

"I know you could, Nelly, and you shall furnish everything if you like next time."

When she returned, I set Bidly to peel and halve the onions. While this operation was in progress, I told my class the proportions of our ingredients: half a pound of onions, half a pound of bread-crumbs, a tea-spoonful of dried sage, half a tea-spoonful of thyme, half a tea-spoonful of pepper, a little salt, and two ounces of fat bacon.

"Now, Bidly, put the onions in the saucepan, and let them boil for ten minutes. Now drain away the water from them, and chop them, but not too fine. Mix them with the bread-crumbs, the herbs, the pepper and salt, and the fat, which you see I have just melted."

While she had been employed in chopping up the onions, I had melted the fat in the saucepan from which they had just been taken.

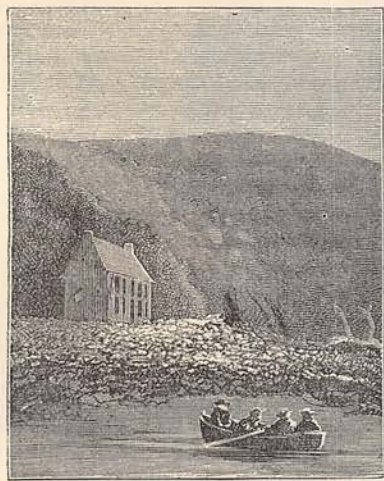
She obeyed my directions, and I then put the

mixture into a greased basin, which I tied up in a cloth, plunged into the pot, and left to boil an hour and a quarter. The result was excellent. The women's exclamations of admiration when, at some expense of scalded fingers, I untied the string and turned the pudding out upon the dish, round in form, smoking hot, and savoury in smell, well repaid me for my previous anxiety.

"Dear, but it is the darling pudding!" cried Nelly McBride, "an' sure I ha' the onions, an' thyme, an' sage handy; an' the bit o' fat bacon, an' the white bread is handy too, when I ha' the halfpence. I'll make the pudding to-morrow, an' if Mrs. Anderson would look in, the way she did at Bidly's, maybe she would tell me if it was right."

This observation was not directly addressed to me, but I replied by cordially accepting the timid invitation, and went home feeling encouraged to continue my cooking lessons. LETITIA MCCLINTOCK.

## AN UNKNOWN CHANNEL ISLAND.



IN the early summer of last year, being on a visit to Guernsey (for a catalogue of the beauties of which spot I refer you to your favourite guide-books), I received an invitation from a friend to embark on a voyage to the island I am about to describe.

"It's only a few miles," he said; "we take the steamer to Herm, which you can see clearly in the distance, and then jump into a row-boat and get across to Jethou." Jethou, reader, is the name of my island, and I feel disposed to believe that you have never even heard of it before. I will not enter into the particulars of the objections I raised at the time, principally on account of my unseamanlike constitution, as they would not prove interesting; suffice it to say that I was ultimately persuaded to join in the enterprise, and after a full year's reflection I see no reason to repent the determination I arrived at. Like Captain Cuttle, I am in the habit of making notes, and according to the memoranda of a certain day in June, 1877, I started from the quay at Guernsey, in company with my friend and his gamekeeper, *en route* for the island of Jethou. Arrived at Herm, we deposited ourselves in a small boat which was lowered

from the steamer, and a stalwart specimen of the British mariner set to work to ferry us across the narrow strip of sea which divides Herm from Jethou. The nautical gentleman had all he could do to keep the boat's head towards the place of our destination, as the tide swirled along at a tremendous pace. There is no pier, no quay, no landing-stage of any description at Jethou; there is not even a patch of sand or a shelving beach on which to run your boat. In place of those luxuries there is a fringe of nice sharp boulders, in circumference from four feet upwards, green as grass and slippery as ice. On these tempting perches we were compelled to land, and then commenced a pilgrimage across a stony waste of about 100 yards in extent. Compared to this infliction a promenade on an equal distance of unrolled granite cubes (the delight of our enlightened vestries) would have been simple bliss. However, this temporary trouble was got over—a few ugly gashes in my thin boots remaining as a memorial of the brief martyrdom. We made for what looked like a very tumble-down sort of house, with outbuildings attached, situate some 150 yards from the spot of our debarkation, and on our way I inquired where were the people, and what were they doing, as there was not a human being visible. My friend referred me to the gamekeeper, whereupon I asked him the number of the inhabitants. "Three, including ourselves, sir." This was his idea of wit, and not so bad for a gamekeeper, either. "Then the island is uninhabited?" It was, and had been for some years. Never before had I felt so much like Robinson Crusoe, not because I was monarch of all I surveyed, for I wasn't, but because the sensation of finding myself on an uninhabited island, somehow or other, irresistibly recalled the surroundings of Defoe's hero. At that moment, when

