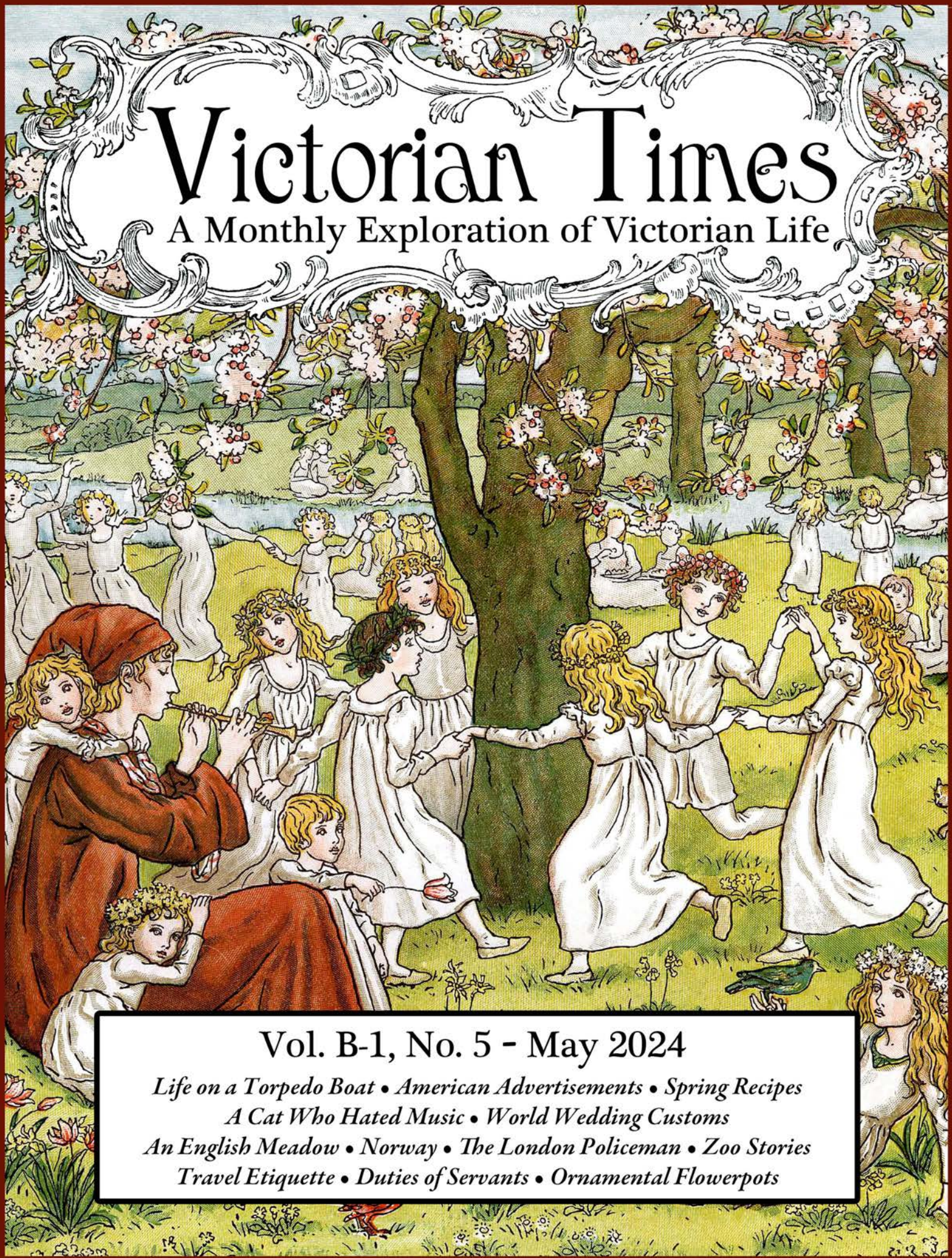
Victorian Times

A Monthly Exploration of Victorian Life



Vol. B-1, No. 5 - May 2024

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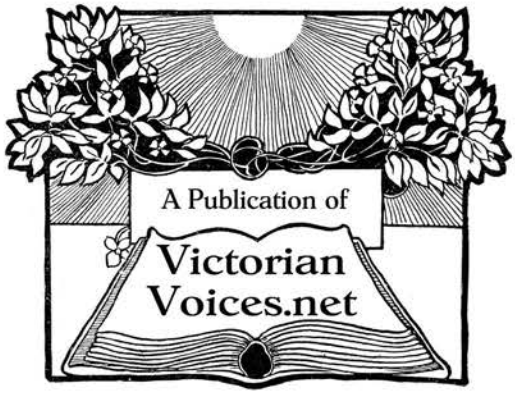
edited by Moira Allen



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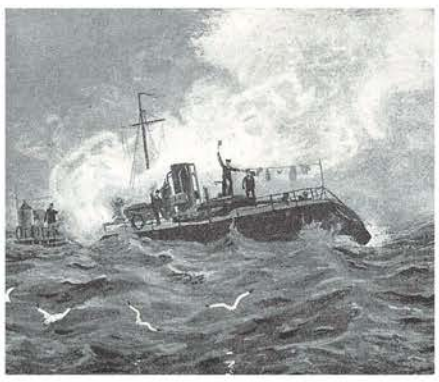

Shared Reading, Shared Meaning

When I read an article like our ongoing series on "Our Tour in Norway," one of the things that strikes me is the author's casual assumption that basic literary references will be understood by the majority of her readers. She can toss in a poem, a quotation from Cowper, a Bible verse, or even a phrase in French or Latin, without worrying that she will leave readers wondering (as we might) what she is talking about.

Similarly, when the author of "My Musical Critic" (see page 47) writes, in *The Atlantic Monthly* of 1894, that she won't be like the "Little Petookle," clearly she believes that most of her readers will know what that might be. I certainly didn't, which is why I hunted down and reprinted the poem in which the reference occurs, Arthur Macy's "The Rollicking Mastodon," printed in the America children's magazine *Wide Awake* in 1892.

Such articles make it clear that, in the literary realm, Victorians to a great degree shared the same reading experiences. While novels were becoming much more plentiful, and new magazines were being established at a rate of several dozen a year, people who read tended to read much the same things. If you were a reader, you would almost certainly have read Dickens, and Scott, and Shakespeare, and possibly Chaucer and any number of what today we might call either "classic authors" or "dead white guys," depending on your personal taste. Whatever we call them, there's a pretty good chance that we haven't read them, or read nearly as much of them as a Victorian might have. (I've read, I think, two Dickens novels; of Scott I've read *Ivanhoe*; and with Shakespeare I'm still struggling. Though, I confess, I did pretty well with Chaucer…)

Of course, this ability to make a literary reference and assume that it would be almost universally understood was supported by the educational system, not only in Victorian days but long afterwards. Even into the 1970's, a great deal of the literature taught in school dated from Victorian times; only in recent decades have the "classics" been more or less abandoned or regarded as "irrelevant."

Today, it's difficult to imagine a world in which everyone around us—our friends, relatives, neighbors, and total strangers in other countries—have all read the same books, or understand the same literary quotes. However, we're not so far removed from that experience as we might think. If you're my age, or getting there, you probably remember when we had (gasp) fewer than 10 television channels, and most everyone watched the same shows. For news, you had three options: CBS, NBC, ABC. When Walter Cronkite told us, "And that's the way it is," we truly believed that was the way it was. Even after the advent of cable TV, I can recall when everyone in the office would be talking about the latest episode of the latest miniseries.

In Victorian times, the factor that would bring an end to these shared literary references lay in the explosion of print media. Today, the explosion has been in broadcast media; put a thousand people in a room with their personal devices, and chances are, they will be watching a thousand different shows. Today, instead of giving us something to share, our entertainment separates us, preventing us from having something "communal" to talk about because none of us are watching, or reading, or experiencing the same things.

I don't see much chance of changing that in our present or our future. We like having choices, and we like to be entertained. However, if we want to understand our past, and our ancestors, and all those issues about "how we got where we are today," it's helpful to understand the things that *they* understood. Doing away with those shared references does not, to my mind, benefit us; it just makes it more and more difficult to understand how others think and feel, whether those "others" lived 150 years ago, or live right next door to us today.

—Moira Allen, Editor
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ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC IN A TORPEDO BOAT.

By AN OFFICER ON BOARD.

F all the craft that ever I sailed in, the torpedo boat is the worst—the very worst without exception; and yet, when first I received an order from the Admiralty to join Torpedo Boats Nos. 61 and 62, fitting out at Chatham for the harbour defence of Nova Scotia, I was inclined to rejoice thereat, for it was to me something quite new in the way of nautical experience. Most folks nowadays, if only from the illustrated papers, have a pretty clear idea of what a torpedo boat is like, but no one who has not spent a month on board can have any notion of the closeness of the quarters and the cramped accommodation.

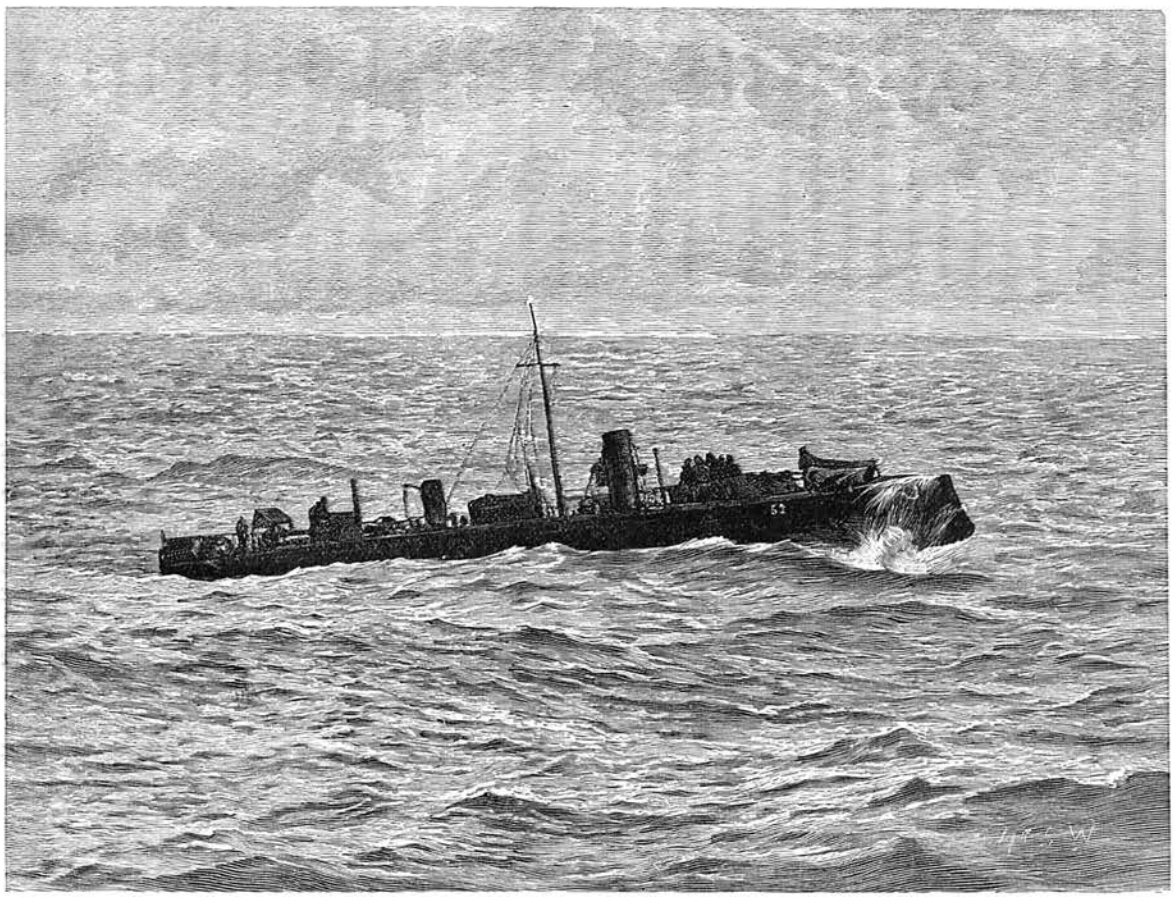
Nos. 61 and 62 are torpedo boats of the first class, built by Yarrow in 1886, and are 125 ft. long by 13 ft. broad in the widest part, dwindling, I think, to about 1 ft. 7 in. right for'ard, so that it will be at once evident there cannot be much stowage room anywhere. Down below the quarters are narrow, and on deck, what with conning towers, chart-table, dingy, &c., the promenade is somewhat limited. I do not know however that any one particularly desired to indulge in walking exercise, for as a rule the boats rolled so that any one on deck hung on all he knew to the first thing that came handy. Each boat had three officers and thirteen men—sixteen in all—the officers being a lieutenant, a sub-lieutenant, and a gunner; and each watch consisted of three men—the officer in charge, the man at the wheel, and another man.

I felt pretty cheerful the day we left. I had never been in a torpedo boat before, and the North Atlantic was also new to me. I did not know that in combination they were both rather awful; and as we dropped down from Chatham Docks to Sheerness on the 6th June, with the sun shining and a perfectly smooth sea, I thought the hardships of a torpedo boat had been rather over-rated. We steamed along the south-eastern coast close in to the land, there being no object in suffering discomfort till we were actually obliged. At Portsmouth we stopped the night. The next night we reached Torbay, and the next morning, 10th June, fetched Plymouth, where the *Tyne*, the troopship that was to accompany us, arrived on the 12th, and the next day, at 1.15 in the morning, our troubles began.

We got under way soon after midnight, steamed down the harbour, full of ships, to where the *Tyne* was waiting for us outside the breakwater, and having picked her up we proceeded to sea. Off the Land's End we fell in with a heavy sea, a heavy sea even for a big ship like the *Tyne*, and for us it simply meant being under water all the time. How we did roll to be sure! We did not growl at being under water; that we expected; but the leaky lockers were a hardship. I believe it is impossible to keep the interior of a torpedo boat dry; but it is decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least of it, to come below soaked through, and then to find all the spare gear in your locker in a like condition. We regularly lived in our duffle suits—coats of a sort of blanketing, with hoods attached, and trousers stuffed into heavy sea-boots, and even they were generally wet, though it was possible, sometimes, to hang one's self up to

dry in the engine-room. My skipper had been to sea in a torpedo boat before, so he was not sea-sick, and neither was I, greatly to my delight, for all the men that first morning were sighing and groaning as if they had seen the sea that day for the first time in their lives, instead of being, as they were, picked men and splendid fellows.

It was a novelty then, so instead of retiring to my bunk, as I should have done later on, I stopped on deck to watch the great waves, and as it was decidedly damp, I took refuge with the skipper in the dingy, which was lashed amidships. After a time, contemplating the waves grew monotonous, and we began to speculate on the chances of breakfast. We yelled without avail for the signalman, who was also the officers' servant, and finally, concluding he was too sea-sick to be any use, I went aft myself, and climbed cautiously down the hatchway into the officers' pantry. It is a very narrow hatchway, as you may guess, and it is utterly impossible to see where you



AT SEA.

are going. Stepping down off the last rung of the iron ladder I planted my great sea-boot, covered in coal-dust, and soaked with salt water, on something exceedingly soft and slippery, which further investigation proved to be the ham which was to form the staple portion of our breakfast. But we could not afford to be particular, so I gathered up the ham in my arms, wedged myself and it into a corner, scraped off the dirt, and proceeded to cut off slices, not perhaps as thin and wafer-like as they might have been, but under the circumstances as good as could be expected. Then having piled up a plate, I went on deck and into the dingy again, to share it with my superior officer. We were rolling so that knives and forks were out of the question, so we took it in turns to hold the plate while the other man helped himself with his fingers. The man at the wheel was horribly sea-sick beforehand, and the smell of that ham made him ten times worse ; but we enjoyed it. Indeed, we paid too little attention to our own safety, for just as we got about half-way through, the boat gave a sharp lurch, and in a moment we were both flung out of the dingy. The other man scrambled to his feet at once, but I was not so lucky, for I hit the slightly convex deck as I fell, and in another second was overboard. There are no bulwarks, of course, to a torpedo boat, only stanchions, supporting, at intervals, a wire rope, and between these

stanchions I slipped. As I did so however I flung up my hands instinctively, and caught the rope as I passed under. Down went the little ship, down, down till the seas bubbled up round my shoulders, and I wondered if I could hold on if the water went over my head. By the strain on my hands then I knew it was not possible, but luckily the boat rolled back again, and in another moment the skipper and the man at the wheel had hauled me on board. It all passed in a moment, but it served as a warning, and in all the rough weather we subsequently had no man on either of the boats fell overboard. The only damage done was to our breakfast, which, by the time I returned, had completely disappeared.

There is not much to do on board a torpedo boat, and when you are not on watch the best thing is to take it out in sleep. She rolls so dreadfully it is impossible to be still a second. It would have been impossible to stay in our berths—which I may mention also formed our seats—had not big boards been rigged up to hold us in; and by dint of packing myself in with pillows or anything else that came handy, I managed to sleep pretty comfortably. I was bedfellow with the filter one night, which carried away and came bouncing down on me, making me think for a moment it was the funnel at least. The difficulty was what to do with it, for everything in the little cabin was on the move. So I concluded it had better stay where it was, and clasping it in my arms I slept comfortably enough till I was routed out for my watch on deck. Washing too, was a tremendous business, for though we had a small bath stowed on deck under the chart table—the hatchways were much too narrow to admit of its coming below—and a washhand basin rigged in the cabin, the boat rolled so that the water was flung out as soon as it was poured in, consequently I am afraid we were grimy with coal-dust and crusted with salt most of the time.

Our food too was a difficulty. As a rule we lived on ham, sardines, and tinned soups; for most of the time the weather was so rough it was as much as we could do to get a little water boiled. We had a table about eighteen inches wide in the cabin, but it was no good having it laid, for nothing would stay on it. The usual plan was for one man to hold the sardine-tin while the other picked out sardines by their tails and transferred them to his mouth. Ham always required two men, one to hold it and the other to cut it; but the soups were capital. I do not know what we should have done without those tinned soups—they were our standby. We heated the tins, then carefully opened a corner, each man held his plate and had a little poured in, which he drank before he got any more.

Of course we could not carry coal enough for such a protracted voyage, and two or three times, when the weather cleared a little, we took the opportunity, and coaled; but all through the voyage we never had what you might call decent weather, and coaling was always a work of difficulty if not of danger.

We dropped the hawser and ran alongside the *Tyne*, which stopped her engines, rigged a derrick and swung coal-bags on board of us, and not only coal-bags but cold hams and other luxuries which they hoped would help to give us as good a time as possible. And indeed we needed a little comforting, for even when the weather was at its calmest, what with the old *Tyne* rolling heavily and the boat diving up and down beside her it was no pleasant job getting those coal-bags on board. Even when we got them it was hard to keep them, for when the bunkers were full the other bags had to be lashed on deck, and had a decided tendency to slip off into the sea.

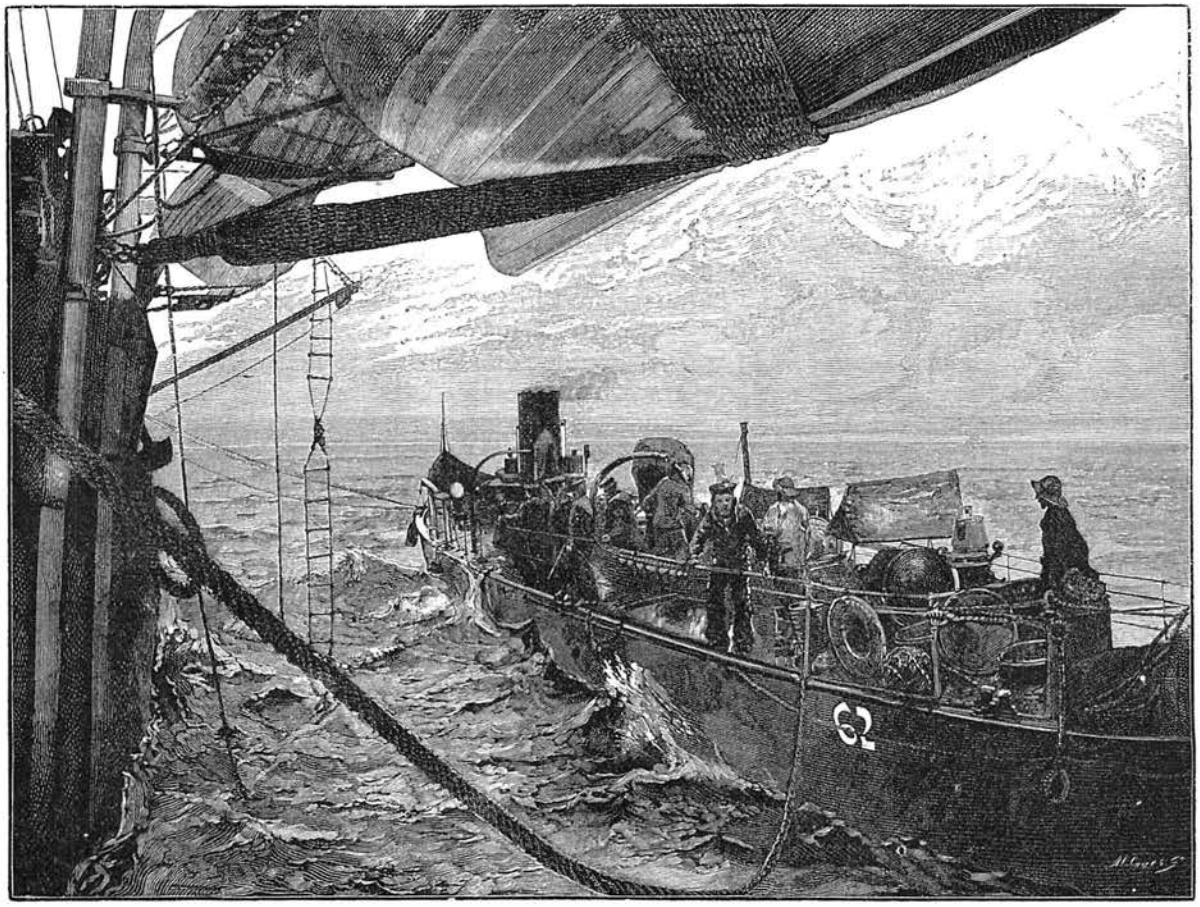
During this voyage I for the first time saw oil used as a means of calming the sea. In the first big gale we had, the *Tyne*, or rather her captain, poured about forty-five gallons out on the waves in the course of the night, and the result was wonderful, as it made for us a comparatively calm track in the troopship's wake. If for a moment we got outside the oil the little ship became almost unmanageable, while inside it was comparatively easy to keep her head to the sea.

It is hard to write a correct account—one day was so much like another; and the weather was simply vile—just one furious gale, with occasional lulls, when we ran alongside the *Tyne* for coal and water. At last, however, about June 20th, things began to look up a little, and Captain Goodrich signalled—

"Barometer is going up, officers and men of both services sympathize with you in your great hardships." Our Irish signalman got it, however—"As barometer is going up, officers," &c., which sounded as if they had no sympathy to spare when the weather was bad.

But the clerk of the weather evidently made a mistake, or may be changed his mind, for just a day later we had the most fearful storm I ever was in—and I have been in a

good many in both hemispheres—but then I had never thoroughly studied a storm from a torpedo boat before, and I do not want to do so again. The wind came up with surprising quickness, and the sea rose with it literally mountains high. Up—up—up we climbed till we were on the brink of a precipice looking down into a bottomless abyss, and then we zig-zagged slowly down that precipice like a man who fears to come too straight down a steep hill-side. We steered slowly head to sea, following closely in the wake of the *Tyne*, which poured oil on the water when the storm was at its worst. That was the only thing that saved us, otherwise we should have been broadside on in no time, and then it would have been all up. Most of the stanchions were carried away, and we had life-lines rove on deck and canvas screens rigged amidships to break the force of the waves and save the officer of the watch, and the man at the wheel, from being



COALING AT SEA.

washed overboard. The third man of the watch generally stowed himself away abaft the conning tower, ready in case he was wanted, but as much out of reach of the waves as possible. Mine was the middle watch, and I pulled the big hood of my duffle suit over my head and wondered if we should ever see daylight again. Candidly I did not think we had much chance, and I think most of the others were of my opinion. The noise was terrible. The little ship raised her bows high in the air and came down with a dull thud on the waves which swept right over her. Now a stanchion went, now a rope parted, now a bag of coal got adrift. Everything that could possibly be smashed was smashed, even the swinging table in the cabin dashed itself to pieces against the deck above, but the steering gear held, and that was the main thing. If the steering gear had gone wrong we should have broached to, and must have been lost, for the *Tyne* could do nothing to help us. Once or twice during my watch the man at the wheel, growing nervous, cried—

"Steering gear jammed, sir," and I crept aft with the other man on all fours to help him, and we always got it right again, so that after two or three such scares I began to think perhaps it would hold after all. Meanwhile the other boat was in even a worse plight, for the hawser parted, and she rode out the night with three hundred and sixty feet of three and a half inch wire hawser hanging to her bows. It was impossible

to cast it off, for the sea was so heavy they dare not send a man for'ard to cut it lest he should have been swept overboard. The *Tyne* could not help her, and we gave her up for lost, for every now and then the rain and hail squalls shut out her lights, and great was our relief when in the morning we saw her on the lee of the troopship not very much more damaged than we were. We had not much time to spare for sympathy with her, and personally I gave myself up to doleful reflections thoroughly in keeping with the awful night. Then a man came crawling aft.

"Please sir, will you look at the lower deck, sir?"

Holding on like grim death I gradually worked my way for'ard, peered down the narrow hatchway, and saw to my horror the place was full of water; the sleeping places were far below high-water mark, and the feeble light of the lamp shone on a miniature sea washing into waves with every roll of the boat. I do not mind confessing now I was in a deadly funk, for I knew at once that one of the rivets had started, and there was no possibility of working the pumps for'ard, as there was too much sea washing over her. There was nothing to be done but to hope and pray that the water-tight doors would hold, and to suggest that the men should find billets for themselves in the stoke hole and conning towers. After all, that was no particular hardship, for the watch below usually slept in the coal bunkers, as it had always been wet for'ard. That water-tight door did hold, and about four o'clock, after the night had stretched itself into interminable hours, the morning broke, and daylight gave us fresh hope. The gale subsided, and during the next two days we made such good runs we began to think our troubles were over.

But we reckoned without our host. On Friday, 27th June, one of the thick fogs common to the coast of Newfoundland came down upon us, and it was impossible to see a ship's length ahead. We were sent ahead to feel our way, but it was so thick we could only keep stations by keeping the steam sirens going constantly on board all three—and luckily a steam siren will waken the dead. I do not know whether a fog is not worse than a gale, and we were getting worn out, so that we found it harder to bear up than we did at first.

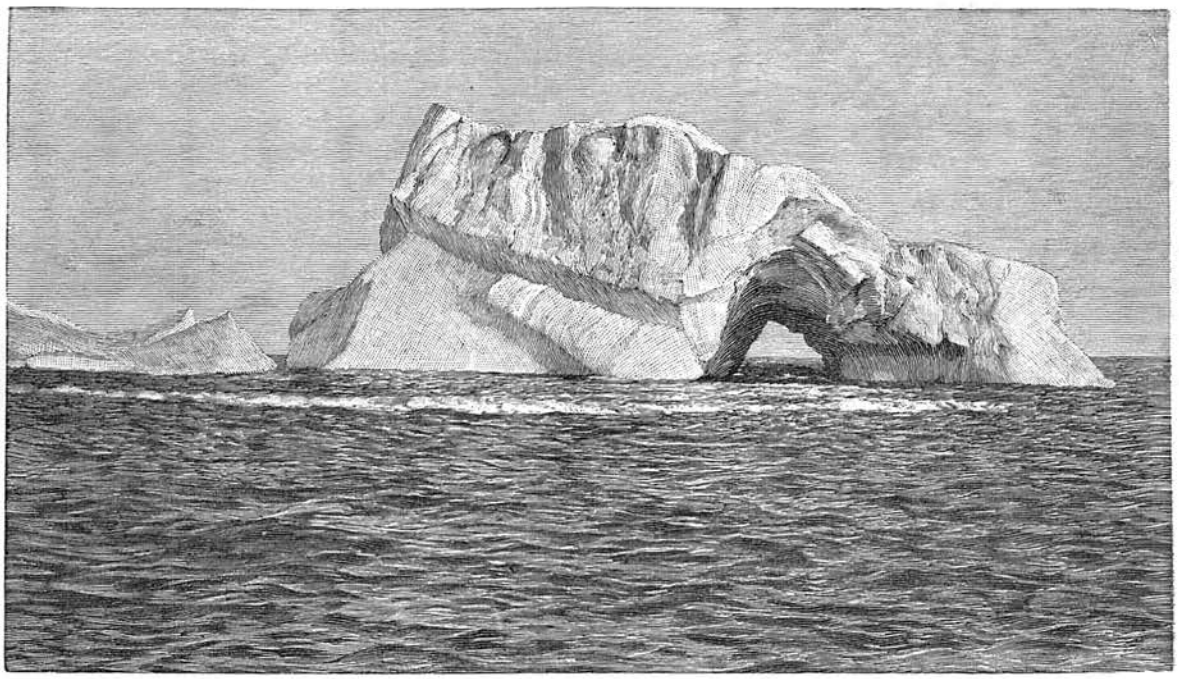
But it did not clear, and after forty-eight hours we had to turn and steam out to sea again—terribly hard lines on men who had already had more than enough of it. Then on the evening of the second day the fog lifted, and right ahead, far away in the distance, we saw the land faintly marked on the horizon, while close around us were icebergs of all sizes. How near we had been in the fog we could never tell, but they towered up over us looking like great mountains from the deck of our little ship. Once before I had seen ice, in the Antarctic Ocean, but that was from the deck of a big ship, and the skipper too had seen it, but none of the rest of the crew, and some of them could hardly be persuaded that these great floating islands were really only ice. They were very beautiful, those icebergs, and took all sorts of fantastic forms; some were spotlessly white with a great deep blue ravine down the centre, some had tunnels through them big enough for a far larger ship than ours to pass through, others had sheer precipices down into the water, and others were worked into minarets and towers, spires and mullioned windows, which caught the feeble sunshine till it dazzled our eyes to look at them.

The land, we found, was Baccilew Island, sixty miles north of St. John's, and accordingly we stood to the southward, thankful that the fog had at last lifted. But at dusk it came down again, wrapping us in a veil of impenetrable darkness. Such a curious fog it was; thick, dense, almost to be felt on deck, and yet frequently above the masthead the stars were shining in a clear, blue sky.

