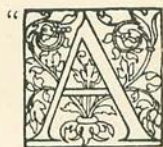


Centenarians.

BY NETTA ESPLIN CARGILL.



HUNDRED years of life is what Providence intended for man." So wrote Buffon, a profound student of human physiology and the laws by which its complexities are governed and controlled. And that great naturalist's assertion has not only been indorsed by many other well-known observers, but is being every day verified in actual experience. But if this declaration by a modern scientist does not quite agree with that dictum of the Psalmist of old which assigned fourscore years as a limit of human endurance, it must be remembered that in the history of the race, even from the earliest times, there have been famous instances of the prolongation of life to a span far beyond even a century.

Omitting those of Scriptural renown, perhaps the most remarkable instances of the kind on record were those—first—of Thomas Carn, or Caron, an Englishman who, it has been averred, lived to the unparalleled age of 207; and, secondly, of a Russian subject who was believed to have attained to an age of between 200 and 205! The former *bi-centenarian*—shall we call him?—died on the 25th January, 1588, and it is stated that his age has been confirmed by the register of the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; while the death of the latter occurred as recently as 1812, at a village in the diocese or province of Ekaterinov, in the south of Russia, the fact having been noted at the time in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*. The probability is that these abnormal ages were both exaggerated, though they have often been cited as examples of bi-centenarian ages attained by human beings. Be that as it may, Buffon's measurement of the life-limit has been and is, indeed, being every year more or less overstepped by scores of persons in many parts of the world.

Some years ago a most interesting book was written by a well-known London actuary on the subject of *Life Assurance*, and, in the course of many pages of useful statistics, he submitted a list of individuals who were known or supposed to have reached the age of 120 and upwards! Including the two phenomenal cases referred to, the list numbered no fewer than 225 centenarians of

almost every social rank and condition, and belonging to many nationalities, though, strange to say, the majority were either Britons or Russians.

"We had originally intended," wrote the author of the work, "to include in the list all recorded cases of deaths in this country at ages over 100, but we found the cases from 120 down so numerous that we had to pull up at 120 for want of space."

The question, therefore, may well be asked: Is centenarianism on the increase in the human family? Under the ever-improving conditions of life by which the human family is now, generally speaking, environed, the number of persons attaining to centenarian ages ought certainly to be on the increase. Yet it is to be feared that the greatly prolonged spans of life which were known to former generations are rarely, if ever, experienced in these days.

A man or woman, say, 130 or even 120 years old, would to-day be considered a very great curiosity, a veritable relic of the past, well worthy of the interest and sympathy of all, more especially since, in all likelihood, such a centenarian would be found, like so many other centenarians, to belong to the humbler and poorer classes of the people. In this country, at all events, no such worthy is alive to-day.

According to the last census, the oldest person living in 1891 was then aged 113. She has since died, and a number of years must again pass before it can be possible for the oldest person now living in the United Kingdom to reach the age of 120. On the other hand, it is probable that there are more persons every year approximating to centenarian ages (taking the maximum age at 100 years) than ever there were before in the history of the race; and, after all, this is surely the greater desideratum. Better a goodly number of a hundred-year-old folk than only a few 120 years old!

How many centenarians there are in this country at the present time is a matter that need not concern us now, my purpose being to pass in review a few of those "worthies" who have reached centenarian ages, and by drawing attention to the subject, if possible to encourage all who may to go and "do

likewise." The late Dr. Farr, for many years the Registrar-General, in which capacity he had the best opportunity for forming an opinion on the whole matter, once affirmed that "a century may be considered the circuit of time in which human life goes through all the phases of its evolution." Is it not the duty of all to try at least, as far as possible, to conform to those laws and conditions of "living" by which that circuit may be accomplished? The following interesting instances are cited as having done so:—

MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR
MACKENZIE,

who lives at 14, Sandwickhill, North Street, Stornoway, is 105 years of age and is still, to use the stereotyped phrase, in possession of all her faculties. Quite recently she



MRS. MARGARET MACARTHUR, OR MACKENZIE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

walked into Stornoway and back to her home, which is about a mile and a quarter distant from that town, smartly and without much fatigue. Indeed, the old lady has an amazing amount of vigour, considering her great age, daily taking pleasure in doing household duties. She has recently dispensed with the use of spectacles and is again able, without their aid, to read small print. Her hearing is wonderfully sharp, a very uncommon gift in one so aged.

