

of persuasion will induce them to come and be caught. One day a scene of havoc was discovered in the bedroom; it was known the culprit was the Hag, and that she *must* be in the bedroom: the servants were called up and the room searched thoroughly, sofa and other pieces of furniture moved, and the whole place thoroughly examined; still no Hag could be found. The hunt was given up, but a strict watch kept. At last, after she knew the hunt was over, and we were waiting for her to come out from somewhere, just the top of her head and her bright eyes were seen in the looking-glass on the table,—the original of the reflection being on the top of the great old-fashioned four-post bedstead, crouched down behind the board like a rifleman in a pit, “looking to see how we were looking,” and as quiet and noiseless as a marble bust.

When I go to Herne Bay, to attend to oyster cultivation, I take the monkeys with me for the benefit of the sea air. I always put up at Mr. Walker's, the confectioner, in the Esplanade. Mrs. Walker is very fond of the “colored ladies,” as she calls them, and allows them to take great liberties.

She is rather proud of the way she dresses her shop-window with cakes, buns, sweet-stuff, etc. One day, “the Hag” had crept very quietly into the shop, and was having a “field day” all to herself. Mrs. Walker, sitting in the back parlor, was aroused by hearing a crowd of boys laughing outside the window. On coming into the front shop, she found “the Hag” all among the cakes, etc., in the window: both her cheek-pouches were as full as ever they could hold of lemon-peel, and she was still munching at a great lump of it. My lady was sitting on the top of a large cake like a figure on a twelfth-cake. Susey was not in this bit of mischief, for a wonder.

Mrs. Walker declared she would send “the Hag” before my friend, Captain Stark, the chief magistrate of the town, for stealing, and have her locked up for a fortnight; but the thief had first to be caught, and this was a difficult task, for she bolted out into the bakehouse, and up stairs into the loft where the flour is kept. There is a large wooden funnel through which the flour is passed into the bakehouse below. Trying to hide herself from Mrs. Walker, “the Hag” jumped into the funnel, and the lid not being on she fell down right through the whole length of it, and, much to his astonishment, lighted on Mr. Walker's head as he was making the bread below: she knew she was all right with Mr. Walker, but she was one mass of flour. Her green baize

coat was quite white, and she looked like a miller on a small scale, and the flour could not be brushed out of her for two or three days.

Mr., Walker tied her up, and there she stayed, by the warm oven, the rest of the day, chattering and telling him in monkey-language of all her troubles.

The monkeys' dumb companions in the house, are a very valuable talking parrot and a handsome French Angora cat. Susey, when loose, renders the lives of these creatures miserable.

• The parrot had originally about fourteen handsome red feathers in her tail, *now* she can only muster three feathers. Susey has pulled all the rest out.

Susey runs and jumps round and round the cage and pretends to steal the Indian corn; the poor bird turns round and round, with her feathers all the wrong way, and pecks at Susey, fighting her, like an old woman up in a corner defends herself from a lot of mischievous, teasing street boys.

While protecting her corn, Polly forgets her tail, and Susey watches her opportunity, and tears out a handful of feathers at a time, and off she goes like a shooting-star. When the cat is asleep in front of the fire, Susey's great delight is to creep noiselessly up behind and pull the fur out, and, if that does not wake her, she will get the end of her tail in her mouth and give it a bite, and this operation soon starts the cat. The cat is, in spite of the persecution she receives, not bad friends with the monkeys; they will sometimes both go and sit on her back and “look the fleas” in her fur. The worst of the monkeys is that they have pockets in which to pack away the goods they steal. These pockets consist of a pouch each side of the face; when empty these pouches are not observable, but yet the owners can stow away an immense amount in each. It is great fun to see how much they will hold, and this is done by giving them an unlimited supply of acid drops; they immediately fill their pouches as full as ever they can cram them, and I find they can pack away about twenty acid drops in each pouch. One day, several things were missing: at once I thought of the monkeys. I caught them and searched their pouches, a pretty safe find for stolen goods; in “the Hag's” pouches were a steel thimble, my own gold finger-ring, a pair of pearl sleeve-links, a farthing, a button, a shilling, and a bit of sweet-stuff.

I fear that if the poor monkeys could read the characters I have given them, they would not be much pleased with me. I