



Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 4 - April 2024

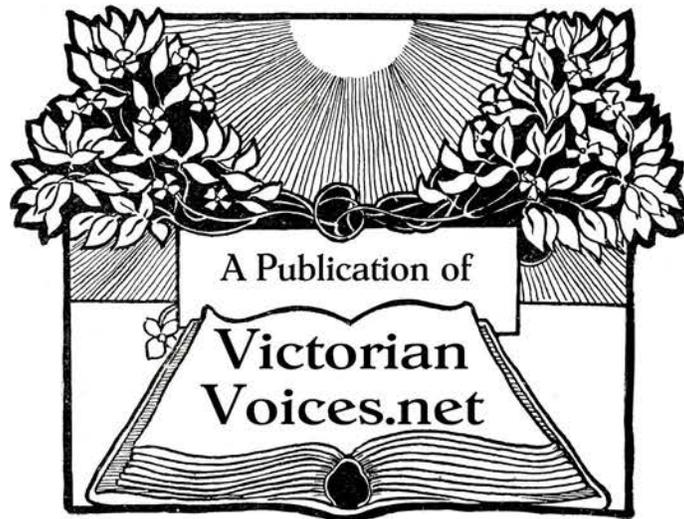
*Lord Sanger's Circus • Central Park • Thomas the Titmouse
The Art of Hedging • On Shaking Hands • Artistic Acorn Work
Beverages & Breakfasts • Bird Life in Spring • April Fool's Day • Norway
Fruit Barrow Men • Church Hourglasses • Duties of Servants • Zoo Stories*

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edited by Moira Allen



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“Us” vs. “Them” Continued...

Last issue, I brought up the problem of Victorian racism and bigotry, and how it will be dealt with in the pages of *Victorian Times*. But the larger question is, how do we deal with it in the context of understanding and appreciating the Victorian era itself? Shall we condemn Victorians (specifically, white Victorians) for their attitudes of racism and bigotry?

Before we decide, let's take a look at all the social issues that Victorians *did* address, or begin to address. Thanks to the Victorians, we have laws today protecting children and animals from abuse. Thanks to the Victorians, if you're a woman, you don't even have to ask whether you can get a university degree, or become a doctor, or perhaps even become the president of a major college or industry. Thanks to the Victorians, again, if you're a woman, you don't have to ask whether you have the right to work. You also have the right to retain your own property and earnings—you don't have to give them to your husband. (In Britain, prior to 1888, you did.) Victorians didn't quite manage to win women (or, for that matter, quite a number of men) the right to vote, but they put the wheels in motion. In 1834, England abolished slavery in its colonies; in 1863, America issued the Emancipation Proclamation. In short, the Victorian era brought about a lot of positive changes for a lot of people who, formerly, were pretty hard off.

Further, before we start trashing Victorians, let's take a look at how long it took *since* the Victorian era for these issues to be addressed. If we're going to condemn the Victorians, we must also condemn pretty much every generation in the history of the world right up to the 1940's, when the Civil Rights Movement officially began. That movement may have brought an end to a number of injustices and inequalities, but I don't know of anyone who would say that it brought an end to “wrong thinking.” As for the Victorian era being one of slurs and name-calling, I shudder to imagine what they would have thought of our social media.

It's also important to keep in mind that Victorians didn't invent bigotry. They inherited it, just as they inherited a host of other social injustices. They didn't resolve every injustice that was passed down to them, but they definitely made the world a better place for many people. Like them, we've inherited a host of social injustices that we're still working on, and our descendants will undoubtedly inherit plenty of issues from us.

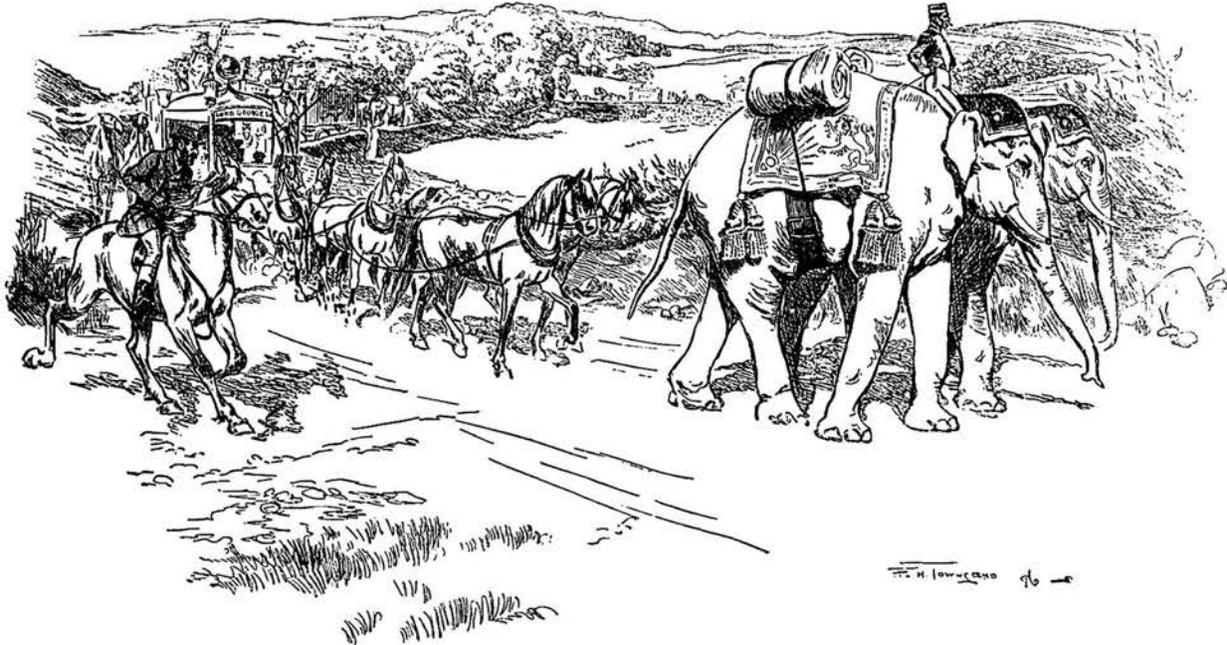
Today, it's popular to point a finger at what someone is doing wrong (or what we think is wrong), and proclaim that doing this wrong thing makes that someone a bad person. The prevailing attitude is that a single wrong action (or even wrong thought) cancels out all good things a person may do. Such an attitude implies that to be acceptable, a human must be perfect—for having the least flaw makes everything else one does meaningless. Such a judgment, however, can only truly be made by someone who *is* perfect—who can honestly say, “I have no room for improvement.” I have yet to meet that person, let alone *be* that person.

In the case of the Victorians, it's far too simplistic to say they were “bad people” because they were bigoted. There is no single Victorian type—like people today, there were good ones, bad ones, and everything in between. Victorians did many good things, and they had many flaws. In short, they're pretty much like people today. They are also, like them or not, our ancestors—our great-great-grandparents. They were imperfect, just as we are imperfect. We don't have to condone, but neither do we have to condemn. Like the Victorians, we can only keep trying to do better.

—Maira Allen, Editor
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LORD GEORGE SANGER'S CIRCUS.

BY ONE WHO HAS TRAVELLED WITH IT.



SANGER'S CIRCUS ON THE MARCH.



THE name of Sanger suggests circus as readily as knife suggests fork, or lock key. This is due to their long and close association. Yet that association is still maintained by the original circus Sanger—to wit, George, commonly spoken of as “Lord George Sanger.” Now aged sixty-six years, of which fifty-six have been devoted to show business, the founder of the great Sanger's Circus is still alive, and still travels from February to November with his unrivalled display.

These remarks are rendered necessary on account of the widespread misunderstanding that the present Lord George is not himself but his father. Repeatedly he is told by middle-aged men that as boys they remember visiting his circus when it was conducted by his father. True, his father, who served under Nelson at Trafalgar, was a showman; but his establishment never exceeded the dignity of a peep-show that travelled the country fairs.

Curiously enough Mrs. George Sanger, who is her husband's right hand, and goes wherever he goes, is also descended from a peep-show man. Members of the older generation amongst us may easily remember

her as Miss Ellen Chapman *alias* Madame Pauline de Vere, the Lady of the Lions. She was George Wombwell's most celebrated performer with wild animals, and created quite a stir in 1847 when she had the honour of giving her entertainment in the courtyard at Windsor Castle before Her Majesty, Prince Consort, and the Royal Household. The Queen witnessed the performance, which was given by lamplight, from a window of the Castle corridor, and at its conclusion sent for Miss Chapman.

Now let us turn to Lord George Sanger's circus, named here in full to distinguish it from his nephew's—Lord John Sanger's—circus. In the season it comprises 250 people—40 performers, 50 grooms, 50 tent-men, 24 bandsmen, shoeblacks, harness-makers and harness-cleaners, blacksmiths, carriage-washers, tent-makers, mess-caterers, carpenters, wheelwrights, wardrobe-keepers, elephant- and camel-keepers, menagerie-keepers, and a veterinary surgeon.

The salaries of these different grades range from 22s. 6d. to £30 a week. Then there are 200 horses, a varying number of elephants, camels, lions, tigers, and other rare animals—maintained at an average cost of £26 a day. The daily outlay upon the entire show averages £130 a day. When packed up and on the road, the whole is moved in 62

vehicles, and from front to rear extends at least a mile.

"They told me I would see you coming," said a farmer mounted on a bay cob on which he had ridden five miles to the main road between Leceister and Hinckley to see the circus arrive. "But I never expected to see miles of you." The farmer's remarks were addressed to the writer, who was travelling with the show in the pleasant days of last autumn, and who was also mounted on a lively mare, so lively, indeed, that conversation with the farmer was impossible. However, it was not to interview farmers that I had abandoned the comforts of settled life and turned showman for a week; it was to see how a great travelling show was worked, to participate as far as possible in the life of the nomads comprising it, and to glean what rare experiences I could from Mr. Sanger's interesting life.

I joined the show at Leicester, "just in time for a cup of tea," as Mr. Sanger said, shaking me by the hand, and leading me to his living-carriage. Over this cup of tea the conversation happened to turn on Mrs. Sanger's lion-training days, through an old lithographic representation of her performance before the Queen that had come into her hands the previous day, at Market Harboro. Mrs. Sanger, whom I had met at least a dozen times before, had never yet favoured me with any account of these days. Now, however, the picture seemed to awaken her interest in the past, and incident followed incident of her encounters with dangerous animals.

In one part of her performance she used to open the mouth of Wombwell's celebrated lion "Wallace," and put her head into it. This now common trick is attended with difficulties not appreciated by an observer,



DRESSING UP FOR THE CIRCUS PERFORMANCE.

however close. In the first place, the lion's jaws are so slippery with saliva that if any impatient force were used in helping him to open his mouth, up would fly the lifting hand—possibly to be seized by the rapacious brute as an instrument threatening him with a blow. The thrilling part, however, is the insertion of the head—it is thrilling, too, in a way the spectators know nothing of. The temples of the performer pass between the lion's fangs, and in Mrs. Sanger's case the fit was so tight that each temple was grooved by its continual insertion and withdrawal between these dreadful points. This was decidedly creepy.

"Still, I was very fond of Wallace," went on Mrs. Sanger, reassuringly, "and so was he of me. I was never afraid of him." There was one lion in the group, however, that Mrs. Sanger had her suspicions about. In jumping with the others through the hoops and on the pillars it always lurked behind, with head down and eyes turned up at her. One day it seized her by the thighs with both paws, and as she strove to beat it off its savage claws were dug into her head. In a moment she was down, and, happily, unconscious. The keepers rushed in, and beat the brute off with iron bars. Next day the Lady of the Lions went through her performance with her head bandaged! Double prices were, of course, charged, and more people had to be turned away than were accommodated in the house.

These were nice stories over a domestic cup of tea! Mrs. Sanger, however, is still fond of lions, and until recently had one in her caravan. It used to sleep with the cat and the pug dog; and follow her about the show grounds to the consternation of the crowd, who looked on wonderingly—at a respectful distance.

"I was so fond of that lion," she proceeded. "Whenever it saw me put my bonnet on, it knew I was going out, and would look up at me so pleadingly, just like a dog when it wants its master to take it out. There, I regularly cried when it died."

"Now, I'll tell you what you shall do," broke in Mr. Sanger, "to-morrow, if you like—at any rate, before you leave us. We've got four lions and a tiger in the den here. My niece performs the serpentine dance amongst them. You shall go in amongst them and walk once round, touching them up with your stick."

It was bad enough to listen to Mrs. Sanger's stories. To expect me to fall in with proposals of this kind on the top of them was like expecting a child, after you have made him shudder with tales of ghosts,

to go down into a dark cellar without a light. However, three days later I did go in, and walked once round.

"Round again! Once more!" cried Mr. Sanger, who was standing outside.



LORD GEORGE SANGER.
(PRESENT DAY.)

(From a photograph by Messrs. A. & G. Taylor.)

"No!" I said most distinctly and emphatically; "let me out!" and out I popped very quickly, as soon as the trap-door in the bottom of the cage was raised.

During my walk round, the lions leapt nimbly enough out of my way; but there was a reluctance about the Bengal tiger that I didn't like. It kept its head low, with its eyes turned up at me and hanging about me in a way that recalled the conduct of the lion that attacked Mrs. Sanger. This was enough for me, and when I got outside I could hear my heart beat.

My first appearance as a circus-performer was in the perhaps very natural part of clown. At least, while I was being made up, I heard the remark—

"That chap was cut out for a clown."

It was the day after I joined the show. At twelve a bell was rung—the signal for getting ready for parade—and I proceeded to the dressing-tent, which is divided into three compartments—one for the grooms and black men, one for the clowns and other performers, and one for the ladies. Good-humoured chaff is indulged in while we are transforming

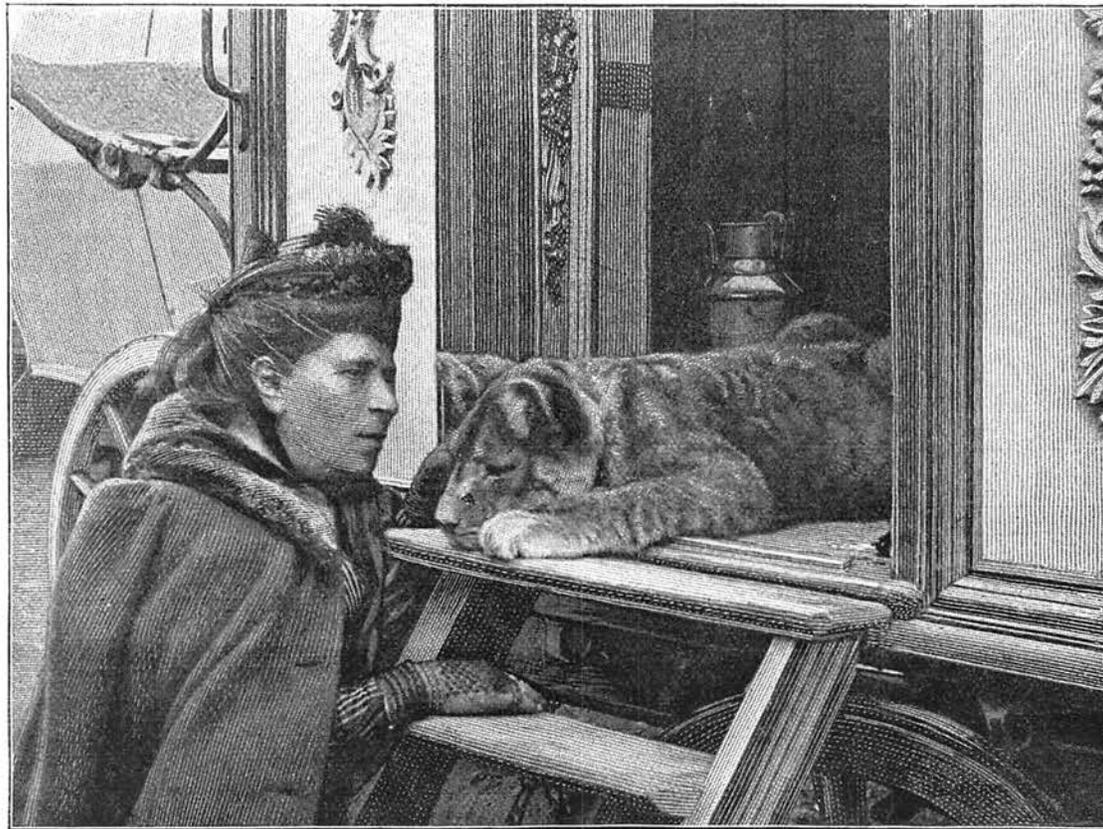
ourselves from ordinary mortals into gay butterflies whose pathway in popular esteem never a care has crossed, or into heroes whose only business it is to prance through life on fiery steeds. Inquisitive boys peep cautiously round the tent hangings to gratify their insatiable longing to see more and ever more of circus matters. They are easily dispersed, however, and rush terrified away whenever a black man, making a rapid stride or two towards them, emits some inarticulate bellow.

Sometimes boys make a closer acquaintance with this tent than they relish. It is impossible to subdue a boy's desire to see a circus performance, as every mother knows and every man who has been a boy. Often, however, the want of a few coppers prevents him from entering by the ordinary portals; so he takes a walk round the tent, and when he thinks no one is looking creeps under the canvas. Circus people know the ways of boys very well though: no class has had so much experience of them. The consequence is these little boyish methods are well provided against, and when a lumpish lad is captured, an example is made of him. He is taken to the dressing-tent, his face is whitened and his nose painted red; dark and lugubrious lines are drawn down from the

corners of his mouth. His jacket is then put on the wrong way so that being buttoned up behind he can't take it off, and so long as it is on in this fashion he can't lift his hands to his face. Then he is turned loose into an unfeeling world. Everybody, except perhaps his mother, laughs at him. His companions enjoy the fun so much that they call other companions to share in it, and so heighten it. There is nothing for him but to go home as he is, and as he goes the jeering crowd about him accumulates. Mud is thrown at him. His comical appearance becomes more and more comical. Reaching home he is unrecognisable; and when recognised, after making the baby cry and his sisters shriek, his father takes him in hand—and a cane as well.

Meanwhile, to return to my preparations for parade, the chief clown, whose place I am to fill, has whitened my face with whiting, and reddened my nose with vermilion, adding other marks to my face in keeping with the character I am to play. He has bedecked me in a cut-away coat of a pronounced pattern, exaggerated stand-up collar and bow, an enormous hat, etc., and I am ready.

"What have I to do?" I ask, somewhat apprehensive that I might break down.



MRS. GEORGE SANGER WITH HER FAVOURITE LION CUB.
(From a photograph by A. M. Bliss & Co., Lewes.)



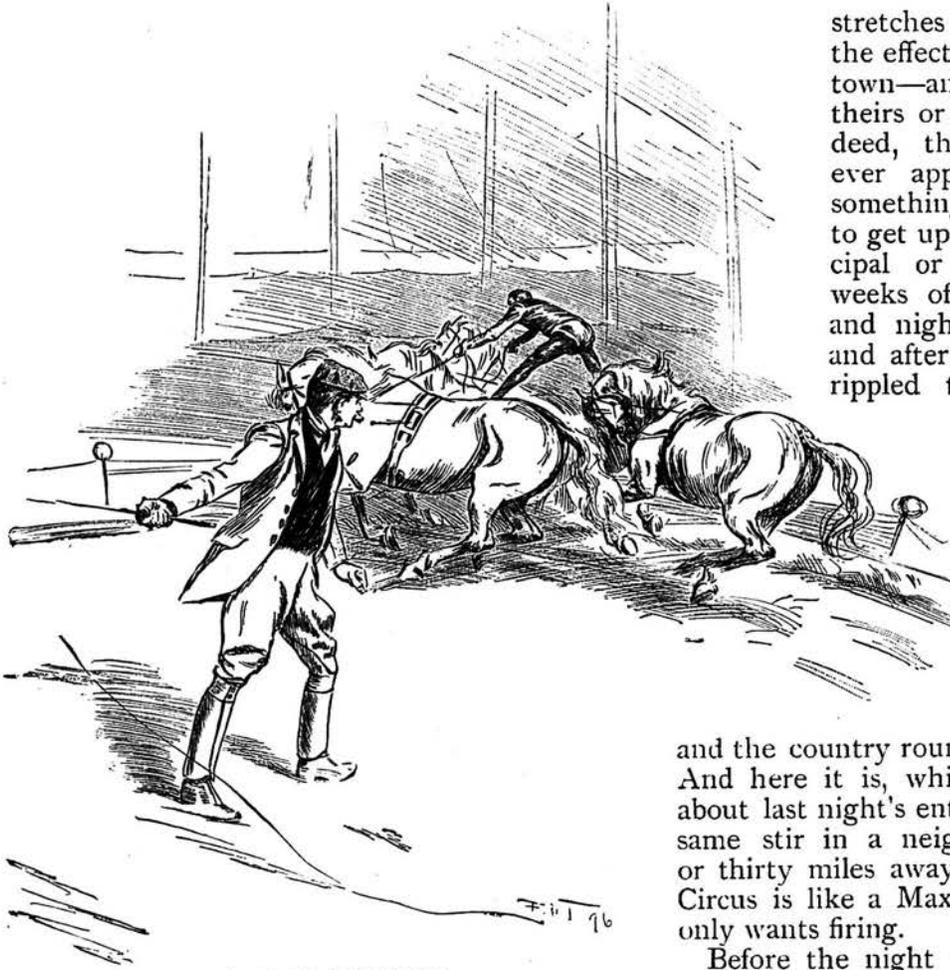
"You," he replied (with emphasis on the "you"), "will have to do nothing. Just carry this brush in your hand, and be as you are. You make the best clown ever I saw."

Immediately behind us in the procession came the elephants, and round them a crowd of boys. It is rare, indeed, that something amusing does not happen with them. In the present case a boy's cap dropped off, and an elephant made no more to do than simply extend his trunk, pick it up, and pass it into his mouth. The boy looked aghast at his disappearing cap, and then at the keeper as though he expected that functionary to go after it and recover it. As is well known, men working on the road usually lay their coats down just where they are working. This is a dangerous practice when a circus is in the town, and often has an elephant made a hasty meal of such stray garments. In another procession I was in later on, an elephant deliberately walked to the side-path and knocked over a box of carrots, helped itself to three or four, and then rushed back to its place in the roadway again.

Attached to the circus are thirty very small ponies. Their only duty is to run loose through the streets behind the procession. All the rest of the day they roam

MRS. SANGER TAKES HER PET LION FOR A STROLL.

about the circus grounds, and, as in the case with idle people, having nothing to do they have acquired extraordinary cunning. Ladies and children frequently bring dainties in baskets "for the dear little ponies." One lady, who had brought a basketful of cakes, after feeding them was walking away, when one deliberately planted his fore-foot on her skirt to stop her. He did stop her, for he pulled the skirt right off. Another trick of theirs is to haunt the different messes of the men at meal-times. These messes are held in the open air. Quite silently up will come a pony, thrust his head over some absorbed diner's shoulder, and help himself from the tin platter. At the back and underneath Mr. Sanger's living-carriage is the cupboard; it is fastened when shut by a wire loop put



A CIRCUS REHEARSAL.

on a staple and kept in position by a piece of wood. One morning, after the sausages and bacon had been cooked for breakfast, the servant-girl went to fetch the bread. There was no bread there, though three loaves had been put in the previous evening. The ponies had actually lifted the piece of wood out of the staple, opened the cupboard door, and devoured the bread!

An impressive feature of a great circus is the rapidity of its movements. Townsfolk waken up, and lo! a hitherto deserted waste is covered with canvas, figures are actively bustling about, smoke is curling up from camp-fires and from the chimneys of caravans, gaily-painted and grotesquely-shaped vehicles stud the ground—a spot, in short, noted for nothing but its desolate appearance has suddenly become transformed into a pleasing scene of animation and the most attractive place in the town.

Next morning chaos has come again. The old field has resumed its wonted deserted aspect—the circus has gone. This has given rise to the common notion that circus people never sleep. The townsfolk see the great

stretches of canvas, and they feel the effect of the display upon the town—an effect that no effort of theirs or their neighbours, or, indeed, the combined town, has ever approached. They know something of what it costs them to get up a *fête*, or to rouse municipal or political enthusiasm—weeks of preparation, and days and nights of worry and work, and after all they have not even rippled the ordinary course of events. Here, however, as if dropped from the clouds, a great show appears; men knock off their work early to go to it, country folk drive in from a distance of twelve miles for the same purpose—in short, the whole town

and the country round have paused to look. And here it is, while they are still talking about last night's entertainment, creating the same stir in a neighbouring town twenty or thirty miles away. The fact is, Sanger's Circus is like a Maxim gun, so made that it only wants firing.

Before the night performance is over the labourers have already taken down the front and packed it up; and, while the people are still pouring out, the seats are being taken down, piled up, and loaded. An attack is then made on the tent itself, it is lowered, its thousands of square yards of canvas rolled up and packed into the waggons within an hour of the closing of the show. The day's work is now done, and the night-watchman comes on duty. With a lever of the pump-handle pattern he pulls the 500 tent-stakes out of the ground during his lonely vigil, and for this receives twopence a week from each labourer—an addition, of course, to his ordinary pay as watchman. Meanwhile, the grooms, stretched on "kips" of straw and wrapped in blankets, are asleep, along each side of the stable-tent and within a foot or two of their horses' heels.

The time of starting in the morning may be three and it may be as late as seven, according to the distance to be travelled. An hour's work is sufficient to put everything in readiness for the road. Mr. Sanger's own carriage leads the way and regulates the pace. All the others follow in fixed order—those required early in the operation of erecting the show in the front, while the trusted agent brings up the

rear. The vet., with a swift pony, drives along the line from time to time to see how the horses are going. If a shoe be cast, the farrier is summoned, and it is immediately put on. If a horse show symptoms of lameness, he is immediately taken out and led and a fresh one put in his place. Nothing stops the progress of the cavalcade. Let a heavy carriage, when roads are bad, sink in a rut to the axle so that the horses cannot move it; no matter, the elephants are brought to bear, and then it *must* move.

Yet no bribe will induce Mr. Sanger to retire. "No, sir," he has told me; "I like it, and we all like it. I can't sit down in a house for half an hour; and I am never so well in winter quarters as when travelling. As you know, we travel from February to November, often in mud, and snow, and bitter winds; yet not one of us will have so much as a cough. The moment we go into winter quarters, however, then we begin. First this one has a cold; then that one has pain somewhere; and so on it goes, right

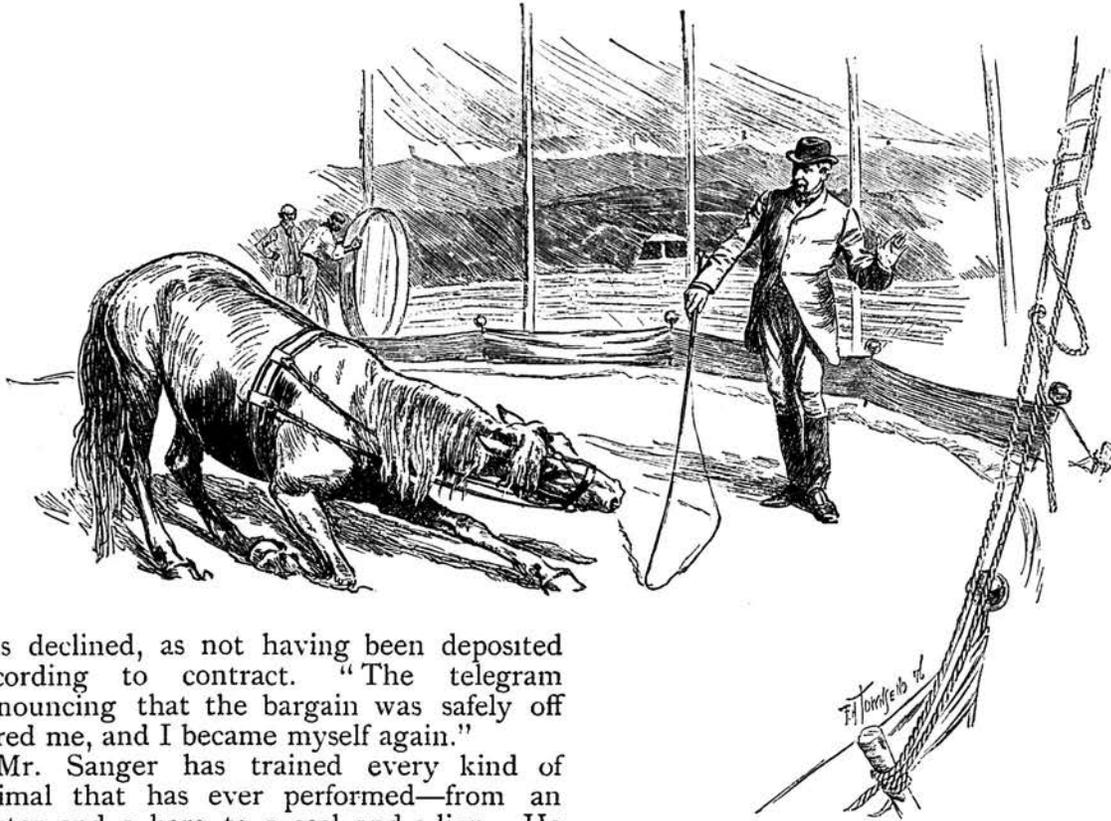
round the lot of us until we get started again."

That Mr. Sanger's remarks are confirmed by truth was exemplified a year or two ago when a City syndicate offered him £150,000 for his circus. He accepted the offer, stipulating that £50,000 should be paid down on a certain date. Then he became a miserable man, and had to take to his bed ill. Here was the work of his lifetime passing into other hands. "I declare to you, sir," and I fancy I have detected a tear in Mr. Sanger's eye when telling this story, "I almost wished to die rather than see that show that I have travelled scores of times all over these islands with, and over the greater part of the Continent, go off without me. The thought made me fairly desperate; so I wrote to my solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, of Ely Place, to get me out of the engagement."

This they were able to do honourably enough. The £50,000 that was to be paid down on a fixed date, was not so paid until a few days later, and when it arrived it



"I TOOK THE HARES IN, AND AMUSED THE PARTY FOR ABOUT HALF AN HOUR"



A CIRCUS HORSE TRAINED BY "LORD GEORGE."

was declined, as not having been deposited according to contract. "The telegram announcing that the bargain was safely off cured me, and I became myself again."

Mr. Sanger has trained every kind of animal that has ever performed—from an oyster and a hare, to a seal and a lion. He designs and cuts out with his own hand the costumes required for his companies. He designs, too, and has made by his own workmen the circus carriages and caravans. He has even painted the show-front.

Nor is there anything that showmen suffer that Mr. Sanger hasn't suffered. In his early days, when each day's wants consumed each day's takings, he has had his children die in his caravan: yet he has had to strut all the more in front of the booth and "cackle" all the louder so that he might induce the people to "walk up" and so procure the means of burying his offspring. In his early travels he has come to a toll-gate and found himself unable to pay the toll necessary for the passage of his waggon, and has gone back to perform to any group of rustics he might be able to gather on the wayside, and then "nob" them—the show term for passing round the hat.

On one such occasion he offered the toll-keeper a Chinese gong worth £3 for the paltry sum of fifteen pence. The toll-keeper, however, knowing nothing of the instrument, naturally declined it. Mr. Sanger turned his horse round, and let it go as it pleased. He himself didn't know where to go or what to do. He was in despair, for business had been bad.

"On the way," to tell the story in his own words, "we met a clergyman with his lady

and four children. The clergyman, accosting me, said—

"What have you got to exhibit in the caravan?"

"I mentioned the performing hares, but was afraid to say anything about my being a conjurer. So he asked me if I could show them to the children.

"Yes, sir," I said eagerly.

"Come in here," said the clergyman, meaning a public-house close by.

"So I took the hares in, and amused the party for about half an hour upon the tap-room table. At the conclusion of the entertainment, this best of all good parsons put his hand into his pocket and gave me ten shillings.

