

I told him while we were at dinner all that I knew of her, when, Lady Eustace rising, we retired upstairs.

Soon after this Lady Eustace was for some time very ill, and I had not a moment to write to Ida. I had to read aloud, write all Lady Eustace's letters, and receive her visitors, besides many other less interesting duties, which occupied every minute. When she was able to leave her room, her medical attendant advised her again to go to Verona, and I cannot express my delight while making all necessary preparations for our departure.

The first Sunday after our arrival I begged leave to go out for a few hours, and bent my steps towards Ida's humble dwelling. She must have seen me from the little lattice window, for she opened the door before I had time to knock, and threw herself into my arms.

"Oh, I'm so happy, and I owe all my

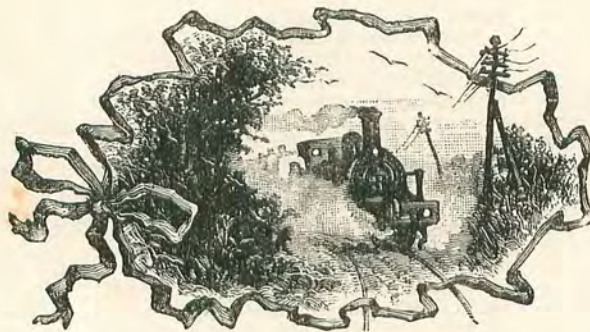
happiness to you!" she exclaimed. "Fancy I, the poor little *blanchisseuse*, am going to be married. And oh, Marion, he has promised that my mother, and you too, dear, shall come and live with us! He is so good, and so handsome; and I do love him so."

All this she said so hurriedly and with such joy, and with her heart overflowing with happiness, that it seemed to stun me. But after entering the little sitting-room I began to understand that her soul was freed from all its sorrows, and that a new creed had become hers—a belief in happiness.

A few days after Lady Eustace's dinner party, Lord C— (who was the culprit) left England, and by presenting a letter from his brother to Ida's mother (his brother having been once in her husband's regiment) was well received, and soon became a constant and welcome visitor to the little cottage near Verona. He had wooed and

won the daughter, and through his influence provided a good appointment for her brother in a bank in Scotland; he had overloaded the poor mother with fruit, flowers, and every article of luxury; and a few weeks after my arrival in Verona we went to the wedding, and saw Ida married, and her happiness completed by her dear mother being with her. But Mrs. St. Clair's anxiety about her children no longer detaining her on earth, she quietly sank to sleep a year after her daughter's marriage, but not before she had given her blessing to a little wee Ida, whom the proud mother placed in her grandmother's arms.

I am installed as nursery governess, for I would insist on coming on those terms only. But my sweet Ida makes the post an easy one, and I am nearly as happy as she is, for my dear Ida, instead of trudging about with a basket of lace, has nothing heavier to carry than a basket of Cupid's roses.



MR. WM. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN "THE FAYUM," EGYPT.

WITH SOMETHING OF BENEFICENT RULERS, CROCODILES, MUMMIES, AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

By MRS. HOLMAN HUNT.

PART I.

THE Father of History, after telling us in his most fascinating manner, and out of the volume of his own experience, about the people of Egypt, their modes of living, their ceremonies in death, their beasts, birds, fishes, and trees, goes on to write for us their traditional history.

He says: "Thus far have I spoken of Egypt of my own observation, relating what I myself saw, the ideas that I found, and the result of my own researches. What follows, rests upon the account given me by the Egyptians."

He says that the priests tell of a certain king named "Men," or "Menis," who came to rule in Egypt at the time when the gods ceased to reign there; that he raised a dyke to keep the Nile within bounds, and that he built the city called Memphis, meaning "the haven of good men," "the good station."

There is no monument left to us of the time of King Menis, and his name must remain amongst the heroes, perhaps, as only the mythic "establisher" of the kingdom. However this may be, the earliest evidence that his name was known in Egypt is in 1440 B.C. Herodotus goes on to say that the founder of Memphis was succeeded by over three hundred monarchs, one of whom was a queen, and of her all that we hear is that she pursued the murderers of her brother with a terrible revenge, inviting them to a banquet in an underground chamber, into which she let flow the river, and so drowned them.

Then followed kings leaving no trace behind them, until came one whose name was Moëris.

This ruler made the great lake called after him, and he built the Labyrinth at Hawara, of which much remains to be said.

It is above this Labyrinth of Amenemhat III. (or Moëris, as Herodotus calls him), and other ruins in the great Fayum basin, lying to the west of the Nile around Lake Moëris, that Mr. Flinders Petrie has been working, and is still at work, and to him and those who have supported him* we owe the interesting collection of Greek and Roman Egyptian treasures, which were shown in the year 1888 in London at the Egyptian Hall (an institution founded early in this century by an Italian named Belzoni, the son of a poor barber, who became the pioneer of the late Egyptian exploration, bringing to this country, among other treasures, the "young Memnon," and Sarcophagus of Psammiticus, both now in the British Museum).

Mr. Petrie tells us that he pitched his tent by the side of a great mound, hard by a mill, in the neighbourhood of the modern town "Medinet al Fayum," accompanied by his faithful Mohammed, and Mohammed's little nephew, Omar, to act as watch-dog. Soon he gathered together workmen from a village distant enough to ensure their devotion to the service, and that they could neither carry the treasure-trove away, nor deposit modern imitations among the ruins.

The present town is the fourth that has been built upon the spot. In the remote ages the country was known as "the land of the

lake," and was called "Shed," meaning "saved from the lake." Of the good king who built this city, it was said in his day—"He gave to the humble, and made the weak to live; he caused the afflicted to cease from their affliction, and their cries to be heard no more; he brought it to pass that none hungered nor thirsted in the land; he gave such orders to his servants as continually increased the love of his people towards him." Besides all this benevolence, Amenemhat I. was a great warrior and hunter. "He stood on the boundaries of his land to keep watch over its borders; he hunted the lion, and brought back the crocodile a prisoner."

The city of this great monarch passed away, and on its ruins rose "Crocodilopolis," sacred to the crocodile. Here it was that Strabo, the geographer, who was born sixty years before Christ, when visiting a great man of the place, was conducted to the edge of the lake, and by his host shown the sacred animal, whose name was "Souchos." It was so tame as to allow itself to be stroked by the priest, who fed it with bread, meat, and wine; and on the occasion of Strabo's visit, his host having chosen from the feast both cake, roast meat, and wine, offered each in turn to the crocodile, while the devoted priests opened the gaping jaws; this done, the creature turned haughtily back, and made its way to the opposite side of the water, where fresh offerings awaited it.

