BIRD'S EYE VIEWS

OF

SOCIETY

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TAKEN BY

RICHARD DOYLE.

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DRAWN BY RICHARD DOYLE.

ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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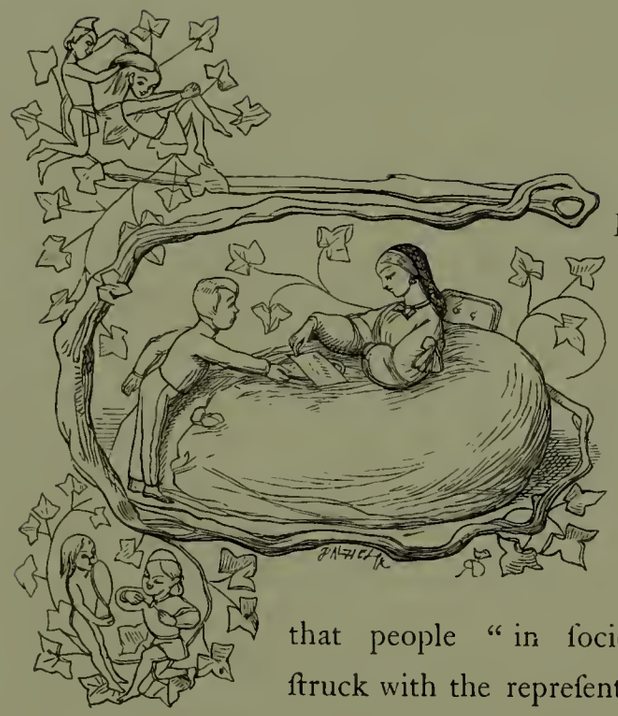
1864.

"AT HOME. Small and Early" Refreſhments.

"At Home."



THE drawing which accompanies theſe few lines does not pretend to novelty of ſubject. Nor is it hoped that people "in ſociety" will be ſtruck with the repreſentation of what they so conſtantly ſee, and, it may be added, feel in the Seaſon. It is intended chiefly for the information of country couſins, intelligent foreigners, and other remote perſons: alſo young ladies and gentlemen growing up, and not yet out, to let them know what they may expect when they "give up to parties what is meant for mankind." Perhaps, alſo, in the future, it may be news to that diſtinguiſhed New Zealander ſo often referred to by contemporary writers, and who, we are given to underſtand, will himſelf be fond of drawing. Far be it from me to imply that this attempt to picture a manner and cuſtom of modern ſociety is likely to live in that diſtant period of poſterity when St. Paul's is in ruins, and the enterpriſing traveller is ſitting patiently on the monument —the broken arch of London Bridge—ſketching. It is only intended to convey that a foſſil copy of this book may chance to be dug up by the antiquarian of the Future.

It is a proteſt againſt a habit the givers of parties are given to, of inviting into their houſes more people than the houſes will hold. And it may be remarked, that if it be neceſſary to the happineſs of the hoſteſs and the ſucceſs of "At Homes" that the gueſts ſhould be cruſhed almoſt to

death, it would be an improvement if ſuch preſſing invitations were iſſued in winter only, and not, as now, chiefly in the hottest months of the year.

It is common at theſe receptions for the crowd to reach ſuch dimenſions that, the rooms becoming quite full, the company is ſqueezed gradually up the ſtairs till it diſappears out of ſight in the direction of the bedrooms, and towards the roof of the houſe; while in another direction it overflows through the windows on to the balconies into outer darkneſs. More gueſts arrive every minute, and endeavour to make their way into the preſence of the hoſteſs; ſome ſtruggle courageouſly, but never reach the rooms, and ſubſide at laſt on the ſtairs; others ſuccumb ſooner, and live the reſt of the night on the landing, a quiet, but an oppreſſive exiſtence amongſt coloured lamps and flower-pots. The whole ſtaircaſe at laſt becomes choked up with "ſociety," cloſely packed, leaning againſt the baniſters on one side, and the wall on the other, reſigned to its fate; while in the centre or middle paſſage, the horrors of which increaſe each moment, two ſtreams of company are ſeen, one ſuppoſing it is going up, and the other under the impreſſion that it is coming down; but this is a deluſion, for neither has moved more than three-quarters of an inch the laſt half-hour, and it becomes a melancholy ſubject for ſpeculation, whether at this rate the middle of next week or the latter portion is the ſooneſt their reſpective deſtinations are likely to be reached.

In ſuch circumſtances a philoſopher may, although a ſtout lady be ſtanding upon each of his patent-leather feet, in agony, yet fixed—the edge of a Gibus hat ſtuck in his eye, or an elegant gold pin of enormous ſize decorating a lovely head, but at the ſame time ſtabbing him in the ear—he may, ſtill, if he has any pluck, find amuſement and inſtruction. He may find pleaſure in the delightful good-humour of ſome, in the long-enduring, uncomplaining patience of others; and again, he may ſee one of the gentler ſex, while grief is ſtruggling in her face, gallantly

preſerving her company ſmile, and trying hard to look as if ſhe really thought it pleaſure ſhe was undergoing; and he may ſee, and hear too, ſome of the ſex that is not gentle ſeeking relief to their pent-up feelings by muttering words of a condemnatory nature. He may diſcover who is good-tempered, and who is not, as he looks upon that mob of well-dreſſed perſons, whoſe trains, heads of hair, wreaths and bouquets, flounces and feelings, are all more or leſs ruffled.

But obſerve the refreſhment-room. From about midnight all the various currents ſet in in that direction, thoſe in the drawing-rooms, the landing, the little boudoir off the drawing-room, the ſtaircaſes, and the hall: all theſe, which are full, are to be emptied into the refreſhment-room, which is already full. That is the intention; the conſequences of the attempt to carry it out it is not eaſy to imagine or to deſcribe.

Suppoſe yourſelf ſlowly drifting towards the ices, you being, perhaps, ſhort of ſtature, but of a perſevering nature —pledged, perhaps, to the Object of your Affections to get a ſtrawberry cream, ſhe being on the point of fainting— you yourſelf in an exhauſted ſtate, your progreſs ſtopped in front, and the horizon ſhut out from view by a big fat man. The conſciouſneſs that the parting of your back hair is being ruffled, that a dragoon's mouſtache of ſupernatural length is tickling your eye on one ſide, and that the man of all others in the world you moſt diſlike has his elbow wedged into your ſide on the other, almoſt drives you to deſpair; and when, with a ſurpriſing effort, you are able to turn to eſcape theſe, it is only to find your countenance violently imbedded in the wreath attached to a lady's hair. To be near the roſe is conſidered an advantage, but when the roſes are artificial that makes a difference. For my part, I think what I deſcribe realizes the picture of an honeſt man ſtruggling with adverſity, formerly eſteemed one of the nobleſt of ſights.

After all, while there are Beautiful Beings, men will be found willing to go through dangers and difficulties to

ſee them and to ſerve them: and who can doubt that in the fabulous period when the knight killed a dragon, or fought his way through the enchanted foreſt, an additional pleaſure was imparted by thoſe facts to the interview afterwards with the princeſs, who was waiting the reſult on the tower top?

Suppoſe, then, that you have ſurvived the ſupper-room, your next endeavour is to get into the apartment devoted to outer coats, &c.; and upon reaching which, you fondly hope that your garment will be delivered up upon the production by you of a ſmall ticket, having a number inſcribed upon it. Vain deluſion, and weak-minded man! The barricade of tables formed for the preſervation of order and the outer garments, and behind which neatly-attired maidens had officiated, in the early part of the night, has been ſtormed by "ſociety," and complete anarchy prevails. Ladies' cloaks, beautiful bournouſes, shawls, bags containing furs, ſtrange hoods, are trampled under foot, with coats, Inverneſs wrappers, and hats, all mingled together, and flung about in the wildeſt diſorder. "Numbers" are no uſe; the maids are fled, or out of their wits with perplexity; it is a wild hunt of ladies and gentlemen for their "things." Some find them, ſome don't; ſome take what comes, ſome go without taking anything; ſome have even been known to imagine they had a chance of recovering their property, by calling next day.

