

The symptoms of poisoning by any of the strong acids, such as **Nitric** or **Hydrochloric Acid**, or **Oil of Vitriol**, are very distressing. There can be little doubt about a case of this kind. If the acid has been very strong, lips and mouth will be raw, and probably the former blackened; the pain in the gullet and throat will at all events be intense. There will be vomiting of matter mixed with blood, and great tenderness about the region of the stomach. Give chalk at once in water, in sufficient quantities to neutralise the acid, or calcined magnesia. Carbonate of soda, or potash, is an antidote, or thick soap-suds. Give also abundance of water to weaken the acid; and if nothing else is at hand, break down the plaster from the wall, mix in water, and administer.

**Prussic Acid** is terribly speedy in its action, and there is no antidote that I know of that can be relied upon. If enough has not been taken to prove immediately fatal, stimulants, such as brandy and ammonia, may be tried, if they can be swallowed. Dash cold water over the chest and face. An emetic may also be given as soon as it can be taken, with coffee afterwards.

**Mezereon Berries** are often eaten by children; so are **Monk's-Hood Seeds**, though more seldom. These belong to the narcotico-irritant class of poisons, as do many other berries and seeds. The symptoms I have already noticed. The antidotes are emetics, plenty of milk or barley-water, and afterwards strong coffee and a mild aperient. The same treatment would be recommendable in poisoning by **Stramonium**, usually called **Thorn-Apple**, which children often eat. Stupor must, however, be treated by dashing water over the head and face, and applying smelling-salts to the nostrils. A few drops of laudanum might be given with advantage.

The symptoms of poisoning by **Belladonna** are somewhat similar to those produced by stramonium. Contrary to what you find in opium-poisoning, the pupils here are very much dilated. Give emetics and animal charcoal, followed by castor-oil.

Animal charcoal and olive-oil, with chloroform to lessen the terrible spasms, are usually given as antidotes to the poison called **Strychnia**. Emetics must, however, be given first.

The same rule of treatment holds good in cases of poisoning by **Intoxicants**, such as **Alcohol**, and in those produced by breathing **Obnoxious Gases**. The face is generally livid in the latter. The sufferer should be placed on his side, with the head slightly raised. He ought to have plenty of fresh air, while cold water may be dashed in the face, the chest rubbed with stimulants, and warmth applied to the feet and legs. If an emetic can be given, so much the better, and afterwards strong coffee should be administered.

It should not be forgotten that after the recovery of a patient some after-treatment will be needed. For the first few days the very mildest and most easily digested of foods should be taken. If the poisoning has been by an irritant, in all probability the patient will be in the doctor's hands; if not, my advice is that milk, beef-tea, arrowroot, sago, &c., form the staple of his diet until he feels sure he can digest stronger meats.

Before closing this paper, I cannot help once more warning my readers against the use in any shape or form of that slow poison, *hydrate of chloral*. When used nightly, it becomes a habit which it is next to impossible to shake off. The symptoms it produces are very distressing, and there is assuredly only one termination if the habit be not broken off at all risks—namely, death.

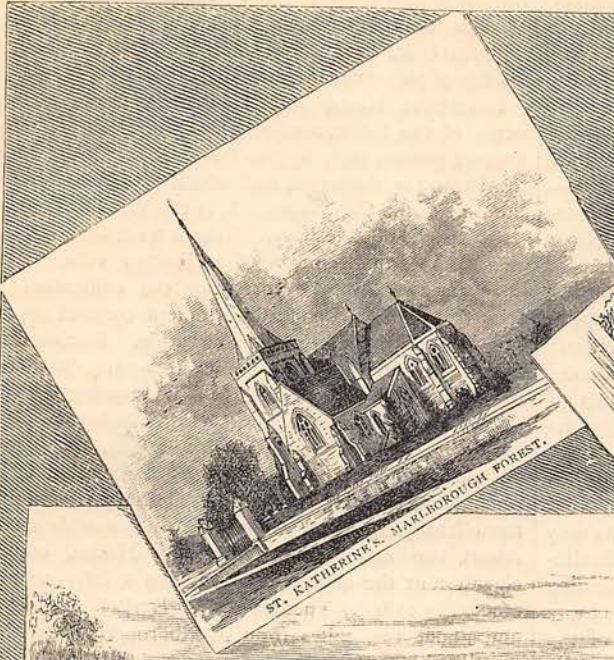
## A HOLIDAY IN AND AROUND SAVERNAKE FOREST.



