

SOME LONDON SIGHTS.

OBSERVED FROM THE TOP OF THE FAMOUS PENNY BUS.

The Flotsam and Jetsam of the Great City—Ways of Advertising—Wages of Women—The Condition of the English Cooks and Housemaids.

There is no better way to see London than to survey it from the top of a "penny bus," writes Mary K. Krout in the *Inter-Ocean*—I confess to a very plebeian love for these lumbering vehicles [and] after a hard day's work seek mental and spiritual rejuvenation by mounting the spiral steps and securing the front seat, where I can chat with the driver when he has a straight stretch of road before him, and does not have to "mind the 'osses."

The driver is always urbane and most polite—the kindest soul in the world, and nothing so delights him as to have a "laidy" appeal to his superior intelligence. He wears, frequently, shabby old clothes, the most melancholy of silk hats, but he is secured from somewhere, always, a silk four-in-hand, which may be almost regarded as an insignia of office. Then, in common with the whole race, from the most aristocratic noble lord to the street beggar his shoes are beautifully polished.

The English advertise to an extent that throws Barnum in the shade. The walls of the railway stations are a mass of placards and posters, with glass cases holding specimens of bread and cake, photographs, and even lingerie. The glass cases have not yet been introduced into the "penny bus," but they roll along the most bewildering mass of signs that vehicles ever bore. The tops are widened to accommodate them, so that, above and below, they are amazingly out of proportion. When I first began to cultivate the "penny bus" it was really confusing; London streets and every terminus have queer names, and I could not make up my mind if Walham Green was a nourishing sort of bread, and Glutina a remote locality that might be worth seeing, or the reverse.

Yesterday, having found that Walham Green was a locality, I started from Sloane Square and rode west along Knife Road—splendidly asphalted and crowded with picturesque and intensely interesting life. From my perch I could look down over the walls into the level gardens with which London blooms, throughout the whole West End.

At the Chelsea Workhouse, scores of ancient cronies were walking about the quiet old graveyard in the rear, sitting on the weather-beaten stones and gossiping as they might have done by their own firesides. They wore clean gowns of pale blue denim, white aprons and little transparent caps of what they still call "book muslin" in England. It was a lovely, warm, sunny afternoon, and they did not seem in the least depressed by the graves all about them, and which they could not but know must shortly cover them, one and all.

That is one striking peculiarity of London; nowhere else is life upon such friendly terms with death. The floors of the church and cathedral are paved with grave stones, and in the grassy yards they stand so close together that one could scarcely walk between them. The west windows of one of the hospitals look down into such a crowd-burying ground—surely not a reassuring prospect to a patient whose recovery is dependent upon cheerful surroundings.

We passed the Chelsea Church, its square tower reddening in the sunset, and "Tom Tiddler's Ground," and the "King's Head Inn," and Ebenezer House. Up crooked, narrow lanes were ancient cottages, with tiled roofs, lattice windows, and smoke-blackened chimney-stacks. At an old inn the rosy-cheeked "Buttons" came out and handed the driver a foaming flagon of beer, which he swallowed with a relish. Here, too, we were joined by another job, who said: "I say, Teddy, them's some 'osses yer drivin'." But it is of no use to attempt to transcribe Cockney; it is quite as impossible for an American to master its difficulties as it is for a Cockney to do negro dialect, which I have heard him attempt many times since I have been in London, and never once successfully.

By this time the streets were all lighted and crowded with thousands upon thousands of people, hurrying home. They poured out of the shops, courts, and alleys, a surging throng, the like of which I have never seen. There are crowds along State street, Dearborn and Clark, at stated hours, but anything like this stupendous army that overflows the London pavements in every direction, for miles upon miles, is without a parallel.

