But walking exercise was at once his forte and his fanaticism. He is said to have constructed for himself a theory that, to every portion of the day given to intellectual labor, should correspond an equal number of hours spent in walking; and frequently, no doubt, he gave up his morning's chapter before he had begun it, "entirely persuading himself that he was under a moral obligation" to do his twenty miles on the road. By day, he found on the London thoroughfares stimulative variety, and at a later date he states it to be "one of his fancies that even his idlest walk must have its appointed destination; and by night, in seasons of intellectual excitement, he found in these same streets the refreshment of isolation among crowds. But the walks he loved best were long stretches on the cliffs or across the downs by the sea, where, following the track of his "breathers," one half-expects to meet him coming along against the wind at four and a half miles an hour, the very embodiment of energy, and brimful of life.

And, besides this energy * * * he hated disorder, as Sir Attegal hated injustice; and if there was anything against which he took up his parable with burning indignation, it was slovenliness, and half-done work, and "shoddiness" of all kinds * * * "Everything with him," Miss Hogarth told me, "went as by clock-work; his movements, his absences from home, and the times of his return, were all fixed beforehand, and it was seldom that he failed to adhere to what he had fixed." Like most men endowed with a superfluity of energy, he prided himself on his punctuality. He could not live in a room or in a house, till he had put every piece of furniture into its proper place, nor could he begin to work till all his writing gear was at hand, with no item missing or misplaced.

MICE IN POETRY.

Mice are not suitable subjects for poetry. There is very little of the hieroglyph, few subtle significances, in the pantry-invading, cat-eating, mouse. It is difficult to dignify it. Mouse character is very one-sided: there are no enormities about it, no picturesque ferocity, or blood-curdling wolfishness; nor does it conceal itself sufficiently to be worth calling "obscene." Besides, it is so absurdly small. Once in a way it was well enough to make "the crumb ravisher," "cheese-rind nibbler," "bacon-licker," and their comrades-in-arms, heroic; but the joke does not bear repetition. It is sad that cats should think so well of them as food, and that mouse-traps should be so efficacious, but what is to be done? They insist on being where they should not go, and affront man himself by tampering with his victuals.

Such is the poetical acceptation of the mouse. As "Tom's food" they are benignly congratulated upon their utility, and though expected to rejoice when cats decease, are sternly reminded that pussy alive was a wholesome corrective to mouse excesses. Thus Clare—

> Ah mice rejoice! ye've lost your foe,
> Who watched your scheming robberies so
> That, while she lived ye'd not yours to know
> A crumb of bread:
> 'Tis yours to triumph, mine's the woe,
> Now pussy's dead:
> While pussy lived ye'd empty maws,
> No sooner peeped ye out your nose
> But ye were instant in her claws,
> With squeakings dread;
> Ye're now set free from tyrant's laws,
> Poor pussy's dead.

They may eat crumbs if they can, but if the cat comes, it will serve them right if they get eaten themselves

> So the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
> Till the green-eyed kitling comes,
> Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
> The sudden danger of a rape.

So also when the mouse is caught in a trap, the poets hold it inevitable justice that it should die. Thus Somerville speaks of "the vigorous decree of fate" that condemns cheese-hunting mice to decapitation, and Clare of the "rigid fate" that awaits the tiny pilferer.

