

1883.



E.H.

March.

THE

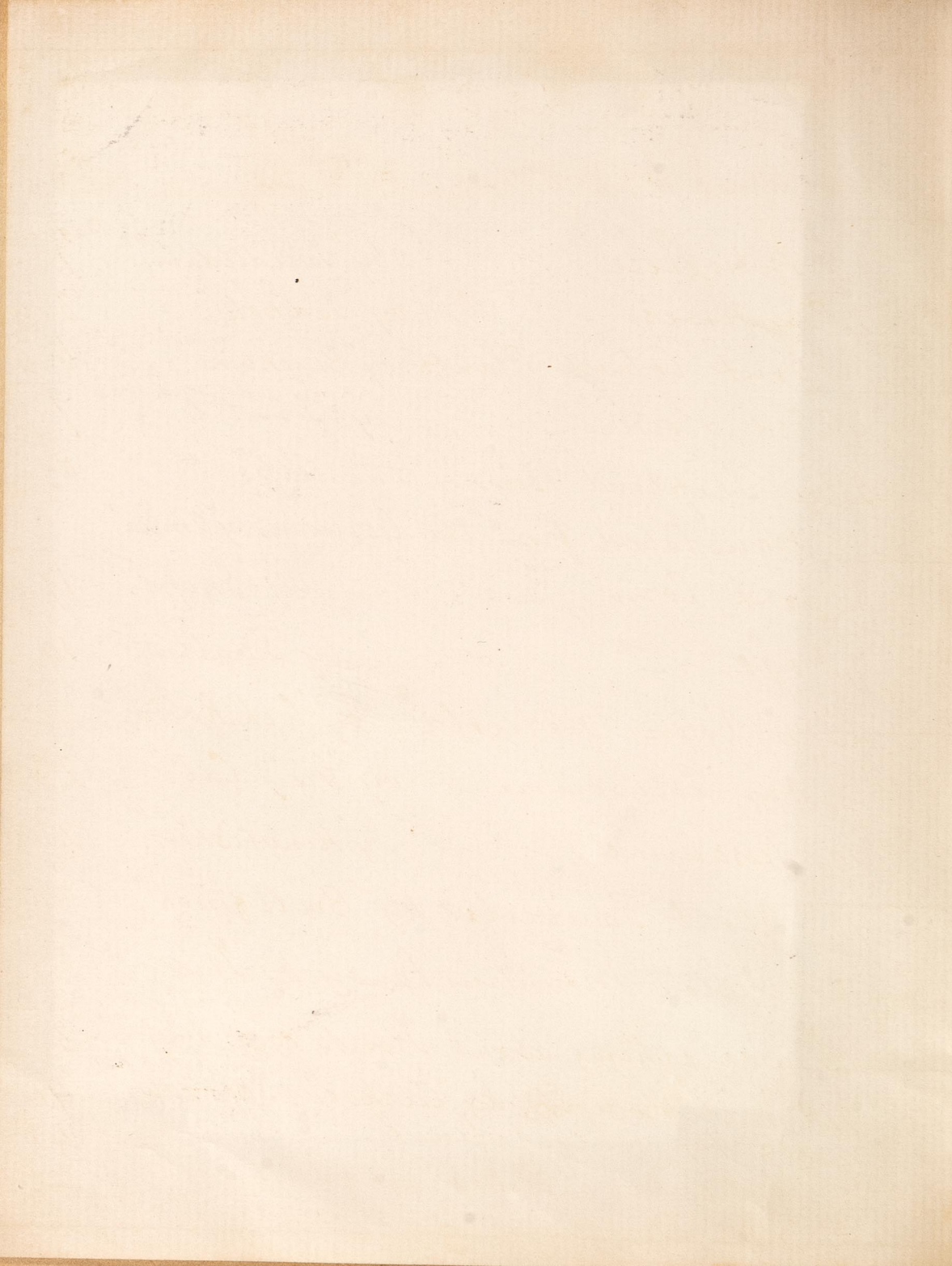
BIRD OF

PASSAGE



by Tweedledum.

• Mischievous March •





1. Frontispiece	by "Weedle-dum."	Page. 1.
2. Primroses	by "Tadpole."	3.
3. About Cobweb Plants. by "Blackbird."		6.
4. Wild Flowers	by "Tornitit."	7.
5. The Shepherd Boys on the Alps,		8.
translated from the German, by "Amica".		
6. About Corn	by "Snipe."	17.
7. Dogs	by "Swallow."	19.
8. The Corn Marigold	by "Cock Robin."	21.
9. Our Museum	by "Grey Cat."	23.
10. Jessamine	by "Kingfisher."	27.
11. About Squirrels. by "Bullfinch."		30.
12. Yellow Mountain Pansy. by "Iris."		33.
13. Something about Trout's eggs. by		37.
14. Wallflower. by "Cuckoo." "Sparrow."		41.
Register + Regulations		42.
Criticisms and Remarks		46.
<u>Postage</u> . 3½		



PRIMROSES.