And to think that there were ſome people who moved heaven and earth to get invited to this party, while of thoſe who were there the greater part ſeemed to think only of how they could get away ſooneſt, and in ſafety!

The change into the freſh air is pleaſant after an atmoſphere of faded flowers, wax-lights, and ſcent. There is a whole army of ſervants about the door, the familiar ſhouting of the linkman greets the ear, a long ſtream of carriages, their lamps ſhining into the far diſtance, meets the eye, while above are the ſtars glittering in the cool, bright ſky.

A Juvenile Party.

A Juvenile Party.—3 till 7.

From three till ſeven does not deſcribe the time of life of the company; it means the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children now-a-days are invited "out" very ſoon after they come into the world; and to ſay that youth and beauty at the age of three years are commonly ſeen at a juvenile party is to give a very faint idea of the fact. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent ſtage of their dear little exiſtences, before they have reached the perpendicular and toddling period; and the conſequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the aſſembly by proceſſions of nurſery-maids, in whoſe arms they repoſe, ſtaring about with great intelligence, but quite unconſcious of the nature of the proceedings, and dreſſed in the height of the faſhion, or their time of life, bleſs them!

The little boys at firſt are ſhy and awkward, and eye one another with half-curious, half-pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent perſonal encounters and deſperate trials of ſtrength. The little girls are more dignified and ſelf-poſſeſſed, but ſlightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppreſſed with a ſenſe of the magnificence of their attire.

Of all living things, the wiſeſt is ſurely a certain kind of little girl juſt before reaching the recognized age of reaſon, and a long way off from what are called years of diſcretion: ſhe is ſo ſenſible, ſo ſedate, ſo uſeful, ſo everything that is proper; ſhe can direct, inſtruct, or adviſe any number of brothers, or manage the moſt complicated houſehold affairs.

and, in ſhort, ſeems by inſtinct to belong to the governing claſſes. In humble life, ſhe is ſeen in the ſtreet followed by a troop of youngſters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herſelf, and it is a fine ſight to ſee how ſhe manœuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous croſſing. Amongſt the well-to-do in the world ſhe is generally ſeen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of viſitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurſeries up-ſtairs. Common ſenſe and prudence are her moſt prominent characteriſtics; and my belief is, that in all the affairs of life ſhe is qualified to give the very beſt advice. At the juvenile party, ſhe is ſeen enjoying herſelf in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of ſober merriment; an enemy to everything rough or boiſterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and ſiſters. What would the mothers do without her?

The accompanying drawing is deſigned to ſhow a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the ſtiffneſs and the coyneſs, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon have given way, in moſt caſes, to the high ſpirits and demonſtrative behaviour of the natural juvenile. The ſports and paſtimes are raging, ſo to ſpeak, and may be ſaid to include dancing, and eating and drinking, blind-man's buff, rocking) horſe exerciſe, and muſic on the penny trumpet; beſides playing at ſoldiers and Noah's ark (with all the lateſt improvements), fighting, flirtation, Jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, ſentimental converſation, and ſleep! And to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys ſince the days when I played at Noah's ark! In what other direction has civilization progreſſed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time repreſented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artleſs ſimplicity—all the quadrupeds ſupported by four perfectly ſtraight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a ſhapeleſs block, and every bird and beaſt, without exception, decorated on its outſide with round ſpots of vermilion colour of about the ſize of a

ſixpence. While now what a change! The moſt lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of ſuch a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modelled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; outſides that might challenge the criticiſm of a Landſeer; inſides conſtructed, no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Profeſſor Owen.

As I have endeavoured with my pencil to ſhow a few of the varieties to be ſeen on theſe occaſions, to attempt here anything like a liſt or elaborate deſcription of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few repreſentative juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and amongſt them the young lady who conſiders herſelf no longer a juvenile, but is not yet "out," so juſt condeſcends to come, and conducts herſelf with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whoſe great delight is dancing with all the ſmalleſt of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or ſaving them from being ſwamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growth. It is pleaſant to ſee him bent double in the endeavour to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a ſeries of jumps, regardleſs of time, or ſpace, or colliſions with other couples, or bumpings up againſt the ſpectators. And the performance muſt be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to ſhoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember once on aſking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his ſaying, "I enjoyed myſelf very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud young lady who does not conſider that the years of the little boy who modeſtly aſks if he may be allowed the pleasure, entitle him to that diſtinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a little thing a jacket, indeed! Such like incidents have happened at parties not juvenile, only then it is not the want of years that is objected to in a partner.

Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is ſlovenly in his dreſs, and odd in his ways, and won't be like other boys, and does not care much for play, and does not dance and can't learn eaſily, yet pores over books or any curious mechanical contrivance, in the moſt abſurd way poſſible, for hours. He is like a fiſh out of water at a party, is conſidered rather a failure by his family and friends, but perhaps may ſome day be looked upon as a genius, and write, or invent, or diſcover ſomething that will make him famous. And there is the rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the miſchievous young gentleman with the large organ of deſtructiveneſs, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that diſplay themſelves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and everybody elſe's clothes, and upſetting every article ſufficiently handy for the purpoſe that comes within his reach. For about three ſeconds after ſome great act of deſtruction he looks very penitent, but he inſtantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one ſpecimen of this genus is found.

But if ſome are troubleſome and riotous, and others begin to diſplay precocious ſymptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the ſociety and converſation of babies the moſt delightful of all. When I get over the firſt feeling of ſhyneſs in the preſence of a ſtrange infant, and when preſuming ſo far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but ſhaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the greateſt potentates in the land. The proceſs is this: you hold out a finger, the firſt, and it is inſtantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which cloſe tightly round your one finger with an intenſity of friendlineſs and confidence, and which is accompanied by a look ſo happy, and ſo ſtraightforward and honeſt, and unſelfiſh, that the recollection of it is a joy for ever afterwards. Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus eſtabliſhed, one

may ſometimes go ſo far as to thruſt a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the moſt beautiful ſmiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin, the whole face becomes radiant with the brighteſt and moſt sunſhiny laughter. At the ſame moment a ſudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waiſtcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurſe of courſe, ſhows a natural jollity, and a diſpoſition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the mouth ſtruggles into the poſition uſually employed in whiſtling, but the reſult is more in the nature of crowing. It is not poſſible to expreſs the ſound by any combination of letters at my command, ſo it is beſt not to attempt it. The converſation does not go much beyond this, and there may be ſome who would object to it on the ground of deficiency of point; others may prefer more variety; but to me it appears very expreſſive as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wiſe, on the other hand, there is no effort at diſplay; it is not ill-natured, or pretentious, or vulgar, or ſilly; and it is to be prefered to much of the talk that is ſometimes heard in "ſociety."

A MORNING PARTY. Shewing the Nobility and Gentry playing the Faſhionable Game of the Period.

A Morning Party.

THEY ſometimes call it a "breakfaſt;" and if we conſider that people have not only taken that meal about ſix hours before, but ſince then in all human probability have eaten a good lunch, the appropriateneſs of the name muſt be obvious to all. The reaſon why it is called a "morning party" muſt be that it takes place rather late in the afternoon.

Theſe entertainments generally are to be met with a few miles outſide of London. After a drive upon a duſty road, under a hot ſun, the ſenſation is agreeable of ſtepping on to a bright greenſward, over which are moving in a graceful and languid manner ladies and gentlemen, dreſſed in all the colours of the rainbow and of the faſhion. Huge, luxuriant cheſnut-trees ſpread out their ſhadows, which flicker with the glaring ſunlight in a dazzling manner over clouds of muſlin, the wearers of which ſtare at one another or talk to one another to the muſic of the Royal Horſe Guards, Red or Blue.