There was, in the spectacle, both hope and despair—hope for the young and the vigorous, who might find happier fortunes; despair for the lost and the defeated, of whom there were thousands. As I looked, that lamentation of Hood came into my mind:

O God! that breath should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

The street singers of London are a class peculiar to themselves. They generally take Sunday for their day of most vigorous labor, and it is conducive to any thing but, peace and quiet. Among them are many able-bodied men. Two passed this way yesterday singing four or five bars, in unison, over and over and over again, of a melancholy tune, which might have been heard in the Tower. Pennies were tossed

to them from the windows as they passed and I was told that they were largely supported by laborers who earned not more than a pound a week.

There are many blind men led about by little girls, who treat the householders to the most lugubrious of duets. My special portage, however, is a boy with the most phenomenal voice I have ever heard—full, resonant, perfect in every register, the richest contralto. No human being with a heart of flesh and blood could resist either the voice or the poetical face of the singer.

As I write this new voices float up through my open window—a blind man, a child, and a woman—all three singing tragically, to the notes of a huge concertino, which the woman carries with difficulty, resting against her bosom.

I saw yesterday a man, evidently a German, decently dressed, his linen scrupulously clean, and his shoes well polished. He stood in the gutter, his hands folded across his chest, and sang in his native tongue, in a tenor voice, that would have been an acquisition to any music-hall. He had the most anguished-stricken countenance I have ever beheld. He may have been a clever imposter, but he did not look like it.

I have been told that many of the street singers could secure regular employment in the music halls, but that they earn much larger sums in the streets, and enjoy the sweets of liberty beside.

Another sad company are the flotsam and jetsam of humanity who march in procession in the gutters, carrying theater advertisements in heavy upright iron frames upon their shoulders. There are among them some who are so stupid and degraded that they seem incapable of feeling, but there are many others with intelligent faces, whose patched garments have been carefully mended, and these walk with averted eyes, conscious of the stigma that poverty has put upon them in the sight of their prosperous fellow men.

There is one class of street fakirs for whom I cannot work up any sympathy, and these are the terrible creatures that rend the heavens with their stentorian cries and make the quietest thoroughfare a pandemonium.

There is the cat's meat man," who bawls "ca-a-a-a-t-smeat-smeat-smeat-smeat-smeat," running the words together with a hiss that makes it sound like some sort of an incantation; the chimney-sweep, with his "so-weep-so-weep," the first syllable prolonged into a deep bass chant, with an army of costers, their donkey carts heaped with onions or stale vegetables, which they vend to people in the poorer quarters.

Late at night there rings out an unearthly yell that is the embodiment of all the melancholy of which life is capable; this is the "hot potato man," whose cart furnishes the very poor their chief article of diet.

All this is to be seen and heard, not in the East End, but in a quarter of the town with mansions two blocks away where champagne flows like water and oysters at 4 shillings a dozen are as common as the thin bread and unsalted butter that go with them.

I have been very much interested in the wage question as it affects domestic and kindred branches of service. There is in this house, where I have lived for nearly two months, a cook who receives 7 shillings a week. She has been in her mistress's employ for eight years and, in addition to her regular work of preparing three substantial meals, with tea at 5 o'clock daily, she scrubs the front steps, "turn out and does over" the dining-room, and as no scullery maid is kept, carries coal, builds fires, and—an important matter in all English kitchens—sifts the ashes. The daily dinner consists of soup, fish, one entree, a joint, a fowl, a pudding, and a tart or other sweets, varied with game. There has never come upon the table one poor cooked dish; the daily menu is as unvarying in its excellence as if it were the work of an automaton.

The housemaid receives considerable less per day, averaging 5 shillings, out of which she must pay for her pretty caps and aprons, without which no English servant is ever seen. She "does up" the bedrooms putting them in order in the morning and again at night; she waits at table, cleans the silver, washes windows, answers the bell, and, where a boy is not kept, blacks the boots and shoes of the entire household which are set upon the mat outside the door when ones retire for the night.