This is one of the first, and the loveliest, of our spring flowers—there is a peculiar delicacy in the pale golden hue of the primrose, unlike that of any other yellow wayside flower—

The primrose is, and has always been, a favourite plant—the children love to go "a-primrosing" in the woods and copses—old Isaac Walton was especially fond of primroses, and it is when writing of this flower, that he says, they are "too beautiful to look



upon, excepting on holidays—

Poets have sung its praises— Milton numbers it among the flowers that "sad embroidery wear," and says, in Lycidas, "Bring the rattle primrose, that forsaken dies—"

The Primroses are now just bursting into their full beauty in the woods around us— and beneath the bare branches, the ground is covered with the early blossoms— the violets are just coming into bloom— the flower of ^{which} ~~which~~ our Poet Laureate writes; "O Sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the Skies—"

The violet is an emblem of modesty, and the white violet means Candour— Primroses are said to be

a symbol of Early Youth - and are described as being "the fittest ornament for tender maidens". The poet Carrington writes of this flower thus -

"Accept this primrose, friend; it is a pledge of the returning Spring; and when the soft west came with its balmy breath and gentle ^{wind} showers, with simple grace, this firstborn of the year waved its pale yellow star - -"

The primrose is the flower the Australians love the best, but it does not grow in Australia, except with great care in greenhouses - we are more fortunate, for here, in England, "amid the sunny luxury of grass, are tufts of pale-eyed primroses, entwined with many a bright hued flower -"

A Tadpole.

February 19 - 1883.

About Cobweb Plants.

I am going to try and tell you a little about cobweb plants. When I was at a house the other day, I saw a very curious plant; it looked exactly as if a spider had spun its web all over it; but the lady who showed it to me, said that it was its nature to be covered with cobwebs. There are a lot of little round green things in the shape of a ball, with lots of little spikes, and from each spike the cobweb is fastened. One of them is rather larger than the rest, and it stands in the middle, with all the other smaller ones round it. It should never be watered on the top, but in the saucer at the bottom.

"Black-bird."

about 1000 ft. above sea level.

I am going to try and tell you a little about the plants which grow at a

height the other day, I saw a very common plant; it looked exactly as if a spider

had spun the web all over it, but the

leaves were so small that I could not see them. I have the notion to be careful with the

leaves. There are a lot of little round ones

in the shape of a ball with the

of little spheres and from each sphere

the colour is fastened. One of them is

with a larger than the rest, and it looks

from the middle with all the other ones

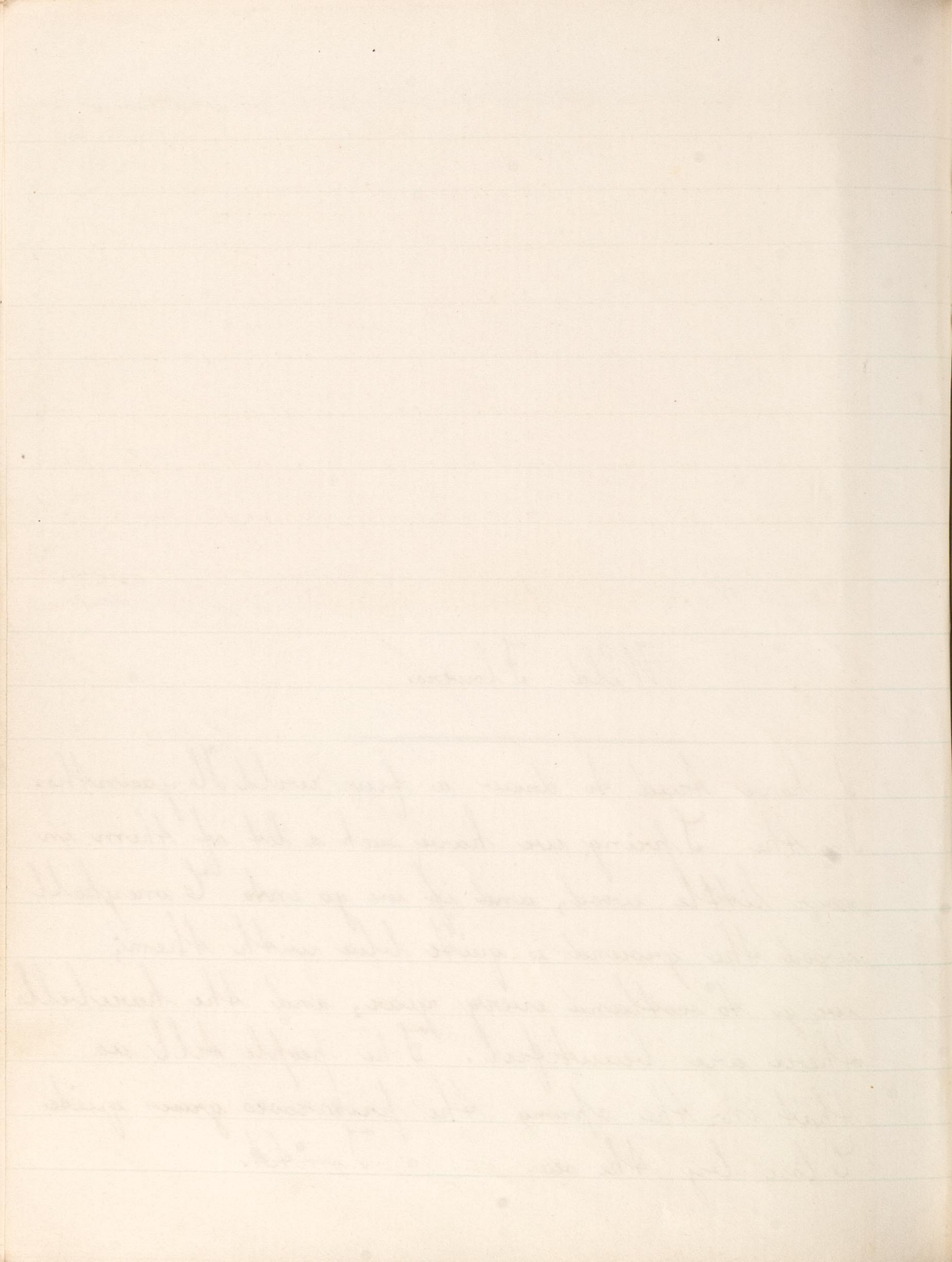
in comparison it is much more like



Wild Flowers.

