

may also occur in health, and it is an unscientific and mischievous fallacy to class them as indications of states they only accompany, or of which perhaps they are the incidental effects or consequences. If there is no discoverable evidence of a defect in the educational development of the mind which in mature life or advanced years exhibits a curious form of forgetfulness, the inquiry should be pushed farther back, and either in the previous or next but one preceding generation a similar case will probably be found. Generally speaking, the maternal ancestry is most important in the case of a male, and the paternal in that of a female sufferer from this defect. We have already seen how the physical, and therefore the mental, characteristics of the organism are transmitted, as the qualities of a plant are transmitted in its seed.

This is, I believe, the true explanation of those

forms of partial forgetfulness which are so strange in themselves and give rise to so many anxieties. They may be significant, but their significance, so far as their *cause* is concerned, points backwards; what present or future import they have relates rather to the general state which has disclosed a pre-existing defect than to the defect itself. The way to obviate these evils is to bestow more care on mind-training, and to take care that the special incapacities entailed in a family, or exhibited by an individual, are not allowed to pass unnoticed and unremedied. Special training—that is, special exercise of the part or faculty it is desired to strengthen, or of some part or faculty other than and opposed to the one it may be wished to repress—will cure most of the faults of body and mind under which humanity labours, and special treatment on the same principle will eradicate many of the germs of constitutional defect or disease.

IN AND ABOUT WINCHESTER.



THE WEST GATE.

On the question, "Have you seen Winchester?" the most frequent reply is, "Yes, in the train—on my way to Southampton (or to Portsmouth, &c.). I didn't notice anything about it, except of course the Cathedral."

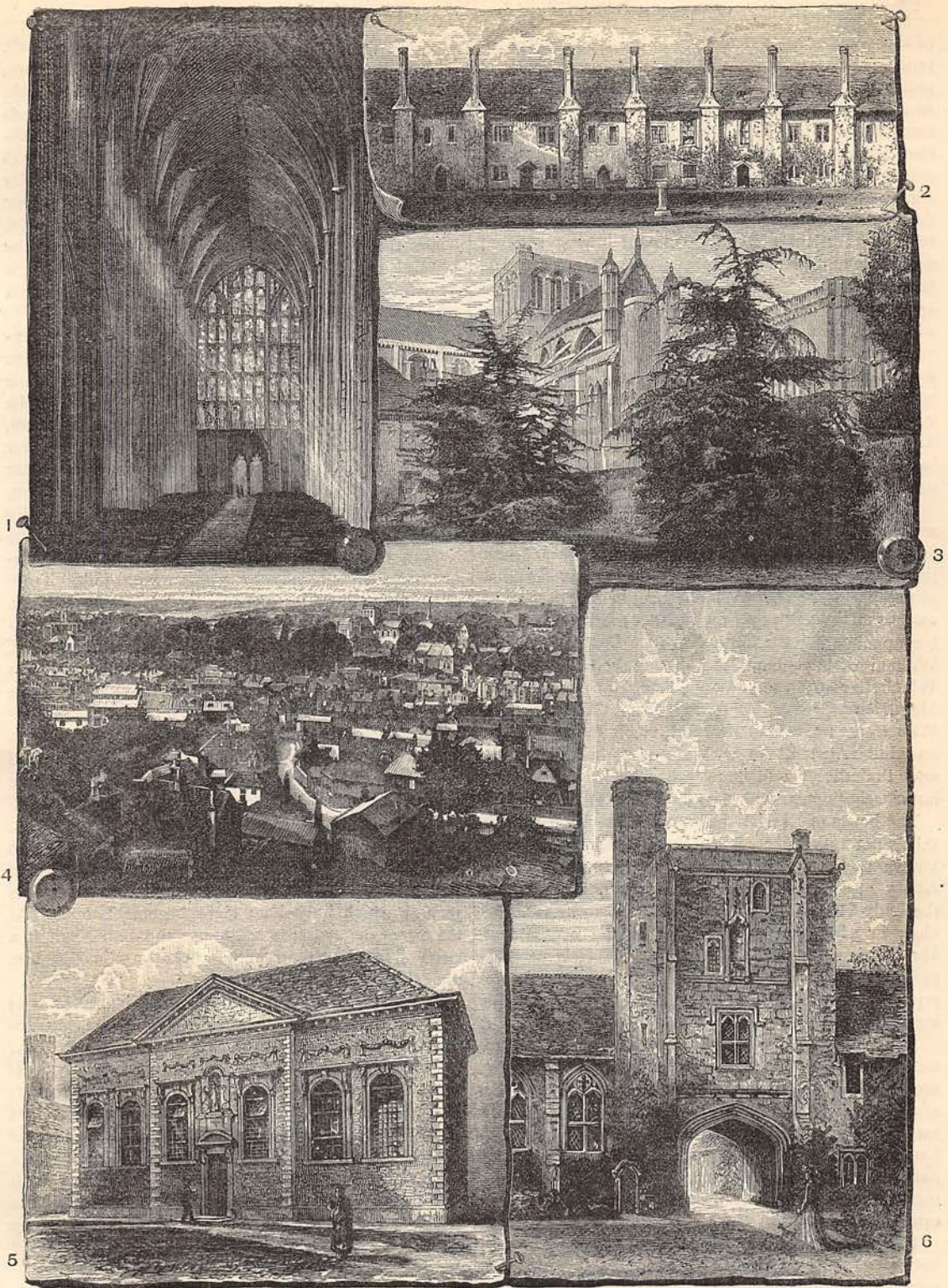
This sort of response is always particularly exasperating to a person who *has* seen Winchester, for he will probably tell you that it is better worth visiting than any other town in the county, and that you little know what you have lost by not getting out of the train on your way to the Isle of Wight or St. Malo, as the case may be, and spending twenty-four hours in one of England's most ancient cities.