We knew our danger now; we knew we were all among the ice, and that though we might manage to keep clear of the bergs we might easily strike one of the smaller pieces, weighing, perhaps, forty or fifty tons, and that then there would be little hope for us. Again we were ordered ahead with our search-light, for the other boat's had been irretrievably damaged in the storm. We went half speed ahead, feeling our way in the darkness and throwing our light with weird effect on the dense bank of fog. Occasionally it would lift and show us for a moment as beautiful a picture as any artist could desire—the icebergs all around, the sea breaking in white foam against their glassy sides, the bright moonlight showing up their brilliant whiteness and fantastic shapes; and then the fog closed round us again, having just allowed us one glimpse of the dangers that surrounded us. Again and again we heard the ice breaking up in the darkness, and once a berg turned over close to us, and we heard the dashing of the

water as the ocean castle—probably one of the great floating islands we saw when the fog lifted—tumbled into pieces close beside us. That was the worst night I ever spent. We were so done, what with the bad weather and the fog, that it seemed an effort even to look out. After a time we were recalled, the *Tyne* fearing we might strike on the ice, and we followed in the troopship's wake again, though once in the ice-limit we dropped the hawser, as the *Tyne* could not go astern when we were there. Whenever she saw ice she fired a gun and burned either a red or a green light, which was the signal agreed upon to warn us ; and again and again I saw the light and the flash reflected on the ice, making a wonderfully pretty and curious effect if only we could have forgotten for a moment what it meant to us.

In the early morning we made St. John's Harbour a little to the north of us, and

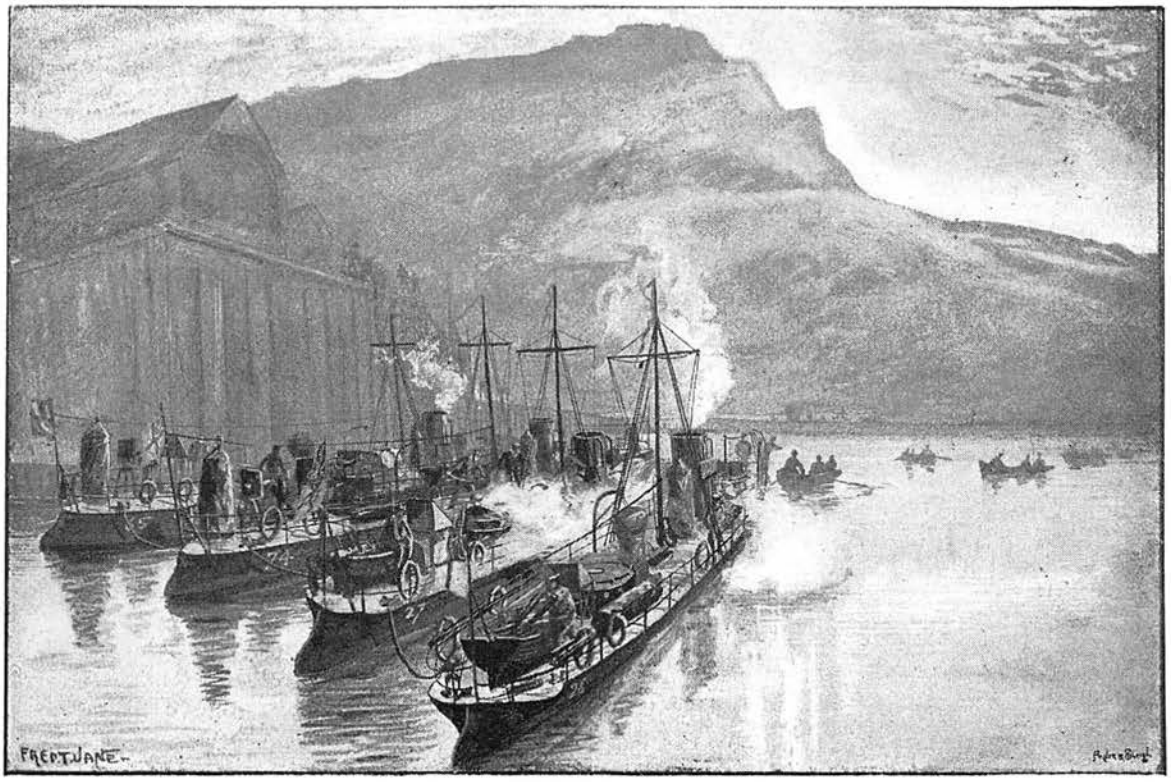


AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

a little later steamed up the harbour, where our arrival had already been notified, there were crowds of people to meet and welcome us, for we were long overdue ; we had been prayed for in all the churches, and by some, I believe, given up as lost. But there we were at last, battered and weather-beaten, our paint all gone, our stanchions bent, broken, twisted and gone altogether ; funnels caked with white salt ; everything that could be washed away was gone ; everything smashable was smashed ; very different indeed were we from the trim boats that left Chatham on that sunny morning in June.

Those Newfoundland folks were very good to us during the short time we were there, but at first most of us were so dead beat our only idea was to have a thorough good sleep. After that we gave ourselves up to being entertained, and next day even ventured on a little entertaining on our own account, for No. 61 took the Governor and his party for a spin outside the harbour, round an iceberg and back.

This ended our perilous voyage ; for though we still had to go on to Halifax, which took us three days' running down through the fog, it was comparatively easy times after the hardships of the North Atlantic.



LYING IN PORTLAND HARBOUR.

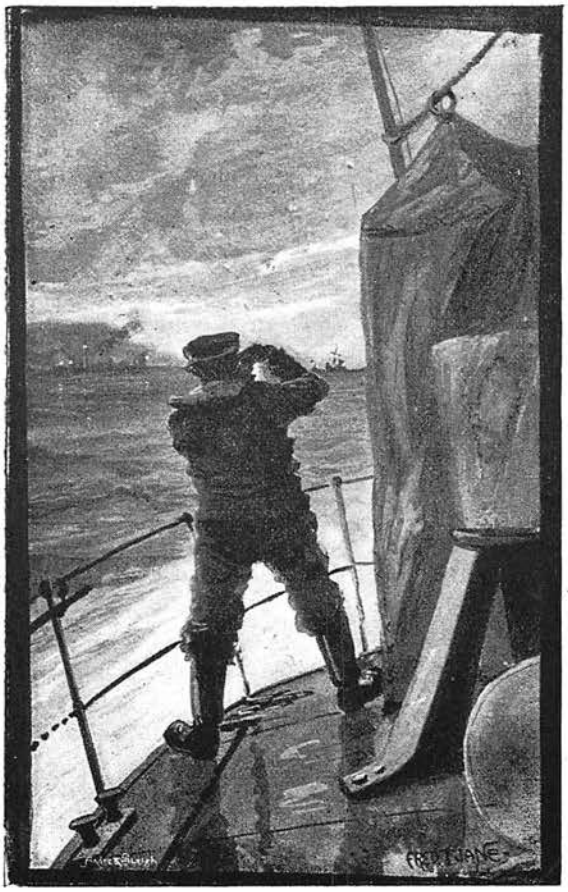
FROM QUEENSTOWN TO SHEERNESS IN TORPEDO-BOAT NO. 65.

Written and Illustrated by FRED T. JANE.

OF all the branches of the British Navy none offers so wide a field for mystery and romance as the torpedo service. It has no glorious records of the past, no impressive appearances in the present,—its place is in the future. In its latent and as yet unknown possibilities lies its charm.

The stately ironclad with its latest developments is known to all who take an interest in the only bulwark betwixt England and ruin ; she is written about, illustrated, and seen. The torpedo-boat, on the other hand, is small and insignificant ; the greater part of her time is spent in secluded corners of the Royal Dockyards ; and, if written about at all, she is alluded to in a technical fashion that is as Sanscrit to the lay reader. Matters are still further complicated by confusing the "Whitehead" with the spar-torpedo—a weapon of the past. In the American civil war numerous instances occurred of ships sunk by small boats charging into them with an explosive charge carried at the end of a spar projecting from their bows, and to many people a torpedo-boat is merely a glorified vessel of this type. Modern science has by rapid-firing guns rendered this practically impossible now, as little feasible as the old plan of fixing an infernal machine against the ship to be destroyed ; and should such attempts be made in the next naval war, they will be isolated instances.

In the manœuvres around Bantry Bay a few years since, an enthusiastic officer landed with a Whitehead torpedo concealed in a coffin. The weapon was marched across country with due solemnity, and arrived at night on the coast, off which lay a fleet of the "enemy." The enthusiastic officer and the torpedo then went for a swim, the sequel whereof was the "blowing up" of the enemy's flagship! Such things may occur in the future conflict ; but the torpedo-boat will be the force employed for all serious work.

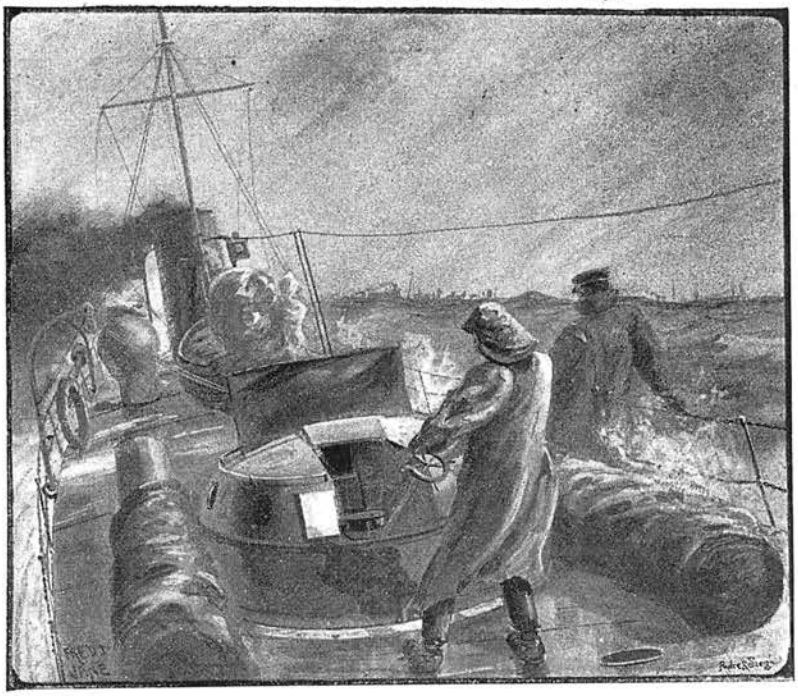


OFF QUEENSTOWN.

The torpedo-boat is by no means so small as its name would imply. In the matter of length some of the latest specimens get near 200 feet; but the beam of the largest boats is under twenty feet, and eleven feet is the usual width. Torpedoes which contain their own motive power are discharged from tubes on deck, and they are effective at a distance of a thousand yards. Some of the latest can travel a short distance at a speed of nearly forty miles an hour. The tube is in fact a cannon, and the torpedo a shell that speeds through the water instead of over it. Torpedo-boats are divided into two classes—the sea-going or first-class, and the harbour service or ship's boats, which are small and of little account. A description of No. 65, in which I made the trip here related, is equivalent to a description of the whole lot of sea-going boats — the differences between one pea and another being equally noticeable to the non-technical eye. One pea may be round and another squat, even as the Thornycroft has a straight and the Yarrow a bottle-nosed bow; but few would notice it, although the wave thrown up by the bow of the latter is held by many to be a drawback not compensated for by the tube she carries there.

No. 65 is a Yarrow boat, some 125 feet long by eleven broad, displacement about sixty-five tons, and a maximum speed of nearly twenty miles an hour. She carries five torpedo-tubes: one in the bow for shooting right ahead, two around the forward conning-tower, and two by the after one. In the illustrations these tubes will be seen covered—like everything else that can be—with tarpaulins. The conning-tower aft was used for steering purposes, but both are available.[1] In action the steersman would be shut inside. In these piping times of peace the rod on which the wheel works is elongated, and he steers on deck, getting fresh air and salt water *ad lib.*, whereas below he would get neither. It is pretty much a case of choosing the lesser of two evils. In the "eighties"—as the newest boats are termed—the man at the wheel gets a little

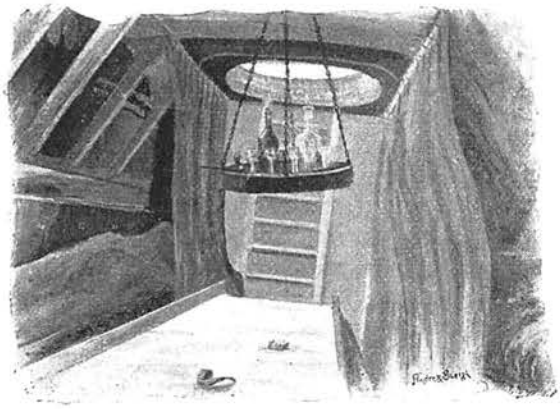
[1] In Yarrow boats, steering from the forward conning-tower is much harder work. Thornycroft boats steer equally well from either place, and the forward tower is generally used in them. The new Yarrow boats steer from forward only.



LOOKING FORWARD.

more comfort, and a small hole exists wherein he who fires the torpedoes can get some shelter. In our ship—a torpedo-boat is always a ship to her crew—the man who fired sat astride on the tube to do it.

No. 65's *personnel* consisted of a lieu-



INTERIOR OF WARD ROOM.

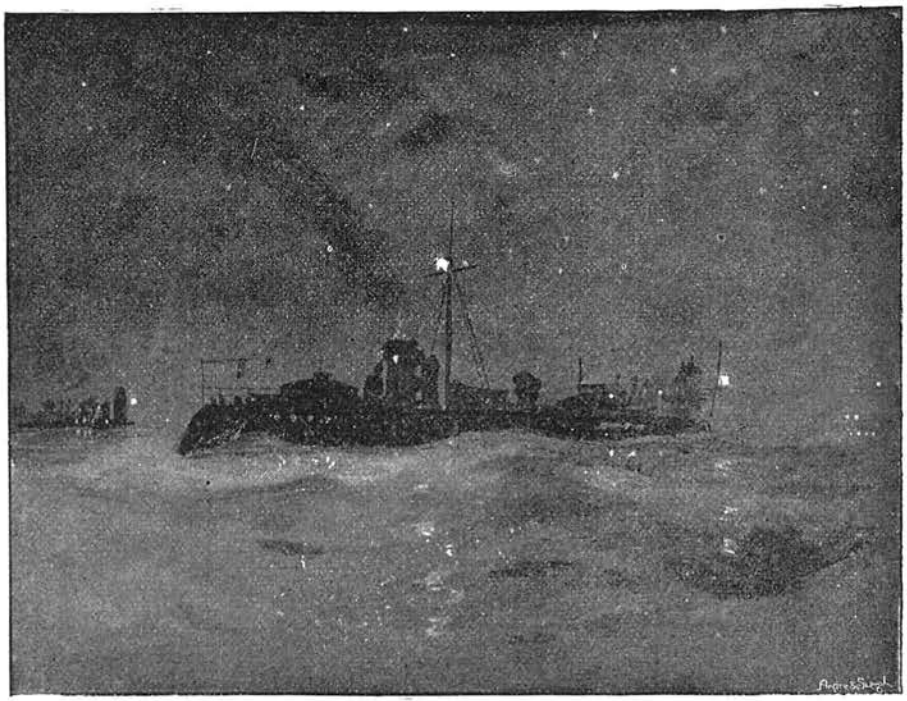
tenant and a gunner for officers, and fourteen blue-jackets and stokers as ship's company. Many torpedo-boats are commanded by sub-lieutenants, or midshipmen as acting-subs, while others carry a lieutenant, sub, and gunner. The gunners in each case mess with the commissioned officers, and jolly good mess-fellows they prove themselves to be in the long sea-picnic of the annual manœuvres. I call it picnic advisedly ; for, despite the work, filth, and discomfort in every form—no one ever washes or removes clothing in a torpedo-boat unless during a harbour spell ; neither time nor space permit of it—despite all these inconveniences, the life has a charm about it that appeals to officers and men alike. There is a freedom from restraint, an easiness in little matters of discipline, such as smoking and so forth ; all of which go to make the life a fairly happy one for the sailor.

On the conclusion of the manœuvres the torpedo flotilla assembled at Queenstown, whence they made their ways in batches to their respective ports, escorted by small cruisers. The escort is somewhat necessary, not only for the benefit of any boat that may get into difficulties with her machinery, but also as a guide. The little vessels do not carry much in the way of navigating tools, and their crews have plenty of other work to see to.

There is a story to the effect that during the manœuvres a torpedo-boat that had been "out" one night, chased by a cruiser, made for the coast that lay somewhere to the westward. By and by lights were sighted, and the boat, making her way cautiously in the darkness, anchored in what, judged by the positions of the lights, appeared to be a small bay. Morning broke, and lo, the village was found to be the enemy's fleet !

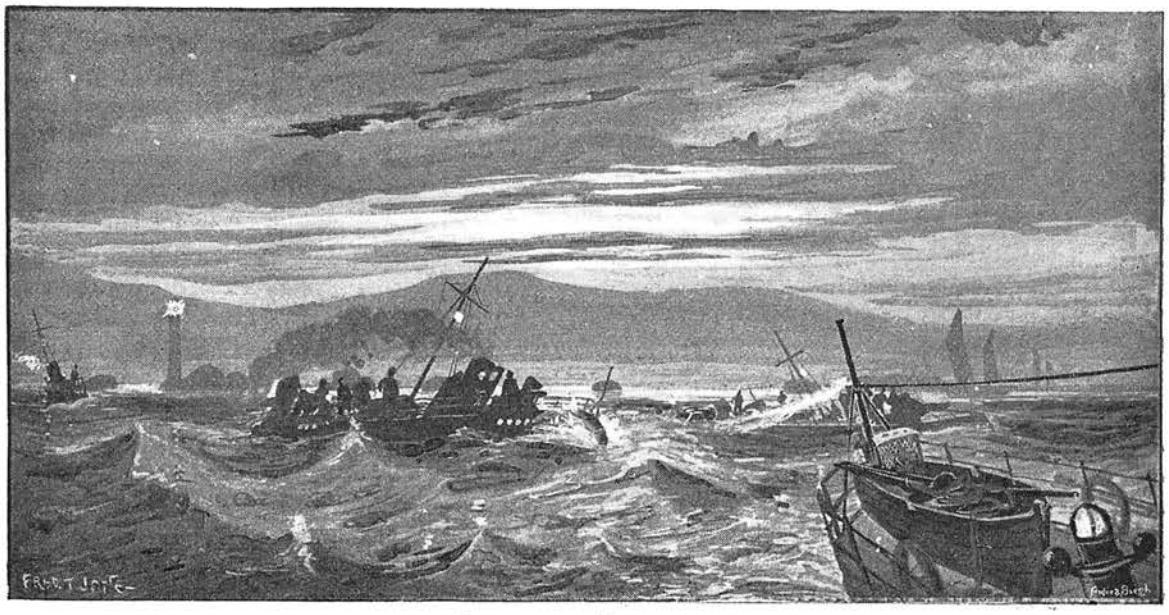
The flotilla, of which No. 65 was the "division" boat, consisted of eight boats —Nos. 65, 67, 68, 72, 73, 74, 26 and 27, the two latter being Thornycroft boats.

At four o'clock on a Friday afternoon, Lieut. Barry led his little fleet in single column of line-a-head (*anglicè* single file) down from Haulbowline dockyard, threading past the ironclads and cruisers, amongst which lay our escort, the *Gossamer*— described in a local paper as "a dark, low-lying hull with sides painted a piratical grey, towering above the water." This description the Hibernian reporter probably evolved from his own



AT NIGHT.

consciousness, but it was quite as useful as the information obtained—from sub-lieutenants of torpedo-boats—by another member of the fourth estate. He announced that "No. 41 goes out of harbour every night to tow our latest ironclad failure—the *Royal Sovereign*—to Belfast Lough, her own engines being incapable of moving



OFF THE "LONGSHIPS"—EARLY MORNING.

her at all. The towing is done at night only, to prevent the newspapers finding it out"!

The Irish newspaper men were not the only innocents, however; and the correspondent of a great London daily has probably regretted ere this his description of the capture of an "enemy's" cruiser by a torpedo-boat!

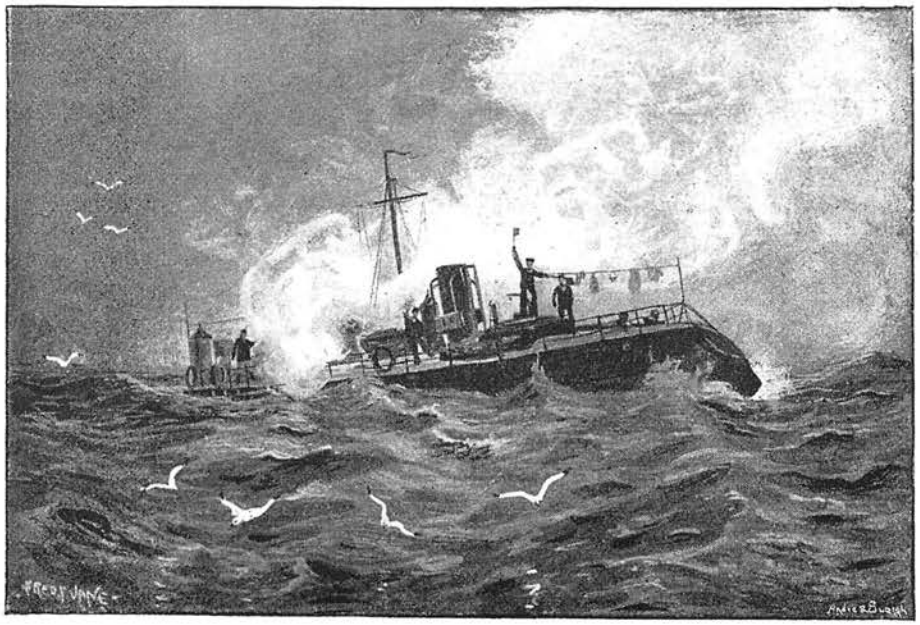
Outside Queenstown the Atlantic swell was very much in evidence, and steaming at five knots speed the boats rolled in true torpedo fashion, the sea sweeping clean over the red-painted decks,—decks so thin that you mustn't jump on them for fear of going through!

Here we remained for hours, slowly steaming, waiting for our escort that came not, the sea, as the sun went down, increasing in violence until our little ship heeled with each roll as though she would never recover herself. This rolling is something more than merely disagreeable. A year or two ago a rolling boat shook her search-light overboard, clean out of its fixings, and everything else nearly followed suit. At last, as the grey night began to rise over against the sunset, the signal to proceed was made. It was by this time too dark for the flag signals to be read, so the signalling was made by the flash code. A few minutes later came the order "sixteen knots." Suddenly everyone and everything began to dance, the increased speed causing a tremendous vibration. To write, sketch, or even to read became a moral impossibility, apart from the fact that all one's faculties were needed to hold on, though, fortunately, with the increased speed the rolling became less.

The exhilarating motion, the sea-air, and the lateness of the hour all combined to make dinner a consummation devoutly to be wished, and we descended into the little cabin—ward-room and berth all in one. True there is a small hole on the port-side of 65, which contains a couple of bunks; but it is too near the engines to be habitable.

STOKING UP.

Contrary to what might be expected, the "ward-room"—for so a small plate let in the ceiling announces the place to



ONLY BLOWING OFF STEAM.

be called—is by no means stuffy, the opening into the conning-tower at one end and the hatchway at the other causing quite a small gale below when the ship is in motion. The dimensions of the ward-room are some twelve feet by six feet. On the table a few tin plates were jumping and sliding about; above hung a tray containing the liquid part of the feast, swinging at a height just calculated to catch the unwary one on the head.

Our mess numbered three—the skipper-lieutenant, the gunner, and myself. One of the two first was, of course, on duty, and ever and anon came his shrill whistle with which signals are given, ringing clear above the rush and swish of the sea that dashed up over and around our bow, and then flashed off in great white streaks astern.

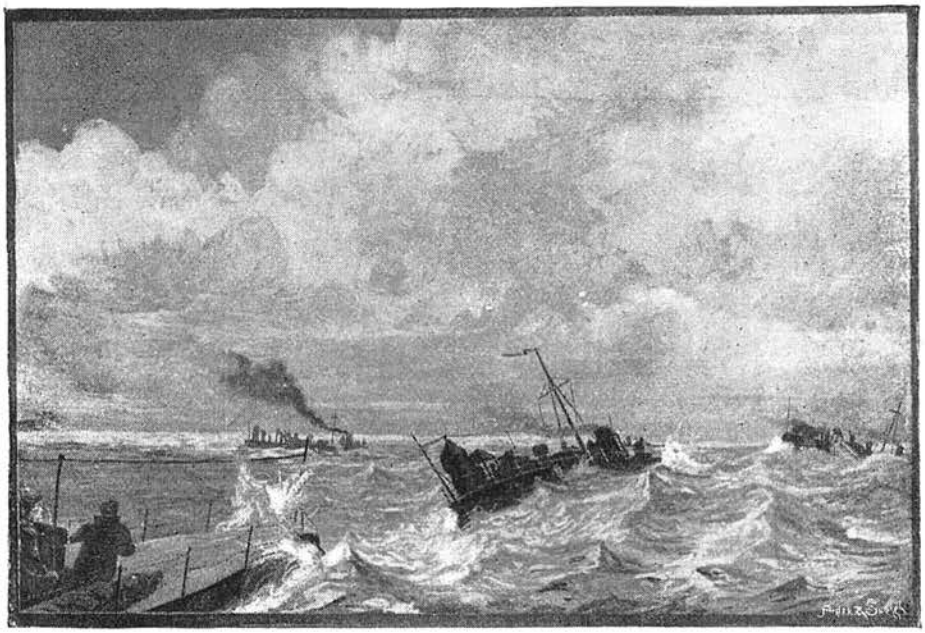
A delicate and particular palate is an inconvenient thing to take to sea in a torpedo-boat; the staple contents of its larder—last year at any rate—being *pâté de foie gras*, plum-pudding, and sardines, particularly sardines. It is wonderful how weary one gets of the first when it is partaken of three times a day, and the others are apt to grow monotonous too. True, fresh meat is carried; and a meat-safe is the principal adornment of the stern in many boats, where it is nearly as conspicuous as the white ensign—white by courtesy only, for the dirt and exposure soon reduce it to a black rag. A torpedo-boat, however, is a bad place to keep meat in, and even if it keeps fresh, there is always uncertainty as to what the cooking will make of it. French *chefs* are not provided—a blue-jacket amateur performs that office.

Presently a small trap-door towards the stern opened, and through it emerged a tin soup-tureen. All the "china" in a torpedo-boat is tin-ware; crockery would be smashed in an hour. We emptied the soup into mugs, and swallowed it in haste like the Jews' passover, as the cold mugs rapidly chilled.

This being a "duff-night," fish was the next course—"sardines à l'huile," followed by fried sardines as an *entrée*, concluding with beef and the plum-duff. The beef, as a torpedo-boat feast *menu* once put it, was likewise game!

In this little under-water cabin, with sides little thicker than tea-trays, the chill of the water was soon felt. Even in the Mediterranean, where during the day

SHIPPING A SEA OFF PORTLAND.



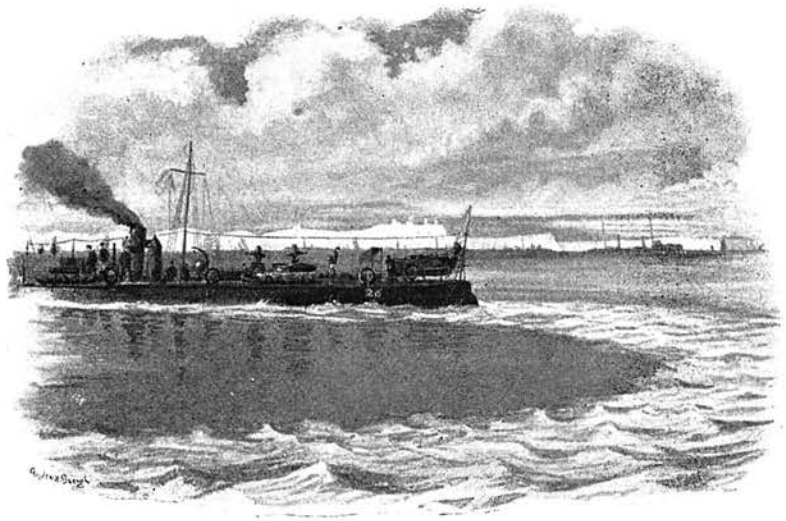
ENTERING THE "RACE" OFF PORTLAND.

the sun beating on deck makes the cabins of these boats like furnaces, the temperature at night soon approximates to that of the Polar regions. On deck, too, it was decidedly chill for an August night, but the scenery was more attractive than below. The red, green, and white lights of our little fleet, some close at hand others far away, gleamed and sparkled across the dark heaving water; while ever and anon showers of sparks burst from the funnels and glinted on the long, dark hulls cutting like knives through the phosphorescent sea.

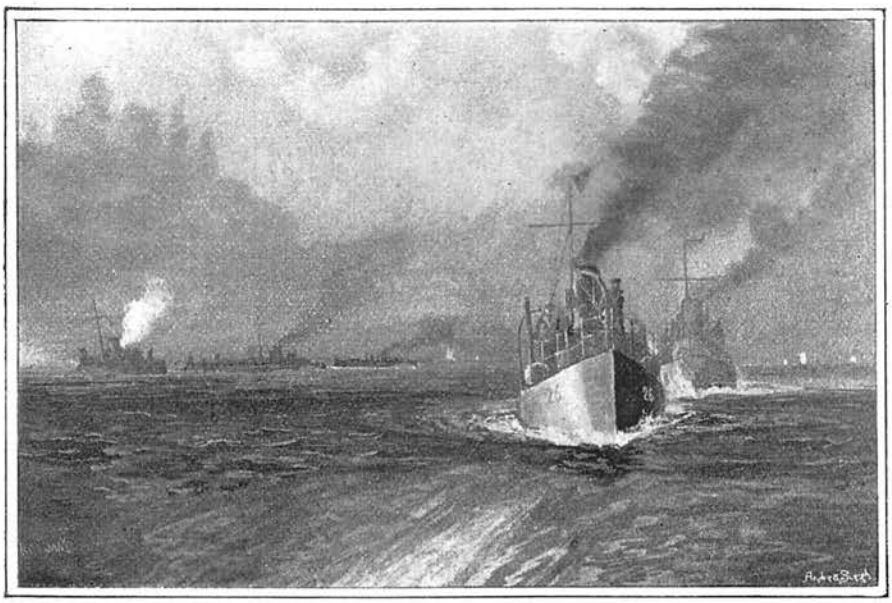
By and by it was time to turn in, so I crawled below again. Our worthy gunner was already there, utilising a few spare hours for slumber. The sleeping accommodation is very simple. No one undresses in a torpedo-boat; instead thereof he dons a "lammey-suit," as the duffle clothing used in Arctic expeditions is termed. Over this an overcoat and a couple of blankets, and the sleeper curls himself up on the leather-covered seat, which runs on either side of the cabin as in a railway carriage. Curtains drawn across to a certain extent keep off the draught. I took some time learning to sleep on this narrow bed; indeed, at first it was like trying to lie still during a series of railway collisions, but tired nature eventually overcame the mixture of pitch, roll, and vibration.

