

He sprang from shelter of the parapet where he was working, to behold a thick smoke streaked with red blaze issuing from a low chimney clothed with ivy. Andy's sight and strength deserted him for one bewildered moment; then he rushed along the leads, precipitated himself through the trap-door, and in a few seconds had his arms full of wet straw, stuffing it into the grate and up the flue.

"I'll smother it—I will; what a fool I was, never to remember them bastes at all. Biddy Keenahan, my girl, run out for another wisp of hay, an' steep it well before you offer to bring it in. The crathurs of birds—all their little summer-houses is burned up. Patsy, like a good boy, run up on the roof with a pail of water, an' fling it down to me through the chimbley."

Torrents of blackened water were soon streaming over the boards: not all Biddy Keenahan's strength of arm and scrubbing abilities could subsequently erase the stain. "We'll cover it up wid a carpet," quoth Andy. "Sure, what matter is anythin' so long as people don't see it!"

But he was not left to struggle alone in his effort to uphold the family respectability on the forthcoming occasion. His unwearied endeavours had rectified a few of the worst features of decay and disorder before Mrs. Ferrol and her daughters arrived; and that energetic woman had not been in the house an hour before she commenced a thorough investigation of all its needs. She selected a set of rooms to be put in order, sent for tradesmen, and superintended them personally; was everywhere at once, keeping everybody industrious, working herself hardest of all. Her own hands upholstered the furniture. The old family coach was brought from the stables and refitted, and the Loftus arms emblazoned anew on the door-panel. A less inventive genius would have been puzzled for horses; but she borrowed two from the plough, and two from the tenants; caused them to be stall-fed and groomed into a semblance of sleekness, and boldly drove with them to shop in the neighbouring town, where the petty traders, overawed by the equipage, gave her everything on credit. Three or four grey-haired servants had been hired in Dublin, who did duty as old retainers.

The lady's sorest trouble for the time, was the smart English waiting-maid who had come over as Mildred's attendant, and whom it was difficult to keep ignorant of the household expedients. Bland was quick enough to surmise that the elegant little dinners with which she was provided were not the habitual servants' fare; nay, she had discovered Mr. Andrew, the house-steward, eating potatoes privately, in a manner leading to the conclusion that such was his evening meal. She had her suspicions of that most fatal fact to menial natures, the poverty of the *ménage*, and she despised all connected with it heartily; and when Mrs. Ferrol sent her a glass of claret at luncheon, felt it to be a blind and a deception, and her thin lips sneered as she drained it. The bridegroom's valet made much the same estimate of his entertainers.

"'Tis the rummest house I ever was in, this," he observed, as he sipped his sherry after dinner the second day of his arrival. "The idea of setting

me and you to dinner together, Miss Bland—not but I'm very 'appy, of course," bowing his head gallantly—"specially as we are to be himmates of one roof soon; but it is a picter of the state of the hupper servants' arrangements. Why not all dine together? I ask naturally. Why, but because they haven't things reglar and suitable to such as us. I don't think they have silver forks in the hall—no, nor beer either. And they give *us* sherry!" Mr. Tisdell emptied his glass. "Not so bad as I feared. I wish I had a walnut or two; but 'spose they don't grow in Hireland. Let me prevail upon you, Miss Bland"—holding the decanter towards her. "The stuff is really tolerably good, considering." And soon, upon similarity of circumstance, they established a mutual confidence, and moved about behind the scenes at Castle Loftus like a pair of alien spies, seeing through all poor Mrs. Ferrol's little efforts at pretension, and openly sneering at the same, to the intolerable wrath of Andrew the butler, never deceived for an instant into the belief that the carriage-horses were thoroughbreds, or that the cellars were laden with wine.

Likewise at the wedding-breakfast, do you imagine that Mr. Tisdell was not in the secret of the sumptuous service of plate which glittered on the table, or that he thought those centre-pieces and candelabre were family heir-looms? Could he not have revealed the very name of the establishment in the metropolis whence they were borrowed? Perhaps so; and he certainly had his doubts about the true ownership of the diamonds in which Mrs. Ferrol was arrayed. Beneath his obsequious demeanour he noted also that other sham—her tears. Not a few natural drops, but a steady distilment, heaviest when the health of the bride was proposed. Mildred sate upright, cold and calm, and beautiful.

MAN AMONG THE MAMMOTHS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

IN his opening address, as president of the geological section at the late meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, Sir Charles Lyell (in presence of the Prince Consort, who came into the room at the moment) started a new but somewhat obscure geological theory, which is now known as "Man among the Mammoths;" and we have lately seen many paragraphs in the daily papers, by gentlemen who, in publishing what has fallen under their personal observation, have endeavoured to throw additional light upon a problem whose proof must entirely depend upon well-observed facts.