But outside the poets, the mouse has considerable dignity. It is "the ravisher" of Vedic legends, and in the solar myth the mice are the shadows which creep out from under the hills and which the cat moon and her kitten, the twilight, hunt. It was turned into a tiger as a reward for assisting a Brahmin, and might have been a tiger still, had it not in its new shape proceeded to eat the Brahmin, and for this been promptly turned back into a mouse again. Nor can an animal be called merely a pantry thief that sometimes eats kings and archbishops, to say nothing of the sons of Polish dukes*. Is the mouse, portentous to Rome, to be perpetually cowering before "green eyed kitlings?" If poets have no respect for mice, have they none for St. Gertrude, their patron? Take again their position in fairy tales. The mice are always beneficent. Their feud with the sparrows is doubtless deplorable, but did it arise from the fault of the mice? Were not they and the sparrows firm friends till the former behaved so meanly in that matter of the odd poppy seed, eating the whole of it themselves instead of fairly dividing it with the mice? Nor should it be remembered as discreditable to the mouse that it is not on good terms with the cat, for the cat behaved very shabbily toward its little partner about that pot of fat which they had stored away in the church, for joint winter consumption; for, not content with faithlessly eating all the fat by herself, Grimalkin also ate the mouse for reproaching her. The majority of fables are to the credit of the mouse: its gratitude is conspicuous, its services to princes in trouble momentous; and did it not, at the risk of its own life, release a lion? Lions are great mouse eaters.

But the mouse, apart from the man's household and yet more sacred person, that is to say the field-mouse—for poets consider corn-stealing in the country merely an amiable weakness as compared with the iniquity of crum-stealing in the town—receives more sympathetic treatment.

Thus Clare delights in the pretty little animal with its nest swinging from a wheat stalk:

> The little chumbling mouse
> Gnarls the dead weed for her house.
>
> . . . .
>
> The fields are cleared, the laboring mice
> To sheltering hedge or wood patrole,
> When hips and haws for food suffice
> That chumbled lie about their hole.

Hurdis sits out to watch

> The wanton mouse,
> And see him gambol round the primrose head,
> Till the still owl comes smoothly sailing forth,
> And with a shrill to-whit breaks off the dance
> And sends him scouring home.

Burns laments over the

> Wee sleeket cow'rin tum'rous beastie.

and its little home in the stubble ruined by the plough,

> That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
> Has cost thee mony a weary nibble.

It is not, however, out of place here to remind poets that the "delightful," field-mouse, as they think it, and as it undoubtedly is to all lovers of nature, "the corn destroyer" of Holy Writ, and that they are "the mice that marred the land" of Philistia, the scourge of an angry Jehovah. Nor to descend to lesser catastrophes—are the filed-mice that ate up the Bishop of Bingen altogether trivial creatures. In England and Europe generally, field-mice sometimes commit very serious depredations in the barns and rick-yards into which they have been carried at harvest time. Those that have been left behind in the fields become partially torpid, and take refuge in little grass-lined burrows; but their more fortunate friends in the barns keep awake in the winter "as if on purpose to show their gratitude for their liberal provender."

References are made to many of the mice of story—Wyatt's fiendish mouse; the town mouse and its country cousin; the golden mice of the covenantal ark; those that fought the frogs, the mouse in (Crabbe).

> That trespassed and the treasure stole,
> Found his lean body fitted to the hole:
> 'Till having fatted he was forced to stay
> And, fasting, starve his stolen bulk away.

and those of the Mouse Tower on the Rhine, while the morals and wise saws derived from the same animal are unexpectedly numerous.

> I hold a mouse's wit not worth a leke,
> That hath but'one hole for a stenten to.—*Chaucer.*
>
> The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
> Can never be a mouse of any soul.

So Herbert—

> The mouse that hath but one hole is quickly taken.
> 'Tis a bold mouse that nestles in a cat's ear.
> I give a mouse the hole and she is become my heir.
> —*Herbert.*

Dronke as a mouse.—*Chaucer.*

> The mouse
> Finds no pleasure in a poor man's house.—*Quarles.*
>
> State vermin, gnawing into labor's bread.—*E. Cook.*
>
> Show him a mouse's tail and he will guess,
> With metaphysic swiftness, at the mouse.—*Keats.*

Women, it is proverbial, dread mice.

> She who will tremble if her eye explore
> The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor.

But they do not, as a rule, altogether dislike them, or the poet† might regret his simile who writes:

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice crept in and out,
> As if they feared the light.