Cook and housemaid are allowed each alternate Sunday out, and they are faithful good-natured, and respectful to a degree. If the servant wishes to leave, the law requires her to give a month's warning or lose what wages may be owing her between the time of notification and her departure. A mistress is also required to give a month's warning, or, if the servant is sent away summarily, she must pay a month's wages. This provision of the law tends to cultivate forbearance on both sides. I have, however, seen the worm turn with a vengeance. This was after "she had given warning." The game was in her own hands, and the repressed sense of a year's being "put upon" found vent. The dinner was late, and the head of the house remonstrated. It was then that the young woman hitherto so quiet and deferential, retorted fiercely in the midst of a deadly silence on the part of the paralyzed guests: "Well, 'an 'ow can I 'elp it? I don't cook the dinner, do I?"

Discretion was the better part of valor and the discussion ended there. As to wages of women in other callings allied to housework, they are proportionately low. Shop girls receive almost nothing and must be well-dressed. There are hundreds of governesses in England who teach, beside the common branches, modern languages, music, and drawing, and receive but £20, a little less than \$100 a year. The life is servitude, with ceaseless and exacting work, and few holidays.

BENEATH THE DEEP SEA.

STRANGE THINGS THAT DO NOT COME IN WITH THE TIDE.

Great Average Depth of the Ocean—Much Has Been Learned of It Within Recent Years—The Story of What the Deep Sea Soundings Reveal.

It was in the year 1874 that the English ship Challenger, under Capt. Nares, during an exploring cruise around the world, found, when a day's sail north of the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, water 23,250 feet deep—nearly 4½ miles—while the bottom of the Sea of Japan in one place was more than five miles from the surface. It was in the same year that Capt. Belknap (the present Admiral), in the Tuscarora, while sounding in the Pacific, say 300 miles northeast of Yokohama, Japan, found a valley of the sea that lay 4,655 fathoms below the surface, or considerable over five miles, and no greater depth of water was found anywhere until the present year, when commander Belfour of the British navy, in a cast of the lead made about 1,900 miles east of Brisbane, Australia, lost his plummet after 4,900 fathoms of line had run out; the line broke, and the weather prevented a new cast, but it is certain that the water there was deeper than the 1,900 fathoms, and that depth is 300 feet more than 5½ miles. Mean-time Commander Brownson of the American navy, while in command of the Blake, made a cast to the north of the island of Porto Rico in the west Indies, where he found bottom at 4,561 fathoms, or 5 1-6 miles.

So much for the greatest depth thus far measured. Whether still deeper valleys exist, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it is by no means improbable that holes, if not wide valleys, will be found that lie a mile or so deeper than any yet explored, even though the general form of the sea bottom is that of a level plain rather than that of alternate valleys and mountains. Scientists have not yet determined the heights of all the mountains definitely, and much less will one be able to say where the plummet will find its lowest resting place. There is no part of the earth on which scientists and travellers would rather gaze with unobstructed eyes than on the bottoms of these deep valleys of the sea, deserts though they would seem to be, could the covering water be lighted up and made habitable for human beings.

There is one fact about the depths of the sea that is pretty well fitted in the popular mind, and that is that the greatest depth is somewhere near the greatest height of the mountains, and it is often assumed that no valley of the sea will ever be found much deeper than the highest peak. This may probably prove to be the fact, but when one comes to compare the average depth of the sea, one may find reason by inference for expecting to find valleys very much deeper than the mountains are high.

Capt. A. S. Birker of the Enterprise, while on his way from Porto Praya to Cape Town, when six days out from the latter port, dropped the plummet one morning at 4 o'clock (south latitude 32° 41' 54", east longitude 41° 04') and found the water 2,492 fathoms deep. At 1:30 P. M. another cast was made. The result was startling. A depth of only 731 fathoms was found, or two statute miles less than the last cast." So says the record. It was almost as if a man while travelling along a plain had been suddenly and by unseen influences lifted two miles into the air. Admiral Belknap in the Tuscarora when surveying eastward from the Japanese islands had somewhat similar experiences. On one occasion he sounded from 200 fathoms off into 1,800, the grade down the mountain side being 250 feet to the mile. On another occasion he found soundings in 44 fathoms on one day, while a run of ten hours to the east brought him to the remarkable depth of 3,359 fathoms—a drop of more than three miles down into the sea in less than half a day's run.