There is hardly a bed of gravel, or other superficial deposit which is known by the geological term as "drift" or "diluvium," in which bones of rhinoceros, elephant, horse, ox, etc., do not occur. Even under our very feet, as here in London, lay in their silent graves hundreds of hippopotami and elephants. You ask for proof. If you found a sheep's skull, or a mutton chop bone, buried in the ground where you were digging potatoes in your "farm of four acres," would you not at once acknowledge that, at some period or other, a sheep

(provided you know a sheep's skull when you see it) had lived somewhere in the neighbourhood of your farm? Now, the labourers digging at Charing Cross, and along Pall Mall, shovel up the bones of hippopotami; and an anatomist knows the bone of an hippopotamus as well as you do a beef marrow-bone. In digging the foundations of the houses at Kensington, teeth and bones of elephants cause the astonished labourer to cease from his work, and the prophecy of old Virgil, at the end of the first *Georgic*, is fulfilled. For our English workmen are amazed at

"Antique titles (markings) on the stones,
And mighty relics of gigantic bones."

Again, besides these, another species of elephant, commonly called the mammoth, formerly lived in England: they were common in Siberia; and who has not read and heard of the celebrated hair and wool-covered mammoth, found frozen up in an icy cliff, near the White Sea? This skeleton is now in the museum of St. Petersburg.

The question now arises, as to whether these gigantic European brutes had it all their own way; whether they grazed at their ease, without fear and trembling; whether they had the luck, or not, to be created before their comparatively pigmy-like foe, man; or whether our far remote ancestors did not chase, spear, and otherwise persecute them, as the Englishman now does the animals "*feræ naturæ*" still remaining on his paternal acres. The only way in which the co-existence of man with these creatures could be proved, would be the finding of some implements made by human hands, in such a position as would enable the geologist to assert that the same cause placed both the animal remains and the human implements side by side at or about the same period of time. What would be more likely to be found with a wild beast, than weapons used by man for his destruction? The use of metal implements was of course unknown to the savages of those days (if they existed at all); and these savages, as the savages of the present day, would naturally have recourse to stone wherewith to form their hatchets, spear-heads, etc. The stone most suited to the purpose is flint; and although we may smile at the savage, it is not such a very long time ago that we ourselves used flints in warfare—not, certainly, as spear-heads, but as instruments wherewith to cause our modern spears—that is, guns—to have destructive properties. I would be bold to say, that if the ploughed ground at the field of the battle of Waterloo were searched, "gun-flints" innumerable would be found, thereby giving incontestable proof of a great battle having once taken place at this spot; the more so, if human bones were found in conjunction with these flints.

Now, Sir C. Lyell informs us that that able observer, Mr. Prestwich, has discovered in the gravel beds of St. Acheul, which is a low chalk hill near the town of Amiens in France, not *gun-flints* and human bones, but *spear-flints*, (that is, flints so fashioned as to form spear-heads,) with the bones of the elephant, and a species of ox and bear; the bed in which they were placed, being from six to twelve feet thick, was itself covered, first, with a stratum of marl and sand, and chalk débris, of

from two to eight feet thick; and again, above this, was a stratum of brown brick earth, with an irregular bed of "flint gravel," from ten to fifteen feet thick; the first flint implement Mr. Prestwich himself saw *in situ* was seventeen feet from the surface of the earth, and in undisturbed ground: a photograph was taken of it before it was disturbed: others were subsequently found twenty feet below the surface. M. Boucher de Perthes, President of the Société d'Emulation at Abbeville, has a collection of these flint arrow-heads; and of these Mr. Prestwich says, "They are of two forms, generally from four to ten inches long; they are very rudely made, without any ground surface, and were the work of a people probably unacquainted with the use of metals." They are much rarer at Abbeville than at Amiens, but are found at the former place, together with teeth of *Blephas primigenius*, (the ancient type of elephant.) The section of the greatest interest is at a suburb northwest of Abbeville, where these stone implements are found in company with bones of elephant, rhinoceros, deer, bear, hyena, and ox. They are stained by the same colour as the earth in which they were embedded; some show traces of wear, their edges having been blunted; the beds in which they were found belong to the *post pleiocene* period, and correspond to similar beds in England, such as those on the Sussex coast, Fisherton near Salisbury, Wandsworth Common, and many places near London.

The conclusions Mr. Prestwich comes to from his survey are—first, that the flint implements are the work of man; secondly, that they were found in undisturbed ground; third, that they are associated with remains of extinct mammalia; fourthly, that the period was a late geological one, and anterior to the surface assuming its present outline, so far as some of its minor features are concerned. He sees no reason against the conclusion that this period of man and the extinct mammals, supposing their contemporaneity to be proved, was brought to a sudden end by a temporary inundation of the land. On this point Sir Charles Lyell says: "I infer that a tribe of savages, to whom the use of iron was unknown, made a long sojourn in this region; and I am reminded of an Indian mound which I saw at St. Simond's Island in Georgia, a mound ten acres in area, and having an average height of five feet, composed chiefly of cast-away oyster shells, throughout which arrow heads, stone axes, and Indian pottery are dispersed. If the neighbouring river, the Alatomaha, or the sea, which is at hand, should invade, sweep away, and stratify the contents of this mound, it might produce a very analogous accumulation of human implements, unmixed perhaps with human bones. I believe the antiquity of the Abbeville and Amiens flint instruments to be very great indeed, compared to the times of history or tradition. The disappearance of the elephant, rhinoceros, and other genera of animals now foreign to Europe, implies a vast lapse of ages, separating the era in which the fossil implements were framed, and that of the invasion of Gaul by the Romans."