"Made again!" said I, as I jumped into the caravan; and turning my horse round, went back in triumph to the toll-gate."

Such were the humble beginnings of Lord George Sanger. Yet in the year when Sir David Evans was Lord Mayor of London, a school-boy, on being asked what a peer was, answered—

"A lord, sir."

"Name one or two."

"Lord George Sanger and the Lord Mayor of London!"

W. B. ROBERTSON.

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK AND CENTRAL PARK.

BY CATHERINE OWEN.



NEW YORK has been described as a mixture of Liverpool and Paris, and the description is not inapt if people understand the Liverpool element to mean the wharves—the waterside, in fact—and remember that it in no way pervades the Parisian side of the city.

English readers probably know that the "Empire City" is an island—the Island of Manhattan—that it is a long narrow strip of land, the south end of which is New York Bay, one of the most beautiful in the world; on the west side runs the Hudson, on the east the East River, the continuation of Long Island Sound.

The south end of New York, a generation ago, was a fashionable quarter; the Battery, whose once handsome residences are now turned into steam-ship offices, emigration bureaus, and foreign consulates, and whose pretty green park is now canopied with the converging lines of the elevated rail-roads which all meet here, was then the chosen residence for wealthy families, some of whom lingered till actually driven from the stately old quarter by encroaching business traffic.

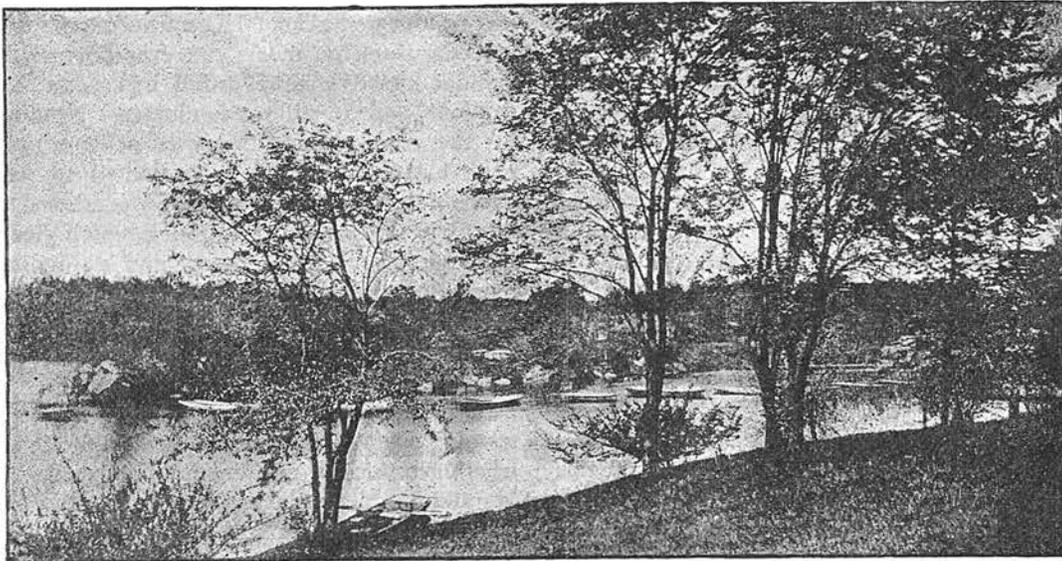
Now this same business is steadily pushing its way northward, and the private houses of ten years ago are shops and boarding-houses to-day.

hotels and Swedish, German, and Irish boarding-houses, which soon, however, give place to magnificent buildings for business purposes, on which money is spent lavishly. Then comes City Hall Square, with its vast and costly municipal buildings in the centre, its green park, and round it the offices of the principal newspapers.

After City Hall Square come the wholesale stores, gay with brilliant lettering and showy signs. Colour in this city, as in Paris, is the thing that perhaps most strikes the newly-arrived Englishman, accustomed as he is to his own sombre, not to say grimy, business streets. Wholesale business houses cede in their turn to retail stores, hotels, and theatres. Broadway becomes, in fact, a sort of Oxford Street until we reach Fourteenth Street, which crosses Union Square.

This square, a kind of "round point," has the centre unenclosed, and intersected in all directions by asphalt paths; it is a gay little park, with flowers, fountains, a kiosk for music, and, hung round with a cordon of globular gas-lights, is like a bit of the Champs Elysées transplanted to the very heart of a busy city. This park is surrounded by a broad pavement, at the curbstone of which are fine trees casting a grateful shade over the road; the shops in this square are very fine, and cater chiefly for the wealthy classes.

From Union Square to Madison Square, a distance



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph by Messrs. J. Frith and Co., Reigate.

Broadway may be called the back-bone of New York, and the numbered streets that cross it at regular intervals the ribs. The lower end of Broadway was, like the Battery where it begins, once principally private houses; now it is devoted to business: the extreme south end of it, called Whitehall Street, to emigrant

of about ten blocks, Broadway again changes character, and may be likened to Regent Street in the class of its shops; everything that is best and most costly in New York may be found here.

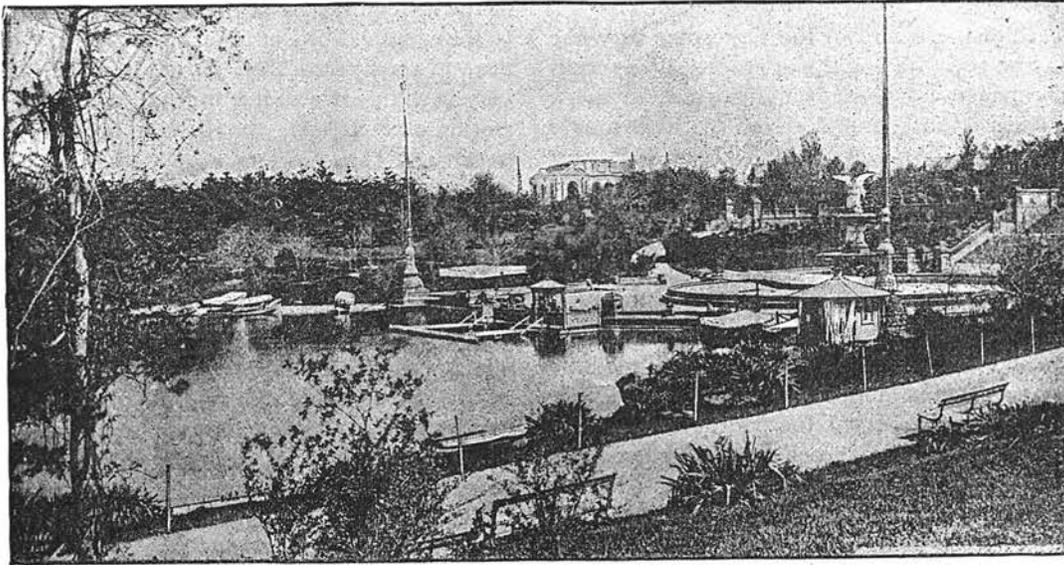
Madison Square is now perhaps the most attractive part of the city; in the middle is the shady, well-cared-

for park: masses of flowers and intersecting paths, with plenty of seats for the nurses and their charges, who are here in crowds, and larger children doing wonderful things with roller-skates on the asphalt.

On three sides of the square are handsome private residences; on the other runs Broadway, and in

indicate a mere garden. Central Park, the pride of New York, covers 980 acres, and is nearly two and a half miles long, while Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia, is of much greater extent.

Central Park, like Coney Island, is a proof of the energy of the American people, and I may add the



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

From a Photograph by Messrs. J. Frith and Co., Reigate.

this vicinity perhaps the best hotels in the city are established—at all events, the most fashionable and expensive. This square bears somewhat the relation to New York, that Trafalgar Square does to London.

At this point perhaps one gets the best idea of the splendour and taste of the "Empire City," as Americans love to call New York; although from it to Central Park the private houses on Fifth and Madison Avenues increase in cost and elegance.

It will have been observed that I have used the word "blocks" as indicating distance. A block is the common term for the distance between one street and another. These distances are very equal; for instance, from Twenty-first Street to Twenty-second Street is one block, and twenty blocks make about one mile.

As I have said, Broadway may be likened to the back-bone of the city, but the avenues on the east and west of that thoroughfare also run parallel with it at intervals of one block, the distances between avenue and avenue being also called a block—a "cross-town block." The houses are numbered east and west; as, for instance, West Twenty-first Street is west of Broadway, East Twenty-first Street is east of it, and they run, as the name indicates, the east to the East River and the west to the Hudson.

A "park," too, has been spoken of as being in the centre of Madison and Union Squares. This term is usually applied to any cultivated green spot or garden in the city: for instance, Americans would speak of the park of Belgrave Square if speaking of its enclosure. The term "park," however, does not always

fertility of their imagination, for surely not a generation ago a park in such a spot as this beautiful pleasure-garden now occupies would have seemed the wildest dream.

Little more than twenty years ago, the space between Fifty-seventh Street and a Hundred-and-seventh Street, and Fifth and Eighth Avenues, consisted of masses of boulders of trap rock, on salient points of which shanties were perched, and goats wandered in search of any chance blade of grass or scrap of herbage that might be in the crevices. Soil, I am told, there was absolutely none; but New Yorkers were determined to have a park, and natural obstacles were not allowed to stand in the way.

The idea once conceived, rocks were levelled, soil brought, trees planted, and what so short a time before had been shanty-land was now a park, beautifully laid out; trees, at first small, have since grown into fair proportions, and now there is no suggestion of the bareness of newly laid-out ground; on the contrary, everything is luxuriantly green and leafy.

The winding bridle-paths and carriage-drives are well shaded with spreading trees, the many beautiful rustic arbours are densely covered with honeysuckle or wistaria, and such rocky eminences as were left for picturesque purposes are now covered with the gorgeous trumpet-vine.

Some parts have been arranged with an artful suggestion of Nature's sweet wild way, others are as artificially beautiful as Park Monceau itself. Stone bridges span winding lakes, on which float gay little

boats with awnings, and at least one genuine Venetian gondola, in summer; and in winter the scene is animated with skating.

The whole is very well kept, as is not always the case with public property in America any more than in England. The park police wear a different uniform from the city force—a very pretty one, by the way, grey with silver buttons—and do their duty well.

At the fashionable hours of the day some very fine riding may be seen, and in the afternoon many well-appointed carriages and handsome horses: in short, if Central Park is not, as many New Yorkers fondly believe, the most beautiful park in the world, it is certainly one of the most beautiful.

All, or nearly all, American public parks have the advantage and disadvantage of being made to order: they have not to grow, as Old World places of the kind have done, with all the uglinesses of tasteless generations, all the mistakes of bygone authority. They have had the world's beauties for their models, and have more or less adopted them.

One cannot wander down the "Mall" of Central Park, and picture it to oneself full of gay-coated courtiers, bewigged and beruffled, or King Charles, with his ebony stick, and numerous spaniels at his heels, taking the air in it, or any of the many pictures

that fill one's mind when one lingers in the London parks or those of France. Nor are the trees, green and beautiful as they are, the great slow-growing monarchs, centuries old, that welcome us to their shade in older countries. Yet Central Park is something to be very proud of.

Of course the vicinity of the park is now a very choice neighbourhood, and wonderful stories are told of the sudden wealth of the sagacious few who held on to the wretched bits of unsaleable property they owned near it, considered then too far up town for any but very needy people to live in; and still more wonderful stories of keen men who bought the lots from their poverty-stricken holders, who were only too glad to sell a few hundred feet of rock which they had been beguiled into buying years before.

One part of the park is reserved for a zoological collection, to which is attached a museum of natural history.

In winter the lakes are covered with skaters of both sexes, and the climate usually affords several weeks of this frosty sport absolutely without danger. The ice breaking and submerging many people, as in the rare London skating seasons, is never heard of here; and, perhaps because it is so general and so national a sport, everything is done to make it attractive.



THE WAYS AND WHIMS OF THOMAS.

BY ALFRED J. BAMFORD, B.A., AUTHOR OF "TURBANS AND TAILS; OR, SKETCHES IN THE UNROMANTIC EAST."

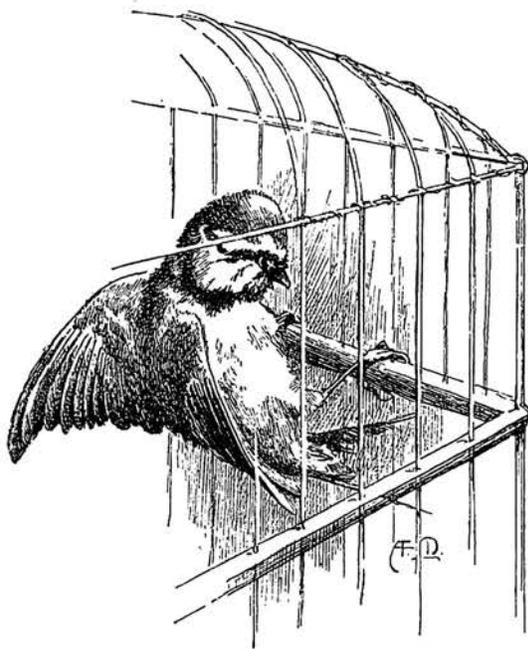


"YES, he certainly has a striking individuality," admits my host in reference to a remark of mine about Thomas. "There are few people who could stand the test of his present condition without losing self-respect. He is particularly ragged and shabby, yet as self-possessed as ever. I venture to think that if you were to appear with the tail torn away from your coat, you would inevitably feel a little awkwardness, and show it; but Thomas, as you see, though tailless, is in no way ashamed or disconcerted."

Thomas is a blue titmouse. While we are speaking about him, he is in a cage on a corner of the breakfast-

table, evidently conscious that he is a member of the family, and, if the smallest, not the least important. He certainly is very small—and seems smaller from having dispensed with his tail, and, indeed, a good deal more of his natural feathering. A hand is put to the bars of his cage with a trifle from one of the dishes—it matters little to him which, for he is not fastidious—and Thomas seizes the offered morsel, settles with it on one of the perches, holding it under his little blue feet, while he divides and disposes of it delicately but promptly. There is a slenderness of form about that little bill of his which almost disguises its effective strength. That tit-bit swallowed, there is no eager, vulgar looking for the next. Thomas is not a dependent waiting upon the favours of his superiors. He is rather a person of importance, whose tastes are studied and whose wants are anticipated. The next delicacy will be ready as soon as he is. So he will have a turn round his cage, running zigzag about on

the side wires, then taking a tour under the wires of the top, and dropping upon his perch just as a ministering finger is ready to tempt his palate with another *bonne bouche*, after which he is off again. There is little wonder that—bird though he be—he is called a titmouse. But his movements out-



HIS FAVOURITE POSITION.

mouse any mouse in variety if not in celerity. Where is the mouse that could lead, or even follow, Thomas upon the under-side of his cage-roof? And as for quickness of movement, when Thomas gets excited he is not seen as a definite form, but as a greeny-blue streak or band running in all directions, and bent at all manner of angles.

We all have our pet, and often most unreasonable, aversions, as Shylock explained to the Duke of Venice. Thomas would doubtless object to the "harmless, necessary cat," referred to by the Jew, but as he is kept out of the way of creatures of that order, he has no opportunity of manifesting this dislike. He, however, does evince a very strong dislike to white pocket-handkerchiefs. The taking out of one of these articles, much more the offering of one to him, excites his worst passions. He lifts his crest, spreads his wings, and attempts to seize and tear the offending cambric to pieces.

All this is very absurd. But I am sorry to have to record that he has been proved capable of passion more criminal than eccentric. He formerly shared his cage with a brother, and that brother is no more. My friend tells me that he had often noticed conduct which to an unsympathetic observer might have suggested quarrelsome dispositions in these two brothers, but which by him and his family had been attributed to nothing worse than love of excitement.

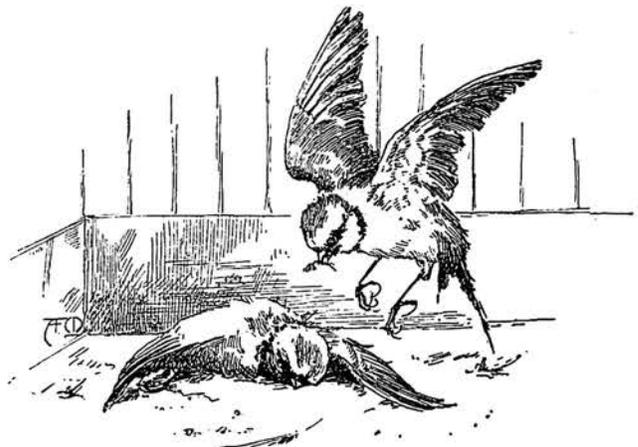
One summer, during their holiday, they asked a

neighbour to take charge of Thomas and Dick. On their return from their holiday, poor Dick presented a most pitiable appearance. Thomas had got the upper hand and had used his opportunity; and, while it had been sport to him, it had been death to Dick. The two brothers were at once separated, but it was easy to see that this ought to have been done before. It was now too late.

A day or two afterwards there was a funeral, and Dick's stripped and torn little body was buried out of sight. But not even the funeral of so near a relative tended in the least to depress the light-hearted Thomas. On that day of mourning he was as cheerful as ever, neither lamenting the dead nor fearing the halter of justice. Nor from that day to this do I understand that he has suffered a single twinge of conscience.

"We'll take a walk after breakfast," says my friend and host, "and I'll show you where Thomas was born."

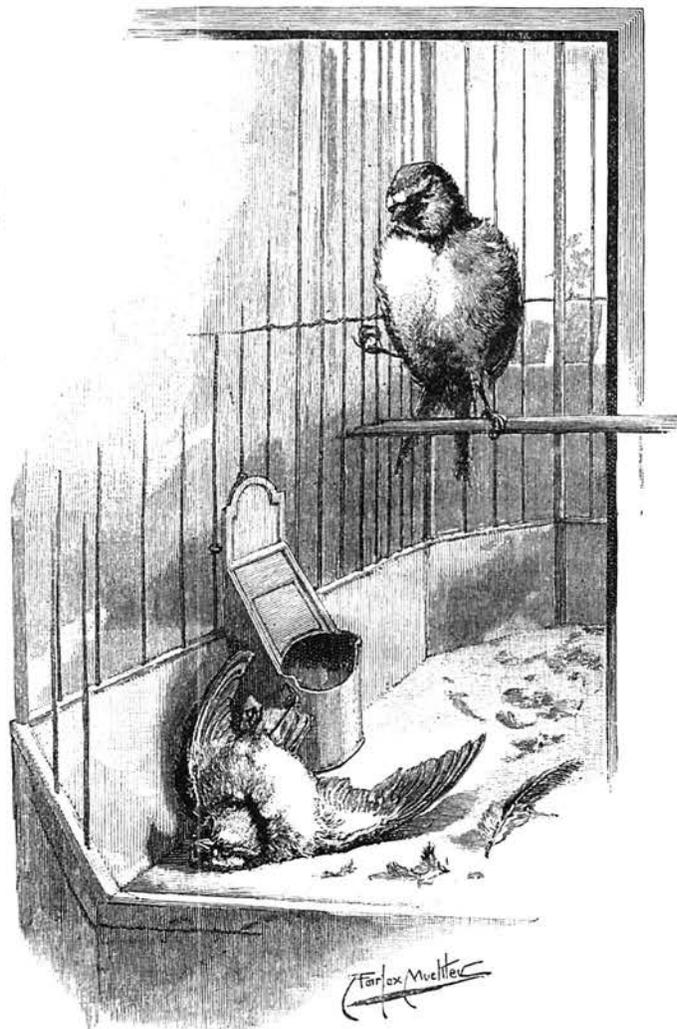
So we stroll out together on a blowy day of the first week in March. We pass through a cold, dismal-looking town of stone-built cottages and smoke-begrimed mills and factories, out through the town, till we find ourselves on a path striking through fields, and then we enter a narrowing clough, through which ripples and bubbles a noisy little stream of clear water, shut in by a thick growth of stunted trees climbing up the hill on either side. It is a pleasant walk now we have left the houses and chimneys behind. The air is fresh, for it comes direct from the sea, not many miles to windward of us, and the sun is shining brightly between hurrying showers. Our path takes us up the side of a hill. It is a stiff climb, but the breeze we enjoy as we rise is invigorating. Upwards still we go till we strike the edge of the moor and the eye wanders over the rolling expanse of heather. A number of peewits are beating their way against the wind overhead; some half a dozen grouse come rushing nervously past us, as though they did not know that grouse-shooting had ended some three months before; and, flying low to escape the force of the wind, some crows come round the shoulder of the hill on a foraging expedition.



THE TRAGEDY.

But we only skirt the moorside. Leaving the heather almost as soon as we find it, we follow a path down again through the hill-side pastures. Almost from our feet, up into the wind that seems ready to make sport of him, rises a skylark. He cannot stand against so stiff a breeze, but, even as he is carried along upon it, he rises upwards and pours forth his song. The grass and the heather are withered, the moor is bleak, the wind is strong, but the skylark has seen the sun, and, though its glory is now hidden again, the bird rises into the rain-cloud and sings of the coming spring.

And now, in a few moments, we are down again among trees, following a winding path that leads ever down and down, until, at the bottom, it crosses a brook by a rustic bridge formed by a single tree-trunk thrown athwart the water-course. Soon we have to cross the brook again—this time by a solid stone bridge, but still under the trees. Close by this is a rough, dry wall, and in this wall, between some of the less closely set stones, the parents of Thomas once made their nest. Here it was that Thomas, with Dick and one or two anonymous brothers and sisters, first saw the light. The nest had been placed in an exposed position, but those who were left in it, when Thomas and Dick were invited to my friend's home, escaped detection as nestlings, and entered in due course upon the responsibilities of the full-fledged. They are very probably, at this moment of our inspecting the place of their birth, among those birds who from the branches overhead are inspecting and discussing us. The spot is a lovely one, and I cannot help telling my friend that had Thomas been brought up amidst its beauty and peace, his character might have been developed to less fratricidal ends.



FEAR NEITHER OF HALTER NOR JUSTICE.

To Critics.

WHEN I was seventeen I heard
From each censorious tongue,
"I'd not do that if I were you,
You see you're rather young."

Now that I number forty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I shouldn't do
Because I'm quite too old.

O carping world! If there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

Walter Learned.

Momentous Words.

WHAT spiteful chance steals unawares
Wherever lovers come,
And trips the nimblest brain and scares
The bravest feeling dumb?

We had one minute at the gate,
Before the others came;
To-morrow it would be too late,
And whose would be the blame!

I gazed at her, she glanced at me;
Alas! the time sped by:
"How warm it is to-day," said she;
"It looks like rain," said I.

Anthony Morehead.

“HEDGER BOB.”

BY J. J. BRITTON.

Illustrated by A. J. Wall.



JAUNTERING homewards down the exceedingly muddy country road, from a day among the pheasants, I stopped to light my pipe. In the stillness I became aware of a cutting and slashing near me in the hedgerow, and found that it was Hedger Bob at his skilled labour. To plait straw or to weave willow baskets requires deft fingers and long practice; to manufacture a living piece of basket-work out of a common hedge, reducing the exuberant growth, and weaving it into a tidy and sturdy fence, demands, perhaps, strength and judgment as well.

“Hullo! Bob,” I said, “hard at work, as usual?”

“Yes, sir—as usual—I be.”

I watched him in silence for a few minutes, and really interesting work his was to watch; though possibly ordinary people who see hedgers at their work seldom give much thought to the skilled nature of their occupation.

With his vast hedging gauntlets, shielding his hands from the rancorous-looking spikes and thorns, he was wielding a bill-hook with consummate skill, slashing off boughs here and there from the tall, ragged hedgerow; then, bending downwards, he gave a deft nick now and again, until some stout leaders were reduced to hanging upon a mere thread, as it were, with right little space left for the spring sap to ascend; then he leaned forward, twisting them in and out between

certain upright growing stakes, which he had left by merely lopping off their tops. Between these his great hands, seizing the various growths, interlaced and coerced them in a perfectly wonderful manner, till at last a sort of rough basket-work of living boughs stood in the place of the old straggling and untidy hedge. It was really skilled labour, and labour with which machinery has, as yet, declined to intermeddle—a sort of work that we laymen might try to imitate, but with the certain result of failing miserably. Up and down, in and out, went the bright weapon and the leather gauntlets, lopping, trimming, nicking, twining. Every now and again Bob would pause and step backwards to look critically at his work, and judge how the still growing material by the side of the piece he had done was to be utilised for the next spell, just as an artist steps backward to take stock of his growing picture.

“You know your work, Bob,” I observed.

“Should do, anyway—been brought up to it—and fether and gran’fether afore me—for a ’underd years or more,” he replied, with the air of a believer in heredity, and of an expert who knows his own value, and then dashed again into the maze of hawthorn, blackthorn, maple, ash, wilding rose, and other growths before him, and lopped and coerced them to do his will, now dealing a stroke at one inoffending ash shoot which had grown straight and comely, but was to do so no more, nicking it on the one side within an ace of its life and bending it downwards.

“It’s clever work, after all, this hedging business,” I said. “I’ve often admired it. I couldn’t do it anyhow, if you paid me ever such wages.”

“No, sir, the likes o’ you be clever enow with their ’eds, perhaps, but their ’ands wants practice for this sort o’ work. You works with pen and paper. Now, I bean’t a schollard nohow, though I meks shift to read and write a bit; but I *can* do a bit o’ ’edging, and I can drive a straight furrow when it’s wanted, too. *You* couldn’t do that, mister?”

"Oh, no, that's quite beyond me: I couldn't do it any more than I could fly."

Bob paused, took off his ancient cloth cap to wipe the sweat from his forehead, though there was a nasty clinging November drizzle falling, and said, looking straight at me with a sarcastic wrinkle at the corners of his mouth, "Aye, no more could those cliver beggars in Brummagem—skilled artisans they calls 'em—slaves to the machines, I says."

To point this cutting remark he blew his nose in a defiant fashion, as if he meant to annihilate the town and all its works, and,



"Hedger Bob."

turning, dealt a vicious blow at the nearest upstanding briar.

Bob was a sturdy specimen of the labourer class; a man of perhaps thirty-five or forty, dark-haired, rather grim-looking, with a sallow skin and a short-trimmed fringe of whisker running to beard, and here and there inclining to iron grey. His legs were fortified with stout leggings, and his boots were massive, patched, and caked with mud. There was plenty of vigorous life in the fellow, and a seeming relish of his labour.

After having some little trouble with my pipe, which I overcame, I again watched Bob and the rough wattle-work growing under his hands, in silence, trying to make out the scheme of the basket-building; then I said—

"I begin to understand now how you work, Bob. You leave these upright pieces to grow, and then——"

"Yes, sir; but first of all I lops out of the 'edge all I doesn't want, this way, and leaves in the useful; them's the stakes as I leaves, and they makes the foundation, like, to work round."

"I see that. And then?"

"Well, sir, see—I bends down one of these 'ere pleachers" (taking hold of a tall sapling and forcing it downwards, giving the usual nick on the one side and turning it in an oblique direction through the upright stakes).

"Yes," I said; and Shakespeare's "pleached alleys" came into my mind in connection with the word he used.

"Then, you see, sir, I finishes off the top, like, with the heathering," and as he spoke he fashioned a rude sort of rim to his great basket by twining a long, slim briar straight along the top.

"Oh, you call that

'heathering,'” I said; “quite a new word to me.”

“Dare say, sir. Well, some 'edgers in some parts trains the pleachers up as well as down, and makes a reg'lar network—wot they calls '*cross-wobbling*'—'tain't the way in our parts; Squire Brooks had an idee for this extra superfine 'edging, and he brought a South-country chap down as did it for him proper—you can see it on the side of the deer park agin Moreton Lane.”

“But you could do the same?”

“Oh, yes; but it takes a lot o' time, and this sort of work is good enow. You see, I keeps the outside as plain as I can, and turns the rough innards, towards the fields, to keep in the cattle.”

“Pay good?”

“We works by the job mostly, so much a perch—I can arn about two bob a day.”

“Do you get the wood you cut off?”

“Well, sir, the custom about here is '*burdens*'—and has been for 'underds and 'underds of years, as my fether said.”

“Burdens?”

“Yes, every 'edger has the right to carry his day's cuttings 'ome on his back, no more nor less—just as much as he can carry, one faggot a day, and that's his per-qu-site, and is to pay for the racket and the wear and tear from the thorns, you see.”

I was somehow suddenly reminded of “the man in the moon” with his bundle of sticks upon his back, and wondered if the lunar gentleman might in his time have been a hedger. “Oh,” I said, “then you get plenty of firewood; some of the townsfolk would like to have the chance, for they have to buy the sticks for lighting their fires.”

“Ah, sir, I couldn't abide a town, nohow. I 'as my garden in the 'lotment, and I 'as my bed, and my food, and there ain't no nasty smoke about, and what does I want more?”

“A regular philosopher, eh, Bob?”

“Aah—dare say” (the big word was rather above his comprehension).

“Not a married man, I think, Bob?”

“No, I ain't got no missus—don't want none. Theer wur a gell once, though—”

Here Bob paused, looked straight past me, and said no more. I could see that I was on the verge of a sorrow. What, I wondered, did his wistful eyes see, beyond the misty drizzle that was surrounding us, far away into the denser mists of the past years? Was it a loss by death, or had some faithless country wench broken Bob's heart? I did not care to ask him, for his manner forbade me.

“You've lodged with Tomkins and his wife for years,” I said.

“Yes, and bin werry comfortable. Don't want no missus; them as 'as 'em often 'as trouble and kids. A man is best off by hisself if he can arn his way—'ere's Tomkins's gell a-coming with my dinner.”

I turned round and saw a frowsy but good-looking, dark-eyed slip of a girl coming down the road with a can and a plate.

“Is there beer in the can?”

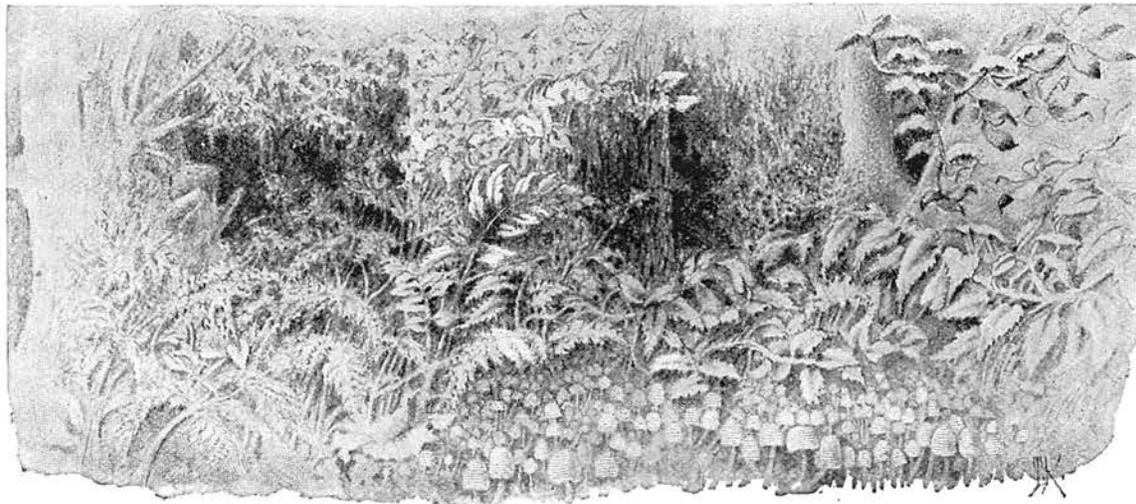
“No, sir—tay.”

“You don't drink beer?”

“Oh, yes—sometimes o' nights—but I likes cider best.”

“Then you shall have some.” I bade the girl with the touzled locks fetch Bob a big mug of cider, giving her the price. “Now you'll be all right,” I said; and “then there's this bit of baccy for a smoke—I know you smoke—and also this shilling for the lesson you're giving me in hedging. Good day, Bob.”