I have tried to draw a few wild Hyacinths. In the Spring we have such a lot of them in our little wood, and if we go into Conyhall wood the ground is quite blue with them; we go to Scotland every year, and the harebells there are beautiful. The people tell us that in the spring the primroses grow quite close by the sea.

Tomtit.



The Shepherd Boys on the Alps, translated
from the German of Krammacker -

In Switzerland there are mighty mountains called the Alps, whose tops rise far above the clouds, and are covered with perpetual snow and ice; but the lower part of them are rich in beautiful verdant pastures & fields, and are inhabited by ~~the~~ shepherds and their flocks. Here their children grow up, and learn while they are young, to tend the flocks with care. In this way, two boys named Leonard & Walter, the sons of neighbouring cottagers, whose parents dwelt on the lower parts of the mountain, each of them being owner of a flock. Near them lived another youth called Harry who also had the charge of one, and often went with them on the mountain. They were together on the High Alps, Sundays and weekdays, summer and winter - for their parents were occupied with daily business in their houses, which did not allow them to ascend to the heights where

the best pastures were. One morning, at the break of day, Leonard and Walter started for the High Alp - They waited for a while for Harry, on the plain, expecting he would join them there; but he did not come. - Then the boys said, "Oh, he'll come! - he knows where he can find us." but, said Leonard, "it is a pity not to have him with us, for it is Sunday, and we ought to keep it together, as usual" - "besides, there is something very particular I want to do today." Then said Walter "what can that be?" Leonard answered - "Look here - let us build a church." Walter replied - "How are we boys to build a church? Even if we had stones, & proper tools to work with, we have neither the strength nor the skill needful for such work - Besides, it is Sunday, when we are bidden not to work!" Leonard replied, "A good work like this we might do - and our church cannot be built of stone and timber, but we can build one with branches

of trees. See! there lie some poles of a broken-down shepherd's hut - they will do for pillars." Then they both set to work, saying, "How surprised Harry will be, when he sees our church!" So they both worked with good-will, & had soon raised up and finished the little building. It stood in a lovely valley of one of the High Alps, which every morning opened into an immeasurably vast prospect: - on one side, the mountain seemed to rise quite into the sky above the clouds, and where the glitter of the white fields of ice shone in the beams of the morning sun. Then the boys gathered the most beautiful of the alpine flowers - the gentians, gold-coloured and blue, auriculas, Ranunculus, & many others, and twined them into wreaths and garlands to decorate the walls of their church. Then they built an altar of turf, and covered it with the choicest of their flowers. Then they waited for Harry to come

but he came not. They looked down from the heights to see if they could get a sight of his flock at a distance, but they could see neither the flock nor the shepherd. At last, they heard the sound of a Sunday Church-bell from the village beneath them, and Leonard said, "Come Walter, it is time for us to go to church!" So they drove their flock into the valley close to their hut and said to the sheep & goats, "There - now feed as fast as you can, be quiet; we must go to church!" They took off their caps as they entered and sat down on a bank, & remained quite quiet and thoughtful for a while - Everything seemed at rest and serious, except when the mountain breeze made the leaves in their church flutter & caused a low sound, through which they could hear the tone of the church-bell at a distance - Then the Boys said their quiet prayer to themselves - and then whispered Walter to Leonard, "Couldn't we sing a hymn?" and

Leonard answered, "Let us sing the Alpine Hymn, that is a very good one." Then they sang

Up on the mighty Alps
 Our Father dwells on high
 He paints the crimson sky
 The flowers, both white & blue
 He freshens them with dew
 From where he dwells on high.

Up on the mighty Alps
 Where rich the herbage grows
 From whence the soft breeze blows
 Just like an odorous breath
 On us who dwell beneath
 From him who dwells on High
 Up on the mighty Alps
 Breaks forth the gentle beam
 To gild the mountain stream
 And warm the glacier flows.
 With hues that mock the rose;
 From Him who dwells on high.

Up on the mighty Alps,
 From silver brooklets drink
 The timid Chamois' drink,
 And o'er the rocky land
 Streams from the gracious hand,
 Of Him who dwells on high.

Upon the Mighty Alps
 In troops so fair and white,
 The sheep & goats delight
 To find their plenteous food;
 Sent fresh and sweet & good
 By Him who dwells on high.

Up on the mighty Alps
 The watchful shepherd's eye
 His peaceful flock can spy,
 Mid flowers of every hue
 And moisten them with dew.
 And thankfully he bends
 To Him, who blessing sends,
 To Him! who dwells on High!