Herodotus, telling how Souchos is "taught to be tame and tractable," says, "They adorn his ears with ear-rings of molten stone or gold, and put bracelets on his fore-paws, giving him

* Mr. Jesse Haworth and Mr. Martyn Kennard. Mr. Petrie refers graciously to the "sweet mercy" of having had the efficient help and sympathy of these gentlemen with that of other friends.

daily a set portion of bread and number of victims, and after having treated him with the greatest possible attention while alive, they embalm him when he dies, and bury him in a sacred repository. A more matter-of-fact report of this ugly beast and its sacred uses is given by another historian, who wrote at the time of Christ. He says, "Many naturally ask how an animal which devours men can have been considered worthy of the respect shown to the gods. They answer that not only the river, but the crocodiles, are a defence to the country, for the robbers of Arabia and Africa, who would pillage the land, dare not swim across the river, from the number of those animals, and one great impediment would be removed if they were hunted or destroyed."

He tells us also that in a historical tale it is related that Moeris being driven by his dogs into the lake of his own making, was miraculously taken up by a crocodile and carried to the shore, in commemoration of which benefit the king built the City of Crocodiles, ordering Divine honours to be paid to the animals, and assigning the lake for their maintenance; how the king built there a tomb for himself, and a labyrinth which was also a tomb for the sacred animals, these buildings being "the admiration of all who beheld them." A modern writer finds that the Egyptians had a very practical reason for giving a sacred importance to the crocodile in such towns as were built on canals at some distance from the Nile; for, these animals, being unable to go far on dry land, require the canals to be constantly clear (their presence, in fact, insuring that water is fit for use). Where the crocodile was held to be a necessary object of worship, then, the water-courses must be kept clear for its passage.

In this and kindred superstitions we shall ever find something beyond what seems to us a mere whimsical folly at the root of them—a reflection not altogether useless in an age which is too apt to think itself entrusted with all secrets. For it should not be supposed that the thinking and educated classes in Egypt believed in the "thousand gods" of the masses of the uneducated people. These leaders of untaught multitudes believed in the unity of God, and taught that this single Being was the "sole producer of all things in heaven and earth, the only true living God, Himself not produced of any, who exists from the beginning, who has made all things, but has not Himself been made, all wise, Almighty, all supreme." Of Him it is sung that "He is not graven in marble; He is not beheld; His abode is not known; there is no building that can contain Him; His commencement is from the beginning; He is the God who has existed from old time—there is no God without Him."

A like instance of the origin of superstitions is to be found in the worship given in other cities to the ichneumon, which, Diodorus says, was chiefly held in repute because it, in its turn, destroys the eggs of the crocodile, thus "hindering the animals from rendering the Nile unapproachable by their multitude, so that it is unsafe for anyone to wash his feet, or draw water at the river."

This ancient writer gives a humorous account of the ingenuity of the little animal against its unwieldy enemy. He sets it down that the ichneumon, "covering itself with a coat of mud, watches the moment when the crocodile, coming out of the river, sleeps upon the sand-bank with its open mouth turned towards the wind," and adroitly rolling down the gaping jaws, penetrates the entrails of the crocodile, and gnawing its way through the body, makes its escape! Whether the modern ichneumon, which is sometimes domesticated in Egypt, has degenerated in its cunning character we do not know; but we hear nothing of the animal of the nineteenth century acting so

ingeniously. Near the ancient city of the crocodile's glory, and hard by the site of the labyrinth, were found multitudes of their skeletons, varying in size from infants up to 15 feet.

For centuries the "tongueless beast, with eyes like a pig, teeth large and tusk-like," with its "strong claws and scaly skin," enjoyed divine honours and sepulchre in the labyrinth tombs of kings; but in the course of time there came conquerors to Egypt, invaders both of tribes and nations. Assyrian and Persian swept over the land, destroying the gods of Egypt and doing dishonour to her monuments, till at length the great Alexander, in his search for fresh worlds to conquer, led his armies into Africa, where he was welcomed as a deliverer from the yoke of the Persians; for, contrary to the custom of all previous conquerors, the magnanimous Greek respected the shrines and mysteries of the religion of the vanquished nation, and so led on his hosts among a people who gladly received him.

Sailing up the Nile, after his far-famed visit to the Temple of Ammon, he founded the city of Alexandria, which remains to us a memorial of this great man and conqueror.

On his death at Babylon, when asked to name a successor, Alexander answered, "The most worthy," and, in pursuance of the will of the dying ruler, the governance of Egypt fell to the lot of his general, Ptolemy, an enlightened and energetic ruler, who originated the greatness of the city of his master by founding its famous museum and library. He and his successors glorified the new city until it stood next in magnificence to Rome and Antioch; and within its walls were gathered together such men as Euclid the mathematician, Apelles the painter, Theocritus the poet, and others among the most cultured Greeks of that day.

Before his death Ptolemy handed over the governance to his son, who bore his father's name with the addition of Philadelphus; he followed in his father's steps, and it was probably under his direction that the translation was made of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek, called the Septuagint. This second Ptolemy was also a patron of natural history, and founded a zoological gardens for the ancient Egyptians.

And now the time had come for the crocodile to yield up its right to the city "saved from the waters," which was to receive its name from a fairer sponsor, "Arsinoë," the wife of Ptolemy, after whom her husband renamed Crocodilopolis, a name which has only yielded in modern times to that of Fayum, the present village.

Of the city of so great repute and so many names nothing now remains; the cultivated fields grow above it, and the explorers in their search finding only a few coins, of date as late as Constantine, pushed on, with an increased band of workers, to Hawara, the site of the wondrous labyrinth.

We are sometimes, in despair, inclined to think that the spirit of destruction is of altogether modern growth; and as we see the wanton demolition of to-day, to say within ourselves, "Were there ever days like these days for indifference to monuments and history?" But in considering the past, one is persuaded to admit that it is the nearness of the crime that magnifies it in one's eyes (and truly in these days it is the more iniquitous that in the lapse of years we should not have learnt the pricelessness of all that tells of the history of a world now silenced for us). But in all ages and among all peoples, present expediency has ridden superior over sentiment for the past.

When, more than 3,000 years ago, Themistocles incited the Greeks to build their wall round Athens, pillars from tombs and monuments were pressed into the service. Upon

invading Alaric and his Goths, the Faun of Praxiteles with tombs and statues were hurled from their places. The inscribed stones of a mausoleum went to decorate St. Peter's, and here in Hawara, the great labyrinth, of which Herodotus said that it "surpassed description," has been rifled and completely destroyed. The Romans for generations used the site as a quarry for stone and lime, and the tombs near by bear trace of having been completely plundered in classic times. It is rare now to find even a piece of pavement remaining. Among the few blocks found lying on the surface by Mr. Petrie, was part of a granite column, with these words of the sovereign Sebeknefera: "Her monument to her father for ever." Poor queen! there is little danger that the "dust on antique time should lie unswept." Railway engineers have quarried the very foundations of the labyrinth for stone!

