

Verily such things ought not to be. If men can suffer them, women at least, from pure selfishness, if from no higher motive, can scarcely afford to stay passive. For tyrants train tyrants. Brute force to children shown thus in presence of children breeds wife-beating when these boys become married men. Respect for the other sex slain in childhood is hard to revive in manhood; and coming generations must suffer if the evil be not removed.

Cruelty to children is only possible in an age which delights in cruelty. Love and gentleness towards children is the natural sequence and outflow of love and gentleness from man to man, from woman to woman, and from each to the other. Let us examine ourselves, see whence this plague-spot come to light has sprung, remove the power which is exercised brutally, and show that we believe in a God of Infinite Love who loves us, and would have us love others; and to learn this law of Love, let each of us who have children simply try to deal with them as lovingly as God deals with us, and see how love, patient, enduring, fostering love—never wrathful, never selfish, but always helpful—begets love and gentleness, not only towards us, but towards all, till we learn to reverence and treat with a respect we dare not safely give, alas! to all men, a little child.

"GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH."

In conversation with a friend, who is a reader and student of Shakspeare, on the quotation at the head of this article, I stated that it probably alluded to the custom of vintners hanging green bushes at their doors. Upon further search I find that the bush was generally a tuft of Ivy,—probably chosen from its relation to Bacchus.

In Gascoigne's "Glass of Government," 1575, we find:—

"Now-a-days the good wyne needeth none *ivy garland*."

Again, in the "Rival Friends," 1632:—

"'Tis like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern."

Again, in Summer's "Last Will and Testament," 1600:—

"Green *ivy-bushes* at the vintners' doors."

Again, in Florio's "Second Frutes," 1591:—

"Like unto an *ivy-bush* that calls men to the tavern, but hangs itself without to winde and wether."

Kenneth, in his "Glossary," says that "the tavern bush or frame of wood, was drest round with ivy forty years since, though now left off for tuns or barrels hung in the middle of it." The custom of hanging out these *ivy-bushes* is still observed in Warwickshire and Glostershire at statute hirings, festive-wakes, &c., by people who sell ale or cyder at no other time—that is people who set up booths or tents at a country fair, wherein cakes, junkets and "fairings" are sold or a *lusus nature* exhibited; those who sell ale or cyder hang up a green bush over the entrance or at the top of the booth to distinguish their trade or calling. Sometimes the leaves were decorated with gold or silver foil, after the fashion of the country folk who wear in their hats on the 29th of May the leaves of the oak, covered with leaf-gold, in memory of the Restoration of Charles the Second. There used to be a noted hostelry in the City of Bristol, called the *Bush*, famed for the excellent quality of its wine. The name is retained by many inns in England, and the petty taverns in Normandy are, indeed, to this day distinguished by bushes. Mr. Halliwell supplies an interesting example from an illuminated MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Hunterian Museum at Glasgow, where a party of travellers are observed approaching a wayside inn, indicated by a huge bush depending from the sign. Chaucer alludes to the custom, and in an early poem in MS., we read:—

"Ryght as off a *tavernere*,
The *greene busche* that hangeth out,
Is a sygne, it is no dowte,
Outward flolkys flor to telle,
That within is *wyne* to selle."

But all this reference of *green-bushes* at the tavern door in connection with *good wine* is scarcely satisfactory, for Rosalind adds:—Yet to *good wine* they do use *good bushes*. There is a sweet scented Rosemary, which is now, and was in my boyish days, commonly used to flavour such potations as "cider cup," or elderberry wine, in the same way that a plant, having a slight flavour of celery, called Borage, is now used to impart a flavourous taste to the "claret-cup."

At weddings it was usual to dip the Rosemary in the cup, and drink to the health of the new married couple. In an old play, "The City Match," we find:—

"Before we divide
Our army, let us dip our *Rosemaries*
In one rich bowl of *Sack*, to this brave girl
And to the gentleman."

Again, in another old play, "The Parson's Wedding":—

"Go, get you in there, and let your husband dip the *Rosemary*."

