

for my eyes. *Benedicite, omnia opera* came into my mind." We thus find him writing to his friend and biographer, Mr. Burgon: "My dear Johnny, I hope I shall be in Oxford on Wednesday, 21st December, see Johnny, stay a night at the nearest inn to Worcester College, and return to London on Thursday, the 22nd. What is the meaning of this sudden escapade? Shooting is the meaning, Johnny—killing hares is the meaning, and pheasants, and perhaps woodcocks. Still, all is in the dark. Well, hear, you Greek particle you! To the State Paper Office came, a little while ago, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Bertie and Lady Georgina Bertie. . . . Mr. Bertie, a kind and gentlemanly man, hearing (how I know not) of my passion for research, sometimes taking a sporting rather than a literary direction, to-day, when I was deep in the ninth volume, suddenly fired off an invitation at my head. What could I do, Johnny? To come down to Albany, near Woodstock, to shoot on Tuesday, and to be driven by Mr. Bertie to Oxford on Wednesday, to see Johnny in his cap and gown—it was too much for me to resist. So I capitulated, accepted, and am to come, all keeping well, on the 21st. Ever, dear Johnny, yours." Her Gracious Majesty took a great deal of notice of Mr. Tytler, and honoured him with her command to dine at Windsor Castle; and when he would have taken his departure, he was invited by special command to stay longer at the Castle. We give an extract from his narrative of his visit:—

"Soon after luncheon Mr.— came with a message from Mr. Murray to say I must meet him immediately, to go and see the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, who were coming into the corridor with the Queen. Away I went, joined Mr. Murray, and got to the corridor, where we found some of the gentlemen and ladies of the household; and after a short time, the Queen, with the two little children playing round about her, and a maid with the Princess Alice; Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Hohenlohe, and some of the ladies in waiting came up to us; and her Majesty bowed most graciously, having the Prince of Wales in her hand, trotting on and looking happy and merry. When the Queen came to where I was, and on my bowing and looking very delightedly, which I could not help doing, at the little Prince and her, she bowed, and said to the little boy, 'Make a bow, sir!' When the Queen said this, the Duke of Cambridge and the rest stood still, and the little Prince, walking straight up to me, made a bow, smiling all the time and holding out his hand, which I immediately took, and bowing low, kissed it. The Queen seemed much pleased, and smiled affectionately at the gracious way in which the little Prince deputed himself. All then passed through the corridor, and after an interval of about a quarter of an hour, Prince Albert, followed by a servant bearing two boxes, and having himself a large morocco box, came up to where I was, and told me he had brought the miniatures to show me, of which he had spoken last night. Then, in the sweetest possible way, he opened his treasures and employed more than half an hour in showing me the beautiful ancient miniatures of Holbein, Oliver, Cooper, and others; most exquisite things! embracing a series of original portraits of the kings, queens, princesses, and eminent men of England, and the continent also, from the time of Henry VII to the reign of George III. . . . I handed Lady — to dinner, and all went on very happily, without any stiffness. . . . There was nobody but herself and Prince Hohenlohe between me and the Queen. However, I do not believe I gave any offence; for her Majesty, when we came into the drawing-room, singled me out after a little time, and

entered into conversation upon the miniatures. I expressed my high admiration of them, and of their great historical value, and praised the Prince for the ardour and knowledge he had shown in bringing them together and rescuing them from neglect. Her Majesty seemed pleased, and questioned me about the portraits of Bothwell. I expressed the doubts I had stated to the Prince, as to there being any authentic picture in existence, but added that I would make myself master of the fact immediately on my return, which she seemed to like."

Some time after this Mr. Tytler had an agreeable letter from Sir Robert Peel, in which Sir Robert mentioned that his distinguished name had been put down for a pension of two hundred a-year. After this time we find him mingling a great deal in society. He was a frequent guest of the Duke of Somerset, and on one occasion we find him writing from the Duke's seat: "We had the Speaker here, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, of whom your friends the Misses Allen spoke so much. All they said was true; for I never was in company with a more agreeable man, full of anecdotes, funny, and without the least affectation of any kind. He is a noble-looking man too—quite like what the head of the Commons of England should be." Some time afterwards Mr. Tytler married for a second time, and under peculiarly happy circumstances. He and his bride went to Oxford for their holidays. "There is something about this old city which I have never seen or felt in any other place; an air of sweet solemn quiet, a religious repose which falls softly on the mind and disposes it to pure and holy thoughts. And then, for a studious man, its noble libraries, and the collections of MSS. in the different colleges, make it, I should think, a literary Paradise."