In Jean Ingelow there is a pleasant reference to the "water-mouse" among the reeds:

> His bright eyes gleaming black as beads,
> So happy with a bunch of seeds,

and several poets refer kindly to the "drowsy," "wondering," "sleepy" dormouse. In Red Indian fairy tales, the dormouse, the "blind woman," is a thing of some consequence. Once upon a time, a dwarf, annoyed by the sun, persuaded his sister to make a net out of her hair, and going out to the edge of the prairie next morning, he caught the sun just as it was rising, and pinned it down inside the net to the ground. Prodigious was the consternation in nature when the sun did not rise, and long and serious the pow-wow of the beasts. But at last the venerable dormouse (at that time the largest of all animals and the Ulysses among them) guessed what was the matter, and going to the edge of the prairie released the luminary. But in doing so it was shrivelled up to its present size.

As regards its forethought for the winter, the dormouse is even more interesting than the squirrel. For not only does it, like the squirrel, lay up its little hampers for occasional picnics in the snatches of fine weather, but it takes care, before turning into its cosy little moss-ball for the winter, to fatten itself up to an extraordinary obesity. So fat, indeed, does it become, that without any food at all laid by, it could sleep out a whole winter comfortably. But the delightful little Sybarite is not going to run any risks; so, like the jurymen in Punch, it first of all eats itself into invincible fatness, and fill its pockets beside with condensed food.

It was their capacity for fattening that endeared the dormice to Roman epicures. Their "gliralia" or "dormouse parks" were most extensive and costly erections, planted with oaks and nut-trees for the sustenance of the small deer, who as required for the table were caught and put into jars provided with every sort of mouse luxury.

* King Popelus was eaten by mice, also Duke Conrod's son (of Poland) also Otho, Archbishop of Mentz; so it is said.

† Pope has it weakly—

HOW TO SWEEP A ROOM.

To sweep and dust a room properly is an art, and, like all fine arts, has a right method. Well done, it renovates the entire room, and the occupants take possession feeling that "all things have become new." It is not merely a performance to be done by the hands, but a work into which taste and judgment—in other words, brains—must enter. Are these closets opening into the room to be swept? Arrange the shelves, drawers or clothing preparatory to sweeping-day, then let this be first to be swept. Cover the bed with soiled sheets; as also all heavy articles that cannot be removed; first, however, having carefully dusted and brushed them. Remove all the furniture that can easily be set in hall or adjoining room, having first dusted it; then, taking a step-ladder, begin to sweep or brush, or wipe the cornices or picture cords and pictures. Draw the shades to the top of the window, or, if there are inside blinds, dust them carefully. Open the windows. All the dust left in the room now is in the carpet or air, and the current of the windows will soon settle it. Now begin to sweep, not toward a door or corner, but from the outer edges of the room toward the center, where the dust will be taken up with a small brush or dust-pan. Go over the room once more—this time with a dampened broom; that removes the last bit of dust and gives the carpet a new, bright appearance. Replace the articles of furniture as soon as the air is entirely free from dust, uncover the rest, and the room is new and clean. All this seems an easy thing to do, but there is not one in a hundred will follow out its details. Some will sweep the dust into the hall or from one room to another, and then wonder why their house is so soon dusty again. Others forget cornice and pictures, and thus leave a seed of future annoyance; while a third class will do all but using the damp broom, which is the finishing touch of a picture.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 17.

IT is said that the *Christian World* will appear next year as a morning daily paper.

IT has been discovered that the house in which Lord Lytton's distinguished father was born is 31, Baker street. At present the house is a milliner's shop.

EVERY member of the band of the Grenadier Guards has been presented with a massive gold ring by the executive committee of the late Fisheries Exhibition.

A RADICAL contemporary, alluding to our remarks relative to the change of political feeling in the country, exclaims, quotingly, "Tell me where is fancy bred?" Answer: "Fancy bread may be had at most superior bakers."

THE proposal has been made that chess-boards and fixing or peg-men should be on hire at chief railway stations, to be delivered up at another chief station on the line. A deposit would be necessary, which would be refunded.

THE young ladies of Girton College, Cambridge, propose to give during the winter a representation of a Greek play. With the exception of "classical tutors"—favored and erudite beings—the stronger sex is to be jealously excluded from the performance.