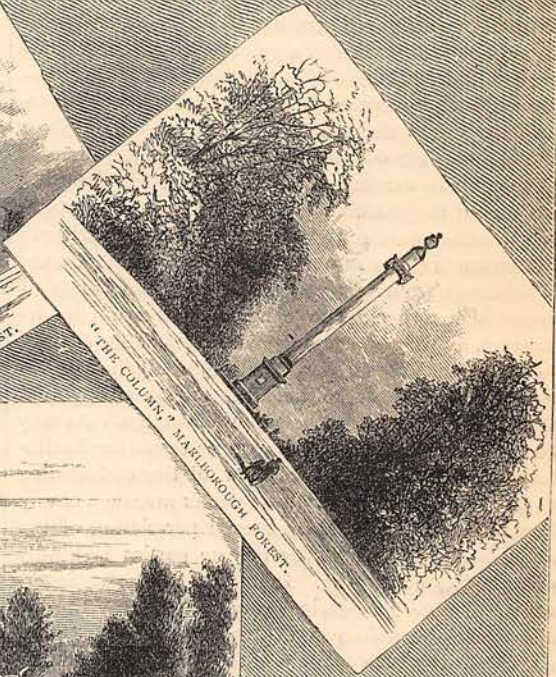
**A**MID all the changes that have altered the face of our country since the days when the Ancient Britons—those “careless sons of nature”—roamed the forest wild, at once their verdant city, high embowering fane, and the

gay circle of their woodland wars,” there has been, perhaps, no part of England left more unchanged

than that known as Savernake Forest. There are the modern “avenues,” “drives,” and “walks” intersecting it in all directions, it is true; but within its recesses are spots undefiled by man’s “improving” handiwork, and which remain to this day almost as our great ancestors bequeathed them to us. No description of mine could impart any adequate idea of their sylvan beauty, or of the quiet calm that pervades their sequestered precincts. The mighty oaks, strong in their centuries of strength; the towering beeches glistening in the sunshine, and casting beneath their shade a “dim religious light” around; the gnarled and twisted thorns, the bracken-covered hollows, the grassy glades, all combine to gladden and surprise the eyes of the beholder, and to impart to the wearied spirits a welcome sense of refreshment and invigoration. I know of no place where the wearied Londoner could find such perfect repose in conjunction with so much to interest and to please. Savernake Forest is situated just within the county of Wilts, and north of Salisbury Plain, from which it is separated by



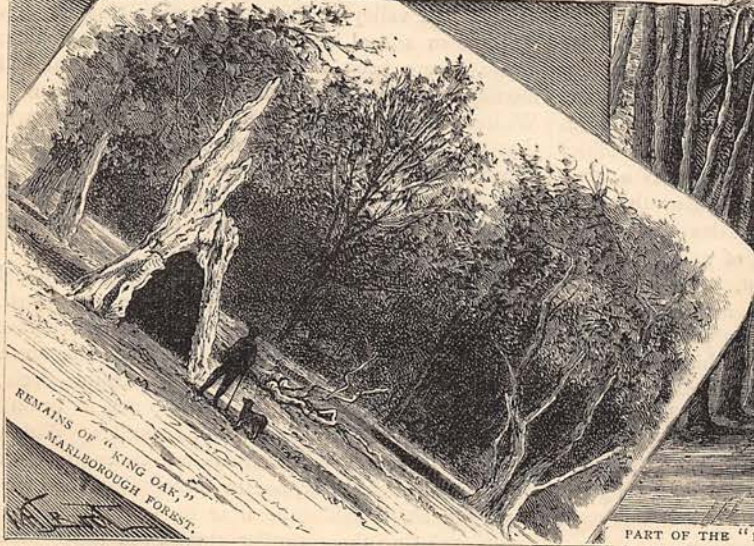
ST. KATHERINE'S, MARLBOROUGH FOREST.



