

holo, to invite the ancient and neighboring families of the Tags, the Bags and the Bobtails, has opened an office in Spring Gardens for the purpose of furnishing country gentlemen in their country-houses with company and guests on the most moderate terms. It will appear from the catalogue that Mr. J. has a choice and elegant assortment of six hundred and seventeen guests, ready to start at a moment's warning to any country gentleman at any house. Among them will be found three Scotch peers, several ditto Irish, fifteen decayed baronets, eight yellow admirals, forty-seven major-generals, half-pay (who narrate the whole Peninsular War), twenty-seven dowagers, one hundred and eighty-seven old maids on small annuities, and several unbeneficed clergymen, who play a little on the fiddle. All the above play-at cards, and usually with success if partners. No objection to cards on Sunday evenings or rainy mornings. The country gentleman to allow the guests four feeds a day, and to produce a Scotch or Irish peer be present."

A country village very often has no inhabitants, except the parson holding the rank of gentry. The majority of ladies in moderate or narrow circumstances live in county-towns, such as Exeter, Salisbury, etc., or in watering places which abound and are of all degrees of fashion and expense. County-town and watering-place society is a thing per se, and has very little to do with "county" society, which means that of the landed gentry living in their country-houses. Thus, noblemen and gentlemen within a radius of five miles of such watering-places as Bath, Tonbridge Wells and Weymouth would not have a dozen visiting acquaintances resident in those towns.

To get into "county" society is by no means easy to persons without advantages of position or connection, even with ample means, and to the wealthy manufacturer or merchant is often a business of years. The upper class of Englishmen, and more especially women, are accustomed to find throughout their acquaintance an almost identical style and set of manners. Anything which differs from this they are apt to regard as "ungentlemanlike or unladylike," and shun accordingly. The dislike to traders and manufacturers, which is very strong in those counties, such as Cheshire and Warwickshire, which environ great commercial centres, arises not from the folly of thinking commerce a low occupation, but because the county gentry have different tastes, habits and modes of thought from men who have worked their way up from the counting-room, and do not, as the phrase goes, "get on," with them, any more than a Wall street broker ordinarily gets on with a well-to-do, accomplished member of the Bar.

A result of this is that a large number of wealthy commercial men, in despair of ever entering the charmed circle of county society, take up their abode in or near the fashionable watering-places, where, after the manner of those at our own Newport, they build palaces in paddocks, have acres of glass, rear the most marvelous of pines and peaches, and have model farms which cost them thousands of pounds a year. To this class is owing in a great degree the extraordinary increase of Leamington, Torquay, Tonbridge Wells, etc.,—places which have made the fortunes of the lucky people who chanced to own them.

English ladies, as a rule, take a great deal of interest in the poor around them, and really know a great deal of them. The village near the hall is almost always well attended to, but it unfortunately happens that outlying properties sometimes come off far less well. The classes which see nothing of each other in English rural life are the wives and daughters of the gentry and those of the wealthier farmers and tradesmen: between these sections a huge gulf intervenes, which has not as yet been in the least degree bridged over. In former days very great people used to have once or twice in the year what were called "public days," when it was open house for all who chose to come, with a sort of tacit understanding that none below the class of substantial yeomen or tradesmen would make their appearance. This custom has now fallen into disuse, but was maintained to the last by the Hon. Doctor Vernon-Harcourt, who was for more than half a century Archbishop of York, and is yet retained by Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth House, his princely seat in Yorkshire. There, once or twice a year, a great gathering takes place. Dinner is provided for hundreds of guests, and care is taken to place a member of the family at every table to do his or her part toward dispensing hospitality to high and low.

During the summer and early autumn croquet and archery offer good excuses for bringing young people together, and reunions of this kind palliate the miseries of those who cannot afford to partake of the expensive gayeties of the London season. The archery meetings are often exceedingly pretty fetes. Sometimes they are held in grounds specially devoted to the purpose, as is the case at St. Leonard's, near Hastings, where the archery-ground will well repay a visit. The shooting takes place in a deep and vast excavation covered with the smoothest turf, and from the high ground above is a glorious view of the old castle of Hastings and the ocean. In Devonshire these meetings have an exceptional interest from the fact that they are held in the park of Powderham Castle, the ancestral seat of the celebrated family of Courtenay. All the county flocks to them, some persons coming fifty miles for this purpose. A propos of one of these meetings, we shall venture to interpolate an anecdote which deserves to be recorded for the sublimity of impudence which it displays. The railway from London to