At length: his health gave way in a mysterious manner, and he became a confirmed invalid. He disappeared from society. His whole nervous system became shattered. He sank into a state of despondency. Everything was tried, both at home and abroad, but nothing could rouse him. He became more and more exhausted. He caused the 121st Psalm to be read slowly and distinctly to him, in order, as he said, that he might understand it, and then took to his bed, which he never left again. On Christmas Eve, 1849, he kissed and blessed his children and gently sank away. He was buried in Grey Friars Churchyard, Edinburgh. His biographer concludes his life by saying that those who knew him best, declare that in him they beheld the truest impersonation of their ideal of a *Christian gentleman*. The following were the concluding words of his epitaph: "Of his genius and his tastes, his historical and biographical works are a sufficient memorial. Of his pure converse and delightful manners, his serene temper and lovely disposition, recollections are garnered up, where only they can be preserved, in the hearts of his friends. Of his piety, his faith, his hope and love, the record survives in heaven. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

PROVERBIAL COMPARISON.

THE use of just and appropriate comparisons is one of the characteristics of the clever writer and the correct and eloquent speaker. The force and fitness of a man's utterances will often depend upon the choice he makes of such means of illustration, and his readiness and sagacity in selecting them. If we take note of the involuntary checks and pauses that occur now and then in the deliverances of that numerous class who talk much faster than they think, or talk volubly without

thinking at all, we may generally trace the sudden "pull up" to which such talkers are subject, to the want of some element of comparison which, not presenting itself at the moment, has to be sought for in the memory or evolved from the imagination. It is almost needless to remark that the difficulty here suggested, though it must be familiar to all who write much, or talk much, is peculiarly the difficulty of the very numerous and varied class who are not qualified either by education or habit for writing or talking correctly.

In the matter of comparisons the popular genius has fructified in a manner more characteristic than classical, having yoked together in lasting companionship a list of nouns substantive, between which it is not always easy to discover the connection; while, with regard to some of them, it is evident that nothing more than a fanciful connection could exist, and that they derive their appreciation among the common people from that very fact. The origin of them it is perhaps not possible to trace; all we know of them is that they have been long sanctioned by custom, that tradition has in a manner stereotyped them, and that they live, and are likely to live, in the thoughts and language of the masses of our countrymen.

In making a selection from the list of comparisons with which the vernacular abounds, we will take first a few of the least incongruous. We would classify them in some kind of order if we could, but that is hardly possible; they refuse to be so handled, most of them possessing a rigid and perverse kind of individuality of their own.

Among those which may boast at least a seeming congruity, we may cite "as poor as a church mouse"—"as plain as a pike-staff"—"as sure as a gun"—"as tight as wax"—"as tender as a chicken," etc.; in all of which there is a considerable amount of appropriateness, as the reader must perceive, though none of them, we need hardly say, are literally correct; seeing that a church mouse, like other ecclesiastical hangers-on, may grow fat and sleek on the crumbs of office; that a gun may miss fire or miss its mark; wax may render up its trust at the instigation of heat; a pike-staff may be rough; and a chicken may be tough.

Less congruous than the above are the following and their like: "as thick as thieves"—"as sound as a roach"—"as bold as brass"—"as deaf as a post"—"as cool as a cucumber;" of which kind many more might be quoted. We feel that they are somewhat vague; and though their aptitude strikes us, we suspect that it does so rather because we have heard them so often, and accept them as conventional maxims, than because of any inherent propriety they can claim. We do not see why thieves should be more true to each other than honest men; a roach sounder than a perch or gudgeon; brass bolder than iron; a post more deaf than any other inanimate object; a cucumber cooler than a melon; and so on. Some few comparisons of this class, however, there are, which commend themselves by their neatness, and which are in a manner perfect; such as, "as right as a trivet" (a trivet, from its ingenious construction, being shut out from the possibility of assuming a wrong position)—"as clean as a smelt" (the smelt being assuredly the most delicately pure and clean of all fishes in the sea)—"as dead as a herring" (the herring dying the instant it is taken out of the water, and figuring as a dead fish in its salted condition much longer than any other)—"as dead as a door-nail" (a nail driven into a door being reasonably assumed to be confined once and for ever).