My friend was properly thankful and touched the peak of his cap in true rustic fashion as he returned my parting words. There I left him, sitting on a tuft of wet grass, uncovering his plate and preparing for his *al fresco* repast in the chill November drizzle.





OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Lindstrom's Hotel, Lœrdalsoren,
Monday, July 21.

A VERY merry and early breakfast this morning at Gudvangen. Mr. Brodie had procured marmalade for us, how or whence we know not, and he brought in a splendid salmon, twenty-five pounds in weight, to show there would be plenty for us to eat, and to induce us to remain in our pleasant quarters another day. The inevitable sausage is proverbial here as elsewhere, and Mr. Brodie told us that one day he interrogated the sturdy Hansen thus: "What! you have some of the old horse left still?" to which the dry reply was, "Oh, Ja! and old cows too." A new "pige" (maid-servant) was engaged; Mr. Brodie asked Hansen her name. Hansen raised his eyebrows, and deliberately murmured "Ingeborg." There had already been three maids answering to that appellation. Mr. Brodie says there was great grief when the favourite old cow Tino died. Every day when he was fishing, the cow would rub his shoulders and fidget him till she procured a piece of black bread. Mr. Brodie was very entertaining, and we were sorry to say farewell to him and Mr. Hansen, to go on board the little Laardal. Once it was off, but put back again for something a gentleman had forgotten.

The mountains rise five thousand feet nearly *perpendicularly* on each side of the Nœrfjord, and we were spell-bound with admiration. To see these glorious scenes is to love them, but to realise their beauty it is necessary to behold them. Description is utterly powerless. From the Nœrfjord we pass through a small part of the Aurlandsfjord to the Sognefjord.

"The prevailing rocks of Norway are gneiss and mica-slate, of which all the loftier mountains are composed. Granite is of comparatively rare occurrence. On some of the plateaux, blocks of conglomerate occupy a large part of the surface. Porphyry, argillaceous schist, and limestone occur, but in very limited quantities; and rocks of volcanic formation are so rare that their existence was at one time altogether denied."

Several stolkjœrres met the boat within a mile of Lœrdalsoren to convey passengers and luggage to Lindstrom's hotel. After dinner, equipped with kettle, a bottle of milk, a mug, tea and sugar, we strode forth to the fjord, by which we sat 'neath a lovely blue sky bathing our feet in the rippling tide, and sipped our delicate Assam.

Lœrdalsoren is not so bewitching as most parts, and we consider it rather lost time to be compelled to wait for Thursday's steamer. Doubtless we shall enjoy to-morrow at Husum, whither we go to Borgund church. To-night, as we came up the street, a man was being shaved, much to the amusement of the general public.

	kr.
Bill at Gudvangen	18
Ingeborg	1
Steamer to Lœrdalsoren	6
Luggage to hotel	1

Sitting by the River Lœrdal.

Tuesday, July 22, 1.30 p.m.

This is exquisite. The distant snow-tipped mountains verging on dense forests of pine and fir, the bright green grass, gently purling stream, azure sky, radiant warm sun, and the sweet scent of new mown hay, render this a delicious spot wherein to lie, and rest, and dream. There stands the quaint church of Borgund which we have just visited. It is almost an unique relic of wooden architecture, and was built in 1132. It contains some rude paintings and carvings of early Norse art. The bell in the belfry near the church bears the inscription "Sanctus Laurentius."

We made hay with four peasants, who were so entertained that they leaned on their rakes and watched us. A little child was with them, on whose head we strewed the perfumed grass; but she did not appreciate it, and stared in blank astonishment. Refreshing ourselves with tea, we offered some to the girls, who tasted, then drank, and pronounced it "meget god." They looked as if they could not understand our proceedings, but were evidently gratified, and, after shaking our hands most cordially retired to tell their friends. The drive here from Lœrdalsoren through Blaafaten, fifteen miles, is most romantic—deep gorge, down which roars a maddening torrent. We are quite looking forward to the return journey to-night. Now we shall saunter over the old road to Husum to dinner at six. Dare I repeat that this is lovely? So soft and dreamy.

Lindstrom's Hotel, 11 o'clock p.m.

This evening, while musing near Husum, four carriages approached, containing, to our surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, and Dr. and Mrs. Williams. We were glad of the opportunity to bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, who are *en route* for Christiania and St. Petersburg. We smiled secretly that they were not in a dignified carriage and pair to retain the prestige they acquired in Bergen. Dr. and Mrs. Williams returned here, and are glad to find Kate looking more salubrious, but have given us strict injunctions "not to do too much." This is awkward! I proposed that to-morrow we should go over the Jostedal glacier, but Kate says she will not go, neither will she allow me to do so, as she does not intend for either of us to sleep at a *sœter* which is declared to be infested with fleas. Mrs. Williams tells us that they were at Fleischer's Hotel, Vossevangen, on Sunday, and that at dinner the Rev. "Shout" was first to sit down, and placed himself next the kitchen door so as to be served first, instead of which everything was handed to him last. He read a novel during dinner, and constantly exclaimed angrily that he had to wait forty minutes between each course. At supper he took the seat of the individual who had happened to be assisted first, but the perverse waiters commenced the service where he sat at dinner. The obnoxious man, with his equally objectionable sister and pitiable wife, have gone to St. Petersburg.

Stolkjœrre to Borgund 10 35

	kr.	ore.
Middag for boy	0	50
Dinner at Husum	3	20
Visiting old church and new, and photo	1	75

Lœrdalsoren,

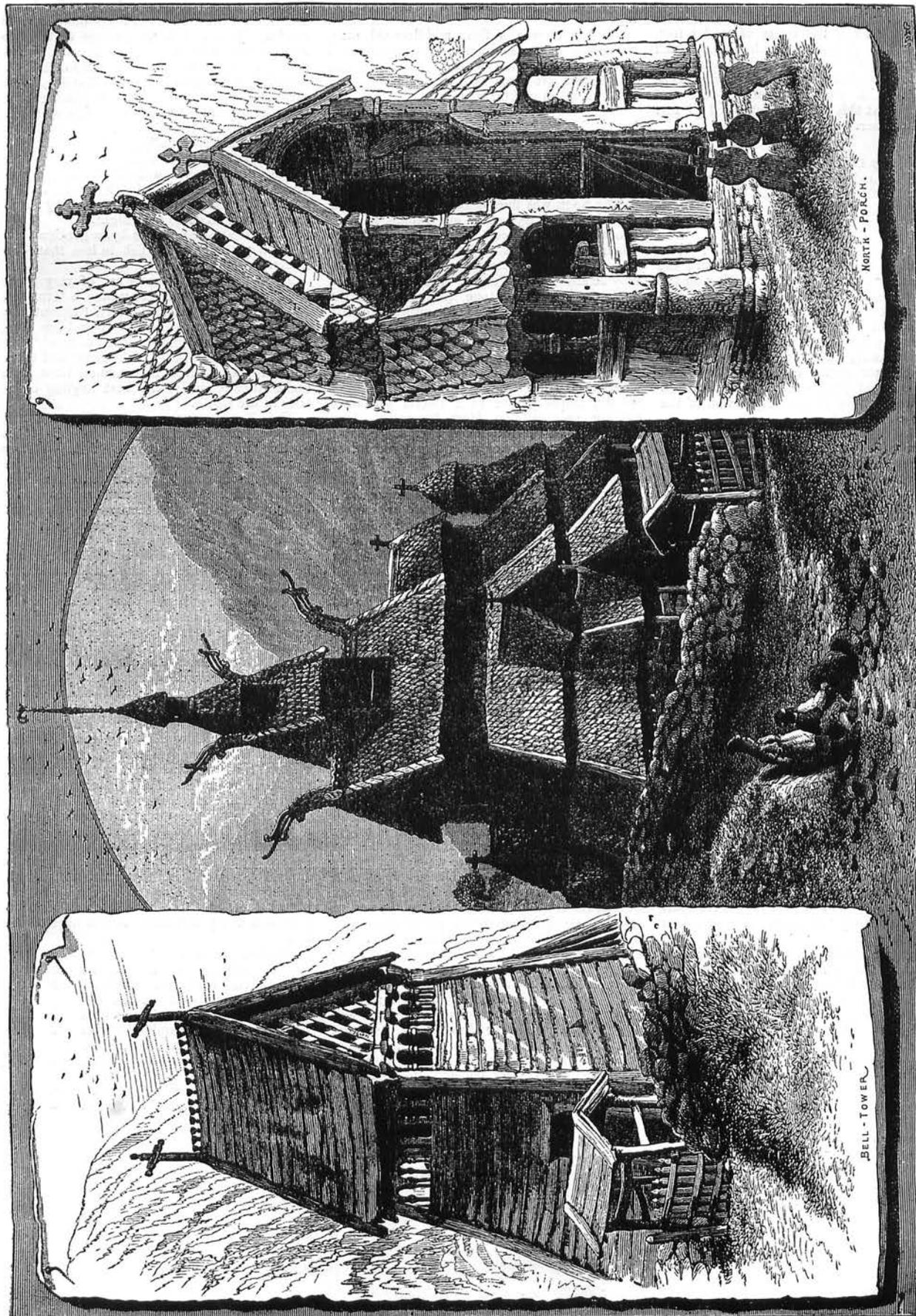
Wednesday, July 23, 9 o'clock p.m.

I was dressed by seven this morning, and walked to the pier with Dr. and Mrs. Williams. They are off to Bergen, and thence to England. When there I trust we may renew the friendship formed under circumstances so auspicious. After breakfast, we engaged Lars Henriksen, aged fifteen, and who speaks a little English, to guide us up the mountain which is over the landing place, and whence is a fine view of the Jostedal glaciers and the Lesterfjord. Proceeding up the village, we entered the new church, which reminded me of the toy buildings we played with at five years old. It contains ancient carvings and a hideously-painted altarpiece from the curious old church of Tonjum, which was blown down in 1823. Here, as in the other churches, the surplice and vestment were lying on the altar-cloth. We then commenced our ascent, and it was a scramble. People thought us wonderful to attempt the Ringedalsfos; what would they think could they see us now, struggling and tumbling over these smooth, oblique stones, on ground where there was not the slightest track of animal or man? For about two hours we persevered, but, seeming as far from the top as when we began, we sank exhausted, and declined to move a step farther.

Lars kindled a capital wood fire, and glad were we that he had carried water in the kettle, for on this barren, rocky mountain, there was not a drop to be found. The struggle back to the hotel was nearly as distressing. Writing letters and dinner followed, and the entry of two young English tourists from Nystuen (who crossed with us from Hull) has cheered us, for all in this hotel are foreigners.

Mr. Burney tells us that during their late adventures at one *sœter*, where they put up for the night, they asked for milk. The woman looked about, then took from the floor a small bowl which she filled with milk, and they both drank. The pig (always a member of the family) showed signs of distress, squeaked, grunted, rubbed itself against their legs, and worried the old woman till they were compelled to ascertain the reason. Whereupon the old woman replied that they were drinking out of the pig's trough, and "the poor thing" wanted it back again.

Mr. Burney has lent us his phrase book by Bennett, and has written for us a little tour to be made from Rodsheim. My ambition is to see Lake Gjendin, and stay at Gjendsheim, described in "Three in Norway, by Two of them," but he thinks it would be very hard work for ladies, and attended with much discomfort. I do not value comfort in the least, if I can only see all I want; neither do I heed all that people say; there are so many who fancy women are weak and foolish,



BORGUND CHURCH, NEAR HUSUM.

and unable to walk more than half a mile. I dare say it is the fault of our sex to generate these notions when we wear boots with thin soles and French heels, the cause of tender feet, corns, and all pedestrian hindrances. Thick boots, measured uniformly with the anatomy of the foot, slightly squared toes, low heels, and substantial stockings, ensure ease and elasticity. At this hotel we changed £1 10s. into 180 kroner.

	kr.	ore.
Guide up the hill	2	0
Bill at Lindstrom's	19	40
Laundress	2	20

Balholm, or Balestrand,
Thursday, July 24.

Last night at eleven we went on board the little steamer Laardal. While waiting on the landing-stage to see our luggage put on board, the horses took alarm at a sky-rocket, the arrival signal. We were nearly pushed into the water; as the horses with the stolkjærres scampered away, the owners who were receiving the passengers made a rush to get after them, and great confusion ensued. Of course, we laughed at the desperation of the proprietors.

On Monday the captain agreed to reserve the deck cabin for us, as we hate the stifed atmosphere of the saloon cabins, but some gentlemen who wished to smoke therein refused to budge. The captain (these captains are always kind) interfered, and secured it for us. At two a.m. the distance between us and Lœrdalsoren became "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." At nine we should land for the Fjœrland Glaciers, and remain there till twop.m. Heavy and incessant rain, however, determined us otherwise, and we went ashore at Balholm, the scene of Tegner's "Frithjof's Saga" about half-past five, where the two brothers who keep the hotel conveyed our luggage to a spacious room apart from the hotel. (The steward on board had been most attentive, but refused the fee we offered.) Hot coffee and cakes soon refreshed us, and we waited patiently for the breakfast hour, eight o'clock. "Frokost" was arrayed in a long room opposite the hotel, and there we met Mrs. Mills, Charlie, "Paddy," several others, and a number of Norwegians. We devoted the morning to a long walk by the Sognefjord, enjoying numerous views and admiring the orchards—the first time we had seen any. There are good farms, and the land is richly cultivated. Some red currants inspired us with longing, but the lady of the establishment to whom we poured our desire, benignly insinuated to us that they were sour. To us, indeed, they were sour, but their colour denoted ripeness.

During the afternoon a peasant woman rowed us to the church and priest's garden. In the churchyard there were fragrant "Gloire de Dijon" roses overhanging a grave. Our attendant instantly plucked one and offered it to us. I knew not how to express my vexation at so ruthless an act. That rose, the offspring of loving thought, was too soon to fade and die, mercilessly torn from its parent stem by the hand of a reckless stranger. And had we accepted it to tenderly cherish, the woman would conclude we approved, and

possibly pick more another time. I wished I could impress her with the intense sanctity of a grave.

At supper was a fine, middle-aged man, who was deaf and dumb. We sustained a written conversation with him. The hotel proprietors are most civil and attentive, and speak English and German.

	kr.	ore.
Bill at Balholm	10	80
Luggage to steamer	0	30

Nedre Vasenden,
Friday, July 25.

The Sogn was due at Balholm at half-past four this morning, but, to our dismay, it came about half-past three. We were called only when it was sighted, and I scarcely know how we caught it. The steaming, outpoured coffee may be still waiting for us. We each had two cups on board to atone for our loss. In drenching rain we tried to appreciate the beauties of the Sognefjord, bade adieu to Mr. Burney and "Paddy," who are homeward bound, hastened from the steamer to the little inn at Vadheim, and at half-past eight obtained a stolkjærre for Sande, eleven miles, where we did ample justice to a liberal breakfast quickly provided by Herr Sivertsen. Our skydsgut had run the whole way. The hotel looked insinuatingly clean and cosy in contradistinction to the rain outside. Several people were staying here for salmon fishing in the River Gaula. Another stolkjærre was soon ready, and we drove to Langeland, where we had to change to another stolkjærre. About a mile on the road we met a lady and gentleman in a stolkjærre, and there was also a gentleman in front of us in one. We all stopped simultaneously, and the two skydsguts and one skydsguten (a girl about ten years) commenced arguing, the result of which was that all packages were turned into the road, and an exchange of vehicles effected, as we were to take to Hafstad the horse that had brought the lady and gentleman from there. At Hafstad we entered the hotel, and had some biscuits, then, in a fresh stolkjærre, came here.

This is an unpretending inn, but most delightfully situated. One window of our dormitory opens to a foaming cascade, the other to a placid translucent lake. The whole journey from Vadheim is replete with interest, some parts being wild and majestic; I should like to go over the ground again on a balmy day. As it is, we have chilblains, and could not keep warm, although we muffled ourselves in everything we possess. The people at each station have been so good in lending us rugs or shawls for our knees, the stolkjærres in these parts being destitute of aprons. Oh, for a glimpse of sunshine! Our supper-tea at eight, was splendid. Excellent fish and fresh eggs; quite a treat. The best meal we have had since we left Gudvangen.

There is not a creature who understands one word of English; in consequence we have had constant recourse to the phrase-book. "Meget regn" (much rain) has been our ejaculation a thousand times to-day, and now we give vent indefatigably to "vœr saa god!" That tells wonderfully with the Norwegians. "Civility costs nothing" is a trite adage, whether at home or abroad. Our hostess is a fine old

dame. When we want anything we cannot pronounce we point to a line in the book, when she calls "Katrine," her daughter, to read it. Just now in the passage we tried to express our wish to be called early, when about eight or nine people surrounded us, including "the mother" and "Katrine," and seemed highly amused. After producing some good hearty laughs we shook hands with all, and retired. In spite of the short hay-bed we wish we could spend a week in the solitude of these romantic wilds, and be cared for by these worthy people. We will renew our acquaintance with them some day if we can. We have ordered our horse for the morning; it is always wiser to do so over night.

In a trout stream close by, a gentleman in 1880 caught twenty-two fish in less than two hours.

The fisheries of Norway are of very great value. A large source of revenue is furnished by the cod and herring, which frequent the coast in vast numbers, and have been estimated to yield a gross amount of nearly one million pounds sterling. The rivers and lakes abound with salmon and salmon trout, and make Norway one of the best angling countries in the world.

The Norwegians are generally tall and vigorous, and distinguished for the lightness of their hair, particularly in childhood. They show a strong passion for a sea life, and make excellent sailors. They are remarkable for civility and courteous demeanour, being very obliging and willing to serve others, and that without gain. They have a reverent respect for religion and the laws, and a strong love of liberty. From the purity of the air they are naturally of a cheerful disposition, and fortunately enjoy excellent health. A Norwegian of one hundred years of age is not accounted past his labour; and in 1733 four couples were married and danced before his Danish Majesty at Fredericshall, whose ages when joined exceeded six hundred years. They are in general dexterous, active, penetrating, and ingenious, especially in all kinds of mechanical performances. Every inhabitant is an artisan, and supplies his family in all its necessities with his own manufactures, so that there are few hatters, shoemakers, tailors, tanners, weavers, carpenters, smiths, or joiners by profession, all these trades being carried on in every farmhouse.

In the royal museum at Denmark there is a bust of Christian V. carved in a certain wood called been-wood, by a shepherd who, in the year 1688, when the king went to Drontheim, stood in the road to see his majesty pass, and received so strong an impression of his face that he was able to represent every lineament and feature to the life.

	kr.	ore.
Steamer from Lœrdalsoren to Vadheim	10	80
Stolkjærre Vadheim to Sande	2	75
Breakfast at Sande	3	13
Stolkjærre Sande to Langeland	2	25
Stolkjærre Langeland to Hafstad	2	0
Stolkjærre Hafstad to Nedre Vasenden	3	80
Bill at Nedre Vasenden—Supper, beds, breakfast	6	14
Pige	0	60

(To be continued.)





On a certain evening in the month of April a young married couple were seated before their dining-room fire, discussing the propriety of a step, as yet unprecedented in their household career. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had, as they remarked to each other, with many little felicitations, of no particular consequence to the reader, been married almost a year. They had some time since completed the round of complimentary entertainments, with which friends and acquaintances had heralded their promotion to the sphere of married life, and the time had now arrived, they agreed, when these hospitalities should be returned. A dinner party was due to society, and a dinner party they resolved to give, without any unnecessary delay. The idea had indeed found entrance into the minds of both, some little time before the fact was acknowledged by either; for each had some private motive for preserving silence on the subject. Charles Stanley was perfectly aware, from divers little misadventures connected with the domestic arrangements of the establishment, that his little wife, was, to say the least of it, not an experienced manager; and, although this circumstance had never seriously interfered with his own comfort, or excited much uneasiness in his mind, he had misgivings that it would be wise to avoid embarking her in the serious enterprise of a dinner party, until she could manage a refractory servant without sending for her aunt, or provide for a stray visitor without a hint from himself. It was not, however, any doubt of her own capacity for carrying through the undertaking, which had checked the idea in the mind of the bride. No one could for a moment have attributed to Mrs. Stanley conceit as a general characteristic; in respect to her capacity for housekeeping, however, the tone she took in conversation was positively arrogant. It was no mistrust of herself therefore, that deterred her from the proposal of a dinner party; it was solely the reflection that it would be so serious a departure from the principle of strict economy, which she had laid down for herself, and to which she had adhered as far as lay in her power, not unfrequently to her husband's vexation.

When, however, the word was by chance spoken, which revealed their congeniality of feeling as to the propriety of the step, regarded in a social aspect, all lets and hindrances vanished, as if by magic. Charles assured his wife, that on the strength of a new client, he could conscientiously give her *carte blanche* as to expense; and thus quieted her scruples; whilst his own delicate hint that (just to save herself trouble—for no other reason in the world), he thought she had better take counsel with his mother or her aunt, on the details of the affair, though not finding positive acceptance, called forth such confident promises of success, that, being of a trusting disposition, he felt quite at ease, and dismissed the subject from his mind. It was, however, not unfrequently recalled by the appearance at their family dinner of certain mysterious novelties, which he rather nervously suspected to be experiments having reference to the great day. Mrs. Stanley had from the first moment resolved that the glories of her dinner party should be the result of her own unaided genius; for she intended it to be a triumph in more ways than one. Its elegance should confirm Charles's faith in her for the rest of their lives; should reveal to her aunt a mine of domestic knowledge, concerning the existence of which she knew that relative to be very sceptical; and, finally, should be instrumental in compelling her mother-in-law, that prophetess of evil, before whom she would lay her accounts, to acknowledge herself equalled, if not surpassed in good management.

All these achievements seemed feasible enough in theory; but, as the three weeks' respite glided away, Mrs. Stanley found her cares and responsibilities pressing more heavily upon her; whilst, unfortunately, her confidence in her own ability to meet them decreased in a proportionate ratio. In a moment of deep depression, it did occur to her to have recourse to the confectioner, and to cast all her cares upon him; but that was a confession of weakness too humiliating to be seriously entertained; so she expended a guinea in the purchase of a most elaborate cookery-book, containing plates of wonderful repasts, with descriptive letter-press, and, after deep study, devised her three courses in a manner which she fondly hoped might eventuate satisfactorily.

The important day dawned at last; too soon for her wishes. Proceedings were opened at an early hour in the morning, by the appearance of the cook, who had scornfully rejected all offers of material assistance, but who now de-

clared, with a burst of tears and a look of injured innocence, that she never could get through what remained to be done before seven o'clock that evening, as her mistress must know perfectly well. The heart of the latter sank within her, as she listened to this awful announcement; but, instead of relieving her own feelings by giving notice to quit, the exigency of the case obliged her to administer a glass of wine and words of encouragement, by means of which diplomacy the business of the day was once more set in motion. No very great *contratemp*s occurred during the morning, except that the pine-apple, which had been purchased a wonderful bargain, and selected from a lot of ten thousand, as per advertisement, proved, on its arrival, to have degenerated so marvelously, that Mrs. Stanley was compelled at the last moment to sally forth into the neighbourhood for the purpose of replacing it, and moreover to consider herself fortunate in securing a presentable one, even at a price which would counterbalance all her little economies for weeks to come. In consequence, too, of this unexpected errand, her toilette was so far delayed, that the first knock came before it was completed; and, although, by using a degree of expedition, not at all advantageous to her personal appearance, she was in readiness to receive the second detachment of guests, the ceremony was performed, she felt with precisely the same *distrain*, anxious air which she had so often reproached in other hostesses, but which would henceforth excite in her the deepest sympathy. The profound calmness exhibited by her husband did not tend to re-assure her in the least, for she knew he was relying on those promises of success with which she had been so liberal three weeks before; but which, at that moment, she would have been sorry to confirm.

Meantime, the due number of portly married couples, and other guests, had made their appearance. They were chiefly strangers to each other, and having for the most part donned with their velvet dresses and white cravats an icy dignity of demeanour which was as yet untawed, the period before the announcement of dinner promised to be more than usually dismal. Minute after minute glided away, and in an interval of unbroken silence the clock chimed the half hour with unpleasant distinctness. Mrs. Stanley's uneasiness became almost unbearable, for she fancied that her mother-in-law looked triumphant, and was certain that her husband stirred the fire with a frequency and impetuosity not at all characteristic of his usually placid demeanour. She had watched the door so long in vain, that it seemed an unexpected piece of good fortune to every one, when it really did open to the welcome announcement of dinner. But at this juncture a new difficulty presented itself for the hostess. Having rather a taste for lions, she had invited, on her own responsibility, a very young poet whom she had recently encountered in society. This youth considered himself by virtue of his "Poetic Weeds," the most distinguished individual in the assembly, and gave public evidence of his opinion, by offering his arm to the lady of the house, who, perplexed by many anxieties, had not presence of mind to decline it, though she pertained to a certain rich middle-aged gentleman, from whom Charles had expectations. This injured man was too much aghast at this infringement of his rights to think of repairing his loss, and was therefore left to follow the procession in solitary state, and to occupy the odd seat at the corner of the table.

The first course might have been considered successful, for, although competent authorities afterwards pronounced that the white soup was a little too thick, the brown a little too thin, and that the fish might have been fresher, all looked fair externally, and at any rate every one was occupied. But, with the *entrées* came mortification for the hostess. They consisted of pet compositions of the cook, for which the attendants were unable to find a name, or of imperfect realizations of the creations of M. Soyer; but in both cases the result was the same; people inquired into these mysteries only with their eyes. The *pièces de résistance* were therefore in request; but those who got a supply of viands, in vain waited for vegetables; and there seemed every probability that one modest damsel would be obliged to satisfy herself with the temperate refreshment of her roll; for the waiters were tyros in their art—economical experiments which, like the pineapple, turned out badly. Mrs. Stanley was keenly sensitive to the fact that her guests concluded the second division of their gastronomical operations with great celerity; but so it was, and the table was cleared for the sweets, during an awful pause. Every one appeared to be searching for an idea; but the combined intellects of twenty people could only originate two invitations to take wine, which, of course, led to no conversational consequences. At this inauspicious juncture, an attendant approached the unhappy hostess with an air of confidential misery; her two supporters ostentatiously turned away their heads, and she received the overwhelming intelligence that the pudding—the confectioner's pudding—on which she relied for consolation, had met with an accident on its journey up stairs, and was but a heap of ruins. She had just strength to desire that the table might be covered in some way, and then swallowed the remnant of her champagne to nerve her for what was to come. With the usual want of tact, which distinguishes servants in general, and hired waiters in particular, the first object which relieved the monotonous expanse of white table-cloth, was the *débris* of the pudding—an unholly, incomprehensible mass, at which every one had ample opportunity of gazing and wondering, before the entrance of some more recognisable condiments, enabled them to resume their repast. The gentlemen fell back upon the game, though it had been out of season for a month, and the ladies were faithful to the jelly; for the melancholy top dish was, by common consent, ignored. It might have been observed, that when the cheese and croutons were offered, a serious onslaught was made upon them; while of the ornamented sponge-cake, generally held sacred at dessert, not a morsel escaped. The reader may draw his own conclusions from these facts. It only remains to add that the ice was perfect, but came to an end before it reached the middle-aged gentleman at the corner, whose wrath at this succession of injuries was not appeased for many a long day.

It may perhaps be supposed that Mrs. Stanley's trials were over when she quitted the dining-room, but such was by no means the case. The ladies looked gloomy and would not amalgamate. One had caught cold from a draught; another had a spot on her brocade dress; and for both misfortunes the hostess was evidently considered responsible. Then came some visitors who had been asked for the evening, but who, not being perfectly informed of the nature of the entertainment, made their appearance in full ball costume. It is much to be feared that the two dreary quadrilles which were instituted in their honour by the kind assistance of some accommodating parents of families, scarcely rewarded them for the brilliancy of their preparations and the trouble of coming.

No coachmen were made impatient, or their steeds' health endangered, on this particular evening, by unnecessary delays. The more courteously the guests, on taking leave, muttered something about a delightful evening; but those very persons were afterwards the most vociferous in pronouncing the affair a failure. And a failure it was, as Mrs. Stanley frankly acknowledged to her husband. He behaved nobly on the occasion, and even invited some especial bachelor friends to dinner the following week, to prove his confidence in her. On this occasion the young bride did not disdain counsel and assistance, and the result was a success so complete as to obliterate from every mind but her own all recollection of the mischances connected with her First Dinner Party.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

FANCY WORK WITH ACORNS—MODE OF DISPLAYING MINERALS, ETC., AS DRAWING-ROOM ORNAMENTS.

ACORNS may be made the medium of holding ferns in a variety of pretty ways, either in a room, or, still better, in a greenhouse, or small window garden, opening, perhaps, out of a back parlour or drawing-room. The acorns are soft when new, and a hole may be readily made by slipping through them a large twine packing-needle. Thread them on wire, a large round cut white glass bead between every one. The beads are sold by the row to milliners at places where such articles are

vended. The German oblong beads should not be used, because they have a clumsy, unfinished look for such a purpose. The holes in the beads must be large enough to pass over rather strong wire. The wire is bought by the piece, in a coil. Fig. 1 is an urn of acorns. Make first the ring for the top and a ring for the bottom. Crook the top of the wire, and hook it to the ring for the top between the acorns, pinching it close, and not showing the join. Thread it with acorns till it is long enough to form the outline of the vase which shows at A in Fig. 1, to cross at the narrow part, to form the swell of the base, B, and hook to the lower ring. The wire is then broken off. The other side is made in the same way, and the two crossed each by another piece, diagonally. If the urn is large, there may be two of these



Fig. 2.



Fig. 1.

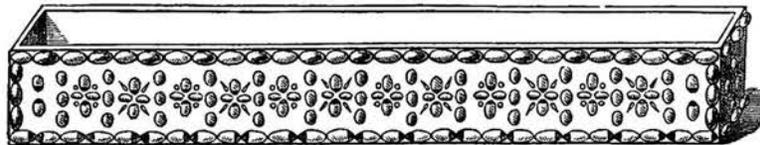


Fig. 3.

on each side, making six equal sides to the urn, instead of four. Where they cross at the narrow part of the base, bind them well together with fine wool, such as is used for mounting flowers, or with strong packthread. Do not let this binding thread or wire show. Bend the six pieces into a good shape. Join the wire to one of them, and carry a ring round the widest part of the urn at C, joining it with thread or wire to every part where it crosses. Then put on the upper vandykes, and lastly the lower ones, joining them as before. The urn handles are rings of acorns, and may be attached last, or made in one with the large ring at C by twisting the wire. There should only be two of them. Wire is much better than thread to join the parts of the urn. The number of acorns should be equal in relative parts, and in the rings between the side pieces the hooks must be well closed. Fill the basket with moss, and place the fern roots in the moss. The glass beads glisten out of the moss and the brown acorns like so many dew-drops.

Fig. 2 is an acorn hanging-basket. It is made precisely

in the same manner, and may be suspended by a worsted cord, a metal chain, or acorns strung on wire with a hook at the end. Such baskets should be filled with moss and ferns, begonias (red-leaved), ice plants, and red-leaved American nettles mixed in them.

Horse-chestnuts will make similar baskets, not forgetting the alternate bead, which gives much lightness and finish to the look of the basket. An amber-coloured bead in place of a white one accords well with the chestnuts. A small white bean with a scarlet mark on it, called commonly "red robin," strings into pretty baskets. It must be threaded the narrow way, without beads, except, wherever there is a join, two beads together on the first wire, and a bead each side where the second wire crosses, and these should be large black ones. Nutmegs may be used also, and with red beads.

Boxes for greenhouses and staircase windows can be made with a mixture of acorns and pounded shells (Fig. 3). Cut all the acorns in half length-ways. Cover the box with glue. Make an edge each way of acorns, and then cover the box all over with rows of acorns moderately close together. Sift the pounded shell all over the box thickly between the acorns. The acorns are varied with cone seeds, and red berries cut in half.

