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WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

THE ANCIENT CITY OF BATH.

Curious Legend of the Discovery of Its Healing Waters—The Roman Baths of the Third Century in Use Today—The Ways and Folk of Beau Nash's Time Charmingly Revealed.

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BATH, England, Aug. 25.—Nowhere in England have so many gouty men and women come and for a time lived and left behind them such alert and charming chronicles of their tarrying as in the interesting old Somersetshire city of Bath.

Bath has a known antiquity of nearly 2,000 years, one that you can see and dip of the pen with your own eyes, and a claimed antiquity of nearly a thousand years beyond that, it is in the halls of Bath, modern and ancient, that what interest centers. From the standpoint of modern elegance and convenience by city in the world possesses more splendid provision, while there is certainly a wonderful fascination and interest in the living that here in a west of England city, while enjoying but little under conditions of luxury incomparable in Europe, year surroundings by those of the Roman emperors and generals of 1,600 and 1,900 years ago. For the same thermal waters that early banished the ills of St. David, King Arthur and a vast line of old British princes and potentates for half a thousand years to pass.

Whatever may be the ancient antiquity of this ancient city and its more ancient baths, the legend of their discovery is most curious and interesting. Hudibras, king of Britain, who flourished B. C. 882, had a son named Blindud, who, being a leper, was expelled from the royal court of Britain, and wandered in poverty throughout the land. After a time he became a swineherd along the banks of the Somersetshire Avon, but soon observed in disease and all the animals in his charge had become as leprous as himself.

Fearful of discovery by his master, he drove his pigs across the river at a point still known as Swineford, and took upon position on the hillside, where shelter and access were in abundance. It happened that one of the finest sows was addicted to rooting. She strayed from the rest, and Blindud, on searching for her, discovered her contentedly wallowing in a pool of muddy warm water. But Blindud found, much more to his satisfaction, the oil and had been cleansed of her leprosy, and following her example he not only drove the whole herd to the warm pool morning and night, but himself wallowed within it among the swine.

Finally the prince returned to his father's court clean and whole. There was great rejoicing, and Blindud received his place as heir apparent, but for a long time could not be prevailed upon to make the place or circumstance of his cure known. He was sent to and educated in Greece under the name of Abaris, and returned a "capable governor of the nation." He now bethought himself to make his secret known for the benefit of others. Thereupon he built the city of Bath (about 876 years ago), when he applied himself sedulously and exclusively to ingenious studies that he succeeded in inventing and making for himself wings with which to fly, but in one of his flights he fell down upon a church steeple, which caused the breaking of his neck from which he died.

However all this may be, certain it is that at about the beginning of the last century Bath suddenly rose from the condition of a neglected provincial town to a second capital of English fashion. Its baths attracted all the rich and great. Then it was that the unknown Richard Nash who, when a few months at chambers in the temple, London, had been raised to relief fever by his comrades as master of the pageant for the visit of the king, came to Bath, and, by common consent as master of all city ceremonials and the most trifling questions of etiquette concerning the social amusements and public, held undisputed sway for over fifty yes. New York has now a mirror of this fame, king consorts, a sort of social sonic type master and mistress of ceremonial matters, but the Beau Nash, of Bath, was intellectually, and in the matter of actual power, a king, indeed, in comparison with all the balloon imitators who have followed him.

It is a lovely, lady, sunny, rare old city, this Bath, without any of its curious old associations. Its baths are finer than can be found elsewhere in Europe. Perhaps partly because of their healing qualities the amenity, wealth, age, refinement and wonderful beauty of surroundings render carrying here luxurious and charming. And then what a town it is to have added to this modern day luxury the ancient experience of sojourning in these hot waters precisely where the senior, Blindud and all the old Britons have wallowed! The old Roman bath is now today almost precisely as it was built and the generals of the empire left it. Something like sixteen in length and 11 feet in breadth are its dimensions. The ancient vaulted roof, fifty feet high, supported by six massive pillars, is fairly intact. But, beside still the thermal pinnacles either side, and broken cornices, wonderfully carved architectures, and all the curious remains of 1,800 years ago. It is all worth a long journey to see, for in Rome itself is no more antique relic of Roman time and Roman luxury.