For a description of this gigantic monument of ancient Egypt we cannot do better than refer to our enthusiastic historian, who says of it—"I visited this place and found it to surpass description; for if all the walls and other great works of the Greeks could be put together in one, they would not equal, either for labour or expense, this labyrinth, and yet the Temple of Ephesus is a building worthy of note, and so is the Temple of Samos. The pyramids, likewise, surpass description, and are severally equal to a number of the greatest works of the Greeks, but the labyrinth surpasses the pyramids. It has twelve courts, all of them roofed, with gates exactly opposite one another, six looking to the north and six to the south. A single wall surrounds the entire building. There are two different sorts of chambers throughout, half underground, half above ground, the latter built upon the former; the whole number of these chambers is three thousand fifteen hundred of each kind. The upper chambers I myself passed through and saw, and what I say concerning them is from my own observation; of the underground chambers I can only speak from report, for the keepers of the building could not be got to show them, since they contained (as they said) the sepulchres of the kings who built the labyrinth, and also those of the sacred crocodiles. Thus it is from hearsay only that I can speak of the lower chambers. The upper chambers, however, I saw with my own eyes, and found them to excel all other human productions, for the passages through the houses, and the varied windings of the paths across the courts, excited in me infinite admiration, as I passed from the courts into chambers, and from the chambers into colonnades, and from the colonnades into fresh houses, and again from these into courts unseen before. The roof was throughout of stone, like the walls; and the walls were carved all over with figures. Every court was surrounded with a colonnade, which was built of white stones, exquisitely fitted together. At the corner of the labyrinth stands a pyramid, forty fathoms high, with large figures engraved on it, which is entered by a subterranean passage. Wonderful as is the labyrinth, the work called the Lake of Moeris, which is close by the labyrinth, is yet more astonishing.

"Four thousand years have come and gone; the lake no longer supplies revenues for a queen's wardrobe and perfumes, and the temple of 'the Sun of Justice,' 'the Beloved,' is quarried for a railway.

"Oh, Egypt, Egypt! Of thy worship only rumours will be preserved, and even these will seem incredible to the coming generations. Only words will be preserved on the stones to tell of thy pious deeds." Thus spoke Apuleius, the gifted Carthaginian, 1700 years ago, and so it is at this day, to our great loss.

(To be concluded.)

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CHAPTER II.

THE CEMETERY OF HAWARA.

WHEN one of us who is still in the flesh makes his way between a sad row of mummies, he may not escape the reflection that Alaric

says, "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh* is sold for balsam," and we in our turn must

it is evident that the cemetery was in constant use by a people of a mixed nation, as is proved by the names inscribed, and, at a later date, by the portraits preserved so wonderfully in the dry sandy soil.



was not altogether fanciful in his subtle device to turn the course of a river to conceal the place of his burial, nor Attila altogether reasonless in his triple coffin of gold, silver,

say, "where research prompts, our age does not lack miners."

Lying round about the Labyrinth is the cemetery of Hawara, the field to which Mr. Petrie turned for the greater part of his discoveries.

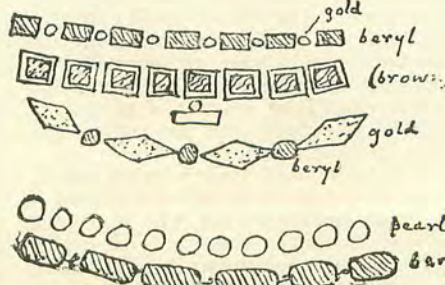
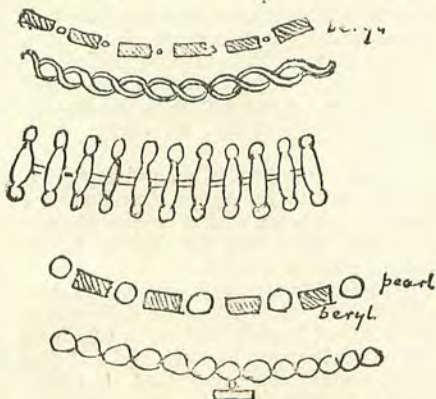
Early Egyptian mummifying is not represented here, all such, with which it was the habit to bury treasures of ornament, having been plundered long ago.

After the arrival of the Ptolemies in Egypt,

The ancient aversion to foreigners (who were in the earliest days forbidden even to touch at an Egyptian port) had been already shaken in the days when King Psammiticus invited



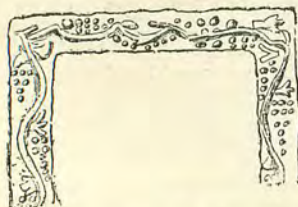
and iron. When brought face to face with the poor shrivelled relics of a man, in this Egyptian effort to perpetuate his identity, we have before our eyes the most eloquent proof



SOME OF THE JEWELLERY IN THE PAINTINGS.



Greeks to settle on the coast, and now, with the arrival of the Ptolemies, the division wall began still further to give way, and the two peoples married together. One of the later results of this inroad of Europeans into Egypt is seen in the painted portraits which



EMBOSSED FRAME IN GESSOWORK.



GOLD EMBOSSED PATTERN ON MOUNT OF PICTURE FRAME.

that good deeds are "the only balsam of our memories," and a noble life the sole "eternal habitation." The philosopher physician*

* Sir Thomas Browne.

* "Mummy" sold as artists' colour.

at this era began to decorate their mummies. The custom (already known in parts of Egypt) had now risen in the Fayum of keeping the mummified remains, decorated according to



ΔΙΔΥΜΟΤΗΤΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΙΔΥΜΟΤΗΤΟΣ

Maker's Memoranda
inside cartonnage head cases.



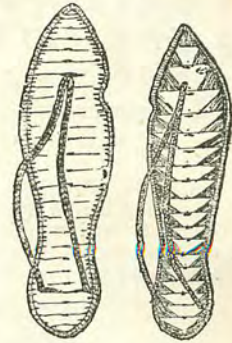
1. LATE PTOLEMAIC.
2. FIRST CENTURY, A.D.
3. ABOUT 120-140 A.D.
4. BANDAGING IN MANY LAYERS, 150-250 A.D.

the means of the survivors, either in the house or in a tomb chamber above-ground. Cicero tells us that some constructed a new apartment for the purpose in their own home. In the earlier days valuable relics had been interred with the mummy; but with those of a later date this is not found to have been the custom.

The magnificence of the mummy seems to

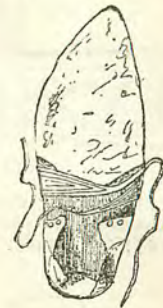
ration was not so much piety to the dead as satisfaction to the living. The poor embalmed remnant of a man was kept unburied while

was hidden away under ground to make room for persons of less remote interest. No treasures were buried with those for whom a generation cared too little to spare out of their



abundance, or their poverty, as the case might be. In many instances it is found that a mummy which has had the most lavish care bestowed upon it has become injured by careless usage before burial; and in the end it is horrible to find that the ruling thought has been to get it, together with a dozen other no longer-desired ancestors, out of the way in the easiest possible manner.

