

wanted a boy to help him to open a new and complicated lock to a safe. An inventor had exhibited a locked safe and the key, saying that there was money within, which should be given to whoever could open the lock without deranging it. The peculiarity of the lock was that it had ten bolts which could not be seen from the outside. These ten bolts seemed, from all that could be ascertained, exactly alike; but, in reality, one of them was an inch longer than the others, so that when all were thrown forward, that one alone reached the projecting part of the safe, and held the door closed. The key, when inserted, would lift any of the ten bolts; but, in order to open the safe, it must be applied to the long bolt, and to that only, and that one must be lifted and turned back, in order to open the lock. But, if any other of the ten was lifted and turned back, ever so little, it deranged the combination, and the lock could only be opened by a peculiar instrument. The object, then, was to ascertain which of the ten was thrown forward, without turning back any other one.

The mechanic lifted each bolt carefully with the key, and let it fall, but without trying to throw it back; and he then tried to ascertain if in falling it made any peculiar noise; for he inferred that, as the only one which held the door was an inch longer than the others, it must fall with a slightly greater force. But the difference was too slight for his ear. He took the blind lad, and asked him to listen carefully to the sound which each bolt made as he lifted it and let it fall. After listening to each one intently, the lad said the sixth one struck a little the loudest. The mechanic lifted and let fall each one carefully several times, and each time the boy insisted that the sixth bolt sounded the loudest. Upon this, the mechanic lifted and turned back the sixth, and the lock was opened without the combination being deranged.

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#### *A Degenerate Prince.*

The following description of the character of Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender, is extracted from his "Life by A. C. Ewald," which has recently been published by Chapman and Hall:—

In spite of the romance that the name of Prince Charles will ever call up, in spite of the loyalty with which Scotland cherishes his memory, in spite of much that was excellent and commendable in his character, it is impossible to number the Prince among the Heroes of Biography whose lives bear inspection to the end. He lived too long for his reputation. Had he died when a lad at Albano, or had he perished on the moor at Culloden, History would have handed his name down to posterity as one of those brave, generous hearts, so

beloved by the gods that they are snatched away ere promise has had time to ripen into fulfilment. The picture of a mere boy gallantly fighting for what he deems his own, achieving success in the face of overwhelming odds, displaying on every occasion a tender humanity and a noble consideration, then enduring, with courage and dignity, the bitterest privations of adversity, is one not lightly to be despised. But, unhappily, there is a reverse side to the portrait. Instead of the youth so chivalrous in his deeds, so gallant in his bearing, so generous in his sympathies, we meet with a manhood debased by vice, a temper rendered querulous and suspicious by disease; no refinement, no delicacy, nothing but humanity's coarsest grain. In dwelling upon the events of the Prince's earlier life, and in recording those of his later days, one with difficulty imagines that both relate to the same man. It is like reading two distinct biographies, in which the virtues of the one are intended to bring out all the more in relief the baser points of the other. Between the bright, manly lad at Gaeta, the dignified Prince Regent in the old halls of Holyrood, the victor at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, the hardy mountaineer of Skye, and the shattered creature that afterwards comes on the scene, with his bloated features and palsied energies, who quarrels with everyone, illtreats his mistress, illtreats his wife, and never appears in public without being miserably in his cups, what possible connection can there be? As well compare a Spartan chieftain with his helot! And yet each of the two descriptions belongs to the same Prince Charles, and a very few years have effected the awful contrast.

We saw that Charles, during the months he was being hunted down by the English in Scotland, began to accustom himself to drams of whiskey, the better to bear up against the privations and fatigue it fell to his lot to endure. The habit thus formed took such a firm hold of him that he was unable to quit it. After his return to Paris—though the age was one of immoderate drinking—the self-indulgence of the Prince was commented upon, and the fact that his confessor was a “notorious drunkard,” and then much in his society, did not tend to improve matters. Still worse did the vice become after his connection with Miss Walkenshaw, who—whether taught by the Prince, or from natural inclination—was herself addicted to it. Thus the habit—which, it is said, is the most difficult of all to abandon when youth falls under its yoke—had, within a few years, acquired a complete mastery over the Prince. The letters of Mann and Walton are full of allusions to the subject, and we learn, without much surprise, that when anything unusually vexatious occurred he drank harder than usual. Perhaps the most charitable construction—one not incompatible with the views of modern psychology—that can be put upon the actions of the Prince, which we are about to record, is to regard them as the results of an unsound mind. The medical teaching of the present day proves that the habitual drunkard is a

victim to the same mental disorders as the lunatic. His whole moral nature undergoes a complete change, his character is the antithesis of what it was before disease affected him, and in all that he does, he is actuated by the same motives as the insane. Morose, suspicious, obstinate, fitfully happy and fitfully violent, science has christened him by the name of dipsomaniac, and in France he is subject to the same restraints as the unsound. A dipsomaniac Charles was, if ever man deserved the name. And if, as the medical world maintains, drink is so terrible a poison, that when once it has enslaved its votary, it renders him the exact opposite of what he was before his bondage, then the contrast between the Charles of the '45 and the driveller at Florence is at once accounted for. Never did character undergo so complete a transformation. His bold daring degenerated into the most childish cowardice; his sensitive humanity, that was always loth to shed blood, changed into the worst kinds of brutality—cruelty towards woman; generous, so far as his means had allowed him, he became selfish, and meanly avaricious; his courtly manners, which had won the admiration of all who met him, were now changed to an uneasy swagger, and the coarse hilarity of a tavern haunter; from being a dandy, he became a sloven. Peevish, suspicious, easily offended, yet always offending, we are not surprised to learn from more than one envoy that he was considered no gentleman, and shunned even by those who wished to be loyal to him. Biography scarcely records a dawn more brilliant, a sunset more clouded.

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*The Tichborne Imposture.*

It is a pity that some one possessed of the requisite knowledge and of suitable analytical power has not undertaken a study of the notorious Tichborne trial from a psychological point of view. No richer mine of erroneous observation and fallacious inference will easily be found. The sublime audacity of the Claimant has served to put in a strong and vivid light the truth, which is illustrated every day in a less striking way, that it is impossible to go too far in speculating upon the stupidity of mankind. And it may fairly be questioned whether those who, having for some time firmly believed that the Claimant was Sir Roger Tichborne, are now convinced that he was a vulgar impostor, deserve any more credit for their present disbelief than they did for their former belief in him. Neither the one nor the other has been founded upon a rational exercise of their mental faculties. They believed in him because their minds were much impressed with the knowledge which he displayed of