

a sting having been fatal to a lady accustomed to the management of bees. Any person who has this idiosyncrasy had better give bees a wide berth.

“I DESKIVER.”—Page 44.—There was evidently a taste of Milesian blood in this learned doctor. ’Tis fortunate that it was so, for “discover” and “liver” would not rhyme.

“BREKEKEKEX, COAX, COAX,

“COAX, COAX, BREKEKEKEX.”—Page 46.

Is the refrain of the well-known chorus in the Frogs of Aristophanes. Any one with an accurate ear, who has been so happy as to assist at a chorus of Bull Frogs in full song in the sweet spring tide, sacred to love and melody, must have felt how accurately the great Comic Poet noted down their song. I do not believe that in the two thousand years which have elapsed since that time there has been a single note altered in their love ditty. I have never been in Greece, and so cannot testify to the musical powers of the Frogs of Bœotia; but I have had that pleasure both in Spain and in the neighbourhood of Constantinople: in both instances under very favourable circumstances, which I will relate. In June, 1855, during the Crimean war, I was at Constantinople, the guest of Lord Napier, then Chief Secretary to the British Embassy in that city. He was residing at that lovely place, Therapia, the summer retreat of our Ambassador and his suite. I had pitched my little tent in a grass meadow, close to Lord Napier’s snug house. His hospitality by day was unbounded, but straitened as he was for room by night, he was not sorry to entertain a guest who delighted in camping out, and brought with him the means of doing so. Not fifty yards from my tent was a dark stagnant pool, overshadowed by trees, and every night and all night long the Bull frogs, from their reedy habitations, sang “Brekekekex, Coax, Coax,” whilst above the water, and in and out of the dark shadows of the trees, the fire flies flickered about in their ever varying gambols. It was as though Taglioni, resplendent with Jewels, had been dancing her very best to the strains of a Scotch bag-pipe. Again, I was in the noble town of Seville at Easter, 1867, twelve years later, during which time I had been hard at work in England, and “no holiday had seen,” so by that time I needed one. Not a hundred yards from the glorious Cathedral, behind the Alcazar, the old Palace of the Moors, is a large orange garden, and in the midst of it a square tank, of Moorish work, used for irrigation. The garden was tenanted by a widow woman who owned a dozen or so magnificent stall-fed milch cows, and