"THE COLUMN," MARLBOROUGH FOREST.



RUINS OF OLD SAVERNAKE HOUSE, MARLBOROUGH FOREST.



REMAINS OF "KING OAK,"  
MARLBOROUGH FOREST.



PART OF THE "LONG AVENUE," MARLBOROUGH FOREST.

IN AND AROUND SAVERNAKE FOREST.

the Vale of Pewsey. The Berks and Hants Extension Railway, and the branch line to Marlborough, skirt it on the south, and the stations at Great Bedwyn, Savernake Forest, and Marlborough bring it within easy reach of the tourist. It is said to derive its name from *Saverno* (a species of sweet fern), and *acre* (land), and at one time extended over a great part of the surrounding country. It is now about sixteen miles in circumference, and covers an area of about 4,000 acres. It forms part of the Marquis of Ailesbury's Wiltshire estate, and is the only forest in the kingdom owned by a subject. In the time of Edward III. it was assigned "as part of the jointure of Queen Eleanor, and was held in the same manner by several succeeding queens." It afterwards came into the possession of the Dukes of Somerset, from whom it passed into the hands of the present owners. Large herds of deer inhabit its recesses, as they appear to have done in the time of "Good Queen Bess," for Lord Ailesbury has in his possession warrants to the keepers, signed by that illustrious monarch, for the supply of venison. As may be expected, the forest is a favourite resort for health-seekers and pleasure-parties from all the surrounding neighbourhood; for though no public meetings of any kind are allowed, except by special permission of the noble owner, free access by private parties is kindly permitted to every part. It is well for the stranger-visitor to note his bearings carefully before venturing alone into the unknown depths of the forest. The accompanying plan will show the *principal* "walks" or "drives" by which it is intersected. They are known as the "Eight Walks," and they diverge from a common centre, situated at about the middle of the forest. The grandest is that known as "The Long Avenue," and which extends for a distance of about five miles in a straight line from Savernake House to the iron gates on the top of Marlborough Hill. It is lined on both sides by magnificent beeches, whose tall trunks tower upwards like the clustering columns of some stately cathedral, and whose branches, thickly interlacing overhead, arch over and closely imitate its groined roof. A writer truly says: "The growth is so regular and so perfect that the comparison springs unbidden to the lips, and here, if anywhere, that order of architecture [the Gothic] might have taken its inspiration. There is a continuous Gothic arch of green for miles, beneath which one may drive or walk as in the aisles of a forest-abbey." Many famous specimens of grand old oaks are scattered about in the forest, some of which must have occupied their places for many centuries. Among them we may mention particularly the King Oak, the hollow trunk of which now only remains, though some of its largest branches have fallen within the last few years. Then there is the famous "Duke's Vaunt," so called because it was the pride of the Protector Somerset, who owned the forest in the reign of Edward VI., and who took great interest in trees. Though centuries old, it was then in its prime, and has still the largest trunk of any tree in the forest, though owing to a recent accident, by which it narrowly escaped destruction by fire, its

huge dimensions are not now so apparent as formerly. Besides these there are the "Braydon Oak," the "Queen Oak," the "Big-bellied Oak," and others, all worthy of particular attention.