But amongst these less-regarded burials,



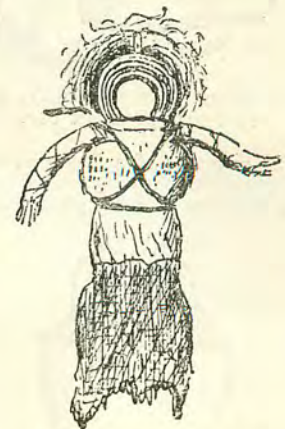
remains are found of some whose interment and mummification were alike magnificent. A prince amongst them, whose son writes over him—"O receive the libation sweet which I make to thee; may the gods grant that thou be established in thy seat in the future as are



DOLL, 340 A.D.



DOLL.

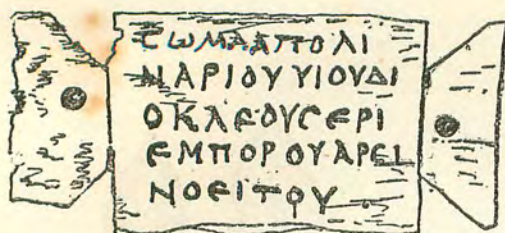


DOLL WITH REAL HAIR.

have had with it a great element of vanity; to have a sumptuously decorated relative preserved above-ground lent itself to augment the importance of the survivors, and we are obliged to confess that in these degenerate days of Egypt, the object of deco-

family interest attached to him, and when that waned, he, together with others of his time,

established the gods on their thrones; may thy posterity exist for ever! I pour out libations of piety and love!" And the deities themselves pay their tribute, saying—"Thou hast come to me. Follow me, as thou didst to my 'Ka' upon the earth. My heart is



FUNERAL LABEL.

pleased with it," etc. And the departed replies—"I spent my life in learning and teaching the ignorant," and so forth.

In most cases no names are given; but amongst the mummies some are found with

£60, and another,

of a sunken pattern; in some cases 700 yards of bandaging having been used. An ancient historian tells us that there were three prices, £250,



HAND MIRROR.



FUNERAL LABEL.



FUNERAL LABEL.

labels attached, these being chiefly the names of Greek merchants and Roman officials. "Denios, age 24;" "Isarois;" "Diogenes, musician."

Among the portraits discovered on these "cartonage," in one case realism has gone so



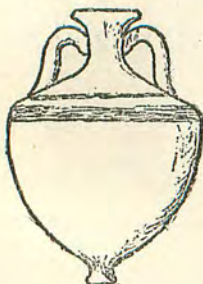
GREEK POTTERY FOUND IN TOMB.



COVERED LAMP OF BAKED CLAY, SIMILAR TO THOSE STILL IN USE.

In the mummies of a Ptolemaic date, of which so many have been found, the carpentry of the coverings is most perfect, and the

far as to represent the white of the eyes flecked with red to suggest the ophthalmia from which the person suffered. Close upon these modelled



GREEK.

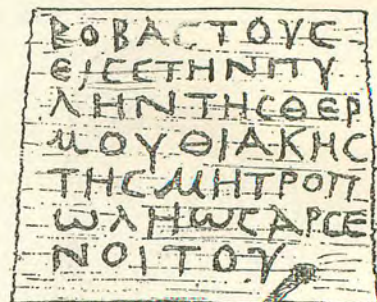
bandaging is of artistic perfection, being arranged in five or six layers, to give the effect



GREEK POTTERY.

costing still less. When encased in painted coverings called "cartonage," the decoration was now often confided to Greek workmen, which caused hieroglyphic inscriptions to fall into disuse and a mixture of Greek ideas to creep in. The next departure from Egyptian conventionalism was in the attempt at real portraiture in the mummy cases, and this began about fifty years after Christ. This natural craving to retain the likeness of the departed is of very early date. From Mykene and Nineveh we have gold tissue masks pressed over the face of the dead, and in Egypt the same was the custom 1500 B.C.

portraits came those painted on panel or canvas, of which so many have been found at Hawara. It seems likely that the visit of the Emperor



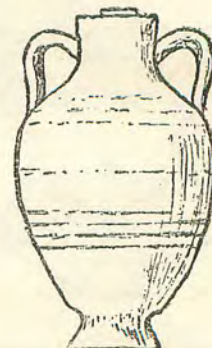
MUMMY LABEL.

Hadrian to Egypt 130 years after Christ gave a fresh impulse to this new art, for we are told that Antipholus, the painter of his time, rivalled the great Apelles himself!



"O ARTEMIDORUS, FAREWELL."

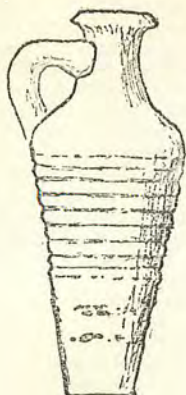
From a mummy case below a portrait in British Museum. The soul revisiting the body.



ROMAN.

The system of painting in wax which is adopted in these portraits was of old habit in Egypt, but probably unknown among the

Greeks until their intercourse with Egypt, after which it became general. St. Luke is said to have painted in this manner, and Eusebius and St. Chrysostom often refer to it.



ROMAN.

Among the inscriptions found are some of singular beauty. We wish we knew to which of the portraits we might attach them when we read, "Blameless among mortals, in business

the best of men," "Diogenes who abode as the harp when he was alive" (a Syrian musician), "Denios, aged 24, never to be forgotten," "Sabinis Innocent," "Amytos unforgotten for ever," "Pray to Amubis on his mount in the divine abode; may he bury him in the beautiful and great west mountain;

ROMAN
POTTERY.

PAPYRUS COVERED BOTTLE.

may he give to him funeral provisions in the opening of the year." And then one brief and strangely touching "Sole Friend." Many of the portraits were found without any outer covering a few feet buried in the sand, and in a nearly perfect condition. The custom of these painted likenesses appears to have lasted a little

over 100 years, which makes their discovery the more precious. After those were given up the people returned to their earlier habit of



SEDAN CHAIR TOY, IN TERRA COTTA.

burying with the dead the objects which had been part of his life, such as toys, toilet vanities, and ornaments.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

HOW PEOPLE QUARREL IN CHINA.

Among a population of such unexampled density as there is in China, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations with all the wives and children under one roof—occasions for quarrel are all pervasive. The sons' wives and children are prolific sources of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife strives to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannises over the younger ones, and the latter rebel.

The instinct of the Western with a grievance is to get it redressed straightway; that of the Oriental is first of all to let the world at large know that he has a grievance. A Chinaman who has been wronged will go on the street and roar at the top of his voice. This art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are sad adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues. Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse.

Women indulge in the practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time till their voices fail. Abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight. If the day is a hot one, the reviler bawls as long as he or she has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed fury.

THE MELANCHOLY PHYSICIAN.

"What's the matter, George?" said the physician's wife. "You seem depressed to-night."