To many the literary and artistic associations of Bath will have the deepest interest. In no other English city, except London, has there been such a wealth of memories of this character. Everywhere you turn is some reminder of a pleasant or pathetic part of the doings and personality of the great statesmen, writers, poets, painters and actors, or their friends of the last, or the early part of the present century. Bath was then, in its glory. In those days every week from London, winter or summer, landed some friends prominent at the door of the White Hotel, in or the Pelican inn when to old stagecoaches and known as the "Three Cups."

At 21 Sydney street lived Sir William Wilkins the general philosopher, who introduced Prince W. Humbolt to the king and the scientific world. In Hill the latter resided from Yorkshire to Bath, where he lived at 7 New King street, where he died. For a long time organist at the Octagon chapel and leader of the orchestra at the public assembly rooms. At length a simple tortoise-shell, only two feet in length, fell from a tower. He was so here filled with intense enthusiasm for astronomical research, for discovery at the Lincoln price of a large glass he determined to construct one with his own hands. Telescopes of seven, of eight, or one with length of twenty feet from diameter finally crowned his efforts, and the property passed to Uranus. Well deserved he lies at the old house in New King street on March 18, 1781.

Among the noted people of the stage who have made more sparkling and merry the memories of Bath, were Sarah Siddons, Quin, the comedian Falstaff, Clive, Macready, John Kemble, Foote and Garrick. It was when the chief of the Johnson, who professed a personal exchange for actors, compelled the world with one of the most complete ever paid to an actress. Mrs. Siddons called upon him in his, entrance in the Pelican inn. There was some confusion indeed upon French, the servant, on being asked to announce the famous Mrs. Siddons with a chair, waves upon Dr. Johnson frightfully remarked, "You are, madam, that whatever you go there are sorrows to be paid."

Garrick's greatest love to such friend in a more strange fur no less witty to Dr. Johnson, "Ye Gods! Ye Gods! and yet of the Pelican inn had been no greater for an actor who was engaging him as Dr. Ay, Garrick was successfully repulsed. Garrick's answer was memorable, "Sir, I am trying to Bath some months later as a client to the cause the celebrated Dr. Who had supported him enough a renewal of the great acquaintance." "I find the terms of pleading that he as your Orinda at the Theatre Royal don't you remember me, dear?"

"Remember you, dear—remember you!" thundered the lion magnificent. "How shall I ever forget you?"

John Newton, while a visitor at Bath and which he preached a farthing sermon to, gave to Hunter the inestimable gift to upon the occasion of the nobility, "Hunter! he said, "I have seen the sights of Caribbean. "We give to a colony, but when we do give we give the greatest."

Garrick, when sent of his front collies at Bath. The Duke of Kent made, Foote, was nearly alone to be found in his company. Sheridan, when for a month or twelve, was one of the lions of Bath. He wrote here and established Drury lane, to a seat in the luxury "Bar of Parnassus" instituted by Lady Miller, an adventurer devoted to be by Horace Walpole, three enjoyable classes beginning.

Dry to the core, we continue long and Gainsborough's celebrated painting of Sheridan was completed in this city. Quite lived longer in Bath than any other of his profession. When the luxury committee for the lion time placed Fulford and required from the years in 1785, he came to Bath, to the Queen's Square, because, he said, "did not know a better place for an old rock to moor in." His Bird for thirteen years and in his delirious attempt to Grand Tour. Dermpard drank out in the north side of the chair of Bath Abbey is a mobile tablet with a setting blessed of the Duke of Kent.

In addition to Mrs Siddons some of the famous women who made winsome the memory of Bath during this brilliant period were Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Pleasant, the celebrated associates of Dr. Johnson, Lady Miller, Sarah Fielding and Jane Austen.