Shells, Minerals, Insects, or Corals.—

Small collections, if worth displaying at all, cannot be better arranged than on a pedestal consisting of a number of wooden circles raised one above another like steps. Let them first be neatly constructed of wood, and then covered entirely with black velvet. If for shells, lay on the edges plenty of wadding, so that none of the black velvet shows there. Pink is the best. Some shells, however, are not well shown upon pink, and must have white wadding. The rule is this: white wadding for all coloured shells; pink wadding for white ones. Either arrange the white shells on a ledge by themselves, or give them squares of pink wadding. The circular pyramid will thus resemble ascents of black velvet and ledges of white or pink wadding adorned with shells. Write the name of each shell very neatly on a label, and with gum fix it to the ascent behind the shell. For minerals, cover the pyramid with crimson velvet, and the alternate ledges with white cloth. The sides of the wooden pyramid are covered with straight strips of velvet, wide enough to turn down over the ledge, top and bottom; and the edges are nicked out to make them lie flat. The cloth or velvet to cover the ledge is cut the right size in a hollow circle, and glued on its place. White shows up the colours of

the minerals best. This arrangement with white is also desirable for butterflies and insects. In all cases it will be found desirable to attach the name to every specimen. Perhaps the names look best if fixed close to, in advance, and a little to one side of each object. When the pyramid is finished and covered, nail it to the stand. For shells and minerals, arrange them first, and then from the inside strike through brass pins so that the mineral or shell may be put over the pin and thus secured in its place. To preserve the collection in good condition, place a glass shade over it. Cases formed in this way—one of shells, one of insects, one of minerals, one of corals and sea-weeds (the last should be entirely covered with black velvet)—not only form handsome ornaments, but instruct and help to form the tastes of the children of the house, raising their ideas from common and vulgar pleasures to scientific pursuits, and that insensibly and naturally. Children brought up amongst such ornaments are apt to be curious as to their nature, and by asking questions enable us to convey information of real utility, and, possibly, to develop tastes of a refining and elevating nature.



A FEW WORDS ABOUT DYEING.

SOILED or faded articles of dress or household wear may frequently be again rendered serviceable by dyeing; and although the larger ones must, from the trouble and care involved, necessarily be sent to the professed dyer, the smaller ones may often be dyed advantage at home, and some saving of money and much vexatious delay may be effected, more especially in the colonies or in the country, where dyers are not easily reached. It appears desirable, therefore, that we should say a few words on the subject of dyeing, and more especially on that branch of it which may be of practical use to our readers.

The art of dyeing is of great antiquity, and a long and interesting essay might be written on its history. For instance, kermes, a dyeing stuff still in use, can be clearly traced backwards through the middle ages to ancient Rome, and thence to Greece, where it was employed to colour the scarlet cloaks of the rich Athenians. The poor Athenians, whose average income was fourpence-halfpenny per day, wore undyed cloaks which were washed sometimes, but not too frequently. The Greeks in their turn derived kermes from the Asiatics. Much might be said, if it were to our present purpose, about the famous Tyrian purple; but we shall only remark with regard to it, that it was probably prized by the ancients much more on account of the absence of other good dyes than for its own intrinsic merits, as compared with those of our time. The art of preparing it is by no means lost, and the shell-fish which furnished the purple pigment still abounds, but we have better colours, and no one finds it worth the trouble of making.

It is found that some kinds of material are more easily combined with the colouring matter than others. Silk is easily dyed, and takes the finest of colours. Next in order is wool.

As early as 1826 it was discovered that in the waste formed in the manufacture of coal-gas there existed, among others, a substance which was named aniline. About 1858 it was found that, under different kinds of chemical treatment, this would yield a variety of brilliant colours, which were turned to practical account as dyes. From their beauty some of them became fashionable and popular; the best-known of the class are magenta and mauve. Many improvements in the manufacture have since been introduced, and it is found that they have so

great an affinity for the cloth, that the use of mordants may be dispensed with.

By the use of these dyes the dirtiness and the difficulty of home-dyeing are done away with. The work may be done with a certainty of success, and without so much as soiling the fingers. The method of using dyes is as follows:—

For ordinary small articles, such as ribbons, feathers, &c. Into an earthen basin pour two or four quarts of boiling water. Into this throw the articles to soak for a minute or two, then lift them out with a piece of clean stick, and pour in a little of the dye. The quantity must depend upon the shade required. The novice will do well rather to put too little than too much, as more can be added afterwards, if needed. The articles must never be allowed to remain in the basin while the fluid is poured in. As soon as the dye is mixed with the water the goods must be put in, and stirred briskly with a piece of stick in each hand, that the colour may be equally distributed. For most goods, from five to fifteen minutes' immersion will be sufficient; if a deep shade be required, or if it be desired to utilise the whole of the colouring matter, they may be allowed to remain longer; and so great is the affinity of the dye for the fabric, that the whole will be absorbed and the water rendered colourless. There is, therefore, no reason for using a small quantity of water on the ground of economy of dye. The colour will not be lost in the larger quantity, and the goods should have abundant room to expand. When the goods are of a sufficiently deep shade, remove them from the water with the stick, and hang to dry. Till they are thoroughly dried the full beauty of the colour will not be seen.

The aniline, like other dyes, are found to have a greater affinity for silk and wool than for cotton or linen. We recommend that if cotton or mixed fabrics are to be dyed, the colours used should be violet or mauve. The magenta is the most powerful as well as the most beautiful. About two tablespoonfuls of this is sufficient to dye twenty yards of bonnet ribbon, or a much larger quantity to the fainter shade, rose pink, or a proportionate quantity of woollen goods. In using dyes on faded articles which have previously been coloured, it will be well that the darker hues, such as magenta, violet, crimson, should be employed. Goods which bear a pattern in black and white, in spots or stripes, as a shepherds' plaid, for instance, will dye to excellent effect in *any* colour. Thus a lady's Garibaldi jacket, with black ground and faded pattern, may be thoroughly restored by using six pennyworth of violet or magenta dye in a pailful of boiling water.

Precisely the same mode of treatment will apply to most articles of clothing—such as opera-cloaks, bernouses, jackets, scarfs, handkerchiefs, petticoats, feathers, &c.





CONDUCTED BY LAURA WILLIS LATHROP.

BEVERAGES AND BREAKFAST BREADS.

COFFEE.— We head the list of beverages with coffee, as it justly holds first rank with the majority of all classes. While formerly it was considered a luxury, confined to the tables of the wealthy, it is now deemed a necessity, rendering adequate the scanty bill of fare of even the poor day laborer, sufficing at once for both meat and drink. To the lover of it, a *perfect* cup of coffee is the embodiment of all excellence. While tastes differ as to the proper degree of strength, a fine flavor meets a universal and instantaneous approval.

To secure this important *desideratum*, it is essential that the coffee-pot be perfectly clean. The grounds should be emptied after each meal, the pot thoroughly scalded and dried. If it is filled with boiling water to which a tablespoonful of soda has been added, and allowed to boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, about once a week, it will be always bright and sweet. One of granite or porcelain is preferable to tin, unless the latter is bright and "good as new." When the tin is worn off the inner surface, the action of the tannin contained in coffee upon the exposed iron, renders the product neither healthful nor palatable. Freshly roasted coffee (if properly done) yields a most delightful beverage. Some housewives— notably the Germans, who excel in this art— roast each morning's supply as needed. This involves considerable extra labor, and the work is so well done by many large establishments, that if one will secure a good quality, and place it in the oven a few minutes, as needed, to heat thoroughly and take on an added shade of brown, it will bring out the aroma more fully, and render it crisp and easy to grind. Now as to filtering, boiling, and non-boiling methods. A skillful and painstaking cook will produce really excellent coffee by any of the methods, provided the boiling is not carried beyond two or three minutes. One of our so-called best authorities on culinary

matters gives explicit directions to boil the coffee as briskly as possible without boiling over, for twenty minutes. But the majority of best authorities agree with physicians that actual boiling dissipates the fragrant volatile oil which furnishes the aroma, and extracts the tannin so hurtful to digestion and destructive to fine flavor. For while the process yields a strong product, the coveted aroma has escaped, pervading the house and the entire neighborhood, in fact regaling the passer-by, while you are drinking the bitter decoction which remains for your portion. We have tried various forms of coffee-pots, from the percolator down to the most ordinary, and feel satisfied that perfect coffee may be made in any pot, or cup which is as clean as the cup from which you expect to drink it. A clear bright infusion is most healthful and exhilarating. Intense heat is necessary, but while the water must be boiling when poured on the coffee, it must not boil afterward, but stand on some part of the stove where it will maintain a temperature as near the boiling point as possible without boiling, for ten minutes. Use freshly boiled water if you would have bright coffee. If made in a pot without a strainer, it should be stirred for about two minutes, to cause the grounds to settle. At the end of ten minutes if poured off carefully, it will be found clear as wine. An easier way is to tie the coffee very loosely in a small bag of tarlatan or something equally loose in texture. See that the cover of the pot fits closely. Cork up the spout tightly and enjoy a beverage as clear and sparkling as can be produced, and without the addition of egg, shells, or any other "clearing" agent. Cream, instead of milk, should be added, but if the latter only is available, heat it to the boiling point, but do not allow it to boil. A tablespoonful of finely ground coffee is sufficient for each cup, if you wish it very strong, if not, two table-

spoonfuls for every three cups, is about the right proportion. Avoid *outré*, or extravagant sizes in coffee cups, as well as the diminutive tea cups, which are not many removes from the microscopic.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—A cup of really good tea is a rarity. Not from the difficulty attending its preparation, for nothing can be simpler. Avoid the coarse “Japan” tea, so commonly used. It is the poorest economy, involving the use of a double amount, and yielding a beverage of most inferior quality. Medium-priced teas are more satisfactory in every respect, and a fine flavor is secured by mixing three parts of black tea with one of green. Use a teapot of either earthen, china, or silver ware. Pour boiling water into it, and let it stand long enough to heat the pot thoroughly. Pour it out, and if you do not like strong tea, allow a pinch of tea for each cup, but if you do, add a teaspoonful for each half pint of water. Pour on half a cup of boiling water, not water which has boiled, and fallen several degrees below the boiling point. Cover the teapot with a napkin or “cosey,” and allow it to stand five minutes. Then pour in the necessary quantity of boiling water, and send immediately to table. English breakfast tea requires steeping for two or three minutes longer. Serve within two minutes, and you have the aroma of the herb in all its deliciousness. This is wasted in the process of boiling, leaving only the bitter principle of the tannin. It is quite a popular fancy to serve tea in old blue china. A slice of lemon floating on the surface converts it into Russian tea, and it must be served so hot that only a Russian can drink it. This form of tea should be served either in glass cups or in regular Russian tea cups that stand in a silver frame.

CHOCOLATE.—Scrape two ounces of plain chocolate, and add to it three tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Stir over the fire until it is perfectly smooth, then stir it into one quart of boiling milk. Do not allow it to boil, but churn it steadily with a syllabub-churn, or beat with a whisk until it is nicely frothed. Pour into a hot chocolate pitcher, and serve immediately. Half water may be used, and if you are fond of strong chocolate, add four ounces of the grated material. It must afterward be sweetened to suit individual

tastes. Lovely chocolate sets come especially for the purpose. A tablespoonful of whipped cream, sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla, placed on the surface of each cup, is a very pleasing addition.

BROMA.—To one heaping tablespoonful of broma, add gradually one-half cup of boiling water, stirring all the time. Add a tablespoonful of sugar, and a pint of hot milk. Stir until the mixture boils, and serve immediately.

COCOA.—Breakfast cocoa, or that made from ground cocoa is prepared precisely like broma. When made from cocoa shells or cocoa nibs (which are the broken beans), add one cup of shells and a tablespoonful of cracked cocoa to three pints of boiling water. Boil gently for two or three hours. Add a teacupful of hot milk, and sweeten to taste.

BREAKFAST breads include muffins, coffee, or cinnamon bread, biscuits, griddle-cakes, Sally Lunn, and various other forms, which when served hot, are so popular at this meal, and form so great an aid in securing variety. That many denounce them as unwholesome, is largely due to the fact that they are so often carelessly and improperly prepared. Well people may partake of them freely, if light and properly baked.

GERMAN COFFEE CAKE OR CINNAMON BREAD.—Prepare at evening a sponge by adding to one quart of warm sweet milk, a half teacupful of good yeast and three generous pints of flour. Set in warm place to rise. In the morning add one small cup of sweet lard or butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half of a nutmeg, and a scant teaspoonful of salt, with flour sufficient to permit kneading same as bread. Have dough as soft as convenient for handling. Knead well for fifteen minutes, and set in warm place to rise. When light, roll it out in sheets about an inch thick, let rise to double the thickness. Dot the top with bits of butter, and sprinkle sugar and ground cinnamon over it. Bake in a moderately brisk oven. It should bake in from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. If the top browns before it is done, lay a buttered white paper over it. Raisins may be added if desired. This cake may be made of light bread dough by adding the ingredients given for morning. This bread forms a delightful accompaniment to good coffee. The recipe has proved valuable for

many years and was obtained from a friend celebrated for her success in this line.

DELIGHTFUL BISCUITS. — Sift together one quart (rounded measure) of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Into this rub two tablespoonfuls of nice lard, butter, or drippings. Add one pint of sweet milk. This will make a soft dough which must be handled quickly and lightly, and with the addition of as little flour as possible. Roll out three-quarters of an inch thick, cut out with a biscuit-cutter, lay close together in well greased baking-pan, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Cold water may be used instead of milk. These are simply delicious. Brush them over with sweet milk before placing in the oven if you wish a rich brown. Accompanied by nice new honey and good coffee, it forms a feast.

SALLY LUNN. — To one cup of hot water, add two tablespoonfuls of butter; when the latter is melted, add one teaspoonful of salt, same of sugar, and stir in four cupfuls of flour, one at a time. Beat free from lumps, then add five tablespoonfuls of good yeast. Next add four eggs previously beaten to a froth. Beat with strong, upward strokes for at least one minute. Butter a baking-pan and pour in the batter, which should only half fill it, otherwise the batter will overflow in rising. Set in a warm place to rise for about six hours, then bake for three-quarters of an hour, or an hour, according to oven and depth of batter. If wanted for breakfast, it should be made the last thing at night, and set in a moderately warm place, that it may not rise and fall. Cut in squares for the table with a very sharp knife.

GRAHAM GRIDDLE CAKES. — To three and one-half cups of warm water, add two cups of graham flour, two cups of wheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of white corn meal, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-half cup of good yeast. Let rise in warm place over night. In the morning, dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in a little warm water, and add to the batter. Bake in a griddle as hot as may be without burning. Flour varies so much in its capacity for absorbing moisture, that some judgment must be exercised as to consistency of batter. It should be as thin as possible to permit turning the cakes easily. If not, it

may be thinned by the addition of a little water. A teacupful of the batter may be reserved to raise the next batch of batter, when a little more soda will be required. These, if well made, rival buckwheat cakes in sweetness and tenderness, besides being more wholesome for most persons. The recipe, successfully tried, is adopted as a standard, requiring neither milk nor eggs.

HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES. — To one pint of freshly cooked hominy, while still warm, add one pint of milk and a teaspoonful of salt, mashing the hominy well with a wooden spoon, and adding the milk by degrees. Next add one and a half cups of flour, beating hard for at least a minute. Add next three eggs beaten very lightly, and beat the mixture one minute more with a tablespoonful of sugar added. Bake in small cakes on a griddle. Stir up well before putting each batch on the griddle, and spread them with back of spoon as dropped on the griddle. Both tender and delightful. Serve with maple syrup.

HOUSEKEEPING MELODIES.

Sing a song of cleaning house!
Pocketful of nails?
Four-and-twenty dust-pans,
Scrubbing-brooms and pails!
When the door is opened,
Wife begins to sing—

"Just help me move this bureau here,
And hang this picture, won't you, dear?
And tack that carpet by the door,
And stretch this one a little more,
And drive this nail, and screw this screw;
And here's a job I have for you—
This closet door will never catch,
I think you'll have to fix the latch.
And oh, while you're about it, John,
I wish you'd put the cornice on,
And hang this curtain, when you're done
I'll hand you up the other one;
This box has got to have a hinge
Before I can put on the fringe;
And won't you mend that broken chair?
I'd like a hook put up right there,
The bureau drawer must have a knob;
And here's another little job—
I really hate to ask you, dear—
But could you fix a bracket here?"

And on it goes, when these are through,
With this and that and those to do,
Ad infinitum, and more too,
All in a merry jingle,—
And isn't it enough to make
A man wish he was single? (Almost.)

—Carrie W. Bronson.

ONE WORD FOR THE FRYING-PAN.

AND SEVERAL FOR BEEF.



GOOD sized volume could be compiled from the deliverances of cooks, epicures and gastronomists of all classes upon the necessity for the use of a gridiron in preparing steak. The frying-pan has been the victim of so many severe animadversions that one is tempted to think no self-respecting housewife could ever possess one. One fact does not seem to be taken into account by the kitchen reformers. It is not always practicable to use a

gridiron. The woman who does most of her cooking by means of wood, reserving coal for the hot fires required on ironing days, often has great difficulty in preparing food on a gridiron without smoking it badly. She is not to be sharply blamed if in her haste to get breakfast ready for the husband who must be at his work or business at a stated time, she falls back on frying instead of broiling because of her inability to wait until the recently kindled wood blaze in the range has produced a satisfactory bed of red-hot coals.

In these circumstances the frying-pan may be made to serve as a substitute for a gridiron with pleasing results. Let it be wiped perfectly dry, placed on the stove and the steak or chops to be cooked laid on the clean, hot surface. The meat must be turned frequently and will broil nearly as well there as upon transverse bars over a glowing fire. Much of the excellence of made dishes depends upon the seasoning and to this the mistress must give her personal supervision. Some cooks succeed in cultivating a taste for spices and condiments, which enables them to achieve just the right flavorings but this is an accomplishment rarely attained in this country except among imported *cordons bleus*.

Broiled Steak.

Order a round steak not less than an inch thick. With a dull knife hack it lengthwise and crosswise and on both sides. The gashes need not be deep, but should not be more than half an inch apart. An hour before the meat is needed, rub it thoroughly with the juice of a lemon, or if this is not at hand, a little vinegar makes a tolerable substitute. Broil the steak over a clear fire and butter well as soon as it is dished.

Beef Headcheese.

Cut cold roast or boiled beef into thin slices and lay them for several hours in vinegar. In the morning dip each piece into beaten egg, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in lard or sweet dripping to a nice brown. Pepper and salt and send hot to table.

Beef Hash.

Take equal quantities of smoothly mashed potato and finely chopped beef, either fresh or corned, the meat carefully freed from bits of fat, gristle and fibre. Mix thoroughly, season well and put into a frying-pan containing a cup of boiling water in which has been melted a tablespoonful of butter. Better still is half a cup of broth or gravy in which an onion has been cooked and the same amount of boiling water. Stir the hash constantly to prevent its sticking to the pan, adding more hot water should it grow too stiff. The difference between good hash and poor is often due to the proportion of vigorous stirring bestowed upon each. Serve the hash, or mince as some prefer to call it, in a deep dish upon triangles of toasted or fried bread.

A pleasant variety may be obtained by mounding the mince in a pie plate and setting it in the oven long enough to brown on top, then transferring it to a flat dish. Or, still another change consists in forming the mixture into cakes or balls and frying these in lard or dripping. The popular idea that any one knows how to make hash is to a great degree answerable for the sneers which at this much condemned, but really palatable dish.

Ragout of Beef.

One pound and a half of lean beef, two cupfuls of cold water, one finely minced onion. One saltspoonful of allspice, the same of mace. Parsley, thyme and summer savory to taste. Have the meat cut for stewing by the butcher into pieces about an inch square. Put on the fire in cold water, cover closely and stew slowly for three hours. Half an hour before taking from the fire, add the herbs, onion and other seasoning and thicken with a table-spoonful of browned flour. This dish can be prepared the day before with the exception of the seasoning and this added when the ragout is needed. Especial care should be taken to cook the meat until it is thoroughly tender.

Frizzled Beef.

Boil a quarter of a pound of sliced dried beef fifteen minutes, drain dry and put into the frying-pan with a little dripping. When it begins to crisp around the edges stir in two eggs, the whites and yolks beaten together. Cook for one minute and serve.

Boneless Birds.

Two pounds lean beef cut by the butcher into slices not over half an inch thick and about four inches square. Cold boiled ham. Make a stuffing as for roast fowls, of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, sweet herbs, a very little onion and moistened with a small quantity of melted butter. Lay a thin slice of ham on each slice of beef and wrap in these as much stuffing as they will hold. Tie up tightly with stout thread drop into a saucepan containing enough hot soup or gravy to cover them and simmer gently until tender. Remove the binding strings before sending to the table and serve with the thickened gravy poured over them.

Scalloped Beef and Tomatoes.

Cold roast or boiled beef, one can tomatoes, half a cup of gravy, one tablespoonful of butter, bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of sugar stirred into the tomatoes. Drain the liquor from a can of tomatoes and set it over the fire with the sugar. Cut the beef into slices and place a layer of them in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Over this first stratum of beef place one of the tomatoes from which the juice has been drained. Another layer of beef comes next, then more tomatoes until the supply is exhausted, the tomatoes forming the topmost layer. Moisten thoroughly with the liquor from the tomatoes, and the gravy, seasoning both rather highly. Sprinkle dry bread crumbs over the top, dot with bits of butter and bake covered half an hour in a moderate oven. Uncover, brown and serve.

Scalloped Beef with Cheese.

Heat to boiling in a saucepan a cupful of good rich gravy, seasoned with dropped onion, herbs and two teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce or of good catsup and well thickened with browned flour. Drop into it small slices of underdone roast beef or steak. Stew gently for fifteen minutes and pour into a greased baking dish. Scatter crumbs over the top, strew these thickly with grated cheese and set in the oven long enough to brown.

Beef Cutlets.

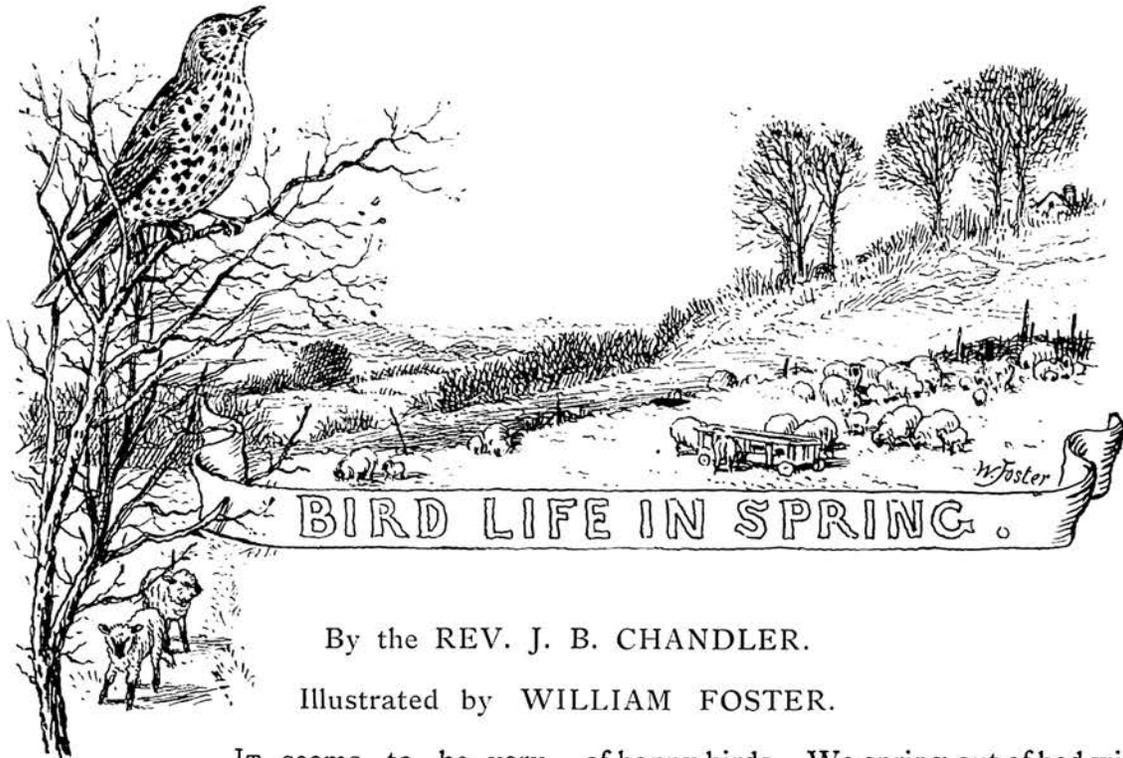
Two pounds of lean beef from the round cut into small cutlets about half an inch thick. Lard them with very thin slices of fat salt pork. Lay in a saucepan and cover with a good gravy, well seasoned. Stew slowly for quarter of an hour, turn the cutlets over and stew them fifteen minutes longer. Place in a dish and keep hot while the gravy is being thickened. Pour this over the cutlets and garnish the dish with parsley.

Beef Croquettes.

Two cups of cold beef chopped very fine, half a cup of bread crumbs, two eggs, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, parsley, salt and pepper. Mix the meat and bread together, add the seasoning and moisten with the egg. If the compound is still too dry, work in a little melted butter. With floured hands form the mixture into croquettes, roll these first in egg, then in cracker crumbs and fry to a good brown.

—Christine Terhune Herrick.

THERE is no remedy to prevent lamp chimneys from breaking. They are not annealed in the process of manufacture and the glass is very sensitive to sudden changes of temperature. Get the best kinds of chimneys and take care that the changes in temperature are slow and evenly distributed.



By the REV. J. B. CHANDLER.

Illustrated by WILLIAM FOSTER.

It seems to be very much the fashion nowadays to cry down the joy of our English spring as a fraud and a delusion. The effeminate Londoner down in the country for a Sunday, shivering in a bracing north-east wind, or caught in a snow-storm as he hungrily hurries back from church fails altogether to understand that love of spring which among our forefathers, as Charles Kingsley says, "rose almost to worship." The long-ing cry of Browning:

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there!"

he would bitterly set down to the "fine madness" of a poet's brain. Yet in spite of all the grumbling accusations of the town-bred critic, there is a joy and glory in our English spring which all the rude blasts of March, and all the wild freaks of the treacherous month of May, cannot destroy, and it surely is the abundance and variety of bird-life, and the voice of melody (unknown in the tropics) which rings forth from almost every shrub and tree—which, even more than the "sight of vernal bloom" and the tender green of budding trees, gives to an English spring its special and peculiar charm.

The gloomy silence of winter days is gone at last, and, oh! what a different thing life seems when the first sound which greets our waking ears is the glad songs

of happy birds. We spring out of bed with a radiant feeling that life is once more worth living, that joy after all is stronger than sorrow, life than death. On some mild morning in late February, or even earlier, if the weather is warm, we hear once more the wild sweet song of the missel-thrush ringing forth from the top-most boughs of some neighbouring elm, and, more welcome still, the tender treble of the song-thrush "pure as the song of angels."

"That's the wise thrush, he sings each note twice over,
Lest you should think he never could re-capture,
The first fine careless rapture."

In sunny hours even in bleak and dismal February we are cheered once more by the rollicking mellow song of the blackbird, the blithe skylark showers down "a rain of melody" upon us as he springs up from the fallow field; the wood-pigeon coos from the distant pines. The robin's song grows stronger and more full of joy. The wren wakes up and pours forth a shrill little hymn of gratitude for dangers safely past. The gay chaffinch and the modest hedge-sparrow greet the fitful sunshine with an occasional burst of melody, and the starling sitting with drooping wings upon the housetop chatters gaily to himself of the coming joys of spring.

Now is the time for the lover of birds to fix up his nest-boxes on the garden trees. House-hunting will soon begin. Love and courtship are the order of the day; busy tits will soon be peering into every hole and cranny to choose the very best site for their future homes, and

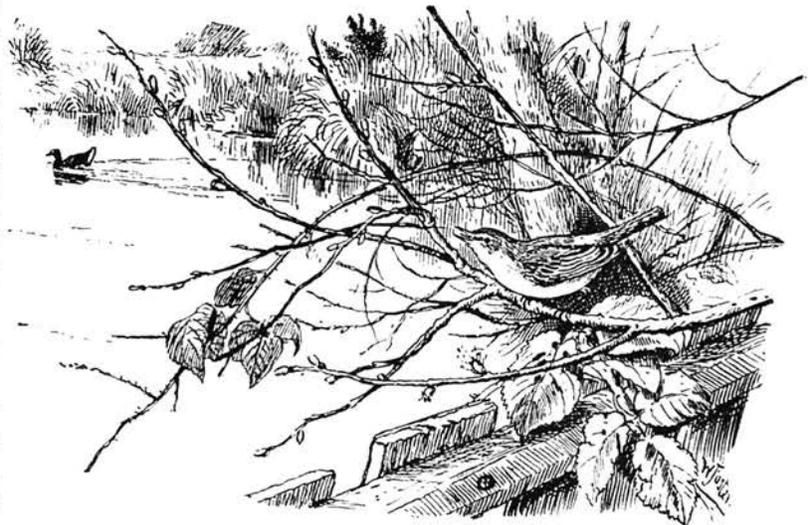


the naturalist who has carefully and firmly fastened up his nest-boxes—which should be made of logs of various sizes, hollowed out by the village carpenter, with a small entrance hole on one side and a top which easily takes off—will have delightful opportunities of watching at his leisure the whole domestic story of the birds he loves, from the building of the nest to the first flight of the young ones when their wings are fully fledged. Not only tits, great, cole, blue and marsh, but also robins and starlings, nuthatches, wry-necks and redstarts, and, last not least, the impudent aggressive house sparrow, will often gladly avail themselves of these convenient homes. The lover of birds will watch with a keen excitement the gradual occupation of his houses and the varying fortunes of his charming tenants. The slaying of stray cats and routing of trespassing boys will also pleasantly vary the monotony of life.

As the boisterous month of March begins to draw to a close a new and pleasant excitement fills the mind. The first migratory birds begin to arrive.

The whole subject of migration is full of interest and romance: the vast distances traversed by these tiny birds, the long weary journey of thousands of miles by sea and land from their distant winter homes, the dangers of the way, the perils from fatigue—thousands, we are told, each spring and autumn “quietly drop into the remorseless sea and perish,”—the “perils from false brethren” in the shape of hawks and owls “which are always hovering in close proximity to the defenceless moving throng,” the perils from death-traps in the form of lighthouses and nets, the perils from gales and fogs, blinding snow-storms and pitiless drenching showers. We used to imagine, until we read Mr. Dixon’s charming book *The Migration of Birds* (from which I have just been quoting), that instinct was infallible, that migrating birds came and went “with unerring certainty” and “knew their way by inherited impulse.” We know better now; we find that birds blunder and lose their way like human folk, that they gradually learn the various landmarks on the road just as any human traveller might do, that they almost invariably miss their way in darkness or fog, that in fact “the mysterious sense of direction” is nothing but a myth. The recollection of these facts will lend a deep unflinching interest to the annual arrival of our migratory birds.

The first winged traveller to reach our shores is the tiny chiffchaff. The day on



which we first catch sight of this welcome little warbler is quite an epoch in the year. We are wandering perhaps by the edge of one of our south-country trout ponds some fine morning about the 18th of March, looking out for any signs of rising fish, when we suddenly catch sight of a little brown-coated bird, now creep-

ing silently and restlessly about among the boughs of an overhanging alder, now flitting about high up among the budding branches of a silver-birch, and we realise the joyful fact that the first of our beloved spring migrants has arrived. A few days later and the whole coppice seems to resound with its distinct but somewhat melancholy cry of *chiff, chiff, chiff*. About the same time the cheery wheatear once more reappears in his bleak quarters on the Sussex downs. About a fortnight later (April 5th to 10th), as we stroll by the edge of the copse, we hear a sweet plaintive simple little song, "half dozen unassuming notes in a descending scale like a little peal of bells," as Seebohm aptly puts it. It proceeds from a little bird hardly to be distinguished from our friend the chiffchaff. It is his first cousin the willow-wren. A third member of this family which very closely resembles the chiffchaff and the willow-wren, is the charming little wood-wren which does not reach our Surrey woods until the end of April. On close examination it is easily distinguished by a bright yellow streak over the eye. Its note once identified will never be forgotten or confused with any other. It is a sad, sweet tremulous song of "sweetness long drawn out," as if the little singer felt that life was too full of weary travel to be altogether worth living.

