

how "the waters gather! they rush along!" Here and there the singers have short intervals of silence, through which the torrent of instrumentation is heard in its unveiled force. Specially remarkable are the boldly conceived passages to the words, "But the Lord is above them, and Almighty," out of the tempestuous chromatic clauses of which, after triple iteration, emerges the subject, "Thanks be to God," only however soon to get involved again in a tumult of fresh descriptive phrases, and again and again to clear itself, till at the end, after a headlong rush of violins down the scale—



through silent space, the whole force of chorus and orchestra joins in a final shout of thanks, the voices first giving the passage in unison, and then opening out, at the seventh bar from the end, into a broad harmonised cadence.

With this great chorus concludes the first part of the oratorio.

Having indicated, in considering the first part, the spirit and tone of the *Elijah*, I may, perhaps with advantage, as in previous sketches, leave the listener somewhat more to his own power of perception in the second part. A few main features must however be noticed. "Be not afraid" is another example of the peculiarly religious reflective chorus, of a gentle, almost pastoral, tone, in which Mendelssohn peculiarly excels, and which breathes the very spirit—one would say—of evangelical piety. The quieter portions of this chorus are set off, and their character heightened, by the introduction of a subject having a little more animation, to the words, "Though thousands languish

and fall beside thee," though from this is entirely absent any boisterousness which might injure the general repose of the number.

The scene with Ahab and Jezebel gives rise to what I will call some mob passages, and these develop into a mob chorus, as I will again call it, commencing "Woe to him! woe to him!" Choruses of this class date back at least from the Passion-music settings of Bach, and naturally appear in such oratorios as include a crowd amongst the *dramatis personæ*.

Some fine solo music for Elijah occurs at the words "I have been very jealous for the Lord," and those which follow: the terzetto of angels, "Lift thine eyes," will not fail to make itself appreciated; while the succeeding chorus, "He, watching over Israel, slumbers not, nor sleeps," is another of the same character as "Be not afraid,"—reposeful, devotional, poetical, and garnished with a delightful accompaniment in triplets, which, just before the end, is by a masterly stroke suspended for half a dozen bars, leaving the voices to weave the cadence alone.

The aria "O rest in the Lord" is too well known to need description: a more perfect gem sacred art does not contain: in this the fine effect of a flute accompaniment, and the capacity of that instrument for mixing with the contralto voice, should be noted by the listener.

The descriptive passages in the chorus "Behold, God the Lord passed by" will speak for themselves; they form one of the finest and most highly wrought sections of the work, whether we consider the voices or the orchestration. The quartett of solo singers is twice again introduced towards the conclusion of the work, in the "Holy, holy, holy," and "O come, every one that thirsteth;" and the oratorio ends with a chorus in which a more formal resort than in any other number is had to fugal construction, the result being a broad and spirited ending.

JOHN CROWDY.

## MY ASCENT UP MOUNT WELLINGTON.



UNTIL, above all things, whatever you see or whatever you leave unseen in Tasmania, be sure you don't quit us without seeing and ascending Mount Wellington."

This was the enthusiastic pro-ration of a somewhat lengthy enumeration which my companion, a native Tasmanian, had made to me of the things and places to be visited in the pretty little island of Tasmania. We were on board the *Derwent*, or the *Tamar*, I really forget which, one of the line of passenger steamers plying between Melbourne, in Victoria, and

Launceston, the principal place, after Hobart Town, in Tasmania; and now, about nine o'clock in the morning, the blue hills of Tasmania had risen dimly ahead.

My companion, as I have said, was enthusiastic; my interest was awakened, and I could not rest satisfied without trying to gain more detailed information about the object of his enthusiasm. At the time I could learn only that Mount Wellington was a very high hill at the southern or Hobart Town end of the island, named after the "Great Duke;" that the ascent of it was rather dangerous, several persons having before now lost their way and perished thereon, but that all risk of a like fate might be obviated by the employment of a guide; and that, the ascent once achieved, the labour and danger incurred would be more than repaid by the lordly prospect to be obtained.