Mrs. Piozzi was one of the most thrifty and accomplished women of England. She first married a rich brewer named Thrale. The couple lived in great splendor at Bath, and Dr. Johnson was the lion of Dr. Johnson and became the wife of a music master named Piozzi. A complete rupture with Johnson was the consequence, and the lonely widow spent her remaining years in a manuscript expounding all manner kind. Her "Anecdotes of Johnson" and her own "Literary Remains" are among the most poignant fabrics of biographical literature.

Lady Miller was a conspicuous figure at Bath in times gone and since. Walpole and Mme. D'Arblay both charmingly describe the "fair of Parnassus," a sort of literary tournament instituted at her rural residence, Batscombe Villa. A Roman vase, dressed with bays, mottled with leaves and myrtle, received the poetry, which was drawn at every festival by six pages, who read all the compositions and announced the successful competitor. The latter was crowned with myrtle, allowed to kiss the hand of the lady, and then had the laurel land of Lady Miller, a vase a "coarse, strong looking dame, how sun it was to appear a woman of her on and a patroness of letters." It was therefore with pleasure the following stanza into the second one:

The Trouble,
For lovely's sake, before us
A little without that would be
Indeed an act of charity.

In the museum of famous literary men Bath is renowned for Quin, Christopher Anstey, the poet, lived nearly all his life in Bath. William Beckford, at one time the richest man in England, lived in Bath and spent his early years in Bath, in England, who expended nearly $1,000,000 in fitted Fonthill abbey alone, but whose enduring fame will rest on the authorship of that most wonderful of all oriental tales, "Vathek," was for many years a citizen of Bath, and built the palatial tower in Lansdown, beneath whose shadows his body now lies.

The memories of Dr. Johnson are so rife in the old Pelican inn that in passing through the underground room one can almost see the hearty genius of his sonorous wigs and see the ludicrous picture of Frank, the servant, lying in wait to clap a fresh one on his hard old head the moment a tuller entanglement below.

Samuel T. Coleridge often preached at the Unitarian chapel here. It was a returning to Bath from Bristol that Charles Lamb, "a little, Charles, you never heard an preach." "My dear boy," replied Lamb, "I never heard you do anything else."

Alexander Pope lived on the beauty of the rich philanthropist Allen here for years and spoke of Bath as the sight little he was, when his last refused to grant him his money, immortal Lord Chatham for the sake of his grandsire, Tobias Smollett was for a long time one of the liberal-minded lady, and every reader of "Peregrine Pickle" and "Humphry Clinker" is familiar with passages of Bath sensibilities, customs and habits of that time.

Oliver Goldsmith visited Bath in 1771, with the literary result of "The Life of Richard Nash." Sadly a Bath subject for the pen of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield" has through the event Beau Nash's memory became more deplorable than through all the monuments, statues and paintings to be found in the town in the ancient city, and if you live of short fritz the grief of Bath times with their sorrowful sadness has a pleasant ride of two miles to the west of the city will bring you to the little village of Tarrion.

Here, in a tiny, antediluvian, now known as Fielding's House, Fielding's Tavern was chiefly written "Tom Jones," for which, through its first realized to immortal to the wife of Andrew Miller, the great London publisher, Fielding received the (to him) incredible sum of $200, which he announced that for he himself, the published twice afterward (lowest $50 00 from the sale of the work), and his friend Thomson, the poet, Fielding straightforward "Take a glass of the water. "Give bottles of your son you."

ELMER L. WAKEMAN.

Among famous literary women who have been connected are Hannah More, Frederika Bremer, Mary Russell Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Maria Edgeworth, Jane Austen (sensitive), Ellen Cook, Adelaide Proctor and Joanna Baillie (pedestal).

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Lilliputian Saved Battle.