Such is the general character of the morning party; but of late a delightful form of amuſement has taken poſſeſſion of the world, and no party is complete without the preſence of "Aunt Sally." Who that worthy perſon originally was, and what ſhe did that ſticks ſhould be perpetually flung at her head, are queſtions at preſent ſhrouded in myſtery. Judging by her complexion, which is as black as it can be painted, it ſeems ſhe comes from the land of Serenaders. A great event it was when firſt ſhe was introduced into polite ſociety; for beſides giving employment to the Upper Ten Thouſand, when in purſuit of pleaſure, it has a beneficial effect on the manners, as

tending to mitigate ſtiffneſs and unneceſſary dignity of deportment, a very haughty air being ſcarcely compatible for any length of time with the act of flinging at "Aunt Sally's" head. A gentleman of great pretenſions has been known to commence playing with a ſerious and condeſcending air, by degrees to warm into it, get excited by repeated failures, then by a lucky ſtroke to ſucceed in ſmaſhing the old lady's pipe into atoms, and what with the elation conſequent on that event, to forget to be important for ſome time.

The inventor of this entertainment ſupplied a great want of mankind, the love of deſtruction, the appetite for which is gratified by the repeated application of the ſticks to the "Aunt's" countenance, and the occaſional annihilation of the pipe which protrudes from her face, in the place where her noſe ought to be. Hence the popularity of the game.

Opinions may continue to be divided on the relative merits of "Aunt Sally," and the older, and, in ſome reſpects, ſimilar "Knock-'em-downs," long an important feature at every racecourſe and fair (three throws a penny). My own view, after conſidering the matter fully, and making repeated practical experiments is, that the latter purſuit, at the moment when, aiming at a pincuſhion, which is ſurrounded by a needle-caſe in the form of a very yellow apple, on the top of which is perched a ſmall wooden doll in an angular and defiant attitude, the whole being nicely poiſed on the point of a ſlender ſtick, lets fly a well-directed ſhot, and ſends pincuſhion needle-caſe and doll flying in different directions, my decided opinion is that the feeling of pride and gratification and triumph, is more intenſe than any to be derived from a like proceſs in regard to "Aunt Sally."

Thoſe who prefer to dance a quadrille may enjoy that gentle form of exerciſe under the ſhade of the trees; and any one who wiſhes it may eat ice or drink tea under the ſhade of a marquee.

When the ſun has ſunk behind the trees, and the ſultry day is changing to evening, and it is tempting to linger in the freſh air, it is time to depart. Every one drives back to town.

A County Ball.

A County Ball.

MONGST the pleaſures in purſuit of which it is the cuſtom to undergo an extraordinary amount of hardſhip and ſuffering, the County Ball is entitled to pre-eminence, inaſmuch as it generally takes place at a time of year when froſt and ſnow prevail; and in order to reach it people have often to travel in carriage-load twelve or twenty miles, that they may dance in a crowd denſer, if poſſible, than that of a London rout, and not go home till morning when daylight has probably appeared.

It generally takes place at the Town Hall, or at the beſt inn's beſt room, which is decorated with garlands and banners, on which are repreſented the arms of the noble and influential families of the neighbourhood; and there are portraits of aldermen and other diſtinguiſhed citizens of the town, illuſtrious for their civic virtues or for having made their fortunes. And if you have not provided yourſelf with a ticket beforehand, you have the privilege of being able to pay at the door.

The muſic, when not ſupplied by the kind permiſſion of the colonel of the neareſt regiment, is formed of the town band, and is remarkable chiefly for the fact that, as the evening proceeds, their intonation becomes more uncertain, but their performance generally more ſpirited and wilder in execution. The company is compoſed partly of viſitors and partly of natives; the viſitors being moſtly ſwells from London and other diſtant places, and having the conventional manners and cuſtoms of ſuch; but the natives may be diſtinguiſhed by ſomething more of diſtinct

individual character, and there is juſt a tinge of the rural in their aſpect.

The native comes out ſtrong in waiſtcoats—his array in that reſpect being gorgeous. In ordinary "ſociety" the waiſtcoat may be ſaid to be, as it were, merged in the man—a uniform ſombreneſs pervading the entire evening dreſs. But the country gentleman cheriſhes his waiſtcoat—has his favourite waiſtcoat, and brings it out on great occaſions; it is evident that he has expended much thought on the ſelection, and that as he expands his cheſt ſo as to diſplay as much as poſſible of that portion of his perſon, he is proportionately proud of the reſult.

The County Ball is a great opportunity for the exhibition of uniforms, militia, deputy lieutenant, and other fancy dreſſes; and it is probable that there are few men with any poſition at all, who don't find an excuſe for becoming ſomething or other that entitles them to wear a little gold embroidery on their coat, or a ſilver ſtripe down their trouſers. As for Scotchmen, it is believed that none are to be found, however mild in appearance or manners, who, if their wardrobes were ſearched, would not be found to poſſeſs, only waiting an opportunity to be worn, a complete Highland ſuit, kilt and etceteras—if, indeed, the word complete can ever be properly applied to that deſcription of coſtume.

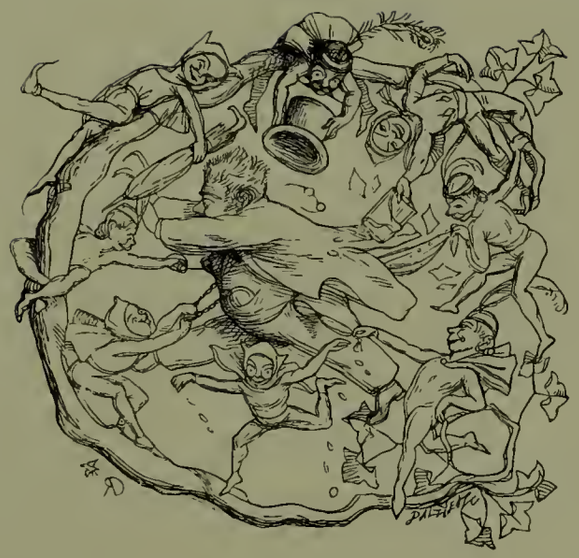
When the uſual quantity of quadrilles, waltzes, lancers, country dances, cotillons, reels, and "pop-go-the-weaſels," have been danced or ſtruggled through, in the nature of things comes ſupper, and then you will obſerve that a comic man, generally recognized as ſuch, and evidently a great favourite in that part of the country, is called upon to make a ſpeech—returning thanks for the toaſt of "The Ladies," probably; and he riſes to do ſo with the air of one who feels that he is the right man, and the confidence following from a conviction that he is in the right place. He proceeds to deliver a ſpeech, which the county paper afterwards deſcribes as "replete with wit

and humour," and as received by the delighted company with " one continued roar of laughter."

I began by ſaying ſomething about hardſhip and ſuffering, but thoſe words are now withdrawn. What does it matter, if people are good-humoured, and bent upon being amuſed and amuſing others, whether they are driven to the ſcene of the feſtivity one or twenty miles, or if the ſtate of the weather be many degrees below freezing point? If the party be a merry one, the longer the journey the better. May County Balls continue and flouriſh!

Bazaar and Fancy Fair.

A Charity Bazaar.



CHARITY Bazaars and Fancy (Vanity) Fairs are on the increaſe. And why not? If roſebuds can be ſold at a pound a-piece, if a large buſineſs can be done in cigars at half-a-crown, if a cup of tea can fetch half a ſovereign, and an active trade can be done in ſingle ſtrawberries at any figure you pleaſe, and the proceeds go to ſupport the ſick, or to educate the poor, it ſurely does not much matter whether a little frivolity and diſplay take part in what reſults in ſo much good. It is only as if—to take an illuſtration from a ſtall at one of theſe entertainments—the beautiful bouquet which is handed acroſs the counter for your acceptance, in return for a large ſum of money, and with ſuch a faſcinating and irreſiſtible manner, contained, tied up with the roſes and lilies, ſay, a ſingle "forget-me-not," or a little bunch of "pride."