I awoke with the first dawn, and, going on deck, found we were off the "Longships light," which looked sickly and wan in the growing day. The dangerous rocks extending to the right of the lighthouse, which in old time made the spot a terror to mariners, stood up like giant stepping-stones against the smooth silvery water beyond, contrasting weirdly with the boats tossing in the heavy swell outside. At the rate we were steaming they soon became small in the distance, finally disappearing behind the volumes of brown and purple smoke cast forth by a boat "stoking-up."

An hour or so later, one of the "seventies" became suddenly enveloped in a cloud of white steam, looking for all the world as though she had blown up. It was merely something gone wrong with the machinery, however, and she was blowing off steam preparatory to adjusting things a bit. The rest of us slowed down speed to five knots, a welcome relief after



TURNING A CIRCLE.

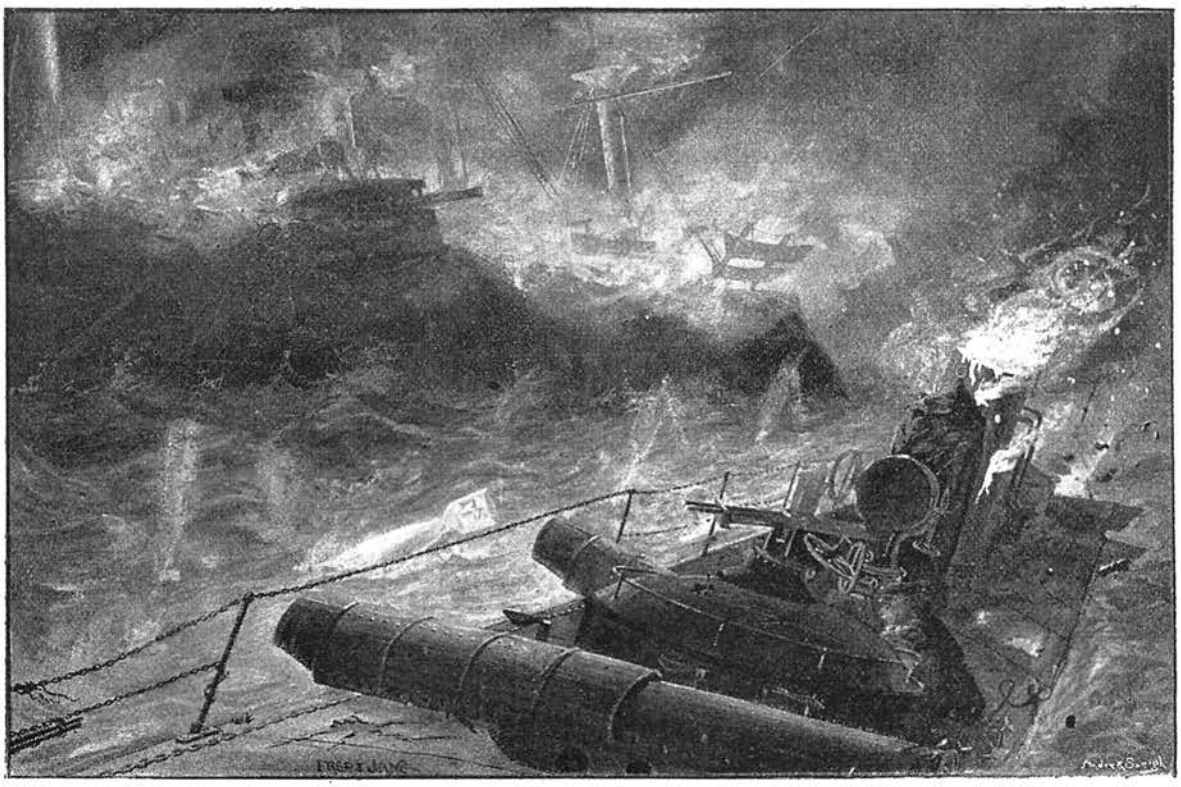


FORMING INTO SINGLE COLUMN.

eight hours' vibration. We seized the opportunity for breakfast ; but our respite was soon over, and the jumping and jolting began anew, though the sea by this time having gone down somewhat, it was little more inconvenient than standing on top of an omnibus racing down a stony road.

Our course had been well out in the Channel, as we were making a bee-line for Portland, which we sighted early in the afternoon, and at the same time all the hatchways were fastened down. This seemed a curious proceeding as the sea was smooth and peaceful, disturbed only by the zig-zag wavelets that broke in our wake and the rainbow-tinted foam curling over our bottle-nosed bow.

Suddenly, and without warning, came a change. High up in the air rose our stern ; down, down went the bow into the bosom of a great wave that swept along the deck, foaming and hissing as it came. All around us were white-crested waves and sheets of spray. Our little ship seemed a mere plaything to the sea, but bravely she held her way until the waves subsided as quickly as they had risen. We had passed through the "race" off Portland, a curious phenomenon caused by the set of the tides



A TORPEDO ATTACK. FIRING A TORPEDO.

over a reef. At times this "race" is a positive danger, as our skipper had found on a previous occasion when he got into it in a training-brig. The weather was bad and the vessel at once became unmanageable, spinning round and round like a top, and in this fashion she was carried—fortunately—right out into the Channel.

The hatchways were opened again, and

BLOWING UP AN IRONCLAD.

I went below. Queer little holes these hatchways are, little more than the breadth of a man's shoulders in diameter. There is a tale of a stout torpedo-gunner who, having sprained his ankle, stayed below for a while. When, a few days later, he tried to get on deck he was unable to do so—the lack of exercise had increased his girth beyond the dimensions of the hatchway!

Our little fleet was now formed into single column of line ahead—a pretty evolution, smartly performed. Portland by this time was close at hand, and the *flotilla* slowing down steamed through the opening in the breakwater, past the Channel fleet, and under the shadow of the great hill on the left, where they came to rest side by side against a high pier. At sunset time we resumed our voyage. What a sunset it was! Gold and purple and scarlet clouds tossed wildly above in a crimson sky; on the left the great blue mass of cliff, frowning and pitiless; around and beneath, a black and inky sea.

On Sunday morning one boat was missing, and No. 26—a Thornycroft—was sent back to look for her. In the now glassy sea, 26 came alongside within hailing distance, and then turning a circle almost in her own length went back on the course, leaving a long foaming track in her wake; the circle she had turned plainly marked in the water. The missing boat was soon found; some trifling defect in the machinery had delayed her; and the squadron at increased speed raced past Dover, passing like a flash innumerable ships going in the same direction. At length the Nore and the red-sailed barges came in view, low-lying Sheerness — Sheernasty, in naval phraseology—hove in sight, and at noon precisely the boats came alongside the dockyard jetty, having been only forty-four hours on a trip that included three stoppages, besides a four-hour stay at Portland. This performance, conducted without a single mishap of importance, takes the ground from under those who are eternally crying out about break-downs, and it must not be forgotten that it was after five weeks' knocking about and rough usage. The ease with which this (one of several) voyage was made shows clearly that a mosquito fleet is quite

capable of taking the offensive in other places than home waters.

One question that occurs to everyone is, How will the torpedo-boat fare in war time? We have no actual results; but by putting together the experience gained in manœuvres and the effects of experiments, it is fairly easy to arrive at conclusions as to what is most likely to occur. It is now an axiom that torpedo-boats are useless in the daytime—they would be destroyed ere they could get within firing distance for torpedoes, and it is becoming pretty well established that "a boat expected is a boat destroyed." Unless boats attack in numbers, unless the enemy bewilder themselves with search-lights, they have little chance against a prepared foe.

Surprise is *the* element that will beyond all others pertain to success; but it will have to be coupled with indomitable pluck and disregard of consequences.

I have endeavoured in the two illustrations dealing with this subject to show what will happen in such a case. The boat steals up until a shot from the enemy shows that concealment is no longer possible. Then it is full speed ahead. Flames rise from the funnel, bullets, shot and shell fall around in a ceaseless hail, darkness, confusion, noise, and flashes. The tubes are already trained, all the officer in charge of them has to do is to wait till the enemy is in line with the sights of the director. *The* moment comes. If he is still alive there is a flash; the torpedo plunges into the sea. There is a roar like thunder, dull and muffled. A giant wave rises and envelopes the doomed enemy in its embrace, and returning, bears away what remains of the torpedo-boat. Then silence and the blackness of the night.

The torpedo has got home!

A BOW WAVE.

FISH, AND THEIR SEASON.

"So many fishes of so many features."
—*Divine Weeks and Works.*

THE following list of the months when the different varieties of fish are in the best condition for food may be useful for housekeepers. It is a summary of what may, as a rule, be found in the great markets of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, as supplied from all sections of the country. Many of the varieties may be purchased at other times, having been preserved in either ice or cold storage, but the fish are not so fine as when they are naturally in season.

Black bass: June, July, August, October, November, December.

Channel bass: February.

Sea bass: April, May, June, July, August, September, October.

Spotted bass: October, November.

Striped bass: Every month in the year.

Blackfish: May, June, July, September, October, November, December.

Bloaters: May.

Bluefish: April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November.

Bonito: August, September.

Butterfish: May, June, July, August, September.

Carp: May, June, September, October.

Catfish: January, February, March, April, August, September, November.

Clams: The year around.

Cod: Fresh the year around, but poor quality during May and June.

Cod tongues: February, March, April.

Hard shell crabs: January, February, April, September, October, November, December.

Soft-shell crabs: February, May, June, July, August, September, October.

Crayfish: The year around, excepting January, February, March.

Eels: The year around.

Flounders: The year around, excepting November, January and February.

Frogs' legs: April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

Grouper: January, February, March, September, October, November, December.

Haddock: The year around, but poor during May and June.

Hake: January.

Halibut: The year around.

Chicken halibut: March, April, May.

Herring: January, February.

Kingfish: April, May. June, July, August, October.

Lobsters: The year around, excepting January.

Fresh mackerel: April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November.

Spanish mackerel: The year around, excepting November, December, January.

Moonfish: July, September.

Mullet: December, January, February.

Oysters: The year around, excepting May, June, July, August.

Yellow perch: February, March, October, November, December.

White perch: February, April, October, November.

Pike: January, February, March, April, September, October, November, December.

Pickerel: The year around, excepting May, June, July, August.

Pompano: February, March, April, May, June, July, September, October.

Porgies: May, June, July, August, September.

Prawns: The year around, excepting June.

Salmon: The year around.

Scallops: January, February, March, April, June, July, August, September, November, December.

Shad: January, February, March, April, May, June (poor), November, December.

Sheepshead: The year around, excepting September, November, December.

Red snapper: January, February, March, April, September, October, November, December.

Skate: The year around, excepting May and October.

Smelts: January, February, April, September, October, November, December.

Sturgeon: March, June.

Brook trout: April, May, July, August.

Salmon trout: February, March, April, May, September, October, November, December.

Tilefish: September.

Turbot: January, December.

Green turtle: The year around, excepting June.

Weakfish: May, June, July, September, October.

Whitebait: The year around, excepting March, May, December.

Whitefish: The year around, excepting January, June, July, August.

—*W. C. Moorland.*

AN ENGLISH MEADOW.

By Fred Miller.

Illustrated by the Author and Vernon Stokes.

THOSE who live in the country take Nature too much for granted. She is at their doors, just as the National Gallery is at the door of the Londoner, and there the matter ends. Kipling, in a recent poem, alluding to the Britisher over-seas, tells those who are at home—

> Weed ye trample underfoot
> floods *his* heart abrim,

and the meadows, the commonest sight to dwellers in the country would give ecstasy to a townsman.

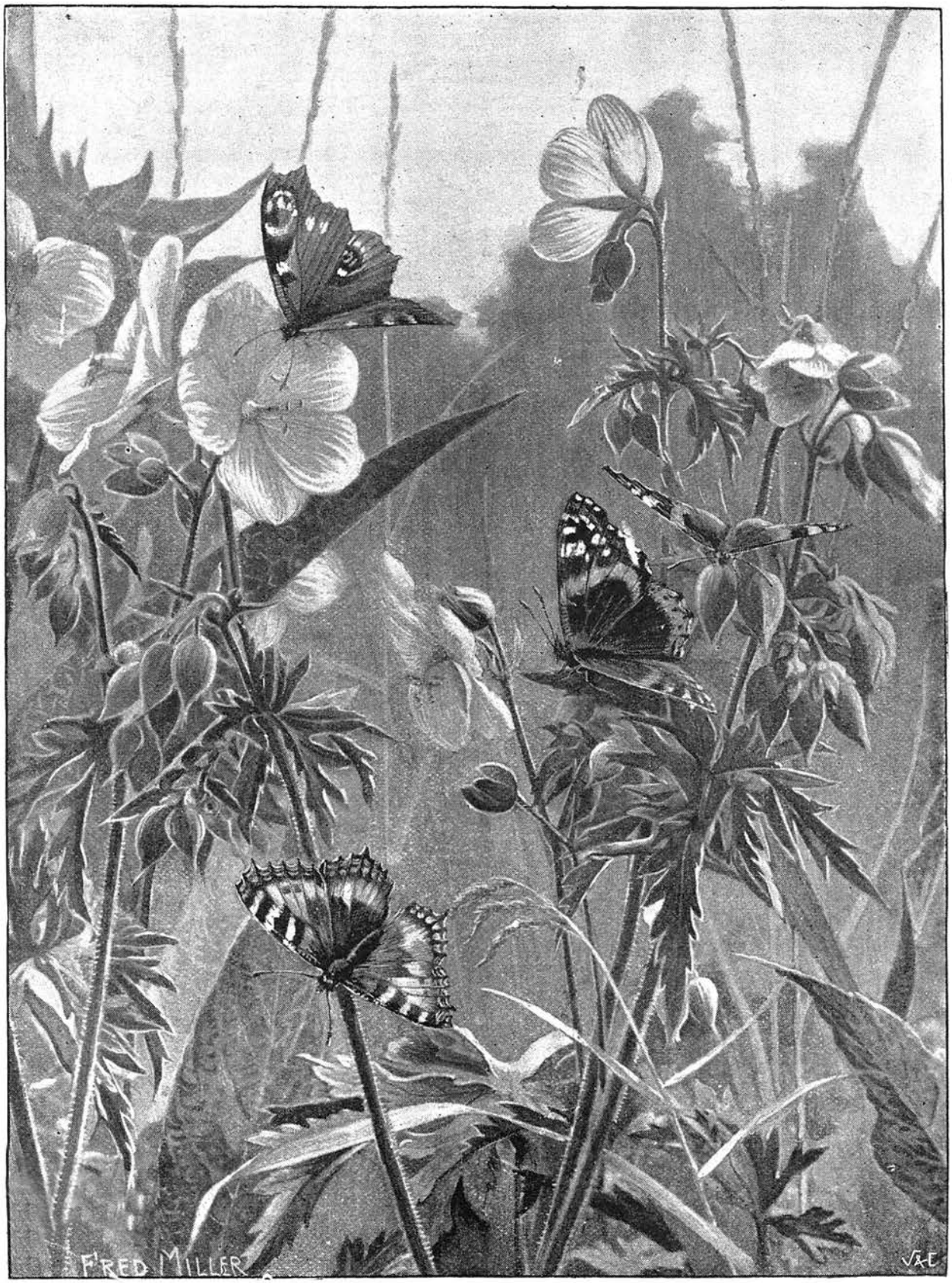
But though I have of recent years been a countryman I had a long apprenticeship in town, and a man who has passed his childhood and youth environed by bricks and mortar—whose chief idea of the country was suggested by a very early acquaintance with Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, with occasional journeys to Hampstead and Epping Forest—brings with him senses sharpened to see what is around him, and is therefore able to appreciate an English meadow. Familiarity does not make me contemptuous.

A London friend who came to see me last spring, when the fields were looking so luscious—painted with a full palette, and opulent in their charms—said he should like to have a slab of meadow sent him weekly as his table decoration, and suggested that a company might be formed to export choice slabs of pasture with all their flora—and possibly some of their fauna—to those situated like himself where meadows were only given a local habitation in the mind's eye.

The time to see English meadows in perfection is from the middle of April onwards to June, for then you begin with the cowslips, king-cups, or golden-loves, as the children call them, about this upper Thames valley, and Shakspeare's lady-smocks all silver white, which, with the daisies pied and violets

blue, do paint the meadows with delight. You watch them become golden with buttercups, then silver with cowparsley, and after that like a ribstone pippin with the ripening grasses (which are all of a reddish or russet hue), and bright red sorrel.

The cowslips this year were not very plentiful, while some years our meadows are quite a pale primrose with them. Last winter was one of the mildest on record, but



BLUE MEADOW CRANE'S BILL.

there are certain climatic conditions, which we do not understand, against the development of particular plants; just as with butterflies some seasons will make the 'clouded yellow' plentiful, while for two or three years after very few are seen. Cowslip wine is still made by a few countrywomen, and very good it is if kept a few years; about here, too, the villagers make wine of dandelion flowers, which is reputed to have medicinal qualities; but for that matter nearly all homemade wines are stomachics, —cowslip in fevers, dandelion for the spring of the year, sloe for the bowel complaint. It certainly adds to the pleasure of a drink to be told that it is useful therapeutically, and to feel that it is palatable.

Culpepper, in his "Herbal," ascribes wonderful virtues to most of our familiar plants. The smaller celandine, for instance, which Wordsworth celebrated more than once in verse, is, he says, "an herb of the sun, and under the celestial Lion, and is one of the best cures for the eyes; for all that know anything in astrology know that the eyes are subject to the luminaries. Let it be gathered when the sun is Leo and the moon Aries, applying to this time; let Leo arise, and then may you make it into an oil or ointment, which you please, to anoint your sore eyes with. I can prove it doth—both my own experience and the experience of those to whom I have taught it —that most desperate sore eyes have been cured by this only medicine."

I like the local names of flowers, and so have called the marsh-marigold, or king-cup, "golden loves," which is the only name it is known by hereabouts. The white alyssum, so often used as a spring bordering in gardens, is called "snow on the mountains."

MOON DAISIES AND GRASSES.

There are two flowers found in the meadows of the upper Thames which are very local. The fritillary is very plentiful in some meadows, particularly near Oxford. Matthew Arnold in "Thyrsis" speaks of them—

> I know what white, what purple fritillaries
> The grassy harvest of the river yields—
> Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields—
> And what sedg'd brooks are Thames' tributaries.

The white variety is not common ; the usual colour is a laky-purple, with deeper purple patterning, which gives them their local name of snake's heads.

The snowflake is a variety of snowdrop, only many flowers are borne upon the flower-stalk instead of one. The flower and growth are alike graceful.

The moon or ox-eye daisy is not found until June, and I have seen some fields quite carpeted with them ; but this often betokens a poor sandy soil. I number it among our most beautiful wild flowers. A yellow variety of it, and known as the corn marigold, is to be seen in cornfields in July and August.

There is no more beautiful flower than the blue meadow crane's bill. It is found all along the Thames. With its delicate hyacinthine blue flowers and laky flower-buds it is a lovely plant.

If you stop to analyse the beauty of an English meadow it will be found to consist of an enormous variety of plants, not all of equal interest or value in the "carpet," but all adding to the wonderful pattern. The grasses alone are very numerous, and it is an object-lesson to collect a specimen of each and realise how infinite is the variety of nature.

As one leisurely drops down the river glimpses of the inner life of a meadow are obtained where the bank is not too high, for then the eye looks into the grass and not merely over its surface. When the grasses gently bend under a southern wind the varying colour is very beautiful.

After the hay is cut the beauty of the meadows has gone, not to return until the following spring.

By WILFRED WEMLEY.

I WAS sitting upon my door-step endeavouring to get dust out of my latch-key with the root of a geranium, when the man upon the beat turned his bull's-eye upon me.

"Fine night, sir," said he.

"It's nothing of the sort," said I; "it's a detestable night, as cold as a foot-warmer, and colder."

"Ah," said he as he fixed his lantern upon my key, "you gents ain't used to it, perhaps; and stone ain't particler warm to sit upon at any time. Got something in your key, ain't you?"

"Do you suppose I would be trying to get it out with this walking stick if there were not?" cried I testily.

"No, I suppose not," said he philosophically, "but it's bad, though. Gent down the road got something in his key the other night, and when I knocked the folks up, he found he'd come to the wrong house. It's astonishing how they took on. You wouldn't think it, would you? but there's scarce a night goes by as I don't knock up some family or other. Always the same thing, too; window open, back or front, kitchen or parlour, but window open. Why, last Sunday, the folks at twenty-two went to bed with the kitchen window right slap up; and when I rung 'em out, what d'you think, the gentleman swore at me from the landing.

"'Can't you see that there's bars?' says he. 'You must be a fool.'

"'Fool or not,' says I, 'I'm doin' me duty, and I don't let go o' this bell until you come down.'

"Well, he did come down, and next day he wrote up to the station. That's all the thanks I got."

"You're a public martyr," said I, whistling half a sonata into the key to dislodge the dust; "do they always treat you like that?"

"Well," he replied, shooting his light up to my attics as though he hoped to see a burglar looking out of the window, "not all of 'em; sometimes I get a drop of whiskey. I'm a public servant, you see, and the other day, the Colonel over the road there give me half-a-crown for moving a drunken cook he'd got in the place."

"You moved a cook on!" said I, aghast. "Why, every dead policeman must have turned in his grave; I wonder you like to walk at night."

He laughed in a sickly sort of way at the satire, and then went on with it.

"Fact was," he continued, "the Colonel came to me and said,

"'My cook's drunk, and I want her turned out of my 'all.'

"And I says, 'It can't be done, Colonel, not even for you. If she's to be put out, some party inside that house must do it; but you get her on the pavement, and me and my mates will look after her sharp enough.'"

"And what then?" I asked.

"Why, he run her out himself; but not

first time, though. It was a windy night, you must know, and just as he got her to the hall door, which was propped open, it went bang in his face, and he had to begin again. Then her dress split down the back, and he couldn't get a purchase on her—quite an hamateur job altogether."

"IT'S ALL THE WAY YOU CATCH HOLD OF EM, COLONEL."

"And you moved her on when she was upon the pavement?"

"You've got it exactly; she was then under my jurisdiction, and the law permitted me to preserve the public peace. As I said to the Colonel after I'd done it, 'It's all the way you catch hold of 'em, Colonel,' and so it is."

"Well," said I, "if you could catch hold of the dust in this key, we might get into that dining-room, and find a decanter; I suppose you wouldn't mind a little whiskey."

He made no answer to this; but almost before the words were out of my mouth, he had opened the garden gate, and was at my side. Then unbuckling his great coat and taking the key as one about to perform a surgical operation, he turned the light of his lantern upon, it and in two minutes he had done what the root of a geranium would not do in twenty.

My next question concerned himself alone.

"Water?" I asked him; but he made such a wry face at the suggestion that I handed him the decanter, and when he had taken some in a mug, he thought he would stand upon the door-step again, fearing that an inspector might pass by.

"Tell me," I asked, as I gave him a cigarette, "what would happen if you were seen drinking in here?"

"Ah," said he, "that depends whether you asked the inspector to drink too. If you did, he wouldn't make a note of it—otherwise you'd be like to get degraded—or second time, the sack."

"And for smoking?"

"Fined half-a-crown."

"How long are you on this beat to-night?"

"I came on at ten, and I sha'n't go back to the station until six. Ten at night to six in the morning is the usual night spell; but when the weather's very cold, we sometimes get off at four."

"And what about day work?"

"Why, that's divided into two spells. The man who goes on at six in the morning comes off at ten, but he's on again from two till six. The relief man works from ten till two, and again from six till ten. Then there's fixed-point duty either from five at night until one next morning, or from nine in the morning until five at night. We work alternate months night and day duty—and precious hard work it is."

"How about the pay?" said I.

"You begin with twenty-four shillings a week if married, and twenty-three shillings if single; but there's forty pounds of coal for you every week in

winter, and twenty pounds in summer. The single men live at the station, and that's comfortable enough so far as this division is concerned. There's two of us share a bedroom, and a cook on the premises prepares us a dinner, for which the men club together ; but you've got to cook your own breakfast and tea, and you buy all your own food."

"And in your spare time?"

"There's a billiard-room in the station, and books ; but I ain't much of a reader myself. Mostly, though, you're glad to lie down a spell, particlerly if you've been out all night. What's the good of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' to a man with his feet nipped by the snow ; it ain't no good at all."

He was very decisive in this, so I gave him another cigarette, and turned the subject.

"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF THE 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS' TO A MAN WITH HIS FEET NIPPED BY THE SNOW!"

"Tell me," I asked, "how does a man get into the police-force?"

"Ah," said he," that's a long business. When I was sworn, I wrote to 22, Whitehall Place, and they sent me a bundle of papers setting out the qualifications. You see, a man who wants to be in the police mustn't be more than twenty-seven years of age ; he must stand clear 5 ft. 7 in., he mustn't have too much flesh, and he must pass the doctor. When I went up, I thought the gentleman was going to get inside me. Punch, bless yer 'art ; he lay into me with his fist just the same as if I was a carpet, and then he made me jump off a table. After that I had to pass an examination in the first four rules of summing, and they made me read and write. Stiff examination it is too, if you ain't a scholard."

"Then I suppose you became a policeman at once?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't as easy as that. When I'd passed, and accepted the conditions to pay all my debts, and give my whole time to the police-service, I had to supply the names of my last two employers, and to get them to make a declaration that I'd served them faithfully. This form is sent to the local station for the inspector there to make inquiries, and if folks speak well for you, you may sit down and wait until there is a vacancy. I waited three weeks, but some of them are kept a month or two before there's work ready for them."

"What sort of a kit did you get?" I inquired, interested in the business ; but he rattled off the answer as one to whom the subject was clear.

"Two greatcoats, two dress tunics,

one cape, two pair of trousers, two pair of boots, two helmets, one armlet, one whistle, one lantern guard, one belt, one truncheon and case "—and all this he said in a breath.

"And you like the work?"

"I'D SOONER HAVE A MOUTHFUL OF COLD MUTTON SITTING ON A CHAIR, THAN A WHOLE YORKSHIRE PIE IN A COÁL-HOLE."

"Oh, I like it well enough—but then a man's born a policeman or he ain't. It's true that they drilled us at the Wellington Barracks for three weeks before we were taken on, but what's the good of the Goose Step when you've got a 'drunk' on the floor, and three of you can't hold him. Is it on one leg that you want to walk then? No, sir, the instinct when to hit a man with your truncheon, and when to fall back on the frog's march, is as much a part of you as your nose. As I said to a chap playing the cornet outside the 'Princess' last night, 'I was born a policeman, and you was born to be moved on, so horf you get.'"

"But about your beat—do you always work the same streets?"

"Generally for some months. I've got this road, and the two next with the cross turnings joining them—and I go just where I like. If there's anything sus-

picious, I may work one street for a couple of hours; but whether I begin on the right hand or the left at the start, that depends entirely on the sergeant in charge."

"Is it a dangerous beat?"

"Well, I don't know as it is. A few 'drunks' on Saturday, and occasionally a gent who wants some assistance. They're rum uns, too, are some 'drunks.' Last Saturday now, there was a man on his back in the High Street, just like an umbrella with the stick broke; and when I picked him up, he went like a lamb. I walked him near half a mile without his saying a word, when all of a sudden he stopped, and cried out, 'Constable, I've a present for you;' and with that he hit me a bang atween the eyes, and sent me down clean off my legs. I've got the mark here now."

"He wasn't let off with a fine, was he?"

"No, they give him six weeks without the option. And quite right too, or there wouldn't be many policemen for the work. If you was thinking of giving a purty, I'd say to you, 'Do what you like, but don't lay hands upon the police?' It costs money, and magistrates don't take fines easy when the force has been kicked. Otherwise, if a chap goes to the station in a gentlemanlike sort of way, we often let him out when he's sober, and there's an end of it."

"You don't charge him at all?"

"Not necessarily, if we don't know him, and he's gone quiet. It's in the discretion of the inspector."

"And you never took a burglar?"

"I can't say that I did—not the real thing. I had a man a year ago who was coming out of an empty house with a bundle of coats and boots as big as a hayrick, and I nearly lost him too. What do you think he did? Why, he chucked the bundle at me saying, 'Alright, I'll go quiet,' and while I was trying to get the coats and things off my chest, he bolted up the road. It was lucky for me that I'd blown my whistle, for he went straight round the corner into the arms of my mate."

At this point in the interesting dialogue, I had begun to shiver with the cold of the raw night; and he, I thought, being a public servant, would not be the better for any more strong drink. So I asked him the question that had been long upon my lips—and asked it timidly.

"Is it true," said I, "that every policeman is the friend of all the cooks in his neighbourhood?"

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you straight—every man expects to have a house or so where he's sure of a welcome."

"A very natural feeling," said I, "and I suppose the welcome is hearty sometimes."

"Depends on the way the family lives," said he; "but, bless you, there's not much in it. For my part, I'd sooner have a mouthful of cold mutton sitting on a chair, than a whole Yorkshire pie in a coal-hole. It's against your respect, if you've got any, to have to stoop to that sort of thing."

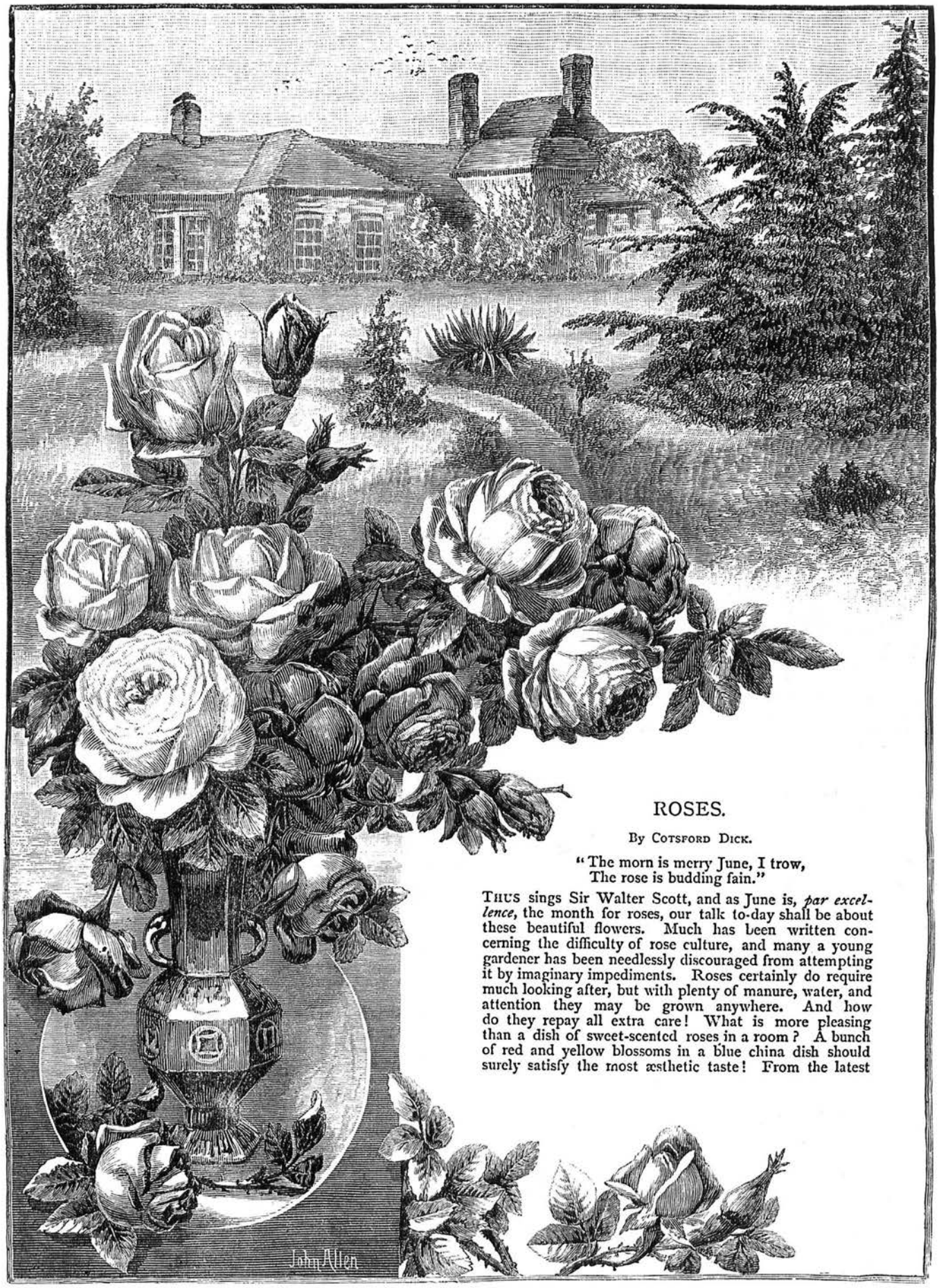
"And a man would have to stoop in a coal-hole," I suggested.