Here was a chance of something like a real adventure. There was difficulty, there was danger, and, to crown all, there was the prospect of getting the grandest view to be had in the whole of Tasmania. I resolved to try and climb the mountain.

Omitting all mention of things done and seen in



the northern part of the island, and of the journey of 120 miles from Launceston to Hobart Town, I shall avail myself of a writer's licence and ask the reader to exercise his imagination a little, and to rejoin me two months later, towards the close of autumn, just half-way up Mount Wellington. I have just issued from the hut of the "Old Man of the Mountain," as he is called, the sole dweller, together with his family, on those heights. I learn there that I am in the right way, so far; but it is hinted that the danger is all to come yet, several persons rashly essaying to ascend unguided having ere now met their death somewhere about the summit, as the reward, I inferred, of their foolhardiness, and I am told that I can be supplied with a guide from this very family.

Declining the offer as courteously as I could, I hastened upwards; and met with nothing specially notable until the path left me, which I had followed hitherto. Nothing now remained to guide me but two or three tracks, winding about beneath the trees which clothed the hill-side even at this height. I could not tell which was the one that led to the top, nor, indeed, whether any of them really led thither. I now began to see that it was quite possible to miss the way up, and, worse still, that without a woodman's eye I should be almost certain to miss the way *back*; for one tree looked so like another that the idea of guiding myself by them on the return was not to be thought of. There was nothing for it but to take out my knife, which luckily I had brought with me, and to mark the trees, at what seemed proper intervals, by cutting off pieces of the bark, so that on the return journey those marks should, if possible, face me, and so serve to guide me until I should get back into the path again. Of course it was quite possible, as I saw at the time, that on the way back I might fail to come in exactly the direction in which I was now advancing, and so might altogether miss seeing the marks on the trees; but I trusted to take such precautions as would secure me from error, and, at any rate, I was resolved not to let the risk, whatever it might really amount to, prevent me from carrying my purpose into effect.

On, accordingly, I went, marking the trees at every twenty or thirty steps, until in a short time I "came out" on one of the most singular scenes it has ever been my lot to behold. There, in front of me, extending almost from my very feet to the highest point visible, for which I was making, lay a wide field of huge dark stones or rocks of, I should say, from six to twelve feet in length, and broad in proportion, lying in the most promiscuous fashion, just as if the ground had been turned up by some gigantic ploughshare, and, instead of ordinary earth-clods, these huge stones had been thrown up, so that they lay, however, far more irregularly than ever clods did on the most unskillfully ploughed field.

My business was to cross this field of stones, and that with all speed, if I would escape a night's enforced sojourn on the mountain. Setting my foot on the huge fragment next me, I proceeded onwards and upwards, stepping from stone to stone, and advancing far more slowly than I had expected, and in a very

irregular way. Sometimes a stone, too high and too smooth to climb, would rise up in front of me to bar my way, or there would open a fissure between the stone I was standing on and the next to be taken, too wide to be overleaped, and I would have to turn back and beat about for some other way of advance.

I now saw the problem before me might prove too ticklish for me, for I had not only to get over the field before reaching the summit, but to get over it in time to let me get back at least as far as the regular pathway before darkness should set in. This was the only thing I felt any apprehensions about; and, perhaps, the difficulty of passing over the ploughed field would alone have kept me at work until the darkness had fallen, and made my returning the same night out of the question. But now the clouds, which for some time had been hanging seemingly but a few yards overhead, began to sink lower and lower, until I presently found myself in the middle of a kind of cloud-sea, which enveloped me around, above, and below, obscuring all but near objects, and entirely changing the aspect of everything around.