Beſides, although it may be true that all the ſtall-keepers are not moved by the higheſt motives, think of the number of kind, charitable fingers that have worked at all thoſe gorgeous tobacco-pouches, and brilliant muffetees, elaborately ornamental ſlippers, and magnificent pieces of worſted-work, many of the owners of which fingers do not appear, and take no part in the "vanity," ſatisfied with having lent a hand to a good work. And ſo do you go and purchaſe reckleſſly, and don't let the circumſtance of your not wanting anything ſtand for a moment in the way of your buying any quantity. And, you rigid but

miſtaken moraliſt, who diſapprove becauſe amuſement is blended with benevolence,—you had better ſay nothing, unleſs you are prepared to pay out of your own pocket the whole ſum likely to be realized. In that caſe, the promoters will probably be delighted to have attained their object by a proceſs much ſimpler and in every way leſs troubleſome.

And if you do come, make up your mind beforehand how much you intend to ſpend, and ſpend it like a man, and with a cheerful countenance, and without any abſurd anxiety as to getting your money's worth; and don't dole out the coins with that agonized and heart-rending expreſſion of countenance as if you were parting with your life's blood, ſo common with perſons of unlimited wealth.

The bazaar is held in a large marquee, which is ſurrounded by ſtalls gaily decked out with ribbons, wreaths, and flags, and covered with merchandiſe; and numberleſs young ladies preſide at the ſtalls, dreſſed in the height and breadth of the faſhion, and never ceaſe to attract public attention to the goods with the moſt winning, coaxing, inſinuating, and, if one may be allowed the expreſſion, wheedling ways. If they remained behind the counters, in a tradeſman-like manner, a man might have a chance; but not content with engaging him in front, they throw out ſcouts; and light troops (of young ladies), in ſkirmiſhing order, are ſpread over the field; and ſhould he ſurvive the heavy artillery of the ſtalls, a dexterous flank movement forces him to ſurrender at diſcretion. He muſt buy that enormous pincuſhion, and that piece of worſted-work, and that chair, and the baby's cap, and the box of chocolate, and put his name and money down in the raffle for an "old maſter."

You may ſee a ſwell, for the fun of the thing, by Jove! mildly doing duty behind a ſtall, recommending "novelties," or good, ſound, ſerviceable articles that will wear or waſh, with ſuch perfect gravity, that you might fancy he was brought up to it.

And you may, if you look. perhaps ſee a young and

lovely ſtall-keeper, forgetful of her duties in that poſition in life which ſhe has choſen for the day, and which enjoins upon her an unceaſing perſecution of every creature ſuppoſed to poſſeſs money, abſorbed in converſation with a party of prepoſſeſſing exterior, and ſo deeply intereſted therein that buſineſs is entirely ſuſpended. And there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, from appearances, that the ſubject of converſation is not the "ſhop."

As the day cloſes, the prizes in the raffles are drawn, and, amid much excitement, are loſt and won. The exertions of the ſellers give way to phyſical exhauſtion, and the pockets of the buyers have become exhauſted alſo. Fabulous bargains may now be had: articles, which were offered in the morning for ten times their value, are "given away." The worn-out ſtall-keepers have ſcarcely energy enough left to aſk any price at all. An auction is improviſed, and the whole of the remaining ſtock, is at a moſt alarming ſacrifice, going—going—gone!

"A State Party."

A State Dinner Party.

THE ſolemn, lengthy, and ceremonious banquet is here repreſented. It may be likened to the legitimate drama, which muſt be in five acts, or it is not legitimate. It is as good as a Play in one ſenſe at leaſt, and is in five acts at leaſt, and the plot is as follows. In Act 1, the leading incident conſiſts in the appearance, and rapid diſappearance, of two characters—of Soup. And ſo far there is more action than dialogue, decidedly. Act 2, enter fiſh, and after brief interval exit, as ſtage direction ſays, ſeverally. In Act 3 the intereſt increaſes—a greater variety of incidents, ſome taken from the French, making their *entrée* upon the ſcene almoſt at the ſame time, or following one another in rapid ſucceſſion. In the 4th Act you may almoſt always gueſs what is going to happen, even if the bill does not tell you, the leading facts being invariably of the ſame kind, but popular nevertheleſs. Towards the end of the 5th Act, it has been noticed in this claſs of entertainment, the intereſt uſually falls off; but it would be a miſtake to ſuppoſe, therefore, that people are not ſatisfied; quite the contrary.

To lay aſide this dramatic compariſon, is it not the fact that dinners are ſometimes a little too long and often unneceſſarily plentiful? It is impoſſible to eat of everything, and the attention of the bewildered gueſt may be diſtracted between the contending attractions of the too numerous bill of fare. He cannot poſſibly partake of all.

Perhaps if there were only half as many diſhes there might be twice as many dinners given.

To ſet before the gueſts the delicacies out of ſeaſon, the youthful ſtrawberry, or the premature pea, before thoſe pleaſing productions of nature are within the reach of ordinary people, is a privilege which muſt have charms for any well-regulated hoſteſſ's mind.

When the dinner is pompous and grand the company is often pompous and grand too, and ſeems to have been invited, not for friendſhip's ſake, or for its agreeable qualities, but becauſe of rank, or fortune, or "poſition."

Under theſe circumſtances gentlemen wear their neckties ſtiffer and tighter than uſual, ſupporting their chins up in the air more fixedly thereby, and cauſing in the countenance generally a conſtrained and painful expreſſion of importance, and their waiſtcoats having an expanſive and inflated appearance not to be ſeen in ordinary times.

Breakfaſt has been called the pleaſanteſt meal, becauſe no one is conceited before one o'clock, and certainly ſome people do ſeem to change their manners, if not their natures, when they put on evening dreſs.

The ſervants ſtroll about the room with a kind of eaſy languor, ſometimes when inclined, handing a plate, or, when the idea occurs removing one, without reference to whether you are done or not, or in the intervals of attending to the converſation, they may think of attending to you, and perhaps fill out a glaſs of wine.

And what a depreſſing thing it is when you endeavour to converſe with your next neighbour, and find, after ſtarting the moſt various ſubjects, making the moſt abrupt tranſitions from one to another, in the vain hope of hitting, upon her or his favourite topic, that it is impoſſible to elicit anything but "yes," except "no."

There is nothing for it at laſt but to throw your whole mind into your dinner, and to ſeek that con-

ſolation therein which is denied in your neighbour's converſation.

The accompanying picture is to be underſtood as repreſenting only one type, and that rather an old-faſhioned one, of the heavy dinner-party.

It is not intended to imply that becauſe ſuch entertainments are ſumptuous and profuſe they are conſequently always dull. The exceptions are brilliant and numerous.

What can be more delightful to the eye and to the ear than a dinner-table, with its bright lights and beautiful flowers and pretty china, and ſurrounded by a party of friends ſparkling with pleaſant talk?

The Picture Sale.

The Picture Sale.

PICTURES are very well in their way, but it is the purchaſers that are moſt valuable to look at. And they form a collection that includes ſpecimens of a great variety of ſchools—ſome antique, ſome mediæval, many quite unique. Curious old noblemen, very rare, with an early Engliſh tone and flavour of the country about them; old-faſhioned foſſils of men, looking as if they had been dug up; and who muſt be dug down again, for they never appear anywhere elſe—may be ſeen peering into the pictures, poking their noſes into China, prying into ſnuff-boxes, or burying their faces into dingy portfolios. Muſty-looking, duſty-looking dealers are there, prowling about, ſeeking whom they may bid for, and there are quantities of florid-looking ſpeculators in Art and Virtú of the pre-Chriſtian or Moſaic-Arab ſchool, highly coloured, highly varniſhed (about the hair and boots), and bejewelled about the fingers and waiſtcoat. And it is juſt poſſible that you may ſee a Puſeyite art-ſtudent on the look out for examples of the painfully perpendicular ſchool.

Theſe, with many more ſpecimens of the connoiſſeur, collector, patron of the Fine Arts, and "man of taſte," are certain to be on view in the auction-room when that well-known and famous Gallery of Works of Art, the property of a "gentleman going abroad," is about to be brought to the hammer.

The Art Auction is included in this ſeries becauſe it is

one of the forms of amuſement that ſociety delights in; a ſtroll in there of a morning to ſee what is going on, being with the unemployed claſſes of the Weſt End, one of the moſt faſhionable modes of paſſing an hour or two after breakfaſt.