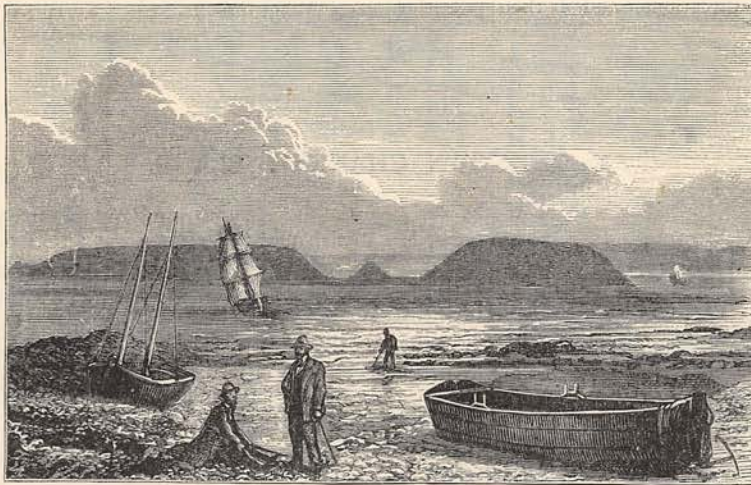


the startling fact was first communicated to me, I do believe that I should have accepted the appearance of a horde of savages in their war-paint as a very proper and natural adjunct to the scene. I do not think so now. Gaining the house, it was found to be in a most dilapidated condition, almost innocent of glass, and doubtful as to window-frames. It had been the bailiff's residence in times gone by; and since its desertion the fishermen of neighbouring islands had somewhat failed in their endeavours to discern the proper limits of the rights of property; in less delicate language, they had, from time to time, completely sacked the place. At the time I visited the island a considerable reward was offered for the conviction of trespassers. Leaving this melancholy spectacle, we proceeded up-hill and inland towards what had once been the residence of the late tenant, a gentle-

netles and mighty docks, the straggling fruit-trees grown all but barren for want of pruning, and the terraces absolutely rotting to pieces—it presented an appearance of desolation and neglect not easy to be forgotten. A verse or two of Shelley's exquisite poem, "The Sensitive Plant," occurred to me as I gazed on this mournful scene, and the following words of the poet fittingly describe the then aspect of the spot:—

"And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,  
And the dock, and the henbane, and hemlock dank  
Stretched out its long and hollow shank,  
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.  
And plants, at whose name the verse feels loth,  
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth."

Before leaving the subject of the house and its surroundings, I ought to mention that the former is credited with the possession of a real ghost. The



JETHOU.

man, one may fairly assume, of a somewhat retiring disposition. On our way we passed what *had* been cornfields, or, at all events, ploughed land, now overrun with weeds and wild flowers of every description. It was pitiable to see a broad expanse of land in such a deplorable condition. On reaching the principal residence, or King of Jethou's palace—which shall we call it?—we found that it was, if possible, in a worse condition than its dismantled neighbour. There were huge gaps in the flooring, boards that fell to powder under our feet, and sheets of plaster that came tumbling from the walls in response to the vibration caused by our footsteps. Swallows had selected the dining-room and kitchen as desirable spots for the rearing of their offspring, and I found a number of eggs and young birds in both of these well-ventilated rooms. Windows were *non est*, and doors at a heavy premium. But to my eyes the most heart-rending sight of all was the garden. Originally laid out in terraces, one of which commanded an uninterrupted view of the sea and the adjacent islands, it must in its palmy days have been one of the sweetest spots imaginable, but now—its flowers choked with

gamekeeper informed me that he and a companion lived in it for some time when the present tenant entered upon his property, in order to protect the island from further pillage at the hands of the fishing gentry before alluded to. On one occasion, when both the men were up-stairs, but in different rooms, a voice was heard below, "Come down; I want you!" Both accordingly came down, and met on the ground-floor. Neither had called, and there was no one else on the island. *Verb. sap.* Moreover, strange noises were heard at night, a circumstance which does not appear to me to be very extraordinary, when we remember the free access of the wind. "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave to tell us this." Leaving the building, we now proceeded to make a tour of the island, an undertaking which involved a walk of about two miles, that being its estimated circumference. Have you ever had your pathway blocked by butterflies? *I* have, and Jethou was the scene of the blockade. Hundreds of thousands of small brown butterflies (*I* wish *I* was sufficient entomologist to specify them) swarmed around me, and as *I* did not wish to swallow them, or to snare them in my whiskers,



I was actually compelled to come to a full stop and whisk them away with a pocket-handkerchief. They literally covered the wild flowers and brakes through which we waded.