"I am, dear," answered the physician. "I have a most puzzling case on hand. Old Robinson, whom I have been treating for three years, is getting well in spite of all I can do."

SUGAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

One of the earliest references to sugar in Great Britain is that of about forty-four tons of sugar being shipped to London in 1319 by a merchant of Venice to be exchanged for wool. In the same year there appears in the accounts of the Chamberlain of Scotland a payment at the rate of one shilling and ninepence halfpenny per pound for sugar.

Throughout Europe it continued to be a costly luxury and article of medicine only till the increasing use of tea and coffee in the course of the eighteenth century brought it into the list of principal food staples. The increase in the consumption may be gathered from the fact that while in 1700 the amount used in Great Britain was 10,000 tons, in 1800 it had risen to 150,000 tons, and in 1885 the total quantity was almost 1,100,000 tons.

LAUGHING GIRLS.—"The laughter of girls," says De Quincey, "is and ever was among the most delightful sounds on earth." Judgment on that:—It depends on whether the girls are laughing at your best joke, or because you have just taken a header from your bicycle, and are trying to think which end of yourself to pick up first.

BEST OF ALL.—"The older I grow," says Lewes, "the more clearly I see that intellect is not the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Goodness, loving kindness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world."

THE FRIVOLOUS GIRL.

If thy foot were as light as thy mind, I declare,
In a course we should see thee outstripping
the hare.

—Sir Thomas More.

ON A STUPID GIRL.

Nature detests a vacuum, it is said:
Then why did Nature form thine empty head?

GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

A country gentleman of Scotland—Hugh Rose of Kilravock—was asked by King James I.—

"How can you live amongst such ill, turbulent neighbours?"

"They are the best neighbours I can have," he answered, "for they make me thrice a day go to God on my knees, when perhaps otherwise I would not have gone once."

THE POETIC LOVER.

Were you the earth, dear love, and I the
skies,
My love should shine on you like to the
sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes,
Till heaven waxed blind, and till the
world were done.

—From the Greek.

IN AN ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN.

The Archbishop of Narbonne opened his fine garden to the citizens, but stuck up a notice that no flowers were to be pulled, as they were for the delight of all and not for any individual.

One day, however, being at his window, he perceived a lady who was destroying a whole parterre to make her dear self a nosegay. Calling a servant, he ordered him to give the lady a crown to enable her to buy flowers.

The damsel threw down her flowers and marched off in a rage, which was not alleviated by another message from the Archbishop—

"That his garden was only open for those qui savaient vivre."—Walpoliana.

WHEN DID THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT BEGIN?—The modern temperance movement may be said to date from the publication, in 1785 at Philadelphia, of Dr. Benjamin Rush's essay on "The Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Human Body and Mind," which was republished in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the following year, and had a wide circulation.

her children. Thus it was that her girls grew up with the feeling that their mother was their best friend, and there was no constraint between them, though Hilda at times evinced a certain reserve of character which caused her mother some uneasiness.

Mrs. Bland's heart was so essentially that of a mother that its sympathies could not be bounded by her own home

circle. The friends of her girls were her friends also, and responded gratefully to the kindness she showed them. As for Aldyth Lorraine, she was well-nigh as dear to Mrs. Bland as one of her own children. She had grown up with Kate and Hilda. They had been separated only during their school-terms, Aldyth having been sent to a more expensive school than Mrs. Bland could

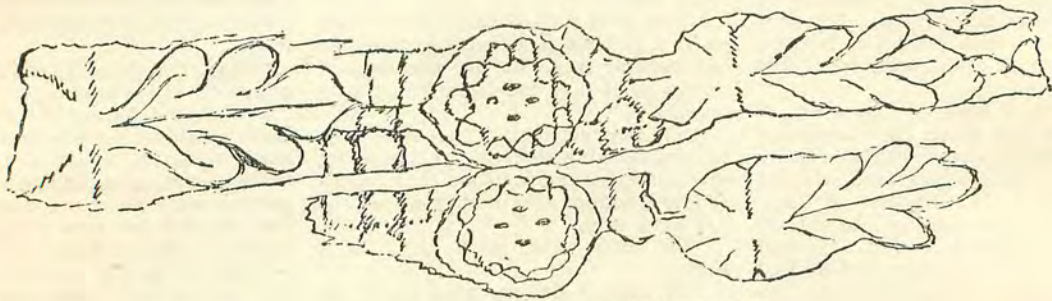
afford for her daughters. Aldyth often said that Mrs. Bland was the most motherly woman she knew, and unconsciously the girl's thoughts of her absent mother, and her dreams of what their meeting would be, were largely coloured by what she saw of the love and confidence existing between Mrs. Bland and her daughters.

(To be continued.)

MR. WM. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN "THE FAYUM, EGYPT.

• WITH SOMETHING OF BENEFICENT RULERS, CROCODILES, MUMMIES, AND PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

By MRS. HOLMAN HUNT.



EMBROIDERY—WHITE THREAD ON PURPLE FABRIC.

CHAPTER III.

By the darned and patched condition of the embroideries worn by the dead, we see what precious fabrics were in general use by the well-to-do people of that day.

Very modern appears a knitted crimson hair-net, and a "digitated" brown sock, seemingly made almost exactly as those of the present day. Also a glass magnifying lens used by the Egyptians to intensify the feeble light of their oil lamps.

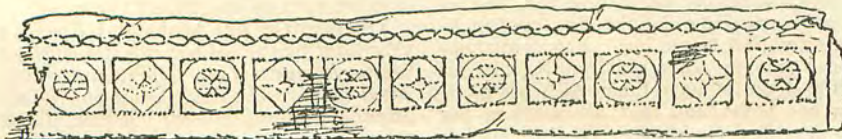
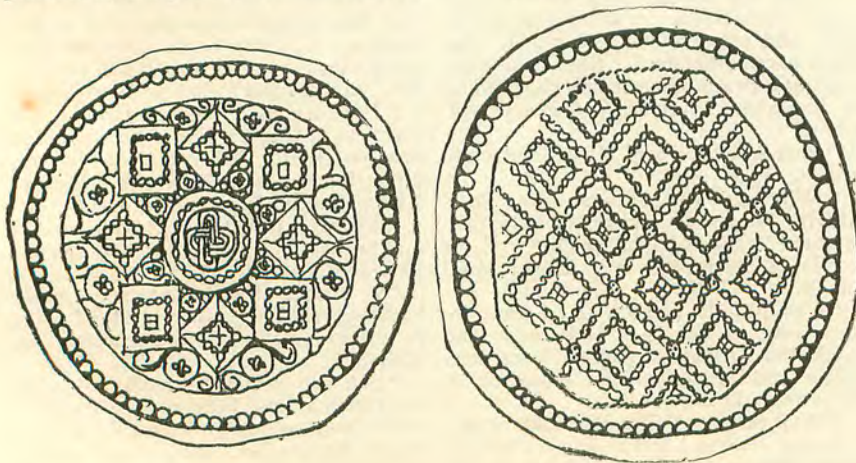
One of the most interesting objects found is a picture frame of wood painted brown, with a groove to let in a glass, and remains of a wax

portrait on a panel, with cord attached, by which it had been hung up, probably in some home, for a considerable time, as shown by the dent in the cord. This is the only known example of an ancient picture frame, and reminds us strangely of a modern "Oxford" frame.