Here was a pretty fix. What was I to do—to go back, remain still, or go forward? Really it was hard to decide. To attempt to go back was to run the risk of wandering about aimlessly all night, with the very remote chance of hitting the place where I had entered the field (for, of course, it was quite invisible to the eye at the time), and the all but certainty of not recognising it if I did. To go forward could not be much better, for the top of the hill was completely hidden, and though it might have seemed that I had nothing to do but to aim always at getting higher and higher, with the certainty of thus at last coming out upon the summit, it was almost impossible at times—such was the irregularity of the field—to tell, after some minutes' struggling, whether you had gone upward or downward.

On the other hand, in favour of going on, there was this to be said, that in the event—not very probable—of my reaching the top, I might, by making a wide circuit, escape the dangers of the ploughed field altogether on the way back, and possibly strike either the trees I had marked on the way up, or, if it proved too dark for that, perhaps the pathway further down, to which I have previously referred. There remained the third course, that of standing still—sitting or lying down was not to be thought of in the cold, and on the damp stones—on the chance of the cloud passing down the hill, or discharging its contents where it now rested. After carefully balancing the pros and cons of each course, I finally decided in favour of the last—remaining still and waiting—and I presently felt the more satisfied that I had decided rightly, when I seemed to see the atmosphere grow somewhat less dense, and I reflected how sudden and frequent were the weather-changes on the highest hills.

Accordingly, I stood and prepared myself to await the result with patience; and certainly that virtue, in whatever degree I may have possessed it, was destined to be put to the proof during the next half-hour. First I began to feel uncomfortably cold; then the mist began to penetrate; and, that my patience might be



taxed still further, a bitterly cold wind began to blow. All this, though far from pleasant, would have been endurable enough, but I had only recently recovered from a sharp attack of rheumatism, and, standing there, perspiring as I did at first from the exertion of climbing, with the damp and the wind working their will upon me, I seemed to run a fair chance of suffering from another attack, with nothing better than one of the stones of the ploughed field for a pillow. Already I began to feel in the limbs twinges of my old enemy, but I was determined to wait reasonably long to give the mist time to disperse.

But it was of no use. The mist did, indeed, pass away after I was well soaked, and my patience well-nigh exhausted; and I was on the point of joyfully making for the crest of the hill visible once more, when, quite unlooked for by me—for, as I have said, it was still autumn—a few flakes of snow began to fall, at first at wide intervals, but gradually growing denser and denser, until it became plain enough that I was in for a snow-storm, nearly 4,000 feet above any human habitation but that of the Old Man of the Mountain. To make matters worse, darkness was now setting in apace. It was evident I must either gain the top during the next half-hour of twilight, or make up my mind to pass the night on the mountain at the imminent risk either of perishing of cold, or of passing into that fatal sleep so dreaded by travellers through the snow. There was no time to be lost. I could not see the crest of the hill for the snow, which was now falling so thickly that it was difficult to distinguish anything plainly at a distance of more than a few yards, but the attempt, almost hopeless as it now seemed, to reach the top through the blinding snow before nightfall must be made, for the alternative was death, or, at the very best, a night of intense suffering from cold, damp, and rheumatism, on the exposed hill-side.

I started with some haste, but was very soon forced to moderate my pace, for there was great danger, with the snow falling all round, of my mistaking the distance to be over-leaped from one stone to another, and either of falling into one of the larger fissures, with the risk of breaking a limb, or of having my foot caught in one of the narrower ones, without the possibility of extricating myself without help. I therefore proceeded with all due care, as I thought, but not with sufficient care, as the event proved, to prevent me from meeting the very mishap which I had foreseen to be likely, and which I was carefully guarding against. In a word, while standing on one of the rocks, and preparing to spring to another some little way off, my right foot, which must have been closer to the edge of the side of the stone than I had supposed, slipped into the narrow fissure between the stone I was standing upon and the stone immediately to the right of it, and remained fast wedged between the two, about two feet down. I had read, in my schoolboy days, the Red Indian stories of prisoners being tied to a tree, and left to die of starvation, or to be devoured by wild beasts. The latter fate I was not apprehensive of, for I believed there was

nothing in the island more dreadful than eagles and snakes; but the former fate—death by starvation—seemed not so unlikely when, after repeated tuggings, I could not succeed in bringing my foot up the smallest fraction of an inch. Nay, my struggles to extricate myself only served to show me how securely I was tethered to the spot.

