

till they begin to change colour ; as soon as they do, remove the stewpan from the fire, but keep on stirring ; the process of cooking, as we have said before, goes on some time after the stew-pan is removed. As soon as they are sufficiently brown, place them on some blotting-paper in order that all the grease may be soaked up.

The blotting-paper can be placed in front of the fire, and the bread-crumbs tossed lightly about with a fork. The bread-crumbs can be made hot in the oven when required for use, but should not be allowed to remain in too long, as they are apt to get too hard and crisp, and thereby get converted into tooth-breakers.

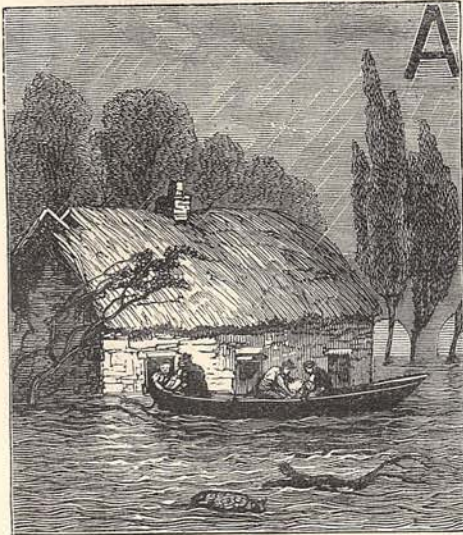
As we have said before, game, at any rate in this country, is far too good a thing to be left to the last, and then to be brought forward only in mouthfuls. The fact is, we are all of us to a great extent creatures of habit. We, as a rule, do what other people do, without reasoning whether it is right or wrong, good or bad, but simply because we shrink from drawing out a line for ourselves, or because we fear to be thought eccentric. For instance, take an ordinary party of, say, ten persons at dinner at the present season. We cling

to soup, fish, entrées, and joint, and follow up with game, served in the same course with sweets, the latter often being expensive to make, and uncared for by the majority. Suppose we change our dinner into, first, a little good clear soup ; secondly, a good haunch of mutton, well kept and well cooked, and let this be followed by some game in sufficient quantity. When we are by ourselves, we own probably we could manage half-a-grouse after "a cut off the joint." Why therefore not save the money too often wasted over second-rate entrées and sweets intended more to please the eye than the palate, and spend it in giving a dinner which, if not quite in the fashion, will at any rate please ?

Were this done, you might be certain of one point, that your house will be considered one at which it is worth while dining.

A glass of champagne cold, but not frozen, at dinner, followed by a good bottle of claret, say Château Margaux (which may be placed on a top shelf in the kitchen during the day to bring out its flavour), after dinner, will have the effect of sending home your guests enabled to say from their hearts, or at any rate their stomachs, "I have dined." A. G. PAYNE.

FAMOUS FLOODS.



A FLOOD is one of the most terrible calamities that can befall an industrious people. Think of it ; picture a province, but yesterday t h e

preserve their offspring. Some perish by mishap, and some by stupidity. And when the torrent has spent its rage, nothing will remain of all the smiling land but vast sheets of water, dotted with the roofs of houses and the tops of tall trees. Imagination, even stretched to the utmost, fails to conjure up the scene in anything like its real gloom and desolation.

The late floods, which have made such havoc in France, have suggested to us to gather together a few notes regarding disasters of a similar nature which have happened since the beginning of the century. We need not go abroad to seek examples of misfortune : floods, as well as fires, have often come knocking at our own door. Only eleven years have passed since about two hundred and fifty lives were lost and £327,000 worth of property was destroyed at Sheffield, by the bursting of the Bradfield Reservoir, eight miles above the town. It was on the 11th of March, 1864, and at midnight—for a great catastrophe thinks nothing of the treachery of surprising men in their sleep.