Whether man did or did not live contempora-

neously with these ancient elephants and mammoths is a point hardly as yet demonstrated to a certainty; these flint weapons belong to a period of human history remote beyond conception. Records or documents printed or written by human hands, in forms which we moderns call letters, there are none: savages who use flint-headed weapons neither read nor write; they leave no traces even of their existence but their household implements and their weapons of war; these latter, (in the case under consideration,) being formed out of natural stones, are unassailable by time, and remain their only legacy to posterity.

But, at the same time, we must not forget to take into consideration the possibility of these ancient mammoths and elephants having lived down to a much later period in the earth's history than has hitherto been supposed. So that these discoveries may fairly tempt the geologist to give a longer period of existence to these animals, running far into the human epoch, rather than to put back the age of man to a more remote antiquity. Anyhow, it must not be forgotten that, to the mind of the candid inquirer, all these interesting discoveries are but unfoldings of the truth of Scripture. The facts of geology are but marginal notes, amplifying and explaining the outline of creation, as revealed to us in the Sacred Book.

Again, the ink upon the ancient Pompeian MSS. is just perceptible, and tells us that there are characters full of meaning upon that papyrus, which we may read if we only take pains and trouble enough; so, through diligent research, careful observation, and accurate reasoning, these ancient flint weapons, fashioned and formed by the hand of man, may ultimately turn out to form pages in the history of tribes of our own race of whose existence the present inhabitants of this earth never, until now, had any conception—tribes who lived and died in times when the human race was yet young, and who have now passed away, as we ourselves must and shall pass away.

THE AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY.

THE United States army is calculated to fill European Powers with astonishment. Scarcely eleven thousand men suffice for the protection of a territory thirty times as large as England and ten times larger than France. But it must be remembered that this handful of troops is only for governmental purposes—garrisoning the few small forts that belong to the republic, and keeping the Indians on the frontier in check, while the real defence of the country is committed to a body of militiamen, or national volunteers, who amount to between two and three millions in number, five hundred thousand of whom could be speedily concentrated at any given point.

The regular army of the United States seems by no means a favourite service. The men look heavy, and the officers are destitute of that dash and *aplomb* characteristic of the military order in Europe. The former, though they receive good pay—varying from eight dollars a month in the

infantry to eighteen in the horse—have a poor appearance, and seem always hungry. The officers, who have the privilege of supplying them with board and bed, appear to starve them. The men complain of inadequate food, and often their sole shelter and repose are a blanket and rug. They are habitually discontented, and, though not flogged, are subjected, by way of punishment, to a most irksome drill, solitary confinement, and dragging heavy weights at their ankles. They have a dogged appearance, and consist for the most part of Germans and Irish, few Americans condescending to enter the ranks. The cavalry look especially heavy; but we believe they are all—horse as well as foot—men who will discharge their duty well.

The officers, as already remarked, want the European *élan*. They are a grave and orderly-looking set of men, clothed, like the troops, for the most part in grey. A *sombrero*, or "wide-awake" hat, turned up on the right, by no means increases the smartness of their appearance, though it may be useful in protecting them from that rain and sunshine to which they are much exposed. They more resemble "business men" than military. The seclusion in which they are kept in forts at home, or often dispersed for years in isolation on the frontiers, perhaps give them this thoughtful aspect. But they are honourable and high-minded men, and often of great scientific professional attainments.

But the real military force of the republic is its militia. It is customary, we are aware, for foreigners to speak of this body with ridicule; yet, a finer and more powerful set of men are nowhere to be found. Their appearance effectually contradicts the assertion that Americans are physically degenerating. This, indeed, is doubtless owing to the constant accessions they are receiving from Europe; but the drill, aspect, and effectiveness of many American militia regiments are scarcely inferior to those of any regular troops in the Old World. The volunteer cavalry, however, are often heavy enough.

The navy is the "crack" department of the American service, though frequently objected to by the citizens, in consequence of its supposed aristocratic tendencies, generated by frequent communication with Europe. The officers have thus a far more polished appearance than is usually to be found at home; and it is rarely from them that an Englishman will hear how his forefathers were "flogged" at Bunker's Hill, how the American frigates invariably "whipped" the British in the last war, and by what an extraordinary accident it was (the whole of the Americans being intoxicated!) that the "Shannon" floored the "Chesapeake." But their bravery is none the less in consequence of this superior courtesy, and more splendid vessels of war than those under their control are nowhere to be seen.

But the American navy is losing its *prestige*, on account of the rapid introduction of steam. Those splendid sailing frigates, which once were the smartest ships afloat, are now virtually superseded, and it is yet questionable whether the steam-vessels that have been built to supplant them will be equally effective. Ships of three thousand tons, like the