When the boys had sung this Alpine Hymn together, they collected flowers and laid them on the Altar as a sign of their thankfulness. They then returned to their flock, which were feeding on the cliff very peacefully. As they looked down into the valley beneath, they observed a small stray flock there, and exclaimed, "Why! that's Harry's flock! We must go down and fetch them up, that he may not be left quite alone, but may come up and see our church!" When they had descended they did not see Harry, but his father who was tending the sheep, at which they wondered and exclaimed, "Where is Harry?" His Father answered "he is ill in bed, and that is the reason why I am tending his sheep" but I cannot go far from home, for his mother "is so unhappy about him!" Then the two boys answered together "We'll take charge of the sheep, as if they were our own, till Henry "is well again" So they undertook the care

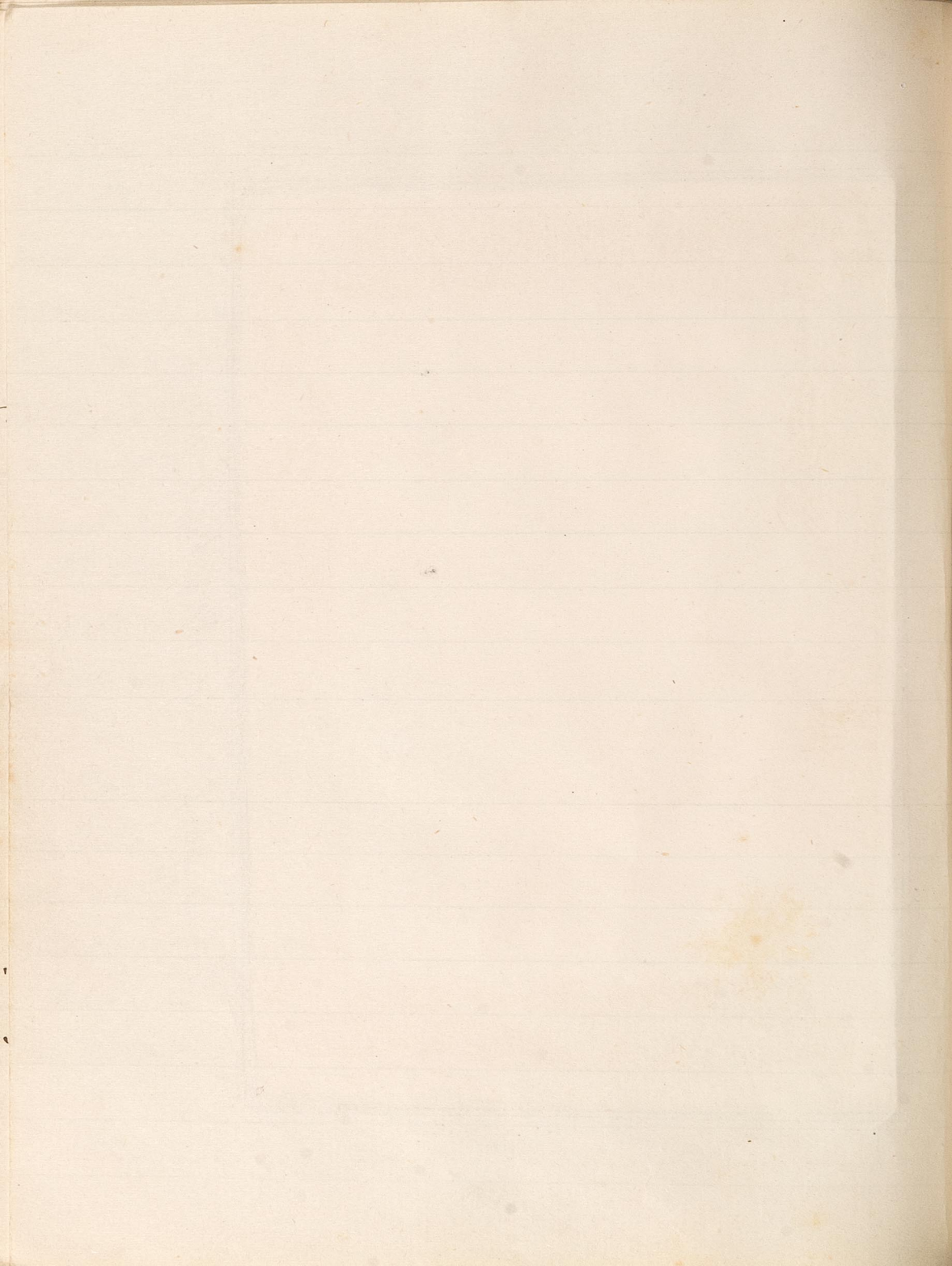
of the sheep, as if they were theirs, & the Father rejoiced to be able to return to his home. It then occurred to the Boys, that Harry was very fond of Strawberries, so they went and collected the finest and ripest they could find on the Alp. Then they twisted a quantity of stalks and grasp into a basket, and filled it with the strawberries and when they returned in the evening with the flocks from the Alp, they went together to Harry's home, and gave him the basket of Strawberries, and a wreath or garland of flowers on it. The poor Harry was greatly delighted with their offering and he ate the strawberries, and was soon much better.

Leonard and Walter said to each other "I think we have had a beautiful Sunday, and that we have spent it well!"

Amica



The Langkofel and Plattkofel Alps.



· About Corn. (Wheat)

It is very interesting to watch wheat grow. You must pick as much wheat as you want, when it is quite ripe, and soak the ears for about twenty-four hours in cold water, then take it out, and put it straight into a jar or glass of water, and be careful to keep the bottom of the ears, well covered with water. There should be about 3 or 4 inches of stalk. The wat glass should always be kept full of water, for the wheat drinks an immense lot. It does not grow very high, not much more than 10. or 12. inches. Sometimes it sprouts very quickly, in less than a week, if kept in a warm room. Almost as soon as

it begins to sprout, drops of water about the size of a small bead appear on the top of the sprout. It does not bear grain in a room I suppose it is because the water is too not strong enough for it, or else the heat is too great, for the tops turn yellow, and brown, and wither. The tops get very straggly when it gets tall. The sprouts are a very tender green.

