

bins of the Warwickshire farm stables, and still scored upon the greensward ; and that Queen Titania would not have now to complain, as she did in the Midsummer Night's Dream, that it was choked up with mud ; and that ' Master Slender ' would find his shovel board still marked on many a public house table and window sill ; and that he and ' Master Fenton,' and ' good Master Brook,' would, if now alive, hear themselves still so called.

"Take now, for instance, the word 'deck,' which is so common throughout the Midland Counties, but in Warwickshire is so often restricted to the sense of a hand of cards, and which gives a far better interpretation to Glosster's speech in the Third Part of 'King Henry VI.' (Act V. Scene 1) :—

Alas, that Warwick had no more *forecast*,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly finger'd from the *deck* :

as, of course there might be more Kings than one in the pack, but not necessarily so in the hand. The word 'forecast,' too, both as verb and noun, is very common throughout both Warwickshire and the neighboring counties. This word 'forecast' is also used by Spenser and others of Shakspeare's contemporaries ; and, though obsolete, except among the peasantry of the midland districts, is still employed by the best American authors."

Again, in Autolycus's song, in the "Winter's Tale," (Act IV., scene 2) :

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge—
With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !
Doth set my pugging-tooth on edge,
For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

All the commentators here explain pugging-tooth as a thievish tooth, an explanation which certainly itself requires to be explained ; but most Warwickshire country people could tell them that pugging-tooth was the same as pegging or peg-tooth—that is, the canine or dog-tooth. "The child has not its pegging-teeth yet," old women still say. And thus all the difficulty as to the meaning is at once cleared.

MEXICO: OUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR.

By Gilbert Haven, author of
"Pilgrim's Wallet," &c. New
York : Harper Bros.

Bishop Haven, of the American M. E. Church, gives us in this volume his impressions of a winter in Mexico, written in the sketchy discursive style customary with newspaper correspondence, but giving a vivid idea of the condition of the countries he visited. It is illustrated with

many fine pictures of Mexican scenery and public buildings.

YUCATAN.

Every thing is affected by first impressions. Sometimes they can never be overcome. That like or dislike often abides incurable. The first sight of a foreign shore is a love or a hate forever. How perfect Ireland is in my memory, because it looked so beautiful, rising, a green wave of stillness and strength, out of that sick and quaking sea, over which I had been rolling so long ! Egypt is not a river of verdure so much as a strip of blazing sand, for Alexandria, and not Cairo, is its first-born in my experience.

Mexico has its first picture in my gallery. Whatever grandeurs of mountain or glories of forest it may unfold, its first impression will always be that first day in Yucatan. I never dreamed a month before of seeing Yucatan. Even if Mexico itself had crossed the mind as a possibility or experience, Yucatan had never been included in that concept. That prettily sounding name was as far off as Cathay or Bokhara.

Yucatan was, to me, Central America ; a museum of ancient monuments ; an out-of-the-world corner. In fact, it did not belong to Mexico till Maximilian's time. He annexed it, and they hold together still. We often strike an unknown rock in our sail through life, and Yucatan was the unexpected shoal on which we first stranded. It happened in this wise :

The "City of Merida" makes a landing as near as possible to the city after which it is named. This city is twenty miles from the shore, in the peninsula of Yucatan. It has sixty thousand inhabitants, and is the centre of a vast hemp-producing country. This hemp finds a ready market in New York. Hence the pause at this spot ; hence the name of our vessel. It is to land stores for the big city, and to take hemp for the bigger country.

The steamer lies four miles from shore. Wearied with its close confinement, three passengers, two of whom are General Palmer, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, who, with General Rosecrans, is seeking the extension of that system in Mexico, and Mr. Parish, their European financial representative, propose to spend on shore the day in which we are to remain here. We are met with protestations from various quarters. We are told that we will be sun-struck ; will get the *calentura*, or fever ; that the fleas will take possession of us ; that a Norther will arise, and we can not get back to the steamer ; and thus hobgoblins dire are piled on our path. The American minister, returning home, grand and genial, adds his preventive persuasions. But none of these things move us. We go. The captain of the boat which is rowing us ashore enlivens our depressed spirits with encouraging stories about the abundance of monkeys and parrots, of lions and tigers, and deer and wild boars, and every such terror and delight—none of which we see.

We land at a wharf covered with bales of