

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

The following, which is known as 'Mother Ship-ton's Prophecy,' was first published in 1488, and republished in 1611. It will be noticed that all the events predicted in it, except that men-tioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass:—

Carrriages without horses shall go, And accidents will fill the world with woe, Around the world thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of aye. Waters shall yet more wonders do; Now strange, yet shall be true, The world upside down shall be, And gold be found in the sea. Through hills men shall ride, And no horse or ass be at his side. Under water men shall walk, All ride shall leap, shall talk. In the air men shall be seen, In white, in black, in green. Iron in the water shall float, As easy as a wooden boat. Fold shall be found and found In a land that's not known. Fire and water shall wander do, England shall at last admit a Jew. The world to an end shall come, In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLY M. A.

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his knees and elbows raw; and when the soot fell into his eyes, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boys, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a stick of wood, and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever, and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play curl for silver money, and wear velvet coats and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could. How he would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and when his master left him have a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

groning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the walls' foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groning of the pit-engine, they heard the skylark saying his matins high up in the air, and the plover warbling in the seiges, as he had warbled all night long. On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pick butterflies, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that. Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a grey shawl over her head, and a crimson madder petticoat; so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall handsome woman, with bright grey eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that when he came alongside he called out to her:— "This is a hard road for a grately foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?" But, perhaps, she did not admire Mr. Grimes's look and voice; for she answered quietly:— "No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," grow'd Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman, "I h-u-o-o one more word for you both; for you will both see me again, before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember!" And she turned away, and through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment, like a man who had been stung. Then he rushed after her, shouting "You come back!" But when he got into the meadow the woman was not there.

Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in. But Grimes looked about, and Tom also, for he was as puzzled as Grimes himself, at her disappearing so suddenly; but look where they would, she was not there. Grimes came back again, as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened; and getting on his donkey, filled a fresh pipe, and smoked away, leaving Tom in pence.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to Sir John's lodge-gates. Very grand lodges they were, with very grand iron gates, and stone gate-posts, and on the top of each a most dreadful boggy, all teeth, horns, and tail, which was the cross which Sir John's ancestors wore in the Wars of the Roses; and very prudent men they were to wear it, for all their enemies must have run for their lives at the very first sight of them.

When they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house; Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were to it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he got much money for his job?



TOM, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS DIRTY.

said his prayers; and seemed sad when he told her that he knew no prayers to say. Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea. And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring; and there Grimes stopped, and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering; but Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down and began dipping his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to do them; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said:— "Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. 'Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump; and there is no beetle hole to drive a chip away."

"You come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me?" "I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face.

Grimes was very ugly, because the woman preferred Tom's company to his; so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from his knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head set between Mr. Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman over the wall. Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but all he answered was, "No; nor never was you!" and went on beating Tom. "Twas for you, if you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone over into Vendale long ago."

These last were very difficult questions to answer. For Hartthorpe had been built at ninety different times, and in nineteen different styles, and looked as if somebody had built a whole street of houses of every imaginable shape, and then stirred them together with a spoon.

Tom and his master did not go in through the great iron gates, as if they had been Dukes or Bishops, but round the back way, and a very long way round it was; and into a little back-door, where the stable-boy led them in, yawning horribly; and then in a passage the housekeeper met them, in such a flowered chintz dressing-gown, that Tom mistook her for My Lady herself, and she gave Grimes solemn orders about "You will take care of this, and take care of that," as if he was going up the chimneys, and not Tom. And Grimes listened, and said every now and then, under his voice, "You'll mind that, you little beggar?" and Tom did mind, all at least that he could. And then the housekeeper turned them into a grand room, all covered up in sheets of green paper, and laid them out in a lofty and tremendous voice; and so after a whinny or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney, while a housemaid stayed in the room to watch the furniture; to whom Mr. Grimes paid many playful and extravagant compliments, but met with very slight encouragement in return.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say; but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues to which he was accustomed, but such as you would find—if you would only get up them and look, which perhaps you would not like to do—in old country-houses, large and crooked chimneys, which had been altered again and again, till they ran one into another, and some (as Professor Owen would say) considerably.