Snipe.

Dogs.

As I went to a Dog Show at the Crystal Palace I thought it would be a good plan to write about them.

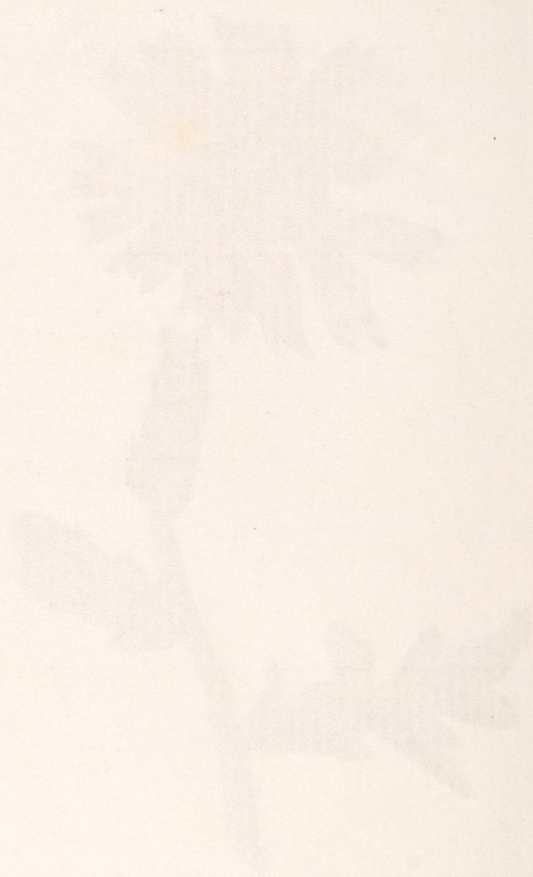
There were more than 1300 dogs. I will now tell you some of the different kinds I saw. 1st Bernards, Mastiffs, Newfoundlands, Toy Terriers, Setters, Collies, King Charles's dogs, Poodles, and long bodied dogs with short legs we have one now they are generally very good tempered and ours lets our baby pull his tail his name is "Fritz". I think I like the 1st Bernards best. Perhaps you don't know that they save people who are lost in the snow they chiefly come from Switzerland.

We had a little puppy once but
it died before it was fully
grown and we were very sorry

Swallow



corn marigold copied by Lock Robin



Corn Marigolds.

The corn marigold is a very pretty flower. We found it growing in some cornfields near Bromley. It does not grow much larger than the size of an ordinary Marguerite here, but our governess told us that in Lincolnshire she had found it growing the size of a garden Chrysanthemum. It is of the Chrysanthemum ^{tribe}, its Latin name being "Chrysanthemum Legetum". It is also called the Yellow Ox eye. I have read that it grows much more abundantly in France and Germany than in England.

"Cock Robin"

Jessamine.

We have a great quantity of yellow Jessamine and it is so curious, having no leaves and coming out in the middle of winter in full bloom that I thought I would write about it. There several varieties of Jessamine some of them grow only in hot-houses. ^{But} the two sorts that I know are the common white Jessamine that grows out-of-doors and smells very sweet and the yellow Jessamine which is a climbing plant too but has no smell. It is this that I have tried to draw. -

It grows best on a damp or north wall where it can get no

sun so it is very useful.

The leaves are out in the summer and in the autumn when the leaves fall off, the buds begin to come out and ^{it} is in full bloom at Christmastime.

The sorts which I have read of in a book and have not seen are the Arabian Jessamine, the Bastard Jessamine, the Cape Jessamine, the Fennel-leaved Jessamine, the Flex leaved Jessamine, the Persian Jessamine, the red Jessamine and the Scarlet and yellow Jessamine.

Most of these are foreign, and are only in hot houses in England.



Jessamine
from nature
by Kingfisher

About Squirrels

We have two copper-beech trees one opposite and the other not far from our schoolroom window; whilst we were at lessons, we used to see two squirrels come for the beech nuts, one of them used to scamper up the tree, and shake a bough, then the one underneath used to pick up the nuts that fell (not those that had fallen, for they are not often good for much) and then run & bury them close by some railings, after continuing this, for some time; the squirrel up the tree would come down and going to the place where his companion had buried the

nuts, they would both jump over the railings and carry them one by one in their mouths to their home or bring them again close by it. The squirrels here are not tame. I think they are the descendants of two which my uncle bought & after keeping them in a cage in the garden for some time, he let them loose, they pick and eat the walnuts of which they seem to be very fond. Not long ago I read a story of a gentleman who bought a squirrel & gave it to a lady, she kept it for some days in a cage and tried in vain to tempt it to eat, but it would not and only sat squeezed up in one corner, at night

it began to gnaw the wood of the cage which somehow tumbled over, the side broke and the squirrel slipped out into the room. The lady wanted to let it go free, but she recollected that it was winter, and the poor little creature would perish, so she put it back again into its cage resolving to let it loose in the spring, but after two more days imprisonment it died.

Squirrels bury their food in numberless places and so forgetting some times where the little acorns are, they sprout up and thus form some of ^{the} finest oaks in our woods.