He roared with laughter at the sally.

"Yes," he cried, "I could put up with it three years ago, but now I find it best to promise to marry 'em—providing you haven't more than one in each division. What's it all come to? A bit of string on the pavement, and something cold at the end of it—and while you're opening the parcel, a sergeant on the top of you. No, give me a nice warm kitchen, and the cook able to introdooce me."

"Well," said I, "that's praiseworthy—but don't you hear a step on the pavement? It sounds like one of your men."

"Blazes!" cried he, "it's my sergeant," and with that he cast a sidelong glance at the whiskey decanter; but seeing it empty, he was off like a shot. As he said to me on the following evening, he knew the time of day—but I never doubted it.



ROSES.

By Cotsford Dick.

"The morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain."

Thus sings Sir Walter Scott, and as June is, *par excellence*, the month for roses, our talk to-day shall be about these beautiful flowers. Much has been written concerning the difficulty of rose culture, and many a young gardener has been needlessly discouraged from attempting it by imaginary impediments. Roses certainly do require much looking after, but with plenty of manure, water, and attention they may be grown anywhere. And how do they repay all extra care! What is more pleasing than a dish of sweet-scented roses in a room? A bunch of red and yellow blossoms in a blue china dish should surely satisfy the most æsthetic taste! From the latest

hybrid perpetual to the good old-fashioned cabbage rose—

> "The floweret of a hundred leaves,
> Expanding while the dewfall flows,
> And every leaf its balm removes,"

there is no flower more beautiful in the whole floral catalogue.

We will now suppose that you are going to make a rose-bed in your garden for the first time. Choose, then, a situation as sheltered from high winds and as far removed from trees and shrubs as possible. As regards the shape of the bed, a long strip about four feet wide is as good as any, as the rose bushes can then be easily reached from all sides. Dig out the original soil to the depth of two feet, and fill up the trench thus made with good turfy loam (that is to say, the top spit of a grassy meadow), and mix with this an equal quantity of well rotted manure. The turf may be difficult to procure, but in a chalky or gravelly soil it is absolutely necessary. The bed should be made in October, and during November you must buy a well-selected assortment of rose-trees, and plant them in the good rich soil which you have prepared for them. When the roots are carefully and comfortably settled, and the standards (if you have any) firmly staked in order to prevent the wind from blowing them about, add a top dressing of thoroughly rotten manure, and leave them alone in their new home, undisturbed, until March. In March the operation of pruning must be undertaken, which consists in shortening the strong shoots back to within four or six eyes of the base of the stem, removing the weak shoots altogether, or cutting them back to a single eye. If the spring is a dry one, water freely, but only when there is no danger of night frosts; and as soon as the bloom-buds are formed, apply plenty of liquid manure, of which the best is two pounds of guano to ten gallons of water. If you wish to have single roses large enough to excite the admiration of your friends, leave only one bud (and that one the strongest) on each shoot, and all the sap will then go to form a splendid blossom. One of the most troublesome things to deal with in rose-growing is the presence of the green fly. This pest requires the greatest attention, and must be unceasingly looked after. Fumigation with tobacco water, and afterwards a good syringing with clean water, is an almost certain remedy. Crushing the insects with the finger and thumb will reduce their numbers, but the buds and leaves must be immediately washed after they are destroyed, so that no portion of their crushed bodies remains. For mildew, which is caused by damp and want of air, the affected leaves must be dusted with sulphur. Another receipt for destroying green fly is to syringe the rose-trees with soft soap dissolved in warm water, and wash with plain water afterwards. This is easier, perhaps, than the tobacco method. From the time when the buds commence to form, your roses will demand your most assiduous care. Remember that they are especially gross feeders, or, if you will, "great eaters." You cannot supply them too much with food, which, of course, must be conveyed to them through the medium of water. If your soil is naturally poor, when they have done flowering in the autumn, the earth should be renewed by carefully taking away about three inches of the surface (mind and do not injure the roots), and putting in its place as good stuff as you can get.

It is very hard to decide between the claims of "standards" or "dwarfs;" but for amateur gardeners, methinks the dwarf kind, grown either on their own roots, or on the Manetti stock, are most satisfactory. The Manetti stock is suitable for all soils, and produces generally vigorous growth. A very pretty effect can be given to a rose-bed by simply pegging down some strong shoots of dwarf roses, which, if properly managed, will make quite a carpet of bloom; but the shoots must be turned down towards the ground at an early period in their career, otherwise they will break off.

Budding is the insertion of a bud taken from one tree into the bark of another, and is an operation which every amateur gardener should be able to perform, as it is a source of the greatest interest. The month of July is the best season for budding, when the buds are seen to be well formed between the foot-stalk of the leaves and the stem, and when the bark of the stalk can be freely and easily raised from the wood. Take your budding-knife and make a slit in the bark of the tree in which you are going to insert the bud, of about an inch in length; then make another short slit across, so that these two cuts shall be in the form of a T. The cut should go through to the wood, but not deeper. Next take a very thin slice of the bark from the tree containing the bud, a little below a leaf, and cut it so that you remove the leaf, and the bud at its base, with the small slice you have taken. Carefully pick out, with knife and thumb, any portion of wood, however small, that may be remaining behind the bud, but beware of injuring the bark. The leaves of course must be taken off; then, with the handle of the budding-knife, separate and turn back the bark on the tree that you have cut like the letter T, and tuck the bud and its bark under the slit close to the wood, and between it and the turned-back bark. With cautious fingers bind the place over with a piece of bass, taking care to let the bud come at the part where the slits cross each other. Cut the stem down to within one shoot or so above the place where you have inserted the bud, so that the sap may not flow past the cut, but concentrate all its attention to the healing and nourishment of the interloping bud that has been so suddenly introduced. Much practice and some little patience will be required before you can hope to obtain the "knack" of budding as cleanly and as delicately as it should be done, but when once you have accomplished it, you will always look forward to the budding time with the greatest pleasure and interest.

By budding you may produce several kinds of roses upon the same plant. The stock which is to receive the bud should be the common brier, and the bud may be chosen from any good rose-tree which you may be anxious to propagate, and should be selected from a vigorous part of the tree, and one that has never flowered. A bud generally gets firmly united in about five or six weeks time, and ought to start into growth in the following spring. Operate always on the new wood made during the spring and summer, and look well after the budded stem during the autumn and winter, that it be not broken by the winds, or too heavily weighed down by the snow. The late afternoon or evening is the best time for budding, and the bass should be slightly damped before using it to join the bud to the stock.

We come now to the consideration of the different kinds of roses which should be planted in every garden that desires to count a "rosery" among its beauties. The young gardener should endeavour to learn to recognise each variety, and readily to distinguish between the different blossoms, and observe the peculiarities of each. The change that the last few years has effected, from the old kinds of roses to those that may now be seen in our gardens, is really wonderful. We cannot hope, however, to give more than a few names of the more useful and beautiful sorts.

First, we must name the Hybrid Perpetual Roses, which section contains perhaps some of the best known flowers. Nearly all the Hybrid Perpetuals make good standards, but it is well to remember in making a selection that the standards should be chosen from among the most vigorous, robust, and free-growing. All are good for dwarfs. Here is our list, with colour attached :—

Beauty of Waltham (rosy crimson, finely formed, and very sweet).

Captain Christy (delicate flesh-colour).

Charles Lefebvre (bright and rich red; a fine rose).

Duke of Edinburgh (rich crimson, flowers large).

Géant des Batailles (crimson, very sweet; well-known rose).

General Jacqueminot (brilliant red, abundant bloomer).

John Hopper (rosy crimson, flowers full and well formed).

Jules Margottin (cherry colour, a good climber).

La France (fine pink, centre silvery white; large flowers).

Madame la Baronne de Rothschild (pale flesh colour; very fine).

Madame Lacharme (lovely white; highly scented).

Marguerite de St. Amand (glossy flesh-colour).

Miss Hassard (delicate flesh-colour; very sweet).

Paul Néron (pale soft rose, violet shade; flowers full).

Pierre Notting (blackish red, deep and velvety).

Prince Camille de Rohan (rich maroon crimson; fine rose).

Sénateur Vaisse (scarlet; flowers large and fragrant).

Star of Waltham (bright pink; fine form).

Victor Verdier (cherry rose; a charming colour).

Any of the above list will be found satisfactory, although we have been obliged to omit many fine roses.

The Damask Perpetuals come next, and although we only give two examples, they will be found very beautiful, hardy, and fragrant. They bloom continuously.

Mogador (brilliant crimson, shaded with purple).

Crimson (du Roi) (fine colour, and sweet scented).

The Perpetual Scotch Rose, named Stanwell, is a charming variety of delicious fragrance. It commences blooming in May, and continues to give beautiful masses of flowers until November.

The next family of roses which demand our attention is the Bourbon. The Bourbon roses (originally from the Isle of Bourbon) are hardy and tolerably free-blooming. They are, strictly speaking, autumnal bloomers, as, although they flower early as well as late, they do not produce their best flowers before the late summer. They make good wall roses. We give the names of four: –

Acidalie (white, beautifully tinted; a fine wall rose).

Baronne Gonella (bright cerise, with fine bronze hue).

Queen of Bedders (deep crimson; producing large clusters of buds).

Souvenir de la Malmaison (blush, one of the finest grown).

The Tea-scented Roses are mostly tender, and need a slight protection. The *Rosa odorata* was introduced from China in 1810; this and the old yellow Tea-scented Rose became the parents of all the different varieties of this family. For low south walls they have no equal, and are admirably adapted for pot culture in the greenhouse. They require a rich, warm, dry soil; and a moderate pruning is best for them.

Adam (rosy pink; one of the most beautiful).

Belle Lyonnaise (deep canary yellow; fine wall rose).

Cheshunt Hybrid (cherry carmine; very hardy).

Devoniensis (creamy white; deliciously scented).

Gloire de Dijon (buff, with orange centre; vigorous and free blooming; the most useful of all the tea-scented roses).

Madame Falcot (apricot colour; beautiful in bud).

Niphetos (white, with pale straw centre; superb).

Souvenir d'un Ami (salmon and rose; large foliage).

The Noisette Roses are of American origin. They bloom in large clusters throughout the autumn months, producing long vigorous shoots, with a rich perfume.

Aimée Vibert (pure white; blooms in large clusters).

Céline Forrestier (deep canary yellow; highly fragrant).

Cloth of Gold (pure yellow, shy bloomer, and very tender).

Lamarque (pale straw; good for a wall).

Maréchal Niel (deep rich yellow; best of yellow roses).

The China Rose is a native of China, and was introduced about the year 1789; from this, and the old Crimson China, have sprung all the later varieties. They are tolerably hardy, and bloom almost constantly, hence they are sometimes called "monthly roses." The Cramoisie supérieure, the old blush, and Mrs. Bosanquet will be found the most hardy and free blooming. We will conclude our list with naming two other kinds of roses, specimens of which should be grown in the garden; viz., the Ayrshire Roses, and the Banksias; of the former we recommend Bennett's seedling (pure white; blooms in immense clusters).

Dundee Rambling (white, tinged with pink).

Ruga (very fragrant and beautiful).

These Ayrshire roses are charming for banks, rocks, or wildernesses. They are of rapid growth, and as "weeping roses," bowing to the ground, laden with flowers, are quite beautiful.

The Banksias are tender, sub-evergreen roses. The white and yellow are well-known. They require to be grown upon a south wall, and a hot, dry, well-drained situation.

The above list is far from being exhaustive, yet the young gardener will not do amiss if he obtains one or two specimens from each family, and succeeds in growing these in a satisfactory manner. Manure, water, and (great) attention; remember these three words, and you may reasonably hope to grow roses well worth the labour bestowed upon them. Roses generally require such liberal applications of manure, that it does not do to mix the majority of flowering plants with them. The time, however, comes when they lose their first glory, after their principal display, and then the beds which are devoted to roses, especially if there be a preponderance of standards, begin to look somewhat shabby. To obviate this, sow ten-week stocks and French marigolds about the middle of April, and again a fortnight later. These flowers will relish, and thrive wonderfully in, the good rich soil of the rose-bed, and continue to bloom much longer than under ordinary treatment. Mignonette may also be sown in pots and planted out among the roses, but in some soils this sweet-scented flower is apt to grow rampantly, and choke the other plants with which it is associated. Gladioli are admirably suited for planting in the spaces between the roses, as they are very strong and easily managed. But your own taste must help you to decide this matter, and if you are venturesome, some pretty effects may be produced from very harmless experiments.

Your principal work in the garden during the month of June will be to propagate carnations and picotees by layers and pipings, (which latter method is the simplest). Take up all your bulbs, tulips, anemones, and ranunculus roots, &c., and put them in an airy place to dry, taking care that no damp can get at them.

Transplant the large annuals from the seedling-bed, if you have made one, and place them where they are to remain. Choose a dull day for this. Complete the planting out of all ordinary tender flowers, as well as geraniums, heliotropes, verbenas, and hydrangeas.

Weed actively; as, unless you do this, the weeds will overrun the flowers. Weeds that grow up in patches should be drawn out by the hand, but soak the ground well first, so that they may come out easily.

Water frequently if the season be a dry one, and do this thoroughly while you are about it. Surface watering is worse than none, as it only excites the roots without nourishing them. A good watering twice a week is better than a sprinkling once a day. Water in the evening, and let the whole space of the ground be watered alike. Try to imitate a heavy shower of rain. Nature is the best guide to follow.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

DUTIES OF A LAUNDRESS.

A LAUNDRESS may be also a chamber-maid, where no housemaid is kept, in which case the housemaid's duties in the bedrooms devolve upon her.

The laundress should be provided (if it is convenient, and not too expensive) with all things suitable for her work. Heavy and light irons, skirt-board, bosom-board, sleeve-board (covered with heavy flannel or bits of blanket) and two washable covers for each,—best in the shape of bags of the shape of the boards and to slip over them,—and two covers for the ironing table, also covered with flannel or blanket. It is the laundress's duty to keep these covers clean. A mangle for bed and table linen and towels is advantageous. With it not more than a quarter of the usual time is required for ironing the linen, and it saves it from all scorching and gives to it the gloss and softness of new. I have used for nearly forty years the old-fashioned heavy mangle filled with stone; but there are now many kinds. The linen is folded very smooth and rolled round the mangle pins, put under the weighted box, and with the handle the box is rolled backward and forward over the pins. There should be horses in the laundry for airing the clothes, and in summer a mosquito net to throw over them to protect them from dust and flies; also a fluting machine and fluting scissors, a piece of bees'-wax for her irons, and some bits of cotton cloth in which to tie her wax.

The laundry should be kept scrupulously clean. Laundry work is the part of house-work over which a mistress can have the least supervision; she must judge of it by the results. No soda, potash, or borax should be allowed except for special occasions,—the removing of stains, obstinate grease spots, etc.,—when it should be given out for the occasion. Bluing (of which ball-bluing is best), soap and starch must be used at the laundress's discretion. Table-linen is best with a little water starch in it and mangled. Bed-linen is better mangled. Flannels must be washed by themselves in the hottest soap-suds (no soap rubbed upon them), and rinsed in the hottest clear water, and passed through the wringer and well shaken and ironed before they are quite dry. The clothes that are ready should be brought up at the end of the day. This is the duty of the housemaid, if one is kept.

Clothes that are worn or torn should either be mended before going into the wash, or rough-dried and sent upstairs to be mended, before being starched or ironed. There is great economy in this. Clothes are much less destroyed in the wearing than by the wash-board, and a laundress should be forbidden to rub fine clothes upon it. The wash-board is a barbarous invention, and one generally yields to it from a supposed modern necessity.

DUTIES OF A WAITRESS.

THE duties of a waitress vary with the habits and needs of the family. She must first open the windows to air the rooms. If no housemaid is kept the care of the parlors devolves upon the waitress. After attending to the parlor work (see the previous issue of this magazine) she should brush down and dust the stairs. It is important to do this before the family is stirring. The dining-room should then be attended to. (If the waitress has charge of the parlors, they can be attended to after breakfast.) She should see that no scraps are upon the dining-room floor; set the breakfast table; see that the kettle (and a waitress should have one which is used by no one else) is put upon the fire filled with fresh filtered cold water.

The front steps and sidewalk can be swept, and the front door and vestibule attended to before or after breakfast, according to the hours of the family. The vestibule should be washed daily. When breakfast is ready, the waitress should appear tidily dressed, and with white aprons and cuffs.

I think much waiting at the breakfast table is out of place. A waitress should look to see that she has omitted nothing, and should be within call during breakfast time. She has the china and silver to wash, the carving-knives to clean, the cleaning appointed for each day, the door-bell to answer, and that she may never go to the door looking untidy, a part of the pantry furniture should be a large, coarse apron which will shield her while doing her work.

Lunch is a less formal meal but it should be nicely served and announced, and dinner should be looked upon not merely as something to eat, but as the climax of the day,—for rest, comfort and conversation. The table should be carefully laid,—folds of the table-cloth in line, two large napkins placed at the head and foot of the table with corners to the center, every plate wiped before being set upon the table, the glass clear, the silver polished, the salt-cellars filled with fresh sifted salt. (A little stamp upon the salt improves the appearance.) When the plates are laid, two forks should be put on the left hand, a knife and a soup-spoon on the right, large spoons crossed at each salt-cellar, and salt-spoons on the top; tumblers and wine-glasses on the right hand at each plate, a napkin folded with a piece of stale bread within its folds, the soup-plates placed in the plate at the head of the table, and the napkin in the upper one. Soup-ladle, gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork go before the mistress; fish-trowel (if there is fish for dinner), gravy-spoon, and carving knife and fork before the master; if there is no soup, no ladle; if no fish, no trowel; if but one dish of meat, but one carving knife and fork. If you have neither fruit nor flowers, a bowl with bits of ice makes a pretty center.

The side-table should be laid with a white cloth, the silver, plates, finger-bowls, that will be needed during dinner, arranged tastefully upon it; the castors, a pat of butter with ice upon it, and one or two spare napkins, making it a pretty object.

When the soup is on the table, let the waitress come quietly and say, "Dinner is served." A good waitress makes no noise. She will stand at the dining-room door till the family has passed in, and then take her place by her mistress to hand the soup. When the soup course is over, the waitress takes off the plates, one in each hand, and takes them to the pantry, or to a tray outside the door. Permit no piling of plates as they are taken from the table, nor allow the soiled plates to be placed on the side-table. As the soup is removed hot plates should be ready for fish or meat, and as the waitress places the hot plate before the diner, she removes the cold plate to the side-table. Fish should be served alone—no vegetables. Salad is the only thing allowable with fish. If fish be broiled, a lemon, cut in quarters, should be handed, to be squeezed upon the fish, unless fish-sauce is preferred. With salmon, thinly cut slices of cucumber, dressed with pepper, salt, and vinegar, should be served. Before the fish is removed, the fish-trowel and spoon should be taken off on a tray or plate; before the meat is removed, the carving-knife and fork and gravy-spoon should be carefully taken on a plate or tray. After the meat and plates are removed, the unused silver should be taken off, then the salt-cellars. The table being cleared, the crumbs should be taken off with a crumb-knife or with a napkin upon a plate; then the spread napkins should be taken off by the four corners.

Place upon the table the dessert-plates, and spoons, and forks, if for pudding or sweets of any kind; if for fruit, a plate with a colored doily, a finger-bowl, and a silver knife and fork. If coffee is served, it should be placed on a tray, with coffee-cups and sugar, at the head of the table. The old fashion of a polished and bare table for fruit is gone out, except where an elaborate table and men-servants are kept.

It is the duty of the waitress to see that no one is without bread and the accustomed beverages during dinner, being careful to hand everything on the left hand side, and never reaching in front of any one.

If tea is taken in the evening, the tray should be set in the drawing-room before dinner. If there is an urn or spirit-kettle, the water should be boiled upon the table, and watched, for the tea should be made the moment the water boils. If the water stands after boiling, the tea is never clear. Where there is no urn or spirit-kettle, the waitress should feel the responsibility of bringing the kettle at the proper moment. The waitress's kettle for tea should be used for no other purpose, and should be rinsed out night and morning, and filled with fresh, cold, filtered water.

The waitress should have a baize-lined drawer in the side-board for her small silver, and a list on the bottom of the drawer of the silver in daily use; and a closet in the side-board for the larger pieces, each with a baize cover, and a list of the pieces on the door of the closet. She should be provided with two baize-lined baskets (if there is no safe),—one for forks, spoons, ladles, etc., and a larger one for the larger pieces; and the silver should be carried upstairs in these baskets at night

to an appointed place. Narrow leather straps passed under the baskets, carried over the handles, tied in their places and buckled tight, will prevent the weight of the silver from loosening the handles. If there is a silver tray in use, it should be put into a fitting cover and carried up with the silver.

The use of plated knives saves much trouble; they are less expensive, and can always be made bright and clean with a little hot water and soap; whereas the steel knives, unless kept in fine order, are not an ornament to the table, and require great care and skill in cleaning. A smooth pine board should be used, well covered with soft bath-brick, and the knives rubbed backward and forward, first on one side, then on the other, till they are finely polished. The handles should never be wet, or they split and become yellow.

Fine china should be washed in warm water; too hot water is apt to crack the enamel. Glass should be washed in cold water (wine-glasses and tumblers), and polished with a soft linen towel. Silver should be washed in the hottest water,—with a little soda in the water,—wiped dry, and polished with a chamois leather. When cleaned, mix ball whiting with some hartshorn to a paste, apply it with a flannel, and polish with the leather. If the silver is embossed, it will require a soft silver-brush.

It is the waitress's duty at night to see that the area-gate is closed, the windows fastened, the doors locked, the gas put out. It is well for some member of the family to loop back the curtains before going upstairs, to preserve them from the contact of working hands in the morning.

A mistress should tell the waitress in the morning whether she will receive visitors or not, that no visitor may be treated with the incivility of sending in a card and being refused admittance, or kept waiting while the servant is running up and down stairs. Let the mistress say she is "engaged," "indisposed," "will not receive," or "is at home"; but do not expect a servant to say you are "out," or "not at home," if you are in the house, if she is to tell the truth upon other occasions. Though the phrase "out" is understood in society, your servant may only understand it as a falsehood.

PLACARD FOR WAITRESS'S PANTRY.

Open windows. Grates, fires and hearth. Brush carpet. Dust thoroughly. Stairs. Sidewalk before or after breakfast. Kettle. Breakfast-table and waiting. Wash silver, china, and glass. Salt-cellars, castors, and knives. Cleaning appointed for the day. Lunch. Dress. Dinner. Washing of dinner silver, china and glass. Tea. Silver. Locking up.

DUTIES OF A LADY'S MAID.

A WOMAN who takes this position must be neat, active, a good dress-maker, a neat seamstress, and a good hair-dresser, and must understand the getting up of fine muslins and laces.

Every lady has her own way and order of dressing, and must direct the maid accordingly. The maid's first daily duty is to repair to her mistress's dressing-room, where the housemaid, if there be one, has already attended to the grate and fire; if there is no housemaid, the maid must take this duty upon herself. Let her protect her hands with a pair of old gloves, and her dress with a large apron, for a lady's maid needs to keep her hands smooth, delicate, and very clean. She must then prepare the bath, take out the morning dress, put the underclothes to the fire, and have every thing needed upon the toilet-table, when she may go and get her breakfast.

The dressing over, everything is to be put away, brushes combed out, sponges hung up, towels dried and folded, and the room put in order. If she is housemaid as well as lady's maid, she will then attend to the bedroom. (All these duties have been described.)

The dresses worn the day before must then be examined and dusted, and, if muddy, carefully cleaned,—dresses of woolen material with a proper brush, those of silk, with a piece of silk or of soft woolen; all the spots should be removed, and any repairs made, and the clothes hung up in their places. Much-trimmed dresses should be hung on two nails, by loops placed on the belt under the arm, or the weight will drag the skirt into lines. The waists, if separate, should not be hung up. They should be folded carefully with the lining outside, and the seams at the shoulders pulled out straight, and laid upon a shelf or in a drawer.

The bonnet should next be attended to. If the flowers are crushed they should be raised with flower-pliers, which may be got at a flower shop, and the feathers, if damp held before, and not too near the fire or over the steam of boiling water, to restore their curl and crispness. Outer garments should undergo the same examination that they may be ready for wear. Velvet should be cleaned with a soft hair brush. Thin dresses in summer should be shaken, pressed as often as required; and, for this purpose, a maid should have a skirt-board, covered with clean flannel, and two or three fresh cloths, which may be removed and washed.

After having attended to the dresses, she can sit down to any work she may have to do, until she is called upon again. She should take out whatever dress is to be worn for dinner and all its belongings, and, if there is an evening toilet, this must be taken out and made ready, seeing that the skirts are of the right length, etc., etc.

Some ladies require their maids to sit up and undress them, and brush their hair and prepare them for bed. This seems to me not only a very unreasonable requisition, but a very dangerous one to both morals and health. While the mistress is at a gay party, does she expect her maid to sit alone in expectation of her return? She is not likely to do so. It would be better that she should go to bed when her mistress leaves the house, and be ready for her duties the next morning.

Brushes should be washed at least once a week. Dissolve some soda in boiling water, dip the bristles of the brush into the water several times, wetting the handle and back as little as possible, rinse with cold water, wipe the backs and handles, but not the bristles (it makes them soft), and put them into the sun to dry, bristles down. It is better to brush out

the combs and not wet them; a comb-cleaner may be had at any druggist's. All mending but that of stockings, unless of silk, should be done before clothes are sent to the wash. If silk stockings need mending, the stitches should be picked up carefully. Lists should be taken of clothes sent to the wash, for the laundress's sake, as well as your own.

A lady's maid may make herself useful by taking charge of the table and bed linen, examining and making repairs before the wash, and receiving it and putting it away when brought from the laundry.

Many families keep a seamstress, whose only duty is to sew, make whatever is to be made, and repair and keep in order the linen and clothes. Where there are many children this is rather an economy than an extravagance.

WAX FLOWERS. No. 5.

BY MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON.

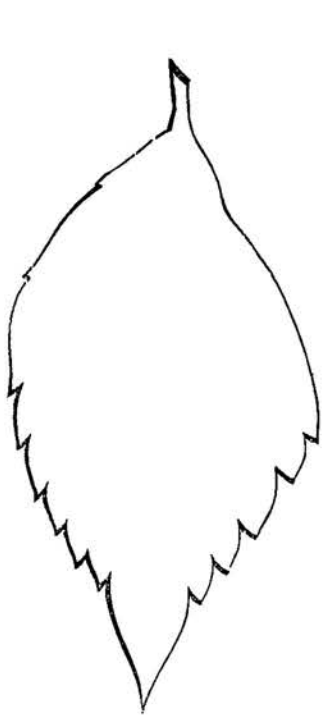


Fig. 1

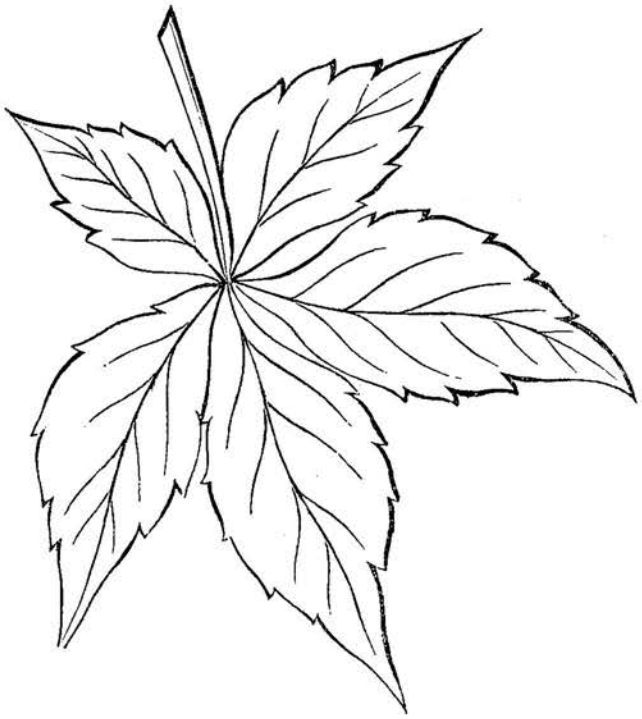


Fig. 2.

THE VIRGINIA IVY.

Materials,—One package light yellow wax; one bottle carmine; one bottle Victoria carmine; one bunch cap wire, (such as you buy at millinery stores); one large size rose leaf-mould, for veining your leaves. Cut the cap wire apart, and shred off the thread. Now cut ten pieces two and a-half inches long, and wind these pieces with narrow strips of the yellow wax. Now, with your cutting-pin, cut eight pieces the size and shape of Fig. 1. Lay in you stem-wire, which you have prepared between two pieces, up as high as the point 6. Press the pieces together with the warmth of the hand; then dip the rose leaf-mould in water, shake off the drops, and vein your leaves, using the back of the mould to get the most perfect veins. Now, cut eight pieces two sizes larger, stem and vein in the same manner, and sixteen pieces two sizes smaller, stem and vein as before. You are now ready to spray your leaves together. This ivy is five-leaved, as you will see by Fig. 2. Arrange as shown in the illustration, Fig. 2. It is very nice for looping up lace curtains.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

MODERN EGYPT.—MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDE.