You cannot go any distance in Winchester without discovering that you are in no ordinary town or village. The antiquity of the place forces itself upon your notice, however obtuse you may be, at every turn. Entering the city at one point, we see written up in the ordinary way "North Walls," and we remark that the road-wall along which we are walking is up to a certain height built of unmistakably ancient materials, and is quite different from the brick portion above it. Here and there is a piece carved in some quaint design, while bits of broken pillars, capitals,

&c., seem to tell the tale that Winchester was once surrounded by city walls, of which these fragments alone remain. And this is really the fact. At other points of the city there still stand two very ancient-looking pieces of masonry, West Gate and King's Gate, while the names of South Gate, East Gate, and North Gate Streets show that these were at some distant period the entrances and gates of the city.

In Winchester we are indeed, whether we will or no, carried back to the past, and when we learn from the Cathedral authorities that its earliest date is 180, and we find therefore that it has existed in some form or other almost as long as the Christian religion, that it is indissolubly connected with the names of Hardicanute, King Arthur, and Alfred the Great, we begin at once to feel that the town which surrounds this "hoary fane" must of necessity have its tales to tell of bygone generations.

To the Cathedral itself we might well devote the whole of this paper, but as our object is rather to speak of Winchester itself, we can only bestow upon it a few passing remarks. Even before the date already mentioned, A.D. 180, the site is said to have been occupied by a heathen temple, portions of which no doubt existed during the early years of its use as a Christian church, though the whole fabric was eventually destroyed, being rebuilt and re-consecrated in 293; converted once more into a heathen temple by Cerdic in 516, and again pulled down, rebuilt, and re-consecrated during the next century. From this date the history of the Cathedral is still a chequered one; at one time enriched and beautified, at another despoiled and defaced, according to the spirit of the age. The outside has certainly no great beauty to recommend it, and the intermingling of various styles, the result of additions and restorations at various periods, would probably rather annoy the eye



IN AND ABOUT WINCHESTER.

1. THE NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST WINDOW.* 2. ST. CROSS HOSPITAL, THE BRETHERN'S HOUSES.†
 3. THE CATHEDRAL, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.† 4. WINCHESTER, FROM ST. GILES' HILL.* 5. THE SCHOOLROOM,
 WINCHESTER COLLEGE.† 6. BEAUFORT TOWER, ST. CROSS HOSPITAL.†

* From photographs by Messrs. Poulton & Son, Lee.

