Society's December meeting, M. Ziegler described the sources whence the considerable annual supply of meerschaum for meerschaum pipes is derived. Large quantities of this mineral, so highly esteemed by smokers, come from Hrubshitz and Oslawan in Austrian Moravia, where it is found embedded between thick strata of serpentine rock. It is also found in Spain at Escoche, Valleros and Toledo; the best, however, comes from Asia Minor. The chief places are the celebrated meerschaum mines from 6 to 8 miles south-east of Eskisehr, on the river Pursak, chief tributary to the river Sagarius. They were known to Xenophon, and they are now worked principally by Armenian Christians, who sink narrow pits to the beds of this mineral, and work the sides out until water or imminent danger drives them away to try another place. Some meerschaum comes from Brussa, and in 1869 over 2,000 boxes of raw material were imported from Asia Minor at Trieste, worth 345,000 florins. The pipe manufacture and carving is principally carried on in Vienna and in Rukla, Duchy of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha. The commercial value of meerschaum carvings at these places may be estimated at £400,000 annually. However, very large quantities of them are not made from genuine but from artificial material. The waste from these carvings is ground to a very fine powder, and then boiled with linsed oil and alum. When this mixture has sufficient cohesion it is cast in moulds, and carefully dried and carved, as if these blocks of mineral had been natural. It is said that about one-half of all pipes now sold are made from artificial meerschaum.

From accounts in the foreign journals it would appear that the Jews are rapidly increasing in wealth and commercial influence, and that they are more than holding their own in point of numbers. They are now most numerous in what are known as the Barbary States in the north of Africa, where they form the chief element of the population. The next largest number are in Central Europe, from the Lower Danube to the Baltic sea. It is said the number of black Jews in Africa is large and rapidly increasing. Jews are penetrating every portion of Asia, carrying on commerce and establishing new branches of industry. They are buying race horses and coffee in "Araby the Blest," and are trading in cashmere goods in famine-stricken Persia. In China proper and in Cochinchina they are fast becoming the most extensive operators in all kinds of native products, and in manufactured goods. Much of the commerce of Southern Africa is in their hands, and now that the diamond fever has broken out, large numbers are going there from Europe. As Jewish influence is extending northward from the Cape of Good Hope, and southward from the Barbary States, it would seem that Central Africa is more likely to become Judaized than Christianized. Already their caravans are crossing the Sahara Desert, while their boats, freighted with merchandise, are floating down the Nile, Orange and Niger.

A veteran observer says:—"I never place much reliance on a man who is always telling what he would have done had he been there. I have noticed that somehow this kind of people never get there."