scene of busy life, and to-day overwhelmed by an inundation. No matter how it has arisen ; there is the dark water rolling on in its strength, bearing everything before it. The harvests in the fields, the grain in the granaries, and the wealth in the warehouses are swept away ; cattle and furniture, carts and wagons, bridges and farm-buildings—all are alike to the pitiless flood. Horsemen ride about, warning bewildered peasants to fly for dear life ; boats pass to and fro, picking people from the tottering house-tops to which they cling. Some are overtaken by the waters ; children are drowned in their cradles, mothers in their efforts to

The low-lying part of Sheffield, and the country for twelve or fourteen miles round, were flooded. Entire villages were swept away, huge manufactories, mills, and warehouses fell before the roaring torrent. In the town itself the scene was heartrending. People who were in the streets when the flood first came hurrying down told that in the stillness of the night there was suddenly a loud, long, and terrible roar. It increased in intensity, and as they stood listening and wonder-stricken, there came sounding above the roar a sudden hissing noise, as of waters dashing on a rock. This

was quickly followed by piercing shrieks, first distant and then drawing nearer, until up the street in every direction, away from the flow of the river, there ran hundreds of persons in their night-dresses, some dragging little children by the hand, others half dressed, tripping and falling; and from many the same terrible exclamation came, and nothing more—

“Oh, God! the flood! the flood!”

For the sufferers by this terrible event much sympathy was excited, and £52,751 was collected by April of the following year.

Several years before—on the 5th of February, 1852—a flood of a somewhat similar nature, and much more destructive to property, happened at Holmfirth, a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, not far from

serious floods in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, the inundation spreading over tracts of country never known to be under water before. Mines were flooded, mills were thrown down, farms were destroyed, roads and railways were rendered impassable. There was a great deal of suffering in consequence at Leeds, Manchester, Preston, Wakefield, and other towns. About twenty lives were lost at the place first mentioned.

Turning now from England to Scotland, we find that the most famous of all inundations on the other side of the Border are the “Moray Floods.” These happened in August, 1829, and not only left a lasting impression on the public mind, but were made the subject of a book, which created a great sensation.



“SAVED BY TAKING REFUGE ON ELEVATED PIECES OF GROUND” (p. 633).

Huddersfield. The embankment of the Bilberry Reservoir, situated above the village, gave way, and the whole mass of pent-up water, about fifty feet in depth, was set free. It went pouring down a narrow valley, sweeping before it rocks, bridges, houses, and human beings. About a hundred people lost their lives. In many cases whole families were drowned in company.

The damage to property was estimated on this occasion at £600,000. £45,000 was raised in a short time for the relief of those unhappily rendered destitute.

Another serious English flood happened in the beginning of May, 1862, when the outfall sluice at St. Germain's, near King's Lynn, burst, and the tidal waters of the Ouse spread over ten thousand acres of rich land. Farmers and peasantry were involved in one common ruin, and the amount of damage done was set down at £25,000.

About the middle of November, 1866, there were

The author was Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and from his pages we have drawn the illustrations which accompany this article. During the floods the Spey and Findhorn rose in some places fifty feet above their ordinary level.

So great was the rapidity with which the Spey came down, that a merchant of Aberlour who happened to be on the low-lying ground beside the river at the time was obliged to fly to a tree for refuge. He remained in the tree for about five hours, uttering the most distressing cries for that assistance which could not be given. At last he was caught up by the rising torrent and drowned.

The destruction to property was immense. In the wasted district nothing was to be seen but desolation: huge trees were uprooted, gardens were stripped of their fruit, fields of corn nearly ripe lay entirely under water. The Findhorn made almost a clean sweep of everything within reach.

In the plain of Forres the inundation covered more

than twenty square miles. Much of the wrecked district was very beautiful. Before these floods, it was said, was the Garden of Eden: after them was a desolate wilderness.

