

sees on the shores of Como or about the fishing boats on the lake. Close by is a Neapolitan female, a woman of Sora—the old town immortalised by Juvenal—but an excellent representative of the ordinary appearances of the peasant women of Naples. The brigand-looking personage next to her is a Calabrian, and reminds one strongly of those dark-visaged, steeple-hatted fellows, with pistols and musket, who, in the solitudes of the mountains, carry on a trade of plunder. The remaining figures are all of them subjects of Victor Emmanuel. Here is a woman of Savoy, a citizen of Turin, and one of the Piedmontese cavalry—one of the heroes of the late campaign. Thus brought together in one group, we have the representatives of the various States of Italy—people subject to different laws, ruled by different sovereigns, but holding one common language, and tracing their descent from that heroic race which of old subdued the world.

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

A PLEASANT sunshiny day in March sets everybody who has a bit of ground gardening, and rough as the weather frequently is in some parts of the month, it is an important period among industrious cultivators. They say "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers;" but while we admit the active agency of April, we doubt very much whether the winds of March do anything but keep things in check—nevertheless, it is a great month.

In most cases the garden has been neglected during the winter; but if there have been any crocuses, snowdrops, tulips, hyacinths, or other bulbs left or planted in the ground, they now assert their right to appear, and many are in bloom. In such case the ground should be forked very carefully between all the plants, without going near enough to damage the roots; and then we have to consider how we can best fill up the vacancies, always keeping in mind that room should be left for a few geraniums, calceolarias, stocks, and verbenas, to be planted out in May. Our next move is to sow a few favourite annuals: *Nemophila* (bright blue), *erysimum* (golden yellow), larkspurs (all colours), *coreopsis* (orange and brown), candy tuft (red, purple, and white); sweet pea to climb, and *mignonette* for its fragrance. These are all very hardy; may be sown half a dozen, or say a dozen, in a patch of six or eight inches; but when they are well up, they may be all reduced to the best six plants, except the peas, which may be eight or ten. Cover them all with a very little earth.

Whatever hardy things you can obtain in pots may be put into the ground. Wallflowers, sweet-williams, Canterbury bells, and such like, may be turned out with the ball of earth whole; but it is better to transplant them in autumn, because they get established by the spring, and bloom stronger. However, we have only begun, as it were, with the year; and having lost the opportunity of advising in time, we must do the best we can to repair the omission.

Let neatness and cleanliness in the paths and borders be well attended to, for however well things may be grown, their appearance is spoiled if there be anything rough, dirty, or confused. The edgings should be well made, and planted with something; but if there be none we must make some, and the most rapidly formed edge by seed would be *lupinus nanus*, sown in a narrow drill, or Virginian stock; but we should prefer planting daisies, which bloom all the summer through. The gravel paths should be turned—that is, picked up all over, raked smooth, and rolled. Where there is a bit of lawn, it should be mowed close. If the lawn is a good size, it should be mown with one of the patent machines, because it is then left all of one length, and almost like velvet.

If you have hotbeds, you should sow asters, everlasting flowers, stocks, marigolds, &c., in pans; and looking to the immense advantage in stowing close, the square ones are the best by far. When these seeds come up, and have gained strength enough to move, prick them out an inch apart in other pans, and gradually inure them to the colder atmosphere, giving plenty of air and light. In May they can be turned out, and transplanted to the borders—three in a patch, six inches apart, triangular fashion. If no hotbed, sow next month.

In the kitchen garden a few of everything may be sown. It is far better for a small family to have two or three different sowings, than it is to sow in great quantity once, cabbage, turnip, onion, carrot,

beet root, parsnips, pot herbs, brocoli. Repeat also sowings of beans and peas; stick the peas already up, after drawing earth to the roots. Leeks are always worth growing, if they are at all prized in the family; and radishes may be sown every three weeks, if a regular supply is at all valued.

GRAFTING.

Those who wish to try their hand at grafting, should begin now. The art of this consists in cutting two pieces of wood very clean, so that they may fit close, tying them into their places, and covering the joint with a lump of well-kneaded clay—that is, clay which has been so knocked about and pounded together that all the air is beaten out of it. Grafting is intended to make a bit of wood from a valuable tree grow on a common, wild, or worthless stock; and there are so many ways of doing this, that we must follow up the subject in our next.

We have always said that anybody who could mend a stick by cutting each piece sloping, to fit well, would graft; but we must show how it is to be done when the wood of the stock is as thick as a walking-stick, and the graft or scion to put in is only as large as a tobacco pipe.

We shall find the reader plenty to do now for some months to come, for every week will bring its work in-doors and out.

Oddities.



MOTHER DOLLY.