Some buy pictures becauſe they like them; ſome buy them becauſe others buy them; ſome becauſe they wiſh to "have a taſte;" ſome becauſe they think it a good thing to inveſt in that deſcription of property, and who are only dealers and ſpeculators in, under pretence of being patrons of, Art. There are thoſe, too, who have a paſſion for Sèvres; Majolica or Raffaelle ware has an abſorbing effect upon the minds of many; and men have been known to devote the energies of a long life to the accumulation of Dreſden.

They don't look very happy as a general rule theſe bidders and buyers, or as if they derived much enjoyment from their occupation, and you may wonder how it is that rich men can ſpend ſo much time and take ſo much trouble in the purſuit; but perhaps you are not aware how exquiſite is the pleaſure ſome people find in buying an article they don't want for leſs than its proper value.

At the appointed hour the urbane auctioneer aſcends his roſtrum amid a buzz of expectation and flutter of catalogues, and proceeds to put up and to knock down the various lots, dilating upon the merits and deſcribing the characteriſtics of each with a perſuaſive eloquence that would draw forth one bid more from a bidder of adamant.

The wonder is, where the pictures all come from—theſe endleſs "old maſters?" The fine deep-toned, ſombre, grimy landſcapes, almoſt inviſible from the dirt of ages, or quite inviſible from cleaning, not wiſely but too well done; the ignoble, ſtumpy little drinking, and fighting, and dancing Dutch boors; the acres of canvas covered with thoſe eternal hideous ſprawling gods and goddeſſes; the elegant, artificial, unintereſting ſhepherdeſſes in hoops and patches and powder, and the ſhepherds in wigs and high-heeled ſhoes, poſing about amid highly cultivated

landſcape gardening, and in every conceivable kind of graceful and idiotic attitude; the great daſhing, coarſe, muſcular, over-drawn, gorgeous, brutal Flemiſh pictures; the ſimpering, curly, ſleepy-eyed beauties of the Lely and Kneller periods; the dexterity, and the bad taſte, and the cleverneſs, the quantity of artiſtic ſkill and the abſence of Nature:—"Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,"—in fact, am gone. And if any of theſe epithets ſhould appear harſh, the reaſon is that the writer is by the ſad ſea waves contemplating a vaſt extent of ocean, with a beautiful ſky overhead; and in the preſence of theſe feels, perhaps, little inclined to appreciate inferior works.

At the Sea-ſide.

At the Sea-side.

People at the ſea-ſide are for the moſt part intent upon doing nothing, and the object naturally is to do this in as great a variety of ways as poſſible. A dazzling hot ſun glittering upon the waves, and always in one's eyes, and the meaſured roar of the ſea rolling in or rolling out, and perpetually in one's ears, combine to reduce the fatigued cockney, as he reclines upon the ſands, and gazes lazily upon the ocean, to a ſtate of the moſt helpleſs inactivity. The monotony wearies yet faſcinates him; and it is difficult to do otherwiſe than ſtare in a vacant manner at the moaning, foaming, ſad ſea waves. To fling pebbles, at deliberate intervals, into the ſea, is an occupation perhaps the beſt ſuited to the ſituation, the effort to throw while one is in a ſitting poſture taxing to the utmoſt the phyſical energy, while the ſtrain upon the attention required in aiming at a particular creſt of an advancing wave is as much as the mind can conveniently bear under the circumſtances.

Reading is ſuppoſed to be a favourite paſtime at the ſea-ſide, but this is a miſtake; for although there is always a circulating library, and large quantities of novels, magazines, and books of travel are carried down to the beach each day by the ladies, they don't read them. They may open a volume, perhaps, and then they go to ſleep for certain. The only purſuit of men and women, beſides bathers, is looking at one another, and at the ſea. Every time you go out you meet every one elſe, and you very ſoon learn

the whole population off by heart, which laſt you loſe ſometimes, if you are liable to that kind of loſs, inaſmuch as young ladies go about with their hair—which requires drying, you know, after having been in the ſea—ſtreaming about on their ſhoulders, and in the wind, in the moſt picturesque and bewitching way.

Perfect repoſe cannot be looked for even at the moſt quiet of ſea-ſides. If you eſcape the bore, who is probably on the look-out through his teleſcope, and about to bear down upon you—and happy is the watering-place which contains only one of that ſpecies—there is ſtill that ancient and pertinacious mariner who perſiſts in propoſing a ſail; there is the juvenile vendor of ſhrimps approaching by ſure ſteps; the braſs band of Germans is preſſing for payment; and, as ſure as Fate, the original bones of the Ethiopian Serenaders will be round with the hat in a moment, praying to be "remembered." When the languid viſitor has got rid of theſe; when he is tired of ſeeing the bathers bobbing up and down in the ſea in an abſurd manner; when he is ſatisfied with the contemplation of the various young couples engaged in ſentimental converſation, which, at the ſea-ſide, is always accompanied by a moſt ſerious and earneſt-looking proceſs of drawing hieroglyphic characters of ſome ſort on the ſand with the point of a paraſol or walking-cane; when he has conſidered the queſtion of the game of croquet as played upon the beach in all its bearings; when the ſubject of donkeys and their riders and drivers is exhauſted; when the marine painter who has pitched his eaſel on the ſands, and who is ſtruggling with the difficulties of his art and of ſeeing through the bodies of the maritime population who ſurround him, has ceaſed to excite his curioſity; when he has loſt all intereſt in the perilous adventures of parties landing from their boats; when to his heart's content he has watched the equeſtrians force their reluctant ſteeds into the waves; and when the immenſe but temporary excitement cauſed by the arrival in the diſtance of a ſteamboat has paſſed away,—let him

look on the children playing on the ſands, and ſee if he cannot find pleaſure in contemplating their pleaſure. For the little people are in their glory here. The ſands have been ſurely made for them. How freſh and handſome they look, the ſplendid, brave-looking little fellows, in their ſailor-hats and jackets, the ſun ſhining upon their bright, round, red cheeks, and the pretty little chubby girls with their long hair flying about in the breeze. What intenſe happineſs to dabble up to their ankles in the ſea! What delight to dig canals with the little ſpades, and to build up great caſtles of ſand! What fun to bury one another, and how jolly to dig one another up again, and what a gratification to ſpoil one another's clothes!

A Popular Entertainment.

A Popular Entertainment.

CONCERT HALLS and ſuch like places of public entertainment have lately become ſo like taverns, or taverns have become ſo like concert halls and ſuch like places of public entertainment, that it is not eaſy to ſay where one begins and the other leaves off. A great want muſt ſurely have been met when promoters and managers of the People's amuſements firſt conceived the happy thought of combining ſinging and tumbling, and eating and drinking, and ſmoking —of blending, as it were, brandy-and-water with ſentimental ſongs, and Bounding Brothers, and low prices. It muſt be very much better than a play,—if we may form an opinion from the numbers who crowd to theſe places,—to be able to ſit, with a little table before one, with, for inſtance, a bottle of beer upon it, to have one eye turned upon an acrobat, the other gazing affectionately at the drink, a cigar hanging lazily from the mouth, from which curls of ſmoke come forth leiſurely and languidly, for one's ears to imbibe the while the brilliant but violent vocalization of modern Italy, or the refined comic ſong of our own land, happy with either, and conſidering each ſong, dance, or other performance with an impartial look of languid contentment, a hazy, ſleepy, ſtolid, ſtupid, ſenſe of ſmoke, and drink, and general enjoyment.

There are many gentlemen preſent who have very much the air of being at home, and as if they did that kind of thing every night,—and perhaps they do; many others

who have the appearance of having come from the country, and who ſeem under the impreſſion that they are ſeeing life,—and no doubt they are ſeeing it as far as the ſmoke permits; and there are others who, from various outward ſymptoms, look as if they had what is called a foreign origin,—and very likely they have.

They are all, no doubt, very fond of muſic; and if they are not, it is very pleaſant to think that the entertainments are ſo various, that there is a chance of everybody's taſte being ſatisfied—that if people are not pleaſed with one thing they may be with another; and that if the ear is not charmed with muſic, aſtoniſhment may be excited, and ladies and gentlemen may be rouſed to enthuſiaſm by ſeeing the wondrous feats that may be accompliſhed on the tight-rope, and the extraordinary contortions of which the human acrobat is capable on the earth or in the air.