Locally, and in the Gaelic tongue, Mrs. Mackenzie is known as "Ban-

trach Dhombhuill," or the widow of Donald, though, as a matter of fact, she has been widowed twice. Her father was a crofter or small farmer in the district where she has resided almost all her long life, and of her early days and experiences she still retains many interesting memories. When a little girl, she witnessed not a few of the ever-deplorable scenes of eviction which scattered so many crofter families to the ends of the earth in the last years of the eighteenth century; and when grown to womanhood, and already entered on the cares of a wife and mother, she was one of many of the West Highland folks who were "brought under" the influence of what is still remembered as the great Evangelical movement of 1825—a movement which left its mark indelibly upon her own life and character. Nothing thrills the old lady more than the remembrance, as strong within her to-day as three-quarters of a century ago, of the scenes and incidents of those days; and of the good men and women, long ago passed away, who took a prominent part in the movement, and whose names, which are, even yet, to her as household words, she holds very dear.

All through her life Mrs. Mackenzie has been a woman of intense religious convictions, though her religion—in theory as well as in daily experience—is, and has always been, of the sunniest and happiest kind, with nothing sour or gloomy about it, as if it were a sort of penance for the past and a dismal preparation for the future. Indeed, according to those who know her best and have lived many years beside her, she is one of the most cheerful and hopeful Christian women—cheerful *with* everybody and hopeful *for* everybody—that ever lived in the Highlands of Scotland. And



MRS. MACKENZIE'S COTTAGE.
From a Photo. by W. McLeod, Stornoway.

for this characteristic she is famous for many miles around the little village of Sandwick, where she resides. Is it not possible that it is to this very excellent trait that Mrs. Mackenzie owes something for the wonderful age to which she has attained? Be that as it may, she is a splendidly preserved old lady, as her photograph—the first and probably the last ever taken—will testify to all who look at it. With her likeness is also shown a picture of her humble cottage-home, with the old lady standing at the door, with her *vade-mecum*, the Bible, in her hand.

MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY, of Coldbackie, Tongue, Sutherlandshire, N.B. This worthy old lady died at the above address as recently as 18th April, 1894, having completed her 105th year. She lived there with three of her children, whose ages vary in the seventies and eighties! Her eldest "boy," past eighty, lives with his wife next door to her dwelling. A lady who resides in North Staffordshire, and who took a great interest in old Mrs. Mackay and often visited her, has very kindly supplied the following particulars about her:—

"The dear old woman was bright and cheerful, and in full possession of all her faculties, though feeble and sometimes obliged to take a day or two in bed. She had a pretty pink colour in her cheeks, which were quite rounded till the last. She loved to chat about old times and 'the Queen'—who, I found out, was good Queen Charlotte, whom she had seen in London in early youth—and then, when talking of 'Her Majesty,' was the only time her mind seemed to wander. She would think it was the same Queen now, and evidently lived over again in the interesting glimpse of Royalty she had enjoyed so

long ago. She had been in the North during the exciting times of the famous Sutherlandshire and Ross-shire evictions, and up to the last retained an intelligent and vivid remembrance of the painful scenes then enacted. To within a short time before her death, her pleasant, cheery chatting continued. One day her daughter—ill in bed—said to her: 'Mother, don't talk now; my head is sore,' to which the old lady replied: 'You should not stop me, I shall soon be quiet for ever!' facing, with full consciousness and calmness, her impending change. She recalled absent friends, and before dying was able to say 'Farewell!' to her surrounding family. Her habits of life seemed to have been severely simple and, I fear, not devoid of privation. I only knew her by her cottage fireside, or sitting in the sunshine on the doorstep. I never heard a murmur from her lips, and I look upon her as a beautiful example of a centenarian who lived a life of hardship and care!"