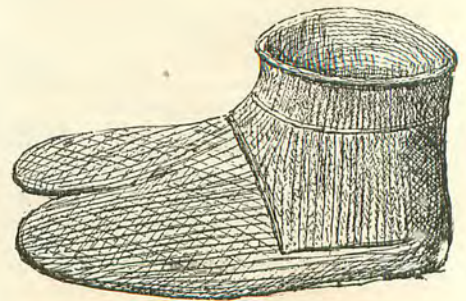
In another tomb was found a set of painter's colour saucers, with two water-pots beside them; and it sounds painfully when we hear that the poor artist has been divorced from his colours, which have been taken to the British Museum, while his head lies in the Natural History Department!

Workmen's tools are found in great numbers; many of these probably belonged to poor people who took up their abode in the deserted tombs.

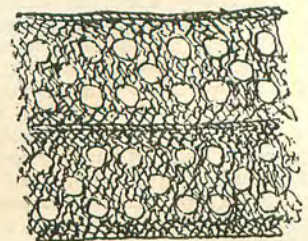
The leather-workers' needles were so bright when found, that had it not been for the ancient leather in which they were wrapped, and the palm fibre string in the eyes of them, it had been almost incredible that they were of such ancient use. Together with these were found a thumb-stall laced up, and a whipping-top, and bird on wheels, to be drawn along by a string. These are all of Roman use.



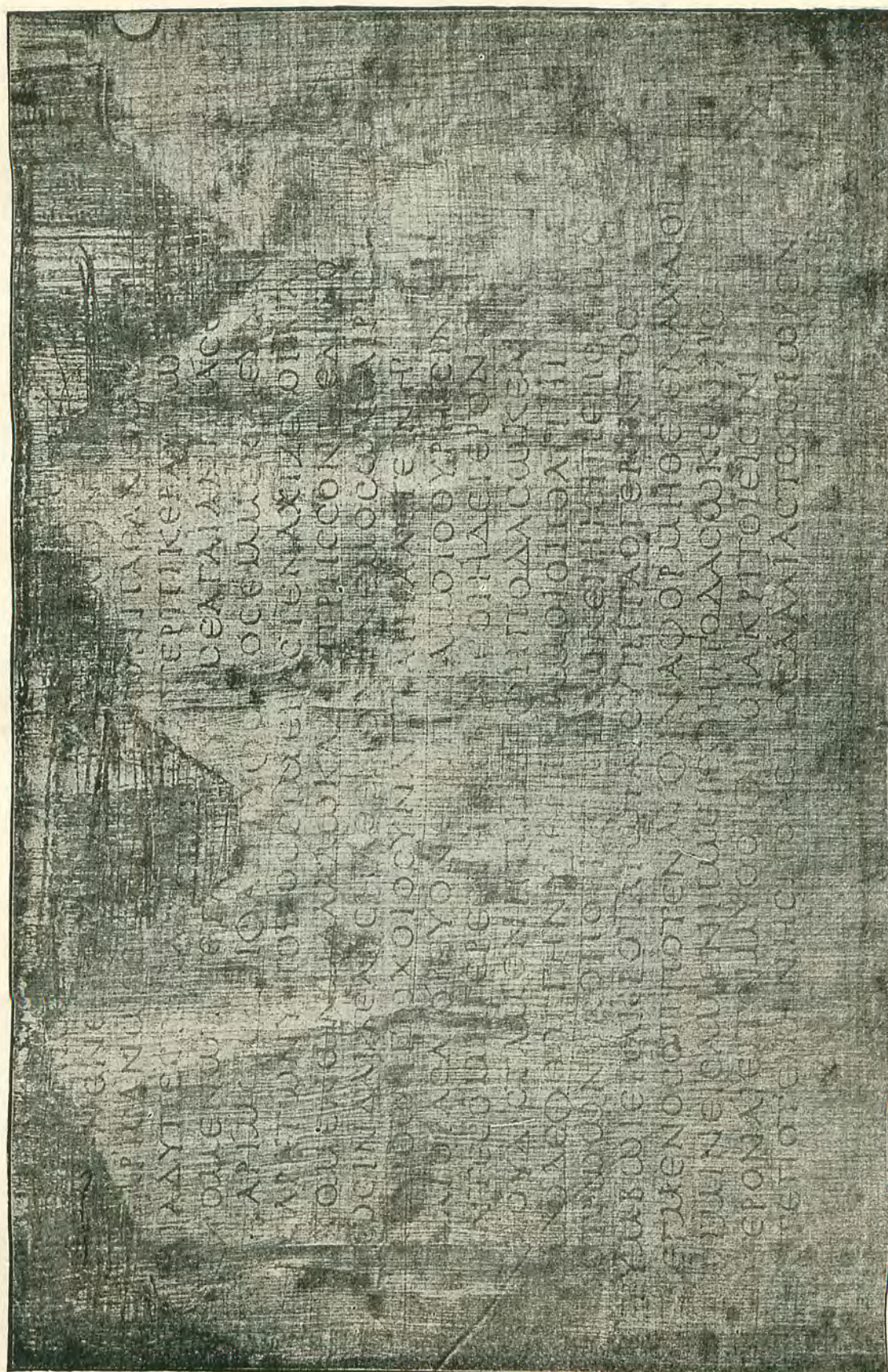
EMBROIDERY, ABOUT 340 A.D.



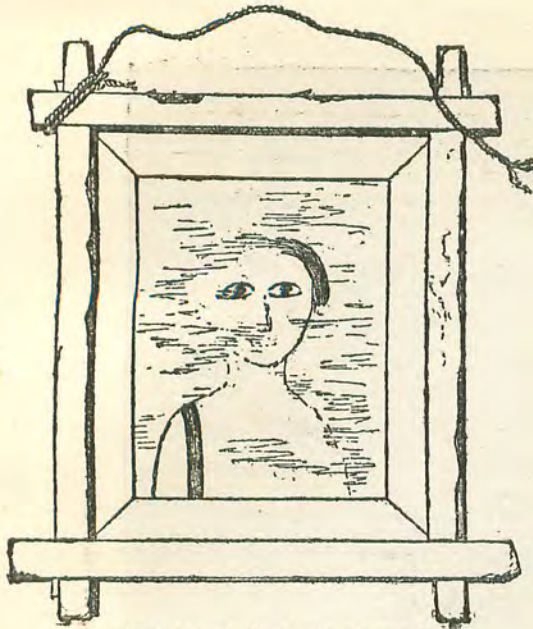
KNITTED SOCK OF THICK BROWN WOOL.