So Tom fairly lost his way in them; and that he cared much for that, though he was in plenty darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mouse in a underground; but at last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthstone in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

Tom had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlemen's rooms; but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with apron and dust; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quality to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; with white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bull-dogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room.

For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man in a frock, which surprised Tom much. He found out that he had seen something like it in a shop window. "But why was it there?" "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and awed, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing he saw, and that too puzzled him, was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing! "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule. To want so much scrubbing as all that. But she'll be very cunning to put the dirt out of the wash, so as afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the show. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No. She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her!"

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with heavy eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily, and what did such a little blacky face want in this sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-bricks down, with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock. In a rush she got out of her room to the next room, and seeing Tom following, she ran up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a policeman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends for ever if he had been snatched enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—Chemical analysis shows that the seeds of the asparagus, when dried, parched and ground, make a full-flavored coffee, but little inferior to the real thing. In common with tea and coffee, the principle called tannin. The seeds of the asparagus berries, after being thoroughly ripened, then rub them on a sieve, thus the seeds are readily separated.

INK IN NEW GRANADA.—A plant, *Coryaria thymifolia*, which might be dangerous to our ink manufacturers if it could be acclimated in Europe. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, when mixed with water, contains iron, and is the principle of the ink of the ancients. The leaves traced with it are of a reddish color at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. This juice also spoils steel pen less than common ink.

THESE PROMPTS OF OIL.—How rich the following paragraph appears, which was originally printed in the *Quarterly Review* in March, 1825:— "We are not advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments. We count the idea of a railroad as impracticable. * * * What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches, and as soon as they expect the receipt of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congress's ratchet rockets, as to put themselves at the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

GOLDEN INK.—Printers often have use for a fluid golden ink. The following receipt may, we believe, be relied upon: Grind upon a porphyry slab with a miller, gold leaf, and white honey till the former is reduced to an impalpable powder. The mixture is then carefully collected and diffused through water, which dissolves the honey, causing the deposition of the precious metal. The water must now be decanted into a shallow dish, and free it from the superfluous matter; the powder precipitated is very brilliant, and when required for use, is suspended in milled gum arabic. After the writing executed with this ink is dry, it should be varnished with ivory-silver ink in the same manner by substituting this metal in leaf for gold.

ARTISANRY.—We are so accustomed to associate tinkering almost entirely with the natives of New Zealand and the Indians of North America, that it comes to us almost as a new fact to learn from a correspondent of the *Field* what a high standard the art of tinkering has reached among the Japanese. There we find men who make a trade of repairing watches, and these "professors of tinkering" are artists of no mean power, "for no iron-rubber or ink-eraser can possibly take out a false line once imprinted; and they are most invariably in the printing of improved maps, and in the construction of machinery. The bettets, or Japanese grooms, will frequently have depicted on their skins, not only perfectly drawn pictures of birds, reptiles, beasts, and fishes, but also representations of whole scenes, often from some old legend or history. A very common device is the red-headed crane, the sacred bird of Japan, depicted standing on the back of a tortoise, and this is emblematic of woman's beauty towering down upon man. These drawings are pricked in by needles, and two or three colours are used.