In Holland's "Pliny," 1635 edition, we find that "Fennel hath a singular property to mundifie our sight and take away the filme or web that overcasteth and dimmeth our eyes." Some of our early writers attribute to *Rosemary* the

power of aiding the memory, and the plant is considered as a symbol of remembrance. How touching is that scene in "Hamlet," where Ophelia (act iv. s. 5) says:—"There's *rosemary* that's for remembrance; there's fennel for you; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." Again, *Rosemary* and Rue are beautifully put together in the "Winter's Tale" (act iv. s. 3); *Rue* for grace, and *Rosemary* for remembrance:—

"For you there's *rosemary* and *rue*; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and *remembrance* be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!"

Whether *Rosemary* was used with either good or bad wine to prevent the memory of the drinker from getting "obfuscated" or clouded, I know not.

In a curious old work by a Dr. Sennertus of Wittenburgh (Hamlet's University), written in Shakspeare's day, it is stated that wine and water may easily be separated by means of *ivy* vessels—if so, the *ivy-bush* may, probably, have been considered to have the power of taking up or absorbing the water when the wine was not *neat*—neat wines, meaning pure, unadulterated wines. It is probable that a *bush* may have been used in the 16th century for fining wine when it was turbid.

"YET TO GOOD WINE THEY DO USE GOOD BUSHES."

As Shakspeare does not use the word *bush* in the sense of *bunch* or *sprig* or *spray*, in fact scarcely ever uses either term, and when he does, in their literal senses, (a bush of thorns; a bush wherein the birds chant melody; a bunch of grapes or radishes; sprigs of rosemary; spray, only in the sense of branches—the lofty pine that hangs his sprays) then one can scarcely see when and where a bush could be used with wine. I have already shown that a sprig or bunch of rosemary may have been used to flavour a cup of good wine. Does Shakspeare use in this instance bushes in the sense of bunches or sprigs? Using good bushes with good wine must be a mingling. Drayton alludes to bunches of spice used in drinks:—

"Spiced syllabubs, and cider of the best,
And to the same down solemnly they sat."

Dryden says:—

"To allay the hardness of the wine,
Let with old Bacchus new metheglin join."

Holinshed remarks that the English drank their wines spiced; and the writers of the Elizabethan period state that the English people scarcely ever drank anything *nett*.

If to *good wine* they did really use *good bushes*, and good plays proved the better for good epilogues, yet I am inclined to think that the saying "Good wine needs no bush" may have this interpretation—that it is not necessary for every palate to flavour or relish good wine by adding to it a bush of any herb such as fennel, rue, or rosemary. Again, it may be inferred that good wine would be found without the vintner hanging out an *ivy-bush* at the door of his wine shop; or in other words the lover of good wine would find out the seller thereof without the aid of the *ivy-bush* as a sign.

Perhaps my readers will say with Terence, "*Incertior sum multo quam dudum*," and think that I have thrown no light upon a passage which is obscure to many; nevertheless, if my jottings will stir up any student of Shakspeare to further pursue the subject, or to throw any additional light upon that most delightful comedy "As You Like It," no one will be better pleased than

Touchstone.

THE TYRANNY OF FRIENDSHIP.

That terrible seamy side which is underneath every velvet coat belongs to friendship as well as to other things; and tyranny is often as much a part of the furniture of affection as the impulse to do a kindness and the pleasure of receiving one. Certain friends, generally those who are also relations, can never find it in their duty to let you alone; and have no idea that interference in your affairs may be both unwelcome and unnecessary. They mean only to be of service to you by keeping you in the right way, and repressing your eccentricities; but they spoil your digestion by rousing your temper, and they destroy your peace by perpetual interference with your plans. They take possession of your time, your visiting list, your home, and your conscience; they seek to regulate your thoughts, and put an embargo on all opinions which seem to them discursive, and such as Mrs. Grundy does not endorse; they make your politics a personal matter that seriously compromises their future relations with you, and if you would retain their good-will you must run parallel with them on the Eastern Question and the Zulu War, the hidden mind of Gambetta, the wisdom of Garibaldi, and the last surprise of Lord Beaconsfield. Convinced that they are absolutely right, they cannot bear that you whom they love should be wrong; and if you are so unfortunate as to take improper views, they do their best to drag you back to right reason and the side of the angels, and coerce if they cannot convince.—*Truth*.