When Song, and Comic Dance, and ſmoke, and eating, and drinking, or Dramatic Scenes, or Nigger Serenaders, or Infant Prodigies, loſe their charm, the public may ſtill be drawn in thouſands, and will overflow nightly to witneſs any performance in which the perſonal danger to the performer is ſufficiently great, that the feelings of ſpectators are likely to be "arrowed up," and a reaſonable proſpect exiſts, that, in caſe of any ſlip or accident, ſerious danger to limb, if not inſtant death, is likely to be the reſult.

Dinner down the River.

Whitebait Down the River.

THE weather is hot, or change of ſcene is deſirable, or you want freſh air, or like whitebait, or there is a pleaſant party going. Any of theſe, or all, may be ſufficiently good reaſons why a man ſhould go down from London, eſpecially on a hot, ſultry ſummer afternoon, to Greenwich or Blackwall, and dine. It is an inſtitution is dining down the river, and beloved by Londoners for the moſt part. The drawbacks being that the dinner is very unwholeſome, and that when the tide is out the effect upon the noſe, ariſing from the mud, is not of nature ſuch as a perſon has a right to expect when out upon an expedition in which freſh air is one of the ingredients looked for. This is a roundabout way of ſaying that there is a bad ſmell.

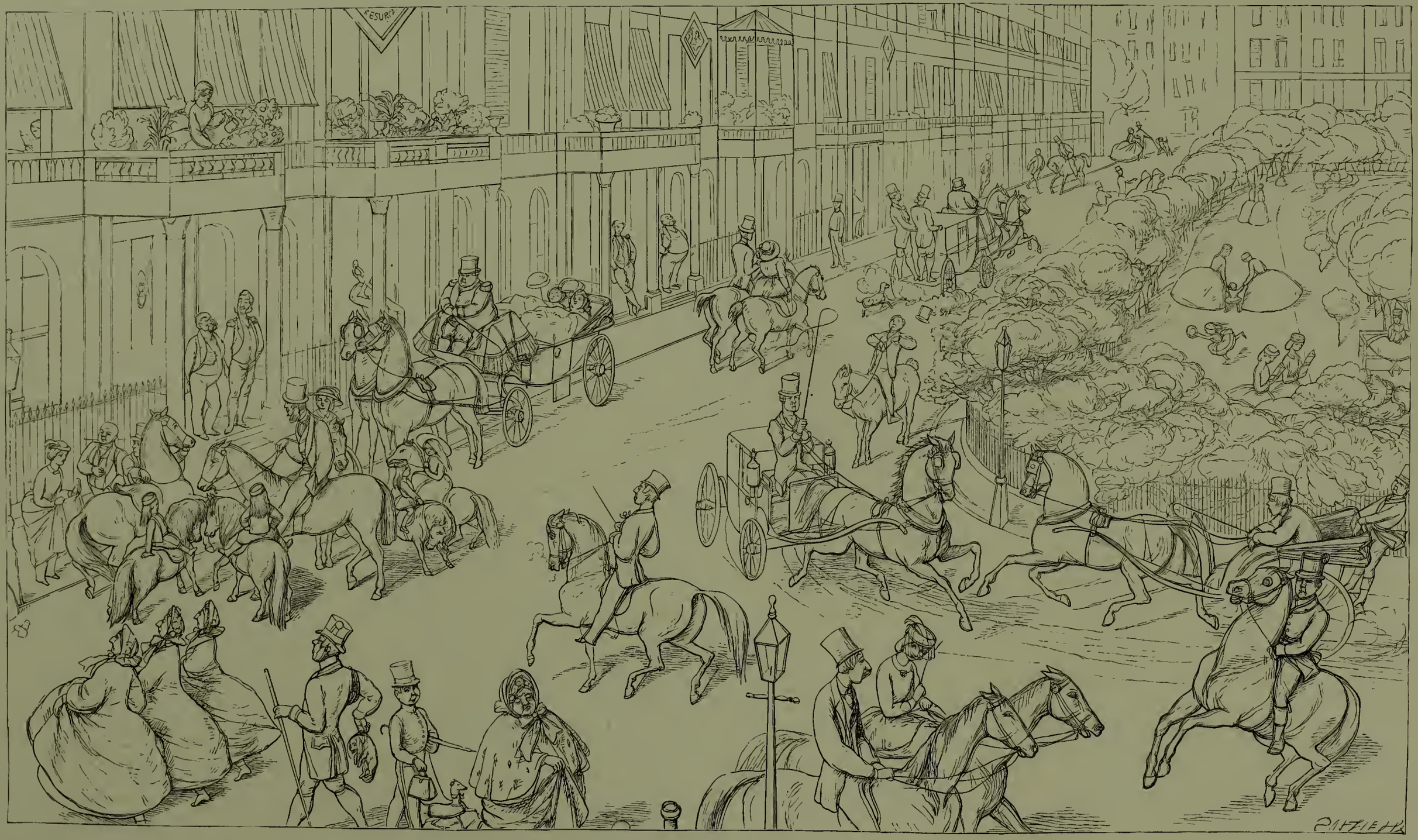
The chief difficulty is getting to the railway, as you generally go down juſt at that time of day when the City is coming home weſtward, and the chief thoroughfares are impaſſable, being blocked up with a compact maſs of carriages, omnibuſes, carts, and cabs—the whole of which "keep moving" about ſix inches every ten minutes.

When once in the train, you are whirled along, as it ſeems, over the tops of the houſes, and not Don Cleophas himſelf, in the *Devil on Two Sticks*, when Aſmodeus takes him on a tour of inſpection, that wonderful airing over the city of Seville, more completely overlooks the habitations and the inhabitants than does the railway traveller in thoſe regions as he is carried along over that ſtrange country, amid an apparently never-ending panorama of

dingy red roofs, ſqualid-looking garrets, hideous church ſteeples, grimy chimneys, the maſts of ſhips, ſtorehouſes and docks, and clothes hanging out to dry.

Arrived at the hotel at the river-ſide, you ſtep out upon the balcony, and ſee the ſtately ſhips ſail by, the great ſteam-ſhips grandly moving along, the little penny ſteam-boats running here and there, and in and out, "eaſing her" or "ſtopping her," or ſetting down or picking up excurſioniſts, and panting and puffing away again at a great rate; and there are enormous barges, laden with coal or ſtraw, ſlowly drifting with the tide, there is the Iſle of Dogs, and Greenwich Hoſpital and the old penſioners, and the mud-larks, and the poor Jacks, and many other things to look at while you wait for dinner.

And when you have dined, and eaten of every fiſh in the ſea and in the river, and have had your whitebait devilled, and want no more brown bread and butter, and have had as much champagne as is good for you, you may again look out of window. While you were abſorbed in fiſh, and converſation, and wine, the ſun has gone down, its laſt rays throwing a golden light upon the ſails of the veſſels that glide round the bend in the river and move gently paſt. Darkneſs comes gradually on; a light here and there is lit, perhaps a green or red one in ſome ſhip, and throws its bright reflection into the water. The ſtars come out, and the moon ſhines brightly on the Thames. And in caſe you don't care for whitebait, this, at leaſt, was worth coming to ſee.



Belgravia out of Doors.

Belgravia Out of Doors.

ROSSING over Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner, on a ſummer's afternoon, the traveller in London finds himſelf ſuddenly, as it were, becalmed after a ſtorm. So great is the change from the roar and rattle the crowd and confuſion the ſtream of omnibuſes and cabs and men and women that fill the length of Piccadilly and Knightſbridge, to the quiet, ſtately, wealthy, ariſtocratic, and ſomewhat dull-looking diſtrict known as Belgravia.