"Bullfinch"

Feb 7th 183.



VIOLA LUTEA.
Yellow Mountain Pansy

Yellow Mountain Pansy.
Viola lutea.

So few wild flowers are out now that I have to go to a book for my subject this month.

This is a variety of *Viola* found on mountains and hill pastures in England Scotland and most countries on the Continent. I have found it on a hill in Perthshire.

It grows about four inches high, and may be found in bloom from May till September.

The stems are triangular; the flower is composed of a green calyx which stays on the stem and encloses the seed-vessel after the petals are dead. The five petals are of different shapes and sizes

The lower one is the largest and has a spur at the back which contains the honey. The flowers of this specimen are yellow as the name implies, and are veined with dark red or purple. Milton speaks of "The Pansy freak'd with Jek".

The violets all belong to this family, and part of the difference in their construction is that in the pansy the two middle petals are erect and the stipules are large and like the leaves, while in the violet the two middle petals project forward and the stipules are small and insignificant.

The genus *Volacoe* is dispersed all over the world, and there are

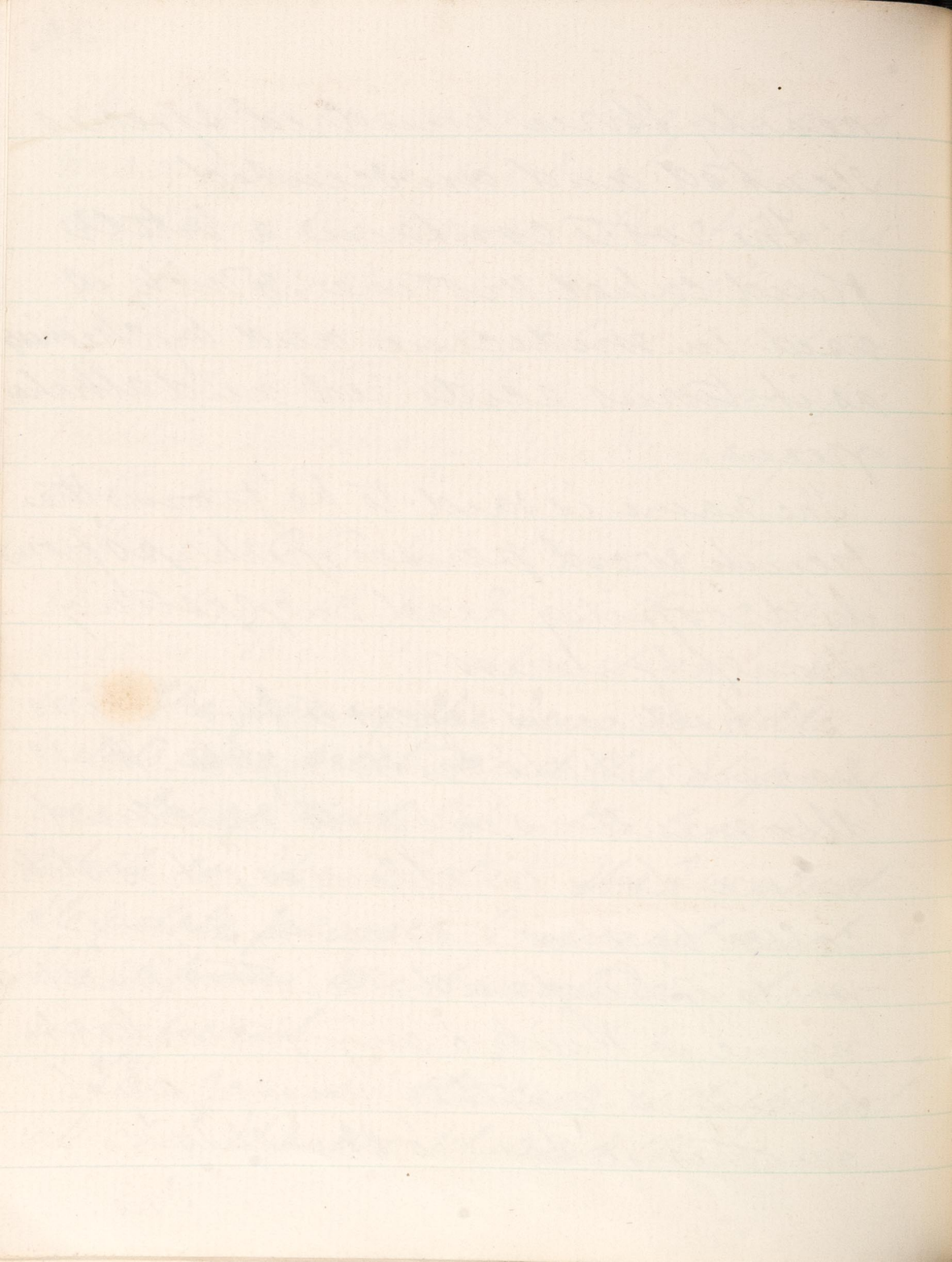
nearly three hundred species scented and un-scented.

The roots contain a bitter fluid called viotine, which is used in medicine and by chemists as it turns acids red and alkalis green.

The name is said to be from the french word pensée, perhaps from its drooping head suggesting thoughtfulness.

Shakespeare refers to this "There's pansies, that's for thoughts." He also mentions it by its midland name "Love in idleness," it is still called by this name in some parts of England, another midland name is Kink-o'-my-john. Herb Trinity is another name, and another is 'Lovers' thoughts.'