Accessible from Jethou at low tide is a conical mass of rock about 300 feet in height, on the summit of which a white landmark has been fixed by a paternal Government. The tide happening to be low on the occasion of our visit, we determined to make for this rock, and, if possible, get to the top of it. I shall never forget that climb. Very much like the side of a house, and with very little more to catch hold of. But we did get up, all three of us, and were well rewarded for our pains (properly, foolhardiness). We obtained a magnificent view, and found ourselves—think of this, O ye Londoners!—in the land of sea-gulls. Their harsh cries sounded on every side of us, and they appeared very loth to quit their ground as we toiled higher and higher. We found eggs—about the size of a turkey's egg—which the gamekeeper pronounced, with what amount of accuracy I do not know, to be those of sea-gulls; and we also captured a young curlew (it looked to me more like a week-old chick), which we proposed to carry off, but the piteous cries of the mother, as she circled above our heads, softened our hearts, and we allowed the youngster to trot off. I omitted to say that in no instance were the eggs found in a nest—indeed, we saw no nest—but were laid on the bare rock, fully exposed to wind and rain. Spartan mothers, those sea-gulls! At the summit and on every plateau the rock was strewn with limpet-shells, the remains of bygone "fish dinners." It seemed odd to find comparatively fresh shells at such an elevation. How the gulls persuade the

limpets to quit their hold of the rocks below I cannot say, but my own persuasive powers, added to a big stone, failed to move them on several occasions. Reminded by our guide that we had better hasten if we did not wish to spend the night on the rock, we scrambled down somehow or other, slightly bruised, perhaps, but with no hurt of consequence, and, completing our circuit of the island, reached our boat after a stay of nearly four hours. It would perhaps be as well to mention the real object of our visit. We came to "lay down" rabbits, a supply of those rodents being brought over by the gamekeeper. For some years past the stock of rabbits—the only game on the island—has been very small, and the present proprietor intends to raise a large supply for the various markets. Sheep will be—and perhaps have been—added to the live-stock, and with these two commodities, so far as I know, the commercial importance of the island ceases. Jethou is the property of the Crown, and is leased out at a rental of about £30 per annum. Who would not wish to purchase a regalia and proclaim himself King of Jethou? No standing army, no gas or water rate, and no friends in the chronic state of having left their purses at home. Perfect peace—

"As round our isle the azure billow roars,  
From all the world dividing *Jethou's* shores!"

The shade of Pye will understand the italics, which are my own. What is the present condition of the island and its appurtenances I do not know, but it is quite possible that those interested in its well-being may now be able to say with—who was the author of the saying?—well, with some one, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*" I shall take an opportunity of judging for myself.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

## CROWNED IN SUMMER.

**A**MORN when quivering lights and shadows fall  
Athwart the fair luxuriance of the trees;  
A morn when summer voices lightly call,  
And come and go with every passing breeze;  
When bees about the clover hum a tune,  
And idle streamlets purl a listless song for June.  
A morn when all the hedgerows glimmer white  
With summer snow, scattered by hawthorn flowers;  
A morn when Nature trembles with delight,  
And Love is lingering in the golden hours,  
And hiding 'mongst the purple shades that lie  
Where the dim forest fringes meet the bending sky.  
Fair Lettice from her morning dreams awoke,  
And lo, her heart was softly murmuring  
An echoing joy, that into rapture broke  
As she the casement open wide did fling,  
And felt the balmy air, whose sweet perfume,  
From dewy flowers distilled, as incense filled the room.  
Lettice was dwelling in a golden land,  
Bright with warm sunshine, where a monarch  
reigned  
Despotic; yet so loved was his command,

Each despotism fresh devotion gained;  
And each new chain her king about her cast  
Seemed forged of purest gold, more precious than the  
last.  
She looked into her mirror, where she saw  
A young face flushed and fair as fair might be;  
And thinking of her king, and his sweet law,  
She wondered if a queen he there might see;  
And so a-dreaming still she hummed a song  
All idly, "Love me little, love me long."  
Outside loud cawed the noisy busy rook,  
And ever and again the cuckoo's cry  
Resounded through the woods, and with it took  
Her thoughts to one bright day of spring gone by  
When first she heard it, and her fair cheek burned  
As she her pocket-piece within her pocket turned,  
And wished in simple faith a wish, that she  
Must till its consummation secret keep.  
Ah! would the secret shared by two might be,  
And joy through it into her heart might creep;  
For if the charm but worked, her king was won  
And she would be the happiest maiden 'neath the sun.