PATERNOSTER-ROW is the head-quarters of the booksellers, and furnishes an illustration of the wise man's assertion, "Of making many books there is no end." Close to Paternoster-row is Newgate Market—the dead meat market of London; head-quarters of the butchers—so that food for the mind and food for the body are sent out from the same locality. Running from Paternoster-row to Newgate-street there is a court called Queen's-head-passage; and there, a hundred years ago, many were the disturbances which occurred, and which gave to the locality a bad repute. There was a tavern in the court; and the frequenters of this house of public entertainment were none of the quietest, being more addicted to the ways and manners of the inmates of Newgate than to those of the intelligent booksellers in the Row. Mine host could not make his fortune—Father Nicholas they called him, and Old Nick, for short—for his patrons drank his liquor, but never settled their score. So one morning the door was shut, and the drinkers found that the tavern-keeper had done with them for ever.

Some weeks after this event, a thrifty, buxom, enterprising widow, ventured to re-open the hostel; and, with the help of her pretty daughter, managed to change the character of the house. The old tipplers received no encouragement, and got no credit; people disposed to drink freely found the widow unwilling to supply them; and the liquors she sold were not the fiery adulterations retailed by Nicholas, but stuff as good as intoxicating liquor can be. So the news spread over the neighbourhood that Mother Dolly—so they called mine hostess—had thoroughly reformed the old house. Once rid of its bad name and reputation, a new class of customers patronised the establishment. Things went well; and Mother Dolly prospered. Everything was of the best; the table furniture bright and sparkling; the table linen white as snow; the servants—and the widow's daughter most particularly—all that could be desired; and foremost amongst all its dainties were its chops—famous chops, of enduring reputation for a

long, long period. Ah me! sure the good old-fashioned chop-houses have died out of late—restaurants, &c. &c., with gilt mouldings and plate glass, have taken their places; but these are not to be compared with the old-fashioned houses. For a long period Dolly's Chophouse has retained its good character—the name of its old hostess still associated with it—and the moral patent to all, that industry, civility, and honesty, are sure to succeed. And then, being sure to succeed, why should not some enterprising spirit do something or other in the good old way, for that legion who "dine in town?" There is ample opportunity; a little capital would be well invested—a little energy well rewarded. Why does not somebody try?

FORKS.

Forks came into England for the first time in the reign of James I.: prior to that period, people used their fingers, as Oriental nations do to this day. There is an allusion to this fact in an old book entitled "Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in Five Months' Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia (commonly called the Grisons country), Helvetia (Switzerland), some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands." The author of this book describes a custom among the Italians, "not used in any other country." He says: "The Italians, and also most strangers in Italy, do always at their meals use a *little forke* when they cut their meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold in the other hand, upon the same dish. * * * This form of feeding is, I understand, generally used in all places in Italy, their forkes being for the most part of yron or steale, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen. The reason of this their curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers." Ridicule directed its shafts against forks when they were first brought into England. Beaumont and Fletcher cast their jokes at the "fork-carving traveller," and Ben Jonson makes one of his characters allude to "the laudable use of forks, brought into custom here as they are in Italy, to the sparing of napkins." But, notwithstanding all the merry humour of the "funny men" of that age, forks triumphed.

Facts and Scraps.

USEFUL HINTS.—If a limb or other part of the body is severely cut, and the blood comes out by spirits or jerks, be in a hurry, or the man will be dead in five minutes. There is no time to talk or send for a physician; say nothing, out with your handkerchief, throw it around the limb, tie the two ends together, put a stick through them, twist it around tighter and tighter until the blood ceases to flow. But to stop it does no good. Why? Because only a severed artery throws blood out in jets, and the arteries get their blood from the heart; hence, to stop the flow, the remedy must be applied between the heart and the wounded spot—in other words, above the wound. If a vein had been severed, the blood would have flowed in a regular stream; and, on the other hand, the tie should be applied below the wound, or on the other side of the wound from the heart, because the blood in the veins flows towards the heart, and there is no need of so great a hurry.

HOW MUCH DO WE WORK?—Who ever thought of making such a calculation? Nobody, till an industrious Frenchman recently took up the subject; and he has set down and made an accurate estimate of the part of our several lives employed about actual labour. He takes his subject at the age of seventy-two. Allowing eight hours on an average for sleep, that deducts at once twenty-four years. For dressing and undressing, on rising and going to bed, washing and shaving, &c., half an hour daily, makes one and a half years. Then two hours daily for meals count up six years. Love-making, according to his calculation, will average one hour daily, or three years. For society, idling, and amusement, three hours more, up to nine years. Finally, the ordinary maladies of childhood, the accidents and diseases of mature age, and like causes, will deduct two hours on an average, making six years. So that, in conclusion, one hale, hearty man of seventy-two years, has, in fact, not been able to employ in the positive occupations of industry more than twenty-two and a half years!

HOW TO BREAK A BAD HABIT.—Understand clearly the reasons, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places,