CRIMSON HAIR-NET.



PAPYRUS OF THE "ILLIAD" FOUND LYING UNDER THE HEAD OF A MUMMY AT HAWARA.



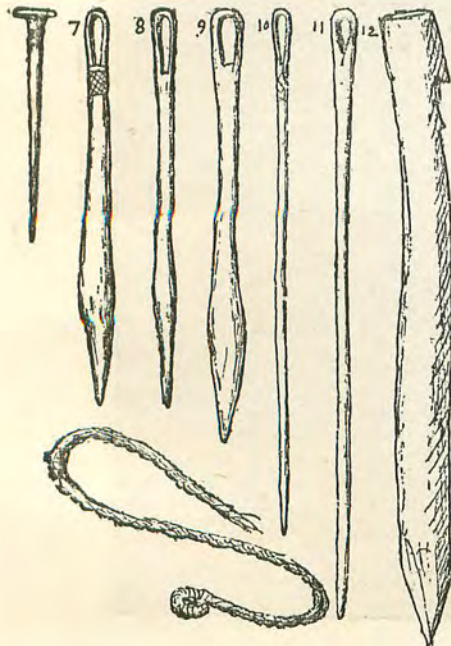
PORTRAIT IN "OXFORD FRAME."

We learn that with the Egyptians, as with ourselves, it was the custom to make gardens at the entrance to their tombs, where they reared flowers (the use of which at all ceremonies was highly valued), and nourished them with water drawn daily from the river.



FLINT KNIFE.

There were also, above ground, sepulchral chambers, where the friends of the dead assembled, bringing with them food and flowers; remnants of their funeral feasts, as enjoyed by the Egyptians of long ago, have



LEATHER WORKERS' NEEDLES.

been found in great quantities at Hawara. Here are the papyrus baskets and remnants of dried corn, dates, and peaches; together with mysterious little bags of sawdust, which were either scent bags sold by the custodians to mourning friends, or possibly bags of sawdust from the floor of the room where the mummies had been prepared, and treasured by the survivors.

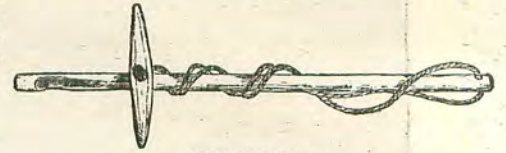
A PAGE FROM A HOUSE-KEEPER'S BOOK.

From the papyrus manuscripts which have been found in the Fayum, we learn that Egyptian housekeeping has changed but little during 1,400 years. Here in a careless handwriting is a chapter of accounts made by one of the scribes who superintended a public office; it opens with this primitive statement:—

"You have received 20 drachmæ, and I have received from you 35 drachmæ; and from 20 drachmæ are subtracted 4, according to agreement, 8 for paper.

"First day: Meat, 1 drachmæ 2

obols." Lentils appear oftener in the account than any other item; from the earliest times this beneficent grain has been valued in the East, a mess of it having been found amongst funeral offerings, 2400 B.C. By the price paid for a garland we are reminded of the important part flowers occupied



TWIST DRILL.

at all Egyptian feasts, where not only the cups and tables were decorated, but the guests themselves were wreathed with garlands by the host, and from the repeated item "oil," we can picture the dishes, as in Egypt at the present day, floated in oil, both hot and cold.

Persons who have lived in the East will remember how the oil in daily housekeeping is a serious difficulty to contend with, for when night comes it may be found that the "serage" or lamp oil has been pressed into the service of the kitchen dinner, and when this involves an hour seated in the dusk, while man and donkey make a journey over bad



BOW DRILL.

roads into the city to buy more, the consequences are not a little serious.*

But in that sunny land the domestic roseleaf is but little rumpled by daily cares of bread, for to this day six pounds of clustering yellow grapes, aromatic and sweet, may be bought for fourpence, with profit also to the marketer; and we may be sure that the Egyptian scribe

obols (an obol said to be about 2d.), paper 4 obols, beans 4 obols, liver 1 obol.

"Second day: Chuck peas 2 obols, reeds for fuel 2 obols, oil 3 obols, beans 3 obols, fuel 3 obols; in all 25 drachmæ.

"Third day: Meat 1 obol, sheep's head 1 obol, flour 1 obol, beans 3 obols, fuel 2 obols, oil 3 obols; in all 28 drachmæ.

"Fourth day: Meat 1 drachmæ, lentils 3 obols, fuel 2 obols, bread 1 obol, glue



THUMB-STALL LACED UP.

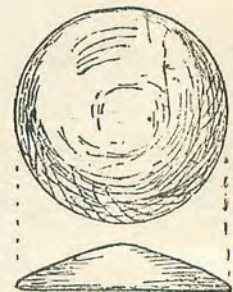
$\frac{1}{2}$ obol, 1 reed $\frac{1}{2}$ obol, figs 1 obol, oil 3 obols; the whole sum is 3 drachmæ 2 obols.

"Fifth day: Birds 1 drachmæ 1 obol, sundries $1\frac{1}{2}$ obol, paper 1 obol, a pot 1 obol, salt $\frac{1}{2}$ obol, lentils 3 obols."



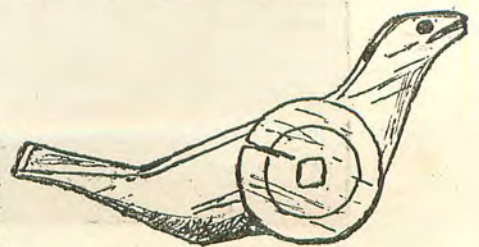
WHIPPING-TOP.

And so on from day to day with items of "seasoning eggs" "for myself." "A pet dog 3 obols, and a mar with it 3 obols; an ass, a cloakbearer, collecting the donkeys, fish, rice, beetroots, a garland, 2



GLASS CONDENSING LENSES.

* My own experience of housekeeping in Syria had this great difficulty superadded, that neither could I write my servant's language nor could he read it, so I adopted the plan of picture writing, hoping by this means to secure the dinner I expected; but this too was a failure, for Ibrahim persisted with smiling assurance in calling all my pictures "beans"; it made no difference if it were a leg of mutton or a winged animal that I had drawn. "Beans, oh, lady!" was always the response, so I gave it up, and ate contentedly what Ibrahim saw fit to bring me.



TOY BIRD ON WHEELS.

of 1,500 years ago did not forget this last part of the transaction.

"A BOOK LOVER AND A LADY."