Savernake House stands on the extreme eastern verge of the forest, and occupies the site of a more ancient palace, built by the Earl of Hertford, son of the Protector Somerset, and which was destroyed in the time of the Civil Wars. It is the Wiltshire seat of the Marquis of Ailesbury. Near it were found, a few years since, the remains of a Roman villa. They are still sometimes exposed for the edification of special visitors, but as a rule are kept covered up, for the sake of their better preservation. Surrounding Savernake House is a noble deer-park, bordered by beautiful avenues, and on its northern edge stands the interesting church of St. Katherine, built by Mary Caroline Lady Ailesbury in 1864, in memory of her mother, the Countess of Pembroke. The remains of the late Marquis of Ailesbury rest within the churchyard, under a massive white marble cross. About two miles from Savernake House, on an elevation at the edge of the forest, is a lofty column erected in 1781 by Thomas Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury; and about two miles from Marlborough is another prettily situated church at Cadley or South Savernake. Savernake Ruins are situated in a pleasant glade not far from the centre of the forest. They are the remains of a lodge inhabited by the late Marquis of Ailesbury when Lord Bruce, and which was partially destroyed by fire in 1861. It has never been rebuilt, though the surrounding grounds have been still kept up, and are constantly used by pleasure-parties, by permission. They form an excellent spot for a summer picnic.

Surrounding the forest itself are many places of interest, historically and otherwise, and all more or less easily accessible. First we may mention Marlborough, an ancient borough lying under its very shadow in a valley drained by the river Kennet. Its well-known school occupies the site of an ancient castle, whose keep stood on the famous Druidical mound still standing within the college grounds. Within this castle was a chapel, and tradition asserts that in its black marble font both King John and Edward the Black Prince were baptised. The font was afterwards—on the dismantling of the castle—removed to Preshute Church, close by, where it is still to be seen.

About six miles distant are the celebrated Druidical remains at Avebury. These are well worth a visit. A writer thus describes them:—"On an extensive tract of level ground, bounded on all sides but the north by gentle hills, stood a circle, probably a double circle, of huge stones, varying in height from five to twenty feet, the circle having a diameter of 1,400 feet. Within it stood two lesser double circles, not concentric with it, nor with each other, nor in contact, one of them having a single tall stone near its centre, and the other enclosing three similar stones. A deep ditch surrounded the whole, and outside the ditch was a lofty rampart of earth. The area within the

rampart was equal to nearly twenty-nine acres. On the southern half of the work were two spaces left open for entrance. The approach was by two avenues formed by double rows of upright stones, sweeping in long graceful curves, one towards the south-east, the other towards the south-west. The former was above a mile in length, and terminated in a small double oval of stones, at Overton Hill. The latter was a mile and a half long, and terminated in a single stone, of larger size than the rest. At the distance of about three-quarters of a mile to the south of the site of the great circle, and nearly midway between the two stone avenues, is a conical mound of enormous dimensions, measuring in height 170 feet, and in circumference above 2,000 feet, and covering a space of more than 5 acres. This mound is called Silbury Hill, and is the largest tumulus in Europe. One interesting fact in proof of its great antiquity is, that the Roman road between Bath and London bends round the south side of the hill."

The village of Avebury, for the most part, stands within the great circle. The number of stones still existing within its enclosure are not many more than a dozen, though when visited by Aubrey in 1648 there were forty-eight; but many of them have been from time to time broken up for repairing the roads, or for making stone fences. It is supposed that originally there were

660 stones altogether, including those comprised in the two avenues. Not far from Silbury Hill are numerous stones scattered irregularly over the ground, and which, from their resemblance to a flock of sheep, are known as the "Grey Wethers." There are similar stones in the Dene at Lockeridge. The neighbouring hills are covered with remains of cromlechs, circles, and tumuli.

About a mile and a half from Marlborough stands the picturesque village of Mildenhall, which occupies the site of the Roman station Cunetium. Many coins and tessellated pavements have been discovered here, and show that the Roman town extended far up the side of the hill, towards what is now known as Folly Farm. A Roman road still in existence connected this town with Bath.