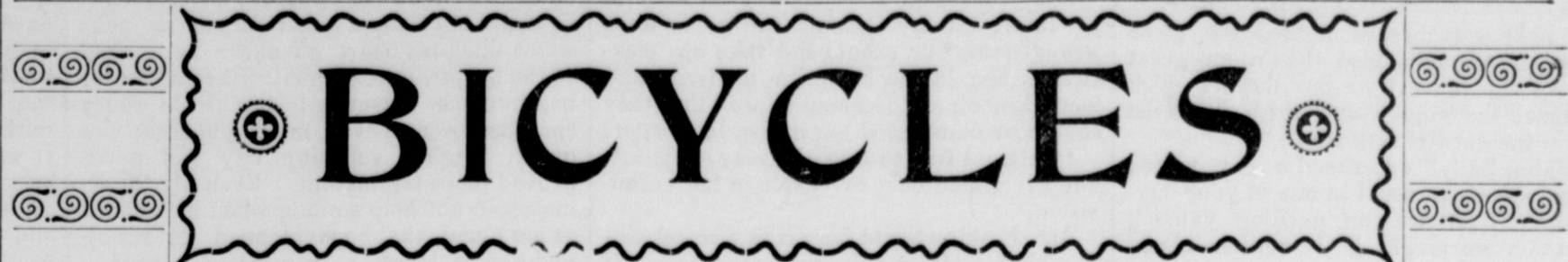
In these instances related by Barker and Belknap the mountains were wholly [under the sea, and not, as in the case of the volcanic range between the Azores and Iceland, partly above water. There are, as almost every one knows, submarine volcanic ranges in various parts of the world. The straits of Sundra region in the East Indies being undoubtedly the most interesting. It was the good fortune of Capt. Barker of the Enterprise to arrive in this region just after the tremendous convulsions and submarine explosions that resulted in the submerging of some islands, the upheaval of new ones, the closing of old passages, and the destruction of thousands of human lives—a cataclysm known as the earthquake of Krakatoa. There was the building of a group of submarine mountains by "power so great that its shock was felt over millions of square miles of the earth's surface, and whose dust was seen clear across the world, even in a soubiekkies the city of New York. Not only did the Captain see an unseen land at the bottom of the Indian Ocean, but he arrived at just the right time to find debris from the building of new ranges there, floating over miles of the surface of the sea. It was like a vision of the time when the earth was without form, and void and darkness reigned over the face of the deep. "The sea at this time was covered with a floating pumice stone, in size from pulverized dust

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to blocks of large size. Extensive patches of driftwood, trees of large size, and heavy limos stripped bare, apparently but recently broken off, were also floating with the current. We were streaming through this drift all day, and frequently were obliged to change the course to avoid running into the larger trees.

"Occasionally nude bodies of white men and woman were seen floating in the water, and here and there the swollen carcass of a drowned animal."

So says the record, and these facts are worth keeping in mind in connection with what will be said further on concerning the character of the surface of the unseen land beneath the sea. It is by a consideration of such convulsions as this one that the explorer of the unseen land may obtain an idea of what happened in the North Atlantic during those ancient days when the bottom of the sea was split open between the Azores and Iceland, and the mighty peaks at the ends of this range were built up by the molten lava that spouted up in such volumes that even the ocean itself could not congeal the gushing torrent before it had heaped itself up above the waves. The mind is staggered by a contemplation of the mighty power of the force within that opened up the rent and of that which was created by the sudden contact of the water with the fiery mass that came pouring out of the rent.

There is another submarine landscape found by the explorers which, though less impressive, is no less wonderful than the ranges of submarine volcanoes. There are hills, ridges, and peaks a-plenty beneath the tropical seas that, though reared by the silent, imperceptible power of a tiny polyp, are much greater in extent than those thrown up by volcanic gases.