One curious fact in connection with many of our spring migrants is the arrival of the males several days before the females. Whether they share the feelings of certain male mem-



bers of the human race and, objecting to travel with females, slip off first, or whether their

superior strength and courage induces them to push on and leave the members of a weaker and more dawdling sex to

follow at their leisure, we cannot say. It is one of the many unsolved mysteries of bird-life. But certainly the males of several species do come first and seem to live very restless, unsettled, anxious lives until their future mates arrive. The grasshopper warbler, for instance, which is one of the last of our spring migrants to arrive, not reaching our south-country thickets before the last week in April, during the first few days after its arrival, while awaiting the coming of its mate, shows itself with comparative boldness, and, instead of stalking with its usual mouse-like secrecy among the thickest vegetation, may occasionally be seen trilling forth its curious song from the bare bough of some low tree, as though too restless to take its usual precautions for concealment.

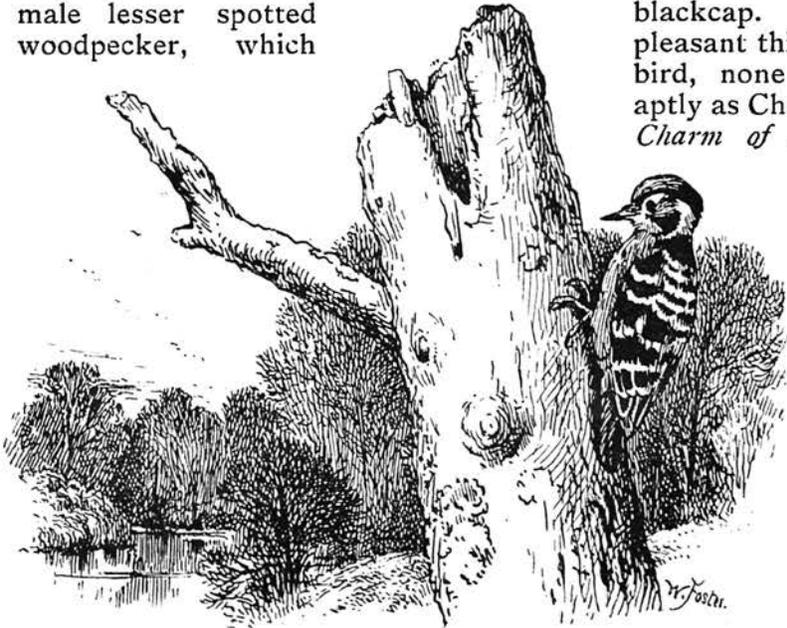
If the weather at the beginning of April is at all mild and springlike it is a difficult task to keep the lover of birds indoors, all the delights of a comfortable club, all the blandishments of a shop-loving wife will not induce him to spend a single unnecessary day in town; even the horrors of spring cleaning will not drive him from his country home. And he is right. At no other time of the year is every hour of life more full of interest and excitement. Dame Nature's annual spring show is one of the few things in life of which the mind can never weary. Every hour is full of novelty, in every common walk there is some fresh sight of beauty to delight the eye, some fresh sound of joy to fill the mind with gladness.

"Then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

It is almost worth while to have shivered through the barren gloom of winter to feel once more the many exquisite delights of the first warm sunny day of spring.

One of the most remarkable of the many familiar voices of the spring is a sound which it is difficult to express in words. I shall never forget the day on which I heard it first. It was many years ago when my passion for birds was comparatively new. It was a fine Sunday morning in early spring; I was walking across a meadow to inspect the wild fowl on an adjoining pond, to see whether any uncommon duck had as usual seized the opportunity of the one day in the week on which a gun could not be even looked at, to settle on the water. Suddenly a

loud jarring sound, unlike any note of bird or beast I had ever heard before, struck on my astonished ears and brought me to a sudden standstill. Where in the world the sound proceeded from and how it was produced was at first a complete mystery ; but on creeping quietly up to an old oak tree by the water's edge, to which I succeeded at last in tracing the sound, its author was discovered in the form of a male lesser spotted woodpecker, which



was producing the weird jarring noise which had so astonished me by a series of rapid taps upon the dead bough to which it was clinging. This mysterious whirring sound, which can be distinctly heard nearly a quarter of a mile away as I have often tested, varies in tone and pitch as the bird changes its place to boughs of different vibration. There seems little doubt, as Professor Newton says, that this strange noise is intended to be "an instrumental instead of a vocal love-call." The same amazing noise is also produced in the spring by the greater spotted woodpecker, which in Surrey woods seems to be a rarer bird less often heard. One other noteworthy characteristic which I have observed in the lesser spotted woodpecker is the extraordinary punctuality with which it visits the same spot at precisely the same hour day after day. On a fine morning in the spring it seemed to do a regular round ; its movements were as unvarying as those of the village postman. Where it rested we could never discover, but at 9.30 it could nearly always be seen on a particular oak tree near a pond ; a little earlier it was in one of the several trees nearer the road ; a little

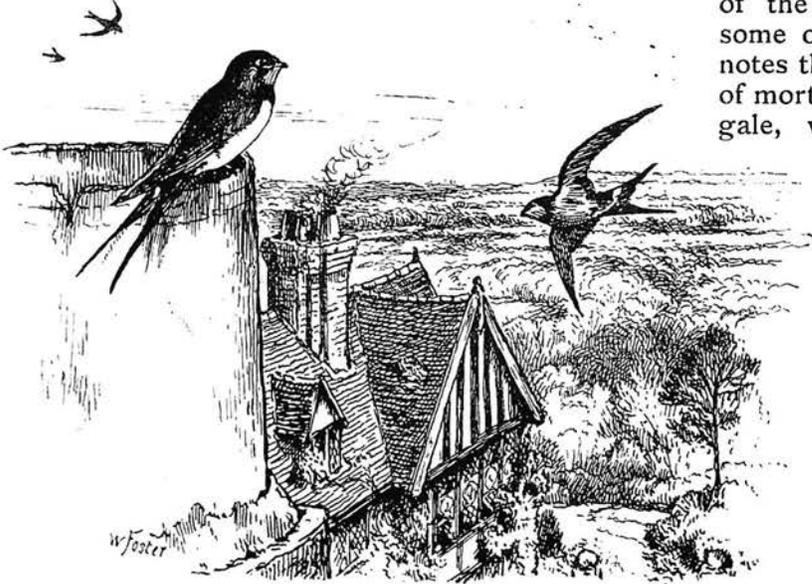
later it moved on to a neighbouring clump of trees a few hundred yards away. Other birds may be equally regular in their rounds, but the loud noise with which our little friend proclaims his presence makes it particularly easy to trace his movements.

About the end of the first week in April we begin to listen eagerly for the first notes of the sweet joyous song of the blackcap. Many naturalists have said pleasant things about this charming little bird, none have described his song so aptly as Charles Kingsley in his delightful *Charm of Birds*. "Sweet he is," he says, "and various, rich and strong beyond all English warblers, save the nightingale, but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as of happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down the gamut till he cannot stop himself, his notes tumble over each other, he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight, throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back, and sings with every fibre of his body ; and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh for a single note, always graceful, always sweet, he keeps



perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness." Was there ever a more perfect word-picture of bird character ?

About the end of the second week in April, our hearts may be gladdened by another important epoch in the annals of the year, the return of the swallows. The first of the family to arrive is the diminutive sand-martin, which may be recognised at once by its mouse-coloured coat. A few days later and it will be joined, as it skims over the insect-haunted pond, by



the glossy swallow with its long forked tail, and by the pretty little house-martin with its jet-black back and snowy breast.

As we watch the first solitary sand-martin in its restless flight over the pond, a shrill rapidly repeated cry of *que que que*, which makes the hedge-row ring again, tells us that the wryneck or cuckoo's mate, the barking bird, as the Surrey folk call it from the fact that it reaches our oaken copses when barking or peeling is at its height, has come back to us again. A few days later and over hill and dale will sound forth the most familiar and to

many the most welcome of all the voices of the spring, the melodious cuckoo's cry :

"To left and right,
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills."

But to-day there is joy enough for us without that cry, for, lo! from the little chestnut copse which skirts the furlerside of the pond, there come forth some of the sweetest, clearest notes that ever charmed the ear of mortal man. Yes, the nightingale, whose mission it must surely be to help us to forget for a while the carking cares of life in listening to its blissful song, has returned to inspire us once more.

There are two common mistakes which many people make with regard to the nightingale: first, that it only sings by night; secondly, that it modestly shuns the haunts of men and "the noise of folly." Not a bit of it. It sings at intervals, all through the day, and, instead of shunning the noise of folly, often sings with unabashed vigour within a few yards of some noisy turnpike road. A few years ago its sweet song could be heard any fine afternoon in May in one of the woody hollows of Wimbledon Common, mingling strangely with the clatter of passing carriages and the ceaseless banging of gallant volunteers on the butts a little way above.





ALL FOOLS' DAY.

"ALL Fools' Day" is not by any means a day belonging exclusively to England. Long before it was observed here, the 1st of April was a day of revelry and licence among the ancient Romans, who concluded then their festival of the "Hilaria," a time when great and small, masters and men, all descended to a level of folly, and for the time being forgot distinctions of rank and position in a common revel. We can fancy the pranks which were played on such occasions. How the servant, dressed as his master, would turn the tables for once in the way on his lord, and give him a taste of the hardships of slavery;—how the proud lady would have to give up her chariot to her maid, how the schoolboy would lead his master the life of a very dog, and the grave judges gladly take shelter from the jeers and laughter of those who ordinarily stood in such awe of them.

We do not hear what happened at the end of such festivals; whether, when the fun was all over, the master flogged his man, or the mistress scolded her maid; or the schoolmaster birched his boys, or the judge locked up his tormenters. The probability is, that as this Hilaria was a religious festival, the pranks then played were *privileged*, as lawyers call it, or absolutely without prejudice, the victims being obliged to put a good face on the sport as long as it lasted and say nothing about it when it was over. If they did revenge themselves, we can fancy it would be all the worse for them next 1st of April!

It is pretty generally agreed that this Roman festival was the origin of our All Fools' Day, and if it be so, it is a satisfaction to know we have the approval of so many centuries in our manner of keeping the 1st of April. Some old writers, however, used to attribute the origin of the custom to another cause. April is proverbially an uncertain month as regards weather. One moment it is fine, another raining; the sun has hardly begun to shine when the clouds come and blacken the sky, and then as suddenly give way in their turn to the sun again. And some people have imagined that the first April fools were those who in such weather went out exclaiming, "What a fine day!" and, lo! a shower drenched them to the skin; or lamented the wretched downpour, and, behold, the sun came out and laughed in their faces. It was a pretty notion; but considering that the day is kept not in England only, but in India, Italy, Spain, and other countries whose climate differs from ours, it hardly seems a likely explanation of the matter.

It is as well to be reminded once in the way that all men are fools. Even the wisest of us know next to nothing; and the wiser we all grow, the more we discover of our own folly. It is a healthy sign in human nature, that during all these centuries man has been ready to admit that he has something of the fool in him; and the people who would refuse to permit the celebration of such a day as "All Fools' Day" are the sort of people whom it would be easiest, I fancy, to make April fools of!

There are many different kinds of joke which in different countries characterise the observance of the 1st of April.

In India, the "Huli festival" is kept on that date by the Hindoos, when the favourite amusement is to send people off on false errands, or to keep false appointments. A Hindoo receives a mysterious message, desiring him to meet a certain great personage at such and such a place, on the 1st of April. He travels miles, perhaps leagues, wondering what the great man can

want with him, and building castles in the air of all the honours and profit which are in store. Alas! the appointed place is deserted—no one is there, no one ever thought of being there, and the poor Hindoo has his long walk there and back for nothing.

This is not at all unlike the way they make April fools in Scotland. "Hunting the gowk" they call it. A simpleton is asked to carry a letter to a place named a mile away, which he does, of course being ignorant of its contents, and duly delivers the missive to the person to whom it is addressed. The latter, opening it, finds it to contain the following lines:—

"On the first of April,
Hunt the gowk another mile."

Comprehending from this that there is some fun afoot, he puts on a grave face, and informs the messenger that it will be necessary for him to take the note on to Mr. So-and-So (another mile farther on), who will doubtless be able to give him an answer to it. The patient "gowk" trudges on, but Mr. So-and-So has the same reply as the other, he must take it on yet another mile. So he goes on, at the end of each mile being sent on one more, till after a few hours of it, he begins to see the fraud, and returns very tired and red in the face, to find all his neighbours assembled at their doors to see "the gowk come home."

In Spain they have a somewhat rougher kind of joke. All Fools' Day in Lisbon is celebrated by the throwing about of flour and water, till folk who come in for such attentions look as if they had stepped straight out of a paste-pot. In France April fools are called "poissons d'Avril"—April fish—and there, sometimes, the practical joking which goes on verges on a breach of the laws. There is one story of a girl in Paris, who, on a certain April 1, took a watch which did not belong to her. Being arrested and brought before a magistrate for this delinquency, she explained that it was only a first of April joke.

"Have you the watch in your possession?" asked his honour.

"No," replied she.

"Officer, go and search this person's rooms."

The officer went, and returned shortly with the watch, which he had found on the young lady's mantelpiece.

"How is this?" asked his honour, looking grave; "you denied having it in your possession."

"Pardon, monsieur, I only wished to make your officer an April fool."

Whereupon the magistrate recommended her to remain in prison for a year, until the next first of April, when she might come out again as an April fool!

In North America the day is kept more like Valentine's Day than All Fools' Day; unless, indeed, some people may consider that there's not very much difference between the two.

But "merry England," of all lands, is the place where the 1st of April is most observed. We come down to breakfast, and lo! the egg we go to crack is an empty one. The post brings us letters for which there is twopenny to pay, but which contain only blank paper. The boys in the street call out "Hi!" and point frantically to some pretended danger. A friend rushes up with a concerned look.

"My dear fellow, there's something on your face."

"What?" we exclaim, thinking of something unseemly.

"Your nose, to be sure," replies our friend, and vanishes suddenly.

Another friend accosts us.

"I'm so glad to have met you. I can't use this ticket myself, and it's a pity to waste it. Would you like it?"

We glance at the ticket. "Admit one person to view the ancient ceremony of *Washing of the White Lions* at the Tower of London; 11 a.m., April 1. Admission by the White Gate."

"Very much obliged to you," we exclaim, shaking our friend by the hand; "we will certainly go and see this interesting relic of old English customs."

So we post off at once, and reach Tower Hill.

"Can you inform me which is the White Gate?" we ask of a policeman.

"Don't know," is the reply; "better ask up there."

So we go "up there," and repeat the same inquiry to the beefeater at the Tower gate.

He stares.

"You're wrong," he says, "no such gate as the White Gate."

"There must be," we exclaim, pulling out our ticket; "look here."

How that beefeater laughed, and how we laughed too, when he reminded us it was the 1st of April!

"White gate and white lions!" he exclaimed; "more green than white about this here business."

One might recount fifty of such experiences.

I was very proud once, when, a schoolboy of twelve, I succeeded in making a fool of a Pickford's carman. I was perched on the top of an omnibus, which came to a standstill in Fleet Street just as a great wagon was passing the other way.

"Hi! carman," I shouted, "look at your wheel!" pointing at his front wheel.

He pulled up in a second, and jumped down to examine what was wrong. After a lengthy scrutiny, he looked up and said,

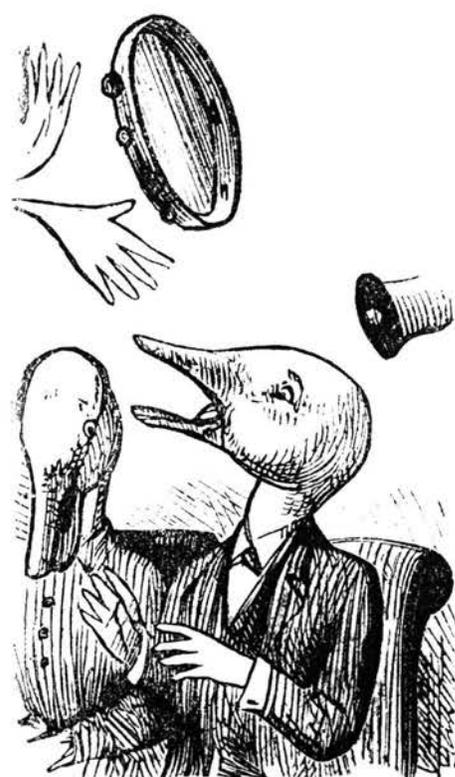
"What's the row with it? I don't see nothing wrong."

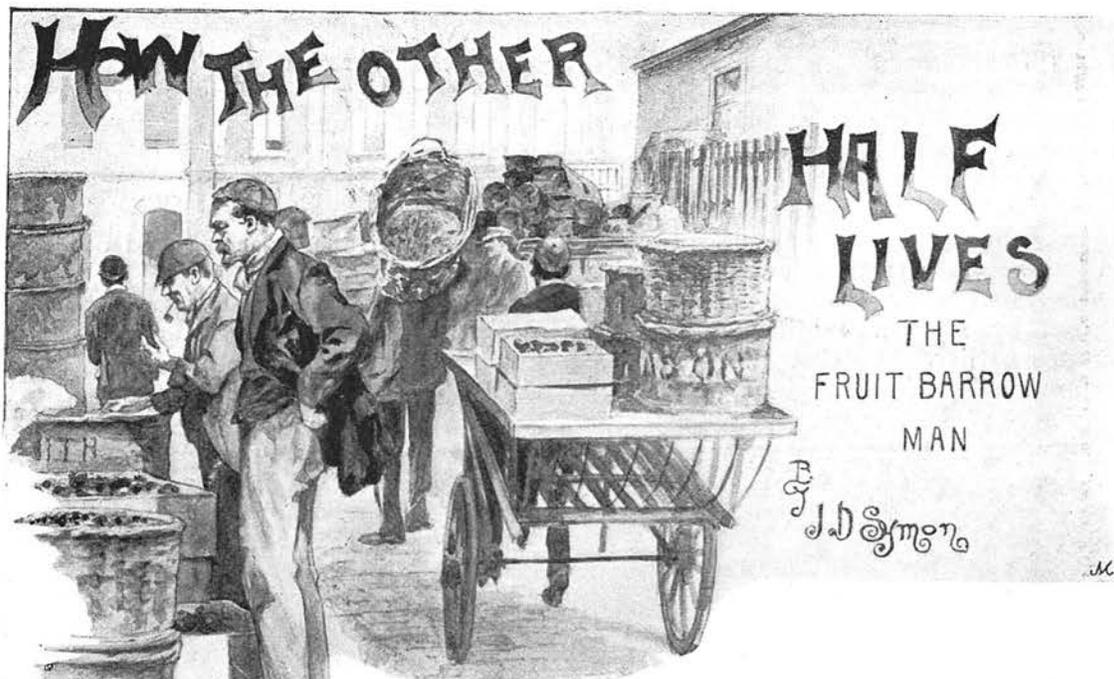
"It was going round," I replied; and poor Pickford was dreadfully laughed at by everybody on the omnibus.

However, I was very nearly made to laugh on the wrong side of my mouth. The carman seized his whip, and began to mount the omnibus. I gave myself up for lost, and half vowed never to make any one an April fool again; but happily the gentlemen sitting beside me managed to pacify the wrathful charioteer, who presently gave up his vengeance, and actually returned to his van with a grin, muttering,

"Done me brown that time, the young innp!"

I've only one word more to say. Practical joking is all very well if kept within bounds; I think most boys know what those bounds are. Never let your jokes become unkind, hurtful, or dishonourable; and to those who are the victims of harmless jokes I would say, as the best advice I could give, "Grin and bear it."





TO toiling men," sang Theocritus more than 2,000 years ago, "even sleep is denied by heavy care." To-day the commonplace is apt as ever; men labour, and when they would rest care sits on the pillow. But there is another and less spiritual cause of wakefulness at work in modern life. Some there are who, when sleep is to be had, can sleep well and soundly despite their toil, but the pressure of their calling bids them be stirring while others prolong repose. Not the worst example of this class is he who vends fruit for the refreshment of all who care to patronise his two-wheeled establishment. Early and late, late and early, catching the market, or catching customers, he pursues his precarious trade, thankful if at the day's end he has sold out; if not, vaguely hopeful of better luck to come.

The roar of traffic was subsiding, and the City pavements were rapidly clearing when I found my fruit-barrow man in Queen Victoria Street still doing a little business, though customers were growing very scarce. He hailed me eagerly as a prospective patron—"Bewtiful cherries, sir, only tuppence a pound; a pound? yessir; thank ye, sir." The small transaction inspired confidence, my merchant was communicative, and in a few seconds we were deep in conversation. For a good two hours his tongue wagged incessantly, as I drew from him the story

of his hardships, which were many, and his pleasures, which were lamentably few.

It had been a bad day. A considerable portion of the stock still remained and was being sold at what it would bring. Between one and two o'clock, the best business time, the price had been about fourpence per pound, which meant a penny or so of profit. After two, hope languishes, and so do prices. "We just taikes wot we can out o' them, sir, and clears out as far as possible. Wot's over may be bad to-morrow, an' only fit for the jam-smasher; not fit to show to the public. If you puts it on, w'y, down comes the condemner, and it's one pound or twenty d'ys for exposin' bad fruit. But I tells ye, sir, one thing I never did, and that was show bad fruit to the public. Ask Mr. Johnson 'ere if I ever did." Mr. Johnson, a passing friend, though careful to explain that he was not in the "traide" himself, gave corroborative evidence on the strength of long personal acquaintance. After this overwhelming testimony I had no choice but believe, and my ready grain of salt was wasted.

The conversation turned on finance. My informant was voluble and eager to give information, but very often his statements rather more than savoured of the contradictory. By a little judicious handling, however, I obtained a rough outline of his business position, which is probably true in the main. Taking him at several points, I got possession of data on which I founded a sort of "personal equation," whereby it was possible

to correct my observations of this metropolitan planet.

The stock for the day had consisted solely of cherries; six "mollies" (baskets in the form of a truncated cone) holding about 10 lbs., and five "flat baskets" holding about the same amount. For the fruit alone 22s. 10d. had been paid, which comes fairly near the 3d. per pound, alleged by my frank informant a few minutes earlier. Further there was, he declared, a deposit of 1s. on each "empty,"

barometer rises and falls, though oftener down than up. From the slender takings a small deduction has to be made for food, which renders the cash in hand yet scantier. A few days bad luck must mean absolute bankruptcy.

"'Ow do I do w'en cleaned out, sir? W'y, we just 'as to borrow." Then came a tale of a lady money-lender who charges five shillings in the pound interest. As I had heard of her in another quarter, and the two accounts tallied accurately, this



A BARROW MAN.

i.e., empty basket, refunded when the said "empty" was returned; and the account of the day's expenses was completed with 11d. for paper bags and 3d. for fresh leaves "to maikie a clean show in front o' the paiper, d'ye see, guv'nor?"

It was lamentable to learn that after all this outlay the day's takings were reckoned at about 14s. That meant, of course, starting with a reduced stock to-morrow; but on the other hand, to-morrow might see the stock sold out with about 2s. profit over all; to-day's remnant would bring about 4s. if it kept fresh overnight, and so this little trade

worthy usuess cannot be altogether a myth. Her screw is driven very tight.

"I ought by rights to give Polly (Polly's my wife, her proper name's Mary) two bob a day grub-money."

"But you can't always do that?"

"W'y, no, sir, I can't." He looked very melancholy as he said it.

"And then about your own grub. How do you manage that?"

"Well, you see, I doesn't take nuffin' till night. I just goes on wiv *two* glasses o' beer and *two* glasses o' beer at odd times durin' the d'y. Oh, no, sir, no, I never feels 'ungry."

As he mentioned these libations my eye travelled down his stumpy figure, and I discovered evidence of this method of nourishment. Beer was not written on his face to any great extent, but another part of his anatomy would have done credit to a German student, or the Justice in Shakespeare's Seven Ages. The cost of this refreshment might be about sixpence or eightpence a day; and this is evidently lost sight of entirely when the day's drawings are counted at night. Good days and bad together he considered that he might clear about 18s. a week. If so, there must be some phenomenally good days to compensate for the bad ones, if they are such as he painted them.

Then, too, there is the consideration of rent, which complicates the problem, for he fixed that at 3s. 6d. weekly. It is evident that "Polly" has to be content with much less than 2s. a day for "grub-money."

From the slippery ground of finance we passed to personal history.

"I was born in Lambeth, and first went out with the barrer w'en I was about twelve. The man eight doors orf took me fust. Then one day 'e sent me wiv a barrer myself. I 'ad luck, maide five or six shillin's; next d'y 'ad luck again; then I began to grow artful, I did; an' so 'ere I am."

"Any children to keep? W'y, six on 'em, guv'nor, all like steps o' stairs." Poor things, I thought, they must often be hungry! As delicately as might be I ascertained that this was the case. For all this, however, there was evidently conjugal felicity. "Polly's a good girl, sir, she taikes up wi' nobody, doesn't Polly. Like 'er? Yes, as well as the d'y I married 'er, p'r'aps better, guv'nor. We lives in two rooms, one up an' one down, tho' I don't think we can be there long if things goes on like this. 'Polly,' I says, 'we can't p'y this rent much longer, that we can't.'" He was evidently very anxious to keep their home together, such as it was, but things were looking black. Polly's attitude towards the threatened removal he did not chronicle. One room for eight persons cannot be a hopeful outlook. There are more children than they have been years married. There are other troubles, too, at home, not financial, but entomological. "To tell you the truth, guv'nor," (he became very confidential) "we've bin sleepin' this while back on orange-boxes: can't dare to go to bed. Ugh, they're

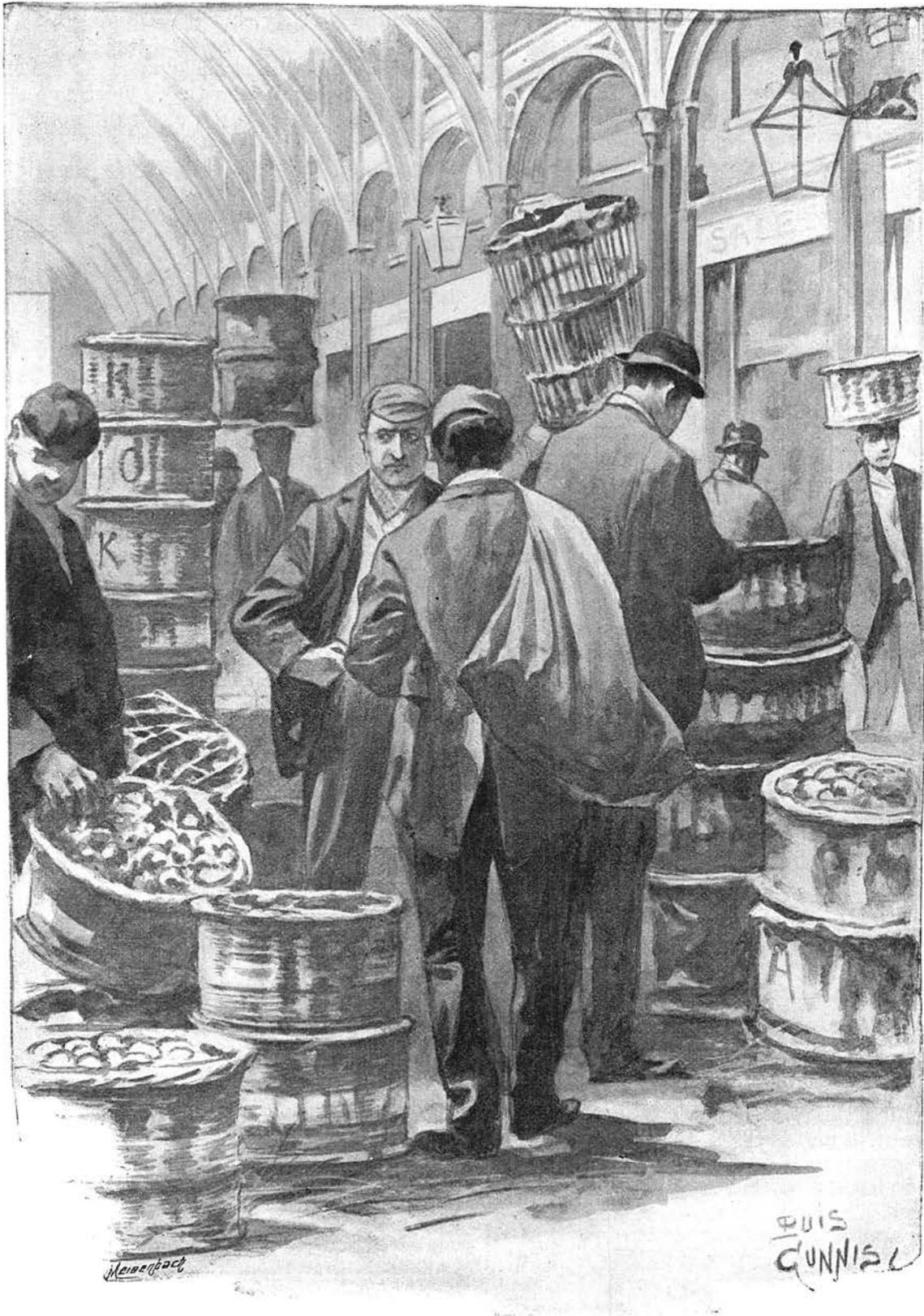
swarmin'! I tried a reg'lar 'bleach up' wiv sulphur lately, but it were no good."

"Am I out a lot? Of course I is. I went and bought some o' to-d'y's stock late last night; it was two o'clock before I got 'ome, and then I was at the market



A BAD BARGAIN

again by five this mornin'. I go fust to the Borough Market. If I don't get all I wants there I goes on to Covent Garden, an' if I don't get hanythink there, w'ich sometimes 'appens, I 'as to give up for the d'y. Sometimes you can get a good thing by startin' very early an' goin' out to meet the carts on the Clapham Road.



IN THE COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

They'll not be 'ard on you. 'Ere's a poor man,' they'll say, an' give you a lot reasonable. But, bless you, if you was well-dressed they'd taik you for a shopkeeper and charge you; for a shopkeeper *must* 'ave things for 'is shop. That's our

way o' doin' the shopkeepers, an' we always tries to cheat 'em if we can. You must 'old up your 'ead, too, agin the shopkeepers, so I often taikes my stand opposite the door o' a big 'un."

"Losses? I should think so. A shower o' rain, an' where are yer? Then you can never tell wot like the bottom o' a basket may be. The top's always prime samples. But there's no tellin'. It's 'buy if yer means to buy, but 'ands off the goods, no turnin' over.' Look here, sir (he opened a "molly" and showed it half full of bad cherries), these is dead to the world; the top was prime, but the rest you see—*dead to the world!*

"Oh, there's no livin' for an honest man; wot wiv summonses and bad times and the condem—ner there's no livin'. W'y, if you lets down yer 'ands the copper's on ye. You *must* keep movin' if 'e's about. England's a free country, they says. Yes, I says, a free country where foreigners maikes rich and Englishmen starves. The copper lets be the Italian ice-cream man because, 'e says, 'e don't know the ways o' the country; but if I lets down my 'ands to serve a customer, w'y, it's five shillin's and costs. If you begs they fines you; if you sells matches they fines you; if you tries to play an honest gaime wiv a barrer and lets down yer 'ands they fines yer. Yes, a free country! You go away, there; *your* business is done;" this last to some small boys, who, after purchasing a capful of cherries, were fain to linger, entranced by the merchant's Philippic.