About four miles from Marlborough is Barbary Camp, a very large ancient British entrenchment, circular in form, and surrounded by a double ditch and rampart. Here, in a conflict between the Britons and West Saxons in 556, the former were defeated with

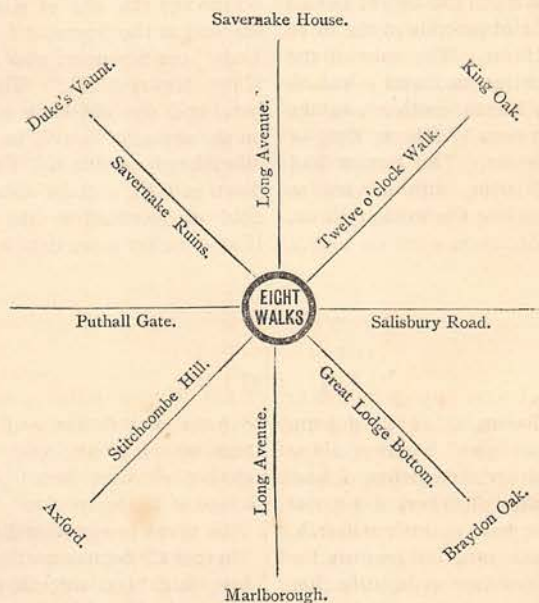
great slaughter. There is also a similar camp, probably occupied in turn by both Britons and Romans—but most certainly by the latter—on St. Martin's Hill, about four miles from Marlborough, from whence an extensive panoramic view of the whole of the Pewsey Vale can be had, and from which the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, twenty miles distant, is on a clear day plainly visible.

Between Fyfield and Clatford—about two or two and a half miles from Marlborough, and about half a mile from the road, on the right hand—is a cromlech, which has been bared of all its superincumbent mould, and consists of two large stones standing erect and supporting a larger one on the top. It is popularly known as "The Devil's Den."

About six miles from Marlborough is Ramsbury, now only a village, but in former times a place of great importance, and up to the tenth century the seat of the Wiltshire bishops. The see was afterwards united with that of Sherborne in Dorsetshire; and in 1072 Sarum became the seat of the bishopric. Up to this time the Church of the Holy Cross at Ramsbury was the cathedral and the mother church to that at Sarum. It still possesses many interesting monuments.

Great Bedwyn, a large village on the Berks and Hants Railway, and at the eastern extremity of Savernake Forest, is a place of great antiquity, having existed in early Saxon times under the name of Bedgwyn, or (as given in the Saxon Chronicle) Bedan-heafod. It was then a place of considerable importance. From 1300 to the passing of the Reform Bill it returned two members to Parliament. But the glory of Bedwyn has departed, and during the last few years its ancient prison and town hall have been demolished. The cruciform church of St. Mary contains the bones of many of the Seymour or St. Maur family, and of several Marquises of Ailesbury; and an ancient cross stands just within the churchyard walls. Rather more than a mile distant lies the village of East or Little Bedwyn, through which passes the ancient "Wansdyke," generally supposed to have been erected by the Ancient Britons as a protection against the Romans, and which, consisting of a lofty rampart and deep ditch, runs through the greater part of Wilts and Somerset. It is also clearly defined between Lockeridge and Alton, not far from Marlborough.

