repeating the whole series from left to right, as each successive figure is arrived at.

The power of multiplying as many as seven figures by seven is not likely to be of much practical value, and when carried to this stage the method is merely a curiosity; but it may be of use in helping us to multiply together small amounts, consisting of two or three digits, which lie beyond the scope of the multiplication table.

I will conclude with a short example, showing what passes through the mind in working the method.

Multiply 987 by 654.

987
654

First figure.— $4 \times 7 = 28$. Eight and carry two. Answer (so far) 8
Second figure.— $4 \times 8 = 32 + 2$ (carried) = 34 + $5 \times 7 (= 35) = 69$. Nine and carry six. Answer (so far) 98
Third figure.— $4 \times 9 = 36 + 6$ (carried) = $42 + 5 \times 8 (= 40) = 82 + 6 \times 7 (= 42) = 124$. Four and carry twelve. Answer (so far) 498
Fourth figure.— $5 \times 9 = 45 + 12$ (carried) = 57 + $6 \times 8 (= 48) = 105$. Five and carry ten. Answer (so far) 5498
Fifth and sixth figures.— $6 \times 9 = 54 + 10$ (carried) = 64. Answer 645498
CLIVE CUTHBERTSON.

A Rare Phenomenon.

I HAVE read with much interest the accounts of "the rare phenomenon" observed by several of your correspondents (published in *NATURE*, vol. xlv. pp. 494, 519), as I noticed a similar appearance here in Nova Scotia, at about the same time (September 11).

A narrow ray—apparently of auroral light—spanned the whole heavens from east to west, passing overhead a little to the south of the zenith. There was little or no display of auroral light in the north at the time.

A "harvest-home" was held here on September 11, and I noticed the appearance, I think, the same evening about 11 o'clock.

A number of persons in the town of Baddeck observed the same or a similar phenomenon "very shortly before September 12."

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Beinn Bhreagh, near Baddeck, Cape Breton, N.S.,
November 6.

HENRY NOTTIDGE MOSELEY, F.R.S.

I HAVE been asked to write for the readers of *NATURE* some account of my dear friend Moseley, who, after an illness which removed him from all active life and work for more than four years, died at Clevedon, in Somersetshire, on November 10. He was only forty-seven years of age; and when seized with the illness which necessitated his retirement from active life, was at the zenith of a wonderful career of scientific productiveness and value. He had for six years held the Linacre Professorship of Human and Comparative Anatomy in the University of Oxford; and by his great energy and commanding talent had succeeded in collecting around him a most promising band of younger men devoted to the investigation of embryological and morphological problems. Baldwin Spencer, Gilbert C. Bourne, S. J. Hickson, and G. Herbert Fowler, were his pupils, and have shown by their numerous published works the value of the teaching and impulse which he gave to them. In the early days of his illness (1887), he was cheered by receiving from the Royal Society the Royal Medal, in recognition of the value of his researches on Peripatus, the Hydrocorallinæ, the Land Planarians, and the Chitons. The blow caused by his serious illness was felt not only in the scientific and social life of Oxford, but in many other centres. We missed his valuable and practical help in carrying to completion the Plymouth Laboratory

of the Marine Biological Association, of which he had been a most active and enthusiastic promoter; in the editorship of the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* I found myself once more deprived of the aid of my most valued comrade, as I had been but a few years previously when Frank Balfour died. The readers of *NATURE* and of the *Athenæum* missed his varied and always strongly-original contributions; and the Zoological, Anthropological, and Royal Societies had to regret his absence from their meetings and Councils. Moseley had, moreover, at this time made it a practice to give evening lectures in the larger provincial towns as well as in London: from all quarters came expressions of the deep regret which his retirement from public work excited. The amount and variety of work in which he engaged, in addition to the remarkable and extraordinarily minute course of lectures and laboratory work provided by him for his pupils, were certainly more than was wise for him to undertake. But it was a strange and to him a disastrous fact that he never felt tired. He was an exceedingly strong man, and I never saw him fatigued either by physical or mental exertion.

We made acquaintance in Rolleston's laboratory at the Oxford University Museum in 1866, and became fast friends and constant companions. Moseley's father was a distinguished mathematician and Canon of Bristol, Rector of Olveston, near the Severn. Here, when I was staying with Moseley in 1871, we dissected and prepared the skeleton of a huge grampus which is now in the Oxford Museum; the carcass had made a tour of the neighbouring villages for three weeks before we obtained possession of it. Moseley was at school at Harrow, where he chiefly occupied himself in birds'-nesting and "bug-hunting," in conjunction with a small band of kindred spirits. He was essentially a sportsman, knew every kind of game and how to pursue it. He thoroughly disliked the ordinary routine of school work, such as it was in those days, and it was not until he had entered at Exeter College, and come under the teaching of the late Prof. Rolleston, that his really keen and remarkable intellectual powers began to show themselves. He had somehow developed in early youth the most deep-rooted scepticism which I ever came across among men of my own age; hence it was the *reality* of the work which he did in the dissecting-room at the Museum which delighted him and gave him confidence that there was "something in it" worthy of his intellectual effort. With unfeigned astonishment he would say, on dissecting out the nervous system of a mollusk or some such structure, "It is like the picture, after all!" He had a profound disbelief in the statements made in books unless he could verify them for himself, and it was this habit of mind, perceived and encouraged by Rolleston, which made him in after life so admirable an observer and so successful as a discoverer of new facts. Rolleston used to say that you had only to put down Moseley on a hill-side with a piece of string and an old nail, and in an hour or two he would have discovered some natural object of surpassing interest. He took great interest in all games, and was himself a first-rate racket-player. In the vacations he got a fair amount of shooting, and spent one "long" shooting and fishing in Norway. In the summer of 1867 we visited the Channel Islands together, for the purpose of studying marine animals. Whilst in Sark, after I had left him, he made the acquaintance of an American painter named Dix, and discovered himself to be no mean artist, bringing back a number of really clever water-colours, his first attempts in that direction. At this time and throughout his life, those who met him were struck by his singularly soft and agreeable voice, and by his great courtesy and power of interesting, I may even say fascinating, the most unpromising and unlikely of the companions amongst whom he chanced to find himself—I mean stiff old gentlemen and demure old ladies. To companions of his own age he