The crests of these coral mountains that reach the surface of the sea have been made familiar to all readers by the tales of travellers, including that of Darwin himself, but not until recent years has the course of the curious crater-shaped top to be found on some of them been made known. Darwin thought that the atoll, as the cup is called, was formed because the coral island began building a barrier around some volcanic peak that was slowly subsiding. The peak went down in the centre as the ridge grew up. But it is now asserted that the hollow in the crest of the coral mountain is due to "the solvent action of the water, which tends to take up and carry away the slimy materials with which it comes in contact." The rounded crest of a mountain is melted down by the current of sea water that sweeps over it, while the direct impact of the waves breaks off the scraggly bits of coral formation just under the surface, and builds up a wall on all sides except the leeward. The growth of these coral submarine mountains is, as said, one of the wonders the under-water explorers built, and long, irregular crests sometimes appear at the surface of the sea in consequence. The reef in the Caribbean Sea called Roncador, on which the Hon. Warner Miller and a party of capitalists and engineers were wrecked some years ago, is an instance. In fact, where coral polyps are found at work along the shore, as about the lower end of Florida, they commonly build ridges that lie parallel with the beach.

It happens, however, that deep gulches and ravines are often found in these coral mountain ranges, and these gulches are formed somewhat after the fashion of the gulches of the mountains in the air. They are cut out by currents of water, not exactly as mountain torrents wear away the sides of mountains—not by attrition—but by dissolving the coral and carrying it away to deposit it where the current slackens its speed. There are under-sea deltas of coral-time just as there is

a delta of Missouri and Illinois mud at the mouth of the Mississippi, and a bar off the mouth of New York harbor.

For the ordinary traveller a consideration of the loftiest submarine peaks and the deepest of the submarine valleys would have a much greater interest than any other part of the unseen world. It is to the Garden of the Gods, or the Grand Canon, or the Yosemite that the personally conducted tourist excursions go, but there is an appreciative remnant capable of finding an intense interest in the bushless plain of Nebraska or the Llano Estacado of New Mexico. The enthusiastic orators of the West speak of these plains as the "boundless prairies"—prairies that are crossed in a day or so by an ordinary overland traveler. That a stretch of land should be found so nearly level that a railroad forty miles long has neither grade nor curve in it is a matter of wonder.

But what are these "boundless prairies" to the mighty beds of the sea? Though the whole length and breadth of the United States were reduced to the level of a Dakota wheat field, and its surface lifted in one vast sod, many places at the bottom of the sea could be found whereon this sod could be spread without a wrinkle or a change of level perceptible to the eye of one who might cross it on a railroad train. Zigzag grades and even tunnels would indeed be necessary, could the imagination lay railroads from port to port under the sea, but there would be divisions thousands of miles long where a single plough furrow to mark the route would serve for all the grading needed.

When Darwin had returned from his journey around the world in the Beagle, and was ready to write the story he had gathered, he said that of all he had seen nothing had made so deep an impression on his mind as the desert plain of Patagonia. And Patagonia was once a part of the bottom of the sea. Contradictory as it may seem, there is not a single range of true mountains in the deep seas. One has to have the scientist's definition of a mountain to appreciate this, for a mountain is properly speaking, a ridge, caused by a folding, a creasing of the earth's surface, and not a heaped up mass of lava, or the self-made tombstone of a submarine animal. Just why the earth's crust never folded under the sea, as it did where the crust was dry and along shore, is nowhere explained by the naturalist, but the unlearned reader might guess that after the original formation of the vast receptacles which now form the ocean's beds, and the filling of them with the water now found there the weight of water was sufficient to hold in place the crust of the earth, that was elsewhere doubled and bent and cracked open, save in those few localities where the internal fires created gases that burst up in volcanic forms.