Plymouth skirts the park of Powderham, running so close beside it that each train sends a herd of deer scampering down the velvet glades. One afternoon a bouncing young lady, who belonged to a family which had lately emerged from the class of yeoman into that of gentry, and whose "manners had not the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," found herself in a carriage with two fashionably-attired persons of her own sex. As the train ran by the park, one of these latter exclaimed to her companion, "Oh look, there's Powderham! Don't you remember that archery-party we went to there two years ago?" "To be sure," was the rejoinder. "I'm not likely to forget it, there were some such queer people. Who were those vulgarians whom we thought so particularly objectionable? I can't remember." "Oh, H—: H—: H—:!" That was the name." Upon this the other young lady in the carriage bounced to her feet with the words, "Allow me to tell you, madam, that I am Miss H— of P—!" Neither of those she addressed deigned to utter a word in reply to this announcement, nor did it appear in the least to disconcert them. One slowly drew out a gold double eye-glass, leisurely surveyed Miss H— of P— from head to foot, and then proceeded to talk to her companion in French. Perhaps the best part of the joke was that Miss H— made a round of visits in the course of the week, and detailed the disgusting treatment to which she had been subjected to a numerous acquaintance, who, it is needless to say, appeared during the narration as indignant and sympathetic as she could have wished, but who are declared by some ill-natured persons to have been precisely those who in secret chuckled over the insult with the greatest glee.

English gentlemen experience an almost painful sensation as they journey through our land and observe the utter indifference of its wealthier classes to the charms of such a magnificent country. "Pearls before swine," they say in their hearts. "God made the country and man made the town." "Yes, and how obviously the American prefers the work of man to the work of the Almighty!" These and similar reflections no doubt fill the minds of many a thoughtful English traveler as the train speeds over hill and dale, field and forest. What sites are here! he thinks. What a perfect park might be made out of that wild ground! what cover-shooting there ought to be in that woodland! what fishing and boating on that lake! And then he groans in spirit as the cars enter a forest where tree leans against tree, and neglect reigns on all sides, and he thinks of the glorious oaks and beeches so carefully cared for in his own country, where trees and flowers are loved and petted as much as dogs and horses. And if anything can increase the contempt he feels for those who "don't care a rap" for country and country life, it is a visit to such resorts as Newport and Saratoga. There he finds men whose only notion of country life is what he would hold to be utterly destitute of all its ingredients. They build palaces in paddocks, take actually no exercise, play at cards for three hours in the forenoon, dine, and then drive out "just like ladies," we heard a young Oxonian exclaim—"got up" in the style that an Englishman adopts only in Hyde Park or Piccadilly.

When an American went to stay with Lord Palmerston at Broadlands, the great minister ordered horses for a ride in the delicious glades of the New Forest. When they came to the door his guest was obliged to confess himself no horseman. The premier, with ready courtesy, said, "Oh, then, we'll walk: it's all the same to me;" but it wasn't quite the same. The incident was just one of those which separate the Englishman of a certain rank from the American.

There is of course a certain class of Americans, more especially among the *jeunesse dorée* of New York, who greatly affect sport: they "run" horses and shoot pigeons, but these are not persons who commend themselves to real gentlemen, English or American. They belong to the bad style of "fast men," and are as thoroughly distasteful to a Devonshire or Cheshire squire as to one who merits "the grand old name,"—which they conspicuously defame—in their own country.

The English country-loving gentleman to whom we have been referring is, for the most part, of a widely different mould—a man of first-rate education, frequently of high attainments, and often one whose ends and aims in life are far higher things than pleasure, even of the most innocent kind, but who, when he takes it, derives it chiefly from the country. Many of this kind will instantly occur to those acquainted with English worthies: to mention two—John Evelyn and Sir Fowell Buxton.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

KEEP the cows clean by the free use of the card or currycomb and brush. If you do not "believe in it," try it on a few cows, and let the others go dirty. You will soon be satisfied that it pays to make the cows clean and comfortable.

At a local meeting in New-England one speaker said he considers the value of his farm enhanced fully \$1,000 in consequence of the attractiveness given to it by five elm trees planted along the roadside by his grandfather 85 years ago.

ABOLISH INSIDE FENCES.—Fences, at best, are costly things. The sooner we get rid of thousands of miles of them in New-England the better it will be for us. Under our laws they are not necessary on roadsides, and are rarely so in fields. We are glad to notice that large fields are fashionable now, instead of small ones. Stop putting up new fences and patching up old ones, and put the same labor into a more perfect cultivation, and the difference in income will soon alter the whole condition of the family for the better.

FAMILY MATTERS.