METALLIC APPLICATIONS OF INDIA-RUBBER.—Pure India-rubber is of a white colour, its dark colour, as generally used, being concealed by soot. It is composed, says the *Mechanics Magazine*, of hydrogen and carbon, and is soluble in coal-tar oil. When pure, India-rubber is combined with four of the most important elements of the product called India-rubber, of great value, from the many purposes to which it may be applied. The vast proportion of sulphur to caoutchouc is about 2-2 1/2 parts in 100. When the product is intended for use as a retort, a greater heat applied, a product is formed called vulcanite or chonite, much used in ornament, and composed of two parts of caoutchouc or India-rubber and one of sulphur, heated at 300° F. This is the substance used for the manufacture of the steam-engine pump-valves is a subject of great importance to the marine engineer. The India-rubber valve-covers are affected in many ways, and the duration and time of wearing present certain anomalies. They are subjected to various actions, some mechanical and others chemical; the specific density of the material, and the formation of the glands of the valves, are the one hand, and the action of the oil in lubricating the other. Pure rubber does not present the same advantages for such applications as vulcanized rubber containing a metallic pigment, experiment showing that pure rubber is more readily acted on by oils and grease than that of a mixed quality. Pure rubber may be used with advantage where the water is free from grease or oil; but a mixed rubber of a specific gravity of about 1.02 is more generally used.

FARM ITEMS.

THE EFFECTS OF AUSTINITY.—It is a remarkable fact that trees which are regularly shaken every day in the green-house, grow more rapidly and are stronger than others which are kept unshaken.

TO KEEP FERTILE WAGES.—Place bits of lump sugar in the links of the branches, about two feet apart, all about your vineyard, and in a large punch tub. Lodge the bits of sugar carefully.

MILDEW IN VINES.—Mr. Bartlett, chemist, of King's Road, Chelsea, said last year that he tried a solution of the permanganate of potash for the removal of mildew, and that after spraying the vine and fruit with it, all traces of disease were removed, and the foliage assumed a more healthy appearance than it had ever done before. The strength of the liquor was half a pint of the solution of permanganate to two gallons of water. The permanganate may be obtained of any pharmaceutical chemist.

ROTATION OF CROPS IN NATURE.—It is generally considered that the principle of rotation in crops is a modern discovery, and yet nature has worked in this way from the commencement. Proofs of this are seen in the vegetable remains of rocks and coal beds, and even now we see the same principle at work wherever we cut down a pine tree, which is allowed to grow in timber land as it recovers, with various trees, as oaks, beeches, maples, etc., which, if a beech or maple or oak wood cut off will be replaced with pines. Here is undoubtedly rotation of crops, and we naturally follow, we adopt the principle in our agricultural operations.

PRUNING.—All the work of pruning, both in the orchard and garden, should be done in February. Trim up every tree and every bush into a nice, open, spreading head, but avoid such a thing as cutting away large limbs and bearing wood. Any one who has paid attention to the matter can tell what limbs and twigs are most loaded with fruit. The trees or bushes should be pruned so that all the wood is washed with strong soap suds, and all the old ashes and lime manure be placed above the roots, but not close to the trunks. The older the tree the further out its main roots extend, and it is only at the ends of these roots that the young roots are formed; the roots that convey plant food to the tree are found. Do not spend in the ground to get the manure under, but let it stay on the surface to be sunk in by the spring rains. If the ground under fruit trees is cultivated at all, the work should be done with a good fork, not a spade.

HOW TO WATER PLANTS.—As a rule, water should never be given until the further withstanding of it would be detrimental to the plants. *Arbutus water*, made in the manner of cases before, is a good deal. Plants left to battle with drought send their roots down deep in search of moisture, and when rain descends, they benefit more by it than those that have been watered all about them. In watering, do not dig deeply, and keep in good heart, plants that have once got established will bear pruning for almost any length of time, but things lately planted, and that have not had time to get their roots established, should be watered very liberally for half a year. Sufficient water, however, must be given, and of course plants in pots must be watered in moderation. There are two important points to be observed in watering: one is to expose the water to the sun before using it, to render it soft and warm, and the other is to give a thorough soaking of water, sufficient to keep the ground moist a week. Superficial watering is to be limited, but regular, the best way of economizing both water and time is to take the garden piece by piece, watering each piece thoroughly every evening, and beginning again as at first: *Floral World and Garden Guide*.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

TO STOP MOUSE HOLES.—Stop mouse holes with plugs of common hard soap, which will do effectively. Rats, cockroaches, and ants will not descend it.