MRS. PEVERILL.

Of all the centenarians alive at the present time there is not, perhaps, a more interesting and pathetic case than that supplied by the life-history of Mrs. Peverill, of Winchmore Hill, London, N., who has been quite blind for the past twenty years. Born in Whitechapel on July 17th, 1792, her lot has been, first and last, one full of hardship and care, and notwithstanding her eye affliction, otherwise she is to-day in the enjoyment of perfect health of body and mind.

She was married to a shipwright at St. George's-in-the-East in her twenty-second year; the precise date of her marriage is April 17th, 1814—five years before Queen Victoria was born! No fewer than thirteen children were born to her, and the youngest



MRS. ALEXANDRINA ROSS, OR MACKAY.
From a Photograph.



MRS. PEVERILL.
From a Photo. by W. Hamblly.

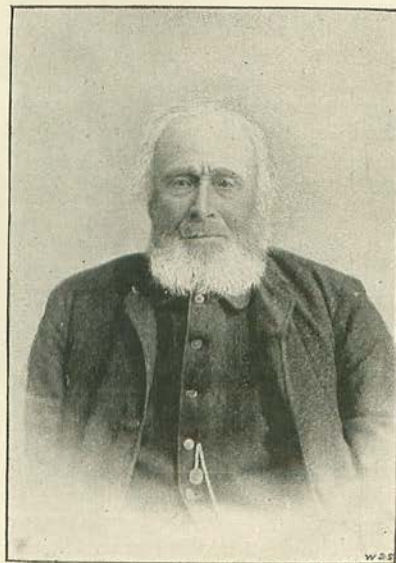
of these is now fifty-eight years of age. Her husband died about fifty-six years ago, and until old age and blindness overtook her, Mrs. Peverill had perforce to maintain herself by hard work, first as a laundress and subsequently as a monthly nurse.

A very sad experience was hers in her 101st year. A daughter who lived with her in her humble home near the Green, Winchmore Hill, went out one evening to buy the weekly groceries. Somehow she stumbled in the darkness, and, falling into the New River that runs close by, was drowned. The poor old mother sat up all the night through—without any fire to warm her—wearily waiting for the daughter who never returned.

As a child Mrs. Peverill was very fond of old songs and ballads, and many of these she still remembers and can repeat with fine feeling. In her "latter days" she, it is to be feared, is not over-comfortably circumstanced, and certainly deserves better of the world.

JOHN BOTHWELL,
Old Meldrum, Aberdeenshire, is an excellently typical example of a centenarian. As his name indicates, Mr. Bothwell was a Scotsman. He was born in February, 1791, five years before the death of Robert Burns, and died in October, 1891. He thus completed the full cycle of life with half a year to the good. He was twice married, first in 1817 to Jean Bonner, who died without issue; and secondly, in 1827, to Jean Caie, by whom he had three sons and four daughters. His father was a farmer, and Mr. Bothwell himself was practically engaged in farm work all his life. He held the lease of the farm of Wombwell Hill, Kintore, Aberdeenshire, for over forty years, afterwards tenancing the farms of Boat of Kintore and Toll of Kintore. From the last-named place he removed to Old Meldrum, and for some years before his death he lived with his son-in-law, Mr. David Christie, there. He was confined to his bed eight weeks only previous to his death.