† From photographs by Mr. R. Sedgfield, Norbiton.

of a connoisseur. Yet in spite of these defects the interior possesses undeniable beauties, and plenty of points of interest in the way of chantries and tombs, rare old carving, traces of ancient frescoes, and other mementoes of bygone days. The great window at the western entrance presents rather a puzzling appearance to any one who is not aware that it is composed entirely of scraps of glass collected from the remnants of the other windows, which are now filled with plain glass, the original having suffered destruction at some remote period. The east end is beautified with stone carving delicate as lace in appearance, and almost impossible to associate with the material of which the thirteen-feet-thick outer walls are constructed. Originally a silver, some say gold, figure of the Saviour filled the cross, and gorgeous figures of saints the niches surrounding it. These were, however, removed at the Reformation. The choir contains some rare and beautiful oak carving. The screen which separates the choir from the nave is almost unique and a perfect marvel of beauty.

Among the most interesting tablets and monuments are those to Kings Hardicanute and Rufus, whose body was brought here from the New Forest and buried with the arrow-head still embedded in it;* St. Swithin, sometime Bishop of Winchester, to whom legend assigns an influence over the weather; Bishops Walkelyn, appointed by the Conqueror; De Lucy, Edyngton, William of Wykeham, the distinguished founder of Winchester College; Waynefete, the founder of Marydalen College, Oxford; Fox, Gardiner, and Wilberforce; Cardinal Beaufort, meek Izaak Walton, and Jane Austen, the well-known author of "Pride and Prejudice," and many other books which were immensely popular with a bygone generation.

The bones of King Arthur are said to be here, but this is not authenticated, and those of King Alfred are known to have been removed to the neighbouring Abbey of Hyde, now known as Hyde Church. In the Lady Chapel of the Cathedral is still to be seen the chair in which Queen Mary sat on the occasion of her marriage to Philip. The font of black marble, probably the most ancient existing, is supposed to represent a well, and is ornamented with grotesque legendary figures.

The records of the city's former importance are to be found in various documents carefully preserved by the municipal authorities. The zenith of its prosperity must, we imagine, have been reached when the Parliament of England was held here, and royalty itself honoured the ancient town with its presence. These palmy days have gone by, but Winchester still retains many of the privileges connected with its former high estate.

The points that first thrust themselves upon our notice in taking a walk through Winchester, are the number of public buildings, of hotels, inns, and public-houses, which latter literally swarm in the back streets,

and are no doubt a great curse to the town itself. The High Street, with its quaint irregular houses, piazza, city cross, narrow off-streets, great clock, figure of Queen Anne, and ancient gate-way, reminds us strongly of some old Norman town, happily without its intolerable odours. Beyond the West Gate is an obelisk, which marks the visitation of the city by the Great Plague. The people, being afraid to enter the infected city, held their market outside its walls, where this monument now stands. The stone at the base of the obelisk is the one actually used as a deposit for goods, while the money to pay for them was thrown into water.

Another noticeable feature of the place is the continual appearance of small streams. At the eastern extremity of the town we can proceed no distance without encountering a stream. They are to be found running past the houses, close against them, sometimes under them; in one place dashing over a mill-wheel, in another running along as clear and pellucid as glass; now broad and shallow, and again narrow, deep, and muddy; occasionally spanned by innumerable bridges leading into the houses, each having its separate bridge, not unfrequently guarded only by a mere hand-rail. Troubled about in these streams, as old Izaak Walton no doubt well knew. Some of these are probably artificially formed, for the purpose of draining the town, which being built in a deep valley and on what was at one time swampy ground, must have needed some such provision.

The ancient foundation of William of Wykeham, Winchester College, is too well known to demand description. It is interesting to find cut out on the stone walls of the cloisters, and again in the school-room, the name of Bishop "Kenn," with the date 1635. The old school table, dating back from the foundation of the college, is literally covered with names of former scholars, among which we are able to discern several which have long since become famous. At the top of the staircase leading to the dining-hall is a large oil painting representing an extraordinary figure, typical of "the trusty servant."

To obtain a really good view of Winchester, it is necessary to mount the picturesque hill rising immediately above the eastern extremity of the city, known as St. Giles' Hill. From this point the old-world town, lying compactly down in the valley below, with its vista of red brick and tiles, the great stretch of the Cathedral, the spires and turrets of old and new churches, the old West Gate, the ruined ivy-grown walls of the old Episcopal Palace, the distant church and village of St. Cross, the gleaming waters of the bright and sparkling little river Itchen, and the sweep of hills on every side, form an altogether charming picture, and as rare as it is charming.