Iris.



37.
Something about Trout's Eggs.

I am now going to try and write a little about Trout's Eggs. A gentleman gave some to us several weeks ago, and told us to keep them for six weeks, before the little trout would come out. The eggs are of a salmon color at first; but change color a little (some being pinker than others), with a brighter spot in the middle. We keep them in a small pudding-dish, half filled with water, which must be changed every day. After about five weeks we noticed in each of the eggs a black spot, then two, and a little dark line round the egg. We could not make out what these were at first. We waited patiently for six weeks; but the little trout did not begin to come out until four days after

the proper time. They are such funny little things; very long & thin, and looking as if they had nothing but a head, and a very long tail. This latter is evidently the backbone, before it gets any flesh on it; but it is too fine to see exactly what it is like, without taking the little trout out of the water. The middle bone is a yellowish-red, and the little fibres at each side (which I suppose will turn into bones) are pale yellow. They have very prominent eyes, which are very large for the size of their body, and are quite black. These are of course the little black spots which we saw in the eggs. Over the head is a white transparent skin, like a tiny bladder, and at each side of the head is a tiny white transparent fin, which they are continually moving backwards and forwards, as if when

they were breathing. When they are nearly ready to come out of the eggs, they can be seen to move about inside, and sometimes the eggs quite jump about with their violent efforts to free themselves. Then by degrees they push off the thin white skin which covers them, and there are the little trout, looking as if they were fastened round the egg, which is now, of course, a brighter color, having changed into a clear yellow with a very bright spot in the middle, as the skin which covered them has been removed. They also alter their shape, being oval instead of round. By degrees the little fishes get nearly freed from the egg, only being attached to it just below the fins. They have to be fed on nothing but fresh water every day for six weeks. I suppose they feed on their

eggs during that time; but as they are not all hatched yet, I cannot quite tell. I expect we shall put them into a stream at the end of the six weeks, and perhaps before that time. It is very interesting to watch them, especially when they are just coming out of the eggs. The line which we saw in the egg, must of course have been the tail-like body (or back-bone), curled round the egg, and the black spots, the eyes, which I have said before. I have not mentioned that the dish in which they are should be kept in a cool place, with something over it to obscure the light. The inside of the egg, when seen through the microscope, is full of little red veins. If any of the eggs go bad, they should be thrown away at once. They may be known to be bad when they change to a dull white color.

Sparrow.



Wallflower.

Cuckoo.

REGISTER.

	<u>Rec'd.</u>	<u>Sent off.</u>
1. Miss Wilson. Chauntry House.	7 March	8 th
" Bray, Maidenhead.		
2. Miss Margaret Norman.		
" 90. Portland Place, W.		
3. Miss Atta Robertson.	13.	15 th
" Ballancleroch, Limericktown, N. B.		
4. Miss Mary Wilson.	16 th	19 th
" Hatfield, Watford, Herts.		
5. Miss G. Whyley.	20 th	22 nd
" Alton Vicarage, Hants.		
6. Evelyn,		
7. Dottie.		
8. Miss Mary L. Jones.	24 th	27 th
" Worples Road, Epsom.		
9. Miss Theodora Wilson.	29	April 1 st .
" Melbourne, W. Derby.		
10. Miss Mary Jones.	Apr. 2 nd	4 th
11. Fanny. " "		
Portway House, Westminster.		

43.

	<u>Rec'd</u>	<u>Sent off.</u>
12. Miss Ethel Dawson Campbell.	6 th	7 th
13. " Mabel " " "	6 th	7 th
" Rose Hill, Huddersdon, Herts.		
14. Miss Mary Reed.	9 th	9 th
15. " Frances " Dagmar House.		
" Plaistow, Bromley, Kent.		
16. Miss Maggie Coles.	10 th	12 th
" Oakfield, Dulwich Wood Park S.E.		
17. Edward Jackson.	17 th	19 th
" % A. MacLaren Esq. Summerfield, Oxford.		
18. Miss Edith de Zoete.	19 th	21 st
19. " Winnie "		
" The Warren, Hayes, Kent.		
20. Miss Harriet Morgan.	23 rd	25 th
" Nantcaerio, Aberystwith.		
21. Gertrude Morgan.		
22. Miss Mary F. Jones.		
" % Mrs Walsh, The Priory, Lincoln.		May 5 th
23. Miss Gertrude Browne.	7 th	9 th
" % Miss Spencer. Trinity House,		
Pontefract.		

24. Miss Adile Barrett.

" 12. Pierpoint St., Bath.

25. Miss Tha Brock.

% Mr Roud, Birch Hall

" Colchester.

26. Miss Bessie Beatson.

Sydney Cottage, Bitterne.

" Southampton.

27. Miss Emily Collier.

" Arlyport House, Shattards
Kent.

Rec'd Sent off.

10th May

13th

12th

16th

18th

REGULATIONS.

1. The Magazine may be kept two
" clear days only.
 2. Each Subscriber must send at
" least 4. Contributions during
" the year.
 3. The Magazine will only come
" out once in two months; in
" January, March, May, July.
" September, and November.
 4. Prizes will be given at the
" end of the year to the three
" best contributors.
-

CRITICISMS+REMARKS.

I have decided to make one more attempt to keep up our little Magazine, and only one - so those who really care for it must make an effort to write more regularly than last year. I am only going to bring it out once in two months, as you will see by the Regulations, and I mean to keep strictly to Rule 2, which, until now, I have not done.