Mr. Bothwell was an exceptionally well-built man, and above the average, when in the prime of life, in strength and vigour. His habits were very regular, being practically the same from year to year. He rarely went beyond the boundaries of his own farm. He lived chiefly on oatmeal and milk, a fact which no doubt had much to do with his splendid health and great age. Butcher meat and luxuries of the table were practically unknown to the Aberdeenshire far-



JOHN BOTHWELL.
From a Photo. by Penny, Old Meldrum.

mers of his time. Although he smoked a good deal (he used a very black pipe and exceptionally strong tobacco!) from the time he was, comparatively speaking, quite young until he was ninety years of age, it did not seem to have any appreciable effect on his health. When he gave up the habit, he did so simply because he had grown so that he did not really care whether he had a smoke or not. He was most temperate in all things, and did not indulge in alcoholic liquors of any kind. Up to within a year or so of his death his memory was perfect, and the stories of far-past times which he used to tell his friends were most interesting and entertaining.

JANE BAKER,

Wrexham. At the date of the last census Wrexham was, in one particular regard, the most distinguished town in all Great Britain. It contained no fewer than three living centenarians, not to speak of many other very old folks fast graduating to that honour. Mrs. Baker was one of the three worthies, for she has since passed away, her death having occurred on the 1st June, 1891, when just a few months over her 101st year. Born on 2nd February, 1790 (her father's name was Braznel), Jane was always blessed with an abundance of good health. When in her twenty-eighth year, she married a paper-maker named James Baker, by whom she had eight children. On his death many years ago, she obtained her livelihood by acting as *accoucheuse* for the village of Barham, near Wrexham, an occupation she followed for over forty years, till old age necessitated her "taking her ease." To the very last day of her long life, Mrs. Baker retained in a remarkable degree her faculties of hearing, sight, memory, and speech, and was highly regarded by many people in the district where she lived.

MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.

A very interesting centenarian was Mrs.

Catherine Dorward, who died on the 19th May of last year, in the parish of Gaudry of Balmerino, Fifeshire, aged 102½. She was born at Coultra, on the estate of Birkhill, in the same parish, on the 17th October, 1791. Her father was a hand-loom weaver and crofter, and at an early age Catherine was sent to work at the loom, at which she continued till her marriage in 1817. Her husband was David Neil, a weaver, though in his later years he became a road surfaceman. Their family consisted of ten children—seven sons and three daughters—of whom four sons and the daughters still survive. During the whole of their married life—over fifty-one years—they lived at a hamlet named Corbie Hill, near Coultra. After her husband's death, however, Mrs. Neil removed to Bottom Craig near by, where she resided with one of her daughters, Mrs. Blyth, till her death. The



MRS. CATHERINE DORWARD, OR NEIL.
From a Photo. by D. Gordon, Cupar.

whole of her long lifetime was thus spent in the same parish, and out of it she travelled but seldom. She was once known to have made a journey all the way to Edinburgh, *via* Perth, on foot! Her habits of life were at all times very regular and simple. In her young days, tea was an almost unknown beverage, so that her "nerves" were to the end of her life uncommonly well-preserved. For years she had a certain hour for rising and another for retiring, and to these she adhered very closely.

WIDOW BEATON.

It is "a far cry to Loch Awe!" It is a much farther cry to South Uist, where, in the remote parish of Sleat, and in one of the most inaccessible and picturesque parts of that wide and scattered parish, there lives to-day, hale and hearty, and, according to local opinion, in her 109th year, old Widow Beaton, the name this interesting centenarian is popularly known by. Her husband, Malcolm Beaton—dead many years ago—was by occupation first a shepherd and latterly a labourer. I am indebted to the Rev. Alex.

Cameron, minister of the parish of Sleat, for some interesting particulars about this old worthy, and cannot, I think, do better than quote him.