It has been wisely spoken, "Not what I have, but what I am, is my kingdom," and well we may believe might this have been said by the unknown lady who was laid to rest more than 1,800 years ago, her head pillowed upon the "Iliad." How she must have loved her Homer! We can picture her with her finely-chiselled features, and aspect

full of intellectual light, seated on a chair inlaid with ivory, her hand resting on her black hair, with the treasured papyrus unrolled before her, appealing to the poet's wisdom "when her own knowledge and power of thought failed her, led on into wider light and purer conception," as one of our own great teachers has taught us we should be by the right use of great books. The instinct to give to lady and poem renewed and decent burial is strong as we look at both; but we

may be comforted for the dead lady in reflecting that a book so dearly loved had been well used, leaving her the possessor of high thoughts and noble memories which *no time can touch*; and although, for the benefit of scholars, her skull and the Homer papyrus now rest in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, the soul that "wonned on high" has carried with it a treasure that neither tomb-breaker nor antiquarian can take from it.

[THE END.]

DOVES' DOWN;

OR,
PIGEON LIFE.

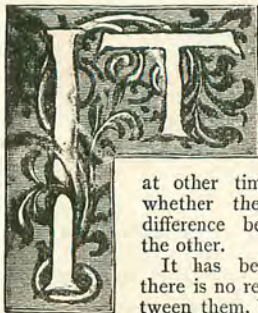
By EMMA BREWER.

CHAPTER V.

MAN'S LOVE OF PIGEONS, AND THE RETURN THEY MAKE.

"He springs from his trap, he sails through the air,
Loud clapping his wings as he goes;
Now he's down on the roof, playing up to his hen,
See how neatly he trips on his toes.
They're off now together, and as they wheel round
You may hear the wind sigh through their wings,
Like the zephyrs so sweet through Æolus his harp
As they murmur their song through the strings."
—*J. C. Lyell.*

"Written legibly all over the resplendent beauty of the dove is the love of God."
—*Rev. J. Lucas.*



It may have been a subject of wonder to those who interest themselves in pigeons, why they should sometimes be called doves and at other times pigeons, and whether there is any real difference between one and the other.

It has been decided that there is no real distinction between them, but that they are one and the same, having derived the name of dove from the Anglo-Saxons, and pigeons from the Normans. One branch of the family has, however, never taken the name of dove, and that is the passenger pigeon of North America.

The French, in speaking of the dove, always use the Norman term "pigeon," the Italians evidently use the same "piccioni" and "pipione," while the Latin term for it is "pipio," a nestling that pipes or cries; the Germans, on the contrary, use the Anglo-Saxon* term, viz., "taube," or dove.

A great pigeon fancier has divided mankind into two classes, those who keep pigeons and those who do not. The former, he says, though in the minority, are by far the most important and the most to be envied, for from them the temptations to idleness are withdrawn, and while riding their hobby they gather strength and freshness to grapple with the real work of life.

A large number of pigeon fanciers love the birds for their own sake, and for the pure gratification they afford. "If I get worried

in business during the day, and I often do," said a lover of pigeons, "I come home in the evening and interest myself with the birds, and I forget the day's trouble in their company, and find a good night's rest when other men would miss it."

It is certain that the keeping of pigeons affords pure amusement to a great many people of all sorts and conditions. It is an inexpensive and an ennobling recreation when not carried to excess. Ure, who had as large an acquaintance among pigeon fanciers as any man living, says: "In the whole of my experience I never saw an instance of a real fancier being a degraded or an immoral man."

It is very much the same as being fond of flowers and cultivating them, for are not doves living flowers, beautiful in form and rich in colour. "Both the love of flowers and the love of doves is something akin to poetry: it must be born in one," says Mr. Lucas. "Pigeon-breeding is a consummate art, and the fancier is an artist."

Like most artists, too, he is enthusiastic, and of this we have proofs which extend back many centuries. "The Romans," said Pliny, "are mad with the love of these birds; they build towers for them on the tops of their roofs, and relate the high breeding and ancestry of each."

Then there was Akbar Khan of India (1600), a most extravagant fancier. He had over 20,000 pigeons, many of which he carried on his visits; indeed, he never went anywhere without them. It is believed he was the originator of crossing the breeds. In the present day Lyell, the great authority on pigeons, says: "I have seen the pigeons of the King of Oude, who is probably owner of the greatest number of choice pigeons in the world, his stock numbering thousands."

Many a poor man whom I know, being possessed of a few pigeons, would rather starve than sell them, let the need be ever so great. Pigeon fancying is not an unprofitable recreation either, for with patience, perseverance, and prudence on the part of the fancier, the birds multiply so fast that they outgrow their dwellings, and then some of them must perforce be parted with and frequently at a good price. Mr. Lucas relates an instance of a blind fancier of pigeons. "The birds and he were great friends and constant companions. He sat in his loft, and they alighted on his head, his shoulders, and his knees. He could not see them, but he heard them. He would sit quietly thus for hours, the sun shining upon his sightless eyes and silvery head, surrounded by his feathered friends, listening to the flutter of their wings and the language of their cooings. He was content and joyous. If one of his children entered the loft they caught a bird, described it, and put it into the father's hand. He fondled it a short time and let it go."

While they are kept for love they keep the

harp of life in tune, but when money enters into the calculation the love recedes into the background, or altogether disappears; the birds are then like any other article of commerce.

Spitalfields, not a very romantic place, seems to have been the cradle of the fancy, and is thus explained. After the massacre of the Huguenots in France, many silk weavers, to escape persecution, came to London and settled in Spitalfields, bringing with them their two hobbies of cultivating tulips and breeding pigeons, as well as their trade of silk-weaving.

To love flowers and birds is to be made better by loving them, and certainly this love was the one refining feature in their hard, monotonous lives. "If you have not something to enjoy in life you are a living grave," says Charles Kingsley. In 1824 these poor French weavers fell into depressed circumstances, and their tulips and doves had to go to the highest bidder, leaving Spitalfields desolate, for up to that time every house and tavern had pens for pouters. It is said that the light seemed to go out of the lives of these French refugees with the departure of the objects of their love and care.

Of course another condition of things obtains where the birds are kept and trained for money, for then, no matter how graceful and ornamental a creature may be, or how poetic and sacred its associations, man has no scruple in subjecting it to his will and making it subservient to his use.

He learns its habits, its weak points, and the proper time to come in with power, and it is even so between man and pigeons. It is nothing to him that the harmony and brilliant colouring of the dove's plumage surpasses the utmost efforts of human artists, or that it is the image of the innocent and graceful—it has a commercial value which absorbs the interest and excites the energies of the man who possesses it.

Of course there is nothing wrong about this—it is one way of earning daily bread; but it is not keeping them for love, nor does it have the same recreative and reposeful influence upon those who keep them.

The first public show of pigeons in London was held at the Baker Street Bazaar, in 1852, under the patronage of Prince Albert. I have heard that the Queen has a beautiful collection of doves.

Doves have in all ages been mixed up with history, and their influence and appearance have ever been accounted good, gentle, and fortunate.

It is stated as an historical fact that at the coronation of King Arthur of England, four kings walked before him each holding a sword of gold, whilst before the queen walked four more kings each carrying a white pigeon, according to custom; white pigeons being esteemed a happy omen.

* Anglo-Saxon is the mother tongue of the present English.