

lights at Flamborough Head Lighthouse, being doubtless borne on in the teeth of a strong north-eastern gale. Mentioning the birds of this month, reminds us that partridges are not uncommonly picked up by the plate-layers on railways, having been killed by flying against the telegraph wires.

The herring fishery on the eastern coast is generally in full activity during this month. Few fish are more capricious, however, both in their coming close to the land from the deep water to spawn, and in their preference for certain spots, when others seem to our eyes equally favourable to them, and are yet deserted.

The chief employments in the garden at present are gathering and storing fruit, preserving that left on the trees from the attacks of wasps, and taking up potatoes. It is essential that these be well protected from frost when placed under shelter. Multitudes of those who stored potatoes last autumn, lost them during the severe frost which closed 1874. Bulbs for next spring must be planted at once. It is just possible that roses budded even thus late may succeed. They have no fiery summer heats to withstand. Bedding plants begin to look yellow and miserable, but hollyhocks and dahlias, to say nothing of asters, will maintain their beauty until the first sharp frost.

In the kitchen-garden the crops intended to stand

during winter must be attended to. Celery will require its final earthing up. Some place a draining tile over each root, and then roughly pile up the soil. This plan possesses the undoubted advantage that none of the earth can penetrate to the crown of the plant. Cabbages, parsnips, and beet must be taken up and carefully stored when their leaves turn yellow. Apples are best preserved by placing them on shelves in a dry room, taking care that they do not touch each other, and occasionally wiping off the moisture from them. As for pears, it is better in the northern parts of the kingdom to gather them some time before they are ripe. This precludes all danger of their being bruised in falling by the severe gales which must be expected this month. They can then be "smothered" in the orthodox fashion. Of course, it is not pretended that these pears can acquire the flavour of a Jersey or French pear, but they are not utterly ruined, as too often happens if suffered to remain on the tree.

The mulberry's leaves are beginning to fall early in the month. Whether its fruit is liked or not, its fine head of foliage and the picturesqueness of it, when it attains any age, ought to insure a tree being planted in every garden. We have known persons who made it a sacred obligation to set a little one in every garden they successively possessed. M. G. WATKINS.

#### "UP AND DOWN THE CITY ROAD."



IT would be difficult to conjecture why this large metropolitan thoroughfare should have been selected, years ago, from amongst all others, as the place peculiarly the scene of tipping and impecuniosity. But though the fact of going up and down the City Road would appear in those days to have exposed the way-farer to trials and disasters which passengers in other streets were free from, we can assure the reader that at the present day a journey may be made from one end of the road to the other without any Ulysses-like precautions against temptation; and there is so much to observe

in the strange, varied, straggling street, that he may be amply repaid for the trouble of his peregrination, if he can manage to perform it without going "in and out the Eagle."

On commencing his walk something quite unique, so far as our experience goes, will strike the observer, in the collection of stalls which stand out against a background of black wall, as they have stood, for they alone know how long past. We have doubted whether they ever realise any money there, or whether a grateful parish remunerates them as public ornaments, and so keeps them there to hide the hideous dead wall, and prevent it from thrusting itself too obtrusively on public notice; but having watched them closely for some

time, and never having seen anybody buy anything of them, we are inclined to favour the latter hypothesis.

Old tools, old books, old music, and old cartes-de-visite of public characters would appear to be the staple imports of this strange little colony, and it is presided over by suitable old men and women. The wave of advancement will no doubt one day sweep them all away, and we shall perhaps speak of them to our grandchildren, as amongst the more singular of our metropolitan reminiscences.

A most modernising feature of the City Road is the tramways, and, like most settlers in a new country, they find the march of improvement rather impeded by the aboriginal inhabitants, selectly represented in this case by the drivers of coal-wagons, in which the City Road abounds. These gentlemen can date their journeys up and down so far back, and have performed so many of them, that there would appear to have taken birth in their minds an illusion that they are the hereditary owners of the soil, and at liberty therefore to perform their journeys after the manner of a triumphant street procession. It is most distressing to witness an excited tramway-car driver endeavouring, by means of a shrieking whistle, to persuade the obstinate round hat and shoulders of a coal-wagoner in front, that they must move out of the way and allow the tram-car to pass with its load of passengers, all quite as intent on reaching the City as the driver himself, and equally disinclined to "wait for the wagon."