Again and again did I renew my exertions, and as often was I obliged to desist, utterly baffled and foiled. At first I tried to bring up both foot and boot; then, when that would not do, I tried to work the foot out of the elastic boot and so release myself, but neither could I succeed in this, and I was obliged to desist.

Some may wonder why I did not try to cut off the boot. I *did* think of this, but, on making the attempt, I found that there was not space sufficient between my leg and the stone on either side to admit of my arm reaching down to the foot. Here was a situation! I could not free myself, it was plain; and I could not look for help from any other quarter. I was utterly unknown in Hobart Town. Besides, though I had asked a casual passenger the way to the hill, I had not left word either with the landlord of my hotel, or with any one else, that I intended to make the ascent of Mount Wellington. True, the Old Man of the Mountain, as he was called, and his people had seen me go up; but, if they bestowed a further thought on me after I parted from them, it was probably to conclude that, when the weather became threatening, I had thought better of my foolhardy design to climb the hill alone, and that I had turned back with my project unexecuted. But even if, not observing me return, they concluded that I had lost myself, what reason had I to expect that they would trouble themselves about an entire stranger, especially one who had disregarded their warnings, and thereby brought himself into his present straits? And, even if they should venture out in the snow-storm, how unlikely was it that, without any clue to guide them, they would be able to discover my whereabouts!

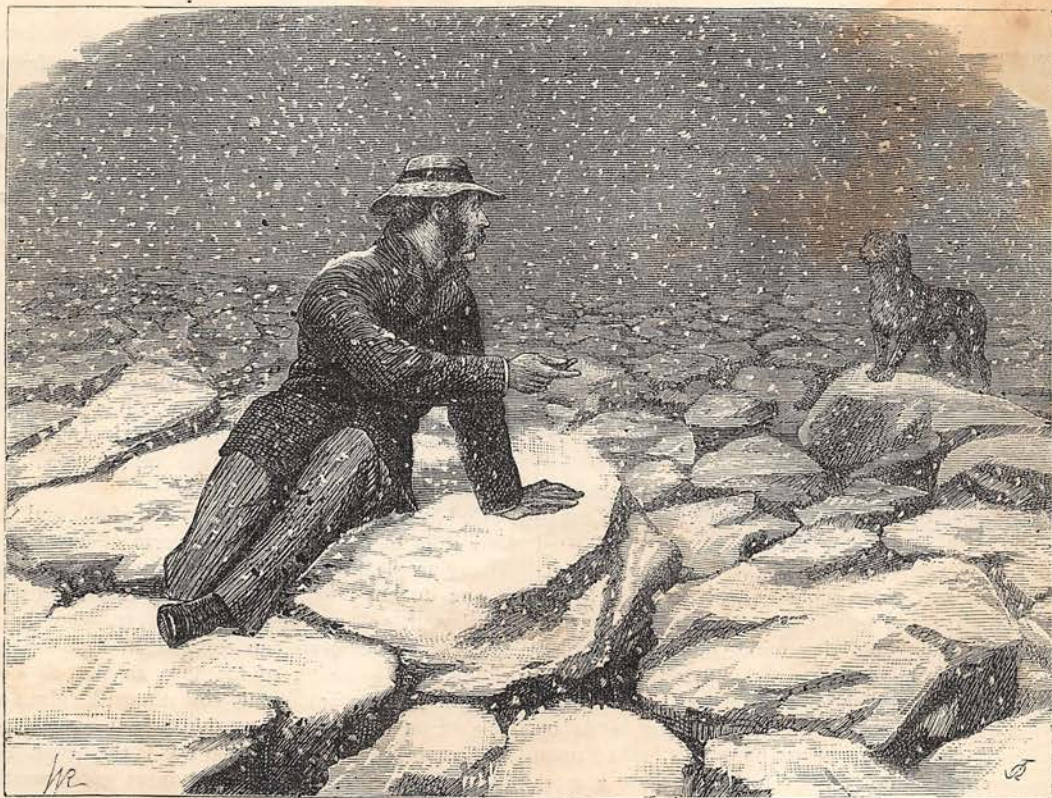
Turning over all these things in my mind, I could not help concluding that I ran every risk of perishing where I was by the combined effects of cold and hunger. There was still one slender chance, or perhaps two. Next day might be fine, and some party of Tasmanians or strangers, bent on pleasure, might attempt to make the ascent, and might possibly pass near enough to be within hearing of my hail; but, if nothing of the kind should happen, then it occurred to me—for I was loth to renounce hope—that my foot might so far shrink in size from the want of nourishment that, after a day or two of exposure, I might at last be able to pull it out from the boot, and to crawl as far as the old man's hut. Neither of those contingencies seemed at all probable, but they were all I had to look forward to. I could not resign all hope of them, and I clung to them with desperate tenacity.