Fortunately, the damage to property was about the worst of it. "Amidst all the terrors and dangers," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "of this unexampled calamity, where thousands of lives were placed in jeopardy, the instances of providential deliverances were so numerous and so extraordinary, that throughout so great an extent of flooded rivers we have only the loss of eight human lives to deplore!" Many families were saved by taking refuge on elevated pieces of ground, just like the poor unfortunates who are huddled together in one of our engravings.

France has been particularly subject to disasters of the kind under consideration, and several of its great rivers bear an ill reputation for their floods. The Garonne at present stands conspicuous. With a comparatively short course and small basin, it carries an enormous volume of water to the sea; so when a flood does come, it has every opportunity for creating havoc. The most disastrous inundation on record till this year was that of 1772, when the river rose twenty-three feet above its ordinary level. The damage done was calculated at £800,000. Since the beginning of this century the great overflows of the Garonne have happened, oddly enough, every twenty years—namely, in 1815, 1835, 1855, and 1875. But no calamity has ever approached the last, either in the height of the overflow or in the amount of damage.

The Rhone and Saone were the scene of an awful inundation in the beginning of November, 1840. The latter river poured its waters into the former, broke through its banks, and covered sixty thousand acres. Lyons was inundated; a hundred houses were swept away in Avignon, two hundred and eighteen at La Guillotière, and more than three hundred at Vaise, Marseilles, and Nismes. The Saone, it was said—though such reports are not always strictly to be relied upon—had not attained such a height for two hundred and thirty-eight years.

The close of 1846 was made memorable by disastrous inundations in the centre, west, and south-west of France. Many bridges were swept away, including the Orleans and Vierzon Viaduct, which had cost about a quarter of a million sterling. The total damage done exceeded £4,000,000. On the night of the 22nd of October the Loire rose twenty feet.

We come now to the memorable floods of 1856.

These happened in the end of May and beginning of June. Whole departments in the south were laid under water, and the central and western districts afterwards shared the same fate. The country round Chalons, Tours, Macon, and Lyons was like an inland sea. People were surprised by the inundation in the middle of the night, and had to start out of bed, hurry away half-dressed, and wade to shelter. The streets of many towns could be traversed only by boats. At the Orleans Railway Station the water reached the fourth storey of the building. At Tours it was ten feet deep. The immense slate quarries at Angers were submerged, and ten thousand men were thrown out of work. In some places entire villages, with many of their unfortunate inhabitants, were swept away.

When the floods began, the Emperor Napoleon III. set out at once from Paris for the afflicted districts.

Arrived at Lyons, he mounted on horseback and, with a bag full of gold, rode out among the homeless and destitute, listening to their tales of distress, and granting immediate relief. When the water was too deep for riding, he dismounted, took to a boat, and was rowed from alley to alley, and from house to house, on his errand of mercy. His patience, courage, and generosity won for him both admiration and gratitude at the time, but, unhappily, our good deeds are not always had in remembrance. The subscriptions in London for the relief of the sufferers by these floods amounted to £43,000.



AFTER THE FLOOD.

In September, 1866, there were again destructive floods in France in the valleys of the Seine and Loire, but all appear to have been exceeded by those of this year. That the extent of the latter has not been exaggerated, may be judged by a letter from Marshal MacMahon to his wife after he had visited the distressed quarters:—

"The battle-fields of Sebastopol, Italy, and Sedan," he says, "were nothing in comparison with the scene of desolation and misery I have just witnessed." The whole district through which the Garonne flows, to within a few leagues of Bordeaux, has been completely wrecked. Luxuriant corn-fields have been changed to mud-swamps, vineyards to deserts, whole villages have been carried away, innumerable herds of cattle drowned, hundreds of human beings have perished, thousands of families have been rendered homeless, and property has been destroyed to the amount of several millions.

