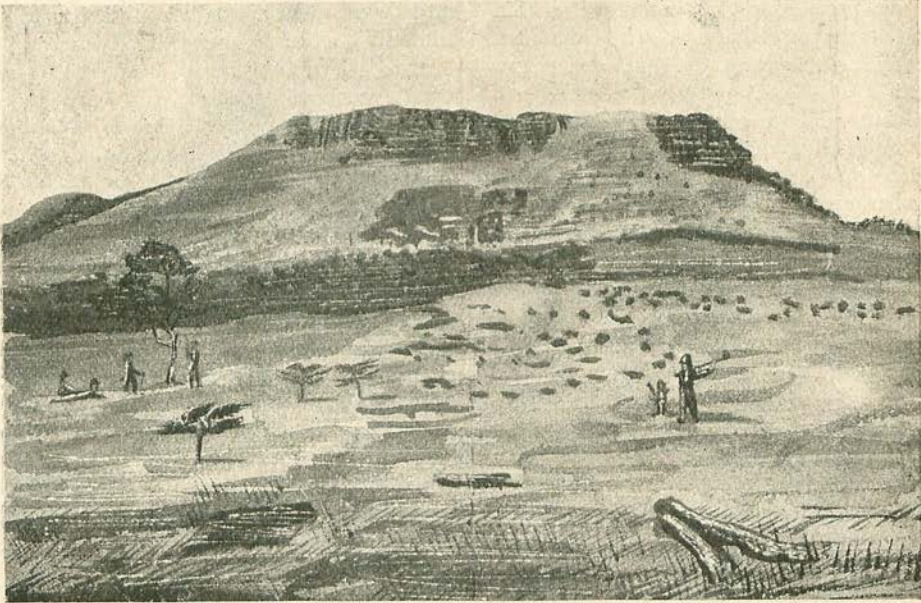


stuffing is part and parcel of them; you went out and "gathered the sweetest herbs you could find" for a very good reason. Fruit, one thinks, would not require cinnamon, mace and cloves, yet cinnamon pervades a large number of these old recipes. A mere matter of habit, we suppose—and habits which were filthy to a degree then—

should ride up to the summit without the utmost caution. In the picture we see a party of soldiers cutting fuel for the camp, their rifles (not easily distinguishable in the gallant artist's sketch) stacked close by, and a note scribbled on the back says the heroes of Rorke's Drift were utilised by Chelmsford as hewers of wood, and seeing a



Doornberg, from a drawing made on the spot by an officer during the Zulu War of 1880

and one could always drown the taste in "jolly good ale and old," so highly recommended by a bishop of that time. M. C.

**V.C.'s chopping wood**

DOORNBERG and Doornkop are both names that have appeared in telegrams from South Africa, and though held now against the Boers were held twenty years ago against the Zulus. The sketch we publish, by an officer of our army in 1880, is not exactly a finished landscape, a Millais, a Constable or a Vicat Cole, but it suffices to show us how the berg, with its apparently innocent sloping sides and dangerous approach of close mimosa-bush running right up the deep ravine-like kloof, makes an ideal trap for any party who, signalling or scouting,

handful of them hacking away in the sun I mistook them for men on defaulters' work. "Oh no," said —, "those are some of Broomhead's chaps, and they're most of them V.C.s!" P. R.

**Wonderful Letters**

A FEW weeks ago one of the most wonderful letters that has ever reached a European was handed to the Emperor of Germany. This letter, comprising the apology offered by the Emperor of China for the murder of the German Minister at Peking, with its wonderful embroidery, will be fresh in the memory of our readers; it will, therefore, suffice to say that it was painted on yellow silk, and its length of over four yards presents a striking contrast to that of an epistle which



passed through the New York Post Office a couple of years ago. This letter, the smallest that ever went through the United States of America post, boasted a length of just  $\frac{1}{16}$  of an inch (equal to the depth of five lines of this paragraph) and was just half an inch wide. In the pillar-box the missive looked like a stamp that had escaped from off an envelope, but, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions, it contained a four-page letter comprising 134 words that were perfectly legible without the aid of a microscope!

This latter document, so different from those State epistles addressed to Indian princes by their equals, which etiquette insists upon being written on special paper sprinkled with gold leaf and enclosed in two envelopes of muslin, the second being of a crimson and gold tint, and the whole being tied up with a slip-knot of gold thread to which a ponderous seal is added, recalls a missive that was on view at the Royal United Service Institute almost two years ago. This letter was written by a trooper in Ladysmith during the siege and was conveyed to Mid Illovo in Natal by a native runner who, when searched by the Boers, hid it in one of his nostrils. The missive, which was about an inch and a quarter in length, would form the nucleus of a very interesting collection of war correspondence, which collection would be further enriched if the envelope enclosing a letter from Bugler Smith, of the 2nd King's Royal Rifles, to his mother was added to it. Smith, who was in Ladysmith during the siege, having written a letter to his mother, found that he possessed no envelope, but necessity, promptly living up to its characteristic, proved the mother of invention, and the document was forthwith sewed up in a cardboard cigarette-box, which in due course was delivered in Lincoln.

The very sad incident that occurred last August, when a labourer of Rawcliffe, Goole, prior to drowning himself in a dyke, wrote a letter on a matchbox adds yet another ex-

ample to the assemblage of letters written upon strange "paper," but, so far as peculiarity is concerned, it is quite eclipsed by the document received by Miss Aloise Bates, of Portsmouth, Virginia, from her brother during the American-Spanish War. At the village of Wold Newton there is a postman who is also a Wesleyan local preacher, who, during his long walks between that village and Gunton on his daily round, has taught himself Greek: if the fashion set by Mr. Archie C. Bates in the aforementioned epistle becomes general, this learned postman will probably find the study of ancient Egyptian a very useful accomplishment, as most of our correspondence will be somewhat hieroglyphic in character. Mr. Bates apparently found paper and envelopes a somewhat rare commodity in camp at Cuba Libre, for he took an ordinary army biscuit, penned his epistle on one side, and having added his sister's address and the necessary postage-stamps, posted it in the ordinary way. The fact that the letter was delivered unimpaired is undoubted proof of the durability of the American biscuit, and perhaps of the fact that the censor was not particularly hungry when it passed under his jurisdiction.

H. M.

### Life

YESTERDAY'S bud is born a rose to-day  
That will to-morrow shatter without sound,  
Casting her full-blown petals all around  
On the damp grass, to faint and fade  
away.

But let no foresight present bliss allay,  
Deep feel the pleasures that to-day abound,  
And, after all, in all times may be found  
A loveliness: even the naked spray  
Sleeping in mists that the autumnal sun  
Is slow to scatter, will not speak of pain,  
But rather of a perfect cycle run—  
Dark nights divide each moon's nocturnal  
reign;  
In that life ends wherein life is begun,  
Silence conceives and sleep reclaims  
again.

ROSA WAUGH.

