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COMPARATIVE :-: STATEMENTS.

Deposits 1873,	$ 10,520.53	Deposits 1883, $	137,280.23
Deposits 1874,	11,670.72	Deposits 1884,	138,110.04
Deposits 1875,	18,119.70	Deposits 1885,	142,789.12
Deposits 1876,	19,148.92	Deposits 1886,	193,063.88
Deposits 1877,	21,058.84	Deposits 1887,	267,331.56
Deposits 1878,	26,612.71	Deposits 1888,	428,464.79
Deposits 1879,	42,767.53	Deposits 1889,	626,799.52
Deposits 1880,	63,071.01	Deposits 1890,	874,281.97
Deposits 1881,	99,457.39	Deposits 1891,	791,621.11
Deposits 1882,	133,078.09	Deposits 1892,	873,194.54

Deposits January 6th, 1893, **$1,208,260.42.**

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The late Lord Tennyson and his rare Port Wine—A good and a bad British Cousin. Wraiths of the Olden Roman Roads. John Connell, the Blind Singer of Edinburgh.

LONDON, Dec. 27, 1892. An eminent German author and myself visited Farringford House, Isle of Wight, the home of the late Lord Tennyson, a few months before the poet's death. In his later years, the laureate, forgivably enough, received this sort of tribute rather charily, as he had somehow become possessed of the odd suspicion that literary pilgrims sought his cellar, famous for the oldest and choicest port wine in England, rather than for opportunity for worshipping at the shrine of his personality.

We found him among the shubbery which luxuriously hides the quaint old place, wandering in the verdure and blossoms like an unseasonable St. Nicholas, masquerading beneath a flowsy slouch hat. He received us kindly enough, but with brusque familiarity, as though we had been importunate tenants coming to insist upon rent reductions, and led us directly to his study. The one man servant of the place instantly appeared, with the air of a country inn servitor awaiting a dubious order from questionable guests. The great poet simply said, "Two" with a deprecating gesture; motioned us to a seat upon an ancient leather-covered settle; tossed his slouch hat into a corner of the study and sank wearily into his capacious easy chair at the study table, as if about to undergo an unpleasant ordeal.

Tennyson eyed my German friend with evident mistrust until the man servant returned with two bottles of port wine, glasses for his visitors, and a huge dock-glass, holding at least a pint, for himself. Then the great man deliberately put an end to conversation by simply declaring that he felt unable to answer German philosophy of American politics, pushed one bottle and the glasses toward us, and held the other bottle by the neck as if fearful it might somehow disappear. Imparently misjudging as to portable, he at once helped himself to a good half pint of wine, to which was added half as much cold water. This was repeated, until in half an hour's time his own bottle had been entirely emptied. We had come through things and came away. My German friend was furious; more furious over the quality of the wine that had been served to us than the poet's apparent antipathy to the philosophies of his countrymen. The same evening in London, while we were still in company together, with a few literary friends at a Covent Garden resort, the German author indignantly related the incident. The entire party laughed merrily at our discomfiture, and one, a well known actor, finally said:

"Henry Irving is the only person who ever really got the best of Lord Tennyson regarding his famous port wine. He was visiting him about two years since. When the dessert came on, the poet left the table and retired to his study with Irving. Here a bottle of his favorite port, a glass for Irving, and the same huge dock glass, with a pitcher of water, was set before him. In a few moments Lord Tennyson fell asleep. Irving gently disengaged his hand from the neck of the bottle, took it to his own side of the study table, and leisurely drank its entire contents before the poet awoke. The remainder of Irving's visit was distinguished by extreme hilarity on his part, and a well defined coolness on the part of the laureate; but Irving has always been ecstatic over his achievement, and possesses the extraordinary distinction of being the only man living, aside from the laureate himself, who ever really drank an entire bottle of Lord Tennyson's rare old port wine."

In foreign travel, as in some other things, we are often the victims of our own uppishness or prejudice. In London and other British cities the American will notice little signs at street corners, in crowded, narrow thoroughfares, in parkways, and at all sudden turnings traversed by vehicles, reading "*Keep to the left*."

Some years ago when I first noticed this it worried me. I wanted to understand it, and, like a true American, perhaps probed about it a little. I approached a London policeman with the earnest inquiry:

"Beg pardon, officer, but might I ask why, in London, everything goes 'To the Left?'"

Like one of Mrs. Jarley's figures his head moved stiffly. He regarded me one awful, official moment with contemptuous pity. His head moved back again. Then such withering scorn he answered:

"An' wy in 'ell shouldn't 'e?"