Another class of comparisons seems to be quite arbi-

trary, being of the figurative kind, and some of them embody a little of that lurking satire and sarcasm with which the common people like to flavour their conversation. Among these we may quote, "as fine as five-pence" (applicable to cheap and tawdry finery)—"as cold as charity" (expressive of the general recognition of the fact that it is exceedingly hard to infuse any vital warmth into the first of all Christian virtues)—"as nice as ninepence" (evidently a figure of speech, though of obscure origin, possessing a charm from its alliteration, and a still greater one from its vagueness, rendering it of very wide application)—"as ugly as sin" (a suggestive sample of hyperbole)—"as clear as mud" (a favourite saying among emphatic disputants, in which, by a figure of rhetoric, the thing spoken of is made to stand for its opposite)—and, "as good as gold," which is meant to express the very perfection of personal merit.

Some comparisons in general use partake of the humorous and satirical, as when one man is said to comport himself "like a bull in a china shop;" or another to be as busy "as a cat in a tripe shop;" or a gossiping woman is described as being "as cunning as Kate Mallet, and she was half a fool;" which last comparison, by the way, is a local one, and current only in Somersetshire. Another local comparison, current chiefly in the west of England, is, "as dry as a gyx," a phrase remarkably expressive to those who know what is meant by a gyx, but of little significance to those who do not. A gyx is the stalk of a creeping plant abounding in the western counties, which in early summer runs over the hedges and bank sides, and, withering under the heats of August, dries up so thoroughly that it will fall to pieces at a touch, and the pieces crumble into dust in the clenched hand.

Drunkenness seems to have given rise to several queer idioms of comparison. Such are, "as drunk as a lord," which may have had more truth in olden times than in our era of more respectable manners; "as drunk as a fiddler;" which is also a slander against a whole profession (though certainly they are in scenes of special temptation); and "as drunk as David's sow," a mysterious allusion, upon which we can throw no light, being altogether in the dark ourselves as to who David was (though of course he was a Welshman), and whether the sow or her owner was most to blame for the animal's lapse in good manners.

Some few comparisons there are, which, though they are current wherever our language is spoken, defy all attempts to get at their origin, and might puzzle Max Müller himself. Take, for example, "as queer as Dick's hatband." Who will tell us where this came from? Who was Dick, and what was the matter with his hatband? The phrase is very old, and has been in use for generations, and the mystery of its origin and of its supposed recondite significance has from time to time been the subject of persevering investigation by curious persons. But nothing very satisfactory has yet been discovered. It was suggested by one learned gentleman, who handled the subject from the historical point of view, that the Dick in question might have been the tyrant Richard III, and that the hatband was only a metaphorical expression for his kingly crown, which, at the crisis of Bosworth Field, was certainly in a state of jeopardy that might have been figuratively designated as "queer." But we cannot accept this ingenious solution of the difficulty, which strikes us as too learned and too far-fetched. To our thinking, Dick is more likely to have been some low-born hind, who, having "given his mind" to hatbands, signalled himself in some special manner, and thus transmitted his name to pos-

terity. There was a custom prevailing at the beginning of this century, though it is nearly obsolete now, of hiring farm servants at certain periodical gatherings, called "mops." The labourers who came to be hired used to intimate their calling by wearing certain insignia round their hats—a wisp of hay denoting a carter, a wisp of straw a thatcher, a plait of horsehair a ploughman, and so on; now, if the Dick of the queer hatband was a candidate for service on any such occasion, the circumstances that gave rise to his renown may be easily imagined.

"As mad as a hatter" is another mysterious comparison, which even people of education do not disdain to use, though no one is kind enough to vouchsafe an explanation of it. If it be assumed, as a friend suggests, that hatters must be mad to go on, from year to year, perpetrating the frightful cylinders that gentlemen wear on their heads, we feel bound to rebut, in their behalf, the charge of insanity, and to transfer it to the wearers of the said abominations instead of the makers, who only exercise their industry in satisfying the demands of the public.

The amount of pleasure implied in being "as jolly as a sand-boy" we cannot tell, never having belonged to that free-and-easy profession, the members of which, so far as our observation goes, pass a considerable portion of their time in the exhilarating and healthful exercise of assmanship (their empty sand-bags serving them as saddles), their jollity being most exuberantly demonstrative when their merchandise has been transmuted into cash.