"Oh, if the p'lice likes, they can do

yer a lot o' 'arm. Suppose an ill-natured one sees you standin' an' summonses ye, w'y, in an hour's time if 'e sees yer 'ands down again, wot does 'e do? Taikes ye down an' charges you; no summons this time. Oh, it's a fine gaime, the streets o' London, a fine gaime! I'd like some o' the nobility to come down an' try it. But wot I says is:—"God send me the gen'leman as 'ud give me work for a pound a week *sure*, an' I'd never ax to go on the streets again, never!" Oh, it's a fine gaime, is the streets."

"Guv'nor!" his manner changed suddenly. "I may be rough, an' I know I don't pronounce my words properly, but there's one thing (he drew nearer) I've noticed yer touch yer watch once or twice—oh, yes, I saw yer, I did; look 'ere, I'll tell yer wot it is,"—he seized my hand in his and the tears came into his eyes as he spoke—"if my little children was starvin' an' cryin' for food, I'd snatch a loaf off the baker's tray, s'welp me God! I would, an' never think twice about it; but taike anythink else, guv'nor, I'd suffer *death* fust!" If his scorn was insincere, then there can be no criterion of sincerity.

The hour was getting late, and there was no hope of further trade, so summoning his brother, a youth who was to some extent dependant on his already over-taxed exchequer, he bade me good-night and wheeled his emporium away. As I meditatively turned homewards I found I had gained a little more insight into the way the other half starves. How it *lives* remains a deeper mystery than ever.

SMUGGLING BY DOGS BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

OF all the uses to which man for his own profit has adapted the sagacity of the dog, smuggling is probably the most lucrative. As I think that the extent to which this profession is carried on between Switzerland and Italy, and the mode of it, is not much known, a few particulars which I have gathered entirely from the inhabitants of the district to which I am about to call attention may not be unwelcome to such of your readers as take an interest in dogs and their doings.

The frontier line north of Como constitutes the chief field of the tobacco and cigar smuggler's operations. Notwithstanding the cordon of preventive men stationed at short intervals along the whole line of this hilly and broken country, the work of conveying tobacco and cigars from Switzerland into Italy is pretty evenly divided between dog and man. It may be taken for granted that the peasants of this extensive district are each and all smugglers, more or less, and when once the goods are safely conveyed into the country, they are disposed of in small quantities and dispersed far and wide, in a great measure by the women.

In training the dog to this perilous profession, the first step is to teach him so great an abhorrence of the douanier as to make him flee as for his life at the sight of the uniform. This is achieved in a few lessons by dressing a confederate up in a similar uniform. This man thrashes the poor dog every time he sees him. The animal, having acquired a mortal dread of the aspect of a douanier, while his master, living on the Italian side, endears the dog to himself by good living and caresses, is taken over to see the Swiss friend whose tobacco or cigars he will have to convey across the frontier to his own master. Here he is left in durance vile for some days without food; he is then packed round the body with a belt, resembling a swimming belt, divided into pockets filled with the merchandise, the door is opened, and he is hunted out with threats and menaces. He rushes off, and, guided by instinct, hunger, and love for his master, he flees at an incredible speed by tracks known only to himself, and where the human foot could scarcely follow. It may take him an hour to reach his home, where he

finds his master waiting, and is at once unloaded, fed, and petted for his pains.

The douaniers, if they catch sight of him at all during his transit, never capture him, and rarely succeed in hitting him with a bullet; for the hour chosen for this business is after dusk, and the dogs know their danger, and on occasions at the sight of the douanier have been known to keep in hiding till the coast was clear. These dogs know the boundary line perfectly well, and leap over it like hares.

It is sad, however, to have to relate that occasionally the preventive men take advantage of a weakness that costs the poor canine smuggler his liberty, if not his life. They rely on the influence of the female sex, and employ a Chloé or a Dulcinea to decoy him from the path of duty and to cast discipline to the winds. Thus demoralised, the dog will allow himself to be led inside the very door of the guardhouse, and, his pack being unfastened and confiscated, he may think himself lucky if he is mercifully sent adrift with his life and the chance of resuming his contraband career.

M. H. C.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

SERVANTS.

I LEARNED much on the subject of servants from an English book on domestic duties, published early in this century, which I picked up in England nearly fifty years ago, and from which I made some memoranda. I trust these suggestions may be as useful to my readers as this book was to me.

THE CHOICE OF SERVANTS.

YOU cannot always have as wide a range in the choice of servants as you could desire, but you may adhere to certain rules. You may at first view satisfy yourself on looking at one who applies to you for employment that she is not the person you want, and can reject her without hurting her self-love. Unless they have grown old in your service, it is better that servants should not be over forty, for many reasons. Cooks, housemaids and laundresses should be strong and active, wholesome and honest looking, with clean hands and no long backs. Look for decent and quiet manners, and reject finery or untidiness of dress. The better educated are more likely to understand their responsibilities and do their duty. For a waitress, you want good looks, active and neat person, and quick motion; for a nurse, something superior to all other positions. All that can be done is to know at first sight the kind of person you want, and to decide which is most likely to fill your requirements. Having decided upon these points, take the names of those chosen and inquire about them.

ENGAGEMENT OF SERVANTS.

TAKE no servant into your house without making thorough inquiry as to respectability and former service. Never accept a written character from an unknown quarter. See the former mistress, ask questions, and, in a degree, judge by herself and her house what the servant's habits are. If those are untidy, the servants are, probably, untidy too. I am sorry to say there is sometimes a want of principle among employers in the recommendation of servants, and there is nothing more prejudicial to both servants and employers. Servants are careless from the belief that whatever may be their conduct no one would be unkind enough to "spoil their prospects." It is an absolute duty to give a just character, and, were this duty observed, the influence would soon be felt in the improvement of the employés. After making all inquiries, take the servant upon a week's trial; if not satisfied, extend it to a month, unless she is recommended by some one upon whose word you can depend. When you are called upon for a character, recommend no servant whom you would not be willing to keep in your own service. I need hardly caution you against angry feelings toward a servant from whom you have parted. She has the same right to choose a

place that you have to choose a servant. No servant has a right, however, to throw a household into disorder by leaving without due notice. Make an agreement with the one you are engaging—in writing, if possible—that she must give you due notice of her departure, or forfeit a week's wages. Much disorder is prevented by this. She should claim the same notice if dismissed unless for absolute misconduct. After making every inquiry and taking every precaution, don't expect excellence.

Never send for a servant who is in place, or allow any person to apply to you who has not given due notice to her former mistress. I have known several instances of servants being offered higher wages to leave their "present employer." It is a kind of burglary, and should be punished.

TREATMENT OF SERVANTS.

TREAT your servants with confidence and consideration, and do not suspect them of doing wrong. They must be trusted more or less by the whole household, and trust, in most cases, begets a sense of responsibility. Require careful performance of their duties, strict obedience to your orders, tidiness and cleanliness in their persons, respectful manners and willing service, and make them understand how much their good conduct adds to the comfort of the whole household. They must have time to do their washing and keep their clothes in order, or they cannot be clean and tidy. Treat them with kindness, but never with familiarity. Don't ask unnecessary questions. If they are sad and moody, take no further notice of it, than to suggest (if practicable), that the usual holiday hours should be taken on that day, rather than on the one appropriated to them. Without wholesome intervals of amusement, uninterrupted work becomes intolerable. If they are ill, take the best care of them. Allow them to see their friends in the evening, not in the day-time, for it interrupts work. If you deny them the privilege of companionship, you establish an unnatural condition, which is a premium for deceit and worse than deceit. Servants will have friends, even lovers. Do not compel them to hide in areas, or to make appointments, but let everything be honest and aboveboard. There are and must be differences in the modes of pleasure and enjoyment, and in the gratification of wants and wishes, but there is a common womanhood. Let us remember this gratefully and feel how much it is in the power of every mistress of a household to elevate those she employs.

The habit of breaking up households every six or eight months, when families go to the country, is much against the improvement of servants and their desire to do their duty. Too many servants is a greater evil than too few. They had better be fully employed than not have enough to do.

Let your servants look for your presence as an aid and assistance toward seeing their work more

clearly. Never lose your temper with a servant. If she cannot be reasonably dealt with, dismiss her. But, with proper precaution, you are not likely to engage such a person.

Appoint a time for the holiday of each servant, and, if possible, do not allow arrangements to interfere with this appropriated time. If necessary to defer it, have no question about it. I have never known an instance of unwilling assent. "Good mistresses make good servants" is an old adage and usually true. Servants are influenced by example. If they see that your conduct is governed by principle they will respect you. If they see that your temper is well regulated, and that you desire to do your duty to them, while you expect a steady performance of their duty to you, their respect will be mingled with affection, and a desire to deserve your favor.

A good and faithful servant may be one of the best friends of a family. In sickness, her services are sometimes invaluable. I have known, personally, three instances of devotion in servants rarely equaled by friend or relation out of the immediate family.

DUTIES OF A COOK.

I HAVE written, in "The Choice of Servants," that a cook should be clean, strong, active and healthy; she must be honest and sober, careful and economical. If a cook could be persuaded to wear short clothes, short sleeves, strong shoes, a large apron and a clean collar, she would add much to her comfort and yours. A clean kitchen and a tidy cook are pleasant objects when one remembers how much the comfort and even the health of the family depend upon them. You can aid your cook in her economy and honesty by knowing how much is required, and how long each thing should last. Nothing should be misused, such as knives for prying, cleavers for hammering, etc., and nothing should be wasted. Sixpence a day is nearly twenty-three dollars a year. All so-called "perquisites" are a great mistake. Give your servants such wages as repay them for their work, but do not allow anything to be sold by them, for their sakes as well as yours; it is a great temptation to speculation. Let your servants have as little to do with tradespeople as possible. Give to the cook what is necessary for the consumption of the kitchen. She will soon understand that you expect her to do what is right, and will respect you the more for it.

A quarter of a pound of tea is sufficient for each person for the week, unless you give coffee, too, when, one pound of coffee, and half the quantity of tea will be sufficient. A pound of sugar is enough for each servant, a candle a week for each servant's bedroom, and one for the cook for cellar and closets (a small lantern in which the candle can be placed is best for this purpose).

The cook must take charge of meat, bread, butter, eggs, and all articles of daily consumption, and it is the duty of the mistress to know how much should be consumed. If you keep books with tradespeople, enter every order in your own handwriting.

It prevents all question. Make it understood by the people with whom you deal that you will mark out any charge not written by yourself. If the tradesman thinks anything has been omitted, let him write it on a piece of paper, and send the paper for you to enter the omission.

Weekly accounts are best for all households. This enables the mistress to understand at once if she has exceeded the limits laid down for herself, and to make any comments and question any prices.

A cook should be up at an early hour; she should clean out the range and flues, and lay the fire. While it is kindling the tea-kettles can be filled with fresh water, and the servants' breakfast-table be prepared. The fire should be kept low during the day, a little coal being added from time to time, till the larger fire is required for dinner. The fire should be let down at night at as early an hour as convenient, to give the range time to cool, or it will soon be good for nothing but repairs. The flues under and around the ovens should be cleaned out at least once a week, and the ovens brushed and wiped out daily.

The order of the cook's duties depends upon the breakfast hour. If you do not breakfast at an early hour, the servants' breakfast can be over, and the sweeping of the areas and hall can be done before; but she must prepare and have ready whatever is ordered for breakfast. After breakfast, she should clean the pantries and stairs, wash and put away all utensils and sweep the kitchen early, so as not to interfere with other work. Orders for the day should be given early, and a little *carte* written and given to the cook for the servants' dinner, the lunch, the dinner, and the next morning's breakfast. No matter how simple your fare, it leaves no doubt on the cook's mind, and gives little trouble to you. Go into the store-room, and oblige your servants to come and ask for what they want, and answer no requests later. If there is anything for dinner requiring preparation, like crumbed chops, croquettes, veal cutlets, etc., it should be prepared in the morning, covered, and put away in a suitable place, that there may be no careless haste at dinner-time. A cook should have a basin and towel always near for her hands, or she will flavor one dish with another.

If your servants dine in the middle of the day, it is the duty of the cook to see that the meal is well cooked and well served, at the hour appointed, punctually, that they may adapt their work to this hour.

Everything should be ready for dinner at the hour appointed. Care, neatness, and attention are necessary. With these qualities, an intelligent cook may rise to excellence. If she is not intelligent, she is not fitted to be a cook.

After dinner comes the washing of dishes and the clearing up of the kitchen. Every vessel that has been used must be washed, dried, and put away, upside down if possible, to keep out the dust.

The washing of plates and dishes is a rare art. There should be two tubs: one of warm water and soap (if your service is not gilt, soda is best), and one of cold water, in which they should be thoroughly

washed, with a clean wash-cloth, in the hot water, and rinsed in cold, and then placed in the draining-rack to drain. Fine china should not be put into very hot water; it cracks the enamel. With a rack no wiping is requisite, and the contamination of a soiled towel is thus avoided. I am told that a rack is unusual. It is simply four upright bars, bound together with cross-bars in front and behind, and at the two ends wide enough to allow of small round bars to be put through them. Perhaps I can better describe it by saying, Place two short ladders on their sides, the rounds very close, and joined at the two ends by two bars about ten inches long. Between these rounds the dishes and plates are placed vertically to drain. There may be two or three tiers, according to the number of plates and dishes.

The grate, hearth and floor should also now be swept and made clean, and the kitchen put into perfect order.

Every part of the kitchen should be cleaned thoroughly once a week. This can easily be done by taking one closet on Monday, others on Tuesday, the dresser on Wednesday, etc.

If the cook is required to wash bed-linen, let it be done on Saturday, so as not to interfere with the laundress.

A cook should not allow her refuse pail to stand for more than a day. When the ash-man takes it, let her see that the place where it stood is clean, and that the pail is scalded immediately. Carelessness on this point may infect the air of a house.

If you have servants, let them do their own work, for which you employ and pay them. There is no reason why a mistress should do anything herself, but she must give her directions clearly, and—with a cook (if any new dish is to be prepared)—stand by to see them executed—the directions being given, one by one. Two such lessons will enable any intelligent woman to understand what she is to do. Then write the directions clearly (if the woman can read, a most desirable accomplishment), and let her carry them out herself. Repeat the dish very soon, that the details may be impressed upon her memory.

DUTIES OF A HOUSEMAID.

A HOUSEMAID should be active, clean, and neat in her person, and good-tempered, for she will often find her work increased by the carelessness of others.

Her first duty is to open the windows in the parlors, remove the fender and rug, and put a coarse cloth over the carpet while she takes away the ashes and cinders, cleans the grate and fire-irons, and lays the fire. If of steel, they should be rubbed with a bit of flannel wet with alcohol and dipped in emery powder and polished with a chamois leather; if of iron, with black lead, applied with a bit of cotton or flannel, and well polished with a brush. The fire should be laid with the wood crosswise, to let the draft through; the cinders which have been taken from the ashes laid on the wood; then the coal. The ashes should be taken away, the hearth washed, the fender wiped, the rug (after shaking) replaced, scraps removed from the carpet with whisk-broom and dust pan, and the room thoroughly dusted,

including window-sashes. The stairs should then be swept down and balusters carefully dusted before the family leave their rooms.

As soon as the family are at breakfast, the housemaid should go to her bedroom work; open the windows, and throw off the bedclothes on chairs at the head and foot of the bed, that the bedding may be well aired, though it is better for each member of the family to do this after dressing, to allow more time for airing. The maid should bring her chamber bucket, empty the baths and dry the tubs thoroughly, and wipe out the bath pails; then bring a pail of hot water to wash out basins, pitchers, etc., and dry them with appropriate towels; then rinse out the bucket and expose it to the air, and when dry put it back into the housemaid's closet. She should fill the pails with fresh water, dry and fold the towels on the towel-rack, or change them. The beds can now be made. After they are made, she should see that the carpet is free from scraps, and dust the room thoroughly, and close the windows, according to the season. If fires are used in the bedrooms, the grate, fire-irons and hearth should be attended to first, and the scuttle left full. The servants should strip their beds when they rise in the morning, and open the windows and shut the doors, that they may be aired when the housemaid comes to them. I think it very important that servants who are at work down-stairs should not be expected to take care of their own bedrooms; for it is important, not only to them as a matter of health, but *to the whole household*, that their rooms should be kept perfectly clean and well aired. If necessary for them to do this themselves, on account of the small number of servants, let a time in the day be appointed for it.

The rooms under the housemaid's care should be cleaned once a week, each in turn, on such days as may be appointed,—attic on Monday, highest bedroom floor on Tuesday, and so on. The furniture should be thoroughly dusted and rubbed, and, if possible, removed into an adjoining room; if not, covered with one of the large cotton cloths. The window curtains should be turned up as high as possible, out of the dust, and the carpet should be swept with tea-leaves, or, if of very light color, with Indian meal. After sweeping, the dust should be removed from the tops of the doors, window-frames, surbases and doors with a soft, clean cloth duster, and the duster frequently shaken out of the window. The frames of pictures, looking-glasses, and mirrors should be dusted with a painter's brush, a feather duster, or a fox's-tail. If the wood of the furniture is spotted, a tea-spoonful of linseed oil in a little cold water will remove the spots. Chimney ornaments, candlesticks, etc., should be carefully removed while washing the mantel-piece; but no clock should be moved. The window-curtains should be dusted with a feather duster, and the windows cleaned with newspaper wet and wrung out in cold water, and polished dry with clean, soft linen cloths.

The bedrooms should be treated in the same order, and the mattresses whisked with a broom. A small and a slightly damped mop should be passed under any piece of furniture that cannot be moved. The

fires should be laid ready for lighting, the mirrors cleaned (with newspaper and cold water), and a candle, free from sperm, should be left, whether gas is used or not. While the family are at dinner the housemaid must answer the door-bell, see that the fire is kept up in the parlor, drop the curtains, light the gas and turn it low. She should then go to the bedrooms, turn down the bedclothes, put anything in order which has been disturbed in dressing, set out the tubs, light the gas and turn it low. A good housemaid, as she leaves a room, will look to see that nothing has been omitted.

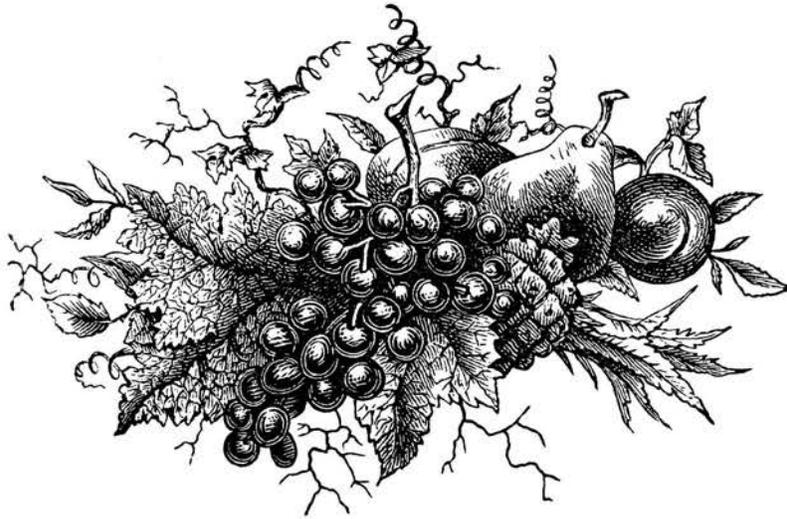
When there are but three servants kept, the bedroom work devolves upon the laundress. I shall try in a later paper to suggest the best arrangement of work where but two servants are kept, and when

but one, or none. A time should be appointed for each servant's washing of her own clothes.

PLACARD FOR THE HOUSEMAID'S CLOSET DOOR.

Open windows; grates and fire-places.
 Floors; dusting; stairs.
 Bedroom work.
 Cleaning appropriated to each day.
 Arrange your dress.
 Door-bell; fire, curtains, and gas in drawing-room.
 Attend to the bedroom work.
 Tubs, pails, basins, etc., and gas.
 Help the laundress up with her clothes, while the family are at dinner.
 Monday—Clean attic.
 Tuesday—Highest bedroom floor.
 Etc., etc.

On Tuesday afternoon, while the waitress is doing her own washing, the housemaid should answer the door-bell.



WAX FLOWERS. No. 4.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

THE SINGLE TUBEROSE.

Materials.—One bunch fine stamens, light green tips; two sheets double white wax; three pieces green stem-wire; one sheet light green wax; the cutting-pin you have used for other flowers. Cut of white wax eighteen pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. This will be enough for three

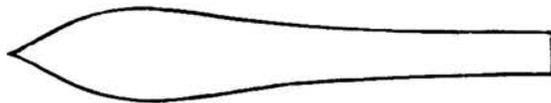


Fig. 1.

blossoms. Roll them so that the rounding or top part turns back a little. Now wind each of your three stems with a narrow strip of green wax. Make a hook at the end of each stem. Then cover the hook with a small piece of white wax, letting it come down the length of the stem over half an inch. Cut of white wax six pieces the

size and shape of Fig. 2. Roll only the pointed

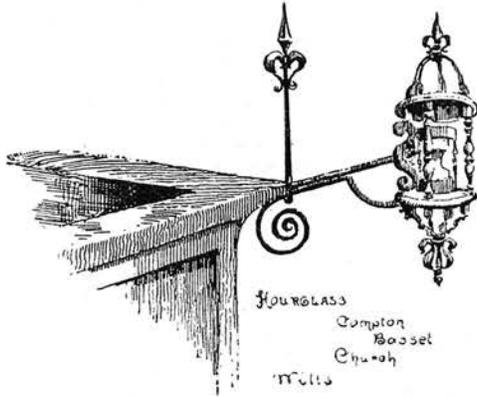


Fig. 2.

part of Fig. 2, so that the points will bend out a little. Place two of these pieces on each stem, joining the sides marked by a cross with the warmth of the fingers. When these pieces are arranged on the stems, arrange on the outside of each stem five of the green-tipped stamens, allowing to come just a little above the points of the pieces marked Fig. 2. You may now arrange the first pieces you cut; six pieces forming one rose. Let the bottom rest on four of the scalloped pieces. Finish off by spraying the three roses together. No leaves are made, as they are too large for beauty.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

THERE are few persons who have not heard of such an appliance for indicating the passage of time, as that which gives the title to this article. By a considerable number amongst the elder of my readers, they must have been both seen and employed in their early years.



The children of the present day may form an idea of their appearance, as all must be familiar with their form, represented in miniature, in the "three-minute glasses" employed for marking the time in the boiling of eggs. These hour-glasses took the place of the water-time measure, called the *clepsydra*, an instrument used by the Ancient Greeks, described by Athenæus, and employed for the double purpose of a musical instrument, as well as for that of a clock. It was a graduated vessel, and water was employed, which ran through a small orifice at a certain rate, duly calculated by the constructor. But, of course, it was not absolutely uniform in its measurements, as the rate of the flow varied with the changeful temperature of the atmosphere and barometric pressure, and depended upon the height of the column of water above the orifice. Thus the discovery of the pendulum was a great boon in every respect. The construction of the *clepsydra* (introduced into Rome about 158 B.C., by Scipio Nusicus) followed the discovery of the sun-dial, on which I gave two articles in a former volume. The hour-glasses in which sand took the place of water, and were more portable appliances than the *clepsydra*, were called *clepsammia*, and were employed before the days of Jerome, A.D. 331-420. Indeed they are said to be of extreme antiquity, being mentioned by the Greek dramatist, Baton, 280 B.C. At about the middle of the third century A.D., they seem to have been first revived at Alexandria, according to Cuthbert Bede, in the third century, and, cumbersome as they were at best, people used to carry them about, probably hung to a belt. Representations of them may be seen in pictures by the Old Masters and others, often in company with a skull, as solemn monitors in the cave or cell of an anchorite or monk, or early saint.

Bingham, quoting from Ferrarius (*De Ritu Concion*, lib. I. c. 34), gives the following allusion to the hour-glass in vol. IV. p. 582: "Ferrarius and some others are very positive that they (their sermons) were an hour long; but he is at a loss to tell by what instrument they measured their hour, for he will not venture to affirm that they preached—as the old Greek and Roman orators—by an hour-glass."

The employment of the hour-glass in England appears to date from the time of the Puritans, under Cromwell. But previous

to this another and ingenious method of denoting the passage of time is attributed to the good and God-fearing Alfred the Great, and was subsequently employed, *i.e.*, "candle-clocks." According to Asser, the authority taken by Edward J. Wood, in his most interesting work, *Curiosities of Clocks*, etc. (Bentley), when Alfred was a fugitive in his own country, he vowed that, were his kingdom restored to him, he would devote the third portion of his time to God's service, and he faithfully fulfilled that vow. Eight hours were spent by him in religious acts and duties, eight to public business, and eight to sleep, refreshment, and study. To carry out his rule, he had six candles made out of seventy-two pennyweights of wax, each of twelve inches length, and the inches marked upon them, and these, being successively lighted, burnt for a period of four hours each, at the rate of an inch every twenty minutes. One of his domestic chaplains was deputed to tend these "candle-clocks," and to give him notice of their wasting. But a difficulty arose through the draughtiness of his primitive dwelling-house, and

the wind caused the candles to flare and gutter, and so they burned quicker on one day than another. To remedy this the king had a piece of fine white horn scraped sufficiently thin as to be transparent, and let into close frames of wood, with the result that the candles enclosed therein burned steadily in all weathers. I may now pass on to the time when the hour-glass was specially adopted for service in our churches, and when I mention the fact that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the zealous, but ill-advised Puritan preachers inflicted sermons of two hours in length, and even upwards, on their congregations, my readers will feel no surprise that the custom resulted in the inauguration of time-registering appliances for their pulpits. It was a need-be for the relief of poor human nature, more especially for the very young and old, and the feeble of both sexes; and the charitable soul that devised the plan deserved well of his country!

That Hogarth should have selected a "Sleeping Congregation" as one of his subjects for satirical representation, is little matter of surprise, and, doubtless, some of my readers have seen an engraving of it. Many indeed must have been the hours of rest and irresponsible thought, and dreams of all manner of scenes and doings far away from the sacred themes propounded by the worthy divine in the pulpit. In the cosy square "pews," lined with green baize and glorified with rows of brass-headed nails, how well they slumbered, and how hot and sunny the mid-day hours. The blue-flies and the bees, and the less-welcome wasps came humming through the great western door, and bumbled up against the little dusty window-panes, through which, dim as they were, a glory of rainbow-light flecked the old pillars and memorial-stones of the floor. And all through the long-drawn sermon the winged intruders droned in harmony with the

"Bummin' awaäy, like a buz-zard-clock,"

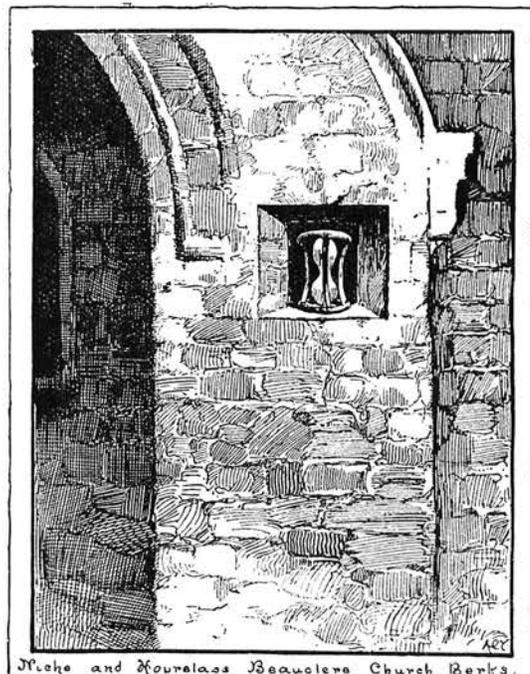
of the parson; while the simple country folk, each one for himself, when roused from his illicit slumbers, acknowledged that he—

"Niver know'd whot a meän'd, but I thowt a 'ad summat to säy,
And I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said,
An' I comed awaäy."

There are many stories dating from the sixteenth century respecting the use and abuse of hour-glasses by the divines of those days. One preacher, the Rector of Bibury, who was a daring rebel against this method of curtailing his discourses, took "French leave," and held forth during two hours, turning the glass in the middle of his sermon, and defying the recognised will of the public. The not unnatural result of this *coup de main* was that the squire of the parish "struck," with equal self-assertion on his part, and in behalf of his fellow-sufferers. This he did without verbal protest, but in a way little complimentary to the parson. He waited with due reverence to hear the text and then withdrew, smoked his pipe, and at the expiration of the two hours he returned to be included in the blessing pronounced on his more long-suffering fellow-parishioners. This story is given in Fosbroke's *British Monarchism*.

The turning of the glass a second time was not of very uncommon practice. The monitor was made to tell its tale twice over in solemn silence, eagerly watched by those still waking and wearily gaping amongst the audience, taking little notice of the parson's concluding words. The Sunday's pies were baking into brickbats in the bakers' ovens, and that was a more important conclusion to the thrifty housewives, in their calculations for the Monday's dinner to be supplemented by the *beaux restes* of to-day's.

On one occasion (so writes L'Estrange), when a very prosy divine was slowly eking-out his lengthy discourse, and the second hour was far on its way, the parish clerk, becoming regardless of his subordinate position, and the respect due to his superior, and encouraged by the quiet stealing away of the worn-out



congregation, rose up and addressed the parson; requesting that "when he had done" he would "shut the church door, and push the key under it."

I think it would be desirable, for the benefit of my readers, to give some information as to where a few specimens of these relics of bygone times may be seen. And first I may observe that they were really decorative objects, easily demonstrated to the visitor of many of our old country churches. Some were mounted on carved wooden brackets, other enclosed in wrought-iron frames and a supporting arm of an ornamental character, of which former description the visitor to the lonely church of Cliff, beyond Gravesend, on the coast, will see an example. It is in keeping with the pulpit, which is of carved wood. The dates of both are engraved on the bracket and pulpit, and show that the former was added at a date two years later than the erection of the latter, that of the pulpit, "1634," and that on the shield immediately under the stand of the glass, "1636."

But the material of these frames and brackets was not restricted to iron and wood, for some were made of solid silver, and thus very costly, as, for instance, those of St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street.

The fine example in Compton-Bassett Church, Wilts, is described and illustrated in Weale's Quarterly Papers on Architecture. It is of wrought-iron, and the bracket-arm, holding the stand for the glass, is surmounted half way by a large *Fleur de Lys* (see vol. iii. p. 45).

At St. Katharine's Church, Aldgate, you may see an entry, dated "1564," concerning the purchase of one for that pulpit. "Paid for an hour-glass, that hangeth by the pulpit, where the preacher doth make a sermon, that he may know the hour passeth away, one shilling." This was certainly one of a cheaper description than that at Compton-Bassett; but an inspection of the church-wardens' accounts for the Church of St. Helen, Abingdon, Berks, will show that these good people had made a still better bargain, for the entry records the expenditure of "fourpence for an heure-glasse for the pulpitt, A.D. 1591." Of course we must remember that that money was worth far more than now.

I believe that at Cuxham Church, Oxon, one of the pulpit monitors is still in existence. It was cleaned and painted in 1850 and replaced; but at East Worldham, Hants, the old frame was taken down when the church was rebuilt, and whether replaced I do not know. Others were still to be seen in the churches of Wolvercot and at Elsfeld Beckley in 1846. Also at Marlborough, near Kingsbridge, S. Devon, there was one, in a rusty condition, some thirty years ago or more. Had the rust been carefully removed, and a coat of fine transparent white varnish been brushed over it, the damp would have had no more effect upon it, and the progress of rust and decay been permanently arrested.