To many of these hills some history attaches, how true it is impossible to say. Some large mounds on one, some little distance beyond the town, are said to be the pits into which the dead-carts emptied their ghastly loads at dead of night, during the sad period of the Great Plague. The fact of these mounds

* The tower in which the interment took place fell shortly afterwards, on account, as the superstitious townsfolk declared, of the wickedness of the man buried in it. He was removed to another part of the building, where his tomb still remains.

being deeply sunk in the centre would seem to lend colour to the story, as it is easy to understand that such depressions would be a natural circumstance.

St. Catherine's Hill, rising just beyond St. Cross, and easily distinguishable by its solitary clump of trees, also goes by the name of the Dulce Domum Hill. The story is that a runaway lad from the college passed the night here, and employed the long hours in carving out a plan of the city—on which the grass never afterwards grew—chanting, as he worked, the old Wykehamist song, "Domum, Domum, Dulce Domum." It is much more probable that the hill was a favourite resort of the college-boys, and gained its name from this fact simply, the song "Dulce Domum" being a sort of watch-word among the Wykeham scholars. From this point also a view of Winchester which will well repay one for the toil of climbing may be had. Beyond, stretches away far and wide a charming and unbroken expanse of country, and in the course of a twenty minutes' walk from the town itself we find ourselves among corn-fields and green lanes, with no sign or sound of a town or village anywhere discernible.

We cannot close this brief and necessarily incomplete sketch without devoting a few words to one or two of the immediately surrounding villages.

Hursley, four miles from Winchester by the road, is rendered noteworthy by its connection with the gifted author of "The Christian Year," as well as for having been the refuge and beloved home of Richard

Cromwell, whose name occurs in a tablet erected in the village church, containing a long list of Oliver Cromwell's descendants.

Otterbourne, near Hursley, is distinguished as the home of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the well-known authoress. The village of St. Cross, barely twenty minutes' walk from Winchester, is small and insignificant in itself, but rendered famous by the ancient institution, founded by Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen. The old walls no longer respond to the echo of monkish chants, nor the stone-floors to the tread of sandalled feet; though, standing in the perfectly kept courtyard, removed from sound or sign of the outer world, with the beautiful old church on one side of us, and the small, ancient-looking houses of the brethren, the refectory, and Beaufort Tower, and the Hundred Men's Hall closing us in, it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine ourselves back in mediæval times. In the Hundred Men's Hall, in olden days, a hundred poor men from the surrounding villages and towns were daily fed. The institution, which is described as a "Home of Noble Poverty," provides accommodation for thirteen aged men who are supposed to have seen better days. The charity also provided that any traveller or wayfarer applying at the lodge should be regaled with bread and beer. Visitors are still given the dole, and the "wayfarers" thus relieved include the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and many others.

THE ART OF HOUSE-CLEANING.



THAT dust and dirt are the worst pests of mankind, and do more to destroy health and happiness than anything else, would seem to be an obvious truism. It is not a little to be wondered at, that more attention has not been given to their consideration, and that greater value has not been set upon the laborious and continual toil they cause. At present we try to ignore their existence, and cleansing operations are put down amongst the most menial duties. Housewives

who leave these matters entirely to domestics, and exercise but a scanty supervision over them, incur a very grave responsibility, and have yet to learn that there is nothing degrading in keeping a house clean. It is the wise and virtuous woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness." To the honour of the women of England, however, it may be said that most of them earn more thanks than they receive for their ceaseless services to their families and their country. If it were not for the crusade which is daily carried on by them in nearly

every household, we should not maintain wholesome conditions of life for a single day.

Those of us who have no share in, or care for, cleansing operations, do not realise the magnitude and importance of the daily tasks so uncomplainingly and unobtrusively done in our own homes, until our attention is directed to the fact. Again, many careful housewives pursue a certain rule of cleanliness, without understanding the reason, and with a feeling of monotony and weariness, arising from the fact that they do not know the real importance of such apparently insignificant and unrecognised toil. In common fairness all the workers in this busy world should have their reward, and have the true worth of their work fully understood. Nothing is more depressing than unrequited labour, and it is surely but a scanty guerdon to give our wives and mothers a few words of hearty thanks for their work of love. It would at the same time, perhaps, make those labours sweeter, and less toilsome, if we recognised and acknowledged their immense value.

It is a fact, well known to scientific men, that damp, which collects invariably, and almost imperceptibly, on the varnished walls and surfaces in every house, has a peculiar affinity for sewer-gas, and the other noisome