Now, while it is literally true that the great submarine world is and must remain unseen, the explorer may yet take in his hand certain particles of the surface of this land, and, what is of still greater interest, may have and examine at his leisure the fauna to be found there. It is in connection with these minute particles from the bottom of the sea that the character of the debris found afloat by the steamer Enterprise in the straits of Sundra region after the cataclysm there becomes interesting. The explorers of the unseen land are provided with machines which may bring to the deck of the ship samples of the earth over which the ship is floating. No matter whether the ship lie above a mountain peak that rises three miles above the plane of the sea floor, or over a valley that lies five miles below the surface, the little cylinder of the soil, two inches or so in diameter, may be had. Many thousands of these samples of the unseen world have been gathered and preserved, and to the student of nature they are of only less interest than a sample of the moon's surface would be. And yet a cursory glance at the tabulated reports of these exhibits shows an astonishingly brief statement of the driest facts. For instance in the trip of Capt. Barker in the Enterprise from New Zealand to the straits of Magellan, a distance of more than 7,000 miles, the tabulated characteristics of the soil brought up were gravel, mud, ooze, sand, shells, specks, and stones.

These matters were further described by their colors—black, brown, blue, dark gray, white, and so on, and further by their condition—broken, hard, and soft, &c. That a two inch ball of soft grey mud could be of extraordinary interest seems incredible at first thought, and yet under the microscope and in the hands of one who knows nature the bit of clay becomes just that—becomes extraordinarily interesting. With that in hand the man who knows can read in it the story or the mighty upheaval that created the volcanic range existing a thousand miles away far he finds in it the pumice stone like that the Enterprise saw floating on the surface of the sea after the submarine explosion at the straits of Sundra. He might possibly make a reasonable accurate guess as to the date of this cataclysm, for according to one writer on the subject the deposits on the bottom of the deep sea aggregate something like an inch in a thousand years. If the pumice stone dust were found a half inch below the surface of the sample of soil brought up, then the eruption shook the earth 500 years before the sounding was made.

Elsewhere the scientist is able to declare the story of the lives of millions of insects that toiled to erect a pyramid beside which the work of the slaves of the Pharaohs was utterly insignificant. He may find the delta created by an unseen river, and acting on the hint thus received trace the stream to its source and plot it on the charts the unthinking sailors use. He may find under tropical waves the story of a journey from the frozen north, and under the icebergs off the cape of Greenland may find the skeletons of beings born in the shade of the mango apple tree. Even the trade winds leave a trail that is unmistakable at the bottom of the sea.

The labels on the tiny specimens brought from the depths to say nothing but "white coral," "green mud," "grey specks," and so on, but the trained eye can read under the labels of the building of a world.

An exploration of the unseen world that did not consider the works of human art to be found there would be lacking in one of the most interesting features possible to such an adventure. How many thousand ships have gone down to the unseen haven that lies along the bottom of the North Atlantic? Prof. Shaler guesses there may have been 30,000, and he estimates that the area of the ground whereupon they lie is 3,000,000 square. But sailors know that the wrecks are not scattered evenly over the path between Sandy Hook and Liverpool. They are huddled in some places. There is the "stormy forties" region off the banks of Newfoundland, for instance. Could the sea be cleared away the spectator would find, not one every ten miles there, but more likely a half a dozen on one mile—possibly wreck upon wreck. A gruesome landscape that would be, were only the thin layer of sea dust to be found on them, but in truth only the skins of those most recently sunk would be visible to the eye. The genius of Clark Russell in one of his tales of the sea brings a part of the bottom of the ocean up in the shape of an island, and there his characters, who are wrecked, find the bulk of an old-time galleon covered over with barnacles and shell growths. And the story accurately enough gives the facts. The old wooden hulks, however, would scarcely retain their forms for any such period as Mr. Russell's hulk was supposed to have done. There are animals there that would bore their way through and through the timbers, and through the bones of the drowned as well, so that in a period infinitely brief for a world that takes no account of time the mightiest floating wall of oak becomes a rounded mound of the shape of a human grave.

It is not quite so with the iron ships, for they can only be dissolved by the chemical action of the water, but, after all, what does a century or two matter down there? Nature laughs when she observes that men speak of their works of art as enduring, and from the depth of the sea reminds them that if ever a time comes when eyes shall search for human relics along this North Atlantic trail, there will be found nothing but the ashes of the coal heavy as threw overboard.—N. Y. Sun.