TO MAKE OLD SILK LOOK AS WELL AS NEW.—Wash the dress, put it into a tub, and cover it with cold water, in which is placed a tablespoonful of ox-gall; let it remain an hour; dip it up and wring it out; wring it; lay it up to drain. Iron it very damp on the wrong side, and it will look beautiful.

BLACKING FOR SHOES.—Rub well together one pound of ivory black in fine powder, three-quarters of a pound of tallow, and two pounds of castile soap. Afterwards add one pint of tallow, and the same quantity of beer. This is for liquid blacking. For paste blacking, ivory black, one pound; molasses, two pounds; water, one gallon; oil of castile, one gallon; water, a sufficient quantity.

TO CLEAN ALABASTER ORNAMENTS.—If there are any grease spots they should be removed, thus:—Make a paste of powdered French chalk and pure turpentine; lay this paste upon the grease spots, and let it remain for several hours; then wash with water and white soap, using an old soft lather-bush to remove dirt from the carved parts; finally, place the ornament near a fire to be dried, and brush it with fine sand, or fine sand mixed with turpentine, until the surface is as bright as any turpentine that has just come from the surface.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Put, core, and cut your apples into small pieces, put them into water, with a little lemon juice to keep them white. Take them out after about three hours, and drain them. Weigh and put them into a stewpan; if for preserving, add one pound of sugar for each pound of apples; but if for keeping, double the quantity. Add a stick of cinnamon, and the juice of a lemon. Put the stewpan on a brick fire and cover it with the apples are pulped, stir the mixture till of a proper consistency, then put it into pots.

TO PARTON ON THE HANDLES OF KNIVES AND FORKS.—The handles of knives and forks that have come out by being put in hot water may be fastened in the following manner:—Prepare some putty of lime and mix with it a small quantity of chalk, whitening or quick lime; let the handles be about half filled with this mixture, heat the ends of the knives or forks over a fire, and press them in, which will be found to be securely fastened. Knives and forks that are not fastened to the handles by rivets should never be put into hot water.

DIAMOND CEMENT.—This is a most excellent material for repairing broken china, ornaments, jewelry, nicknacks. Take lint, or fine cotton, and moisten and a tablespoonful of water; melt them together till they form a milky fluid. Then take one ounce of borax, and six wine-glassfuls of water; mix them together till the quantity is reduced one-half, then add a glassful and a half of strong spirits of wine. Hold this mixture for three minutes, and then strain it through muslin, adding water, while hot, in small quantities, till it is reduced to one-half. Then add one ounce of tincture of muslin resin. This cement is made in best preserved in small phials. In use it sets when cold. When required for use it can be liquified by placing the phial in a cup of boiling water.

TO DRESS MACARONI.—Wash and drain as much macaroni as may be required for dinner; put it to boil in tepid water; and when it is soft enough to put a fork through it, take it off, drain it through a colander, wipe out the skillet, and return it immediately to the fire. Then add milk enough to half cover it, salt and red pepper to your taste, and about a quarter of a pound of butter. Stew it all together; and after stirring it about ten minutes throw it out into a dish; cover the top with a slice of cheese, if required, and set it in an oven for a few minutes brown on the top. Take care not to leave it long in the oven, otherwise it will dry up, and become tough and unpalatable. If not browned with cheese, serve it plain, placing a plate of grated cheese upon the table.

SOUP.—Thick soups require more reasonings than thin. Never allow the soup to stand in an iron pot a moment after it is removed from the fire; strain immediately through a cloth laid in a colander into a clean stone jar. When it is necessary to use soup the same day, to facilitate the process of separating the grease, dip the cloth in cold water.

For thickening soups, you may use bread crumbs, flour, potatoes, peas, beans, rice or eggs. They should be added before the soup is strained, that the consistency may be uniform.

To give body to a clear soup, use gelatine, tapioca or eggs.

For thickening soups, you may use bread crumbs, flour, potatoes, peas, beans, rice or eggs. They should be added before the soup is strained, that the consistency may be uniform.