When a civilised country is exposed to frequent visitation from such disasters as these, we may be sure that the causes have been minutely inquired into, and

that a remedy has been most anxiously sought for. After the floods in the valley of the Loire in 1856, the French Government called upon its most able engineers to consider what preventative measures should be taken. Their suggestions were various, but practical and economic objections seem to have interfered with the adoption of any of them. Hitherto the French Government has not availed itself of any other means of preventing inundations than those of planting forests, securing the soil in exposed localities by grading, and promoting the growth of grass and green-sward over the surface. "Every year a certain sum is expended in thus marking out zones along the banks of ravines, and securing them, sometimes with tenacious grasses, and, where necessary, by masonry. The rural population are said to acquiesce in the adoption of these means, which frequently involve a sacrifice on their part, and many districts are believed to have been rendered decidedly safer by the expenditure."

We have hitherto spoken only of inundations in our own country and in France, but were we to go farther a-field, what additional tales of horror might we not tell? In 1802, for example, a reservoir burst near Lorca, a city of Murcia, in Spain. It destroyed the city, flooded more than twenty leagues of land, and caused the death of a thousand people.

In 1811 the Danube overflowed near Presburg, and twenty-four villages, with their inhabitants, were swept away. Two years later the same river was the cause of another inundation, connected with which there is an incident as dramatic as it is melancholy. A Turkish corps of two thousand men occupied one of the islands in the middle of the river; the island was situated near Widdin. On the night of the 14th of September they were all wrapped in profound slumber, safe, to all

appearance, in the midst of their fortifications. Suddenly the torrent came sweeping down. A short scene of agony ensued, but it was in vain to struggle against the flood. Of all the two thousand men, not one escaped. When morning broke, the water had risen so high that not even the island was to be seen.

About the same time there were terrible inundations in different parts of the Continent. In Silesia six thousand inhabitants perished, and the floods greatly accelerated the ruin of the French army under Macdonald. In Poland four thousand lives are supposed to have been lost.

In March, 1816, the Vistula overflowed its banks, and did immense damage in Germany, both to life and property. In 1829 the same river caused an inundation at Dantzic. It broke through some of its dykes, destroying ten thousand head of cattle and four thousand houses. Many people lost their lives on the occasion.

Our catalogue of disaster is not at an end; we might tell of the floods of Vienna of 1830, when the dwellings of fifty thousand of the inhabitants were laid under water; of the flooding of Hamburg by the Elbe in 1855; of forty thousand acres submerged in Holland in 1861, and of many other catastrophes of a similar nature. But we must draw to a close. And we do so with one regret: it is that the necessity of being brief has compelled us to omit mentioning many incidents well worth recording in connection with these inundations.

They are a subject by themselves, and one which we might be proud to contemplate. It is in the midst of such disasters that humble life has a chance of doing heroic deeds, and, to the glory of humanity, it is a chance which has never yet been thrown away.

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.



and stood at a little distance, me with my hat off and Mary with her head bent down, till the service was over.

"IN the midst of life we are in death!" Those words sounded so quiet and solemn, that Mary and I stopped short close to the old-fashioned lych gate at the little churchyard; and then, as if we moved and thought together, we went in softly to the funeral,

There it all is again as I'm telling it to you, come back as fresh and clear as if I was looking at it now: a pretty little old-fashioned church, with a stone wall round the yard, where the graves lay pretty thick and close, but all looking green and flowery and old, a great clump of the biggest and oldest yew-trees I ever saw, and a tall thick hedge separating the churchyard from the clergyman's house. The sun was shining brightly, turning the lichen-covered roofs of the church and the vicarage into gold; from the trees close by came the faint twittering of birds, and away past the village houses bathed in the bright afternoon sunshine there were the fields of crimson clover, and the banks full of golden broom and gorse. Over all was a sense of such peace and silence that it seemed as if there was nothing terrible, only a quiet sadness in the funeral, with its few mourners standing by the open grave, and the grey-haired clergyman standing by; and last of all, when Mary and I went up and looked into the grave, and read on the coffin-plate, "Aged 77," one couldn't help feeling that the poor soul had only gone to sleep tired with a long life.