FLAVORING FOR CUSTARDS.—Peach leaves, steeped in brandy, make an excellent flavoring for custards, &c.

TOMATO JAM.—Take full-grown green tomatoes, peel them very thinly, and boil with a pound of sugar to every pound of the peeled green tomato cut in slices; boil for about an hour and a half. A more piquant taste may be secured if the juice of two good-sized lemons be added to every six pounds of fruit, and the quantity of sugar lessened by giving only five pounds of sugar to six of tomatoes. Then drop the squeezed lemon halves into the saucepan, and let them boil, taking out at time of potting.

HINTS ON BUILDING HOUSES.—In arranging your house a good hint is given by the *American Builder*, to allow room for plenty of windows. And then, O housewife, keep your blinds open during the day, and your curtains drawn aside. If you let the sun in freely it may "fade your carpets," but if you do not it will be sure to cause ill-health to the mother and children. The sun is a good physician. He has never had due credit for his curative qualities—for the bright eyes and rosy cheeks that come from his healing bath. Do you know how puny is the growth of the potato-vine along the darkened cellar wall? Such is the health of human beings living where the sun is intercepted by the window's drapery."

PLUM PUDDING.—Take one pound of the best stoned raisins and a pound of currants; chop one pound of beef suet very small; blanch and pound two ounces of sweet almonds and half an ounce of bitter ones. Mix the whole well together with a pound of sifted flour and the same weight of bread crumb soaked in milk. Squeeze it dry and stir with a spoon until reduced to a mash before it is mixed with the flour. Cut into small pieces two ounces each of preserved citron, orange and lemon peel, and add a quarter of an ounce of mixed spice. Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a basin with eight eggs well beaten. Stir this with the pudding and make it of a proper consistency with milk. Pour a gill of brandy over the fruit and spice and allow it to stand for three or four hours before the pudding is made, stirring occasionally. Then tie the whole in a cloth and boil it for five hours.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORTON finds that the bright bands in the spectra of fluorescent light emitted by various bodies may be employed as a means of detecting the presence of impurities in these bodies.

The disinfection of a room is not complete unless the walls have also been thoroughly oiled. If they are papered the paper must be removed, and the surface beneath carefully scraped and washed; if the walls are painted they should be washed with caustic soda. The ceiling should also be subject to similar treatment.

PLANET states that when a tuning-fork in vibration is brought near a flame, a loud tone is suddenly perceived, which in the case of a rapidly burning gas-flame is quite as loud as that produced by placing the foot of the fork upon a sounding-board. The loudest tone is produced by bringing the flame between the prongs of the vibrating fork.

ZOLLNER has expressed the opinion that all current movements in liquids, especially if they are in contact with foreign bodies, are attended by a development of electricity. Beetz has recently repeated the experiment of Zollner on which this opinion was founded, and he states that the currents are produced not by the flowing of the water, but by the reaction of the water, lead, and brass of the hydraulic apparatus on each other.

M. CARBONNIER, the great pisciculturist of Paris, states that the Paradise or Peacock fish have some singular habits; among these he mentions the fact, that as the female lays the eggs, the male carries them away in his mouth and deposits them in a nest which he builds for them. He will not allow the female to come anywhere near the nest, and if she ventures to approach swings himself round and drives her away.

The effects of the recent eruption on the condition of Vesuvius are described as follows by M. de Saussure:

1. The mountain has been divided by a rent running nearly from north to south-south-west.
2. The lava rising in the rent has rushed along the two sides on the north to the very foot of the cone; on the south, half-way down, in much less abundance.
3. The summit of the mountain has been lowered and flattened.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

If our passions rule us, they will ruin us.

MAKE men intelligent and they become inventive. The best words are those which have the fewest syllables.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

PURCHASED love and friendship stop when the banker suspends payment.

A MAN may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

In making our arrangements to live, we should never forget that we have also to die.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.

REPENTANCE is too often not so much regret for the evil we have done as fear for its consequences to us.

"In proportion to a man's intelligence," says Pascal, "does he detect originality in other men. Common people think all men alike."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good action done as it ought to be, without any cold suggestions of interest lurking at the bottom of it.

A WELL-BRED woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from insult, from much blame, and from not a little apparent omnivore in dishonorable conversation.

"For myself," said Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbors'."