St. Edmund's Church, South Burlingham, still boasts an ancient relic of this kind, with some pitiful but interesting remains of broken glass. The pulpit, of the fifteenth century, was painted and gilded, and bore the inscription—

"*Inter natos mulierim non surrexit major Johanne Baptista.*"

Of the people in authority at Great Shelsley and Brandsford, Warwickshire, I cannot say much as regards their good feeling for relics of the past, and these connected with the history of our country. The old wooden pulpit being removed to give place to one of stone—now little less than fifty years ago—the interesting old appendage of the original pulpit was put aside into the obscurity of the vestry; and a similar charge may be brought against the parish magnates of Brandsford for the removal from its place on the old wooden pulpit, of its long-time companion and trusty friend of the parish. In 1857 it was yet to be seen, degraded from its former exalted position, in a corner of the western part of the church, which served the purpose of a vestry and place for the bell-ringer. If some of these old servants of a bygone age could give an account of all they had seen and heard during the days of their importance and honour, how many a lost page in the history of our country, our divines and remarkable men would be restored, and circumstances of interest, of which not a record survives, nor will ever be recovered.

Yet two or three more examples of such as still remain to us may be given. One is to be seen at Leigh, in Kent, which is of iron, and maintaining its rightful place, affixed to the pulpit; and another may yet be seen at Sacombe Church, near Hertford, of which Mr. P. Hutchinson gives a description in *Notes and Queries*. The iron frame was affixed to the oak pulpit, dating about the time of Cromwell. The church was "restored," but the ancient relic was not replaced, it had no share in the "restoration" of its abiding place; and on the removal of its old-time companion, it was relegated to the obscurity of the vestry as of no further use, and, therefore, of no further account. Alas! poor handmaid of the church. It is to be hoped that the remonstrances of good Mr. Hutchinson will result in some benefit to antiquarian interests.

Upon one example alone have I seen or heard of a motto, and on this account, that still existing at Hurst, in Berkshire, must have a special interest. In this respect it shares the latter distinction with the majority of sundials. This curious wrought-iron frame and support is surrounded by oak and ivy-leaves, and from the words of warning addressed to the beholder, the old recorder of time served a double purpose. The motto runs thus:—

"As this glass runneth, so man's life passeth!"

In his *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character*, Dr. Rogers quotes the Rev. Peter Glas, Minister of Crail, as saying, "It was a puir parish that didna hae a sand-glass." But even these were not altogether "left out in the cold," for some incumbents, whose churches were unsupplied, as well as itinerant preachers, are recorded to have been "attended by a man that brought after him his book and hour-glass."

In St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, there is an altar-tomb of a Sir John and Lady Spencer, on which repose their recumbent effigies. These are composed of alabaster, and the sarcophagus of rich marbles. The apex of the canopy surmounting the tomb represents a skull supporting an hour-glass. At some

time an officious act of vandalism was perpetrated, and the whole tomb was painted white. But reparation of the injury came at last, for the Marquis of Northampton, with better taste for art and veneration for antiquity, had all this paint removed; when, lo and behold! what was thought to be a representation in stone crowning the skull on the canopy, proved to be a genuine ancient hour-glass, still containing the original sand.

In Doo's engraving from Wilkie's "John Knox Preaching before the Lords of the Congregation," in St. Andrews, 1559, an hour-glass may be seen at the preacher's side. Ten years later another representation of the appliance appeared in the frontispiece of *The Bishop's Bible*, in which Bishop Parker is shown in the pulpit engaged in a discourse with one of these timekeepers beside him, 1569. These latter are mentioned in the church accounts of Bishop Stortford, A.D. 1581.

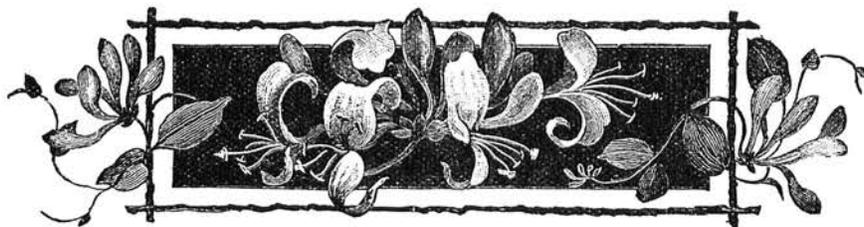
In Brand's *History of Newcastle-on-Tyne*, he alludes to the mention of "one half-hour-glass" in the inventory of the goods of All Saints' Church, taken A.D. 1632, and I fancy such parish records are not a few. It would seem that our ancestors were not satisfied with the discourses of an hour in length, and restricted their preachers' pulpit ministrations to half that period. In this view of what is the wise and expedient rule, it would seem that Her Majesty our own Queen, well-known as a devout and God-fearing woman, very evidently sympathises, and even draws the line still closer, to restrict the length of our preachers' discourses, for an eighteen-minute glass was affixed to the pulpit in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, in 1867, at her command, a very unmistakable hint to our divines of the present day!

It was an ancient custom to inter an hour-glass with the dead, in reference to the fact that time existed no longer for them, and the sands of their lives had run out. Even in the early part of the last century the custom still lingered, and small ones were given to the friends of the departed, when attending the interment, to be placed by the side of the dead, or to be thrown, as we do flowers, into the grave.

The sand-glass for the measurement of time was not restricted to the use of places of worship. There were nautical sand-glasses, which ran for half an hour only; see Captain John Smith's *Seaman's Grammar*, 1627. Here we read the following extract: "or each squadron (half the crew) for eight glasses of four houres, which is a watch." These were evidently thirty-minute bells, and at the end of four hours eight bells were struck.

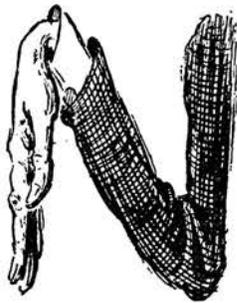
No emblem is of more common use on memorial-stones. I observed it on that of the celebrated and devoted Mrs. Mompesson, in the churchyard at Eyam, in Derbyshire; and, indeed, no burial-place in the United Kingdom could probably be found without some trace of such a significant and poetical device on the stones of ancient date, if not so frequently on the new. I might give instances of these, combined with pretty and touching inscriptions, but the number of columns which I have already filled, warns me that my space has come to an end, which I must, though regretfully, acknowledge.

S. F. A. CAULFIELD.



THE ART OF HAND-SHAKING.

"And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine!"—AULD LANG SYNE.



NOTHING is more common than the practice of hand-shaking, and yet very few persons ever consider how much art there is, or there should be, in the custom.

So prevalent, indeed, is this mode of acknowledgment or greeting between friend and friend, that probably not one person in ten thousand pauses for a moment to think of its significance. Nevertheless, there are not a few interesting characteristics in hand-shaking which it is the purpose of this paper to enumerate and describe.

The following are some of the more important of these:—

First: the firm, full-handed grasp, indicative of sincerity, heartiness, and true friendship. One can generally tell by the hand-shake the *quality* of the friendship. Burns has well apprehended this in the lines quoted at the beginning of the paper. A "trusty friend" is the friend most desired of all, and it is not possible to imagine the grip of the

hand of such a friend to be aught but sympathetic, hearty, and sincere.

There is an eloquence in this full-handed grasp far more thrilling than language; it is, so to speak, a kind of unspoken speech of the heart compressed into a graceful voluntary



THE "LACKADAISICAL."



"THERE IS AN ELOQUENCE IN THIS FULL-HANDED GRASP."

act, designed by Nature to be easy and simple, approved by the custom of many centuries, and adopted by all sterling men and women in greeting those whom they regard and esteem as friends.

Second: the demonstrative hand-shake, which must not by any means be regarded as next in interest and worthiness to that just described. One has always to beware of this kind of hand-shake, which may either grip like a vice, as expressive of great cordiality on the part of the "gripper," of which there may be some doubt, or it may so hold-fast and swing-about that one feels, for the moment, as if one's arm were converted into a pump-handle for the benefit of the effusive friend—anxious, perhaps, to *draw* something. It is significant of much of the pretentiousness of present-day social life that this form of hand-shaking is perhaps that most in vogue.

Thirdly: the lackadaisical hand-shake, suggestive not only of feebleness of physique,

but also of friendship. This form of hand-shaking is altogether devoid of art. It has not even the robustness of number two



"THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT."

to recommend it. Its chief characteristic is want of character. And yet, how common is this form! Who hasn't experienced it somewhere within the circle of acquaintanceship?

Fourthly: the lingering, trifling hand-shake. Beware of such a hand-shake. There is cunning and craft in it, and it generally belongs to an enemy. The effusive, demonstrative hand-shake may be sinister, but this is positively wicked. Avoid it as you would avoid the "fawning publican" smile of a Shylock! Happily, this form is very rare, but it may be met with. The writer remembers (with a shudder!) once "shaking hands" with an individual who brought apparently good introductory credentials with him. The hand-shake of the stranger was of this class—a soft velvety touch that somehow held the hand by a kind of fascination: a lingering, loth-to-let-you-off sort of shake that was as novel as it *wasn't* nice. After some talk—likewise of a loitering description—the stranger, rising to go, and again extending the obnoxious palm, ventured, while fascinating with his hand-shake, to elicit the loan of money which had been the object of his visit, and which object he tried literally to accomplish by the art of a species of palmistry.

Fifthly: the finger-shake. Who is not familiar with this form of insult? One, two, three, four fingers may be offered, but still they are only *fingers*! Many people (ladies are largely exempt) have adopted this

pernicious, impertinent form of hand-shaking, and that often without knowing it. There is only one effective way of curing the habit: decline the fingers, and without thanks.

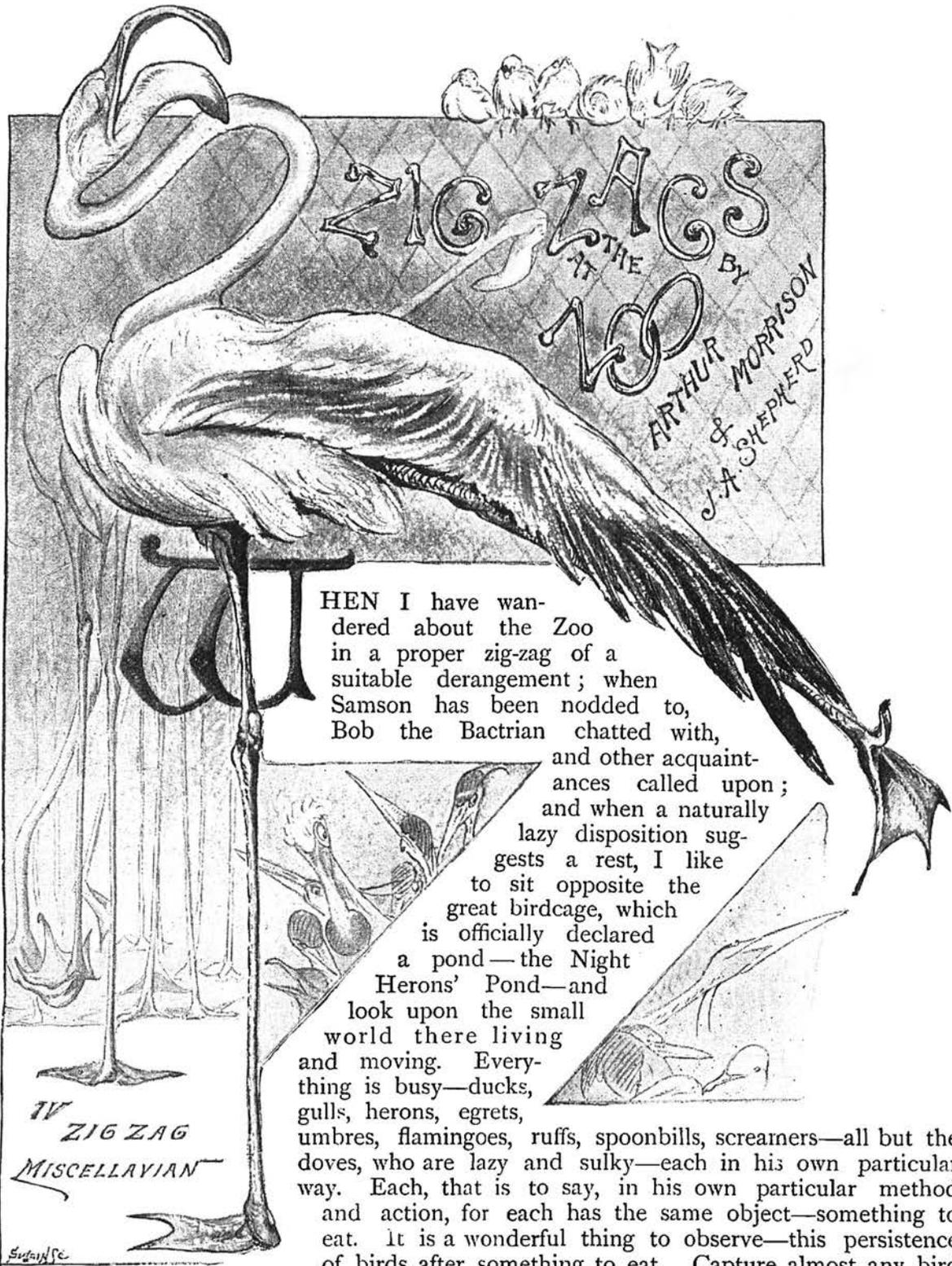
A close study of the characters of those who try the finger dodge would, in most cases, discover them to be persons not remarkable for benevolence, not distinguished for courtesy or good-breeding, but well-known to be avaricious and close-fisted.

Lastly: the hand that never shakes a hand at all. Surely an inhuman hand this! It is only natural to suppose so; but, as a matter of fact, there are many otherwise excellent persons who never shake hands with any whom they may meet. Various idiosyncrasies have influenced them to withhold their hands: *i.e.*, vanity and self-conceit, moroseness and misanthropy; but such persons are for the most part what Professor Lombroso designates *mattoids*, or semi-lunatics, whose "idea" with respect to the matter of hand-shaking sometimes takes the most grotesque forms. One man, for instance, believed that all disease was contracted by hand-shaking, and that one of the great causes of epidemics could be traced to that general practice—a belief that is not altogether to be despised. In conclusion, it is amusing to imagine—if that were possible—how we would greet one another supposing that for one day only our hands were, by some extraordinary power, tied behind our backs. What an awkward predicament many persons would find themselves in! Only the man who owns the hand that never shakes a hand at all would enjoy it.

A. C.



"THE FINGER-SHAKE."



ZIG ZAGS
AT THE
ZOO

BY
ARTHUR MORRISON
&
J.A. SHEPHERD

W

HEN I have wandered about the Zoo in a proper zig-zag of a suitable derangement; when Samson has been nodded to, Bob the Bactrian chatted with, and other acquaintances called upon; and when a naturally lazy disposition suggests a rest, I like to sit opposite the great birdcage, which is officially declared a pond—the Night Herons' Pond—and look upon the small world there living and moving. Everything is busy—ducks, gulls, herons, egrets, umbres, flamingoes, ruffs, spoonbills, screamers—all but the doves, who are lazy and sulky—each in his own particular way. Each, that is to say, in his own particular method and action, for each has the same object—something to eat. It is a wonderful thing to observe—this persistence of birds after something to eat. Capture almost any bird

IV
ZIG ZAG
MISCELLAVIAN

S. J. 1898

you please, fill him with somewhere about double his own bulk of food, and let him go again. In two minutes you shall find that bird gravely prospecting about and making all sorts of experimental borings—for something to eat. And birds show the most extraordinary conviction of the edibility of the world in general. Most birds will extract nourishment somehow from a brick, an old nail, or a broken bottle; those



VEGETARIANS.

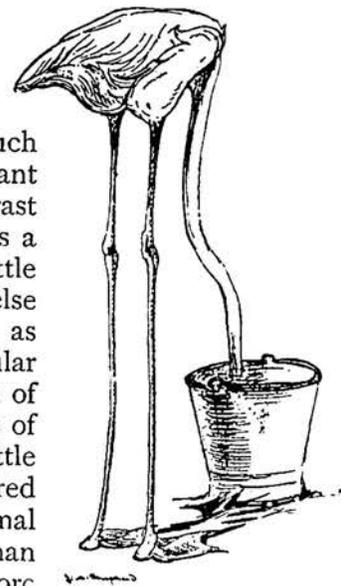
who can't will try. And when a certain tract has been searched through, pebble by pebble, and found to be absolutely barren, then they will begin on it again, on the off-chance of a thrown brick or the passing of some human creature in the meantime having left behind it something to eat.



THE GOOD-HUMOURED IBIS.

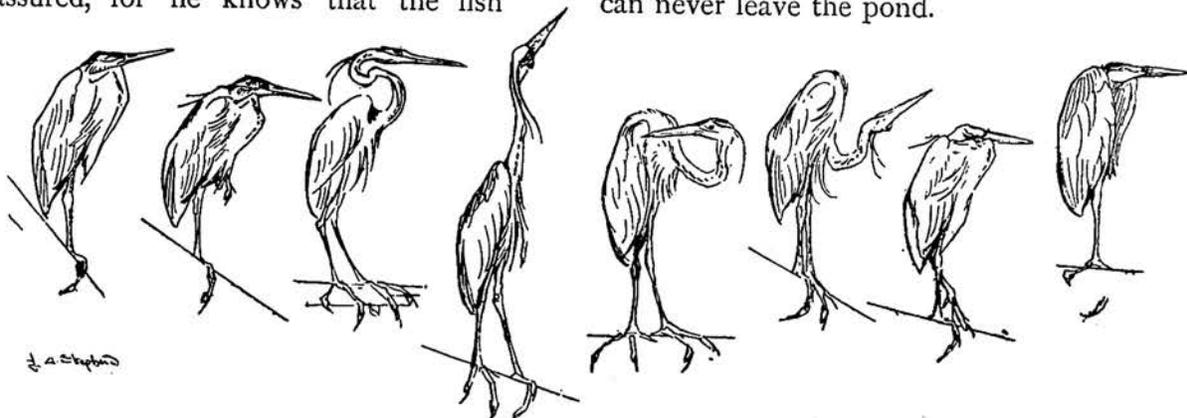
Here most of the birds are omnivorous—certainly none are vegetarians but the doves.

The doves, as vegetarians, represent the brotherhood, or the cause, or the belief, or whatever it is, rather unfavourably. The dove can never do anything much credit, being rather an insignificant humbug itself. Here, in contrast with the rest, you observe it as a miserably inactive and sulky little bird, who won't join anything else in a hopeless food-hunt, but is as



greedy as all the rest together when the keeper brings a regular meal. Also it growls and fumes angrily at the friendly approach of any other bird—a bird probably who would make little trouble of eating it at a sitting, beak and all. And sitting in fluffy little groups of two or three, it grunts pharisaically at the good-humoured ibis below, as he tosses his long beak and swallows whatever animal food it may have found him. The dove takes life more easily than any of the other birds in the place, and still goes about (or, more ordinarily, sits still) grumbling, peevish, and spiteful.

The flamingoes forming the upper ten (as well as four can) in this little world, insist on being served from a lordly pail, from which, their heads being inverted, their upper beaks scoop. The heron, although no inferior searcher of the ground, will never trouble unnecessarily about provisions already in a safe place. No provisions are in a safe place here among so many birds; but Jerry, the solitary purple heron in the cage just behind us, has a tiny pond to himself. Throw a little fish therein, soon after Jerry's dinner. Jerry, without leaving his perch, will inspect it narrowly—from above, to see if it be alive; from the side, to judge of its plumpness; and from each other direction, for purposes which any other intelligent heron will at once understand. Then Jerry will return to his siesta, his next snack assured, for he knows that the fish can never leave the pond.



A NARROW INSPECTION.

A bird will never sacrifice an ounce of dignity if it may be saved. Observe a little crowd of the smaller birds here swoop upon a handful of biscuit-crumbs—ruffs, gulls, and maybe a little oyster-catcher; see then a larger bird approach. All these dignified little birds at once raise their beaks and stalk gravely and deliberately off, with an unconcerned expression of having had quite enough for themselves, so that the big bird may do as he likes with the remainder.

The sudden appearance of a man in the inclosure may cause what seems to be a temporary upset of the general dignity—that of all the birds, big or little. All join in a tempestuous swirl, filling the air with flappings and small shrieks. But, the shock over, the swirl becomes nothing but the collective fly round, by way of exercise, which is a regular part of the day's enjoyment at the Night Herons' Pond. Though the man stay, the swirl will soon settle, and the swirlers join in a stately walk-off—away from the man, however—a sort of quaintly regular parade—a church parade, let us



A SWIRL.

say, for its decorum. The most imposing parader is the horned screamer, who is a sort of pageant by himself. He stands upright, spreads his wings wide, throws his head back, and lifts his extensive feet much before him—a very beadle, a very drum-major among birds.

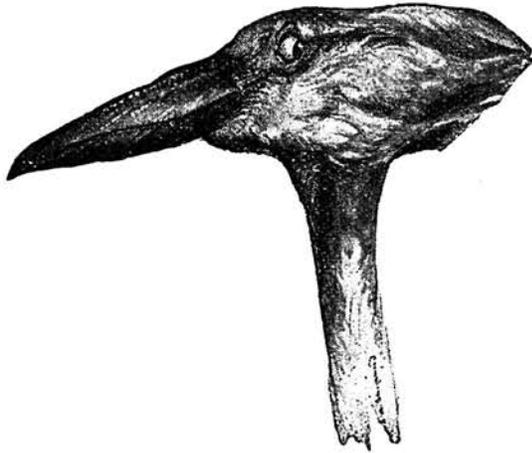
Wherever so many animals as this, of any sort, be gathered together, there will be found some comedy characters. The African hammer-head (or, more politely, the tufted umbre) is a comedy character, when he is on foot. His comic head labels him at once; and he plays up to his comic head. He doesn't join in the swirl when a man comes in—on the contrary, he runs towards him, and, cocking his sharp eye, looks out for—something to eat. Then, as the man moves off, the hammer-head trots zealously after his heels, looking for that something to eat in the boot tracks. A human being, in the belief of the hammer-head, is a moving thing which exudes everywhere something



CHURCH PARADE.

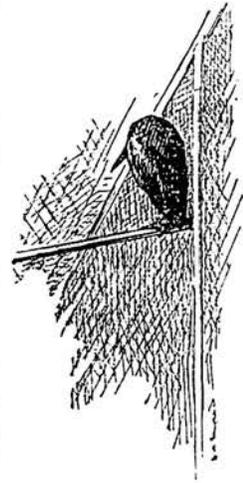
to eat. Wherefore, in whatsoever place a human being may have been, and upon or near whatsoever thing he may have touched, the hammer-head expects to find refreshments. He rushes immediately to that place and hunts assiduously. If he find nothing, his first expression is one of unbounded surprise. The laws of Nature, it would seem, are being defied. So he looks again, to make quite sure. But there is really nothing. He thinks for a second, and then glares with sharp suspicion in the direction of the retreating creature. It can't be a human being, after all. It is a mere fraud; some conceited thing trying to look

like one. Else, why isn't there something to eat? And he turns off with contempt. But when the hammer-head takes to flying, the low comedy goes, and, with his broad brown wings and swooping flight, he is rather a professional beauty than otherwise. Nothing but the flap of the hammer-head's wings will disturb the sulky heron—the solitary misanthrope whose place is the right-hand upper corner of the great cage, and whom nothing will tempt down.



THE HAMMER-HEAD.

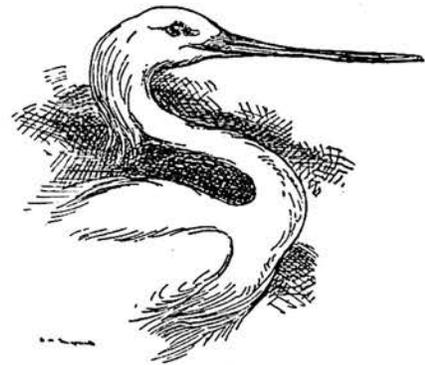
The spoonbill might be a professional beauty himself, if he could always be looked at sideways—a white, graceful, slim-beaked beauty; but he will turn his head about (looking for something to eat), and then that fearful, bibulous nose upsets the picture completely.



SULKY.

Even the snowy egret provides a little fun at times, although he doesn't mean it. He is very much in earnest, is the snowy egret, and objects, with long claws and a very sharp beak, to the earthly exist-

ence of all other living things. He has given up chasing the other birds about the inclosure, because he couldn't always catch the little ones, and sometimes the big ones caught him. So he sits on a convenient tree and waits for anything assailable to come within two yards. Then every fine feather on his body stands up electrically, and—well, go and see him, if you like a picture of fury. It isn't always easy to express your egret—this last being a sentence wherein one might build a laborious pun were the laws of ordinary decency in abeyance.



SIDE.



FRONT.

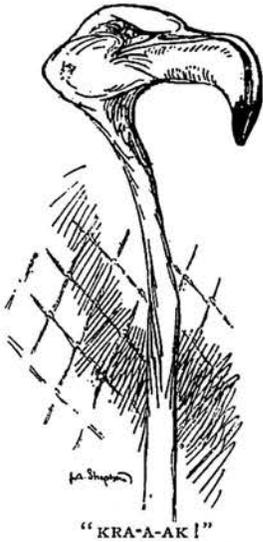
But the great bird here is the flamingo. I like the flamingo. He runs a deal to neck and legs, but his heart is in the right place. It really can't help it. You can't imagine a startled flamingo's heart jumping into his mouth—the way is too long and bendy; while as to its sinking into his boots, even if he had any—just look at his legs! When first I arrive at this inclosure I always whistle for Sam, the big flamingo. Sam immediately lifts his head and takes a long sideways look to assure himself that it is an

acquaintance, and not an impertinent stranger; then he says "Kra-a-ak!" and goes on looking for something to eat. I reply cheerily. He lifts his head again, and approaching the wires and standing at his full height, with outstretched wings, says "Kra-a-ak"—not at all the same word, observe, although of the same spelling; the tone and meaning being more confidential. Thereafter he keeps nearer, and we conduct a mutually improving conversation of whistles and kra-a-aks.

Sam is the acknowledged monarch of this inclosure. He is a gentle and considerate monarch,



THE SNOWY EGRET



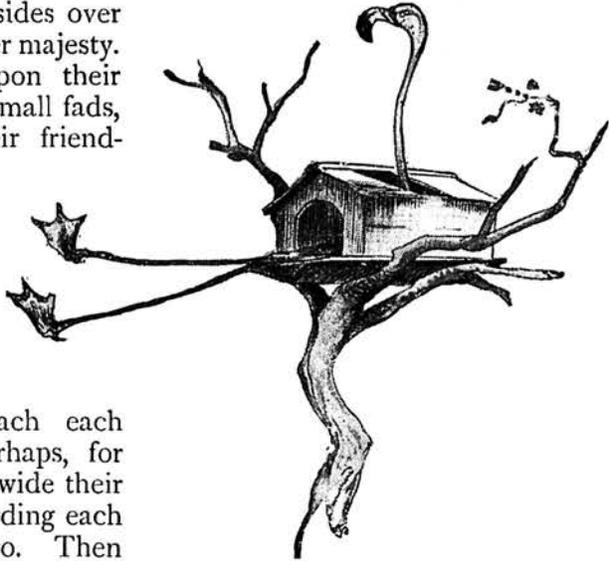
"KRA-A-AK!"

but won't stand any nonsense. He has been observed to inspect the small dove-cots fixed upon the trees in the inclosure, as considering it ill-fitting that the subject should enjoy a roofed habitation and the king none; but considering the habitation itself equally ill-fitting—except regarded as a waistcoat—appears not yet to have attempted to take possession.

Sam, stately bird, presides over his subjects with a proper majesty. He looks from aloft upon their little weaknesses, their small fads, their quarrels and their friendships, and is amused, in a lofty and superior sort of way, just as you and I are, my friend. He looks from above with indifferent interest on the ruffs,

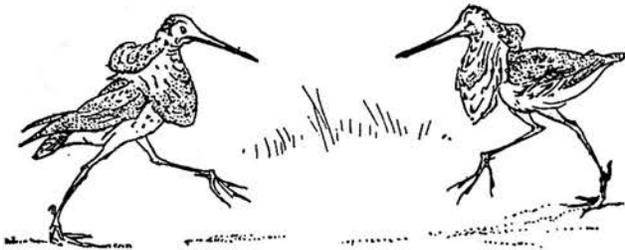
for instance. The ruffs are small, but there is character about them. See two approach each other from opposite directions—looking, perhaps, for something to eat. They meet, stop, straddle wide their legs, and blow up their neck-feathers. Regarding each other fixedly, they rock solemnly to and fro. Then they let fall their collars and go off, each on his way, as though nothing had happened. It is a rude courtesy—a sort of ruff etiquette, in fact.

Sometimes, however, this putting on of frills—as the same thing will do in other places—leads to fights. And over all reigns the majestic Sam—over the fluffy-necked little ruff, the perky hammer-head, the dissipated spoonbill, the jolly ibis, the sedate screamer, and the excitable egret. Nothing can disturb Sam's serenity—nothing, at any rate, which can happen in this aviary. One thing might do it—a thing I hope never to see happen. An ill-natured keeper might bring in a common goose, and introduce him. Now, I believe that this would cut Sam's feelings sorely, because the flamingo, after all (although here it is treason to say so), is really only



ILL-FITTING.

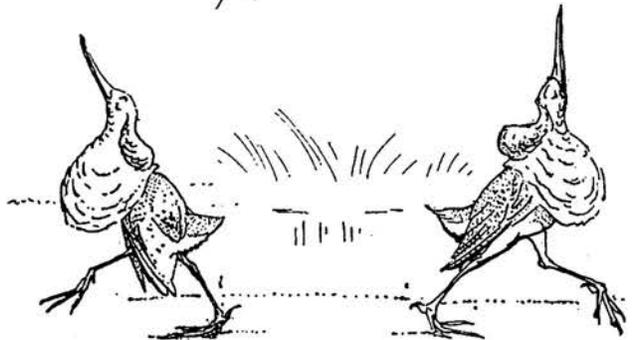
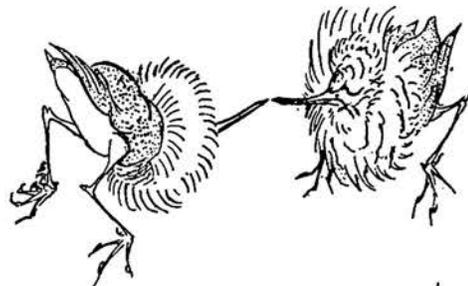
a kind of goose, in the classification of the spiteful naturalist; and publicly to bring him face to face with his vulgar and ungraceful poor relation

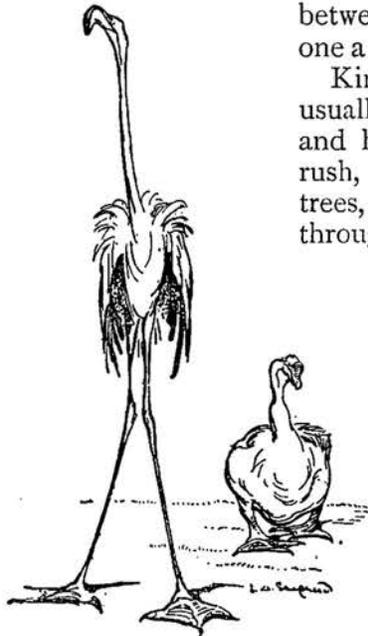


RUFF AMENITIES.

would give Sam away cruelly among his subjects. The poor relation is a mere low caricature of Sam in neck and legs; and a thing which, in its own ridiculous way, makes a preposterous showing off and posing of its burlesque neck.

Which reflection leads us to another—that the birds in this inclosure may be classified into two sorts: those who are proud of their necks—as the ruffs and flamingoes; and those who are ashamed of them—as the herons, who bury them





A VULGAR RELATION.

gulls and ducks about him; for wherein is the grandeur of rheumatic legs, even when so many times as long as thick?