MR. SPURGEON, who is so strongly opposed to pictures of saints in a church that he denounces the adornment of churches with figures of the apostles as almost idolatrous, preached at Exeter Hall the other night before a big picture of Luther, which he hoped would carry home to the minds of his hearers the reality of the man.

SOME of the ventilators in the Embankment gardens are being reduced in size. This, they say, is to prevent so much steam from rising—a very strange reason for the alteration. It is much more likely to be a sort of compromise to get rid of the still standing quarrel between the no-funnelists and the funnel-for-ever partizans.

NEXT session a demand will be made, at the instance of Colonel Hogg, for money to extend and develop the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. It is generally admitted that in the by no means improbable event of three large fires occurring in the metropolis at the same time the brigade would be found utterly inadequate to cope with them.

WHO sent the mutton? This is the last burning civic question of the day. Next year, if the Australian mutton story be true, we may look for a Lord Mayor's Show which will be a novelty. Every good man in the metropolis will mount the speciality of his business on four wheels, and run it into a foremost place as the Guildhall company proudly pace the various streets.

THAT is an interesting story about the member of a suburban School Board who attempted to quote the Bible and failed. It was promptly moved and carried that a Bible be laid upon the table for reference. The unenlightened member is said to be a follower of Mr. Gladstone in his views with regard to the administration of the oath to the elected M.P.'s, and the rebuke administered to him is well invented, if the tale, as is very likely, happens to be a figment.

AMONGST the expected arrivals in London is one which will be of the greatest interest to our artists. Deng Tong, a Chinese painter, who has been practising with immense success in Chicago, is about to visit us. Deng Tong professes to be far superior in knowledge of his art to the more skilful of the brotherhood amongst the "foreign devils." The likenesses are really striking, but the execution too smooth and *lèché* to please the "outer barbarians" of the craft. His oil painting is as highly finished as miniature, and looks like water-color.

IT seems that we are to have another monster hotel, and it is certainly curious that while the tendency of London life is westward the tendency of London hotels is to spring up city-ward. Of course, if they are intended for business people the explanation is simple. The truth is, it is the theatres that feed the hotels, and all the Strand, like all the world, is now a stage. The new hotel, however, finds its attraction in the new Law Courts, and it is to become the hostelry of litigants. It will be built close to the new Palace of Justice, and within sound of the new clock.

THE Royal Academy finds that its space is quite inadequate to the just demands upon it. The builders are at work in Burlington House. It is said that we are to have two new galleries. Though these are to be built in order to hold water-colors and architectural drawings, the benefit of the new addition will really be for the oil painters. They will get the rooms in which hitherto the drawings and water-colors used to hang. And it is quite right they should. The water-color rooms, thrust in as a sandwich between the stronger oil paintings, were always seen to disadvantage.

THE Kensingtonians complain, and with justice, that the noble gardens are being rapidly cleared of the fine old trees which used to add such a picturesque charm to this quarter of London. More than one hundred trunks were to be seen lying on the grass recently, and more are yet to fall. Quite as many more are decayed, and will have to be removed; but this need not have been the case if a little common sense and knowledge had been exercised. Large forest trees can hardly be expected to flourish when the earth and moisture upon which they depend are removed. It would be more sensible to cut them down at first, the timber would at least be valuable. Now it is ugly, rotten, useless, and the gardens are disfigured.

IT is refreshing to hear that Mr. Millais has gone to "fresh fields and pastures new" for subjects to paint. It seems that we are to expect some Highland scenes from his brush at the next Academy exhibition, his labours having lately been expended on the landscape scenery near his seat at Birnham. N. B. It is not the first time he has gone to Scotland for a theme, and his picture of "Effie Deans" will always be remembered as one of his most charming productions. But of late years Mr. Millais has been associated either with portraits of great personages, the latest edition being that of Mr. Henry Irving, or with the heroine who does duty for such pictures "Cherry Ripe," "Pomona," and others of similar character.