The amusing experiment of a lilliputian bowl holding a few drops with a little oil and the ordinary tissue stopper. Motion, one, a queer shaker of cards to the accustomed of ships, planing the bottom with wooden, and to some, for wants, amusements and terrors. The steel frame you can distinguish by entering the cavity only with black ink, leaving your eye's edge.

Having placed them in a pan or plate close to an imaginary dividing line, your a good opposite of vinegar between the shells sinks. Instantly you will hear an oil like sucking, like the passing of molten metal warfare, while deep, as if pulling up wrinkly, and to some, the steel frame, which will begin to move forward in short revolutions, leaving behind them amount of foam such as are observed in the wake of sculling vessels. When sculling in the shrinking are they will have advanced over a considerable space, hampered and rolling together in the member to part one the other battles from the dividing line. The engagement often proves to be raging and to extend the side with the bigger or larger number of ships against the smaller after the sulky.

The chemical action of the sculling vinegar is quite simple. Oil, being largely carbon combined with the salt of the vinegar in carbonic acid—the same combination of carbon and salt of most mineral waters. The gases rise to the surface of the vinegar in small bubbles of sufficient strength to cause the current which turns the shells.

Since the patentee youth will want to see the American boats win, it will be well for him to remember that the best quality of chalk contains the largest proportion of carbon. It will also prove of advantage to place the chalk carefully, so as to permit it to glide easily.—Harper's Young People.

A Word to Youthful Writers.

The young readers of a publication that regularly absorbs and delights them with its stories or articles little know the labor, thought, study and experience required for the production of such one of these works.

Yet a very frequent experience for the editor to receive from some youth an ill spelled, unpunctuated and awkwardly expressed letter, offering stories outlinded for his approval. Would Dickens, he inquires every week with the left-hand letter, and which, for better worse, is the best publication in the whole world.

This literary aspiration of youth has not the other, in a measure, of an idea as to what are the impediments, necessary, the method of reading and the form of serving the agency of the Dickens that left his letter point. He mentioning if printed would appear in the editorial of a publication as illiterate nonsense, unless, as is sometimes the case in some grocery, a dry extract would be published merely to provoke mirth.

To all such youthful literary aspirants this is to be said: Remember that it is absolutely necessary to literary achievement not the elimination of grammar schools and text-books, but the education of taste and observation and thought; that there are needed a thorough study and appreciation of the art of writing a certain thing in the world, and that the thing, which begins as intricate as the art of designing and building a boat.

Believe there is the talent. If talent be lifted it will develop itself; if not, it is not advisable to sketch any false hopes of seeing one's name in print.—New York Argonaut.

The Light from the Firefly.

A young reader wants to know what causes the light emitted by the firefly. We believe it has never been definitely settled to what the light is due, but the general opinion is that it has a phosphorescence or gas. There are a great many animals and fishes that have the power of giving out light, and naturalists call it, we believe, that nature has provided it as a means of securing food.

The little fireflies that we have here are almost insignificant compared with those we see in the tropics, in Central and South America and the West Indies. The flickering spring beetle which inhabits those countries is more than an inch long, and the light it sets out from behind takes two or three seconds. The beetles are caught by holding up burning coals on the end of a stick. This attracts the insects.

The ladies then lay them pot them in little wire or glass cages, and keep them until they decide to decorate their dresses with them. Water has to be poured on them quite often to keep them alive, and they are regularly fed on bits of sugar cane.

The natives of those countries use the beetles as we use candles and gas, to light their houses. Two or three of them together will emit enough light to read by very comfortably.—Philadelphia Times.

The "Lady Elector."

Mr. J. A. Bright's "lady elector" has turned up again. The first time Mr. Bright was returned to parliament a lady contrived to vote for him, and at the central Birmingham election on Wednesday a similar incident occurred. Some question arose as to the validity of the vote, but the lady and known a lady, agreed with the Liberal agent that as the lady's name had somehow got upon the register the returning officer had no option but to receive her paper.

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