NEVER expect a selfishly ambitious man to be a true friend. He who makes ambition his god, tramples on everything else. He will climb upward, though he treads on the hearts of those who love him best, and in his eyes your only value lies in the use you may be to him. Personally, one is nothing to him, and if you are not rich, or famous, or powerful enough to advance his interests, after he has got above you he cares no more for you.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

HERE'S ONE ABOUT A LITTLE SHAYER—age not recorded: The other day a little shaver was extracting on the injurious effect of tobacco. Said he: "The oil of tobacco is so poisonous that a single drop of it, on the end of a dog's tail will kill a man in a minute." The boy had got things slightly mixed.

"I DECLARE," said an old lady, reverting to the promise made on her marriage day by her liege lord, "I shall never forget when Obediah put the nuptial ring on my finger, and said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a itinerant draper's shop then, and I thought he was going to give me all there was in it. I was young, and did not know till afterwards that it meant one calico dress a year."

A WOULD-BE author was advised to try the effect of one of his compositions on the folks at home, without confessing its authorship. His mother fell asleep, his sister groaned, his brother asked him to "shut up," as they had had quite a sufficient shower of words without wit, and at last his wife tapped him upon the shoulder, with the sweetest possible "Won't that do?" He then saw how it was himself, buried his portfolio, recovered his digestion, and has been a happy man ever since.

HERE is a paragraph which we take bodily from a Western newspaper, frankly confessing our inability to improve it: "A sanguine young Atchison had faith in his ability to make himself the receptacle of four pints of raw whiskey within fifteen minutes. He wagered \$25 to that effect with a skeptic of the neighborhood, and made a suburban bar-room the scene of the performance. Upon his neat and ornamented tombstone, now in process of erection, will be inscribed the simple epitaph, 'He smiled and died.'"

THE Boston Globe says: "Our friend Potts read somewhere that electric sparks could be evolved from a cat by taking it into a dark room and rubbing its back. He made the experiment, and was surprised, to hear a loud yell and to feel something clawing across his face. Then he missed the cat. Mr. Potts is now uncertain whether he was struck by lightning evolved from the cat's back, or whether she became unduly excited as he stroked her and stroked back again; but he is certain that, when he undertakes to procure electricity again from a cat, he will first soothe her with a shot gun."

A TUNNEL JOKE.—A Kansas youth played a trick on two girls the other day, who were returning from school, and just about entering society, which, for real meanness, can't be beat. Occupying a seat on the train just back of them, he entered into a flirtation, which was in no way discouraged. The train came to a dark tunnel, and when it got midway he kissed the back of his own hand audibly—gave it a regular buss. Each girl, of course, charged the other with guilt, and the passengers thought possibly the youth had kissed both. When they got home each told the joke on the other, and for the first time two girls have the credit of having been kissed without having enjoyed the pleasure.

A BARBER was waited upon one morning by a nice young gentleman, who desired the hairdresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely cap in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marvelled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave. The original customer who made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that "one couldn't tell 't'her from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

OUR PUZZLER.

15. BURIED PROVERBS.

Put on your spurs, and be at your speed. Slow and sure wins the race. Conduct and courage lead to honor. Promise little, and do much. Craft must be veiled, but truth goes naked. Quick returns make rich merchants. Better to slip with the foot than the tongue. To say little, and perform much, is noble. One word taken from each proverb, in rotation, will make another proverb.

E. T. S.

16. ENIGMA.

In America, Africa, Asia I'm seen, Though in Europe, this true, I never have been; In woods and in forests I never am found, In civilized cities I always abound. In sins and iniquities my home's by right— Though quarrels avoiding, I'm ne'er last in fight; In the abodes of the good I never have dwelled, In derision by all I doubtly am held; I'm ne'er seen in church, in chapel, at prayer, And am sure to be found in riot or fair; In oblivion and grief I am doomed to remain, And shall ne'er be released from prison or pain; In evil pursuits I take part most profanely, And without me a maid is insane, very plainly.

G. W. HARDING.

17. CHARADE.

My first makes everything extinct, Until my second's to it linked; My second has no other use, Alone, but all things to reduce; My whole ne'er quiet, onward wending,— 'Tis working ever, never ending.

JESSE.

18. GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

An Irish river; a tributary of the Ouse; an island in the Baltic; a British possession in Africa; a range of mountains in Asia; a Chinese city; a town in the North of Denmark; a loch in the Hebrides; a town in Canada; and a Scotch county. The initials will give you the name of a celebrated general, the friend that of his greatest rival.

GROVER.

ANSWERS.

15. NAME PUZZLE: Soldier; Italian; Chapter; Slander; Impaled; Derided; Merrily.—STANLEY.

16. ENIGMA: A Gridiron.

17. CHARADE: Livingstone.

18. REBUS: Twine; Wine; Twin; Win; Tin; Wit; Not; Ten; Wet.