It may be thought strange that my mind should be wandering away to remote contingencies, when it might have occurred to me that, if the snow-storm continued, I should almost certainly, long before next day, be far beyond the reach of human aid—asleep in the snow!



It is true that the thought did not present itself at first, but immediately after I had run over in my mind—far more rapidly than I can describe—my chances of escape, the thought did occur to me, and I anxiously looked about to see whether there were any signs of the abating of the storm. It was now nearly nightfall, and that and the snow together made it too dark for me to discern almost anything with precision. Still I fancied that the atmosphere was growing somewhat lighter, and that the flakes of snow were falling less thickly around. But what was that? I seemed to hear, as it were, some animal bounding behind me,

Had it come near enough, I should have fastened something round its neck to indicate the presence of a stranger lost on the mountain; but, circumstanced as I was, nothing remained for me but to shout as loudly as I could, with the view of attracting the attention of the dog's master—if, as I hoped, he should chance to be within hearing. I shouted two or three times at the top of my voice, and then listened intently for a response, but all was silent as before; only the wind howling around broke the stillness. Almost in despair I shouted again repeatedly, and, if possible, still more loudly than before. This time—could I trust my ears?



"GRADUALLY, ON MY CALLING HIM, HE ADVANCED TOWARDS ME."

and the moment after a short and rapid breathing. Turning my head round instantly, I discerned, through the falling snow—oh, the joy of the moment!—standing not a dozen yards off, and contemplating me as if at a loss what to make of me, what at the distance, in the darkness, I took from its shape and size for a retriever dog. Seeing me turn, the animal barked, and then suddenly retreated a step or two. Gradually, on my calling him, he advanced towards me, and then, actuated by I know not what sudden impulse, bounded off as fast as he could go, and was soon lost to sight amid the falling snow-flakes. I felt certain, at the time, that the animal was not alone, and that there must be one or more persons not far off. Perhaps the dog might have the sagacity to bring its master to me.

—I heard a faint shout, sounding as in the far distance. Wild with excitement, and almost suspecting that I was the dupe of my own fancy, I replied with all the lung-power at my command; and in what was really, I dare say, no more than a few seconds, though it seemed to me far longer, my cry was answered—this time so as to leave no possibility of my being deceived, though the answer still seemed to come from a considerable distance.

To make my story short, we kept on exchanging shout after shout, and after each shout I had the intense satisfaction of hearing the voice nearer than before. A few minutes more, and the dog bounded close up to me, followed by two figures, who proved to be its owner and a friend. To explain my situation



to them was the work of a moment—indeed they soon saw it for themselves: the next, they were at work on each side, tugging and pulling me by the arms with might and main; and, in a few moments more, I felt the foot move; and, on the next, found myself lying on my back on one of the stones, the foot having come away all of a sudden, yielding to the strong pressure brought to bear on it by my rescuers.

