Humphrey left for Geneva, going by way of Florence, Genoa, and Turin. At Geneva, on the 29th of May, he suddenly expired. Thus lived and died this great man, whose wonderful talents as a discoverer were only equalled by his industry. Time cannot obliterate the truths he revealed, nor will the course of events long be able to lose them. Penzance, his native spot, and Westminster Abbey hold testimonies to his successful genius.

The following description of a collier village will be interesting to those who have never visited such a place; and to those who have, will plainly recall the leading features of the scene:—It consists principally of two long rows of roughly-built pitmen's cottages, so low that the outer doors reach the eaves of the slanting red-tiled roofs. One of these rows is distinguised as "Back-row," and the other, being nearest the working shaft of the pit, as "Pit-row." The remainder of the village consists of some straggling and ill-arranged clusters of houses, occupied by a few petty tradesmen and beer-shop keepers. There is, besides, a public-house known as the "Green Dragon," and another distinguished as the "Pitman's-Rest;" and, standing at a little distance from the village, are the residences of the agents and clerks of the colliery. Notwithstanding that the population is somewhere about 800, one-fourth of whom are men and boys actually engaged in the pit, there is no school, and but one place of worship—namely, a small Methodist chapel, the nearest church being at another colliery village called Bilbeck, about three miles distant.

By day the village presents an appearance grim and cheerless enough, almost everything seeming to partake of the hue of the coals, or to be covered with black dust; by night, the scene to any one unaccustomed to such sights, is somewhat grand and fearful: the huge heap of small coal, the accumulated deposit from the wasteful process of screening, known as the "pit heap," which during the day only seemed to smoulder, now gives forth a red, angry glare, lighting the village with a strange and dismal glow. These heaps of coal, having first spontaneously ignited, have burnt without interruption for

upwards of a hundred years. Their combustion is scarcely seen by day, but at nightfall, especially when wind prevails, they present a startling illumination. In some colleries where the quality of the coal is suitable, this waste is avoided by the small coal being used in the manufacture of coke; but here, as in many more cases, it is incapable of this conversion, and is not considered worth the expense of transit to any place where it might be of use. In immediate contiguity to this heap are erected the works of the mine—the engine-house.

This is constructed of the roughest masonry, and some stages and elevated wooden beams, with one or more large wheels revolving at the top. One end of the engine-house is partially open, and from it protrudes the extremity of a gigantic engine-beam, whose slow and regular strokes are indicative of the ease with which it brings to the surface the immense quantities of water constantly accumulating in the workings; and which, thus pumped from the pit, feeds the brook which runs hard by. Immediately contiguous to this is a square platform covered with sheet iron, having in the centre the mouth of the pit, which is bratticed into three portions, two of which are used for working the mine, and the other is the ventilating shaft, near the bottom of which is a large furnace, kept constantly burning, to secure a current of air through the pit to supply the place of the vitiated atmosphere ever accumulating in the workings, and to carry off the foul mephitic gases which are given off from the face of the coal in large quantities. Over the shaft is erected a stout timber framework or scaffold, supporting the two wheels over which pass wire ropes connected with the machinery of the engine, and employed in drawing up the coal. The platform on the side opposite to the engine-house is bounded by the slanting screens upon which the coal is thrown immediately on its arrival at the "bank-head," and by which the large coal is separated and thrown into one train of railway wagons, whilst the small falls into another set placed beneath; the slaty and "foul" pieces being carefully picked out by boys, and afterwards conveyed to the pit-heap to be burnt.

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