Between the two Bedwyns is a great British earth-



work known as Chisbury Camp, enclosing an area of fifteen acres. Within it are the ruins of one of the four ancient chapels of ease to the mother church of St. Mary at Bedwyn, which up to the time of the Reformation existed respectively at Chisbury, Little Bedwyn, East Grafton, and Marten. That of St. Michael at Little Bedwyn is the only one remaining. The foundations of those at East Grafton and Marten were unearthed a few years ago. The ruins at Chisbury Camp are, with foreign additions, utilised as a barn! Another church has been built at East Grafton, not far from the site of the more ancient one, and is dedicated to the same patron saint—St. Nicholas. Marten is a small hamlet about a mile from Grafton, and at the very extremity of the Pewsey Vale, lying under the downs which form its eastern boundary, and which, stretching for several miles towards the north-east, culminate in the height known as Inkpen Beacon, at the point of junction of the three counties—Wilts, Berks, and Hants. The spur of the down near Marten is deeply entrenched, and is known as Bottle (Battle?) Hill. In Saxon times it was the scene of a fierce conflict between Wulfhere, King of Mercia, and the men of Wessex. The former had invaded the territory of the latter, with a view to its annexation. But, as the ancient Chronicle tells us, "the fat and short-winded" Mercians were no match

for the Wessex men, who were lean and powerful; and they were driven back northwards beyond the Thames, and eventually became the subjects of those whom they had hoped to conquer. From the crown of Bottle Hill, as indeed from the heights of most of the neighbouring downs, extensive views of the country on all sides can be obtained—of breezy hills and cozy hollows, drowsy hamlets and waving cornfields, woodland and hedgerow, hillside and dale, stretching away in the hazy distance as far as the eye can reach. The air, too, is fresh and soft and invigorating, and we feel its beneficial effects in the gradual sense of exhilaration creeping through our veins, and in the unwonted yearning for something wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the "inner man."

In the parish of East Grafton, and about a mile from the village, is a farm-house known as Wolf Hall, occupying the site of a more ancient building, once the seat of the Seymour family, and the birthplace of Lady Jane Seymour, who in 1536 became the wife of King Henry VIII. The wedding was celebrated here, and the old barn in which the tenants danced on the occasion is still in existence, though in a very dilapidated condition. The old mansion was pulled down in 1582, and the materials were removed by the Earl of Hertford to the present site of Savernake House, rather more than a mile distant.

W. M. A.

#### HER CHILD.



MOTHER and I were sitting by the fire on Christmas night. Twenty happy years we had spent together, almost alone, for father died before I knew him; and we had never been rich, and were perhaps a little selfish, for we loved each other so heartily that we could scarcely spare time from each other for the few of our own class whom we came across, who being better off than ourselves, and holding themselves rather higher, seldom seemed to need our help or sympathy. We had plenty of poorer neighbours whom we loved and who loved us, but they in no way interfered between us or made the happiness we felt in being together less complete. It was only in the last year that a new strong interest had come into our lives, and this Harry brought; and on New Year's Day he and I were to be married. From the first moment when he brought me home to mother, having picked me up from the muddy pavement, where I had fallen bruised and helpless in the midst of a crowd, she seemed to take him into her heart, and never from that day did she let one jealous feeling come between her and me. Of course she was to live with us, even Harry could not have made a home for me without her, and the only thing she ever did which for the moment we thought hard was when, a week before, she had insisted on Harry's going home for Christmas.

"Go to your father and mother, Harry, and leave Janet with me," she said. "You and she hope to be together all your lives; give us old folks one more chance of feeling you all our own." And Harry, with a look at me to see what I thought, had agreed.

So that Christmas evening mother and I were alone. There had been something in mother's manner all day which I could not understand. She seemed to have something on her mind. She was loving and tender to me, so tender that I thought that no one had ever had a mother like mine, and yet sometimes when I spoke to her she scarcely heard me. But we had a quiet, happy day—we always were happy together—and late in the evening mother sat down in her chair by the fire and said—

"Come and sit here, Janet, on your little stool, and put your head on my knee. I have a story to tell you to-night."

"A story, mother dear! Oh, that is lovely, like being a child again!"

"It is a true story, Janet, of your life and mine. I have never cared to tell it to you before, but I am not afraid now—my child and I have loved each other all these years—no, I am not afraid."

"What *could* you be afraid of, dear mother?"

"You shall hear and judge," she said, putting her hands on my head, and then she began:—"When I was young, younger than you are, I was engaged to be married. My home was very unhappy,