I had never thought of that. After observing and thinking a little, I saw that the English are right in keeping to the left. Drivers being seated at the right, there is absolutely no other way in which to utilize every inch of crowded street. In keeping to the right, as with us, no driver can fully judge distance, when meeting or passing other vehicles. Here, where the drivers occupy places only some inches from the curb, and vehicles meet meeting or passing, far greater speed is secured, while danger and loss from clashing wheels are almost wholly avoided. There is wisdom in discarding a bad custom for a good one, wherever we may find the latter.

There is one custom of the British gentry and nobility, as old as the English railway system, which can never, save in a malefied way, have its counterpart even with the most offensively recent accessions to our American "aristocracy." That is for a gentleman and his wife to occupy a first-class compartment of a railway carriage, apparently for the better accommodation of their lap dog, while their children and servants are crowded and lunged about in a second or third-class compartment of the same train.

Perhaps this custom was never quite so unpleasantly impressed upon me as when returning from London to York over the Great Northern Railway. I happened for a time to be the sole occupant of a roomy compartment, and had fallen asleep. Parties had entered unknown to me, and I was awakened just as the London suburbs were reached by an unusual commotion.

A plump English lady, past forty, with wild eyes and a long, smooth-shaven upper lip, was struggling with the rear portion of a tiny, white Porto Rico lap-dog. Opposite her, on the same seat, a burly Englishman was pleading with the same animal, which had set its teeth with such persistent firmness in the tenderest portion of its master's nose.

It was a young lady dog. Its ringlets had been so sheared as to give it the appearance of a fierce Numidian lion. It was exceedingly nervous and excitable, and its master had tugged at the creature—"Darby," pronounced Darby, it was called—until it had resorted to grabbing the puzzy gent's nose as though it had been a cat.

"God bless me, said, Darby! D'ye know d'ave me nose quite set between yer pretty little teeth? (A quiet tweak by Darby. Darby, dear! I say, Darby! Darby-ooh-ooh-a darling! God bless me, fat its a brave gal! [Another emphatic tweak.] Precious child there now! Mind ye, Darby, dear, I've no notion of tearing away from ye, Darby. God bless me, Darby, I'd aven't such a thought. Oh, ye, pretty creature! But, God bless me, wife, cawn't ye see how ye know, entice the b-ast away? I've been very cool—ah, Darby, there's a dear!—but 'pon me word, I'm fast a-fainting. Wife! woman!—Show Darby the cream! He's 'ungry, too, for this is a gy, though! 'Aye a cream, Darby, dee! There's a dear, though. God bless me, but the cream did it, though!"

They really had done it. Darby had been shown some French creams of which she was very fond, and evidently preferred them to her master's nose. The puzzy gent seemed fit for an apoplectic stroke on account of that organ, which had suffered not more than a good pinch, but the lady's meanings at the possibility of Darby's nervous system having received too severe a shock were something piteous indeed.

As we sighted at King's Cross station, after, mildly, milady and "Darby" had been tenderly bestowed in a hackney brougham, it transpired that the man and wife five children, two maids and the other miscellaneous baggage, all of whom and which had shared a third class compartment with as many uncouth Yorkshire yokels were left behind to reach home as best they could by way of a raging London "thirpenny" bus.

There is a quaint little inn of Edinburgh, hard by St. Andrew's Square, in which I have to make my home when I "Auld Reekie" for a while it is but a few steps from the city's peerless Princess Street, it is still within the precincts of a fine old residence district, made famous by the haunts of a score of the great literary Scotchmen of other days.

Much going and coming between this inn and central city places brought to my notice the fact that nearly every pleasant summer night when the hour of evening had fallen upon the town, a marvelous singer of the tenderest ballads of Scotland came that way. Stood for a quarter of an hour or so in the quiet entrance to St. Andrew's street; and at intervals to the accompaniment of an accordion sang sweetly for those who tarried.

At chance glimpses of the singer and his regular evening audience I noticed, too, that the man never solicited alms. He stood quite still in the middle of the street, and saw and then some one of the crowd, in the pauses of his singing, would step quietly up to him and place a coin within his hand. These were copper coins always, and they nearly always came from the pockets of poor people. Finally, the songs and the scene touching my own heart, I went and placed a coin in his hand, as others had done before me.