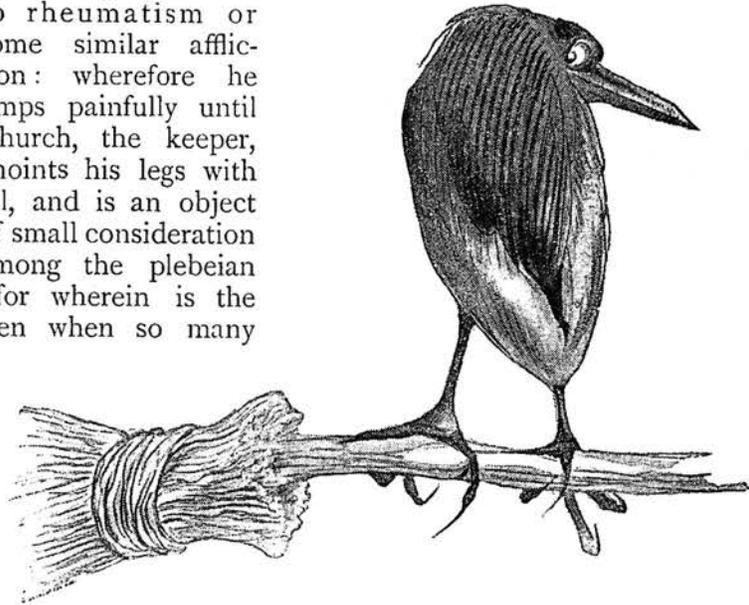
And so, in a quiet corner, he stands, with a special pail of refreshment within beak-reach, and nurses his affliction. And smaller birds, with a certain timorous impudence—for he has still a fearsome beak, which will reach a long way—trot up and pretend to sympathize with him. You have only to look at them to read all they are saying.

They suggest all sorts of treatment, just as people do to human rheumatics. They begin by suggesting reasonable remedies, and, growing bolder by reason of impunity and the titters of their friends, venture upon

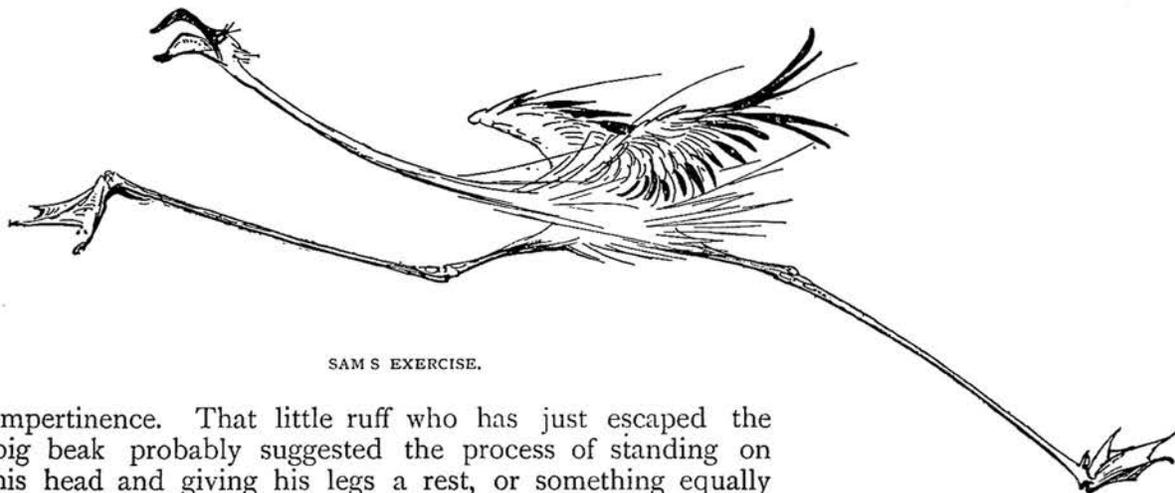
between their shoulders, until, from the back, you shall judge one a humpbacked old witch and a thing of evil.

King Sam, with all his majesty, must take exercise sometimes—usually after the royal bath. Whereat all other birds avoid his path, and hide in unconsidered corners. Sam's exercise is a devastating rush, comprehending all this inclosure, without consideration for trees, or shrubs, or birds, or rocks, or water. He merely sweeps through all, in strides of many yards, with outstretched neck, and wings a-spread and gorgeous in black and scarlet. This for some five stormy minutes, and with again and again a "Kra-a-ak."

One only among the flamingo nobility retains, in this climate, a pink flush over all his outer feathers; and he, good soul, is subject to rheumatism or some similar affliction: wherefore he limps painfully until Church, the keeper, anoints his legs with oil, and is an object of small consideration among the plebeian



A THING OF EVIL.



SAM'S EXERCISE.

impertinence. That little ruff who has just escaped the big beak probably suggested the process of standing on his head and giving his legs a rest, or something equally savouring of errand-boy wit.

There are two wicked old herons who offer advice with ulterior designs. They assume a sympathetic and soothing demeanour and approach together. They inquire anxiously for



I.—SYMPATHY.

any improvement. There is none. Then number one engages the invalid's attention while number two sidles round behind in the direction of the refreshment-pail. I know what number one is saying as well as if I could hear it—"Now, there was an aunt of mine," says number one, "who suffered terribly. She had all the best doctors and tried everything. All the specialists gave her up—quite incurable. Well, one day, who should come



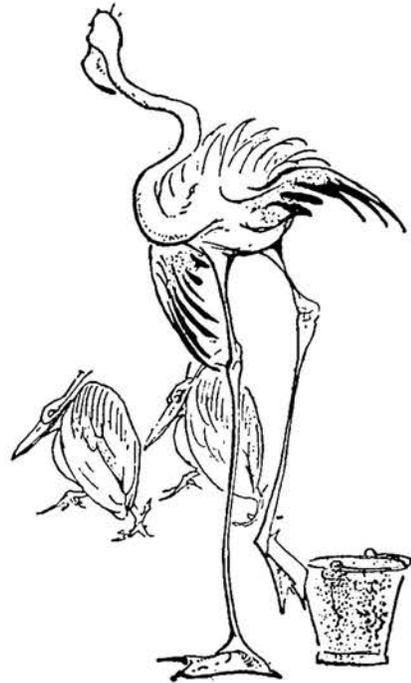
III.—MORE OF IT.

in but an old neighbour of hers—one of the Kingfishers. 'Haven't you tried French polish?' says he. 'No,' says my aunt, 'and don't intend.' 'Oh, but you should try French polish,' says he. And so, after a lot of persuasion, she tried it; and I assure you—" etc., etc. In course of which number two's head is hidden in the refreshment-pail. Presently the head reappears, and number two, springing suddenly into notice, says: "Now, I once had



II.—ADVICE.

a grandfather who was a sad victim. He had all the best doctors—dear me, but that leg must really be very painful. I can't help noticing it—such a really noble leg too! Really I *am* sorry. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was a sad victim. Tried all the doctors, you know—all the famous specialists; cost him a fearful amount. Nothing seemed to do him any good. Indeed I always said he only got worse and worse. Really we quite began to despair of my poor grandfather. Well,



IV.—PERFDY.



A POSSIBILITY.

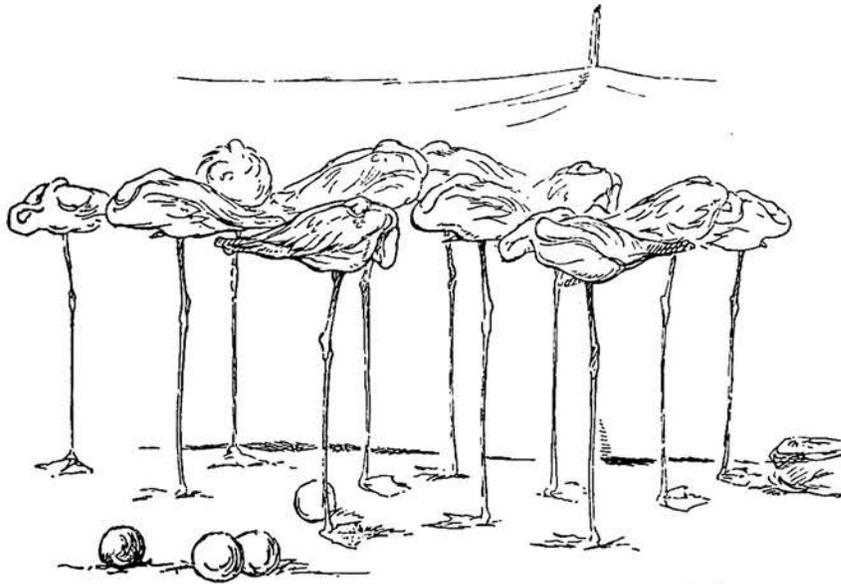
one day—just as it might be to day, you know—in drops an old friend—bittern—just as it might be me. ‘Dear me,’ says the bittern—just as I might say to you—‘why don’t you try dynamite—,’” and so on, and so on; while number one fades off towards the pail. It is a sad world, wherein even herons’ friendship is false.

I rather dread the winter for this invalid. Church may pull him round now with much oil, but the winter will assuredly call for crutches and a foot sling. Or will they swathe his legs in great folds of straw and matting as they do a tropical plant or a barnstormer brigand, leaving him to stand the winter through in a warm corner, and watch his merry cage-mates at their winter sport? I should like to see—to see their winter sport—their winter sport—

see their winter sport. Yes. Snow-balls, no doubt, and sliding on the pond on the pond But it’s



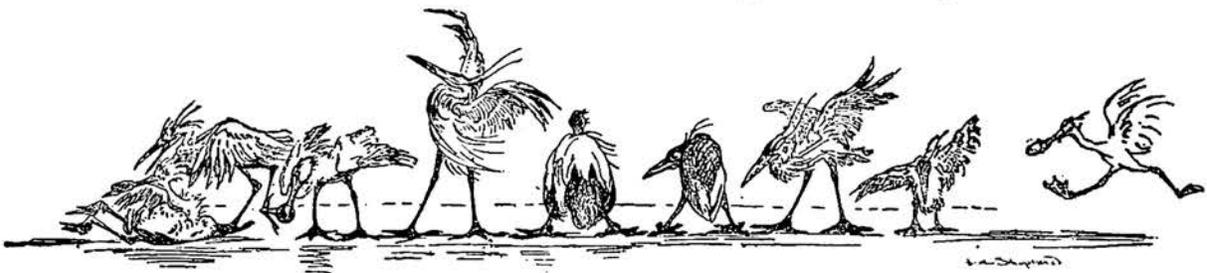
ANOTHER.



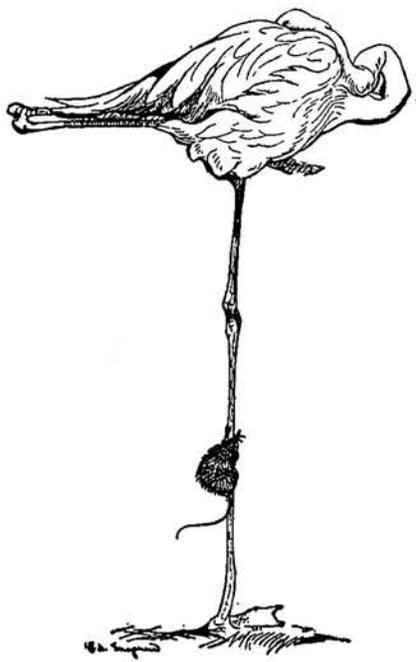
ROLL, BOWL, OR PITCH.

warm now. Yes. The present sport is a sort of cocoanut-shy business, with trussed poultry for prizes. Is it really the flamingoes, standing on one leg apiece? Flamingoes—red wings—flaming goes about the cage. That’s a joke; funny. Roll, bowl, or pitch. See that rat? He’s going to climb one of the sticks. Rats always expect to find something to eat—top of a stick. Part of their

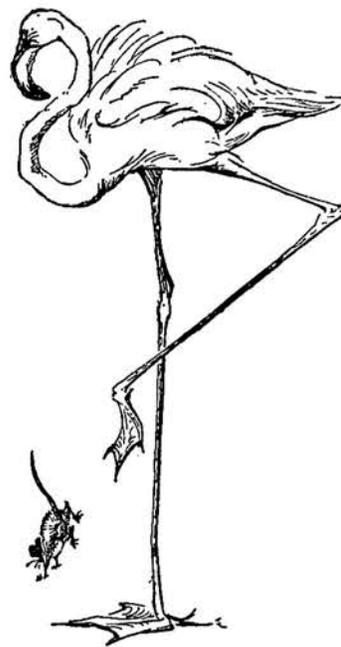
system. Poultry at top opens out and unfolds another stick—leg. Why, it’s Sam. That’s funny! Rat bolts—he’d better. Not quite sure I shouldn’t bolt myself if Sam were after me with that beak. And eyes, too; seem bigger than usual; and closer. Sam’s



WINTER SPORT.



a shocking monster. Rat bolts up stage. It is a stage, of course. Rock scenery R., tropical vegetation L.U.E. and back. Chorus of herons and ibis—ibises—ibiseses. Sam is M. le Brun, and M. le Brun is *première danseuse*. Wiggles down centre of stage on toes, *secundum artem*. That's Latin. Don't remember the ballet—or is it pantomime? Herons in front look at me and grin fiendishly. Also ducks; very good masks. Sam pirouettes, kicks twice, and smiles. Wonder what he'll do when he wants to kiss his hand. Must think it over. Why, here come the others, invalid



and all. He's all right; he can kick higher than any of them. They all range up behind Sam and begin a furious *pas de quatre*. It is very fine, and not in the least



FAS SEUL.

surprising. The herons seem to be growing a great deal larger, and stare horribly. The *pas de quatre* goes faster than ever. It is getting extravagant, not to say ridiculous. If the County Council —“ Good after



noon, sir! Do you see we've bred another pair of Mandarin ducks?"

The keeper really has a most startling voice. Now, if I had fallen asleep in the sunshine—

COUNTRY SCENES.—APRIL.



Cuckoo—cuckoo—ah, well I know thy note,¹
 That far-off sound the backward years doth bring
 Like Memory's lock'd-up bark, once more afloat,
 It carries me away to life's glad spring—
 To home with all its green boughs rustling.—*Summer Morning*

Upon the daisied green of April Spring hath at last planted her sunny feet, and many a sweet flower has stepped forth to form a couch for her fair form to recline upon. The leaves have grown longer to shelter her from the silver-footed showers, and many a bird that had made its home in a foreign land, has returned to welcome her with its song. Her eyes are blue as her own April skies; her cheeks dyed with the delicate crimson of apple-blossoms; her white and blue-veined neck, beautiful as a bed of lilies-of-the-valley, intersected with blowing violets, while her silken hair streams out like her own acacias, that throw their gold and green upon the breeze. Around her brow is twined a wreath of May-blossoms—pearly buds, but yet unblown. High above her head the sky-lark soars; in the lowly brake the linnets warbles; from the tall tree tops a hundred birds are singing; and she comes with music above, below, and around her. The primrose-coloured sky, the insects that hum and wanton in the air, the flowers that rise above the blades of grass, the bursting buds that are daily peeping out among the trees, all proclaim that Spring is come again.

But high above all, is heard one voice, that which the little child with its hand over its innocent forehead, to shade off the sunshine, endeavours to mock; and every hill, and wood, and vale, and river, rings out, loud and clear, like the tone

of a silver bell, the piercing note of the Cuckoo. The school-boy loiters on his way, and forgets his hard task, while he tries to imitate her voice; and grey-headed old men, bow-bent with age, uplift their wrinkled hands to their dull ears and listen to her song. Even the superstitious old grandam thrusts her hand into her huge, patched pocket, when first she hears that sound, and presses the silver coin between her fingers that she may have good luck all the rest of the year. Let us not seek to stir a leaf in that dim grove, which is hung with these old twilight superstitions.

Now is the time for the angler to be up and out by the breezy river-sides, where the tall green willows are ever swaying to and fro, and the shadows of the trees quiver and twinkle in the water, while the sunshine streams down through the network of half-expanded leaves, and chequers the ripples below, with ever-moving shadows of dusky purple and molten gold. Far out, beyond the rapid eddies, may ever be heard the fish rising and falling with a solemn plunge, and forming circles upon the water that lengthen and broaden, until the remote ripples of the expanded ring break upon the reedy shore. What numbers of calm nooks that lie like sleeping mirrors, may be found on a clear April morning between the bending embankments, at the corners of jetties, on the little table-land with

its solitary tree, which, but for its narrow neck, fieldward, would be an island, and by the deep, precipitous sides of which, the largest of the finny tribe love to shelter. Dark, cloudy pools, which the perch, the carp, and the roach frequent; haunts of the chub and barbel, and broadsided bream, whose very names call up pictures of bridges, and mill-pools, and sluices, and grey old flood-gates, opening under gloomy arches, where the long-jawed and strong-bodied pike loves to lie in wait for its prey. Of all out-of-door sports, angling is the pleasantest; if weary, there is the pleasant bank to sit down upon; the clear river to look over; the fresh breeze ever blowing about one's face; the arrowy flight of the water-loving swallow to watch; in short, all the lazy luxuries to be found together that throw such a charm around open-air amusements. Fly-fishing, it is true, leaves the angler but little time to dream; but where the old-fashioned, well-weighted float stood perpendicular, for nearly the whole hour together—where no bite came to drag it down, nor any current to carry it away, but still, calm, and motionless it stood, excepting when the breeze just stirred the slender line—there was nothing left but to gaze upon the sunny sky, the calm water, and the out-stretched landscape: to think of Izaak Walton, the milkmaid, the draught of red cow's milk, his shelter under the honeysuckle hedge while it rained, his breakfast of powdered beef and radish, the fish he ate that was fried in cowslips, the room he slept in, that smelt so sweetly of lavender, and the flowers, which he said were too pleasant to look upon, excepting on holidays. No other amusement left while fishing in such a spot, but to call before the eye the image of that happy-hearted old angler, or to hum a verse of that joyous old song which he composed, entitled "The Angler's Wish," beginning with—

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice.

By the end of this month, many of the trees will be in leaf; the elm will have put on its green and graceful garment, and the oak be covered with its new foliage, whose bright red hue looks not unlike the decaying tints of Autumn. The beech, which has been called the loveliest of all forest-trees, begins to show its sprays tinged with brownish purple, and the chestnut to open its fan-like sheath; while in almost every garden the dim green leaves of the lilac are outspread, and on the ends of the boughs we can see the forms of the up-coned flowers; while over all, the emerald softness of the lime throws its shadow of tender green. But of all my forest favourites, for grace and beauty, foremost stands the lady-like birch; although it possesses not the massy grandeur of the oak, nor the tall stately majesty of the elm, there is something so delicate in its slender sprays, in the brown and silver of its stem, and, above all, in the neatness of its foliage, that I marvel our artists do not place it oftener in their quiet pastoral landscapes. Now, the hedges are covered by the milk-white blossoms of the blackthorn, and the fruit trees in orchards and gardens are laden with loads of beautiful blossoms—the apple trees looking as if Herrick's Parliament of Roses and Lilies had assembled upon the boughs. Over the cottage porches we also see the dark leaves of the honeysuckle trailing. Whichever way we turn the eye, we behold the Earth attiring herself in beauty, and from head to foot robing herself with leaves and flowers. 'Tis as if Nature called upon man to quit his walled cities and visit her sequestered haunts—to come where the buds blow and the bees murmur, and the birds are never weary of pouring forth their music; to where Imagination listens—

Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood;
The bee in yonder flowery nook,
The chidings of the headlong brook,

The green leaf shivering in the gale,
The warbling hills, the lowing vale,
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
The thunder of the falling oak.—MILTON.

Dellightful is it now to wander forth, like Solomon of old, "into the fields, or to lodge in the villages, to see the fruits of the valley, and to go forth into the gardens to gather lilies;" and, like the wise King of Israel, whose words we have here quoted, to make ourselves acquainted with all the green and living wonders of Spring. What a bleating is there now amongst the sheep along the uplands! What a delicious aroma do we inhale during a woodland walk, where the crisped leaves of the hazel overhang the pathway, and the banks, "painted with delight," are gaudy with the pale gold of the primrose and the deep-dyed azure of the blue-bell! Pleasant is it to wander amid lanes that lead nowhere, except into fields, or to the entrance of some dreamy old wood, beyond which green hills arise, whose boundary seems the sky. Past little sheets of water, which seem only made for the yellow flags and bulrushes to grow in, and which Nature with her own hand has dug there, for the birds that inhabit the woods to drink of, when they are athirst; and in these sequestered haunts you sometimes startle the black water-hen; or, if it be later in the season, you see her floating about at the head of her dusky and downy young ones, or you hear the deep splash of the water-rat, which you have frightened from his banquet, as he was swimming round and round the broken branch that dips into the pool, and nibbling a leaf here and there, just as it pleased his dainty fancy.

Now white and copper butterflies make their appearance; the emperor moth may also be seen, and the dull, low, jarring note of the mole cricket heard. The saw fly, the dread and terror of all gooseberry growers, awakens from its Winter sleep, and commences its work of destruction. Many are the beautiful names given to the butterflies and moths in the Midland Counties; such as the tortoise-shell, the primrose-coloured, the green-veined; and, amongst moths, the winter-beauty, the cross-wing, the oak-beauty, orange under-wing, garden-carpet, brindled-beauty, red-chestnut, angle-shaded, the triple-spot, the fox-moth, and numberless others, whose very names suggest pleasant thoughts, now begin to flutter about in the sunny days and warm evenings that come in with the close of April. The wood-ant makes its appearance this month: it is the largest of our British ants, and is readily distinguished from the others by the rich brown with which it is marked in the middle. Their nests are frequently found in the woods around London; and, though at first you would fancy the rounded nest was only a heap of loose litter, yet, on a closer examination, you will see it is regularly formed, and admirably adapted for carrying off the rain, and on a fine day the roof will be found all alive with busy workers. Every avenue which leads to the nest is securely closed at night, and opened again on the following morning, excepting on rainy days, when they remain within their covered habitations, and never stir abroad. If the avenues are only partially opened in the morning, it is a sure sign that there will be rain in the course of the day, for there is scarcely a more unerring indicator of the weather than may be found in watching the motions of the wood-ant.

The "household-loving swallow" has again returned, and, with the first dawn of day, we hear its cheerful twitter upon the eaves; and, however early we may set out to angle, there it is, darting through the arches of the bridge, and skimming over the water, as if its whole life was one continued holiday. Still, it is one of the most industrious of birds. By daylight it begins to build its nest, and often before the indolent slug-a-bed has arisen, it has done its day's work, for it rarely erects more than half an inch of its nest at a time; then leaves it all day, to harden and set, before commencing again on the following morning, for, if too much of the work was executed at once, the very weight of the material it uses would cause

it to fall. To prevent this, the swallow never builds up more than a layer or two at a time, and, when this is thoroughly hardened, works again upon it on the morrow. It is a pleasing sight to watch a swallow at work; to see it plastering away with its little chin, moving its head rapidly while it labours, and clinging firmly to the wall, as it works with its feet, and the pressure of its tail. Excepting when feeding its young, it labours but for three or four hours a day; the rest of its time is spent in playing with its companions, and seeking for food, which appears to form part of its amusement. These birds have often been observed in a dry season to wet their plumage, and shake themselves over the dust, which was not moist enough for the purposes of building, until they have got it into such a plastic state that it will readily adhere—such an action surely evinces a reasoning power. "One swallow does not make a Summer" is an old adage, and to see two or three skimming about, is no proof of the general arrival, and frequently a week or more will elapse, and it will be drawing towards the close of April before they are seen in large numbers. It is the opinion of most naturalists, that the old swallows pair before they arrive in this country, and that such are the earliest builders—the young and inexperienced, who commence housekeeping for the first time, are often the latest in rearing their broods. There are some people who do all they can to prevent swallows from building. I number none such amongst those whom I am proud to call my friends.

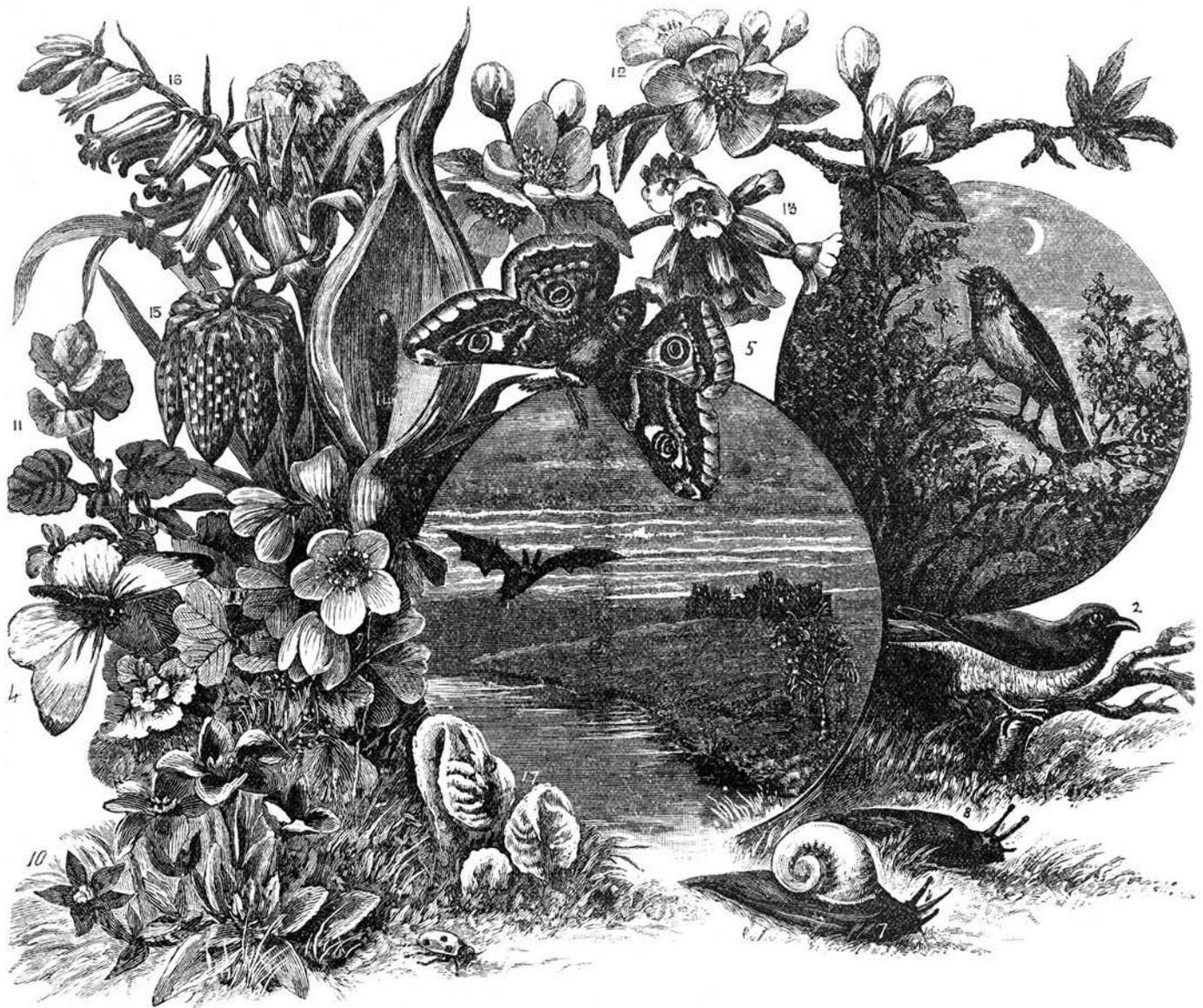
To one who, like myself, has for years found pleasure in studying the works of Nature, it affords great delight to witness the number of excellent works which are every year increasing on this inexhaustible subject, no department of which seems to arrest more attention than the habits of Birds. They are indeed the ancient builders, and in their plans may be traced the grand outline of many an art, which man has only improved and enlarged upon. They are the original masons and miners, who hew their way into rocks, and make their homes in caverns, burrow in embankments, and in every way seem equal to all we know of the habits of the early inhabitants of the earth. In them we find the early carpenters, who saw, and measure, and fit, make joints, rear up rafters and beams, and throw over all a vaulted roof. They are the primitive plasterers, who mix up cement, and spread it out smoothly over the rough work they have prepared to receive it, giving to the whole a level, hard, and even surface, which the builder of a palace can scarcely excel. The hatter and the clothier but felts and weaves after their example. The basket-maker only twines into new forms the smoother and longer osiers which he avails himself of; for the brittle materials which they cross and intertwine together, would become a sightless and useless mass in his hands. Hurdis, a country parson, who lived at Bishopstone, in Sussex, about half a century ago, where he had his own press, and wrote and printed most of his truly beautiful poems, has, in his "Village Curate," left us the following exquisite passage on the building of birds:—

Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he that wrought; no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert;
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years' apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another?

To watch the habits of these "little nuns," that haunt our old cathedral-like forests, is one among the many delights which come with the return of Spring—the season which of all others seems to bring with it the greatest pleasure. From the desolate and barren boundary-line of Winter, Spring advances, starting up from a bed of snow, and cold, and darkness. Summer has but to awaken, and she finds herself in a land already covered with flowers, and overhung with green leaves. Her coming startles us not; she seems to approach almost noiselessly. Nor is the rustling Autumn makes among the leaves more audible. It is Spring that, from the cold grey granite of a primeval looking world, starts up, and begins to clothe the naked waste with verdure; that arrests both eye and ear; and somehow we seem to love her better than any of the other Seasons, for we know through what a dreary and perilous waste she hath travelled; that night and day she was journeying on alone, when the snow was beating in her fair face, and the cold winds blowing upon the pale snowdrops which she held in her hand as she came along:

Before the red-cock crowed from the farm upon the hill,
When we were warm asleep, and all the world was still.





Victorial Calendar.—April.

1. Long-eared Bat appears.
2. Cuckoo arrives.
3. Male Nightingale arrives and sings for mate.
4. Orange-tip Butterfly appears.
5. Emperor Moth appears.

6. Seven-spot Ladybird appears.
7. Snails abound.
8. Black Slug commences to feed.
9. Wood Sorrel blooms.
10. Spring Gentian.
11. Ground Ivy.

12. Apple Blossom.
13. Cowslip.
14. Lords and Ladies
15. Fritillary.
16. Wild Hyacinth.
17. Fronds of Bracken Fern.

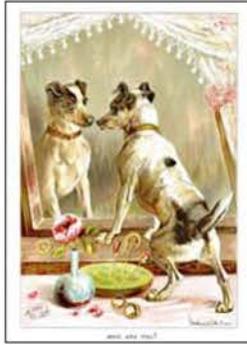
Boy's Own Paper, 1884

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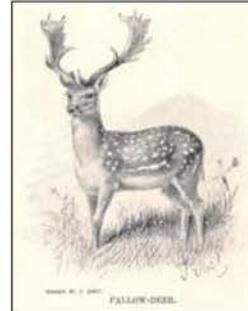
Cats



Dogs



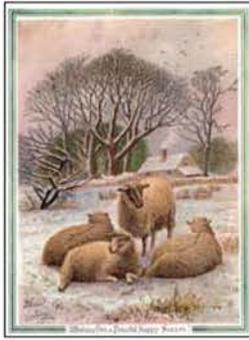
Horses



Animals, Insects,
Aquatic Life,
Reptiles & Amphibians



Birds



Farm Animals &
Farm Life



Flowers



Winter & Christmas



Seasons & Holidays



Needlework
Patterns



Fashion



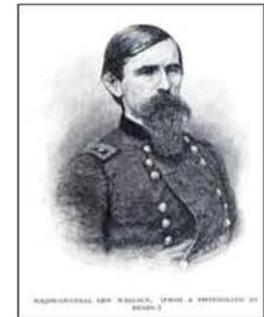
People



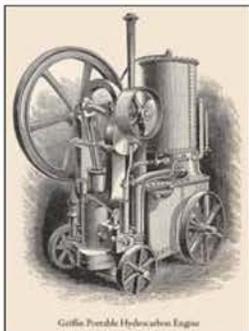
Native Americans



Eminent Victorians



The Civil War



Gadgets & Gizmos



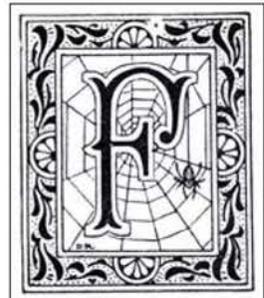
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