THE bride and her party, after breakfasting together, set out, a little after midday, in procession to the house of the bridegroom. The ceremony usually occupies three or more hours. The first persons among the bride's party are several of her married female relations and friends, and next a number of young virgins. Then follows the bride, walking under a canopy of silk, of some gay colour or of two colours in wide stripes. The dress of the bride entirely conceals her person. She is generally covered with a red cashmere shawl, or with a white and yellow shawl. Upon her head is placed a small pasteboard cap or crown. The shawl covers this, and conceals the richer articles of her dress, her face, and her jewels, &c., except certain ornaments, generally of diamonds and emeralds, attached to that part of the shawl which covers her forehead. The procession is headed by a party of musicians, and a second party brings up the rear.

HINDOSTAN.—NIGHT PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

In the marriages of persons of distinction the business is conducted with much pomp. In the night, and at a fortunate hour, the bridegroom, superbly dressed, proceeds in a gilded palankeen to the dwelling of the bride. The so-called "lamps" which the attendants carry are bundles of rags tied to copper handles and steeped in oil. The torch-bearers are each provided with a narrow-spouted pot containing oil to pour over the lamps and so keep the flame burning.

SERVIA.—WEDDING PROCESSION AND FESTIVITIES.

The inhabitants of Rizano, who live by trading with the neighbouring Turkish provinces, belong almost entirely to the Greek Church, and have retained their national costume, together with the language and customs of their forefathers, in their entirety, to the present day. Our Engraving represents a bridal procession returning the customary and complimentary small mortar salutes with their fire-arms, on the road leading from the church.

CHINA.—BOWING TO ANCESTRAL PICTURES.

The bridegroom was a man of thirty-five, one of the agents of the firm at Hakodadi; the bride was twenty years of age, and daughter of a wealthy Shanghai native merchant. The dining-room, in which the ceremony was to take place, had been cleared and garnished. The chair in which the bride was carried having been borne into the room with a stately procession, the curtains around the chair were drawn aside by the bride's nurse, who at once led her forth—a bird of the most gorgeous plumage, quite a bundle of embroidery, in scarlet, black, and gold, with a belt of pink silk and ivory round her waist, and her head crowned with a tiara of false jewels, and further decorated with crimson flowers upon a chignon, and with a crimson silk veil, two feet in length, entirely hiding her face. The bridegroom had meantime come in from an adjoining room, preceded by a master of the ceremonies, with a lighted candle in each hand. Standing near one of the tables, he took three burning joss-sticks in his hands, and responded to the questions put to him by a priest, bowing repeatedly at the shrine of the joss or idol, some pictures of whom hung on the walls. The bride, having been placed beside him, supported by the old nurse, who had a little scarlet flag in her hand, was similarly addressed, and made the proper responses.

PERSIA.—BRIDE CONDUCTED HOME.

A day having been fixed for fetching home the bride, a crowd of people collect at both houses—the gentlemen at the bridegroom's, the ladies at that of the bride. As soon as it is dark, the latter, decked in her finest attire, is brought by the bridegroom's party to her new habitation, wrapped in a shawl provided by the husband, and accompanied by musicians, drummers, and lantern-bearers. On the cavalcade meeting the bridegroom, who comes a certain distance in advance, he throws an orange, or some other fruit, at the bride, and runs towards his house. This is a signal for a general scamper after him, and whosoever can catch him is entitled to his horse and clothes, or a ransom in lieu of them. When the bride arrives at the door, a man of either party jumps up behind her, and, seizing her by the waist, carries her within. Should this be done by one of the bridegroom's attendants, it is an omen of his maintaining a due authority; should one of her friends succeed in performing the duty, it augurs that she will in future "keep her own side of the house."

JAPAN.—DRINKING THE WEDDING SAKI.

The bride is attired in white, and covered from head to foot with a white veil. In this garb she is seated in a palanquin and carried forth, escorted by the marriage brokers, by his family, and by the friends bidden to the wedding feast; the men in their dress of ceremony, the women in their gayest gold bordered robes. Upon reaching the bridegroom's house the bride is accompanied by two playfellows of her girlhood into the state room, where in the post of honour sits the bridegroom, with his parents and nearest relations. In the centre of the apartment stands a table, with miniature representations of a fir-tree, &c. Upon another stands all the apparatus for saki-drinking. Beside this last the bride takes her position; and now begins a drinking of saki, in which the bridesmaids bear an important part. This drinking finished in due form, the ceremonial is completed.

CALMUCK, STEPPES OF THE CASPIAN SEA.—SCRAMBLING FOR THE BRIDE'S HANDKERCHIEF.

The preliminaries consist in stipulating the amount, in horses, camels, and money, which the bridegroom is to pay to the bride's father; this being settled, the young man sets out on horseback, accompanied by the chief nobles of his tribe, to carry off his bride. A sham resistance is always made by the people of her camp, in spite of which she fails not to be borne away on a richly caparisoned horse. When the party arrive at the spot where the kibitka of the new couple is to stand, the bride and bridegroom dismount, kneel on carpets, and receive the benediction of their priests; then they rise, and, turning towards the sun, address their invocations aloud to the four elements. At this moment the horse on which the bride has been brought home is stripped of saddle and bridle, and turned loose for anyone to catch and keep who can. This practice is observed only among the rich. The setting up of the kibitka concludes the whole ceremony. The bride chooses a bridesmaid, who accompanies her in her abduction; and when they come to the place for the kibitka the bride throws her handkerchief among the men: whoever catches it must marry the bridesmaid.

JAVA.—EXTINGUISHING THE HYMENEAL TORCH.

At a Javanese marriage we usually see the grown people sitting on one side, and about a hundred little brown cupids, bare-backed and painted, on the other. In the midst sits the band, with their instruments of different metals and skins—a hideous discord—while a child dressed as an old woman, with long hair and horrid mask, gesticulates up and down, to the great delight of the other children. In some parts of Java, when a man marries a second or third time he is made to advance with an ignited brand in his hand, on which the bride pours water from a vase to extinguish it.

BORNEO.—DYAK MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

The bride and bridegroom are made to sit upon two bars of iron. The priest waves two fowls over them, and then knocks their heads together. The bridegroom puts a cheroot and some betel-leaf into the bride's mouth. The fowls are then killed, &c.

NEW ZEALAND.—DECIDING BETWEEN RIVAL SUITORS.

Sometimes a girl is sought by two men of tolerably equal pretensions. When this is the case they are told by the father to settle the matter by a pulling-match. This is a very simple process. Each suitor seizes the girl and tries to drag her away to his own house. This is a very exciting business for everyone except the girl herself, who is always much injured by the contest, her arms being sometimes dislocated.

SOUTH AMERICA.—ARAUCANIAN INDIAN COURTSHIP.

Every bride is carried off bodily by the bridegroom and his friends. A sham resistance is made by the bride and her female friends, and a tolerably vigorous scuffle ensues, when the suitor is approved. When he is disapproved, the male members of the family turn out and the resistance is much more stubborn and serious.

SOUTH AFRICA.—MARRIAGE AMONG THE KAFFIRS.

The intended bridegroom is required to exhibit himself for approval before his lady love, whilst some member of the family, whose friendship and good offices he has secured, expatiates on his fine qualities. He is required to exhibit himself from various points of view, and to be put through his paces, much after the manner of a horse, in order to satisfy the lady's critical taste.

OUR TOUR IN NORWAY.

THE DIARY OF TWO LONDON GIRLS.

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide,
Saturday, July 26.

THE delightful anticipation of letters from home at Faleide was sufficient incentive to us to arise very early and pursue our journey from Nedre Vasenden, in spite of the inclement weather. When I awoke Kate at four she said she should prefer to go home, and get warm in "auld England." It certainly did look very dismal. But we have to be philosophical, to take things as they come, and to be resigned and contented under every vicissitude and trial. Travelling is a grand experience, it rubs off one's narrow-mindedness and prejudices, and teaches us to judge our fellow creatures gently and charitably, and not by appearances only.

"Katrine" supplied us with a good "hest," which conveyed us to Ordal, a small cottage where we asked for milk, and received some that was so sour we could not drink it. "Hest strax, vœr saa god" (pronounced ver so goo) generally procured us a stolkjœrre as quickly as possible, although the diminutive cream-coloured quadruped has often to be obtained from a neighbour. At each station it is essential to enter your name and the number of horses required in the "dagbog" (daybook), also it is wise to consult the same for the charge made. The native horses are generally well-proportioned, spirited, and sure-footed; they go at a spanking pace down hill, when we cling fiercely to each other, and clench the front board with our feet. When feeding in the mountains, should they be attacked by a bear, they show great courage, fighting with their fore-legs, and usually come off victorious.

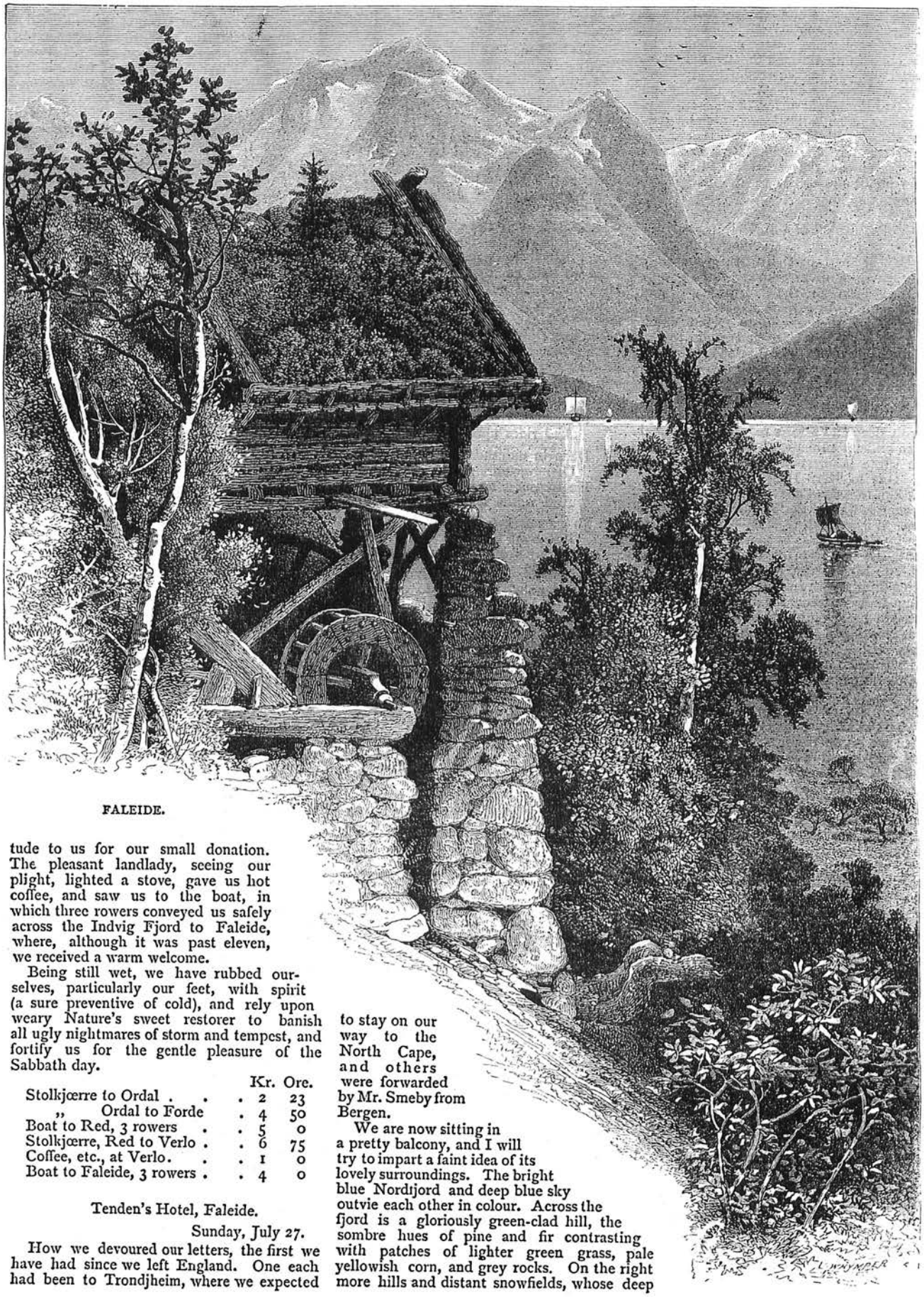
The Norwegians have not the slightest notion of the value of time, which is often irritating to the tourist, who recognises the importance of every hour. Still, it is useless to get impatient, they will not be hurried, and it is necessary to preserve a composed exterior, and speak kindly. A grandly magnificent drive to Forde 'mid mountains, lakes, and waterfalls, during which the clouds graciously withdrew their piercing darts. Forde is only a wretched hovel, and yet its position commands a good station. In tempestuous weather the boatmen will not cross to Bredheimsvandet. In that case what can the poor traveller do who has driven or walked all the way from Nedre Vasenden for the purpose of reaching Red? Fortunately we generally contrive to carry tea, bread, or biscuits, and luckily we had eaten some on the road, for neither bread nor milk could we get at Forde. We are told that in winter here there is light for only six hours in the day.

INTERIOR OF A NORWEGIAN HOUSE.

Three men rowed us in the space of three and a-half hours to Red, where we had milk and "kavringer" (rusks) at a small cost. Here there is one tidy bedroom.

A young woman brought us a stolkjœrre, but we soon discovered that it must simply transmit our cargo while we walked across the mountain, 2,200 feet high, which road is probably the steepest in Norway. Soon the wind arose, hailstones descended, misty darkness covered the earth — and this was a pass for which we had been told to reserve unbounded transports! Unable to hold our umbrellas, we could scarcely open our eyes lest they should be cut out, and our impervious (?) macintoshes were soaked, so were our skins. As for our boots, it was difficult to conceive that we had any on. Another time I will have a pair of real porpoise-hide, topped with calf up to the calf.

Arriving at the hospitable and clean station of Verlo or Utviken, our chief concern was for the poor woman who had accompanied us, and whose great anxiety had been for her "hest" (these people are full of mercy and tenderness towards their animals), but no persuasions would induce her to linger in Verlo for the night. Back she went on that desolate road in that terrible night, having expressed grati-



FALEIDE.

tude to us for our small donation. The pleasant landlady, seeing our plight, lighted a stove, gave us hot coffee, and saw us to the boat, in which three rowers conveyed us safely across the Indvig Fjord to Faleide, where, although it was past eleven, we received a warm welcome.

Being still wet, we have rubbed ourselves, particularly our feet, with spirit (a sure preventive of cold), and rely upon weary Nature's sweet restorer to banish all ugly nightmares of storm and tempest, and fortify us for the gentle pleasure of the Sabbath day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Ordal . .	2	23
,, Ordal to Forde	4	50
Boat to Red, 3 rowers .	5	0
Stolkjœrre, Red to Verlo .	6	75
Coffee, etc., at Verlo. .	1	0
Boat to Faleide, 3 rowers .	4	0

Tenden's Hotel, Faleide.

Sunday, July 27.

How we devoured our letters, the first we have had since we left England. One each had been to Trondjheim, where we expected to stay on our way to the North Cape, and others were forwarded by Mr. Smeby from Bergen.

We are now sitting in a pretty balcony, and I will try to impart a faint idea of its lovely surroundings. The bright blue Nordtjord and deep blue sky outvie each other in colour. Across the fjord is a gloriously green-clad hill, the sombre hues of pine and fir contrasting with patches of lighter green grass, pale yellowish corn, and grey rocks. On the right more hills and distant snowfields, whose deep

purple fronts dip in the calm blue fjord. On the left, amid varied foliage, a few red slate roofs, more distant purple, higher and vaster stretches of pure white snow, and peaks towering one above another, sometimes distinct and clear, *sometimes partly* enshrouded by clouds and shining through them. Below on the water's edge a hut, covered with grass and flowers, and two or three trees growing on the roof to the height of five or six feet.

It is altogether a glorious day and a gorgeous scene, and we—oh! we thoroughly appreciate and revel in it all. Even to sit and watch the clouds, the evanescent mists, and colours multitudinous, is worth coming for, apart from anything else.

Raftevold's Hotel, Grodaas,
Monday, July 28.

Awoke at half-past five this morning, having arranged to accompany some people (who had been to the North Cape, and suffered with bad weather) across the Nordfjord to Olden, thence walk to Olden Vand, take a boat up the lake, and walk to the Brixdal Glacier. It was destined to be an excursion of sixteen hours, with two guides to lead the way and carry provisions. After some discussion, Kate and I concluded that we could not conscientiously spare the day, and with deep and sincere regret we refrained from so brilliant an undertaking.

We wrote business letters, an imperative duty. One to Herr Heitmann, Christiania, to ask him to reserve one cabin amidships for two young ladies on the Rollo, August 15th. Messrs. Wilson had recommended us when at Hull to do this, so as to secure our being without the intrusion of fellow-passengers. Another to Mr. Smeby, with a small present, thanking him for forwarding our letters, and desiring that he would convey to Captain Soulsby, of the Domino, the baggage we had left at his hotel in Bergen. Another to Captain Soulsby, soliciting as a great favour *that he would* safely deliver our luggage at the office of Messrs. Wilson, Hull, on August 11th. Another to Messrs. Wilson to request them kindly to take charge of the same till we arrived at Hull by the Rollo.

Then we sat in the pretty balcony at Tenden's, and listened to the prattle of an elderly lady who is travelling alone. She constantly reiterated her chagrin that she had not joined the party to the glacier; that they might have pressed their invitation; that she was in the breakfast-room when there was yet only one plate on the table, to show that she was sufficiently early; that she would never intrude on anyone, and finished each remark with, "But I sat upon my pride, I sat upon my pride." How sorry she was that some of her garments were on the hill being cleansed, or she would honour us with her society to Grodaas. She was very persistent; whenever we moved she followed with her tautological decantations, till we finally beat a hasty retreat to our pleasant wooden chamber, and closed the door. About one, Kate charioteered our stolkjærre, while I exercised my limbs and judgment too. Some men, in a shed containing buckets of sprats that had just been caught, were putting them in tubs with large quantities of salt to preserve them. I arrested the attention of one youth, and before he could sprinkle the salt, inquired "Hvor meget?" (how much), and, in due course, succeeded in getting a nice bundle of fresh fish, which our landlady cooked for our tea, and we pronounced them "meget god" (very good).

I think I shall never forget that walk from Faleide. It impressed me as did my entrance to Chamounix, years ago, when the dying orb of day shed a rosy blush on Mont Blanc's perpetual snows, and on the golden harvest in the vale. We were both sorry to leave Faleide. Our cursory glimpse of a place so redundant with every type of beauty seemed but an inspiration to stay. On the hill I stopped again and again to gaze on snow-mantled peaks, forests of pine, lichen, ferns, and sparkling waters.

Oh! let me turn back once again,
Just for one loving, lingering look,
And say, "Farewell, Faleide!"

All worries and annoyances sank into oblivion, and I thought—

Then gently bear the ills of life,
Some day must have its tide of joy;

for it seemed well to bear suffering and trouble if we reaped such a reward as this. And with all life is it not the same? How little shall we estimate pain and care when we see the glory of heaven, and are able to realise its peace. Shall we not, then, be thankful for what we have endured bravely and patiently? How often and how ignorantly do we dread "the clouds that are big with mercy, and ready to break in blessings on our heads." Often in sorrow have those wonderful lines by Cowper comforted me. May they bring consolation and courage to many more.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

A fine sheet of water at Kjos, where we waited for another stolkjærre, and where we amused ourselves watching our skydsgut, an immoderately fat boy, with a huge spoon, demolishing his porridge and milk. The girls in white shirts proffered us some milk, but it was too sour.

The jolting down the hill to Grodaas, though not exactly enviable, was at the least appetising, and Mrs. Raftevold was expeditious in practically replying to our inquiry, "Kan vi faa noget at spise?" (Can we have anything to eat?), followed by, "Kan vi faa Senge for to Damerne?" (Can we have beds for two ladies?) After a good supper we asked her to oblige us by decking herself in her bridal attire, the different parts of which ornamented the room. She was complimented at the request, but showed them to advantage on her little girl of ten years: a white shirt, scarlet bodice much embroidered, a frilled cap, supplemented by a gilt crown about eight inches in depth, beneath which were suspended nine or ten ribbons about two inches wide, each a distinct colour, and decorated with beads and tinsel.

A quiet evening stroll in the soft, mellow light, and a rest in the verandah, nicely posed on Hornindal's fair lake, terminated a blissful day.

	Kr.	Ore.
Bill at Faleide	18	40
Stolkjærre to Kjos . . .	4	45
,, ,, Grodaas . .	2	30
Bill at Grodaas—supper, beds, breakfast	3	40

On the hill, near Sandborg's Hotel, Hellesylt,
Tuesday, July 29.

A little girl took us in a stolkjærre to Indre Haugen, where we managed to get one to bring us to Hellesylt without changing at Kjelstadli. The whole drive was magnificent. Fields blue with harebells and red with clover, and grasses whose stems are deep-tinted and delicately shaded.

Sunely is one series of cataracts and windings about the road, while birch, hazel, and mountain-ash fill every space between the rocks. Over the foreground tower lofty peaks of varied form, many of them showing large masses of perpetual snow. We tried for a rowing-boat to take us to Merok, but all the men are at work in the fields, so we must wait till four or five o'clock for the steamer. We reserve ourselves for dinner at Merok.

Off Merok in the Geirangerfjord.
On the steamer, 11 o'clock, p.m., July 29.

"At midsummer on Norway's hills the blush of morning kisses the blush of evening." All is hushed! Only the sound "as of many waters," deep, melodious, full, such as I love to hear; a roseate glow o'erspreads snow and purple mountain, and illuminates yon rushing fall that bursts from its dark recess—

From a source hid long in the mountain's brow
Where no man ever trod,
Enshrouded by pure everlasting snow,
And only known to God,
The heaven-born waterfall burst its bond,
Dashing away, away,
And o'er purple moor and auburn frond
Laughed in the light of day.

It trickled and sparkled, rippled and sang,
With heart so light and free,
The grey-blue pine with its melody rang,
Wafting its tones to me;
And o'er the boulders merrily fell,
Dashing, foaming, and white,
Or lurked, to refreshen the pale harebell,
And make all things look bright.

It had not a care, for it blessed and gave
Its goodly store to all;
A spirit so tender, noble, and brave,
Had that sweet waterfall.
Each fern and leaflet, blade and flower, had won
Of its beautiful flow,
And its globules played "Bo Peep" in the sun
To murmurs soft and low.

Away it ran with its bountiful heart
To mingle with the sea,
Of its gentle nature render a part,
Unite its minstrelsy.
And I wished that I could be borne away
Upon its gentle breast;
But I had much to learn beyond that day,
It was not time to rest.

It is like peeping into fairyland to lean over the boat, and gaze into these limpid depths; grey and ebon shades of castellated battlements and turrets, patches of snow subdued by gold and ruddy tints, masses of dark chrome green, and lesser lights of olive, emerald, pale yellow, and dim blue grey; here and there clusters of scarlet berries, a purling, musical streak of white, a few shadowy phantoms and ethereal shapes, one sheet of lustrous blue with heaven's candles shining through. Here all the beauty that reigns above has its twin, for "not a feature of these hills is in the mirror slighted," but is fairer, more delicately hued, softer, and more soothing to the ocular desire. The gull its silver wing flapped o'er, enamoured of itself the more, and jelly-fish courting the bosom of the silvery fjord subtend their gorgeously-coloured tentacles to mingle with sweet fantasies below.

Not for one moment do I regret that slumbering little Merok could not make place for us, nor that Hellesylt's apartments were all pre-engaged. When the steamer came to Hellesylt at four it had nearly its full complement of *voyageurs*, all wanting to sleep at Merok. The three elderly ladies, their nephew,

and friend accompanied us; but they very judiciously secured their rooms at Hellesylt. We steamed at half-speed to Merok, where a general panic ensued—a desperate struggle to be first ashore. By dint of great perseverance I managed to alight into one boat, but a number of men preceded me to the inn, outside of which on a bench sat several women. I asked one if she had "senge for to Damerne," to which her only answer was an intimation to go inside. I did, and ran upstairs; but, to my dismay, found every door locked, and for elucidation of the matter ascertained that the male community had taken possession of the rooms, and consigned the keys to their own pockets. Kate was rowing towards me with the luggage, when I told her we must hasten back to the steamer. Returning to Hellesylt, the friend of the ladies hurried off in advance to endeavour to obtain a room for us, but with no better result. We therefore resigned ourselves to fate, and to the captain, who immediately ordered us an excellent supper, and reserved for our use the little deck cabin.

Now we are anchored off Merok, and shall go to Hellesylt to-morrow morning at half-past six, for the fourth time beholding the glories of the Geiranger Fjord. Perched high on these precipitous rocks are sœters, whose inhabitants are said to tether their children that they may not tumble into the fjord below.

	Kr.	Ore.
Stolkjœrre to Indre Haugen .	2	95
,, ,, Hellesylt . .	4	70
Lunch at Hellesylt . . .	1	25
Steamer to Merok . . .	2	15
,, ,, Hellesylt . .	2	30
Stewardess	0	50

(To be continued.)

Gingerbread.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
He loves not new-baked gingerbread?
Who, steppiug through the kitchen door,
On baking day sees goodly store
Of fragrant amber-shadowed cake,
And, half-unconscious, does not break
A ragged chunk! Ah, toothsome bliss!
He is a churl who knows not this.
For him no practised dexter wrist
Shall limp, incipient doughnuts twist;
Or stir, to coax his gourmand taste,
Dreamy meringue and flaky paste.
Though he may live on Nob Hill's tip,
And hold his gold with miser's grip—
Though he may own the whole long list
Of vintner's board, by cobwebs kissed—
May dine from Sevres, drive a cart,
And sit on 'decorative art'—
Despite his white capped Gallic cooks,
Despite his gastronomic books,
The wretch, concentered in his pride,
Shall live and eat—unsatisfied.
And when kind Providence, or gout—
Shall snuff his farthing rushlight out,
The stern Recorder of the skies
Against the tombstone's gilded lies
(Counting the virtues of the dead)
Shall write: '*He loved not gingerbread!*'"

TEACHING TRICKS TO CLEVER CATS.

To make a cat a good trickster you must love her, and take an interest in her little performances, and you will be surprised at the number of tricks she will learn. Without reference to the accomplishments of performing cats, who require a special education, we may enumerate just a few of the many simple tricks which you may teach any cat of ordinary brain calibre. A cat may be taught to beg like a dog; to embrace you; to pat your nose or your neighbour's nose when told (N.B.—It is perhaps as well it should always be your neighbour's nose); to down charge; to watch by a mouse's hole; to stand in a corner on her hind legs; to move rhythmically to music; to leap six or eight feet through a hoop, or over your head; to feign sleep; to feign death; to open or shut a door, and to ring the bell.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

ELEPHANT ROPE DANCING.—The ease with which the elephant is taught to perform the most agile and difficult feats forms a remarkable contrast to its huge unwieldiness of size. Aristotle tells us that in ancient times elephants were taught by their keepers to throw stones at a mark, to cast up arms in the air, and catch them again on their fall; and to dance not merely on the earth, but on the rope. The first, according to Suetonius, who exhibited elephant rope dancers, was Galba at Rome. The manner of teaching them to dance on the ground was simple enough (by the association of music and a hot floor); but we are not informed how they were taught to skip the rope, or whether it was the tight or the slack rope, or how high the rope might be. The silence of history on these points is fortunate for the figurantes of the present day; since, but for this, their fame might have been utterly eclipsed.

CALCULATING CROW.—A Scotch newspaper of the year 1816 states that a carrion crow, perceiving a brood of fourteen chickens under the care of a parent-hen, on a lawn, picked up one; but on a young lady opening the window and giving an alarm, the robber dropped his prey. In the course of the day, however, the plunderer returned, accompanied by thirteen other crows, when every one seized his bird, and carried off the whole brood at once.

WATCH DOG.—A thief, who had broke into the shop of Cellini, the Florentine artist, and was breaking open the caskets, in order to come at some jewels, was arrested in his progress by a dog, against whom he found it a difficult matter to defend himself with a sword. The faithful animal ran to the room where the journeymen slept; but as they did not seem to hear him barking, he drew away the bed clothes, and pulling them alternately by the arms, forcibly awaked them; then barking very loud, he showed the way to the thieves, and went on before; but the men would not follow him, and at last locked their door. The dog having lost all hopes of the assistance of these men, undertook the task alone, and ran down stairs; he could not find the villain in the shop, but immediately rushing into the street, came up with him, and tearing off his cloak, would have treated him according to his deserts, if the fellow had not called to some tailors in the neighbourhood, and begged they would assist him against a mad dog; the tailors believing him, came to his assistance, and compelled the poor animal to retire.

SINGULAR INTERPOSITION. — A lady had a tame bird which she was in the habit of letting out of its cage every day. One morning, as it was picking crumbs of bread off the carpet, her cat, who always before showed great kindness for the bird, seized it on a sudden, and jumped with it in her mouth upon a table. The lady was much alarmed for the fate of her favourite, but on turning about, instantly discerned the cause. The door had been left open, and a strange cat had just come into the room! After turning it out, her own cat came down from her place of safety, and dropped the bird without having done it the slightest injury.

DYING OF JOY. — One of the strongest instances of affection in dogs is related in the *Memoires du Marquess Langallery*. The marquess had been two years in the army, when returning home, a favourite dog which had been left came to meet him in the court yard, and recognising him as if he had only been absent two days, leaped upon his neck, and died of joy at having found him again.

SENSE OF RIDICULE.—Persons who have the management of elephants have often observed that they know very well when any one is ridiculing them, and that they very often revenge themselves when they have an opportunity. A painter wished to draw an elephant in the menagerie at Paris in an extraordinary attitude, which was with his trunk lifted up, and his mouth open. An attendant on the painter, to make the elephant preserve the position, threw fruits into his mouth, and often pretended to throw them without doing so. The animal became irritated, and, as if knowing that the painter was to blame rather than his servant, turned to him, and dashed a quantity of water from his trunk over the paper on which the painter was sketching his distorted portrait.

REVENGEFUL SWALLOW. — A gentleman of Brenchley having shot a hen-swallow which was skimming in the air, accompanied by her mate, the enraged partner immediately flew at the fowler, and, as if to revenge the loss it had sustained, struck him in the face with its wing, and continued flying around him with every appearance of determined anger. For several weeks after the fatal shot, the bird continued to annoy the gentleman whenever it met with him, except on Sundays, when it did not recognise him, in consequence of his change of dress.

TORTOISE.—It is a disputed point whether animals are fond of music or not. A lady writes from her country-house in France—"I have a little tortoise always inhabiting the garden. When I call 'Tortue, tortue,' he answers to his name, otherwise he never shows himself—he might be a hundred miles off, for all we ever see of him; excepting sometimes when my sister comes down from Paris to pay me a visit. When she plays on the piano, he at once responds, and finds his way up to her, traversing the lawn and the outer room; he then puts out his small head and appears to be intent on listening, and to enjoy the harmony of sweet sounds. When she accompanies the air with her voice, it seems to afford the mysterious little hard-coated creature still more pleasure. The music ended, he retires again to the garden.—K."

SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER DISHES, AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM.