Seated that night, a few hours afterwards, at supper

in the lodgings of these gentlemen (amateur painters from a neighbouring colony, who had paid to-day the last for the season of a series of visits to the mountain with artistic purposes), I listened as attentively as the important work in hand would admit of, and with perfect good humour, to the lecture of mild censure to which they treated me for what they—in common, as I found, with every one else—stigmatised as my foolhardy attempt.

## MY ADVICE TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



T had been my intention, on sitting down to write the present paper, to give a short account of the pathology and symptoms of what we medical men call *phthisis pulmonalis*. On second thoughts, however, I feel convinced it will be much better, and more profit-

able for my readers, to confine myself to giving a few words of plain advice, to those who have the misfortune either to be labouring under this dire disorder, or who have a family predisposition thereto.

It may be well to mention at the outset, that although consumption still claims annually its thousands on thousands of victims, it is not nowadays looked upon as so certainly fatal as it used to be; because a more rational treatment has been adopted of late years, and thus cases are cured, and precious lives are spared, and there is hope for every sufferer. One thing, however, I wish to impress upon the reader: if not properly attended and correctly treated, it is as certain that consumption hurries a patient on to death, as that the sun will rise to-morrow. If, then, some sufferer should read these lines, let me tell her or him, that if good is to be expected from the advice I shall give, it must come *only* and *solely* from the strictest obedience to the rules of life laid down, and the greatest regularity in taking the medicines prescribed. Trifling with a disease of this kind ever ends in tragedy.

In our treatment of consumption, we have two duties before us: first, we must endeavour to counteract the tendency to decline and decay; and secondly, to palliate the more urgent symptoms; but pray do not

forget that the counteractive is of far higher importance than the palliative treatment, and so we will mention that first. It includes proper hygienic means, proper diet, and last but not least, medicinal remedies.

Now, in simple cod-liver oil, we have one of the most beneficial remedial agents in the world, and taken in conjunction with certain tonics, judiciously administered, its power of doing good is incalculable. A word or two on the proper manner of exhibiting the oil will not, therefore, be out of place. You must first and foremost procure oil of the very best quality. Deal with a respectable chemist, and ask him to get you the London-made oil for winter use, and the Newfoundland after midsummer, which is just as good and is somewhat cheaper. Do not buy less than half a pint at a time, and see that it is kept in a cool, dark cupboard.

Cod-liver oil is now made so sweetly fresh and pure, that it is to many quite the reverse of unpalatable. Young people, and especially children, take readily to it, and do not require to use any vehicle to disguise its flavour. Many there are, however, who do not relish it, if they even can succeed in swallowing it without some feeling of loathing, as the oil keeps repeating. In cases of this sort it must be given suspended on the top of some flavoured tonic draught. I think myself that the simpler this is the better. Cod-liver oil, in order to do any permanent good, must be taken for a long time—for weeks, for months, or even for years—and the stronger tonics, such as quinine and iron, are apt after a time to disagree with the system generally. They heat the system, disorder the bowels, and increase the tendency to inflammation. It is a good plan to chew a little orange-peel before swallowing the oil, and to take the latter in a wine-glassful of bitter beer. Or a better plan is to use some of the simpler bitters, such as the infusion of gentian or columba, slightly sweetened, and flavoured with orange tincture. To this may be added a few drops of some of the mineral acids. For example, if there be any tendency to liver disturbance, ten or twelve drops of the dilute nitro-muriatic acid may be used; if a tendency to night sweats or diarrhoea exists, the same quantity of the dilute sulphuric acid will do better; if the nerves are weak, on the other hand, dilute phosphoric acid should be chosen.