In this picture an attempt is made to repreſent a view of Belgravia about that time of the afternoon when the neareſt approach to movement and livelineſs takes place. Even then a certain unruffled calm ſeems to prevail everywhere. The ſun ſhines oppreſſively, the pavement is hot, the blinds are down, the houſes within have a cool, ſhady, deſerted look. Everybody, that is the family, is out. Six-foot powdered domeſtics habited in the livery of the period, varied occaſionally by a portly butler, ſun themſelves, moſtly in couples, on almoſt every doorſtep, and in attitudes more or leſs expreſſive of elegance and eaſe; and there is an additional air of dignity and independence, and of being in undiſputed poſſeſſion, as it were, of the premiſes, and all they ſurvey, for the time being, from the circumſtance that the inhabitants of the manſions are, for the moſt part, out driving in their carriages, or riding on horſeback in the Park.

Ever and anon a terrific volley of apparently never-ending double knocks (where that ſomewhat barbarous appliance has not yet given way to the milder and more muſical bell), ſuggeſtive of the idea that the perſon performing on the knocker has ſuddenly gone out of his

mind, breaks upon the otherwiſe ſtillneſs of the ſcene, and indicates to the paſſer-by that in all human probability one lady of faſhion has left her card upon another lady of faſhion.

Obſerve the recumbent poſition of the ladies in the open carriage which has juſt driven up to the houſe on the left-hand ſide of the ſquare. The correct thing ſeems to be to lie back quite flat on the back amid the multitudinous robe which riſes up and ſpreads far and wide and overflows in every direction, and above which the chin of the fair one juſt emerges as it were above water, a paraſol likewiſe riſing perpendicularly like a little ſail above the waves, or like a ſlim muſhroom from the midſt of a ſnowy mountain of I am ſure I don't know what material.

You may ſee, if you pleaſe, the youth with the fatigued air who drives his cab ſo lazily that he ſeems to have hardly ſufficient energy left to turn a corner. He would perhaps like to lie down, and let the driving be done by the tiger who ſwings and clings on behind.

There are parties of ladies and gentlemen on horſeback quietly wending their way towards Rotten Row. There is ſure to be an old dowager or two about taking a walk on the ſunny ſide of the way. And it is almoſt impoſſible to avoid ſeeing at leaſt one over-fed, ill-tempered-looking little pet dog, attended by a ſervant, and taking a conſtitutional walk.

And in the garden of the ſquare young ladies, not yet out, are to be found, with their governeſſes and nurſemaids, reading and walking and playing croquet and not having found their lives as yet a bore.

After Dinner.

AFTER DINNER.—A FEW FRIENDS IN THE EVENING.

PERHAPS this may once have been a cheerful, pleaſant party. At dinner ſome hours ago, when the evening was ſtill young and the company bright, we may, if we like, imagine everybody to have been delightful, with no end of amuſing ſtories about everybody elſe. That was before everybody had ſaid everything they had to ſay. Judging from the appearance of things as ſeen in this drawing, the gentlemen, who have exhauſted their topics, ſeem to have recently joined the ladies, who have alſo exhauſted their topics of converſation. So that they are all exhauſted together.

At this critical period, when the dinner-party may be ſaid to be dying out ſlowly, come a few freſh arrivals, who have been aſked to look in in the evening. The theory probably is that they may throw ſparks into the expiring embers and light up a new blaze of lively converſation; and a very ſenſible theory, no doubt, it is; but in practice, in this inſtance, it does not work well, for it is obvious that the gentlemen lately arrived do not amalgamate at all with what remains of the dinner-party. The latter are becoming a little drowſy juſt as the former arrive; one is ready for talk may be, the other for ſleep. With the beſt intentions in the world, converſation cannot be carried on long or pleaſantly, if one of the two parties to it confines himſelf or herſelf to monoſyllables and yawns; and people, be they otherwiſe ever ſo amiable, charming, and accompliſhed, may ceaſe to intereſt, if they have only a half conſcious and wholly abſtracted expreſſion of rapidly cloſing eye to give in return for your, we will ſuppoſe, pointed remarks.

Looking round the room, we are ſtruck with the forlorn appearance of the two gentlemen with whiſkers near the

fire-place. They don't look at eaſe. They reſemble fiſhes out of their natural element. Perhaps they don't know any one. Perhaps they don't know what to ſay. There is a young gentleman ſitting on the edge of the ſofa who looks on the point of ſummoning up the requiſite courage to make a remark to the lady who ſits paſſive and patient, waiting the event.

One of the company ſeems to have taken a ſudden intereſt in a picture upon the wall; another, wandering in the far room upon the outſkirts of the aſſembled group in a hopeleſs ſtate, turns over the leaves of a book which probably would be found upſide down; a third in deſpair, for want of ſomething to do, looks at himſelf in the glaſs. Let us pity them.

Rotten Row in the Seafon.

Rotten Row.

WHICH is it for, air or exercise, or is it to see or to be seen, that the world congregates on one side of Hyde Park of an afternoon in the season? Probably it is partly for one and partly for the other. A great equestrian performance, a kind of Astley's, takes place, and the spectators sit in reserved seats (one penny each, twopence with arms), and survey the scene.

As a sight, it is very cheap at the money, more especially when you compare it with other entertainments in other theatres, for which you pay quite other prices for uncomfortable stalls in hot, unpleasant atmospheres, looking at, often, less amusing performances. Here, at least, there is fresh air, and room enough for your legs, which you may for another penny even place on another chair.

Chiefs out of war, and statesmen in and out of place, Members of Parliament and of the Stock Exchange, clergymen and barristers, City swells, country gentlemen, merchant princes, heavy and light dragoons, railway contractors, peers, peeresses, foreign ministers, and bishops on horseback, all jostling one another up and down, cantering, or prancing, or creeping along, or standing still, or sometimes being run away with.

The ladies and gentlemen who form the spectators sit along the pathway under the trees, partly sheltered from the rays of the sun, and criticise good-naturedly, no doubt, the costume or movement or features of each individual in the procession of pedestrians, which streams lazily past, in slow time, before the elegant occupants of the seats, who are holding the review.

A little further back, gentlemen are perched in rows upon the iron railings, looking like liftleſs birds all very much of a feather, who have flocked together on a telegraph wire.

Amongſt the company may always be ſeen that well-dreſſed young gentleman of the period, who has expended ſo much thought upon his get-up that he quite deſpairs of ever being properly appreciated, his chief object in life being, it is ſuppoſed, to extort a larger amount of attention and admiration from the World than it is in the World's power to give; and ſo he is unhappy. He thinks it the right thing to do, you know, to take a ſtroll juſt to ſhow himſelf, you know, and ſee what there is to be ſeen; and ſo he moves laborioufly and painfully along, his eyebrows raiſed unreaſonably high while he looks anxioufly to the right and to the left and ſtraight before, and every other way, in an impoſſible endeavour to ſee everywhere at once and receive the recognitions of his acquaintances, and he is in a conſtant terror leſt he ſhould overlook or miſs ſome perſon of conſequence.

Apart from the genteel company and ſpread over the graſs at play, are numerous little children, attended by nurſe-maids, who are attended often by Royal Horſe Guards red or blue; or ſometimes by a park-keeper, who, in a previous ſtage of exiſtence, has been in the wars and is covered with medals and walks as if he were conſcious of the fact.

Rotten Row is ſometimes haunted by an aged dandy of bygone days, a relic of the faſhion that is gone. A melancholy object rather, like a diſmal ghoſt returned and wandering amid the ſcenes where once he was a glaſs of faſhion, and perhaps a mould of form as well. All the faces and the faſhions have changed ſince he was young and George the Fourth was king.

"At Home;"—Music. And what makes it the more gratifying is that the Chorus is compoſed exeluſively of Amateurs.

A Concert.

THE power of ſound in muſic is much increaſed, and its effect upon the ear made more agreeable, when it is unaccompanied by a chorus of converſation, a ſong without words being in more ſenſes than one to be admired and deſired. Therefore, it may be fairly put to, and conſidered by, ladies and gentlemen, whether, when muſic is to be the entertainment, and they don't care for muſic and don't like being ſilent and don't like going away, it would not be better not to go at all? This ſuggeſtion may appear hard, but it is made in juſtice to the performers as well as in fairneſs to thoſe who like muſic and who do liſten, and ſo, if carried out would be for the greateſt happineſs of the greateſt number.