WHO is there so lost to taste as not to appreciate the first dish of fresh green peas or new potatoes—genuine healthy-grown ones, not forced, which latter are barely better than those preserved in tins? Then, again, the first piece of bright red salmon, when it is well cooked; or the nicely-browned fore-quarter of lamb, and good wholesome English mint sauce with it—*i.e.*, mint moistened in vinegar, and not a pint of vinegar to a small pinch of mint.

There is some very old riddle about spring being a lamb-on-table season. Whether lamb is really nicer than mutton is a question we will not now discuss; indeed, the question is entirely a matter of taste. There are, however, several little niceties in cooking lamb that inexperienced cooks and housekeepers should bear in mind. One very common fallacy is that lamb, being young and tender, does not require so much cooking as mutton. Such, however, is not the case. Well-cooked mutton, such as a haunch, should be cooked so as to be not exactly red, but very, very near it, and should hold what is called red gravy. Those who have seen a good haunch of mutton well carved will know how the gravy will settle in it after several slices have been taken out. I believe, at some regimental messes many years ago, there used to be a fine for carving a haunch so that this gravy was allowed to run out.

Now, lamb should be cooked thoroughly, and should never even border on being red; underdone lamb is as bad as underdone veal. Of course, lamb bears the same relation to mutton as veal to beef. The climax of mismanagement is graphically expressed in the pathetic appeal of David Copperfield to his poor little child-wife when he said, "You know, my dear, I was made quite unwell the other day by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry."

Another point to be remembered in connection with lamb is the gravy. A roast fore-quarter of lamb will not make the gravy that a sirloin of beef or haunch of mutton will.

Now, I dare say there are many persons who really do not know where the gravy comes from that usually surrounds a sirloin of beef; and as these articles are intended to instruct absolute novices, I will describe the process, reminding those who may think anything so simple unworthy of explanation, that even royalty some years back is reported to have puzzled over the intricate problem as to how the apples got into the dumpling.

We will suppose the beef to have been hanging on the spit a sufficient time, and the cook has arrived at the critical moment called dishing-up. Of course, under the meat to catch the fat, &c., that drops, has been placed that large tin vessel with a well in the centre called a dripping-pan, which will be found to contain a pint or quart (according to the size of the joint) of melted fat, or, as it is usually called, dripping. The cook takes this dripping-pan, and carefully and slowly pours off all the fat into a basin; at the bottom of the fat will be found a sediment, brown or red—this is the gravy. Now, the great art is to pour off *all* the fat, and yet to avoid losing any of the gravy. What is requisite is—first, common-sense; secondly, a little experience and a steady hand.

As a rule, it is best to go on pouring till just a little sediment has run with the fat, and then stop. Next take some *boiling* water, about half a pint or a little more, and pour it into the dripping-pan, and stir it about, taking care to scrape those parts where the gravy is dried on and the dripping-pan looks brown; by this means the gravy will not merely look darker, but will be absolutely richer. This must now be poured through a fine strainer over the meat. If the cook sees that the gravy has got a little cold in the operation, of course she would pour it, just as it is, into a saucepan and make it hot, but not let it boil, and then pour it through the strainer over the meat. When the party at dinner is large, and yet the joint is put on the table, it is a very good plan to pour only half the gravy over at first, and to send up the rest hot about ten minutes afterwards, when it can be poured over in the dining-room.

Now, we have said that lamb does not make good gravy; when, therefore, it is possible, get some thin stock, and use that to pour into the dripping-pan instead of boiling water, only take care that the stock is tasteless—anything like rich gravy would destroy the delicate flavour of the lamb.

It should be borne in mind, too, that lamb is one of the few meats that are none the better for keeping; the sooner it is cooked, the nicer will it be. In hot weather, lamb has an unamiable property of getting high sooner than other meat, especially the shoulder. The reason of this is probably that it is "open," and not close meat, like a silverside of beef. A loin of mutton that has been jointed will get bad sooner than one not jointed.

We next come to the general and nicest accompaniment to roast lamb, and that is, nice, fresh, young green peas. When we say fresh, we mean lately gathered. Peas that have been picked some time are very inferior in flavour to those recently picked. Shell the peas, throwing them into cold water just like potatoes after being peeled. Next get a large saucepan of *boiling* water, into which has been placed a tablespoonful of salt, and a very little moist sugar—about a salt-spoonful is sufficient. Strain the peas, and throw them in the boiling water gradually, in order not to take the water off the boil for too long.

The next point to be considered is, why do some people always have peas looking a bright green, and others send them up with a bad colour? The secret of this is—do not cover up the saucepan. Now, as the saucepan is open, if the fire is likewise an open

one, it follows that the fire should be pretty clear, or you will run the risk of having the peas smoky. It will, however, generally be found that the fire, after roasting a joint, is tolerably clear at the finish, especially as lamb requires a *brisk* fire. A few leaves of fresh mint should be boiled with the peas; they (the peas) should be strained off quickly, put into a hot vegetable dish, and sent up to table speedily, as they very soon get cold. I recollect, years ago, that cooks used to put a penny (the old-fashioned copper ones) into the saucepan, the copper being supposed to improve the colour; but the use of copper for the purpose of making vegetables green should be avoided. In the case of bright green pickles, where the colour has been obtained by this means, the result is that a very injurious if not absolutely poisonous compound has been obtained.

Young peas do not require more than a quarter of an hour's boiling; old peas will take half an hour; and when old, a good-sized pinch of carbonate of soda may be put with advantage into the water, to render the water as well as the peas softer.

To say that mint sauce requires mint seems somewhat of a truism; but nevertheless this seems the point generally overlooked, especially at hotels, where the habit seems to be to send up mint in the very smallest possible quantity, and vinegar in exactly opposite proportions. Chop up enough fresh mint to half fill a tea-cup, add about a table-spoonful of moist sugar, about three-parts of a tea-cupful of vinegar, and half a tea-cupful of water. Let the whole stand for a few hours, in order that the flavour of mint may get into the vinegar.

I don't know why, but servants invariably put too much vinegar; as nothing in the world will cure them, it is one of those things which, if it is possible, the mistress of the house should do herself.

New potatoes differ from old in this important respect: in cooking, the latter require cold water; the former, boiling water. In both cases salt must be put in the water, about a table-spoonful to every two quarts. Like peas, new potatoes are best when fresh from the garden. When really young the skin will rub off with a cloth. They vary in the time they take to boil—from a quarter of an hour to twenty-five minutes; but the best plan is to wait a reasonable time, and try one with a fork and see if it is tender, when they should be immediately strained off, as if they are allowed to boil too long they will get pappy. Let them dry in the saucepan, and when dry, put them into the vegetable dish, with either a lump of butter, which will melt and make them look oily; or a little good melted butter made with milk, into which has been put a little finely-chopped parsley, may be poured over each potato. Perhaps the piece of plain butter is best, however.

There are, especially in early spring, a large quantity of potatoes sold that pretend to be new, but are not. What they are, or where they come from (some say Holland), I don't know, but they are not worth eating, and it is just as well to know it. If anybody who understands the swindle will explain, I should feel much obliged.

To boil fish such as salmon is really very easy, but requires care. The fish must be placed in cold water, to which plenty of salt has been added — about six table-spoonfuls to every gallon of water, or nearly a pound of salt. Take care, also, that the water covers the fish, and that the latter is thoroughly clean. Rub the spine, which is apt to contain little clots of blood, with a lump of salt. Salmon always tastes best when boiled whole. When the water boils, take care to remove all the scum that will rise to the surface. As to the time it will take to boil, no time can be given, as this depends more upon the thickness of the fish than the mere weight in pounds. In carving a salmon, be sure to cut it always parallel to the spine, and not transversely.

The best sauce with salmon is, undoubtedly, lobster sauce, the best method of making which I have already described. I would remind you, however, again, that the sauce should look red, owing to the coral having been pounded with some butter and mixed in; also, all the shells and little claws should be broken up and boiled in the milk that will be used for the sauce, in order that the melted butter may be thoroughly impregnated with the flavour of the lobster. In making shrimp sauce, the same theory should be borne in mind. Boil the shrimps' heads, in order that the flavour of the shrimp may be extracted; only, before using this milk to make into melted butter, taste, and see that it is not too salt, as salt is often thrown over shrimps. The melted butter, into which a little lobster coral should have been melted to make a nice colour, should then be poured on to the picked shrimps placed in the hot tureen; but shrimps had better not be boiled after being picked.

When salmon first comes in, it is best to have it boiled; but a very nice way of cooking salmon is to grill it—*i.e.*, do it on the gridiron just like a steak. Of course, the salmon for this purpose must be cut in slices. Great care should be taken that the gridiron is perfectly clean. The slice of salmon can be placed on the gridiron just as it is, but if the fire is nice and clear it will be better to wrap each slice in oiled paper; by this means the flavour of the salmon is kept in. Of course, the cooking must be carefully watched, or the paper will very likely catch fire. The best sauce with grilled salmon is tartare sauce, which may briefly be described as follows:— First make some mayonnaise sauce as thick as butter in summer time, add to it about a tea-spoonful of finely-chopped parsley, chopped on a chopping-board previously rubbed over with a shalot; mix this in with a good-sized tea-spoonful of French mustard flavoured with taragon. The mayonnaise sauce is supposed to contain sufficient vinegar, or *dilute* acetic acid. Grilled salmon is more suitable for three or four persons than for a large party, as few fires are capable of cooking more than two slices at a time, and one slice is only sufficient for two persons.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATIVE ART.

ORNAMENTAL JARDINIÈRES.

VERY pretty jardinières may be made in imitation of Sèvres china and of Wedgwood. Each jardinière is cut out of cardboard, square, wide enough to hold the flower-pot and saucer, and an inch higher than the top of the pot. Cut the sides in four square pieces, of stout cardboard, narrower at the base by an inch than at the top. Join the four pieces by strips of thin linen, pasted inside, down the corners; when these are dry, line the card with good white paper. Let this also dry. Then take two pieces of turquoise-blue satin paper, the size of one of the sides. At the top and bottom this paper is not quite to reach the edge, but only to meet the border of flowers. At the two sides, where the jardinière is joined, it is to wrap over. Draw an oval in the centre; be sure it is correct, and then cut it out. Paste each of these pieces evenly on the two opposite sides of the jardinière, wrapping the ends over the sides. Cut two more like them, but not wide enough at the sides to wrap over; let them rather be slightly within the edge. Remove an oval in the centre of each, and paste them on the two remaining sides. Let this dry well. Next, with purchased German embossed garlands, &c., ornament the edges of the ovals, disguising the meeting of the pink with the white. One or two tiny Cupids and butterflies, or little birds, may be introduced into these garlands. Then add to the borders wreaths of flowers, just covering the margin of the pink paper. The extreme edges are covered with gold paper, which is bought in the sheet, cut in narrow strips, gummed, and placed over the edges. The strips should be ruled on the back with a pencil before being cut, and each strip should be carefully folded in half down the centre, and opened again, before it is gummed.

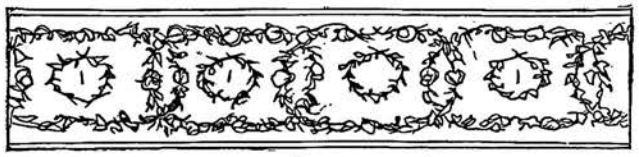


Fig. 3.

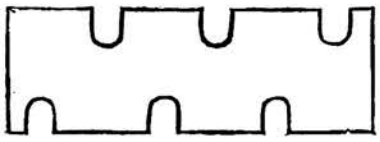


Fig. 5.

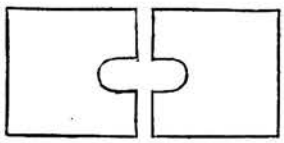


Fig. 4.

The Sévigné Sèvres china is imitated with blue paper; for the Du Barry, substitute pink. Fig. 1 is an illustration of the jardinière.

The Wedgwood jardinières are made of cardboard, in a similar manner to those for the Sèvres. Instead of lining them with white paper, line each with a bluish-grey dead paper. Cover the outside in the same manner. Then cut out an embossed design from lace paper—figures are the best—in the manner recommended for the chimney boards, see page 165, and attach with gum to the centre of one side of the jardinière. Gum the level parts of the figure only, and not the raised ones, and be sure not to flatten it in pressing it on. Place a similar ornament on each side. Edge the jardinière, not with gold, like the Sèvres, but with strips of white paper. A good way to keep embossed paper medallions well raised, is to gum them on the reverse with a strong solution in all the hollow parts; let this dry completely. Then gum the flat parts only, and attach it to the article to be ornamented—merely lightly place it on and gently press the edges, to avoid breaking the dry gum on the reverse. Fig. 2 illustrates the Wedgwood jardinière, and a similar figure to that upon it can be procured from lace-paper makers'. Instead of blue-grey, the Wedgwood may have a pale stone-green ground, to imitate Palissy ware. These square jardinières can be placed upon tables or stands in the corners of rooms. Larger square jardinières, made to fit the tops of little occasional tables, are very effective. The pots can be ranged within. Cut the card deeper than the largest pot, and nearly as long as the table is square at the base; towards the top it becomes a little wider. Make it up in the same way as the small ones; the Sèvres china, or the Wedgwood, or Palissy can be imitated. Fig. 3 presents a pretty design for a table jardinière, square, or for a long narrow window-box, to be used in a room or in a greenhouse.

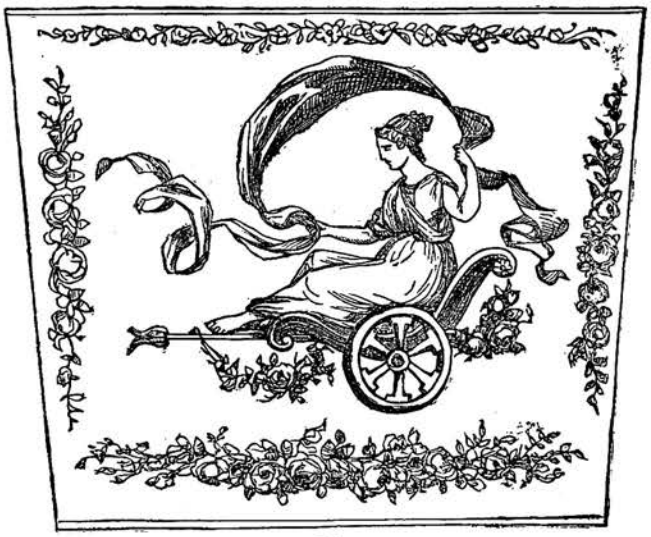


Fig. 2.

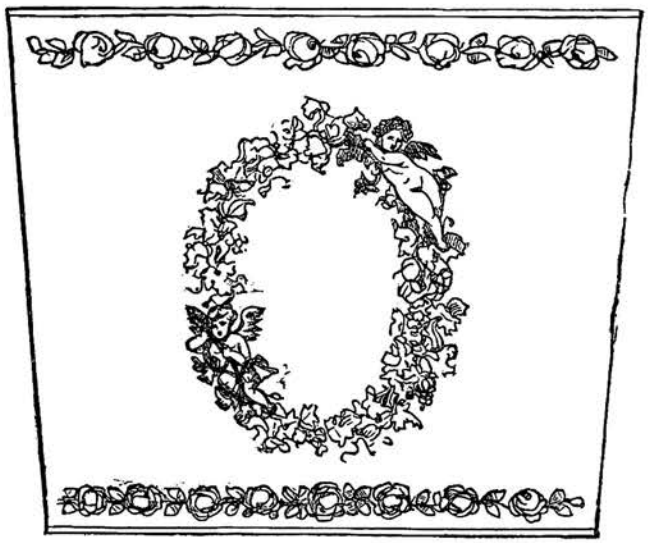


Fig. 1.

When the pots and saucers also are arranged inside these jardinières, there is an unsightly space at the top. To conceal this, cut two pieces of card with a half-circle out of the centre of each, like Fig. 4. Place one of them on the top of the jardinière, inside, letting it rest on the pot, and the flower projecting out of the half-circle; place the other piece the other side of the flower in the same way; the two pieces of card thus overlap each other in the centre, and the sides of the half-circles meet. On the top of them spread enough moss, real or artificial, to

cover them. Before putting them over the flower-pots, stab them all over with large holes by the aid of a stiletto. For boxes containing rows of pots, cut the card like Fig. 5. If there be only one row of plants, only cut out the half-circles on one side, but if there are more than one, on both sides. Measure the distances first, so as to make the excisions in the right places.

Jardinières from these designs may be made works of superior art, by drawing and colouring them by hand on white wood, which can be cut to order for the purpose, and should be thin. Water-colours—all the transparent ones rendered opaque by mixing them with permanent white and a little gum—or oil-colours are both suitable. Oil-colours are the most permanent. Either must be varnished when completed. If glass, the shape and size of the wood can be procured, and placed over it, securing the edges to the wood, and the edges of the glass itself together at the corners; by bindings of gold paper, the effect is much enhanced. Such stands may be placed on brackets, or surmounting dwarf bookcases, or on greenhouse shelves. It is best to have a solid base of the wood, as well as sides, so as to make each jardinière like a box without a lid, especially if it be glazed. Then, when not charged with flower-pots, something heavy can be put inside it to prevent its being easily upset.

Such jardinières can also be made of potichomanie. It is necessary to have a glass shape first, procurable to order from a wholesale glass importer. Inside this place the devices, gumming them to the glass with a thin solution of isinglass, or very pure white gum. When quite dry and well fixed, paint on the wrong side of the glass the grounds of such medallions as are white. Let that dry. Then add the ground colour, painting still on the wrong side. If the ground be uniform, without white medallions, put it all on at once. When dry, repeat the ground colour, till it is perfectly even and smooth in appearance on the right side; each coat must dry before the next is added.

QUILL PENS.

QUILLS employed for writing purposes are commonly obtained from the wings of the goose; but it is only the five outside feathers in each wing which can be used for this purpose. Although the stem of the first feather is the roundest and hardest, it is also the shortest. The second and third feathers are those which are most employed for making into pens. With good management, as many as twenty quills may be obtained from one goose during the year. Quills for making into pens are also obtained from the turkey. The stems of these quills are stronger than those of the goose, and are employed for pens required for engraving, and writing old English, and other purposes where a strong pen is required. The feathers of the swan are also much prized when a quill pen of great size and strength is desired. Quills from the crow are also employed where a very fine-nibbed pen is wanted for delicate writing or drawing.

When quills are first plucked the stem is found to be soft, tough, and opaque, instead of being hard, elastic, and transparent, as we find it in a quill pen. The quill is also covered, both inside and out, with a vascular membrane, by means of which the feathers receive the supply of blood necessary for their growth and nourishment, and which adheres tightly to it. Besides this, the fatty matter adhering to the quill would prevent the ink from flowing readily along it, if used in its natural state. The operation of rendering quills fit for use as pens is sometimes called "Dutching" them, owing to the method having been first employed by that nation. At one time Dutch quills were much valued from the care with which they were prepared, and all the fatty matters removed from them. The method originally employed by the Dutch was to press the quills into red-hot ashes. By this means all moisture and fat was got rid of, and the vascular membrane adhering to the quills detached. Great care has, however, to be exercised in conducting this operation, for if exposed too long to the heat the quills would be injured.

An improvement on this method is to introduce the quills for an instant into a sand-bath heated to a temperature of 140° Fahr., and then rubbing them while hot with flannel, by which means it ceases to be greasy, and becomes hard, white, and transparent. Sometimes the barrel of the quill is introduced into a fire for a few seconds, and the quill is then drawn under the edge of a blunt knife, furnished with a handle by which it may be forced down, and fastened down at the other end by a hook and staple. The quill, while hot and softened by the heat, is drawn under the blunt edge of the knife, which, being brought down, forces it perfectly flat against a piece of iron heated to 350° Fahr. The round form of the quill immediately returns when the pressure is removed, and the barrel is then polished with the rough skin of the dog-fish.

Occasionally another method of cleaning them is adopted. The ends of the quills are introduced into water, which moistens them by capillary attraction. They are then exposed to the heat of burning charcoal, and, while hot, drawn under the edge of a blunt knife, which squeezes them flat and cleans them. The round shape is afterwards readily restored to the quills, by exposing them to heat.

During the elevated temperature to which the quills are subjected, whatever method may be employed for cleaning them, the inner membrane that lines the inside of the barrel of the quill becomes detached, shrivels up, and drops out when the quill is cut, while the outer membrane cracks, and readily peels off. The feather is now removed from the inner edge of the quill, and the quills sorted into rights and lefts, and tied up neatly into bundles of twenty-fives or fifties.

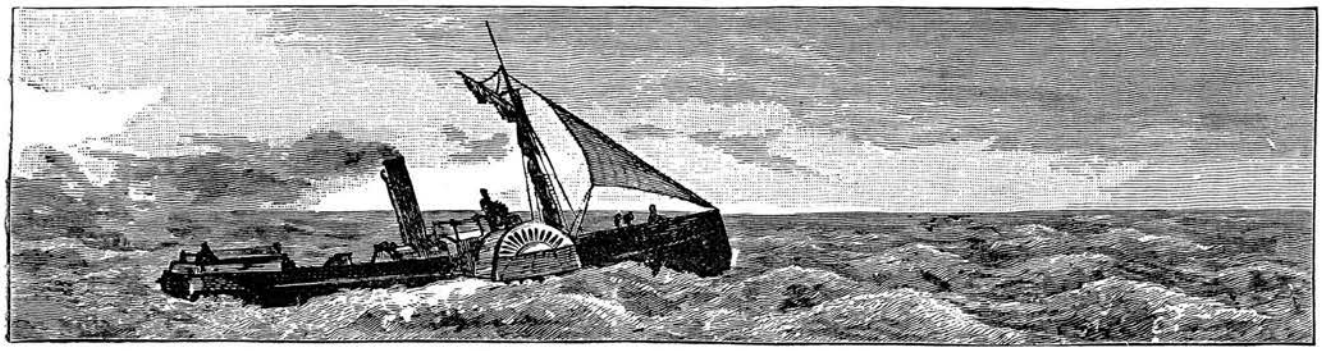
The quills are usually sold of three qualities, called primes, seconds, and pennions. The primes are the feathers that have the largest and strongest barrels; the seconds, those of inferior quality; while the pennions are the commonest kinds.

Quills may sometimes be had of a yellow colour: this is produced—to render them more attractive—by immersing them in nitric acid and water. Sometimes the method employed consists in placing the barrel of the quill in a decoction of turmeric previously to cleaning it.

Small pocket machines have occasionally been constructed for the purpose of cutting quill pens; but as they are expensive, apt to get out of order, and are not much used, we shall not stop to describe them.

The quill nibs commonly sold in the stationers' shops are thus made. The barrel of the quill is cut off and divided down the centre into two portions, and their edges smoothed off. The lengths are again divided into three or four portions, and the end of each piece is made into a pen.

FRECKLES.—To remove freckles, take one ounce of lemon-juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, and half a drachm of sugar; mix, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle, then rub it on the face and hands occasionally.



THE ETIQUETTE OF TRAVEL.

GOOD MANNERS AT HOME INSURE GOOD MANNERS ABROAD.

THE drawing-room car," "the palace car,"—are not these names suggestive of good manners and polite behavior? Do they not convey a gentle hint to the modern traveler that he should behave with as much politeness in a railway carriage as he would in a lady's drawing-room? It would certainly seem so, and yet one is often surprised to observe the striking contrast between the luxurious and elegant appointments of the conveyances of our era, and the bad manners of certain travelers on whom the refinement of their surroundings seems to have no civilizing effect. Far be it from me to accuse the American traveling public in general of a want of courtesy, since the accusation would be a very unjust one; and even those persons who do annoy us with their want of breeding would often seem to err rather from want of thought than from intentional, downright rudeness. They forget that it is impossible for men to live together as civilized beings if all are in a state of mutual antagonism, or of what amounts to the same thing, of uncontrolled selfishness. If every one should try to get the best place, to take up all the room he could, and to show himself totally oblivious of the rights and comfort of others, a scene of anarchy and confusion would ensue, and every journey might end in that cheerful form of encounter known as a free fight.

One of the most fruitful themes of contention in railway carriages undoubtedly arises from the tendency of travelers to occupy more seats than rightfully belong to them. On this point, however, the law is very clear. Each person has a right to one seat,—that is, to one-half of the double seat with which our cars are usually furnished, and to no more. Where the car is not fully occupied, a passenger may, of course, fill up the vacant half of his seat with packages, and may naturally consider that he should not be disturbed until the car begins to fill up, but he must remember that he has no real title to more than half of the settee. The disobliging spirit which many persons show when they are politely asked to remove their bundles, is often very annoying to the new comer, who feels that he has paid for a seat and has a right to occupy one. Still more unreasonable are the people who turn over a seat and expect to occupy four places for two or three passengers when the rest of the car is full. They thus compel later comers to take their choice between standing up, and enduring the double discomfort of riding backwards and of intruding themselves into a group of friends,—into a sort of private box as it were. A quarrel arose out of just this state of things, in a railroad car near Boston, some twenty years ago, and the unpleasant result of it was that one gentleman lost his temper and struck another in the face, for which offense he passed three months in the State prison.

Although new comers who take unoccupied seats have right and justice on their side, they are certainly bound to treat those already in possession with civility. No one should sit down beside another person in a railroad car without first asking courteously if the empty seat be engaged, or without allowing the first occupant an opportunity to remove his or her parcels. Few things are more irritating to a lady than the behavior of a man who plants himself abruptly in the seat beside her—perhaps sitting on her bundles or her dress—without a word of preface or apology. Where a seat has been reversed in order to make a resting-place for bundles, or for the feet of travelers on the opposite seat, a new comer, if he can find no other unoccupied place in the car, would certainly be justified in restoring the seat to its natural position, and taking possession of it, after asking politely if it were engaged. It is customary to respect the rights of an absent passenger, who leaves his valise or umbrella to guard his seat, but, *per contra*, it is neither fair nor just that a man should expect to occupy two seats on a crowded train—one in the smoking-car and one in the ordinary car. Thus, a gentleman who observed that a seat reserved by a valise remained empty for quite a length of time would be justified in taking possession of it (the seat, not the valise), but it would be polite for him to offer to vacate it when the first occupant returned, and he would certainly offer to do so when he perceived that the latter was acting as an escort to a lady sitting in a neighboring seat.

Windows are another fruitful source of irritation in railroad traveling, and those who like to sit beside an open window should remember that, owing to the motion of the car, persons sitting in the seat behind feel the draught more than those who are next the aperture. One should never, therefore, unless possibly on a very hot day, open a window without asking the people in the rear seat whether they object to the draught.

The woman who travels with an enormous quantity of bundles is happily becoming more and more rare. She would do well, however, to keep "all taut," in nautical parlance, when moving through a car, since the passage-way is usually very narrow, and projecting bundles or parasols often knock against the heads of passengers who are already seated, in a way injurious to bonnets and tempers alike.

Should we speak to our fellow-travelers on a railway or steamboat journey? The answer to this question would, I think, depend largely on the age, sex, appearance and experience of the person asking it; also on the length of the journey. On an ocean voyage, or on an overland trip across our vast continent, it is proper and natural that people should make some acquaintances among their fellow-passengers. But one should be very wary of admitting strangers to sudden intimacy, or of talking over one's own or other people's pri-

vate affairs with persons casually encountered in the cars. Some travelers who have made this mistake have been surprised and troubled to see blazoned in the newspaper things which they had thoughtlessly said to an agreeable fellow-passenger, in other words to a reporter, whom they had not recognized as such.

Young and inexperienced persons should not, as an ordinary thing, converse with strangers. Young women certainly should not do so,—above all, they should not allow gentlemen to enter into conversation with them, although it may be questioned whether a true gentleman would attempt to talk to a young lady who was unknown to him, especially if he himself were a young man. Age has its privileges as well as its drawbacks, and if elderly or middle-aged ladies like to converse with their fellow passengers, they certainly have a right to do so, a right which some women often exercise, thus extending their knowledge of human nature, while others of more conventional or more timid dispositions, seldom speak to their fellow-travelers. As regards men, one gentleman may certainly converse with another, if the other show a disposition to respond to the advances of the first. Of gamblers, bunco-steerers, etc., all men must, of course, beware,—indeed it is a safe rule to have nothing to do with any person who displays a desire to become intimate with a stranger or to inquire about the latter's personal affairs. Such a person, if not a rascal, is at least wanting in proper feeling and refinement, and is, therefore, an undesirable acquaintance, perhaps an unsafe one.

It is usually held that a traveling acquaintance ends with the journey which gave it birth. Thus one would not have a right to bow to a person with whom one had had a conversation in a railway carriage, or on a steamboat. On a long journey or voyage, where fellow passengers become well acquainted with one another, this rule would not hold good. But one should never call on a person whom one has met in traveling, unless specially requested to do so. To make such a visit would be to betray ignorance of the laws of good breeding, and would show an apparent wish to force one's acquaintance upon those who did not desire it.

Those who prefer to carry their own luncheon should have it carefully prepared beforehand, so that it can be eaten with nicety. It is not pleasant to the lookers-on, when travelers proceed to eat the legs or wings of chickens, for instance, with the help of their fingers alone. The debris of any such meal should be carefully gathered up and thrown out of the window, since one has no right to offend one's fellow-passengers with the sight of peanut shells, orange skins, etc., scattered on the floor or the window-sills. Those people who eat at frequent intervals throughout a day's journey, not only run the risk of making themselves sick, but also appear greedy, and seem to betray a poverty of mental resource which we do not expect to find, save in children.

Young ladies traveling alone should, if possible, arrange to have some friend meet them at the end of their journey, especially when going to a city or town where they themselves are strangers. In New York, for instance, it is considered hardly safe for a young lady to take a hack at a railway station; it is safer for her to trust to the people's conveyance—the horse-cars. Is it according to etiquette for young ladies to travel alone in a sleeping-car, or on a steamboat during a night journey? It is not, although it will sometimes happen that they are obliged to do so. A young lady so situated should, if possible, secure a state-room leading from the ladies' cabin; she should not go down to supper, nor sit in the general passenger saloon. If she go on a sleeping-car, a section should be secured for her use, or better still, a berth in the ladies' car.

While it is fitting and proper to wear good and well-made clothing when traveling, it is not according to "good form" to wear jewelry, or striking and showy colors or garments. The traveling dress of a lady and gentleman should—like their demeanor—be quiet and unostentatious, showing innate refinement, instead of a vulgar taste for display, entirely inappropriate to public places.

—Florence Howe Hall.

Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.

It was in the early summer when my love and I last parted;
She the sea-side sought, and left me in the city broken-hearted—
I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander;
But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!
As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea-breeze lent me—
When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips; then bade me ponder
Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Oft she spoke of her admirers; how she made them dance attendance,
Made them carry books and baskets, and forswear their independence:
Spoke of one she nicknamed Crœsus, who on her his wealth would squander;
But she added, "Dear old goosie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, through the broiling summer weather,
Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together.
Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often conned her
Last one, where the postscript told me, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."
I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, witching Lizzie;
Once more came the same old answer,—any other seemed beyond her,—
"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder?'"