Progress a little further up the road reveals that the

stall-keepers we have spoken of previously are not alone in their endeavours to make a living from the kerb-stone. That peculiar class of philanthropists who go about with little stools, which they mount in retired spots, and proceed to fill purses with shillings and sell them for one of those coins, is duly represented here. The gentleman we see as we come up is young to have been smitten with the desire of enriching his fellow-men, and would seem to have made but little use of his shillings on his personal improvement, before he commenced to distribute them to the public on such liberal terms. However, he is bent upon his object, and is remonstrating violently with the crowd for not availing themselves of his benevolence.

"Well, I never see such a lot as you in all my born days," he says; "there ain't one of yer as knows a bargain when yer see one. Now just observe me, and if you see anythink unfair or under'anded in me, I'll forfeit 'alf a sov'rin to the first man as calls a policeman to take me in charge." At this point he is attentively regarded by a young Frenchman in the crowd, whom he in turn looks at sharply now and again. "There's the purse, ain't there? there's nothing wrong there, is there? I put in a shilling—see—will you give me a bob for it now? No. Very well, here goes again. There's that, and that, and that—that makes four shillings, mind yer—and there's one more to make it up a crown"—click goes the purse—"and now who'll give me a bob for that lot? Here, feel it, take it in your hand, sir"—to a man who stands near him; and having thrust it into his hand he turns suddenly upon the Frenchman—"Now buy it of *him* for a shilling, if you can't trust me! Give me the money—there you are—give him the purse, sir—now you're right, and don't show the people what you've got."

Disregarding this piece of advice, however, the Frenchman opens the purse, and is greeted with a roar of laughter from the crowd as he takes out two half-pennies.

"How much have you got?" says the unblushing philanthropist from his stool; "two 'a'pennies—well, that's twice as much as I meant to give yer."

And strangely enough the sympathy of the crowd is all with the ready-witted, impudent rogue, and not with the dupe, who slinks away blushing crimson—a wiser man, let us hope, and capable of warning a compatriot against our insular perfidies.

And now we come to the bridge, flanked by a long advertising hoarding, which is plentifully covered with announcements of various kinds. What an illustration of the transitory nature of our schemes and projects these street advertisements are, and what a magic-lantern-slide view of life they present! Commercial, literary, artistic, dramatic failures and successes all shout to the public from these stations for awhile, to be covered up soon by others equally eager for notice. We may inspect some of the theatrical announcements, as being specially applicable to the

abode of the drama we have just passed. This is patronised a good deal by the youth of the neighbourhood, who, being constituted on precisely the same principle as their more fashionable brothers and sisters in wealthier parts of London, delight in the gallery of their native theatre in the same way that their aristocratic contemporaries enjoy a box at the Haymarket or Covent Garden.

Let us read the play-bill fluttering on the wall, and see what kind of intellectual feast is provided for them. The piece playing is "a stirring and sensational Drama," entitled "Ran away from Home," being "the adventures of a poor country lad among the vices and temptations of London life." It is all divided into short acts, entitled "A Villain in Peril," "The Escape," "The Plot," "The Disguise," "The Eve of the Murder," &c. &c., and would seem to be of an exciting nature.

While on the subject of theatres we may as well go down the road again a little way, to notice the Egyptian Hall of the district, where the strangest vagaries of nature, and we dare say triumphs of art too if all were known, are exhibited in the shape of individuals who have more legs and arms than usual, or who weigh a trifle under a quarter of a ton, or who are spotted all over after the manner of leopards. The gentleman who constitutes the present attraction is distinguished by having one half of the anatomy of his ribs exposed to the public view—according, at least, to the illustration of him on a waving green curtain in front, where he is represented as standing on an inverted beer-barrel, with all the crowned heads of Europe walking round him, with umbrellas in their hands and astonishment in their faces.

We should not omit to notice the great grimy wharf on one side of the bridge, divided by the narrow black canal which flows sluggishly on through London. Coal, sand, Bath stone, salt, and other heavy goods are lying about the wharves, or are being unloaded from the ugly barges at the water's edge. Hard work, too, it must be—to keep passing in and out of a barge over a narrow plank, with a sack-load on your back every time. All the buildings and offices on the wharf are of a shaky, tumble-down appearance, with patched-up roofs and broken windows; but well-dressed clerks, and sleek-looking managers and employers, may be seen coming and going, so we suspect a deal of money is made in these hovels, in spite of their poverty-stricken look.

And now, as we turn our eyes towards the Angel again, we see we have arrived nearly at our journey's end, for the road is becoming quite smart with its rows of trees and trim gardens in front of the balconied houses—as if indeed it had seen the folly of its former ways, repented of its lapses from respectability, and was brightening itself up before entering busy Islington.

A. H.