There are many perſons who, if aſked the queſtion, "Are you fond of muſic?" anſwer without heſitation, "Very," but who by that don't mean more than that they are not averſe, while engaged in converſation on politics or the money-market, to a running accompaniment of ſoft inſtrumental muſic, which tickles their ears pleaſantly without interfering unduly with their words, and forms, as it were, a picturesque background to the talk. Perſons of ſhy or timid natures have been known to converſe freely and courageouſly under cover of muſic and to ſuddenly collapſe into ſilence upon the ſong ceaſing; and it is certain that the hum of men at a concert becomes a roar, or ſubſides into a murmur according as the muſic riſes into fortiſſimo, or ſinks into pianiſſimo.

A great deal of ſilent ſuffering is undergone by any unfortunate man who, not having much muſic in his ſoul finds himſelf forced by circumſtances and the crowd, over neither of which has he any control, into a poſition of prominence, from which there is no retreating, nor yet remaining with any comfort. Eſcape is out of the queſtion cut off as he is behind by the denſe maſs of company which is cloſing in and becoming more cloſely packed each moment. The eyes of the performers are upon him if he betrays reſtleſſneſs or want of attention, and he is a marked man in the eyes of the lady of the houſe if he ſtirs, or does not diſplay the right amount of enthuſiaſm and in the proper places. Under ſuch circumſtances, don't let him, above all things, give way to drowſineſs, for if he ſhould ſleep, and a ſolo performed through the noſe and not in the programme, ſhould unexpectedly fall upon the general ear, interrupting perhaps a paſſage in the muſic of great tenderneſs and beauty, it is too painful to think of the conſequences. I remember to have once ſeen a ſtout old gentleman wake up ſuddenly, at a concert, in the middle of a ſonata of Beethoven's, and under the idea that it was all over, commence applauding vigorouſly with both his hands and feet, while the reſt of the company looked on with ſurpriſe and curioſity. The expreſſion of his face indicated anything rather than pleaſure as the truth dawned upon him. It is a miſtake to aſk people indiſcriminately to muſic, but the difficulty is that few like to confeſs to indifference on the ſubject, perhaps from fear of being ſet down amongſt thoſe who are fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and other bad practices, which is the fate, according to a well-known poet, of thoſe who are wanting in muſic. There might be ſome one ſpecially retained to conduct the audience if they will not conduct themſelves, who might wave a bâton capable of being applied to other kinds of beating beſides time, and who would inſpire a wholeſome terror in thoſe who prefer the ſound of their own voices to that ſilence which at a concert is more than ever golden.

Science and Art Converfazione.

THE rooms are fitted up with all kinds of novel, curious, intereſting, and inſtructive objects, Models of ſteam-engines, and ſteam-boats, printing-preſſes, and iron-clad ſhips, railway ſignals, life-boats, new lighthouſes for ſaving veſſels, and rifled guns juſt invented for deſtroying them, balloons for the air and diving-bells for the bottom of the ſea. There are huge maps hung upon the walls, ſhowing the whereabouts of the moſt recently-diſcovered tract of the world, and perhaps there is a ſurviving officer of the exploring expedition which made the diſcovery preſent to tell all about it. Another traveller may be ſeen explaining, to an intenſely eager and intereſted group of liſteners, with the aſſiſtance of the ſkeleton and a full-length portrait of the beaſt as he is ſuppoſed to look when he is at home in his native wilds, the manners, cuſtoms, and perſonal peculiarities of the lateſt thing in apes.

The laſt portraits out of pre-Adamite monſters may be ſeen, imagined and put together by a diſtinguiſhed naturaliſt; and perhaps even a real foſſil fragment of a portion of a joint of a toe of an extinct animal.

There are buſts diſtributed about the rooms of celebrated Philoſophers and Stateſmen and Poets, portraits on the walls of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Civil Engineers, Chemiſts, Geologiſts, Comparative Anatomiſts, Arctic Explorers, and Eaſtern Travellers.

There are curioſities brought from the moſt recently dug up city of antiquity, and there is an immenſe nugget of gold from the laſt of the "diggins." Alſo there are

microſcopes through which you may gaze at the marvellous beauty of an inſect's wing, or the wonders to be ſeen in the foot of a frog, and teleſcopes through which you may gaze at the ſtars.

And an artiſt may occaſionally be ſeen ſhowing to a crowd of admiring amateurs, collected around his portfolio, the reſults of a juſt completed ſketching tour.

An electric battery is to be found in one corner of the room, at which ladies and gentlemen if they like may be ſhocked as much as they pleaſe.

In the vaſt crowd that is pouring in and pouring out there will be ſeen great variety of men and women eminent in their various purſuits, and ſometimes ſtrange in their attire; famous lecturers upon ſcience, diſtinguiſhed mechanical inventors, and diſcoverers of planets. Some with a half mild, half wild, ſlightly eccentric look, others eager and thoughtful, a good many with ſpectacles and long hair. They have alſo generally a cheerful genial placid look as they chat to one another, exchanging ideas, or criticiſing ſome new invention, or drinking tea. The female ſavant may often be recognized by a decided tendency ſhe has to part her hair on one ſide.

In concluſion, it may be ſaid truly that the viſitor who at ſuch a meeting keeps his eyes and his ears open is not unlikely to learn a great many "things not generally known," more uſeful knowledge perhaps than is to be required at, ſay, all the balls in the ſeaſon, or out of the ſeaſon.

The Smoking Room at the Club.

The Smoking-Room at the Club.

ERY delightful muſt be the ſenſation of the man who has juſt lit a "weed," and ſunk deep into the receſſes of an arm-chair, very ſoothing, very dreamy, very lazy, very languid, very everything that is free and eaſy. This view of the matter is not the reſult of perſonal experience of ſmoke, but conjecture derived from contemplating mankind's expreſſion of face and attitude when under this ſoothing influence; after dinner, for inſtance, when a man lights his firſt cigar, and takes his firſt puff, there are ſymptoms in his countenance indicating the enjoyment of a ſuperior form of happineſs to the ordinary run of happineſs; while his attitude at once aſſumes an eaſe, an abandonment, as far as his legs are concerned, a picturesque proſtration, that plainly ſhows that the limbs are experiencing complete reſt for the firſt time. Almoſt every attitude that the human frame is capable of getting into is tried, and there ſeems a freſh charm in each. To get the legs and feet placed as high above the head as poſſible ſeems one great object and ſource of pleaſure. The more difficult the poſitions, the more keen the enjoyment; and if it were poſſible to ſit upon one's head—which may be within the power of man for aught I know, but which I have never ſeen done yet—it would probably be a favourite poſition with ſmokers.

The Smoking-Room of a Club is the place of all others where the characteriſtics of the man under the influence of his cigar may be beſt ſeen and ſtudied. Sometimes he is by way of reading a novel, the laſt new novel, as he reclines at full length on an ottoman, or lies buried in a huge arm-chair. But only a ſmall portion

of his thoughts are given to the book; it is quite impoſſible that he can follow the ſtory attentively or form a correct eſtimate of its literary merits—more than half his mind is in his cigar. Sometimes he ſits puffing, the picture of contentment, but not bright-looking perhaps even ſlightly obfuſcated in appearance, the intellect as well as the countenance obſcured as it were in clouds of ſmoke, the eyes almoſt cloſed in ſleep, the utterances unfrequent, and when they come not too clear. The happineſs derived from the ſmoke muſt be ſo great that neither thought, nor talk of any kind, can equal it, or add to it.

When thoſe curls of cloud go wafting ſlowly upwards, perhaps they ſometimes obſcure for the moment a misfortune, or ſhut out for the time the worries of life; or it may be that the ſmoker, his head thrown back and his eye turned up towards the ſky or the ceiling, beholds a whole panorama of ſplendid caſtles in the air. But they begin in ſmoke and end in ſmoke.

Dalziel Brothers, Camden Preſs, N.W.