"Mrs. Beaton is one of my communicants, and has been present once or twice during the past twelve or thirteen years at our communion services. . . . For the last nine or ten years she has been quite blind, and for two years has been almost always in bed. Her voice and hearing are almost as good as ever, but her face undoubtedly looks very old. Indeed, from her face, one could easily believe her to be 100 years of age. I saw her and read and prayed with her quite recently. Her eyes are not only blind, but quite closed. Her habits of life have been always of the very simplest, and, indeed, as she has often told me, she has come through not a few hardships and troubles in her day—in bringing up her family, and so on. She has lived ever since I have known her in the cottage of her second son, Sandy Beaton, and she has, I believe, lived very nearly all her life close to the same spot. The place is the most difficult of access in all this district—in a little glen on the west side of the peninsula of Sleat. If you will look at a good map of Skye you will see a place on the west of Sleat marked *Daville*; Sandy Beaton's cottage is just at the head of the little inlet of the sea at that place, from where the manse here (Kilmore)—on the east side—is fully a two hours' walk, and no road or path."

Unfortunately, no portrait of Widow Beaton has ever been taken. What a very eloquent and pathetic figure the old lady would make! Mr. Cameron says of this: "Her portrait would, I am sure, make a very remarkable one—could it be taken; as also would be a picture of the primitive little cottage in which she lives." The worthy clergyman's own pen-portrait of her, however, as quoted above, to a large extent supplies that want.*

MR. WILLIAM LIDDELL.

This centenarian died at Dunbar in November, 1892, aged 102 years. His father was a farm-servant, and died at a comparatively early age, so that it may be said that, in his case,

heredity did not count for much, if anything at all. Another very remarkable fact is that our centenarian was, during most of his life, engaged in the business of a distiller, an occupation which, in the opinion of some people, is most inimical to longevity.

Mr. Liddell was, however, always regarded as a very steady and faithful servant, and never known to indulge in intemperance of any description. He was for many years a Freemason, and a regular attender at the meetings of his "Lodge." He enjoyed the distinction of being, in his day, the oldest Freemason in Scotland, if not in the United Kingdom. A married man, he had a family of ten children, seven of whom are still living. He was never known to have had any really serious illness.

A gentleman who knew him well, and to whom I am indebted for the foregoing particulars, met the old worthy on the street a few weeks before his death, and asked him how he "did" in such cold weather, and he replied: "Oh, I'm weel aneuch, but my hearin's *no gettin' any better yet!*" In the photo. of Mr. Liddell, here reproduced, the



MR. WILLIAM LIDDELL.

From a Photo. by J. T. Gordon, Dunbar.

* Since this article was written, old Mrs. Beaton has passed to her rest.—N. E. C.

old gentleman is seen holding in his hand a valuable snuff-box, presented to him on his hundredth birthday by the brethren of his Lodge in token of that interesting occasion.

MRS. MARY NORTH.

This worthy centenarian is still living at Afoneitha, near Ruabon, and if spared till the 11th of July next, will then be 105 years of age—one of the oldest persons in this country. She was born at Melville, near Oswestry, Shropshire, in 1790. We are able in her case to show a photo. of her taken quite recently. To all appearance, the worthy old lady has not aged very much in the last ten years.



MRS. MARY NORTH.
From a Photograph.

ARCHIBALD GUILLAN.

Kilconquhar, or "Kinnacher" as it is pronounced locally, in the Kingdom of Fife, enjoys the distinction of being the birthplace of Archibald Guillan, who died on the 30th May, 1891, in his 101st year, the date of birth being 18th October, 1790. As a mark of personal regard for Mr. Guillan, and especially to celebrate a most interesting event, viz., his 100th birthday, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Anstruther, when he was presented with a



MR. ARCHIBALD GUILLAN.
From a Photo. by J. S. Ireland, Anstruther.

purse of sovereigns. A full account of the meeting, together with many interesting personal particulars of the old worthy in whose honour it was held, was published in the *East of Fife Record* at the time. The portrait of Mr. Guillan, which is here reproduced, is that of a shrewd, pawky, "well-dune" Scot. One would hardly take him as having arrived at the 100th milestone of life; but that Mr. Guillan nevertheless actually accomplished, and with something to spare!