Then for the first time I saw that the man was blind. I saw, besides, such a face as will haunt me all my lifetime. I cannot tell you what painter has put most of hopeful patience, exalted resignation and sublime faith into any one of the upon canvas. But here was a face that instantly revealed them all. I went back to him. I told him I would like to know him; asked him if I could come to his home, or if he could find his way to my lodgings; and in a moment more we had arranged for a meeting at the little St. Andrew's street inn for the morrow.

When he came his first words put us both as warmly in touch as though our hearts had been open to each other for a lifetime.

"I knew by your voice," he said softly, "you saw through my sightlessness. An' we blind folk are most canny at seein' then ye think. You make themes. So do I." This deprecatingly. "God knows my heart is sair t' sing an' a pen, too!"

So I knew he had already sung "as his pen," and made him there and then repeat his rhymes. Here was another Burns in sig, and obscurity. Sorry this is so. Town I went with this hard poet and singer, John Connell, to his home; No. 17, Gabel Gate (second flat), Nicholson Street, Edinburgh; sang up among the densely populated wynds and closes of old town. What was there? Just so many children one could scarcely count them or remember their names; a kindly-faced wife, loyal and true; a home visible as home to the comforts of this life as the face of a storm-beaten crag, but with love and hope and contentment having enough within it to weed for saving an entire race.

The story of the man and his bitter struggle is a short one, because of its intensity. Its end is yet to come, its direst suffering. He was a mechanic once, with boundless hopes for education and advancement, perhaps with dreams of fame. The blindness came. That the wife and infant might not starve, he must sing upon the street. Thus a passing friend had heard him sing. She sent her him and gave him an audience. The old hopes fanned anew. To make her husband presentable the self-hearted wife gave all their savings and pledged all their little belongings for clothing and a brave new accoutrement. "The poor body may find favor the fond wife prayed. He did—and he told the grand lady proudly of his good wife and bairns. Then she led him good day, and her servant showed him the door.

John Connell has been singing for alms now for more than four years for the mishap that those dear to him may barely live, to relieve himself from the wolf fangs of the usurer, and to retrieve himself from the frown of the grand Edinburgh lady. Many, short, dreadful are the tragedies of the life from the heedlessness and the heartlessness of the rich and great.

I added to his little store of books, helped a little in other ways from my own slender purse; but my heart ached and my eyes moist in the longing for some good and generous man—is there not such a benefactor in Scotland or America?—to place this blind singer where the songs of his tender heart may be made known to all men. Wherever my sandalings may lead me, I cannot but hear his thrilling voice in "Auld Lang Syne," pleasant thoughts of the man in the little Gabel Gate, hand-and-string in the silences of his sightless life, his faithful wife reading over and over to him the songs of other men, or taking down the lines that crowd upon his trembling tongue—a homeless pilgrim of some modern Prometheus bound.

When tramping upon the grand Scottish highways, and drawing from the road to the fields by some vagabond fancy, a thrilling sense of exaltation comes to the wanderer in respect of some old Roman road. You may perhaps in quiet a spot and come upon a jagged hollow. This can be clearly traced, straight as an arrow, for a long distance. Upon examination you find it is a hopeless covered ruin. You peer down for a time, and it is hard work to guess what Roman digging, the lines solid walls set beneath the rubbish of the ages.

You are itself hardly better than the land in a street and others, along which once surged the iron blood of Rome. Hills Agbedia rode at the head of his legions past the very spot on which you are standing. A mighty army of Roman warriors swept over the road to Mont Grampian, that one thousand years and dark Caledonians might wear at the saddle side before the mailed and tunic messengers beyond.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since Julius Dentatus recited to Zo on the invincible leader of unconquered sough-crees, and the glowing pen of Tacitus tells the surpassing bravery of the anti-ried Northmen who fell beneath his overwhelm; but as you linger upon this old Roman way, dreaming until the sun should level with the far mountain tops, finding their purple leather mirrorously, count ex wealth gone and repass in olden battle array.

Then that it is the nineteenth and not the first century upon which the sun is shining is recalled to you by the face of a lovely observant lad sidling a cow dog breaking between some clumps of golden broom above you hand. He has been minding a flock of sheep, grazing yonder on the brae side, and he has stepped aside for a moment to ingratiate your vagrant fancies about Agbedia and all the other grim old warriors of his boyhood—ring, and to study your intentions and possibly examine your credentials. You beg his pardon for the trespass; hear the call to the highway again; gaze back down the valley upon a score of mouldered barrows; repass forward in the wayside inn where you are to lodge and between the walls of its huge chamber, you search in dreams from the seven Hills to the Grampians, with mailed forts and forests of spears, along that old Roman Road throughout the livelong night.

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