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the sea-side tarried,
Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was—married;
And 'twas thus her note concluded,—as I read my face turned yellow:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!"

John A. Fraser, Jr.

MY MUSICAL CRITIC

My Musical Critic.

It appears that the time is ripe for me to tell of George Washington and his ear for music. A short time ago, I would not have believed that the world had so progressed; but since Mr. Janvier, under cover of serious biography, has dared to make the most shameless autobiographical *exposé* of affection for that Hebrew of the animal creation, the maligned, persecuted, and tabooed cat, I begin to see the glimmer of a millennial dawn; and now that Miss Repplier's kitten* has been allowed to play its capers in the very *adytum* of the American Academy, I cannot but hope that my own pet may be tolerated at least within the outer court, where nameless Contributors unbosom their nameless selves. He surely deserves it; he was — alas, *was*, for him

> "with strange, darkling fate
> The land of shadows clasped" —

he was a gifted being.

He had, as I said, an ear for music. Not that which is generally so understood, implying a love for the art. He hated music with a perfect hatred, — that is, vocal music, — and he particularly objected to *my* vocal music. This fact would make me melancholy, could I feel sure that his ear was correct. At any rate, it was keen, as keen as his claw, and, as will hereafter be shown, to play upon the one was to evoke the other.

I cannot tell at how early an age George Washington developed his peculiar lack of taste (surely, under the circumstances, I may denominate his views as peculiar, and him as lacking taste), for he came into my possession at the age of one year. He then stood over one foot in his stockings, which were white, and he weighed in pounds avoirdupois — to speak after the Dantesque fashion — three times as much as that number which an unskillful accountant fails to make of twice two. His muscular strength was tremendous, and his jaws were as strong as those of that athletic old man in the Wonderland version of Father William.

A being to have for a friend, not an enemy! Well, a friendlier cat than George never wore whiskers. Bears are not more demonstrative, nor, it must be said, are sensitive plants more touchy. He had a temper like a tight-rope, and perilous was the footing thereof. He loved, — oh, how he loved! How he sprang into your lap and clung there, and snuggled, and *susurred!* With what ecstatic manifestations did he welcome your fingers in his thickly tufted cheeks, rubbing hard against them, rolling his great soft head from side to side with a wild, luxurious joy, as if wallowing in catnip or hypnotic valerian! But if you touched his crazy-bone, — and he seemed to have crazy-bones all over him, — woe betide you!

George was sensitive, also, to neglect. When he desired attention, and attention was not forthcoming, his manner became incisive; he has frequently bitten through my boot by way of attracting my notice. I do not live in a lockjaw country, therefore my powers of speech remain unimpaired, but I wonder I have any *Singstimme* left. Certainly that animal did his best to frighten it out of me.

I never can forget the first time he heard me sing. (Were he alive, I doubt not he would make a remark of a similar nature.) I had grown sleepy over my book, and went to the piano to get waked up, leaving George on the lounge in the back room, where he was making himself tidy after the manner of cats. I was having what our Western cousins would call a *way-up* time at the top of my lungs, when I felt the floor shake. It was George jumping from the lounge. He came and stood by my side, and fixed upon me a beseeching gaze which I interpreted as meaning, "Please let me out."

No, that was not his wish. Did he then want his head scratched? Such courtesy never was out of season with him, and in good sooth, if he could have given me a name, I think it would have been either Peaseblossom or Mounsieur Cobweb. He did accept a little tickling, with a grand air as if to say, "I graciously permit your touch upon my royal person;" but evidently he was not hankering for it. I ran my fingers over the keys, and presently he returned to his wash-tub, as I called a certain de-

*See "A Kitten," by Agnes Repplier, *Atlantic Monthly*, 1893, in the July 2018 issue of *Victorian Times*.

pression in the lounge where he nightly licked himself from neck to tail-tip.

Before many moments I again burst forth in song. Instantly came the thump upon the floor, and once more George stood beside me, this time visibly excited. His body quivered, his eyes glared glassily, and he gasped as if trying to mew with a nightmare upon him. I was singing, I remember, The Clang of the Wooden Shoon, and I sang it as I believed it should be sung, — not in the style of a clattering jig, but with a gentle, sentimental swing, and with a tender, suppressed passion, especially in the second part, where the movement changes, and the words grow regretful rather than reminiscent.

It was at this second part that I began to suspect what ailed George. I have always prided myself highly upon the middle register of my voice, particularly when employing the *timbre sombre*. Then "let the audience look to their eyes," for I would "move storms."

I had moved a storm indeed! George rose upon his hind feet, emitting a cry of anguish. Then he sprang upon a chair near by, and struck my hand with his paw. I continued to sing. He jumped on the keyboard and struck my mouth. I pushed him off to the floor, still continuing my singing.

It was getting to be a match between George Washington and me. Generally, in such a case, I feel exactly as did the Rollicking Mastodon towards the unappreciative Peetookle: —

> "I never *will* sing to a sensitive thing
> That shatters a song with a sneer."

If George Washington had approached in a cold, calm, critical manner, the while twisting his tail delicately in lithe scorn, and had looked at me rebukingly, as much as to say,

> "You need some harraway seed,
> And a little advice for your throat,"

I should have desisted, being quite unable to stand up against ridicule; but when he sought to bul— I should say, to intimidate me by violent and unlawful means, I felt an inclination to finish my song, even should the result be to burst the ear-drums of my auditor, and to destroy forever the equilibrium of his nervous system.

Moved, then, by a strictly human impulse, I stretched my throat to the utmost, and exaggerated the sombrousness of *timbre* to veritable inkiness, infusing into my wailing tones the most unheard-of amount of pathos. Truly, it was a part to tear a cat in, and the cat was forthwith torn.

This exceeding piercingness of vocal quality must have penetrated his vitals like a vulture's beak. But even now he would not proceed to extremities. He had already struck me, it is true, but successful appeal might yet be made to my better nature. So, to the clanging accompaniment of those wooden shoon, he mewed unearthly mewings, and pawed against me as if trampling down Satan.

I sang on. I marvel now at my own temerity, and, recalling what followed, I doubly value the sweet life that is left me. When, too, I reflect that George Washington first opened his eyes in the District of Columbia, under the shadow of the Senate Chamber (his mother was owned by the janitor of that department); moreover, that he ate animal food (cooked) but once a day, I can only admire the persistence of feral traits in him. Where he got his ear for music I do not pretend to conjecture, while as to his taste — But I must not forget how widely a cat's standard in these matters may differ from our own, — as widely, no doubt, as a Chinaman's; or — the idea has just struck me — perhaps George Washington thought I was trying to ridicule his relatives. Could he, oh, *could* he have regarded my singing as a burlesque performance?

Whatever the reason, the fact was patent: his state of misery was fast passing into a state of fury. I kept on singing, with inconceivable foolhardiness dwelling upon those notes which held qualities the most exasperating to George. I wanted to see what he would do.

And this is what I saw. He bounced from the chair, and began walking back and forth across the room with quick, uneasy, elliptical movements. From his open mouth came snorts of rage, thick, short puffs, as if his throat were on fire, — the tiger's grace before (raw) meat. Each turn brought him nearer to me, his body ever swinging closer to the floor. Now his legs appeared to have telescoped, and he slid about like a reptile.

I had reached the end of my song, and was prolonging the last note upon "shoon," making a round O of my lips, whence the sound issued in beating, brazen tones. It is n't every woman who can produce a *tremolo* below the staff. I was feeling very, very vain, meanwhile keeping an eye upon my audience. But my audience was already over the footlights. His whole body seemed to be in convulsions beneath its striped fur coat, the stripes themselves wavering horribly in long, uniform undulations, like serpents under drill.

Still I hung on to my "shoon." (By the way, life insurance companies will have nothing to do with me, for they say it is surely abnormal to be so long-winded.) George's gooseberry eyes had changed to fire-sapphires ; he ululated like the whole first circle of the Inferno ; his hinder parts were beginning to wriggle — slowly now — then quicker — quicker !

We sprang simultaneously, — I to my feet, he to my arm.

I was thickly clad, — it being winter time, — but twenty-four claws (George had six toes on each foot), four tusks (I mean canines), four incisors, ten maxilla— Really, at this critical moment you cannot expect scientific accuracy of terms ; I fear I have already spoiled the effect of a thrilling *dénoûment*. Let us say, then, that twenty-four claws and twenty-six teeth went through to my skin, thence penetrating the large, cushiony muscle upon the forearm. It was nip and tuck between us, but at length I shook him off, and — well, for a parallel in anticlimax we shall have to go to the king of France and his four thousand men ; but in less time than it takes to write this George Washington was in his bath-tub again, scrubbing as if for dear life. All he asked was to be let alone. And I let him alone. That night I sang no more, and afterwards, whenever the song mania seized me, I saw to it that George was out of the way.

Had this thing happened in these days, I should probably have been dispatched straight to the Pasteur Institute. As it was, a witch-hazel pack soon restored my frayed flesh.

Whether any rabies remains in my system I know not. It were well to beware of me, for wher I hear certain people sing I feel as George Washington must have felt on that fateful night. But I do not bite nor scratch these people, and above all, I try never to behave as the Little Peetookle did. It is not well to have too sensitive a soul.

The Rollicking Mastodon

A Rollicking Mastodon lived in Spain,
In the trunk of a Tranquil Tree.
His face was plain, but his jocular vein
Was a burst of the wildest glee.
His voice was strong and his laugh so long
That people came many a mile,
And offered to pay a guinea a day
For the fractional part of a smile.
The Rollicking Mastodon's laugh was wide -
Indeed, 'twas a matter of family pride;
And oh! so proud of his jocular vein
Was the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

The Rollicking Mastodon said one day,
"I feel that I need some air,
For a little ozone's a tonic for bones,
As well as a gloss for the hair."
So he skipped along and warbled a song
In his own triumphulant way.
His smile was bright and his skip was light
As he chirruped his roundelay.
The Rollicking Mastodon tripped along,
And sang what Mastodons call a song;
But every note of it seemed to pain
The Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

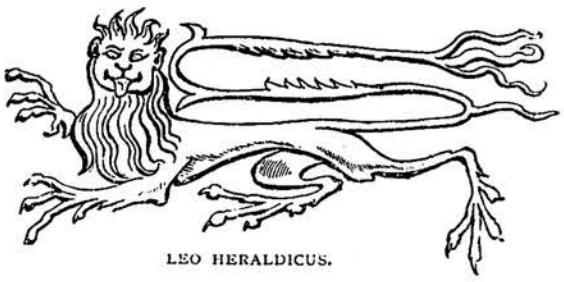
A Little Peetookle came over the hill,
Dressed up in a bollitant coat;
And he said, "You need some harroway seed,
And a little advice for your throat."
The Mastodon smiled and said, "My child,
There's a chance for your taste to grow.
If you polish your mind, you'll certainly find
How little, how little you know."
The Little Peetookle, his teeth he ground
At the Mastodon's singular sense of sound;
For he felt it a sort of musical stain
On the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

"Alas! and alas! has it come to this pass?"
Said the Little Peetookle: "Dear me!
It certainly seems your horrible screams
Intended for music must be."
The Mastodon stopped; his ditty he dropped,
And murmured, "Good-morning, my dear!
I never will sing to a sensitive thing
That shatters a song with a sneer!"
The Rollicking Mastodon bade him "adieu."
Of course, 'twas a sensible thing to do;
For Little Peetookle is spared the strain
Of the Rollicking Mastodon over in Spain.

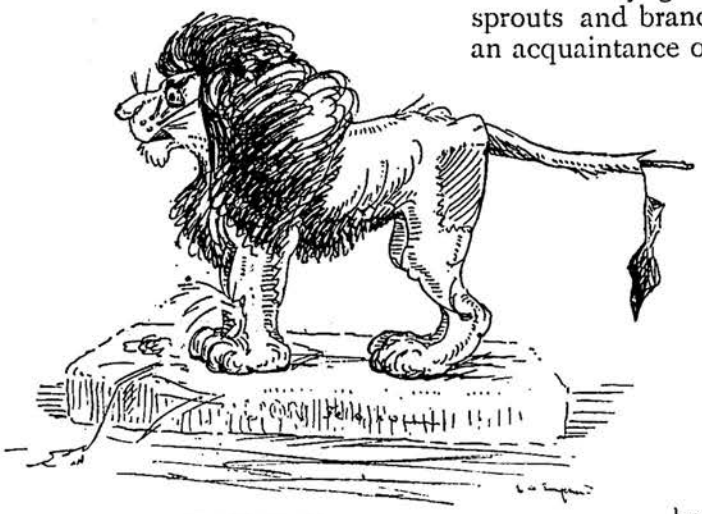
- Arthur Macy, *Wide Awake,* 1892

A TIGER is not a lion. This will be understood, though I treat of tigers in a leonine chapter. For neither is a leopard a lion, nor a cheetah, nor a puma, yet all these live in the lion-house. Wherefore must the title be held to refer to the locality, and not to a section of its inhabitants. This is probably called the lion-house in a formal survival of the spirit which gives the lion a kingship among the lower animals. But the lion really is a fraud—as much so, at any rate, as the camel. It is very sad to find so many downright frauds among the innocent lower animals, but there isn't a department in these Gardens where you shall not discover a humbug of some sort. In this house, perhaps, there is less humbug about the tigers than about any of the others, although even the tiger has his little hypocrisies; still he is justly and honestly indignant that the place, by title, should be given to the lions, and is supercilious in his bearing to human creatures in consequence.

It must be noted that the show of lions here to be seen, large as it is, is by no means fully representative of the various species. There are none of the more familiar of our English lions; the Red Lion, the White Lion, the Blue Lion—to say nothing of the accompanying stomach-warmer—familiar as they are in our town streets, are not to be found here; nor is that noble creature, the lion of heraldry. This is a pity; because here he would be fed, and would get rid of that painfully greyhound-like waist which is among the more noticeable of his characteristics; and I should have an opportunity of inspecting that extraordinary growth, his tail, with its many vigorous sprouts and branches; and many other of his members, an acquaintance of which in the flesh I have long much desired.

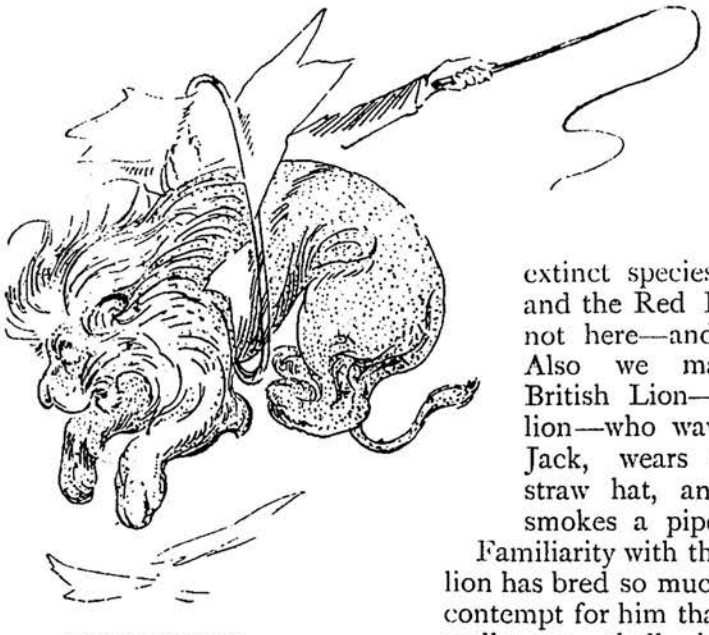


LEO HERALDICUS.



LEO SHAGBAGGA STUFFICUS.

Nor is the King of Beasts represented as he was of old in the British Museum—by the remarkable species *Leo shagbagga stufficus;* wherefore also I grieve. For in the museum variety were many strange bodily developments and physical functions unknown among others. *Leo shagbagga stufficus* might be approached with perfect safety, and any naturalist sufficiently intrepid might, in the fabled manner of Richard Cœur de Lion, boldly thrust his hand deep between the beast's open jaws, and from his innermost vitals extract upholstery. It was never very good upholstery, being chiefly flue and dusty straw, but it was quite equal to imparting a distinctive want of shape which at once stamped *Leo shagbagga* an unique species. The tail, also, has been known to yield walking sticks. External patches of differing tints, attached by large stitches of pack-thread, did not indicate a separate variety of this species, being peculiar to individuals only.



LEO IGNOMINIOSUS.

I fear *Leo shagbagga* is now an extinct species, but the Blue Lion, the White Lion, and the Red Lion we may see every day—although not here—and become intimately acquainted with. Also we may see the British Lion—the cartoon lion—who waves a Union Jack, wears a straw hat, and smokes a pipe. Familiarity with the lion has bred so much contempt for him that really we shall be going very little further in classing him a domestic animal. They keep him in a shed, whack him with a stick, and make him jump through a hoop—and a poor old sheep he seems, he

LEO BRITANNICUS.

who is treated thus in caravans. The lion, as I have said, is a fraud; a posing, theatrical, Turveydrop and Bobadil of a fraud. Look at him in this, his house. He turns up his nose at the visitors and affects a magnanimous superiority. If he were a human thing he would wear *pince-nez* and a velvet jacket, and look pityingly great at picture shows, though in his inner heart

A SUPERIOR PERSON.

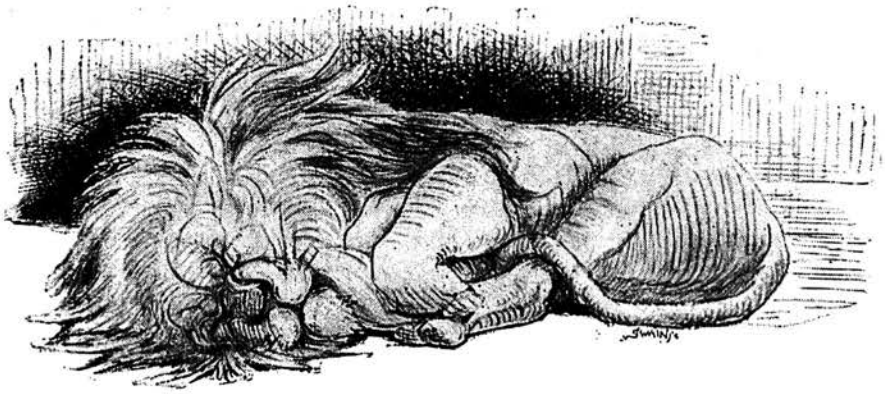
A BEER-DRINKING VULGARIAN.

a mere beer-drinking vulgarian and a smoker of pipes. So always with the lion; he will pose fine and large if he meet you out for a walk in a jungle, and do his utmost to terrify you; if driven to it he may take the liberty of helping himself to a mouthful of you. But all this is only if he has first failed to sneak away unobserved. In South Africa a team-driver, finding a family of lions in his path, will calmly take his long stock-whip and whip them away; and they go meekly, glad to escape the lash. When no stock-whip is handy, a traveller from England is used—preferably with a title.

Here in one respect only are the lions treated with absolute cruelty, but in that respect the cruelty is of an aggravated sort. Come into the lion-house at what time, on what day (except Saturday and Sunday) you please, and you shall find various artists, and more various people who are not, nor ever will be artists, sketching and daubing and outraging the features and the feelings of lions and tigers. Perhaps, however, it is a moral dispensation, teaching the animals to look forward to Sunday with longing, as a day of blessed relief and rest; guarding their conduct in the matter cf Sunday observance, while the bars and the keeper take care of it in other matters.

FOR CARTAGE.

Little defence is available against all these daubers; but it is possible for a lion or a tiger to lie lifelessly and flat upon its side, offering only the uninspiriting outline of a



DUKE.

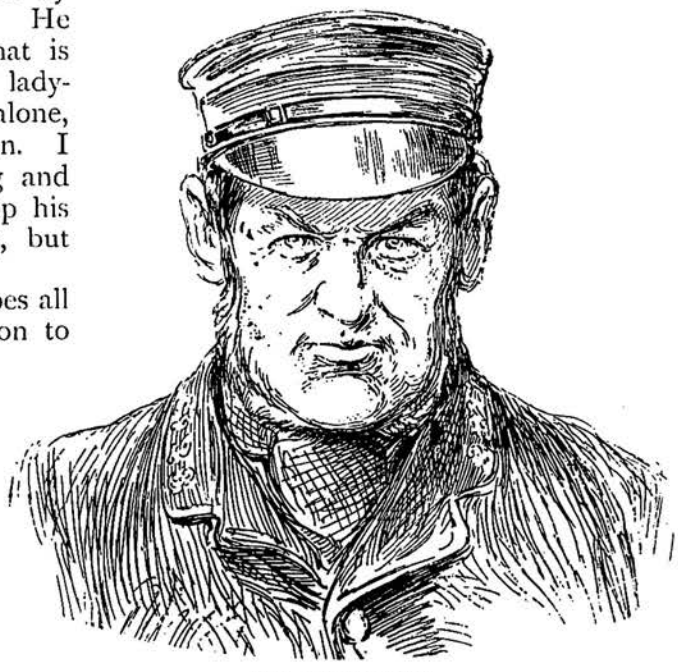
rug or an empty sack, as though the pelt had been cast, and the animal were somewhere else. This expedient is largely practised, until it would seem the most natural thing in the world for a keeper to enter with a pitchfork and toss all those empty skins into one heap, to be carried away on wheelbarrows. Of the counter-expedients of the artists—of the pinchings of tails left near bars, of the twitchings of protrusive whiskers, and the pea-shootings in the countenance—let there be silence, lest others be tempted to imitate and fall victims to the casual paw, or to the little less deadly detection of Sutton, the keeper.

THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR.

Even a humbug may be a handsome humbug. Look at Duke, the wicked old Nubian in the end cage, as he sits serenely and loftily looking over your head. He knows better than you do that you admire his fine, uplifted head and his great tawny and black mane. Duke is a great character in his way. Handsome old chap as he is, and proud of it, Duke never was a gallant—never a lioness's lion. All sorts of attempts have been made during his long residence here to mate him, but Duke draws the line at Duchesses. Perhaps he would treat the ladies better if he were allowed to make his own selection. When they are chosen by the keepers he chews them himself. He once gave a lioness a fatal bite, but that is his only claim to the designation of a lady-killer. And so he lies curled up alone, hugging himself with reciprocal affection. I remember a keeper once making a long and elaborate joke about this lion putting up his dukes and putting down the Duchesses, but have forgotten its exact terms.

MRS. NICKLEBY.

Another lion, a little further along, does all Duke's share of love-making, in addition to more than his own. The keepers have their own name for this lion, but I prefer to call him The Gentleman Next Door, any lioness who happens to be in the adjoining cage being Mrs. Nickleby. He does not throw her cucumbers and vegetable marrows, for several obvious reasons ; but he roars and scratches at the iron partition door with a vigour proper to the part, while Mrs. Nickleby lolls indifferently



THE LION-KEEPER.

in her own place. Prince and Nancy are a fine old couple of lions—married fifteen years, and a peaceable, comfortable old pair still. Ask Sutton, the head lion-keeper, about Prince and Nancy. Sutton, by-the-bye, will soon have been employed in these gardens for forty years. If I were a statistician I probably could prove, by rule of arithmetic, that Sutton has been killed many times over, in the course of so many years among lions and tigers. Not being a statistician, I am compelled to admit that he hasn't. Sutton enjoys the distinction of being the only thing in the lion-house never sketched by the artists and the sketchers who are not artists.

THE AIR OF FREEDOM.

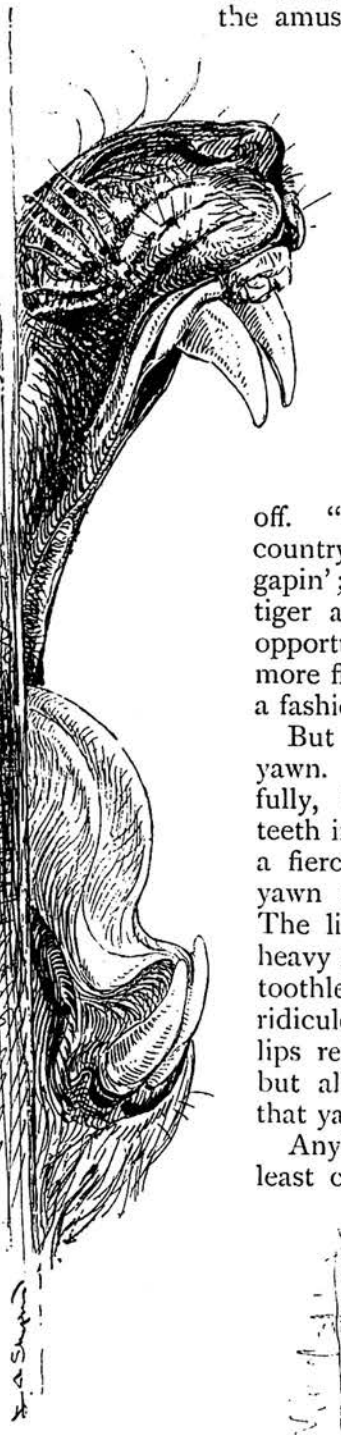
It is noticeable that a lion—any lion, every lion—likes to take his ease with his nose stuffed out between the bars—by way, probably, of sniffing the air of freedom, and feeling as much at liberty as possible in the circumstances, regardless of contact with the iron of the cage. I am not sure that this muzzle-exposure is always good for Felis Leo; I have a suspicion that it may be responsible for some of the toothaches wherewith he now and again is afflicted, and ascribes, probably, to Sutton's partiality for open windows. A lion with a toothache is a pitiable thing; still, a thing to which I should prefer to administer comfort from the opposite side of the bars; and one the extraction of whose tooth I could leave, without envy, in other hands. Any person of ordinary humanity would prefer losing a tooth of his own to inflicting the pain of extraction upon—say Duke here—with his own hand. There is more tenderness for the feelings of dumb animals than one might imagine in the world, in such circumstances as these. Although why Duke should be called a dumb animal is not easy to explain after hearing his shocking language if dinner arrives a little later than suits him.

TOOTHACHE.

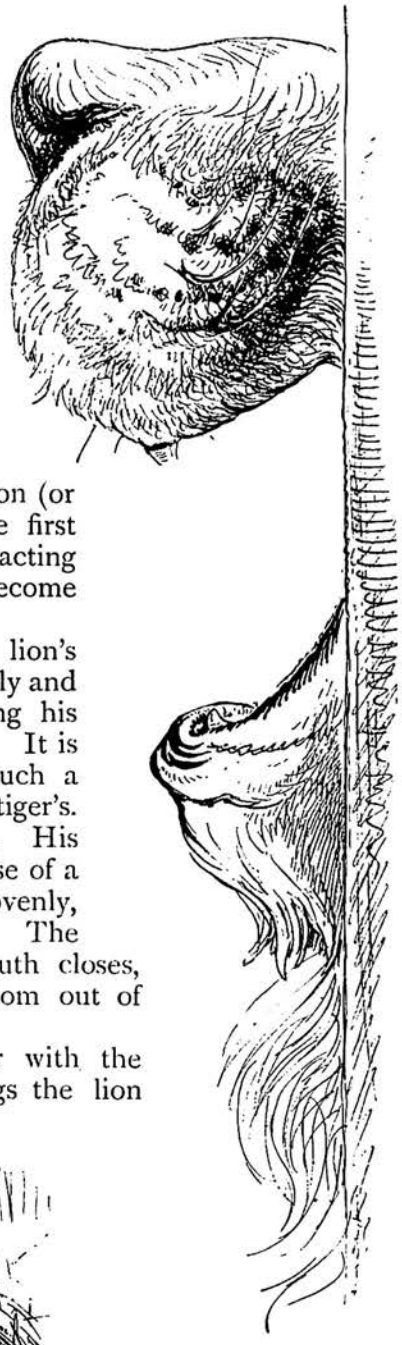
Notwithstanding all his grandeur and all his posing, the lion doesn't sufficiently wash his face; nor, indeed, any other part of himself. A tiger's ablutionary lickings are disproportionately few and small in area compared with those of the humble tom-cat of our native tiles. But compared with those of the lion they are profuse, excessive, superfluous. The lion has not yet learned the lesson of personal cleanliness. Some day, if I think of it when I see him, I shall suggest to Sutton the expedient of turning the garden hose on these lions. I don't believe they would enjoy it at first, but their education must begin somewhere. And Sutton might find this process more convenient than an actual bodily assault with soap and towels, although, considered as a spectacle, this plan would have its merits; and

YOU DIRTY LION.

might command its price as an advertisement for the soap. There are other respects in which the lion compares unfavourably with the tiger. Watch them yawning. Yawning, by-the-bye, is the only really fashionable amusement here in the lion-house—after eating. One of the cheetahs has a wooden ball to play with, but a cheetah is naturally low in his tastes, and even he is ashamed of the amusement, pursuing it by stealth, when unobserved, and concealing the ball by lying before it when visitors arrive; and in his inner heart I feel sure he prefers eating—if not yawning.



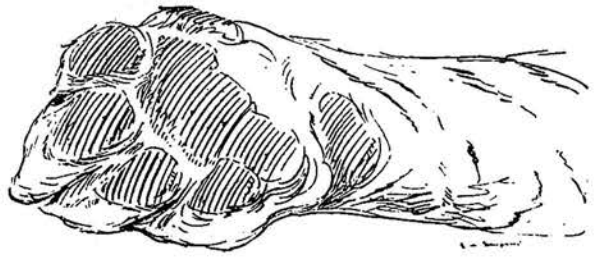
I have before now felt suspicious of the genuine character of some of the yawns here to be inspected. There are really too many of them. It is largely a mere posing and show-off. "Law, Maria," says the country cousin, "look at him a-gapin'; what awful teeth!" and the lion (or tiger as may be) likes it, seizing the first opportunity of gaping again, and extracting more flattery. So that yawning has become a fashionable pursuit.



But there is an inferiority in the lion's yawn. The tiger opens his head frankly and fully, baring his gums and exposing his teeth in all their vicious pointedness. It is a fierce yawn, a downright yawn, such a yawn as could be no yawn but a tiger's. The lion's might almost be a sheep's. His heavy lips overhang his gums like those of a toothless old woman. It is a mere slovenly, ridiculous yawn, with no terror in it. The lips retract a little perhaps as the mouth closes, but all the lustre is already gone from out of that yawn.

Anybody who looks at the matter with the least care may see that in all things the lion has been accorded an elevation which is not his right. The superstition is long a-dying, even among the lower animals themselves. The puma here, for instance, puffed up with a ridiculous vanity born of having been called the American lion by some naturalist who should have known better, rolls among his bed-straw until enough hangs

DRESSING THE PART.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF PALMISTRY—I.

II.

about his ears to represent a mane, and then stalks forth to be admired. He is encouraged by ignorant visitors who, from his size and colour, assume him to be a young lion, and call him one. I have even heard these sages disputing about his age, and walking off saturated with the animosity born of contentious ignorance, without once looking at the label which published the creature's pumaship to all the world. This sort of thing turns the puma's head, and makes a fool of him.