MRS. JANET SINCLAIR,

of Wick. There are not many particulars of the life of this centenarian, who died at Huddart Street, Wick, on the 14th February, 1892, in her 101st year. Mrs. Sinclair was born at Westerdale, in the parish of Halkirk, Caithness-shire, her father having been a small farmer or crofter there. He died while Janet was quite young, and his widow removed into Pultneytown, near Wick. Here Mrs. Sinclair spent most of her long life—always, until near the last, in the enjoyment of excellent health. She was able to perform her usual household duties, also to sew and knit, up to within about a week of her death, and was in the possession of all her faculties to the end. Her food was always of the simplest description, and she



MRS. JANET SINCLAIR.
From a Photo. by A. Johnston, Wick.

could never be induced to touch any alcoholic liquors, not even when prescribed for her by a doctor. The portrait here shown is that of herself and her husband, who pre-deceased her by a few years. An uncle of Janet was locally known as a remarkable man in his day. He was married thrice, and each wife bore him no fewer than ten sons.

QUARTERMASTER COULL.

When collecting information for this article, I was one day shown the portrait of a worthy old veteran, whose age was stated to be up to the centenarian limit, and about whom I at once made inquiry. This I was all the more anxious to do, as the portrait told a story which I felt sure was of more than ordinary interest. The fine, thoughtful face, the noble physique—and the empty arm-sleeve—all promised a capital subject. On further inquiry, however, I found that Quartermaster Coull had been dead for some years, and, moreover, that his age was several years short of the century. But as his career was a most remarkable one—full of thrilling sea adventure (few men have undergone so much and lived so long), I make mention of him in this article.

Born in 1786, at the fishing village of Ferryden, N.B., James Coull was, from his

earliest years, destined to be a sea rover. Beginning at the age of eight as a cabin-boy, Jamie soon experienced—*young salt* though he was!—the hardships and perils of the sea in all their fulness, not even escaping the press-gang. Probably the latter experience was the making of him, for one day he found himself eating the King's rations on board the battle-ship *Centaur*, then lying at Copenhagen, whither his ship, oddly named the *Concord*, had called shortly before. These were the brave fighting times that ended with the victory of Trafalgar, and about which so many stories were wont to be told by those—James Coull among them—who, now all “called up aloft,” like poor Tom Bowling, took part in their clash and clangour.

The one great incident, however, in the life of Coull was the famous battle between the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* in American waters in the year 1813. The man at the helm of the former ship when that encounter took place was no less an individual than Jamie Coull, of Ferryden, then in his 27th year, and the very *beau-ideal* of a sea-dog. All the world knows what was the upshot of that naval fight; but not the least important incident of it—that is to say, to the subject of this sketch—was the loss of his left hand, which of course disabled him for further employment in His Majesty's service, though it by no means put an end to his seafaring. Indeed,



QUARTERMASTER COULL.
From a Photo. by the London Photographic Co., Bayswater.

according to a notice of him which appeared in the *Montrose Review* at the time of his death, Coull's "one arm had more than the strength of two common ones, and with it and his cleek, as he called it, he could be a master cook at sea, which he was for many years" after he "quat" the King's service. As a matter of fact, "he crossed the Atlantic fourteen times as sea-cook, besides having been for twenty years cook in Montrose whalers."

MRS. MARY NEWTON, aged 105 next birthday, has had a life of unusual hardship and toil, and lived most of her days (she was married to a miner when in her twentieth year) in the mining village of Bishopbriggs, near Glasgow. She, too, has reared a large family of children, with one of whom she now stays. She is very frail, and is fast nearing the borderland. Her portrait, as here shown (with her daughter by her side), is certainly one of the most interesting in the present collection, and is by far the most suggestive of great age we have ever seen.

ROBERT HORSLEY.

In these days most people think—and very properly, too—that they are well entitled to the "sweets of retirement" when they have spent half a century in the hurly-burly of active life. Many persons, indeed, consider that limit of service much too prolonged, and their opinion is indorsed by not a few of the more popular public departments of the present day.