"As merry as a grig," is also a frequent similitude, though we have never been able to get at the secret of the grig's merriment—a grig, as the reader may require to be informed, being a small eel which has not arrived at years of discretion, and manifests its lack of that virtue by perpetually wriggling and twisting its body and wagging its slimy tail.

But we must draw bit, lest we provoke somebody to a comparison which shall illustrate our tediousness.

THE WORKING BEE.

TOWARDS the end of March the workers embrace every opportunity to carry home "bee-bread"—the pollen or bloom-dust of flowers—as this is required as food for the young, which are now requiring much attention.

As the queen lays all the eggs that produce the three sorts of bees, everything depends upon her health and fecundity. In the height of the season the number of eggs laid in a single day amounts to several hundreds, and this for weeks together.

Reaumur states that a healthy queen will lay 12,000 eggs in twenty-four days. This may be rather a high figure. I once made a careful observation upon the increase of a good hive, with the following result:—

In the year 1844 I hived a swarm on the 22nd of May. The swarm consisted of 25,000 bees. On the 3rd of July, a maiden swarm (a swarm from a swarm) came off numbering about 20,500. On the 15th of July there was a second swarm of about 10,500 bees. Reckoning the bees still remaining in the hive, with those lost by death, at 9,000, we have a total of 40,000. From these take the original swarm of 25,000, and 15,000 will remain to be accounted for. These must have been hatched in thirty-three days, as could be easily shown; thus showing a figure nearly approaching Reaumur's high estimate of 500 a day.

During April the bees are not likely to do much to-

wards storing. They find work enough to "hold their own" and attend to the brood. I once had a hive that increased in weight fourteen pounds, from April 17th to 24th; but this is a very rare occurrence. Should a hive with a good healthy queen require feeding at this season, feed liberally.

About this time, a hive that is weak through the imperfections of the queen, is likely to suffer "a desertion." In this case the few remaining bees, accompanied by the queen, forsake the hive, leaving only the empty combs. It not unfrequently happens that this small and forlorn community enters another hive in the same apiary.

Towards the end of May, the drones having become numerous, and the hive nearly full of workers, "the musicians of the queen's band" find plenty to do, in fanning their wings to lower the temperature of the hive, and show their pleasure at the successful operations going on within.

The crowded state of the hive may now cause the bees to "swarm." Within the whole range of instinctive operations, what is more remarkable than a swarm of bees? Thousands of bees, that yesterday would have died in battle or starved themselves to death in defence of the tenderly-nursed brood, will to-day leave them all without the slightest hesitation, fully bent upon their "new move."

The bees that leave the hive before the queen, move off in a stately march, as if conscious that their choicest treasure remained behind. After the queen has left, the rush made by the rest of the swarm is remarkable. It is then all "who shall be first?" Whether the queen leaves the hive of her own accord, or whether she is compelled to do so by the workers, is a disputed point. I once saw the queen on the platform, and as she attempted to return to the hive, the workers forced her to take wing; but a solitary case proves nothing. The bees, if they like their new home, begin to work without delay.

On the 9th of July, 1859, I put a swarm of about 24,000 bees into a hive with the combs already made, and they stored a pound of honey the same afternoon.

Bees swarm at various times and seasons. I have had a swarm as early as the 30th of April, and as late as the 23rd of September. One has left the hive at 7.45 A.M.; another at 4.48 P.M. One swarm has consisted of no more than 5,600 bees; another could boast of an army of colonists, 27,000 strong.

Notwithstanding the decision of bee-writers to the contrary, I have had a good swarm two days before the appearance of drones; and I have also had a swarm that did not leave the parent stock till the drones had appeared sixty-five days.

Honey-collecting is about as much dependent upon the weather, as haymaking. I have known a nice swarm, after having improved every opportunity, starved to death at the end of three months; and I have had a swarm which collected five-and-a-half pounds of honey in one day, and at the end of five days had reached the weight of a good winter's stock.

Hundreds of times, including almost every possible variety of circumstance, I have weighed bees, and do not doubt but the result would surprise the apiarist as well as the general reader. For instance—The weather being hot, with a clear sky and calm air, a good hive increases in weight three pounds daily. The day following is equally hot, but thick clouds pass over the face of the sun every few minutes, and the increase in weight is only a quarter of a pound daily. But notwithstanding this, a clouded sky sometimes proves an advantage. A