The tiger's superiority to the lion consists chiefly in his candour. He is a wicked, vicious rascal, a thief and a murderer, and he owns it. He doesn't pose. He would always rather run away than be bothered with fighting, unless he happen to be hungry, and so would the lion. But the lion will attitudinize if he thinks you have observed him, and try to make his running away look like magnanimity. The tiger simply bundles off, without any false pride. These particulars I give on hearsay evidence. They did not seem sufficiently important to warrant the expense of a personal test. Anybody anxious to know more of the lion or tiger has open to him several means of acquiring information at first hand —among others, palmistry. Both the lion and the tiger have paws of great mobility of expression. I have no doubt that if a skilful chiromancist were carefully and painstakingly to examine the paws of either Duke the lion or Tommy the big tiger here, he would before very long be greatly struck by them. Indeed, persons with very little practical knowledge of palmistry have been known, after a very short acquaintance with a tiger's paw, to carry away an extremely vivid impression thereof.

THE TIGER IS AMUSED.

It should be more generally understood that a tiger does not eat buns. There is a popular superstition that he does —a superstition extending also to lunch biscuits, bull's-eyes, and acidulated drops. Worthy old ladies are the chief votaries of the bun superstition, little boys and girls attending school treats taking the bull's-eye and acidulated drop branch. A tiger doesn't resent the offer of a bun as an insult—he is merely amused. Offer a bun to Duke, and he will express a desire to bite off half of you at once.

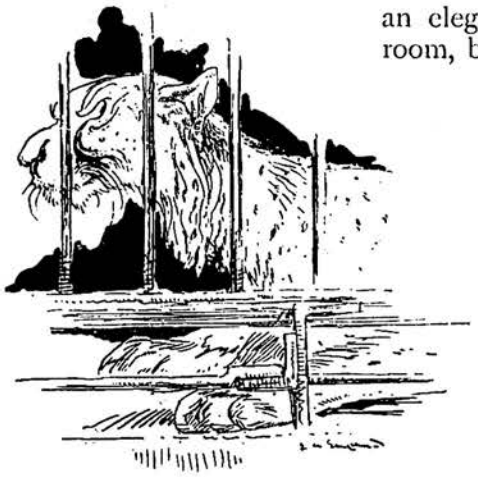
Tommy and Minnie are a long-wedded tiger couple—at the opposite end to Duke. And in their cage, if feeding-time be near, you shall see a quaint thing. Every animal in this place carries an internal clock of extreme accuracy, which sets him roaring furiously a little before four o'clock—every one but Tommy. Tommy makes a clock of himself

TOMMY.

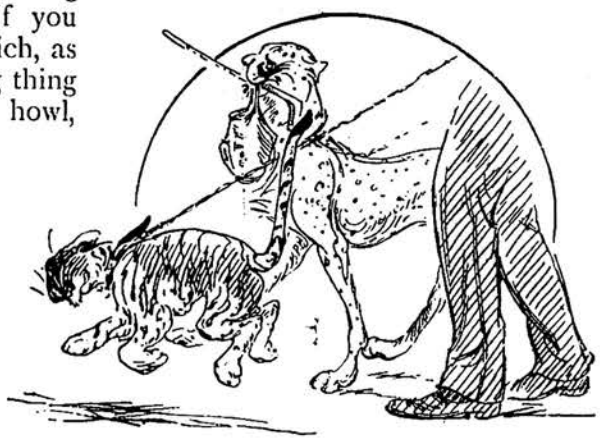
entirely, to measure up the tedious minutes. He makes no sound, but walks, persistently following his tail, in a circle. As the minutes pass the circle narrows and the pace quickens, until, as the dinner-waggon rolls in its appointed grooves, he turns completely on an axis, his head making to the left, his tail to the right. And so until his dinner is actually within the bars, when he picks it up in his stride and retreats with it to a corner.

THE DODGER.

The smallest cat here is not on show. This is Dodger, the baby tiger. He lives in an elegant private bed-sitting-room, built of strong planks, at the back of the house, by the door of Sutton's quarters, and in full view of the iron bathing-machine arrangement whereby the lions and tigers pass out to their back playgrounds in fine weather. The Dodger is not, perhaps, altogether beautiful—in a physical sense. He runs largely to ears and feet, and has the general appearance of having been put together hurriedly, with the wrong neck. But Dodger means well, and will play with your hands as long as you please to risk a nip of the teeth. If you are a stranger he will mew at you at first, which, as his voice is just breaking, is an exhilarating thing to hear, being a varying compound of roar, howl, mew, and whimper, grateful to the tympanum. But he soon grows friendly, especially if you place your hand casually on the dinner-waggon standing near his quarters.

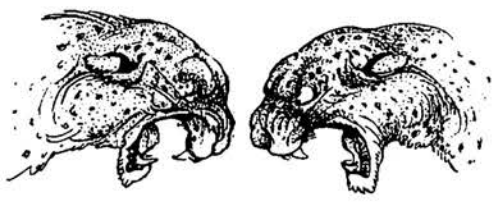


THE CHEETAH.



A WALK.

Another affable creature is the cheetah. With his lithe limbs, strong neck, and small bullet head, he has a certain prize-fighting appearance, but, like the Game Chicken, is quite affable. The cheetahs here are subjected to a certain ignominy which I trust and believe the Society is not intentionally responsible for. A board inscribed "Beware of Pickpockets" is hung conspicuously over their heads. It is scarcely credible that the proximity is intended as suggesting a horrible pun upon the name of the poor animals, but it arouses suspicions in the minds of some people, and is apt to place the unfortunate cheetahs in the abject position of accomplices in the outrage. And when the Dodger is promoted to one of these large cages, the suspicion in his case may even be greater, and naturally; with the possibly redeeming feature that only a lame joke, and not an inhuman pun, will be suspected. Before then, however, the reproach may be removed.

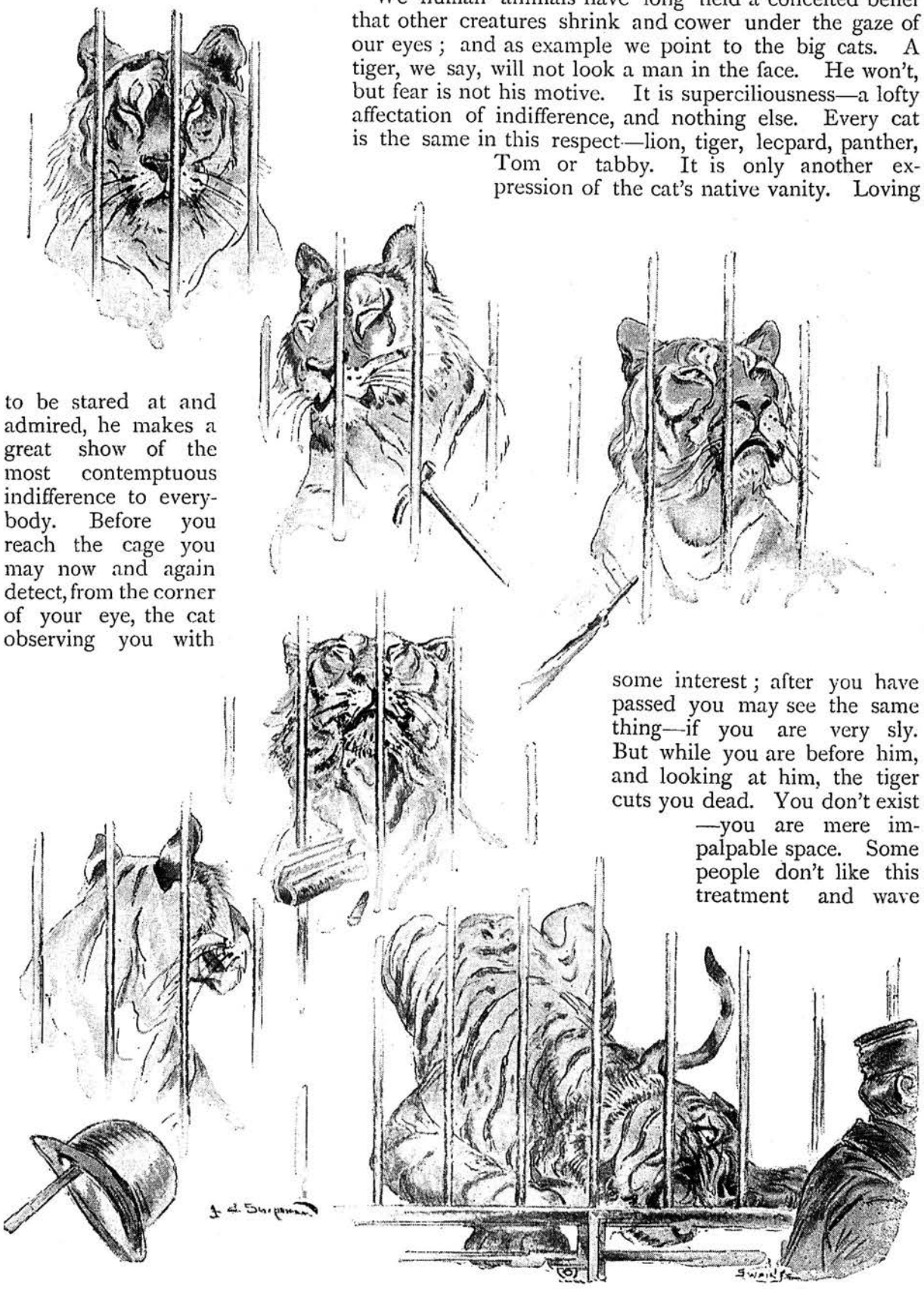


A FAMILY JAR.

In the early morning, before the gardens are opened, Sutton, Dodger, and the cheetah go out for a walk about the grounds, amid a shower of envy. Michael, the big bear, in particular, looks from behind his window blinds in much displeasure. I should like to take Michael out for a stroll—say along the Strand; there would be a deal to amuse him.

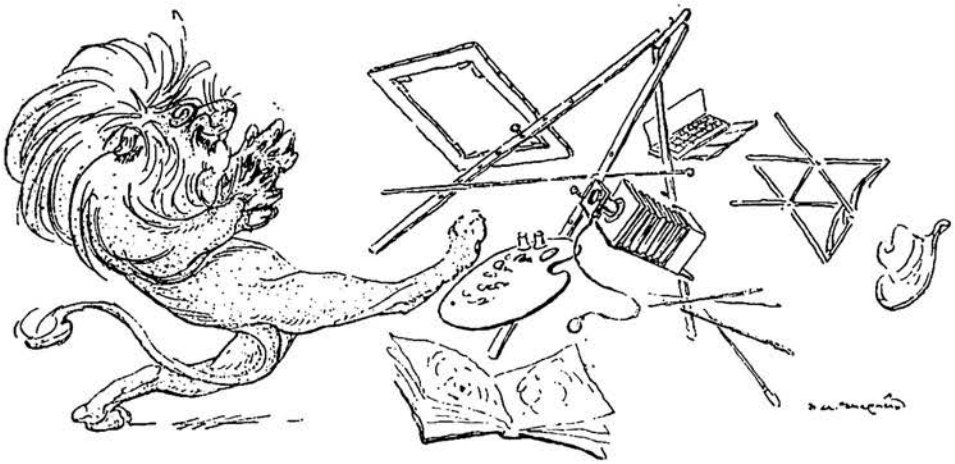
It is a pity that some of the leopards are not as good-humoured as Dodger and the cheetahs. One particular pair live in a perpetual mutual threat to bite off each other's heads. Anything is a sufficient provocation. Whatever the one is doing arouses the jealousy of the other—and there you are !

We human animals have long held a conceited belief that other creatures shrink and cower under the gaze of our eyes ; and as example we point to the big cats. A tiger, we say, will not look a man in the face. He won't, but fear is not his motive. It is superciliousness—a lofty affectation of indifference, and nothing else. Every cat is the same in this respect—lion, tiger, leopard, panther, Tom or tabby. It is only another expression of the cat's native vanity. Loving to be stared at and admired, he makes a great show of the most contemptuous indifference to everybody. Before you reach the cage you may now and again detect, from the corner of your eye, the cat observing you with some interest ; after you have passed you may see the same thing—if you are very sly. But while you are before him, and looking at him, the tiger cuts you dead. You don't exist —you are mere impalpable space. Some people don't like this treatment and wave



CONNECTED WITH ROYALTY.

sticks and umbrellas to attract his attention; but he only gazes dreamily away into some other region of space. They get angrier, and hurl guide-books and cigar-ends; and he stares placidly at the ceiling. They waggle hats on sticks, as irritatingly as possible, and he glances casually at his bedroom door. Even when it seems proper to transfer his gaze from the space at the left of his interviewer to that at his right, it sweeps round with a most offensive air of passing over mere space; or perhaps it passes over the insulted person's head. With the keeper it is different. No tiger is a hero to his keeper, and the tiger knows it. The keeper has found him out long ago, and it is useless to attitudinize before *him*, or to attempt to ignore his existence. So the tiger tries to rush at him under the bars. The keeper is associated in his mind, and very naturally, with something to eat. The keeper always appears with the beef, but although the beef comes between the bars, he is always defrauded of the keeper. Wherefore the keeper is a *bête-noir*, a constant reminder of a good meal put under his nose and taken away again. Perhaps it may be hinted to those nobly ambitious of attracting the notice of a lion or tiger, that the hat-trick may be expensive if tried upon a young and frolicsome animal. A sudden temptation, such as the offer of a new hat, may cause a young lion or tiger to forget his dignity for some little time—as long as the hat lasts. It was a very few Sundays ago that Victoria—the young lioness here belonging to the Queen—secured a very decent bowler, which had been extended with a view of reaching something from the ledge before the cage. Victor, her mate, although, of course, connected with Royalty by marriage, so far unbent as to participate in that hat, which provided a pleasant twenty minutes' entertainment; at the close of which the late owner borrowed a peaked cap from the keeper, and went home. But Victor does not unbend as a rule. He is an affable lion, however, perfectly friendly with those he knows. He might almost be allowed out, were it not that the artists and the photographers, and the daubers and sketchers who are neither, would probably suffer from his natural indignation. So he sits behind the bars and dreams of the golden time when all things shall be free and equal, and he shall kick those people and all their works into the outer darkness.



COUNTRY SCENES.—MAY.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this has come
Back, and with whitethorn laden home. HERRICK.

BEAUTIFUL as May will ever be, it was a much merrier month in the olden time than it is now. Our forefathers, though brave as lions, were still children at heart: they loved all ancient customs that contributed to happiness, and considered that time well spent, which drew them closer and endeared them more to each other: they had their mustering grounds, where Wealth and Poverty often congregated on the same equal footing. May was one of the chief months in which this happy assemblage took place. The Lord of the Soil gave the tallest tree upon his estate for the May-pole; and the lowliest labourer that lived under him was for one day in the year happy, and danced around it, and loved all the more the kind master, who had gladly granted him his May-day holiday, and who, with his fair wife and lovely daughter, came down from the old ivy-covered hall to look at the rustic sport. It was a holy and kindly feeling that first established this reverence to Nature, this worship to the sovereign Month of *Flowers*. *If, as is said, it* first originated amongst the Pagans, it, nevertheless, revealed glimpses of the Great Divinity, then but dimly seen; for, distant as the approach may be, those who feel a love for the things created, will at last carry their adoration to the Creator.

Our ancestors rose with the first dawning of day, to fetch home boughs from the woods, with which they decorated the fronts of their houses, formed into green arbours, and twined into their May-day garlands. Both Spenser and Herrick, two of our old poets, have left us descriptions of this ancient custom, which is mentioned by older writers who lived long before their names were known; and we could quote pages of beautiful passages from many ancient works, illustrative of old May-day customs—

But they are dead and gone, lady,
They are dead and gone;
And at their head a grass-green turf
And at their feet a stone.—

we have but glanced at them as belonging to the things that have passed away.

If May brought not another blossom excepting those which she hangs out upon our thousands of miles of hawthorn hedges, we should still hail her as Queen of the Year. Oh! is it not a pleasant thought to know that even "looped and windowed raggedness," the poorest beggar that ever wandered in want by the wayside, now inhales a fragrance worthy of the gardens of Heaven—that around the homeliest cottage, whose thatched roof covers contented Poverty, there now spreads an aroma such as never floated into the marble halls of city palaces, such as the roses of Summer never shed. I have before, while given the rein to my fancy, described how these beautiful blossoms were first formed, in my "Poetical Lan-

guage of Flowers," from which I again copy the following lines, showing—

HOW MAY WAS FIRST MADE.

As Spring upon a silver cloud,
Lay looking on the world below,
Watching the breezes as they bowed
The buds and blossoms to and fro,
She saw the fields with hawthorns walled;
Said Spring, "New buds I will create."
She to a Flower-spirit called,
Who on the month of May did wait,
And bade her fetch a hawthorn spray,
That she might make the buds of May.

Said Spring, "The grass looks green and bright;
The hawthorn hedges, too, are green;
I'll sprinkle them with flowers of light,
Such stars as Earth hath never seen;
And all through England's girded vales,
Her steep hill-sides, and haunted streams,
Where woodlands dip into the dales,
Where'er the hawthorn stands and dreams;
Where thick-leaved trees make dark the day;
I'll light each nook with flowers of May.

Like pearly dew-drops, white and round,
The shut-up buds shall first appear,
And in them be such fragrance found
As breeze before did never bear;
Such as in Eden only dwelt,
When angels hovered round its bowers,
And long-haired Eve at morning knelt
In innocence, amid the flowers;
While the whole air was every way
Filled with a perfume sweet as May.

And oft shall groups of children come,
Threading their way through shady places,
From many a peaceful English home,
The sunshine falling on their faces;
Starting with merry voice the thrush.
As through green lanes they wander singing,
To gather the sweet hawthorn bush,
Which homeward in the evening bringing,
With smiling faces, they shall say,
"There's nothing half so sweet as May."

Spring shook the cloud on which she lay
And silvered o'er the hawthorn-spray,
Then showered down the buds of May.

Now the woods ring again with the loud chattering of the jay, and the merry shout of the woodpecker; and the golden furze-bushes are all alive with flocks of busy linnets. The golden-banded bees are out upon the broom-covered heath, and, where the clover-fields are in flower, they keep up a continuous murmuring, like a river that ever rolls singing to itself beneath its flowery banks.

"Tirra-lirra, tirra-lirra, jug, jug, jug!" List! that is the song of the nightingale. How delightful to wander forth on a sweet May evening, and listen to that enchanting lay, while the star of eve is planted like a gem upon the forehead of the sky. Although we can scarcely see what flowers are at our feet, or distinguish the May-buds, from which such a rich aroma arises, from the leaves, we know that the tawny-brown head of the little chorister is somewhere at hand, "in shadiest covert hid," and will never wander far from the spot, unless captured, until the Summer flowers begin to fade. It is believed that the nightingale sings sweetest in the neighbourhood where the spotted cowslips grow; and that never, until the time of his departure arrives, can he be allured from so sweet a spot. What rapid notes; how his music gushes forth, like a stream that is eager to empty itself; he sings as if Summer were far too short for him to reach the end of his song; as if, even with all his hurry, he should not have half time enough to say all that he intended, although he came before the pearl-flushed blossoms of the hawthorn had opened. See where the bright round moon heaves up above the distant hill! Oh, who would not leave the glitter and glare of the crowded city for such a scene as this? Saving for the song of the nightingale, how still the whole landscape seems; between the pauses that he makes to regain his breath, we can hear the lapping and rippling of the river; not a branch waves without the rustling sound becoming audible; and far off we catch the melancholy booming of the bittern—that strange, sad, and solitary sound, which, when heard at midnight, in the midst of lonely and desolate marshes, causes the stoutest heart for a moment to quail.

"Too-whoo, too-whoo!" Ancient haunter of ruins, lover of darkness, I know thy voice. Fitting abode for the owl is yonder "ivy-mantled tower," on which the moon-light is now falling; for the bower which beauty once adorned is now desolate; the floor of the banqueting-hall is now haunted by the toad, and among the rank weeds which overgrow the court-yard the red fox oftimes shelters. From those crumbling battlements the call of the warden will never more sound.

Next to the study of birds, the habits of bees ought to rank chief amongst that of insects; those "singing masons" that build "roofs of gold," who go out with "merry March," to rob the velvet buds. How naturally comes to the mind that beautiful description of Shakspere's, which everybody must be familiar with who reads his works. With what state the queen bee sets out, when she quits her hive; what pursuivants, heralds, outriders, attendants, who wear belts of gold, swell her train, and "go sounding" through the "flowery towns" she passes. What order rules her household, filled as it is with nurses who feed the young, and waiters who bring provisions to the builders, and busy scouts who are ever running to and fro, and carrying in food; kneaders of wax, and skilful architects, who work with mathematical accuracy, and display the greatest knowledge both in the saving of material and labour, though their work is completed in the most perfect manner. Thanks to the naturalists who have made the habits of these English "humming birds" their study, we are daily becoming more familiar with the "government" of bees.

Flowers are now abundant, the trees become more beautiful every day, and all the singing birds that visit us are now assembled in the fields and woods, and, as the old women in the country say, "it is almost a sin to stay in-doors, if we can get out;" for this is the month which our Saxon ancestors called "Milk Month;" and, from the very name, we know that beautiful English maidens rose early in the mornings of May, and went out into the very fields in which our country maids still sing, to milk their cows, just as the village girls do in our own day. An old grey-headed man once told me that he had heard his grandfather say, the hills which rise above Gainsborough, in Lincolnshire, were in ancient times called the Milk Hills; but they never retained that name after they were enclosed; and I have often thought that they bore the same name when my native county formed a part of the Saxon kingdom of Mercia; for I deeply love these old associations; for I knew that Alfred, when young, had marched over those very hills, when he joined his brother and the King of Mercia and they crossed the Trent to attack the Danes, who occupied Nottingham. May, and milk-month, and the old green milk-hills, were always in my mind associated with Alfred, and the Danes, and the destruction of Croyland Abbey, and no end of "old world histories." Nor can England furnish many prettier little pastoral pictures than a comely village girl milking a beautiful red-and-white cow under a shady tree, with a reedy pond at hand, half darkened by shadowy foliage, and, in the background,

A green English home—a land of ancient Peace."

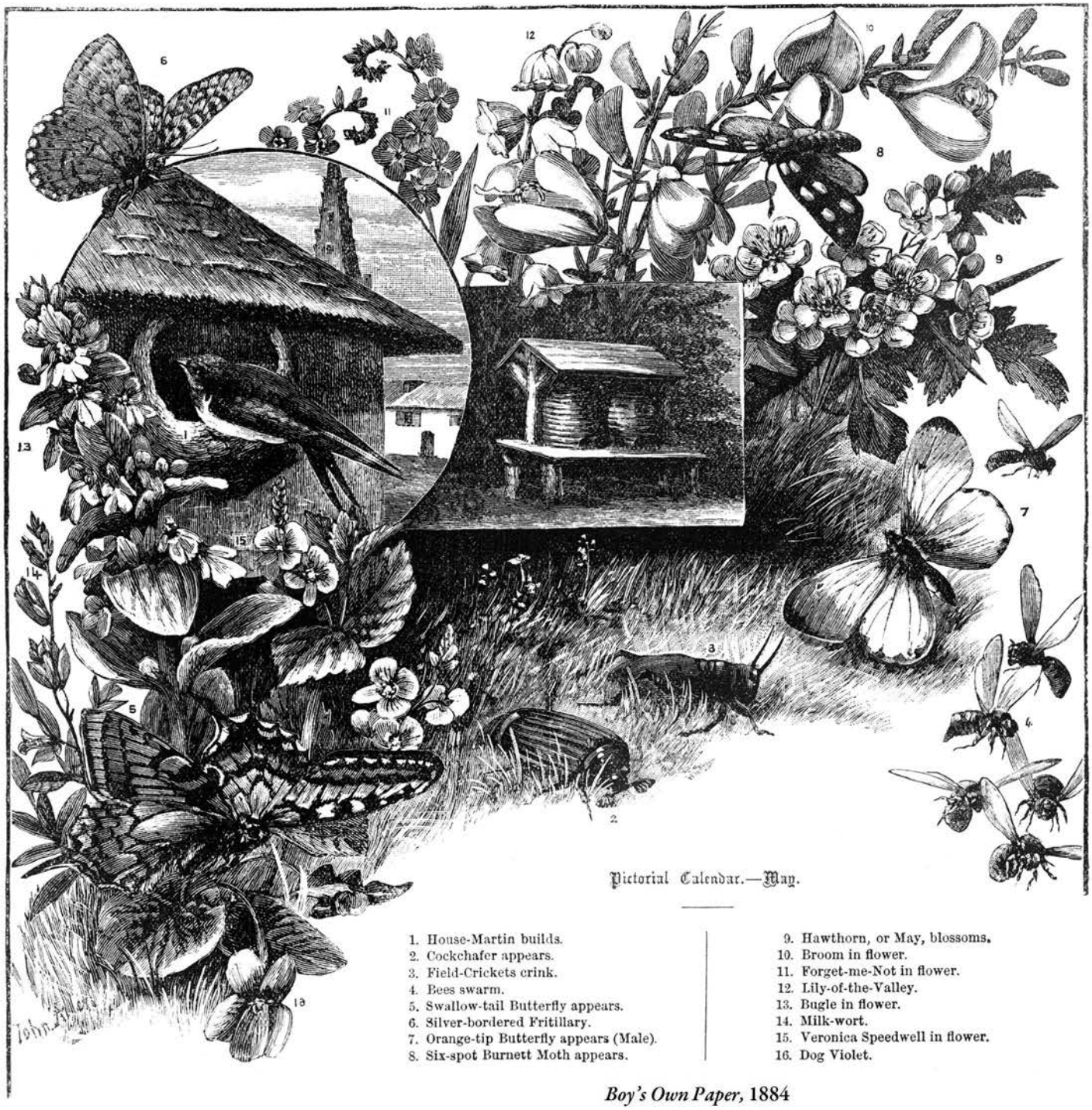
It is not all poetry that such a scene conjures up. No; there is mingled with it visions of sweet butter and new cheese; yellow cream, in which a spoon will almost stand upright; cheesecakes, curds-and-whey, syllabubs, and endless good things, which convince a sensible man that Taste is not confined alone to the fine arts. Fain would I present my readers with Sir Thomas Overbury's description of a "Fair and Happy Milkmaid," if want of space did not prevent me. As it is, I hope they will bear it in mind, and if they have never read it, remember that it is one of the most beautiful poetical-prose paintings in the English language. Those who have seen my "Beauties of the Country" are already acquainted with the extract. The following is all I have room for:—"She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not; though she is not arrayed in the spoils of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence—a far better wearing; she rises with the cock, and at night makes the bell her curfew. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity." So he runs on, piling one beautiful conceit upon another unto the end of the sketch.

The young corn has now risen high above the furrows, and looks like slips of green silk waving in the wind. Wild roses droop their pearl-flushed cups beneath the weight of morning dew. Along the wayside hedges, the chesnut begins to show its cones of flowers; while the laburnums stand like foresters, in their rich liveries of "green and gold." The oaks put on their new attire, but slowly, as if to show that their hardy limbs have less need to don their new clothing than their more effeminate brothers of the wood, but condescending at last to act like the rest, if it only be to shelter the birds, and keep the woodbine and wild flowers that grow around their knotted knees from withering.

What pictures now float before us—what glimpses of rural objects has that old knotted oak called up! The hawk which we once saw poised almost motionless above it—the hare we startled from the fern that grew at its feet—the gipsy camp, a few yards distant, which we first discovered by the smoke curling above its foliage—the ringdove we heard cooing, while lying idly in its cool shade—the brook that seemed to sing for a moment, and then to become silent again, just as the wind went and came among the green oak-leaves—surely, man was never intended to spend his days in walled cities, without beholding the beauty with which the hand of God has clothed the earth, to instruct and delight him.

Even a life of toil and suffering is sweetened by the remembrance of scenes like these, for they are pleasures that pass not away, but are ever stepping unaware upon us, throwing sudden bursts of "sunshine upon the shady place," and cheering sorrow in its solitude. By my own hearth I can traverse hundreds of miles of pleasant scenery, can call up an hundred landscapes of forest, hill, river, valley, and pastoral plain; of village, and tree, and stile; of winding highways and pleasant field-paths, even to the very figures that dot the scenery, and the parting boughs above my head, that let in little patches of clear blue sky; and during such rambles as these, England has seemed to be my own great freehold. If the selfish lord of the soil refused me admittance through his gate, I sought the nearest eminence that overlooked it, peeped at his deer, and his avenues, his sheets of water, where the white swans floated, and carried off in my heart images of pleasure that delighted me for days after, while he moved only before my "mind's eye," like the ill-formed scare-crow, that gave "disgust, but hurt not;" nor did I love Nature less, because he was placed there for a time, though I sometimes sat down beside his wall, and "taxed Heaven with unkindness;" but this feeling soon passed away, my wrath reached not through fourteen lines of a sonnet.

Are our rulers aware that the miscalled tea-gardens around this huge Metropolis, which contains two millions of human souls, are but little better than out-of-door gin-shops?—that every vendor of spirits, who can command an acre or two of land, a tree or two, a few benches, a licence, and a little "harsh-music," can, by law, half-poison, or make drunk, all who choose to call "Waiter," and have the wherewith to make themselves comfortably drunk? I believe not! Yet, what scenes I have witnessed in my rambles around these suburbs! as I have wandered an unknown wayfarer, with my stick in my hand, and sat down on the nearest bench, to my glass of ale and crust of bread and cheese; and I have sighed to think that, ere long, when the infamous Enclosure Act is in full force, these will be the only places where the future men and women of England can resort to. But then—happy thought!—our city-streets will be well-drained, and our close courts well ventilated; we shall be able to ruralize in cellars without fearing the fever; our garrets will be sweeter than gardens; we shall be delightfully situated in the neighbourhood of Wash-houses and Model Lodging-houses; and see May with all its flowers—in the flower-pots—exchanging vegetation for ventilation, the latter an improvement truly. Would it not be wiser to divide it—to let us have a little less of the "villanous compound," and a little more of May in the country? A knowledge of the beautiful can only be obtained by an acquaintance with nature. We may throw open the doors of our exhibitions, and hang the walls with pictures, but if we enclose the green, rural, and out-of-door world, we shut up the reality, and all the glimpses that can be got of those cool verdurous old English nooks will be limited to such as can be seen on the canvass. To alter the language of Cowper, we may then exclaim, "Man made the town, and the artist the country," at least so much of it, as, excepting the dusty highways, we shall be allowed to see. Such is the wisdom of our modern Legislators.



Pictorial Calendar.—May.

1. House-Martin builds.
2. Cockchafer appears.
3. Field-Crickets crink.
4. Bees swarm.
5. Swallow-tail Butterfly appears.
6. Silver-bordered Fritillary.
7. Orange-tip Butterfly appears (Male).
8. Six-spot Burnett Moth appears.
9. Hawthorn, or May, blossoms.
10. Broom in flower.
11. Forget-me-Not in flower.
12. Lily-of-the-Valley.
13. Bugle in flower.
14. Milk-wort.
15. Veronica Speedwell in flower.
16. Dog Violet.

Boy's Own Paper, 1884

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