Certain individuals, however, are able to toil away for sixty and even for sixty-five years, but very, very few have been known to work for so long a period of time as three-quarters of a century ere they felt compelled to take their ease. And if ever a man truly merited the "years of rumination and repose," it was the above-named centenarian, who, in his lifetime, "laboured on one farm

alone for seventy-four years, and did more hard work than any man." Examples of such physical strength as was his are, of course, exceedingly rare, and so they become all the more interesting to us when the facts are known to be well authenticated.

Mr. Horsley, who died in January last in his 103rd year, was well known as the Centenarian of Soham, Cambridgeshire, where he was born on the 31st July, 1792. In a brief but interesting account of Mr. Horsley, which appeared in the *Daily Graphic* at the time of his death, it was stated that on the day following his hundredth birthday "he attended the wedding of a grandson, and ably

performed the duties of best man!" A centenarian "best man" is far and away the most interesting wedding novelty we ever heard of!

In considering the foregoing examples of genuine centenarian ages (for I have been assured of the *bonafides* of each case) attained by persons of British nationality, there are one or two points of peculiar interest which cannot fail to claim attention.

In the first place, the majority of the centenarians are, or were, persons who belong to the humbler ranks of the people, and who have lived for the most part lives of toil, care, and even privation.

In the second place all had, strange to say,

been married, and, in several cases, reared large families. I endeavoured, while preparing this article, to secure, for the sake of variety, a few instances of *celibate centenarians*, but failed to obtain even a single case! I wonder if there are any such centenarians living at the present time?

Thirdly, most of my examples have lived quiet and temperate lives. None of them was ever known to drink alcoholic liquors to excess, while most of them eschewed those liquors altogether. Even the strong tobacco-smoker never partook of anything more *ardent* than



MRS. MARY NEWTON.
From a Photograph.

milk wherewith to quench his thirst, while the distiller centenarian was distinguished all through his life for his abstemiousness.

In the fourth place, the centenarians are, on the whole, pretty fairly distributed throughout the country. Certain districts seem to be more favoured than others in point of the numbers of these worthies. For one thing they are, or at least were, more numerous in northern than in southern counties, especially in Scotland, though in Ireland the reverse is the case. In the parish of Gareloch, in Ross-shire, for example, the centenarian record is a very remarkable one, as the following list, kindly prepared by the local registrar, will show:—

1. Donald Maclean	aged 101	years at death
2. Murdo Maclean	101	" "
3. Mary Mackenzie	104	" "
4. Ann Chisholm	100	" "
5. Mary McPherson	100	" "
6. Alexander McKenzie	102	" "
7. Catherine Bain	100	" "
8. Alexander McKenzie	111	" "
9. Elizabeth McKenzie	100	" "
10. Margaret Campbell.....	101	" "
11. Ann Macrae.....	102	" "

And they were mostly *Macs*, too!

While a quiet, easy-going life in the country naturally conduces to longevity, centenarians



MR. HORSLEY.

From a Photo. by Scott & Wilkinson, Cambridge.

are by no means unknown in large cities. At the last census, even London (and suburbs) contained no fewer than twenty-one persons—five males and sixteen females—who returned their respective ages at 100 years or over. Dublin City had five centenarians; Glasgow, two; Greenock, one; Salford, two—and so on, thus indicating that city life is not altogether inimical to long life, though the probability is that in most of the cases just referred to the centenarians had for many years lived "far from the madding crowd" in rural peace and quiet.

What, then, is the moral of the whole

matter? We cannot all change our social condition, or rank, or environment in order the easier to become centenarians some day; nor can we all, to that same end, achieve the state of wedlock, although no doubt there have been, and even may be, many unmarried folk who have attained 100 years of life. But everyone, whatever be the sphere or circumstances, may certainly "have a care" with regard to those simple yet all-important daily habits which, if neglected, must certainly shorten the span of life, but which, if practised with patient diligence, may bring as a reward a glorious, green old age—even to the hundredth year!