I hope you will all try and take more care of the Numbers. they often come back to me in what I can only call a disgraceful state. now the binding is so strong that only very rough handling could account for this.

I think "Grey Cat's" account of the Museum is most interesting. I wish some of you could try and get up some

things of the same kind - I have asked "Grey Cat" to tell us something more about it - I have to acknowledge the receipt of Subscriptions from "Snipe", "Lockrobin", "Iris", two new Subscribers in Wales, whose "nom de plume" I do not know, "Heron" and "Froggy" - I hope you will all write in these pages.

I see that "Tadpole" speaks of Milton as numbering the primrose amongst the flowers of sadness - I can't help thinking, though, that he was only referring to the "rattle" or early primrose, forsaken and left to die by the inconstant wintry sunshine, which had but just called it into life - you know how pale and wan it looks - but, surely - if ever there was a sight to drive "dull care" away, and carry one back to the delight of childhood, it is that of a primrose-carpetted wood

"Cuckoo" is decidedly improving - her wallflower is very nicely done - only I should advise her not to use body colour, excepting for any little dots or lines which have to show upon another colour - "Cock Robin's" contributions are not so good as usual - it is to be hoped he won't hurry, as he can do so well - E. E. de Z.

Since I began to write this the December number has come back in a much worse state than any I have yet seen - as "Iris", the 5th on the list, refers to it, and I am quite sure that neither one nor two had anything to do with such treatment, I am obliged to think that it must be laid at the door of either 3, 4 or the Post - I must certainly try and find out more about it -

The Museum

I think this is a capital idea, & I may say I speak from experience of my own - A long time ago my younger sister was very fond of collecting butterflies, moths, beetles or any other pretty or interesting insect. She learnt what was the best & least cruel way of killing them, & then preserving them. She could not bear starving them to death, but was told of some chemical preparation, of which a few drops under the glass shade kept over them, killed them without pain, but left them perfect. They were then fixed with fine pins on thin sheets of cork, & when we were rich enough to buy a cabinet, some of its drawers were filled with the lovely butterflies & other insects which they inhabit until this day. They are all marked with their proper names, & as is always the case when a beginning of this sort is made, the collection goes on increasing until it grows very large, & has now, all kinds of butterflies, moths, locusts, beetles, fireflies and multitudes of

other interesting creatures. Some English, but many also from foreign lands. I also collected shells. I had a very choice collection of the most beautiful and interesting kinds, both native & foreign, from the Nautilus & pearl-shell down to the common ones picked up on our sea-shores. No one can know until they begin to collect & examine them how beautiful these common things are. Our collection at last filled a cabinet with nearly 20 drawers - for no sooner did our friends discover that we valued curious things & took care of them than a great many of them found they had a curiosity of some kind or other they did not know what to do with, & so, added it to our store. The great use of a collection like this is, that one feels obliged to know what the things are, whence they come, & all one can of their history until every individual thing is a lesson in itself while it is also an amusement, & not a trouble, to learn. I strongly advise any one who can, to begin a museum.

Annica

This is a very interesting number & I hope
the following numbers will be as well
supported as it would be a great pity
if we could not keep on the Magazine.

Grey Cat's description of her museum
is very good and I wish it all success.
Brugfisher's Jasmine is very nicely drawn
so is Luckoo's Wallflower. I have received
this number in very good condition.

Iris

I like this number very much, particularly
"Grey Cat's" description of her Museum.
We have a beautiful one in this town,
which I think she would like to see.
I received this number in pretty good
condition. "Luckoo."

I think Luckoo's wall flower is
particularly well painted.

~~Especially~~ the top shoot.
Sparrows' account of Hoult's Eggs
is very amusing, & Grey Cat
"Museum" very interesting.

I received this number in fair
condition only, the cover being
rather battered & bent.

I must say I think part of
the damage must be often done
in the Post, as Iris says, this
time, she received it in very
good condition, & Cuckoo, in
pretty good condition, & I am
almost sure that these two
subscribers are next to each other
in the list. - "Foggy."

I like Grey-Cat's paper about
the Museum very much I think
the cover is beautiful the best

we have ever had. Iris's Pansey
is very pretty and so is Amica's
Landscape I like the frontispiece
too

Kingfisher

We like this number very much
it is in a fair condition, though
the cover is rather battered, the
frontispiece is lovely.

"Bullfinch" "Tadpole"

We like the cover very much
indeed. I ^{like} think the Frontispiece very
much indeed, and also Kingfisher
Jessamine, but I always thought
that the common yellow Jessamine
was Cape Jessamine. The cover is
not quite so bad as it has been.
"Snipe" & "Cock Robin".

I like the picture on the cover very much
the edges of the book are rather torn I like the
Mountain Pansy very ^{much} and the story called "The Shepherds^{he}
boys on the Alps by "Amica" I think the paper on eggs is very
interesting "Ivy" (

I like the cover and frontispiece very much
and I think King-fisher's Jessamine very
pretty

Oera

I am sorry to say that the Bird
of Passage went first of all to school
& then home and had to be
forwarded to me here.
Tanary.

I ^{like} think "Iris's" painting very much
& also the frontispiece - Amica's
painting is very pretty -
Bughman.

I think the frontispiece is very pretty I think
Luchoo's Wallflower is very well painted &
received the magazine fair condition.
Lightingale.

